

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 1

When my father came to the hospital to find me, my soul was hovering above the office.

He pushed open the door and looked around. Not seeing me, he turned and called over a young nurse from the hallway.

“Has Judith not come to the hospital today?”

The young nurse sized him up, her expression odd.

“And you are?”

My father smiled. “I’m her father. I came to discuss something with her.”

“Oh... so you’re Dr. Judith’s father!” The nurse exaggerated the words, her tone laced with mockery, then sneered coldly at my father.

“Dr. Judith has been dead for six months. Her bones have probably turned to dust by now. Didn’t you know?”

I saw my father freeze for a moment, then take a deep breath before furiously shouting at the nurse.

“What kind of staff does this hospital employ, joking about something like this? Tell that ungrateful girl Judith, if she doesn’t want to come home, then she shouldn’t bother coming back ever! There’s no need to lie to her parents like this. What did I do to deserve such a troublesome daughter?”

The nurse’s face turned red with anger, and she was about to argue back.

But my father didn’t give her the chance. After his outburst, he stormed into the elevator, still swearing.

I watched the nurse, her eyes brimming with fury, stamping her foot in frustration.

“Dr. Judith was such a good person, how could she have parents like that? If she heard what her father said, it would break her heart.”

I floated over, patted her on the shoulder, and gently comforted her.

“Don’t be upset. I’m already dead, and dead people don’t get hurt.”

Even though I said that, I still felt stifled.

No parent should hear about their daughter's death six months after it happened, and even then, their first reaction shouldn't be to accuse her of lying.

As the elevator descended, I found myself following my father back to our luxurious villa. Standing in the bright, luxurious villa, I felt a little dazed.

This was the Smith family home, but I had never lived here because my parents never allowed it.

Family vacation packages

Even meeting them was a rare and extravagant occasion.

That's why my father's sudden visit today struck me as unusual.

As I was thinking, a well-dressed mother and daughter walked toward us—my mother and sister, Jennifer.

“Dad, how did it go? Did you see my sister?”

My father's face darkened, and he snapped, “What sister? How many times do I have to tell you, she's not your sister! Not only is she avoiding me, but she also had the hospital nurse lie to me, saying she's already dead. Hmph, I wish she really had died out there—such an ungrateful wretch!”

Jennifer froze for a moment, but I noticed the corner of her mouth curl slightly.

Standing beside her, my mother quickly chimed in to criticize me.

“She's nothing but an ingrate. To avoid her family, she's even resorting to telling such ridiculous lies!”

After venting her anger, my mother frowned, her tone anxious.

“But honey, if we can't find Judith, how will we raise the money to save the company?”

My father gritted his teeth in frustration. “She can't hide forever. That hospital isn't that big—there's no way I won't find her!”

My mother nodded in agreement. “That CEO may be in his fifties, but he's single. Once she marries him, she'll be a wealthy lady, enjoying all the luxuries life has to offer. It's far better than that pitiful job she has now. We're doing this for her own good, yet she's too ungrateful to see it!”

So that's why my father had come looking for me at the hospital today.

I hovered above them, watching their angry faces, as if I were some unforgivable villain. A bitter smile tugged at my lips.

It's a good thing I died early.

Otherwise, I wouldn't have been able to resist asking them again and again how they could treat me this way.

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 2

In truth, I've always known that my parents didn't love me.

Best gifts for your loved ones
They even divorced once because of me.

The year I was born, my father happened to lose his job.

From that moment on, he saw me as a bearer of bad luck.

"She brought nothing but misfortune to me! Ever since she was born, nothing has gone right for me. I swear, she's cursed me from the day she came into this world!"

Ever since I could remember, my father has always said things like that in front of me.

His gaze was filled with disgust and disdain, and there was even a trace of hatred.

That resentment, fed by his poverty, slowly grew inside him, taking root like a demon he could no longer control.

One day, he finally placed his hands around my neck, gritting his teeth as he tightened his grip.

Though I was young and didn't understand death, I had already learned to read people's expressions.

The look in my father's eyes filled me with endless fear, and I instinctively began to cry, drawing my mother from the kitchen where she had been cooking.

"Are you out of your mind? She's your daughter!"

At that time, my mother still defended me.

But like me, she was fragile.

Her scolding only made my father angrier, and the two of them started a vicious argument in front of me, as though they were bitter enemies.

