

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 11

“Dad, you’ve seen the online outrage. We can’t stay in this city any longer. We should liquidate our assets and leave the country with the money!”

“But I’ve worked for half my life here. Besides, the netizens are focusing on our family. How can we get away...”

Family vacation packages

“The netizens are targeting Mom. She’s the one being criticized the most. Leaving her here will give us the chance we need!”

In the living room, Jennifer was calculating her move, persistently urging Dad to leave. Hearing that they would abandon Mom, Dad hesitated.

“Jenny, she’s still your mother...”

Jennifer dismissed his concerns. “She’s my mother, but she should understand the need to sacrifice for her children. Besides, Mom loves me so much; she’ll understand. I’m doing this for our family’s sake!”

Matt, sitting nearby, chimed in, “Exactly, Uncle. Once we’re settled abroad, we can bring Auntie over later.”

After their persistent persuasion and some deep reflection, Dad finally nodded in agreement.

I watched as Jennifer and Matt breathed a sigh of relief, then hurriedly pulled Dad to the company to liquidate their assets.

Unbeknownst to them, their conversation had been overheard by Mom, who had just woken up.

The first thing she said upon waking was, “Baby, get me a glass of water.”

She was disappointed to find that her most cherished daughter wasn’t there to care for her.

I floated above, watching her struggle to sit up and slowly make her way to the door. I couldn’t help but sigh.

If it had been me, she might have already started shouting.

Unfortunately, I was not like Jennifer. I didn’t know what Mom felt when she heard Jennifer’s plan to sacrifice her, but I found it all rather ironic.

Jennifer had always had what I longed for, so she only cared about herself.

After the three of them left, Mom stood at the bedroom door, stunned for a long while. Then, with a calm expression, she walked to the kitchen and turned on the gas.

She then returned to the bedroom, took a lighter from the nightstand, and calmly sat down on the living room sofa.

I realized what she was about to do and couldn't help but smile wryly.

Look at that, her selfless favoritism toward Jennifer. If Jennifer wanted her to be sacrificed, she would unhesitatingly choose to end her life.

After all, nothing would capture the netizens' attention more than a major tragedy at this point.

To my surprise, she didn't immediately ignite the lighter but instead stared intently out of the floor-to-ceiling windows, as if waiting for something.

It wasn't until Dad and Jennifer returned, carrying a stack of documents, that I realized what was happening. The three of them froze in shock.

"Honey, when did you wake up?"

"What's that strange smell in the house? Mom, what have you done?"

"Auntie, you don't look well. Maybe you should go back to your room and rest for a while?"

Mom didn't answer their questions. Instead, she slowly stood up from the sofa and fixed her gaze on them.

"When Judy was born, I genuinely loved her. After all, she was my first child. How could I not love her?"

"You don't know how well-behaved she was. Other children would cling desperately to their milk, but she always nursed gently. Sometimes, when I pretended to frown and look unhappy, she would immediately let go and smile up at me. While I did housework, she would sit quietly on the floor, playing by herself, without making a fuss..."

"But when did I start to change? Was it when you, Jack, came home drunk every day, pointing at Judy's face and calling her a bad omen, telling me to get rid of her because she would bring misfortune to our family?"

"Was it when Jenny was born and learned she had an older sister, crying and demanding to be the only daughter of this family, threatening to die if she wasn't?"

"Under your subtle influence, I slowly severed the maternal bond with Judy, beginning to despise her, to loathe her, even to hate her! Just thinking about what we did to her over the years makes my heart ache painfully!"

“I abandoned such a good child. Since she didn’t feel the warmth of family while she was alive, we should all go to the underworld and apologize to her!”

As she spoke, Mom lifted the lighter.

The three of them panicked immediately.

“Honey, don’t do anything foolish!” Dad instinctively rushed to grab it.

Jennifer instinctively backed away behind Matt, but Matt pushed her aside and ran outside without looking back.

Unfortunately, none of them could escape.

Mom laughed maniacally as she ignited the lighter. With a deafening explosion, the entire villa was instantly engulfed in flames.

My soul was violently pushed outside by the shock wave. In the sea of fire, everything became invisible.

By the time the police and fire department arrived, my parents had been killed instantly.

Although Jennifer and Matt had miraculously survived, they were severely burned and would spend the rest of their lives helpless and in despair, confined to their beds.

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 12

After the major incident was exposed, the online reaction was overwhelmingly positive, with many commenting that it was a case of karmic retribution.

Patients I had once treated and my colleagues went to my grave as soon as they heard the news, paying their respects and sharing this “good news” with me.

In the throng of people, the Dean stood at the forefront, holding the hand of a little girl who looked about six or seven years old.

“Judith, before you passed, you entrusted me with your remaining ten thousand dollars to support impoverished students through the hospital’s channels. Look, this is the girl who benefited from your generosity.”

Though her clothes were simple, the little girl was remarkably clean, her timid eyes mirroring those of my own childhood.

Under Dean Chen’s watchful gaze, she slowly approached my gravestone and kissed the photo on it.

