

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 21

Tom persisted in staying at the hospital, despite repeated attempts to have him leave.

Fortunately, he was often out and about, borrowing money and seeking bone marrow matches, which gave me brief moments of peace.

The DNA test results came back quickly, confirming that Julie was indeed Mike's biological daughter.

I didn't rush to share this good news with Tom. Instead, I uploaded the content from the recording pen to the internet, including the records of the money transfers I had made to him, photos of Tom rescuing Julie from the kidnappers, information about the kidnapper Mike, and footage of Tom protecting Betty and her daughter at the amusement park and hospital while assaulting me.

The post detailing Tom's betrayal, stealing funds to save his lover's daughter, leading to the death of his own daughter, and subsequently abusing his terminally ill wife, swiftly ignited a firestorm of controversy

High school classmates revealed Tom's relentless pursuit of me years ago, and the details of how Betty seduced other people's boyfriends were also exposed.

Not only were Tom and Betty roundly condemned, but suspicions quickly arose that Julie might actually be Mike's daughter, based on the photos I had uploaded.

The next day, I sent Tom the DNA test results, and he and Betty arrived at the hospital.

The two of them were now just like street rats that everyone was shouting at, and they found me in full gear with their masks and baseball caps.

Betty's eyes were swollen like walnuts, and she screamed threats at me until Tom restrained her.

"Jessica, I've been running around for your illness. How could you treat me this way?"

Tom had evidently not slept well the past few nights, with noticeable dark circles under his eyes. He stared at me coldly.

I reveled in their misery.

"Want to kill me? Go ahead. After all, I'm dying of cancer. If I can take you both down with me, it'll be worth it."

Betty, clearly frightened, spat and said, "You wicked woman, you deserve to have cancer!"

"Instead of cursing me, you should think about what you'll do next."

I calmly analyzed their situation: “People online already suspect Julie is the daughter of the murderer Mike. If you two get married now and have Tom publicly acknowledge that Julie is your daughter, at least your reputations might improve. You could still live incognito in a different place after the storm passes..”

Tom, who had been outwitted by me, looked at me with suspicion. “Why would you be so kind as to help us?”

“Of course, I’m not. Return my money, and I’ll gladly divorce you.”

“Don’t presume that you won’t have to pay it back when I’m dead, right now I only need the ransom money you cheated me out of, and if you really want to take your time counting it you’ve got a lot more to lose, and even if I’m dead I’ll leave that money to my parents.”

“I told you I wouldn’t divorce you!” Tom’s eyes reddened. “Jessica, I truly love you. As long as you’re willing to stay with me, I’ll forgive everything you’ve done.

Best gifts for your loved ones

“At this point, do you really think our marriage can be salvaged? Whether you choose to drag this out or cut your losses, it’s up to you.”

Tom might have had some genuine feelings for me, but as a selfish person, he always sought to maximize his own benefit.

Sure enough, seeing that things couldn’t be undone, Tom’s expression twisted.

“Jessica, you brought this on yourself!”

Indeed, these two despicable individuals wouldn’t be satisfied until they pushed the limits. Betty, who had savings in hand, repaid every penny of the money she had deceitfully taken from me to save Julie, in an attempt to expedite my divorce from Tom.

After my divorce from Tom was finalized, the situation had escalated so much online that Mike was quickly apprehended.

When questioned by the police, Mike confessed to his crimes but insisted that Betty and her daughter were not involved.

The female officer who brought me the news, while peeling an apple for me and watching my increasingly gaunt figure, sighed and said, “Mike is so determined to shield Betty and her daughter. This outcome is too lenient for them.”

It certainly didn’t go away so easily!

“May I see Mike?”

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 22

When I arrived at the prison, Mike was visibly startled to see me.

Regaining his composure, he sneered, “Isn’t this our esteemed campus beauty? How did you end up like this?”

Back in school, Mike had also pursued me, but he lacked Tom’s persistence. After I rejected him, he quickly gave up, though he didn’t hesitate to create trouble for me.

Fortunately, such people are the easiest to deal with.

I coldly replied, “I don’t see that you’re truly devoted to Betty and her daughter.”

“Don’t understand what you’re saying? Even though you pretended to be noble when you were with me, I didn’t get to play with you. But your daughter’s charms were quite nice.”

My eyelids jumped in shock. Despite preparing myself mentally beforehand, I felt an overwhelming urge to stab this beast!

Struggling to maintain my composure, I pulled out my phone and showed Mike a video.

In the video, Betty was blissfully selecting a wedding dress and picking out a diamond ring with Tom.