My father didn't even care that my mother was pregnant with their second child. He swung his arm and slapped her hard across the face.

"How dare you defy me? You think you've had enough of this life? Don't forget who's been providing for you all these years. You live off me, and you dare speak to me like that? If I'd known you were this useless, I never would've married you!"

My mother was stunned by the slap, and his words cut into her like knives.

I ran over and clung to my father's leg, crying and begging him not to hit her.

"It's my fault. I shouldn't have made you angry, Dad. Mom still has my little sister in her belly—you can't hurt her..."

But somehow, my words only fueled his rage. Instead of calming down, he became even more furious.

"You can't even give me a son! Are you really a woman?"

My mother's eyes widened, and she sat on the floor, convulsing and screaming like a madwoman.

"Jack, you're a monster! I'm divorcing you!"

"Fine, let's get divorced! I've had enough of this miserable life!"

At that moment, our family completely fell apart.

Since my mother was the one to ask for the divorce, and their relationship had clearly broken down, the court approved their request.

However, they couldn't agree on who would take custody of me, and the dispute ended up in court.

"You gave birth to that useless girl, why don't you take her? I'm in the middle of starting my business. I have no money, no time—I'm definitely not raising her!"

“Jack, have you no heart? I’m pregnant and don’t have an income. How do you expect me to take care of her?”

“I don’t care! You two can go beg on the streets for all I care. With so many kind people around, someone’s bound to take pity on you!”

“Do you even hear yourself? What was I thinking when I married someone like you?”

They shouted at each other until their faces turned red, neither willing to back down.

I sat on a chair, my head bowed, tears streaming down my face.

In the end, the judge granted custody to my father.

At first, my father didn’t want me, but when my mother agreed to send regular child support, he reluctantly accepted.

As soon as we left the courthouse, he found a shady driver and sent me off to my uncle’s house in the countryside.

“Raise her however you want. Feed her pig slop if you like. If she starves to death, it’s her own bad luck,” he instructed the driver to tell my uncle.

So, you can imagine what kind of life I led after I arrived in the countryside.

My very existence was a mistake from the start.

But even so, every night when I dreamed, I couldn’t help but think about my mother and the little baby in her belly.

What I didn’t expect was that, three months after I returned to the countryside, my parents remarried.

Because my sister was born.

I thought, since she was a daughter like me, she wouldn’t be loved by my father either.

But to my surprise, she easily became the apple of his eye.

Because the day she was born, my father’s business finally succeeded.

Compared to me, the bad-luck child, she was my father's lucky star.

And I, inevitably, would always be the one they abandoned.

Just like now, when the company faced a financial crisis and they needed a daughter to marry a billionaire as a second wife, I was the first person they thought of.

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 3

My father angrily pulled out his phone to call me.

But my phone number had long since been canceled with the help of a colleague. No matter how many times he called, it would always be a dead line.

As my father's expression grew darker, my sister suddenly bit her lip and spoke, pretending to be sincere.

"Dad, if there's no other way, I'll marry him. As long as it can solve the company's crisis, I'm willing to do anything."

"No!"

Two voices rang out at the same time.

My mother grabbed her hand and frowned, saying, "Jenny, don't be foolish. That will ruin your entire future!"

I couldn't help but laugh.

So, my mother knew this would ruin her daughter's future after all.

But she hadn't said that earlier...

As I stood there in a daze, another person approached.

Matt.

Once, he had been my boyfriend.

Now, he was engaged to my sister.

The other person who had just shouted "no" along with my mother was him.

"Auntie is right, Jenny. Don't be foolish. There's still a way out as long as we find Judith."

He paused, then added,

“If she refuses to show up, I’ll take out a loan, no matter the cost. I will never leave you!”

I stared at Matt, suddenly realizing I didn’t know this person at all.

No, from the moment he hugged Jennifer in front of me a year ago and broke up with me, I’d already stopped knowing him...

Matt and I had met and fallen in love in college, becoming the admired academic couple among the entire medical school.

As graduation approached, he chose to pursue his master’s degree, while I, due to my financial situation, started working at a hospital right away.

During his second year of graduate school, he made a mistake during an experiment, causing damage that required him to pay back hundreds of thousands for the equipment.

That kind of money was astronomical to us, and Matt came to me in tears, begging for help.

“Judy, please help me. If I don’t pay it back, I’ll be expelled. Everything I’ve worked for will be for nothing!”

