

Mom Look At My Heart Chapter 06

Chapter 6 Going to the University

Naturally, the police did not allow her to cremate my body. They were determined to continue their investigation at my university. John instantly asked to go along. Wendy did as well.

Along the way, the police told them about the many cuts on my wrists. They believed I had cut myself.

'Denise might have suffered from a mental illness. What kind of parents are you? Didn't the court grant custody to you, her mother? Don't you care at all about her?'

Wendy remained silent. She wanted to be free of John which, of course, meant she did not want me as I looked a lot like him.

When they arrived at the university, the police called for the counselor. However, the person welcoming them was Sarah Lane, the dean. The original counselor had been fired.

On the night I died, Richard, the rich kid who slandered me, died in a car crash during a joyride with his girlfriend. He had lost control of the car and crashed into a street lamp. The messages found on his phone proved that I had been slandered.

There were even messages exchanged with the counselor, who only punished me back then because Richard bribed him to do it.

The university had publicized the truth by now, and the counselor was fired overnight. Sarah had planned a celebration upon my return, but what awaited her was the notice of my death.

She was already in her fifties, and she treated every student very well. Back when I was being slandered, she was the only one who believed in me.

Sarah was incredibly sad to hear of my death. "She was a good kid. How can she be gone just like that?"

I wanted to reach out to wipe her tears away, but I could no longer touch her.

Sarah brought them to my dormitory. With tears in his eyes, John packed away my things. In the meantime, Wendy discovered my diary on the bookshelf.

Written on the first page was the question, Why don't Mom and Dad love me?

Wendy held the book in her arms as a tear slid down her cheek. Then, she helped John pack up my belongings.

The police were questioning my dormmate, Lily Lou. Disbelief was clear on her face when she heard of my death. However, she soon calmed down and cooperated with the questioning.

“Denise never liked to socialize, but she was always great to us. Except for Richard, she didn’t have any enemies in the university. She did go to a therapist. Due to Richard’s harassment, she wanted to move back in with her father to avoid the drama. If I had known this would happen, I would have asked her to live with my family instead.”

Lily started crying. She was one of my few friends at university.

The police then asked her what I brought with me on my trip to visit my father.

“She said she would buy a few gifts for her dad on the way back. Oh, right. She should be wearing a gold bracelet. I have a photo of it right here.”

When John saw the photo, his face went stark white. He had to have realized Isla’s new bracelet looked exactly like mine.

In a trembling voice, he asked, “Is this bracelet a common model?”

Lily shook her head. “This was custom-made. I went with Denise on the day she ordered it. It’s even engraved with the letter ‘D’. It’s one of a kind.”

John almost fainted. The police officer noticed his reaction and asked, “Withholding any information will have us taking you to court for perjury.”

With a hasty wave of his hand, John stammered, “I—I know nothing.”

I laughed. As expected, it was all an act. He did not really feel guilty about anything.

Soon, the group was ready to leave. Lily pulled one of the officers aside. After a moment of hesitation,

she said, “think Denise was violated before. It was the night her mom and stepfather came over. She wouldn’t let me report it, though, saying she wanted to protect her family.”

That was the greatest regret of my life.