

Mom Look At My Heart Chapter 05

Chapter 5 The DNA Test

John's face was covered in disbelief. "Denise was actually my daughter?"

Wendy scoffed and angrily said, "I already told you that I never cheated on you."

With the DNA test report in hand, John fell to his knees in agony. "I have ignored and neglected my real daughter all these years! I'm a terrible person!"

Wendy got up to leave. When the police officer stopped her, she coldly said, "You know that it's Denise now. Her dad is here, so just contact him for whatever you need."

"But you're her mother!"

All of a sudden, all sense of rationality fled her, and she roared, "Who cares if I'm her mom? I still have a sick daughter to take care of..."

She slumped to the ground like a deflated balloon. Under her breath, she mumbled, "That heart was Denise's."

Then, she began to sob. Standing behind her, I watched her cry. Despite how warm her tears were, my soul was still cold.

John and Wendy cried for a very long time before the police officer could get them to look at my body. Someone had sewed the head back to my body, but my face was no longer visible.

John hurriedly wrapped his arms around my body and howled, "Denise, I'm so sorry! I've been mistaken about you for so long!"

Meanwhile, Wendy kept her back to me. I wondered if she was afraid of being exposed for stealing my heart or felt guilty for what she had done.

"According to the coroner's report, Denise suffocated to death, so she was likely buried alive. Before she died, she was brutally beaten up. Her arms and thighs were covered in bruises. Her estimated time of death was in the evening seven days ago, meaning it was the night of her visit to John," the officer said.

With eyes red with fury, John dug his fingers into the morgue bed.

"What despicable monster did this? When I find him, I'll kill him!"

Was that so? John had better not go back on his word when the murderer was found.

The officer turned to John and asked, "What happened that evening? When did she leave your home?"

Embarrassed, John hung his head low and softly replied, "When she visited me, she said she wanted to stay with me for a while. I did not agree to it and kicked her out. That night, I went to bed and never contacted her."

Wendy, who had been silent the entire time, finally spoke up. "She became a mistress as soon as she started university. In fact, she even fawned over a rich kid. Perhaps she was assassinated by someone's wife. I think we should cremate the body so that we can slowly investigate this."

As expected, she was afraid of being exposed for stealing my heart.

Wendy's suggestion angered John, who slapped her across the face. "Wendy, where is your conscience?"

We still don't know the truth, and you're already rushing to cremate the body. Are you afraid Denise will haunt you?

Clutching her stinging cheek, Wendy shouted back, "John, stop acting like you're a loving father! Have you done anything for her all these years? When she got into trouble, Ian and I had to resolve it for her!"

When I first started university, Richard Boyle, a rich kid confessed his love for me. Naturally, I did not believe him. The confession was just punishment for losing a game. Thus, I rejected him without hesitation.

That, however, hurt his ego. He began spreading false and malicious rumors about me, claiming I had even threatened his girlfriend until she wanted to commit suicide.

The counselor had called me to his office to lecture and reprimand me. Nothing I said got through to him. After that, the counselor called my mother.

When Wendy arrived with Ian, she immediately slapped me across the face several times and shouted at me. In her eyes, I was a promiscuous young girl, as the counselor claimed.

Even now, the truth of that matter had yet to be revealed. Was that what she meant by resolving the trouble?