He had always been so composed and in control, and that was the first time I’d ever seen him cry.

To save his academic career, I started working night and day in the operating room, trying to earn more money to help him pay off his debt.

Every month, after covering my basic living expenses, I gave him everything I had.

After doing ten surgeries in a row, my vision suddenly went black, and the world started spinning. I collapsed to the floor.

A kind colleague noticed that I was suffering from malnutrition and quickly gave me a glucose infusion, gently but firmly advising me to stop pushing myself so hard.

“Look at you, you’re not earning a small amount every month. How could you let yourself become malnourished? Doesn’t your boyfriend take care of you?”

“He’s busy too,” I replied, making excuses for Matt.

In truth, I really believed he was busy.

After all, with such a large debt weighing on him, he must have been frantically trying to come up with a solution.

So, for three months, we barely saw each other.

But I never expected the excuse I gave my colleague would soon turn into a knife in my back.

After the glucose drip finished, I didn't go back to my dorm to rest. Instead, I stayed in the office for my shift, just to earn a little extra overtime pay.

Then, a nurse suddenly notified me of a difficult female patient.

"She barely got nicked by an eyebrow razor, but she's causing a huge scene, lying on the bed as if she's dying. Her boyfriend's really patient, though, softly comforting her the entire time. I've never seen anyone act so spoiled!"

I followed her to the ward, and as soon as I pushed the door open, I saw Jennifer lying pitifully in Matt's arms.

"Matt, what if I'm scarred for life? I might as well be dead..."

"That won't happen. Once the doctor bandages you up, you'll be fine. And if the doctor doesn't do a good job, I won't let it slide."

Matt stroked her head, soothing her like a child.

I had never seen this side of him before, and I stood there, stunned for a moment.

It wasn't until Jennifer called out a strange "sister" that Matt looked up at me, equally startled.

I gave a faint, bitter smile, waiting for him to explain.

But instead, he shielded Jennifer with his arm and looked at me coldly.

"Judith, don't make things difficult for Jenny. I fell in love with her first. And it's not like you're blameless. You have no idea how boring you are!"

So, his betrayal was somehow my fault?

But wasn't it him who had confessed his feelings to me first?

I would never forget how, when I said yes, he had lifted me up and spun me around in excitement.

"Judy, you've always wanted a home, right? As soon as we graduate, we'll get married. I, Matt, will love you for the rest of my life!"

I believed him, like a fish stranded on the shore, desperately struggling until it finally reached the shallows.

I thought that would be my safe haven, but when I opened my eyes, I realized it had been nothing more than a honeyed trap.

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 4

“Jenny, if it hadn’t been for you paying to replace the school’s lab equipment, I would’ve been expelled long ago. From that moment, I secretly vowed to protect you for the rest of my life.”

Matt’s words pulled me back from my thoughts.

I watched as Jennifer, moved to tears, threw herself into his arms. I had grown numb.

The difference between people is as vast as the difference between people and dogs.

I would never be able to compare to Jennifer.

Everyone loved her.

And me, I was despised by everyone.

“Matt, it’s enough just to hear you say that. At least our love wasn’t in vain. But how can I let you borrow from loan sharks? It would ruin you. In the end, it’s my fault for upsetting my sister. She must have gotten mad and disappeared because I took you away from her. If she can forgive me, I’d even kneel before her to apologize...”

Jennifer sobbed quietly in Matt’s arms.

Matt quickly comforted her, “Jenny, don’t say things like that. You did nothing wrong. With a personality like hers, no one could be happy with her.”

“Exactly. She’s always nitpicking over the smallest things and then hides away when things don’t go her way. She’s just a country girl with no manners!”

My mother chimed in, then turned to my father.

“Honey, I can’t reach her by phone. Try contacting someone else. There’s no way she can disappear off the face of the earth!”

My list. But he had never cared about me, so how could he possibly have anyone in his phone who knew me?

ather frowned as he opened his contact

Just then, an unexpected call came in.

I leaned in closer to look—it was from the hospital director.

“Mr. Smith, I heard you visited the hospital today looking for Judith. I still have some of her belongings here. Whenever you have time, come pick them up.”

My father had a habit of answering calls on speakerphone, so everyone in the room heard the director’s words.

His first reaction was disbelief.

“Director, how old are you now? Are you really playing along with Judith’s nonsense?”

