

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 31

During the waiting period, soft, lyrical music played-familiar and reflective of his style.

I couldn't bear to imagine how happy I would have been if I could marry him.

Soon, the ceremony began. Damian stood at the altar in a well-tailored suit, listening to the officiant.

My throat felt tight, and overwhelmed, I handed my phone to Stella. "Please take a picture of us."

Stella lowered her head, unable to hold back her tears, which fell onto the ground.

In the photo, a girl in a white dress stood in front, her curved eyes betraying a subtle sadness. The well-dressed groom, standing not far away, gazed directly at the camera-her lifelong love.

I watched Damian as he walked toward the bride, each step in time with the music. I heard the lyrics clearly: "With a tender whisper of the breeze, you unveil the depth of my truest love."

It was just like the day he proposed, when he approached me step by step and knelt before me.

"I do." I whispered softly.

I kept my promise and appeared at his wedding.

After that day, Stella and I returned to Milwaukee.

I didn't inform Calista, and she didn't ask.

My condition began to deteriorate rapidly, and I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors spoke to Stella outside the ward, and I sensed the time left for me was short.

Perhaps this way is better-at least it's better than lingering in a state between life and death.

As usual, Stella would sit by my bed after work, peeling apples and reciting, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

I smiled faintly, my face calm. "I'm sorry, Stella. for leaving you alone."

Stella's eyes grew misty, and she looked down to hide her emotions. "Don't say that."

"When you find a boyfriend, be sure to bring him to my grave for me to inspect. Make sure he's someone who will love you for a lifetime," I whispered, my energy waning.

Stella handed me the apple, her smile gentle. "I will."

“Stella, I’m truly lucky to have had you as a friend. Don’t be sad for too long. For me, this might be the release that I’ve been longing for. In my life, I’ve gotten the chance to firmly hold onto one between love and friendship, that’s enough. I’ll wish you a peace life from above.”

Unable to hold back, Stella buried her face in the bed and cried. “Anna, I can’t bear to lose you…”

I stroked her back silently, offering comfort.

Tears flowed freely, shattering the calm façade I had maintained for so long. It turned out I was also afraid of death.

I thought of Damian. What was he doing now?

It suddenly hit me—oh right, he had long since stopped loving me.

That night, I had a dream.

When I awoke, I saw Damian sitting beside me, gently wiping the tears from my eyes.

An overwhelming sense of grievance surged within me. I buried myself in his arms, repeatedly cursing him as a heartless traitor.

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 32

Anna passed away on the 22nd, a week after Damian’s wedding. The woman lying in the hospital bed had a serene expression in her sleep, masking the immense pain she had endured in life.

I was numb from crying. My best friend, a vibrant and living person, had vanished from this world just like that. Handling her affairs, I found a small consolation in knowing that she had me, her friend, to take care of things for her.

While sorting through Anna’s belongings at her home, I found a notebook in her study. It was her diary. After reading a few pages, I decided to keep it, intending to show it to someone someday.

The opportunity came sooner than expected. About six months later, a call from an unknown number interrupted my thoughts.

When I answered, a familiar voice came through—the voice of Damian.

“Stella, I remembered. Why there’s no one at home. Where’s Anna? I know she must be angry, but I can’t find her, and her phone isn’t answering. Can you tell me where she is?”

Hearing this, I felt a mix of frustration and irony. Why was he only remembering now, after she was gone?

“So, your memory’s back. What does it matter now that you’re back? And what about your wife?” My tone carried a hint of sarcasm.

“I divorced her after regaining my memory,” Damian said. “I know it’s irresponsible, but I’ve always loved Anna. That’s beyond doubt. Please, just tell her that, and I’ll do anything to make it right if she can forgive me.”

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I ended the call, a small part of me wondering how he would react upon learning of Anna’s death.

After work, I saw him waiting outside my office. He had lost weight and looked weary, standing by the curb, smoking a cigarette.

Damian remained silent as I opened the car door and led him to the cemetery. The only sound was the crunch of gravel underfoot. I took out a bouquet of white roses—the flowers Anna had always loved.

Damian looked around, clearly puzzled. “What are we doing here? Is Anna here?”

I forced a smile and simply said, “Follow me.”

When he saw the white roses in my hands, his face fell. The reality of the situation seemed to hit him all at once. He grabbed my arm, his voice tinged with desperation. “Where is Anna?”

