

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 26

Yesterday, I added Calista to my contacts. She seemed to enjoy spending time with Stella and me, and today she messaged me, inviting us to go shopping together.

When I received the message, Stella looked at me.

“It’s fine, go ahead,” she said.

We met Calista on the street opposite the bar. Seeing her alone was a relief.

“Anna, Stella, you’re here!” Calista greeted us with a smile.

Stella asked, “Um, isn’t Kiaan with you?”

Calista looked a bit embarrassed and replied, “Even though we’re about to get married, he’s not the type to need to be glued to me every second. He has his own things to handle, too!”

The sweetness in Calista’s words about Damian made me regret coming out.

“To be honest, I feel like we met too late; we get along so well. Since you’re here for vacation, I’d love to be your tour guide,” Calista said, her voice lively and as vibrant as her personality.

I regretted my earlier irritation. There was no need to hold a grudge against someone who knew nothing of my situation. Putting everything aside, Calista was a wonderful girl- well-informed and always keeping the conversation lively. She was someone I couldn’t match up to at the moment.

Stella, sensing the sensitive topic, deliberately avoided mentioning Damian while talking to Calista.

As we passed a bridal shop, Calista suddenly asked, “Anna, I see you’re wearing a wedding ring. Are you married?”

I looked at the diamond ring on my left hand and smiled. “He proposed to me.”

Calista’s curiosity was piqued. “So, why isn’t your fiancé with you?”

Stella frowned, clearly annoyed at the unintended question.

I smiled and chose not to say more.

Calista, sensing the awkwardness, quickly apologized. “Sorry, I meant to ask for your wedding experience. I’m a bit nervous about marrying someone I love.”

Even though I tried to stay rational, the thought of missing out on him still made me sad. I vividly remember the proposal-

everyone at the event applauded, and as he carefully slipped the ring onto my finger, he kissed the back of my hand almost reverently. Standing up, he embraced me and said, "I love you, Mrs. Reid."

As I snapped back to reality, I noticed it had started to rain. We ended up back at the bar, close to the hotel, so we wouldn't get too wet, but Calista had to brave the rain to catch a cab.

She was heading to the convenience store across the street to buy an umbrella when she heard someone call her name.

Recognizing the familiar voice, I turned instinctively. It was Damian, holding a large umbrella and there to pick up Calista.

Calista excitedly rushed to him. "Kiaan! I'm so glad you're here! We'll head out now. See you later!"

Damian nodded at us and, with Calista in tow, turned and walked away.

I stood still, watching them disappear into the distance. Calista climbed onto Damian's back, and he expertly h**ed her legs with his, the two of them gradually fading around the corner.

If it hadn't been for that accident, I should have been the one by his side. What was once meant to be mine alone was now shared with someone else.

Stella, unable to watch any longer, took my hand and said, "Let's go."

Back in the room, I shakily took out my medication and swallowed a pill, hoping to ease the gnawing pain in my stomach.

Sitting by the window and watching the rain, I thought: Why does this city have to be so unkind? Why can't I stay with the person I love?

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 27

In the middle of the night, I suddenly felt dizzy and weak, attributing it to catching a cold from being out in the rain earlier. I was too exhausted to get up, so I endured until dawn.

A cool sensation touched my forehead, and I groggily opened my eyes to see Damian crouched beside my bed. He was gently placing a cloth on my forehead, murmuring familiar words that felt unreal: "Why are you still running a fever? Is this how you've been taking care of yourself when I'm not around?"

I preferred to believe Damian had returned rather than it being a dream. I watched him as tears flowed down my temples.

Stella, noticing my fever and my tears, was beside me, gently patting my back with a sigh.

Eventually, I woke up and faced reality.

In the afternoon, Calista came to the hotel upon hearing I was ill. She brought a lot of food and fruit, creating a setup that resembled a hospital visit.

Since she had so much to carry, Damian came along but, after setting things down, patted Calista on the head and said he would wait for her in the lobby.

I was both afraid and eager to see him. I turned my gaze away, but Calista looked at me, about to say something but then hesitating.

