

# My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 41

How was I still alive?

They had left.

They had tossed me aside like a rag.

I watched as their figures merged with the night.

Just let me die here.

But that didn't happen.

I was discovered by passersby.

One by one, they took off their clothes and wrapped me in them, helping me to my feet.

They gave me water and food.

But I couldn't eat.

An older woman held me close, patting my back and comforting me.

In a faint voice, I asked her, "Sister, just let me die here, won't you?"

She covered my mouth to stop me from speaking nonsense, urgently calling her companions to bring a car.

The warmth in the car was abundant.

But it couldn't warm my body.

Just a corpse.

How could there be any warmth?

I was taken to the police station, mechanically answering their questions like a zombie.

Replaying the scene over and over.

I provided Janet's phone number.

She rushed in, frenzied, hugging me and demanding to know who had done this.

The police had no answers and could only tell me that it wasn't my fault.

How could it not be my fault?

Janet repeatedly thanked the passersby who had helped me, and after confirming I could leave, took me home.

She got me clothes and let me shower.

The warm water poured over my body, my face, my hair.

It couldn't wash away those stains; they were impossible to remove.

I clawed at my skin in a frenzied state until blood covered the floor.

I threw myself into the water-filled bathtub.

I was unclean.

Too long without coming out led to Janet banging on the door.

Surrounded by water, all sounds echoed like in a valley, muffled and my consciousness hazy.

I awoke again, in Janet's bed.

My parents stood at the foot of the bed.

Janet explained, "You didn't come home last night, and your family may be worried."

Family vacation packages

Janet told them I had fainted from a fever, so I was staying at her place temporarily.

They didn't truly care, asking no questions, merely uttering a polite "Thanks for taking care of her" to Janet before turning and leaving.

Not a single word was addressed to me.

Janet noticed their indifference and brushed my hair aside, "I see. From now on, stay with me, okay? Let's not go home anymore, alright?"

Her eyes were slightly red, her voice heavy with emotion.

I looked at her.

I nodded.

Janet stayed with me through all of high school.

Oh, and John.

He was the one who helped me capture those hooligans, telling me not to be afraid, that there would be retribution.

I believed him.

He took care of me in ways even Janet couldn't match.

I thought he would be my hope for life.

But that wasn't the case.

I would always remember the way he protected Victoria.

The affection in his eyes was so familiar.

Later, I didn't get into a good university.

Only I knew that their seemingly sunny facade had always been a stormy tempest for me.

I couldn't forget that day.

I couldn't forget their gazes.

I couldn't forget how Victoria had turned her back and walked away.

I would never forget any of it.

I fell ill and saw a therapist, taking antidepressants one mouthful at a time.

Janet paid for the expensive medication.

I would forever owe her.

My parents didn't react much to my absence, only calling me to come home for Victoria's birthday party.

It was only after attending one that I realized.

On birthdays, my parents would be there.

The cake could be shared among everyone.

Gifts could be asked for, and love was visible.

I didn't want to go back.

## **My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 42**

The feeling of being alive was truly terrible.

I thought that taking my medication, seeing the world, and working hard would make everything better.

But I had hoped in vain.

My world was already ruined, unable to branch out or sprout.

Janet told me to take the test results to them.

I actually held onto a shred of hope as I presented the results.

They scolded me for being crazy, accusing me of using any means necessary to return to this family.

Family vacation packages

The last bit of hope was extinguished with a cold splash of water.

I didn't react; Janet dragged everyone to get an on-the-spot test.

Mom yelled, saying I should kneel and apologize to Victoria for hurting her once the results are out.

While waiting for the results, I stood up and hugged Janet, "I don't care about the results anymore, Janet. I don't care."

I refused her company and left the institution alone.

I ate nothing, feeling completely devoid of spirit.

Janet watched me with sorrow, crying time and again.

I didn't tell her about that night; I just wanted to see her once more.

That day, she brought the dishes I used to love.

I told her, "Jessie, I can't eat."

"Lisa, please eat a little, just a bit?" She trembled as she held a spoon to my lips.

I gently opened my mouth and ate a small bite.

I forced a smile at her.

She broke down.

She hugged me and recounted our old stories.

In the end, her voice trembled as she told me, "Lisa, if you can't go on, let's just give up. Let's leave this world behind."

She gently stroked each of my wounds.

She also remembered the bad memories for me.

When her fingers touched the new wounds, they recoiled as if burned by fire.

Without saying a word

She knew I couldn't hold on any longer.

Then, it's time to let go.

Later, Janet told me that Victoria had been arrested and was in the midst of a trial, facing a sentence that could keep her in prison for most of her life.

It turned out that John was an undercover cop.

Three months ago, his superiors had informed them of a child trafficking ring operating within the city, and the scope was within John's department.