“Sister, I’ve recently learned a new nursery rhyme at kindergarten. May I sing it for you?”

In the serene atmosphere where no one spoke, the girl’s sweet voice filled the air.

“Hey, Judy, don’t make it bad, the dark sky is low, but the bright stars stay with you as we keep you company while you sleep...”

I remembered the original song wasn’t sung like this, so the little girl must have altered the lyrics specifically for me.

A life without favoritism is like a dark, oppressive night—abandoned, bullied, betrayed, and used...

But I had forgotten that even in the darkness, I wasn’t bound by it. Bright and warm stars surrounded the night, just like the people gathered here.

So what if I wasn’t loved by my parents? Let go of those minor grievances, for once I was a bright and radiant person.

As the girl’s song filled the air, I felt my spirit becoming lighter and lighter.

I knew it was time to go.

If there is an afterlife, I will definitely live happily, with my heart facing the sunshine and fearless of wind and rain.

– End –

Book 2: Our Child Was Kidnapped, Yet He Saved His Lover’s Child

While I was on a business trip, I received the shocking news that my daughter had been kidnapped. Just as I was about to pay the ransom, my husband Tom Delfino called.

“Monica’s been kidnapped! Give me all the money you have so I can save her!”

I hurriedly transferred all the money to Tom. But after getting off the plane, I received another call from the kidnappers: “You didn’t pay the ransom. Get ready to collect the body!”

I was stunned. Didn’t Tom use the money to rescue Monica?

At the same time, my husband’s friend Betty, updated her social media and tagged him.

“Julie is safe, thanks to you.”

The photo showed Tom carrying Betty’s daughter in one arm and embracing Betty tightly as they emerged from the abandoned factory, appearing heroic.

Devastated, I called him: “Tom, why did you use Monica’s ransom money to save someone else’s daughter?”

“I’m sorry. It was actually Julie who was kidnapped. I couldn’t just leave them, so I lied to you to get the money.

“Betty and her daughter are in shock. They’re not doing well. I need to stay with them. We’ll talk later.”

Tom hung up before I could tell him that our daughter had also been kidnapped.

Moreover, I was suffering from a terminal illness. Tom would never see either of us again.

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 13

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“Betty and her daughter are in shock. They’re not doing well. I’ll apologize to you and Monica later. We’ll talk then.”

Tom hung up before I could tell him that our daughter had also been kidnapped. He would never see her again!

By the time I arrived at the abandoned factory, all I found was my daughter's bloodied corpse.

The police sighed and said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Jones, but your daughter was raped before she died. We've collected DNA evidence and will do our best to catch the kidnappers."

I held my daughter's broken body, trembling uncontrollably.

I could have paid part of the ransom and saved Monica's life, but I chose to trust Tom.

Staring at my daughter's blood-soaked body in my arms, I was overcome with grief, to the point where it was hard to breathe.

All of this tragedy could be traced back to the day I accepted Tom's pursuit when we were still in school.

In high school, I was a top student, someone everyone admired. Tom was just one of many suitors.

He chased me from high school to college, and eventually, I was moved by his persistence. I gave up the attention of wealthy and successful men to be with this poor boy.

As long as Tom pursued me, Betty was always by his side.

Betty was a troublemaker—plain-looking, always at the bottom of her class, calling boys her brothers, and notorious for breaking up couples.

Back then, even though Tom was great, I was far better than him. Everyone admired him for being able to capture my heart, so I never saw Betty as a threat.

On the day Tom proposed to me, he made sure Betty, his closest friend, was there to witness it.

I'll never forget the moment the ring slid onto my finger. Betty's cold, jealous gaze locked onto mine, and she silently formed the words with her lips, directed at me.

"You'll pay for stealing Tom from me!"

The twisted expression on Betty's face from that memory overlapped with the mutilated face of my daughter before me, snapping me out of my thoughts.

If I had known the price would be losing Monica, I would have handed Tom back to her without hesitation!

I cradled Monica in my arms and prepared to leave that horrible place.

Just as I stood up, darkness swallowed me, and I fainted.

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 14

I woke up in a hospital bed, with a female police officer standing beside me.

“What happened to me?” I asked.

“You fainted. The test results aren’t out yet.”

The officer looked at me with sympathy. “With everything going on at home, where is your husband?”

Yes, where was my husband?

I couldn’t even remember how long this ghost of a marriage had gone on.

Tom and I had shared some sweet moments after our wedding, but his sensitivity and insecurity were always there, festering beneath the surface. It wasn’t long before his true colors showed.

Tom began emotionally manipulating me, trying to convince me to become a housewife.

When I refused, tension grew between us. But I always gave in, because I still loved him. I thought Tom felt the same, until Betty came between us.....

Tom used to look down on Betty, with her plain appearance and messy private life. Yet, after we got married, he started to enjoy the thrill Betty brought him, the way she played the submissive woman around him.

While I was suffering from morning sickness, Tom was out at karaoke bars and nightclubs with Betty.