After a moment of silence, Calista suddenly grabbed her bag and said she had to leave, with Stella accompanying her to the elevator.

When she returned, Stella asked, “What happened? Why did she suddenly leave?”

Sitting on the bed, I thought for a moment before replying, “She must have figured something out.”

In the bar the next day, both Damian and Calista were present, but Calista hadn’t gone on stage yet; she was sitting next to Damian.

Damian was scribbling notes, presumably for the wedding background music. When we arrived, Calista immediately straightened up, and as she headed to the stage, she greeted us before leaving.

As before, I took a seat about a meter away from Damian, focusing on Calista on stage. To be honest, I was here to see her.

Unexpectedly, Damian put down his notebook and asked, “Do we have some kind of connection? Every time I see you, it seems like you’re not happy. Is it because of me?”

Seeing his somewhat distressed expression, I smiled and shook my head, “No connection. It’s just that you look a lot like my fiancé, and seeing you reminds me of him.” Each denial felt like another twist of the knife in my heart.

Damian shouldn’t have pressed further, but he asked anyway, “What happened to your fiancé?”

I looked at him, as if peering through his eyes to see the lover I once knew. I said, “I don’t know where he went. I can’t find him anywhere.”

“I’m sorry,” Damian said, his gaze softening with a hint of sympathy as he looked at the pale woman before him.

Suddenly, my phone rang with a familiar tune, which made Damian glance over. It was a song by Damian, set as my ringtone.

Damian noticed, intrigued. I answered the call briefly and hung up.

Damian’s curiosity was piqued by what he overheard. He heard me mention about finding something. Finding what? Him?

Feeling a bit of a headache, Damian rubbed his temples and tried to focus on Calista on stage, who seemed a bit off today. After finishing a song, she came down from the stage.

“Anna, can you come with me to the restroom?” Calista asked.

“Sure,” I said, handing my bag to Stella and following Calista to the restroom.

Once we were in a quieter area, Calista stopped and asked, “Is Kia your fiancé who went missing?”

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 28

I wasn’t surprised that she knew, as my feelings for Damian, despite all my efforts to hide them, had many telltale signs. This time, I didn’t deny it: “Yes.”

Calista frowned, her face showing a hint of anger, though her conviction wavered. “So you came here to steal my Kia? I wondered why he kept calling me his girlfriend the moment he saw me—it’s because I look like you.”

Seeing the redness in her eyes, I sighed and said, “Kia isn’t an object to be taken or stolen.”

“I know!” Calista replied urgently.

“I won’t tell Kia about my past with him.”

Calista looked puzzled but visibly relieved. “Why not?”

I offered a rueful smile. “I have terminal stomach cancer. I wouldn’t selfishly bring him back into my life. If he were to remember later, it would be too cruel to him.”

Calista’s expression froze, tears welling up in her eyes. “Are you... dying? I’m so sorry... I didn’t know. But I truly love Kia too, I’m sorry...”

I handed her a tissue to wipe her tears. “That’s why I want to see you two get married. I know you genuinely care for Kia, and that gives me some comfort.”

Calista was at a loss for words. After discovering my past with Kia, she had thought about breaking up with him, but with their wedding approaching, she was reluctant to let go.

“I don’t know what to say. It seems unfair to you, Anna. You’re a good person...”

After a long pause, we returned to our seats. Stella and Damian were seated far away, both engrossed in their phones, the atmosphere cold.

Seeing me return, Stella visibly relaxed and set her phone down, whispering, “Why were you gone so long?”

“I... confessed to Calista.”

Stella’s eyes widened as she glanced between me and Calista. Noting our calm expressions, she felt a pang of worry and resolved to ask me more later.

Calista nudged Damian and whispered

something in his ear. Damian pulled out two crimson envelopes from his bag and handed them to us.

“These are our wedding invitations,” Damian said, his tone somewhat stiff.

The invitations were the same shade of crimson we had chosen originally. The content was handwritten by him, taking over a week to complete.

Once, even though Damian and I had gone to bed together, I woke up in the middle of the night craving a glass of water. To my surprise, he wasn’t beside me. I went out and saw a faint light seeping through the c**k in the study door.