Tom smiled indulgently, “Now you’ve finally put Mike behind you, haven’t you?”

“Oh, I’ve told you countless times, I have nothing to do with that person. Mike was just a dog to me. I only treated him like a buddy out of pity.”

Julie also made her stance clear, saying, “Tom is my real dad. Julie is not the daughter of a murderer!”

Watching Mike’s trembling form, I sneered, “This is footage from a private investigator. This is the woman and daughter you so desperately protect. They don’t even acknowledge your existence.”

“You’re lying! You think a couple of edited videos will convince me to join you in framing Betty and her daughter? That’s just a dream!”

“Don’t rush. There’s more.”

I showed Mike another video, this time of Julie bathing while Tom leered, his expression lecherous.

Although the scene seemed outrageous, given that Mike could target my eight-year-old daughter, deceiving him was not difficult.

Sure enough, seeing his daughter being ogled by another man, Mike lost his composure, banging desperately on the glass.

“What is he trying to do? Where’s Betty?”

“Betty only cares about her own interests. She doesn’t give a damn about Julie. She and Tom will have their own child, while your daughter will suffer everything Monica had suffered after you’re gone.”

“Don’t you realize yet? Betty has always been using you and Julie. Perhaps this is your retribution.”

As I finished speaking, the call time ended.

Mike, snarling with rage behind the glass, was forcibly restrained by the guards.

I couldn’t hear what he said next. After leaving the prison, Tom’s car was parked outside.

“Jessica, I’ve done as you asked. I helped you guide Betty into making those videos to atone for her actions towards you and Monica. Can we reconcile?”

“Don’t make it sound so noble. You only regret it now because you realized Betty had been deceiving you from the start. You’re just getting back at her with me.”

Tom’s face darkened at my dismantling.

“So you refuse to remarry me? With your terminal illness, who else would care about you?”

“Even if you miraculously recovered, who would want a divorced woman with children who uses such despicable methods to entrap her own husband?!”

I ignored Tom, this pitiful and pathetic man, and looked up at the sky.

By then, the night had deepened, with stars twinkling above.

I don’t know which star was my Monica. I thought it would be nice to be by her side when I die.

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 23

As I had hoped, Mike, who was provoked by me, really couldn’t continue to hold on, and determined to go all in with nothing to lose, he confessed everything under pressure, successfully implicating Betty.

The kidnapping of Monica was indeed linked to Betty.

Mike wanted money, Betty wanted power, so they conspired together, swindling my money and causing my daughter's death.

Betty was quickly arrested by the police and would face legal consequences.

As for Julie, an orphaned little troublemaker, she would face her own struggles in the future.

With everything settled, I calmly awaited my fate, when suddenly the hospital found a suitable bone marrow match.

It turned out my plight had evoked public sympathy, leading many to volunteer to donate bone marrow and even contribute money.

Given the large number of donors, finding a suitable match was relatively easy.

Although it felt unfamiliar to be in such a weak position for the first time in my life, people, after all, must accept their fate, whatever circumstances they find themselves in.

I began to express my gratitude online to the generous supporters who had helped me.

Months after the successful surgery, I recovered well and returned to work.

Although thinking of Monica still brought heartache, restless nights, and midnight tears, at least I could face life with a sense of normalcy.

A year later, on the last day of Betty's death row sentence, I visited her in prison. Even in prison, Betty's life was far from comfortable. She was beaten and bruised by fellow inmates, enduring unimaginable torment.

The moment she saw me, Betty's face contorted with anger. "You filthy b***h, what are you doing here?"

"I heard you're dying tomorrow. I came to tell you that my illness is cured, my career is back at its peak success, and I've become everything you envied the most. Isn't that infuriating?"

"You vile creature! What are you so smug about? You're just an old woman who lost her daughter, got divorced by Tom, and is unwanted!"

I looked at her with pity. "Betty, do you know why you lost so completely?"

"You always saw yourself as superior to women, but deep down, you were nothing more than a pampered wife. You're just a parasite living off men, seen as nothing more than a freebie."

“You’ll never understand that women need to rely on themselves. When things go wrong, men are unreliable.”

“Do you want to know why Mike suddenly betrayed you?”

I showed Betty the messages between Tom and me about our revenge plan. “You thought you were clever, but even someone like Mike wasn’t loyal to you.”

At that moment, Betty struggled to maintain her composure. But when my new boyfriend, a handsome, wealthy man dressed in designer clothes, came to pick me up, Betty’s composure shattered completely.

