

Mom Look At My Heart Chapter 03

Chapter 3 My Heart

I felt a tugging sensation. Suddenly, my soul was brought to the morgue of a hospital. My body was being autopsied.

The coroner in charge was Ian Jensen, my mother's current husband. After slicing my chest open, he frowned and made a call.

A few minutes later, Wendy came walking in. Despite being in her forties, she looked as beautiful as before. What a shame that I never inherited her beauty.

"Look at the corpse. The girl had a congenital heart disease, specifically a rare primary aortic dilatation," Ian said.

Wendy reached out and confirmed his discovery for herself. Then, she picked up the scalpel with gloved hands and cut out my heart. Ian hurriedly stopped her. "That's illegal!"

Wendy did not care at all. "I just so happen to need this heart as a teaching tool for my class. I also want to research a targeted cure for congenital heart disease. Her family will surely be honored if they know about this. Leave me be. I know what I'm doing."

Wendy carefully stored my heart away and moved to leave with it. Ian spoke up once more, asking, "Are you going to study the heart for your daughter?"

I dazedly wondered if Wendy had always loved me. Did she still think of me?

"Of course. Yuna is only ten. I don't want her to suffer any longer. I must find the best possible treatment as soon as possible."

That reply made me feel like I had been plunged into ice-cold water.

How could I have forgotten that Wendy and Ian had their own daughter? Coincidentally, she suffered from the same heart disease that I had.

However, Yuna grew up fair and healthy with her mother's tender care. I rarely saw my mother after I was five, and all of my grandmother's retirement funds had gone to my surgeries. Naturally, I was incredibly thin due to a lack of nutrition.

Afterward, I followed Wendy home and watched her warmly coax Yuna to bed and then iron out every inch of Yuna's outfit for the next day.

At that moment, I was overwhelmed by jealousy. Yuna and I were both Wendy's daughters. However, I had never enjoyed Wendy's maternal love.

“Mom, look at me,” I said.

No matter how much I called out to her, I did not receive a response from Wendy.

The next day, Wendy presented my heart to her students. As a teacher at the hospital, there were many aspiring doctors under her guidance.

She ecstatically showed off my heart. “Everyone, look here. This is the heart of someone with congenital heart disease. From the tubes in the heart, the patient had clearly gone through multiple surgeries. Today, we will be studying it in hopes of finding a better treatment plan.”

She then pulled out a scalpel before dissecting every inch of my heart, placing every sliver of my heart under the microscope for all to happily discuss.

As for me, I stood there and watched as my heart was sliced and diced into a million pieces.

I suddenly recalled how nice Wendy was to me back before John found out she was still in contact with her first love.

I had asked in my childish voice, “Mom, will you still recognize me if I turn into a cockroach?”

She gently caressed my head and replied, “Of course. I gave birth to you, Denise. No matter what you end up as, I will always recognize you.”

‘Mom, my heart is right before you. Do you recognize me?’ I thought.

Evidently, she did not.

Halfway through the class, John called Wendy. In a crass tone, he demanded, “Call Denise and find out where on earth she disappeared off to. Zack keeps worrying that the headless corpse we dug up a few days ago belongs to Denise. I’ve deleted all of her contact information after how angry I was with her.”

Wendy grew furious upon hearing that. “Call her yourself! I’m busy!”

She hung up after that. However, she spent a few moments hesitantly staring at the dissected heart before mumbling to herself, “That’s impossible.” Then, she continued teaching.

For the next few days, Wendy holed herself up in the laboratory, recording every new discovery she made. After that, she called Ian. “This heart has really paid off. I have a new treatment plan in mind. Tomorrow, I’ll discuss with the directors first before performing surgery on Yuna.”

Ian was cheering over the phone. When Wendy ended the call, she was still smiling.

Perhaps it was due to her good mood, she actually called me. Naturally, the call went unanswered. She furiously sent John a voice message. "I called Denise, but she didn't answer. She must be with some man again. Ignore her. She's tough."

However, she soon received a call from the police. "Are you Dr. Wendy Sawyer? According to preliminary investigations, the headless corpse we found a week ago in Mount Fang is very likely your daughter, Denise Chance. Please come down to the station to assist in our investigations."