I gently opened the door and found Damian at the desk, meticulously writing on the invitations with his cherished fountain pen.

Seeing this scene, my heart softened. I walked in and leaned against his back, nestling into his shoulder. He pulled me onto his lap, wrapped his arms around my waist, and chuckled, “Can’t you sleep without me beside you?”

His shamelessness was endearing, and as I glared at him, watching him continue to write, I felt my heart overflow with happiness.

I buried my face in his neck and murmured,

“What should I do? I really like you!”

“Oh, I don’t like you,” he said.

Before I could react, he kissed my forehead and softly added, “I love you.

The invitations were just like before, with the same shade of crimson and the same handwriting, but now the names were no longer Arianna Bailey and Damian Reid; they were Kiaan Walker and Calista Rogers.

Stella reached over, took the invitation from my hand, and said hesitantly, “I’ll keep this for you.”

Calista’s expression was conflicted, but she said, “I hope you can come.”

“We will.”

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 29

Kiaan walked out of the police station alone. He had always hoped to regain his memory, wondering if perhaps he still had family waiting for him. Yet, after three years, he had nearly given up hope.

Family vacation packages

However, the police did have some news about him. It was Arianna who had reported the case. The officers said, “It seems she has been searching for someone named Damian for years, and you look quite a lot like him. Could you be him?”

Kiaan didn’t respond, and after hearing what he wanted to know, he left. The receptionist called to inform me that a gentleman downstairs was looking for me. From his description, I assumed it was Damian.

I wasn’t sure why he had come to find me, but the news left me both excited and apprehensive.

Stella, concerned, said, “If you need anything, call me. I’ll come down.”

In the hotel lobby, I saw Damian sitting on a sofa as expected. I approached and instinctively called out, “Dami.”

Damian looked up, his expression calm, and said, “Ms. Bailey.”

I realized my mistake and asked, “What can I do for you, Mr. Walker?” I took a seat on the sofa across from him, unable to stop staring. The three years had aged him, making him more mature than before.

Damian was silent for a moment before

speaking. “Did we... were we ever together? You seem familiar, but whatever the case, I want to be clear with you.”

My stomach began to twist in pain as if anticipating what he was about to say.

With a look of remorse, he continued, “I don’t remember our past, but now I am with Calista.

I’m sorry.”

In my ears echoed Damian’s past promise: “In this lifetime, I am set on you. Who else could be my bride if not you?”

“I’m about to marry Callie soon, and I don’t want to make her anxious.”

“Just wait and see. I’ll give you the grandest wedding.”

He wasn’t my Damian; he was Kiaan, loving another woman.

I forced a smile, feeling a sharp pang of pain in my chest. Hearing him insist that he loved someone else was almost unbearably distressing.

I didn’t stay any longer. I simply replied quickly and left.

Back in my room, I went straight to the bathroom. A metallic taste filled my mouth, and I couldn’t hold back a cough of blood.

Stella’s anxious voice came from outside the door. “Anna, what’s wrong? Are you okay?”

After a moment, I composed myself, opened the door, and said with a hoarse voice, “I’m fine. Don’t worry.”

“What did Damian say to you?” Stella asked, still concerned.

“It’s nothing. Please, don’t ask, okay?” I replied.

Stella bit back her questions and said, “Alright, I won’t ask. You should eat something. You haven’t eaten much, and with your stomach the way it is…”

Seeing Stella’s worried expression, I thought: At least I still have Stella by my side; not all is lost.

I managed a weak smile and said, “Okay.”

In the following days, I stayed indoors. Stella seemed to sense that I was deliberately avoiding something, but she didn’t press, only observing my growing weariness.

Then Calista came to visit us at the hotel. She said, “Let’s go to Chicago tomorrow. There’s a church, called St. Joseph’s Church. We’ll go there to pray and ensure everything is fine.”

The last part was directed at me.

Stella was eager to go for the blessing but looked conflicted about my feelings. She was concerned about me being hurt since Damian would also be there.