“She’s right here,” I said softly, nodding toward the cemetery. “You didn’t know? Anna passed away just a week after you married Calista. She had advanced stomach cancer. She spent years searching for you, neglecting her health. When she finally saw you, you were with someone else. Imagine how heartbroken she must have been.”

Damian’s face went pale. He seemed to relive the moment he had been so single-mindedly focused on finding Anna that he missed some words from Calista.

He recalled Calista’s unsettling calmness, “Go find her quickly; you might still have a chance to see her.”

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 33

I placed the roses at Anna’s grave and took out the notebook from my bag, handing it to him. Damian stood frozen, like a robot, as he took the notebook and opened it. The familiar handwriting, brimming with endless pain and sorrow, hit him like a wave.

“May 7: We’re going abroad! The participants are Damian and me. It’s a pity Stella has to work overtime; otherwise, she could have joined us. I have this feeling that Damian seems quite nervous, even though it’s not our first time traveling abroad. It’s making me nervous too.”

“Ahhh! Today is such a happy day! Why? Because Damian proposed to me! It’s a huge surprise! I’m going to love him for a lifetime!”

The next entry is dated much later, about a year or so.

“What should I do? I can’t find Damian. Where is he?”

Much later, it reads: “I’m feeling unwell, went to the hospital, confirmed it’s stomach cancer. What should I do? I still haven’t found him.”

“Seen him now, but he’s getting married. I wish him happiness, but my stomach hurts so much.”

And then, there are no more entries.

“I’m sorry, I’m so sorry. Why didn’t you wait for me? Why...”

Standing by, I watched as Damian wept uncontrollably beside the grave. I felt drained. I had exacted my revenge, and things had turned out exactly as I had anticipated—he was consumed by guilt, remorse, and sorrow.

Yet, no one was at fault here; it was merely the cruelty of fate that kept two lovers apart.

After a moment, I said, “It’s all in the past now. People must move forward. Anna would want you to be well.”

It seemed my words had an effect. After a long while, Damian, like a ghost, trudged away. Out of respect for Anna, I reluctantly took him home.

I didn’t hear from him for a long time. The final time I did was a call from the hospital. Damian had committed suicide. He had called the hospital himself, leaving only a final breath.

This time, his friend, someone I knew—a childhood buddy of Damian’s—came to handle his affairs. We exchanged a look of shared sorrow. At least, in death, they could be together.

– End –

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 34

Book 4: I’m Dying, and Now They Love Me Again.

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Ring, ring-

The phone rang again. The screen displayed a dozen missed calls from her.

Victoria was relentlessly dialing my number.

“Sis, tomorrow’s our birthday, make sure to come early, okay?”

I didn’t respond to her invitation, but she continued talking.

“Mom made so many dishes, and she bought a huge mango cake!”

She continued to share her excitement, but I couldn’t empathize with her joy.

Because I’m allergic to mangoes.

And August third—that’s her birthday, not mine.

My birthday is in the winter.

A sharp bitterness stung my nose, my vision blurred, and I quickly lowered my head, sniffing.

“Oh, and sis, my boyfriend’s coming too!”

Her upbeat tone made it clear how happy she was.

My heart clenched painfully. My fingers turned white as I gripped the phone, tears falling uncontrollably onto the back of my hand.

Victoria kept talking, unaware.

I cut her off: “I’m not coming tomorrow.”

I couldn’t bear to listen any longer and hung up.

But your boyfriend-he used to be my boyfriend.

Leaning against the wall, I slowly sank into the chair by the door, the cold seeping through my body.

I recalled what the therapist told me: “Your condition is severe. You need to take your medication on time, understood?”

“Mm.” I absentmindedly rubbed the diagnosis papers.

Depression. Now severe.

The costly medications, the endless diagnosis reports.

People often say when you’re desperate, you’ll break down crying, screaming.

That’s a lie. I can’t cry at all.

The next day, I didn’t go, When I returned home, I saw John standing outside the building.

Book 4: I’m Dying, and Now They Love Me Again

I wanted to head straight upstairs, but he suddenly reached out and grabbed me.

“Lisa, can we talk?”

There was something in his gaze, maybe affection-or was it regret?

A month ago, I might have believed he only had eyes for me.

I brushed his hand away. "Respect yourself. We have nothing to do with each other anymore."

Keeping my distance from him, I turned to upstairs.