When I gave birth to Monica, he was with Betty at her prenatal checkup, though no one knew which of her “brothers” was the father of her child.

I’d been feeling unwell and asked Tom to accompany me to the hospital, but he consistently made excuses, claiming he was too busy. Yet, when Betty came down with a mere cold in the dead of night, Tom promptly carried her to the hospital.

I didn’t have the heart to worry about my own health. After arranging Monica’s funeral, I set aside my work and, with Monica’s ashes in tow, visited the amusement park and aquarium, the places she had always longed to see.

Because of work, I rarely spent time with Monica, but she never blamed me or Tom.

She was such a thoughtful child, yet we were such terrible parents.

While sitting on the carousel, holding Monica’s urn, I heard familiar laughter nearby.

I looked up and saw Tom, who I hadn't spoken to in a week. He was holding hands with Betty and laughing and joking with Julie.

The radiant smiles on their faces stabbed at my heart. Monica's greatest wish was to visit the amusement park with her father, even just once!

Yet Julie effortlessly experienced something that Monica never could.

I rushed over to them in a frenzy. "Tom, what are you doing?!"

Tom looked startled by my pale, disheveled appearance.

Betty seemed taken aback too, but quickly composed herself. Seeing me, once the apple of everyone's eye, now reduced to this state, her face twisted into a triumphant look as she spoke with a false sympathy, "Tom just borrowed some money to save Julie. It's not like he won't pay you back. Did you really have to go that far and follow us all the way here?"

Tom regained his composure, looking at me with disgust. "Jessica, why did you come out looking like this? Don't you find yourself revolting?"

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 15

Revolting?

I couldn't believe the words coming from Tom's mouth. I would never forget the nervous way he had once asked me if he could be with me.

"You bastard!"

I slapped Tom hard across the face. "You used my money to save someone else's daughter and caused Monica's death! And after all that, you still have the audacity to go to the amusement park with them?"

People around us began to stare, and Tom's face contorted with embarrassment and anger.

"Are you done with this already? We told a little white lie to save Julie. Do you have to keep bringing this up?"

"And what do you mean by 'your money'?" We're married. I'm spending our joint assets. Betty never nitpicks over things like you do!"

Seeing the red mark on Tom's face, Betty started crying, full of pity for him.

"If you don't want Tom to spend time with us, just say so. We'll leave. But let me make one thing clear: we're just friends. "If there was anything going on between us, what makes you think you'd have a chance?"

I chuckled sarcastically at Betty's words. "If I remember correctly, I rejected Tom countless times. He persistently pestered me, completely disregarding you. So don't act like you graciously handed over this trash to me!"

"And Julie? Isn't she the result of your relationship with one of your close male friends? Guess your brotherly bond is strong enough to make babies, huh?"

Betty's face darkened, and Tom, now furious, pulled her into his arms and glared at me.

"As your husband, I'm warning you—if you don't want to lose me, apologize to Betty right now!"

I spat in his face.

Tom had always been a chauvinist, using his role as a husband to control me after we got married, trying to tame me.

Used to hold back, playing the dutiful wife in

front of others. But now, I didn't care to indulge him anymore.

"Husband? You barely earn half of what I do, and at home, you've never fulfilled your duties as a husband or father. What gives you the right to command me as your wife?"

My words shattered what little was left of Tom's fragile ego. He lunged at me, grabbing my collar and throwing me to the ground, kicking and punching me.

"So what if I'm with Betty? She's a cheerful and generous woman who knows how to respect her man, unlike you, always defying your husband!"

"Then go be with her!" I screamed in rage, the pain in my body nowhere near as agonizing as what I felt in my heart. "No one's stopping you, you disgusting pair of cheaters! I just want Monica. Give me back my daughter!"

"You're ridiculous. How could it be such a coincidence that Julie was kidnapped, and on the same day, Monica was too?"

"If something had happened to Monica, the police wouldn't have ignored me, the head of the family, and let a woman like you handle everything."

Family vacation packages

Though Tom was despicable, his words gave me pause.

He was right. How could it be such a coincidence?

I crawled, bruised and broken, to Julie, clutching her hand desperately. “Julie, how many people were kidnapped that day? Was Monica one of them?”

“I... I don’t know.”

Before I could ask more, Julie suddenly clutched her chest and began to convulse. Betty sobbed uncontrollably while holding Julie close, pleading with me.

“We were wrong. We shouldn’t have spent your money. If you’re angry, take it out on me, but please, leave my daughter alone.”

Tom, unable to contain his anger, kicked me hard, sending me coughing up blood.

The urn I held fell to the ground, and I watched helplessly as the last memories of Monica blew away in the wind.

“What is that?”

“Our daughter.”

Tom was livid. “You crazy woman! You irresponsible mother! If you dare curse Monica again, I’ll beat you to death!”

After carrying the unconscious Julie to the ambulance, Tom, distraught, pulled out his phone and sent a message.

“Monica, come pick up your mom at the amusement park. Dad’s busy right now, but I promise I’ll take you out to play as soon as I’m free, okay?”