Calista added, “Come on, I’ll be with both of you tomorrow. Kia will be with other friends. Anna, don’t worry. I just want you to...”

With the wedding approaching, this might be one of the few chances I’d get to see him.

In the end, I agreed.

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 30

The next day, Damian kept his distance from us, staying with the others but glancing over occasionally. It was clear whom his gaze was fixed on.

The journey went smoothly, and we arrived at St. Joseph’s Church.

The church’s main hall was spacious, a grand altar at the front where a figure of Jesus looked out compassionately over the congregation. I sat on the pew, remembering that sincerity in prayer is important. I clasped my hands together and whispered in my heart:

“May the next life be peaceful and safe.”

Standing beside the altar was an elderly woman with her hair neatly pinned up. She had a serene and wise presence, and her calm, reassuring tone had an almost mystical effect:

“Dear, in your next life, you will find peace.”

I pressed my lips together and smiled, replying, “Thank you.”

After stepping outside, Stella caught up with me and handed me a small charm.

“I got this for you, hoping it will help you stay safe and well.”

Hearing her, I carefully placed the charm into my bag and promised, “I will make sure your wish comes true.”

None of us expected that moment to arrive so quickly.

Calista and Damian also emerged from the church. They had come to seek blessings for their relationship, but Calista’s expression was less than pleasant, and she didn’t say much more.

On our way back, it suddenly started to rain. The weather in this season can be so unpredictable like that-the rain comes without warning, and none of us had an umbrella.

Initially, we thought the rain was light enough to manage with hats and by walking quickly. But soon, the rain grew heavier, with no

shelter in sight. Damian, concerned for Calista, stayed close to her.

The rain poured down, obscuring our vision.

I walked carefully, but to my dismay, I still slipped and fell toward the muddy ground.

Damian's pupils widened in shock, and he seemed to flash back to a similar scene. Instinctively, he lunged toward me.

The fall didn't look too severe—there was just mud below. I closed my eyes, bracing for the impact.

Instead, I landed on top of Damian. I opened my eyes to see him murmuring, “Anna...” before I lost consciousness.

No one knew the turmoil I felt inside. Had he remembered something?

Damian woke up in the hospital, his head throbbing. He remembered the earthquake three years ago and Arianna but still couldn't recall their relationship.

Calista was by his side and quickly asked, “Kia, how are you?”

The doctor had said his fainting was due to extreme heart palpitations. Calista, anxious and fearful that he might recall me, tried to hide her concern.

“I'm fine, just a headache,” Damian said.

Seeing his calm demeanor, Calista sighed in relief. “That's normal; you probably hit your head. Rest for a few days, and I'll call the doctor.”

She left the room.

Damian pressed his temples and tried to push the memories away.

I arrived at the hospital and saw Calista sitting outside the room. I took a seat beside her and asked, “Has he woken up?”

“He's awake but fell back to sleep. It's better if you don't go in,” Calista replied.

I understood her concern, smiled, and said, “Alright, then I'll leave the fruit with you and head back.”

Calista's voice was soft and tinged with guilt. “I'm sorry, I...”

Before leaving, I told her, “I’ll come by for your wedding in a few days, and then I’ll be on my way.”

“Okay.”

As the fine rain fell again, I walked down the street under my umbrella, passing by the bridal shop. The beautiful wedding dresses were displayed in the window.

I had visited this shop before with Damian. He had mentioned wanting to have our wedding here, and I had liked the dresses here.

I wished, so much, to be married to him in one of those gowns.

The fifteenth arrived swiftly. I woke up early and applied a light makeup.

Stella found a white dress and asked, “How about this one?”

I took a look and saw it was one Damian had bought for me, barely worn.

I put on the dress, but it didn’t fit as well as before I had lost quite a bit of weight, and the waist was a bit loose. However, it still suited me.

The wedding venue was outdoors, beautifully decorated with a warm ambiance. Many of the arrangements were things Damian had planned. It resembled the outdoor garden wedding we had once envisioned.

In countless dreams, I had imagined marrying him in such a setting, but today, my groom would not be mine.