After all, none of her former friends could match his level of excellence.

I was determined to make sure she found any semblance of peace, even in death.

My new boyfriend drove a Ferrari with one hand. As we passed Tom, who was returning home with a bag of cheap groceries from the market, he broke down again.

Tom had always believed that after our divorce, he would become successful and make me regret it. He thought that I, a strong-willed woman who had been divorced and had children, would end up regretting and begging for his forgiveness.

But reality struck him hard. Without my support, his career, already mediocre, plunged to new lows. The scandal involving Betty and her daughter made him infamous, and no company was willing to partner with him for his new venture.

For Tom, who had high aspirations but achieved nothing, there was no harsher punishment than this.

I looked at my handsome boyfriend driving the car. “I want to start my own company.”

“Sure.”

Without hesitation, he handed me a card. “Having your own career is better than working for someone else. From now on, I can rely on President Jessica.”

“I was thinking of being a housewife.”

“I’ll support you in whatever you choose to do. So where are we going now?”

I gazed out at the passing scenery. “Let’s buy a bouquet and go to the cemetery. I miss Monica.”

I wanted to tell her that the bad people had received their comeuppance, and that I was truly happy now.

Book 3: After Losing His Memory, He Married Someone Else

Three years ago, Damian and I traveled abroad together, and during the trip, he proposed to me.

Unfortunately, a sudden earthquake struck the area, and amidst the chaos, we became separated.

I was rescued while severely injured and clung to the thought of Damian to pull through.

When I saw him again, he was with another woman.

She said that after the accident, he had lost his memory and couldn't remember anyone.

This woman resembled me, but Damian loved her deeply, and they were about to get married.

It's fine, as long as he is happy.

But what about me?

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 24

Book 3: After Losing His Memory, He Married Someone Else

As soon as I stepped out of the airport, I spotted my friend Stella waiting for me outside. She rushed over to greet me as soon as she saw me.

“Look at you, all fragile and weary. Come on, let's get you in the car.”

She helped me with my luggage, placing it in the trunk before we got in.

“So, any news?” Stella asked as she drove.

I shook my head, feeling a bit despondent.

“It's okay, take your time. As long as he's alive, we'll find him eventually.”

I wrapped my coat tighter around myself and gazed out the window, hoping so.

Damian and I had grown up together in the orphanage. Though we were lovers, we were also family. Since that accident, we had been out of touch for three long years.

I was almost out of hope, my body barely holding on. The injuries from three years ago had weakened me considerably, and after these years of relentless effort, I was now suffering from severe stomach cancer.

Maybe it's better to die; after all, I might meet the person I've been longing to see.

Seeing my pale complexion and the desolation in my eyes, Stella glanced at me and changed the subject.

“Alright, next week we’ll take a break. I’ll take you out to lift your spirits. Remember how you’ve always wanted to visit San Diego? We’ll go next week. Who knows, Damian might be there.”

My heart sk**ed a beat at her words. San Diego was our favorite place.

“Okay.”

On the day of the trip, we disembarked from the train. Even though each attempt to find Damian had ended in disappointment, I still held onto a flicker of hope.

That evening, we went to a bar. The singer on stage was performing a soulful country ballad, my favorite style, which made me think of Damian.

Stella suddenly exclaimed, “Anna, the singer looks a lot like you! For a moment, I thought you had sneaked up on stage.”

It was only then that I noticed the resemblance.

“Yeah, she does.”

After the female singer finished her performance, she happened to sit down next to us.

Stella, ever friendly, greeted her, “Hi! Your singing was wonderful. Did you write the song yourself?”

The singer smiled and replied, “My boyfriend wrote it, actually. Thanks for your appreciation. I’m Calista. And you?”

We introduced ourselves.

After chatting for a while, I went to the restroom. When I returned, I glanced near the entrance and spotted a familiar figure.

My eyes widened in disbelief as I stood frozen in place, uncertain, I called out, “Damian?”

The figure approached, tall and familiar, bathed in the colorful lights. I called out again, “Damian.”

But the next moment, I felt as though I had been struck by lightning.

He said, “I’m sorry, you must have mistaken me for someone else.”

Book 3: After Losing His Memory, He Married Someone Else

It was the same face I remembered, but the detachment in his eyes was something I had never seen before, completely different from the Damian I knew.

“I’m...” Before I could finish, Calista’s surprised voice interrupted, “Kia, you’re here!”

Damian moved past me to stand beside Calista, tucking a stray strand of her hair behind her ear and murmured, “Sorry I’m a bit late.”