The director let out a long sigh, “Mr. Smith,

Judith has been gone for six months. I thought you would’ve come to terms with it by now, but it seems... well, never mind. I’ll just keep her things here until you’re ready to collect them.”

With that, the director hung up.

My mother’s expression shifted from stunned to suspicious.

“Honey, Judith... is she really dead?”

Jennifer spoke softly, “The hospital director said it himself, it couldn’t be fake. But my sister was always so healthy, and she was a doctor. How could she just...”

“Doctors have intense workloads and irregular schedules. I remember before we broke up, she could perform up to ten surgeries a day. No one can handle that kind of pressure,” Matt added.

My father snorted, clutching his phone.

“Well, at least she’s dead. Peaceful and quiet. Good riddance!”

I closed my eyes and let out a bitter smile.

Father, you got what you wanted. Are you happy now?

And to my disbelief, my father actually smiled.

But it wasn’t a smile of relief—it had a hint of calculation.

That smile made me feel an uneasy foreboding.

Sure enough, early the next morning, my father brought a group of reporters to the hospital, along with my family, and unfurled a white banner at the entrance.

Family vacation packages

“This heartless hospital worked my daughter to death, forcing her into intense shifts that led to her sudden death. Afterward, they not only hid the truth from us but even took her body to the crematorium without our consent. We didn’t learn she had passed until six months later. Where is the justice?!”

They spoke tearfully in front of the cameras, playing the part of the grieving family as much as possible.

The internet erupted immediately, with waves of outrage aimed at the hospital.

“This hospital is truly despicable. The last time I took my mom there, they deliberately prescribed expensive medications.”

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 5

“Dr. Judith was such a kind soul, always speaking softly. So young, and now she’s gone... What a pity!”

“Anyone who’s been to medical school knows how grueling it is. She’d only been working for two years and collapsed! This heartless hospital clearly didn’t care about its doctors!”

“If I were her family, I’d make them pay until they’re bankrupt. The way this hospital handled things is absolutely heinous!”

Family vacation packages

Floating above, I could only shake my head in frustration.

No, that’s not the truth at all!

They didn’t know what this hospital meant to me!

If it hadn’t been for the hospital’s support, I never would have had the chance to study, to learn, or to become a doctor dedicated to saving lives!

When I was young, I was fostered with my uncle’s family. My parents rarely sent child support on time.

My uncle didn’t earn much and had his own family to provide for.

Although he was honest and never looked down on me, I had no real status in the house, and everything had to be done according to my aunt’s wishes.

So I learned early on to watch people’s expressions.

Every day before dawn, I would get up to feed the chickens and cook.

The clothes I wore were hand-me-downs from my aunt's children, ill-fitting and uncomfortable.

I never dared to shirk any housework, and as a result, my hands developed chilblains at a young age, swelling like radishes every winter.

Even so, my aunt never showed me a kind face, often beating and scolding me, or sometimes withholding food.

When I reached school age, my uncle wanted to send me to school, but my aunt immediately said there was no money.

The child support my parents sent was used for her children's meals at school instead.

"She's a child nobody wants. Why should she go to school? If she goes, who's going to do all the chores? Besides, what's the point of a girl going to school anyway? In a few years, we can just marry her off and get some bride price to help our son find a wife!"

I was only six years old then, but I was already starting to understand a lot more.

Some people in the village said that only education could change one's fate, so I knelt before my aunt, begging her desperately.

"Auntie, please let me go to school! When I grow up, I promise I'll earn a lot of money and take care of you!"

But no matter how much I pleaded and cried, she refused to relent.

It was around this time that the director of the hospital, who was leading a medical team in the countryside, overheard my sobs and kindly inquired about my situation.

In front of my aunt, he lifted me up, his eyes warm and compassionate.

"Good girl, don't cry. Uncle will make sure you go to school."

It was the first time someone had shown me kindness, the first time someone reached out when I was drowning in despair.

The image of the director in his white coat became etched in my memory.

From that moment, I was determined to become a doctor.

I promised myself that once I had the skills, I would work at his hospital and help others who, like me, were trapped in hopelessness.

But now, watching the shameless expressions of my parents, I felt nothing but shame and fury.

How could they?

How could they abandon me for so many years. and then shamelessly lie, trying to profit off my death?

Did they really think they could extort a huge settlement from the hospital like this?

No. I would never let them succeed!