Suddenly, warmth pressed against my back.

I struggled madly, hitting John repeatedly. "What are you doing? Let go of me!!"

"Lisa, trust me, I have my reasons for all of this!"

"Just give me a little more time, please?"

"What are you two doing?!"

A shocked voice called out from behind us.

John's hand released me faster than lightning, and he shoved me hard.

I fell to the ground without warning, my palms and ankles scraping against the rough pavement.

Looking back, I saw three people standing there.

Victoria, Dad, and Mom.

"Elisabeth, you really are shameless, seducing men right here at home, huh?"

Mom's scolding pierced deep into my heart.

As I stared at the absurd scene unfolding before me, a chill settled inside me.

Victoria rushed up and clung to John's arm, her wide eyes looking at me like an innocent doe.

“Sis, how... how could you do this?”

Ignoring the pain, I stood up and asked her, “What did I do?”

Mom stormed over and slapped me with all her strength.

My head turned to the side, cold sweat trickling down as I struggled to stay upright.

Before I could speak, Mom pointed at my face and shouted, “How dare you ask what did?!”

“Johnny is your sister’s boyfriend! How could you even think of seducing him?”

“Have you no shame? Why did I ever adopt such a shameless daughter?”

Book 4: I’m Dying, and Now They Love Me Again

I held my face, staring at them in disbelief.

You all know John was my boyfriend!

I shook my head, wanting to explain.

But Mom didn’t look at me anymore. She turned and comforted Victoria instead.

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 35

More and more eyes turned toward us, and only then did Victoria speak.

“Sis, why don’t we go upstairs to talk, okay?”

“No.”

My gaze remained fixed on Mom. “Whatever you want to say, say it here.”

I pointed to the security cameras and demanded, “The cameras caught everything. Why don’t we check them and see who’s really been bothering who?”

“Go ahead, let everyone see just how low you’ve sunk!”

Watching Mom eagerly agreeing with me, I couldn’t help but laugh bitterly.

How much does she really hate me?

John quickly stepped in, trying to change the subject. “Hey, Vicky, Uncle, Aunt-what are you all doing here?”

Vicky...

I let out a quiet, self-deprecating laugh, feeling a sudden wave of nausea.

Victoria reached out to grab me, but I stepped away from her.

With a lurch of her outstretched hand, she withdrew it in embarrassment and aggravation:

“Sis didn’t want to come home for her birthday,. so I brought Mom and Dad to invite her personally.”

“You really don’t know how to appreciate kindness.”

Mom sneered, but Dad tugged her back a little.

“Why are you pulling me? I said we shouldn’t celebrate a birthday for this ungrateful bad girl.”

Mom yanked her hand free, eyeing me with disdain from head to toe.

“What kind of birthday does an adopted daughter deserve? She doesn’t even know when she was born.”

I clenched my fists, choking up as I asked Victoria, “It’s your birthday. What does it have to do with me?”

Victoria hurriedly pulled a box from her bag and held it out to me.

“Look, I got you a gift.”

The box looked all too familiar. I glanced up at John.

He avoided my gaze.

It was the bracelet John had taken back from me, saying he’d return it one day.

I pushed the box back toward her.

“Everyone here knows who this birthday is really for.”

Victoria’s confusion at that moment was perfectly timed.

She looked helplessly between Mom and Dad, then looked at John in pity.

She didn't need to say a word. Just one look, one expression, and someone would come to her defense.

Dad, with his hands behind his back, gave me a disapproving look. "There's only a few days between your birthdays. What's the harm in celebrating together? Stop being so dramatic."

"Just like your mom said, you didn't have a birthday in the first place."

"I-" Before I could finish, John wrapped his arm around Victoria and led her to stand beside my parents.

"Today is Vicky's birthday. Let's not waste time with irrelevant people."

Mom and Dad nodded in agreement, and the four of them started to leave.

I watched their retreating figures, my head spinning as I collapsed to the ground, feeling the judgmental stares of the passersby.

They were all condemning me, talking about how disgraceful my behavior was, while pitying, Victoria.

The voices grew louder, a chaotic buzz filling my mind, throwing my thoughts into disarray.

Tears poured down my face as I sat on the ground, uncontrollably sobbing.

Only after the crowd had had their fill of insults did I slowly struggle to my feet.

Leaning against the railing, I slid back down to sit on the ground.

Things weren't like that before.