Stella stared in stunned silence.

Calista linked her arm with Damian’s and introduced him, “This is my boyfriend, Kiaan.”

Kiaan greeted us politely, “Hello.”

Stella looked at me, unsure of what to do.

I was equally at a loss. After three years of searching, I had only found out that my boyfriend didn’t remember me and was with another woman.

Noticing my distress, Calista asked, “Is everything okay?”

I lowered my gaze, struggling to control the emotions threatening to spill over, and shook my head.

The dim lighting in the room masked my expression, except to Stella.

Stella forced a smile and asked, “How did you two meet?”

Calista seemed eager to share her story:

“It’s a bit cliché, really. The first time I met him was three years ago, overseas. There had just been an earthquake, and when I found him barely alive, I took him to the hospital. When he woke up, he claimed was his girlfriend and followed me all the way to San Diego. That’s how we ended up together.”

“We considered reporting it, but since we weren’t locals and couldn’t find any of his family, we gave up after a long search.”

I couldn’t bring myself to look at Damian any longer and instead turned to Calista, asking, “He... lost his memory, didn’t he?”

“Yes,” she confirmed. “When he woke up, he didn’t remember anything. There was no identification on him, so he stayed abroad for three years. We only returned two months ago because we’re getting married.”

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 25

I couldn't remember how I left that day, lost and disoriented as Stella took me back to the hotel. She held me close, gently patting my shoulder, but words of comfort eluded her.

Eventually, my tears flowed uncontrollably, as if a dam had burst, and I clung to Stella's hand, sobbing heart-wrenchingly for the first time. The unfamiliar and distant look in Damian's eyes at the bar was like a blade, carving away at my soul.

I hardly slept that night. The next day, we returned to the bar. Calista was on stage again, singing with the same soft, lyrical tone as before. I scanned the room and finally spotted Damian.

He watched her with such focus and earnestness. The person he used to look at like that was me. I fought back the tears that felt like they might burst my heart. I took a seat next to him.

I intended to subtly ask about his life these

past years, but Damian spoke first: "Did I know you before?"

I nodded but didn't elaborate on the past. He didn't press further.

"Calista mentioned that the songs she sings were written by you. What's your favorite?" I asked.

He smiled with a warmth that was almost intoxicating. "My favorite song isn't finished yet. I'll play it at our wedding."

In an instant, my tears sprang forth. I knew he meant "our" in reference to him and Calista, not me and him.

Suddenly, I remembered how he used to scribble in his notebook during his free time. Once, I hugged him from behind and asked what he was doing. Looking down, I saw a lyric written on the page: "With a tender whisper of the breeze, you unveil the depth of my truest love."

At that time, he had looked at me with a beaming smile and said, "I'm writing the background music for your entrance at our wedding."

Unable to bear the contrast between who he was and who he is now, I turned my head and took a moment to compose myself. "It's fine," I managed to say.

Calista finished her performance and came over to us, surprised to see us again. "You're here again! So, Kia, did you like my singing?"

She sat down next to Damian, leaning affectionately on his arm, and he absentmindedly stroked her hair. It was an action he used to do with me. The sight filled me with a deep sense of helplessness, and I didn't know how to find a way through it. The emotions swirled violently within my chest.

I looked down, not wanting to see them, but I could clearly hear Damian's soft voice saying, "It sounds good."

Stella patted my hand and whispered in my ear, "Anna, maybe we should just... let it go."

I didn't respond. Instead, I turned to Calista and asked, "Callie, when is your wedding?"

Damian glanced at me, his expression obscured in the dim light, barely visible.

Calista smiled and said, "It's set for the fifteenth of next month. If you're not in a hurry to leave, you should come. It's just a small gathering of friends, no gifts needed, just for the fun of it."

"Sure," I replied.

Back at the hotel, Stella asked, "Anna, what are you thinking? Are you going to tell him?"

After a moment of silence, I shook my head and said with a wry smile, "No, I won't tell him.

He's found new love, and it's better for both him and me. You know, I don't have much time left."

Stella's eyes immediately welled up, her face filled with sadness. "Don't say things like that. If a man is gone, he's gone. You still have me. What if... what if you... leave?"

"I'm sorry, Stella. I just wanted to see him as a groom, even if I'm not the bride."

"I imagined countless scenarios of meeting him again-whether I would scold him or hit him for making me worry for so long. But over time, I just wanted to give him a hug and tell him welcome home. Now I realize I can't even do that."

What more could Stella say? No one was at fault in this situation, but why was it only Anna who suffered?