He had been serious when he was with me.

That was why I introduced him to my parents and Victoria.

During that meeting, he noticed that Victoria's face bore a striking resemblance to a child in the case.

After discussing with the department, he decided to stay close to her under the guise of a friendly relationship to gather information.

Because this operation was dangerous, he hadn't told me.

He said that Victoria's adoption by my parents was a premeditated scheme.

The organization would abduct young infants.

Years later, they would have the children undergo plastic surgery to resemble the missing biological child.

They would then provide clues to the parents, making them believe they had finally found their child, thereby achieving the goal of relocating the organization's members.

As the children grew, they would befriend other kids as peers, using trust to facilitate the abductions.

Victoria had already discreetly sent away two children.

But I was an accidental find.

I had escaped from the organization and happened to be picked up by my biological parents.

In the freezing cold, I had a high fever, erasing all those unpleasant memories for me.

He also said he had originally planned to propose to me once everything was over.

It turned out he had been serious about us.

But what does that matter now?

I was exhausted, and I didn't want to continue.

I did not accept John's apology.

## My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 43

I chose death.

My parents and John burst through the protective door.

I turned to face the three of them.

It felt pointless.

"Sweetheart, Mommy made a mistake. Can you forgive me?"

"Dad shouldn't have spoken to you that way. It was all because someone was stirring up trouble!"

It didn't matter.

John kept explaining his reasons over and over.

But I no longer cared to listen.

Why is it that now, in my death, everyone suddenly loves me?

"Lisa, please don't jump. Can we talk this through?"

"I've said it. No."

I glanced at their faces, one by one.

Remember, I won't meet you again in the next life.

Janet didn't come.

Perhaps she was crying at home in secret.

Let's be sisters in the next life, and this time, we'll be blood sisters.

I opened my arms to them.

Smiled a little, and leaned back.

The wind rushed past my ears as I felt the thrill of falling under gravity.

"We'll never meet again."

I seemed to become a wisp of a soul.

I stood beside my own body, watching my parents weeping on the ground.

Their cries were heart-wrenching.

My mother kept bowing to the ground, begging for my forgiveness.

Someone had called an ambulance and police, trying to pull them away, but they frantically pushed everyone aside.

"It's impossible, my daughter isn't dead! My daughter isn't dead!"

Then she cried out in anguish, admitting her mistakes and begging me to come back.

But what did it matter?

My consciousness grew dim.

I was dead.

I had found freedom.

## **My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 44**

Epilogue (Janet's view)

I knew Lisa was dead; I saw it on the news.

The day she said goodbye, I didn't cry. Instead, I stuffed all my favorite things into her arms.



“Take these with you so I can still find you.”

I saw Lisa cry and wiped her tears away.

I turned my back on her, as looking at her face would only make my heart break.

I hoped she found freedom.

Her soul and thoughts had long been shackled by the chains of that year.

No one had the key.

I gave her a grand funeral.

Lisa, I invited the most beautiful and handsome people to attend.

No one wept; everyone quietly ate. Would that make you a bit happier?

I didn't invite her parents or John.

That day, we had to visit three different testing facilities.

Only when all the results were laid out did they believe Lisa was their child.

They knelt before me, crying and lamenting, calling her their unfortunate daughter.

Who was responsible for her miserable fate?

Why could they act as if they had done nothing wrong and pretend to be loving parents?

They should not be kneeling before me.

They didn't deserve it.

On the day Lisa was buried, I cried alone by her gravestone for a long time.

I cried until I was h\*\*se, unwilling to leave.

She had left just like that.

Gone forever.

They begged me for a long time before I finally told them where Lisa was buried.

They visited her grave daily, changing flowers and bringing food.

John, having just been honored, resigned immediately.

He renewed the lease on Lisa's apartment and spent his days and nights drinking away his sorrow.

When I went to sort through her belongings, I ran into him, reeking of alcohol, asking me, "Where's Lisa? Why isn't she coming back with you?"

"When will she return? I've been waiting for her so long."

Now you love Lisa, but what about before?

A year later, on the anniversary of Lisa's death, I saw John, who had lost his sanity.

He sat by Lisa's grave for a long, long time, finally remaining still.

When I went closer, I found he had passed away.

John's regret led him to choose to end his life in front of Lisa's grave.

That night, I dreamed of Lisa, whom I hadn't seen for a long time.

She wore a pretty little dress and had her hair neatly done. She waved at me.

"Jessie, I'm leaving now. Don't cry, take care of yourself, and miss me."

"Okay," I could only choke out the single word.

Seeing my response, she hugged me once more and then turned and ran into the distance.

I reached out to grab her.

I woke up.

Tears had already soaked my pillow.

– End –

## **My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 45**

**Book 5: After My Death He Began to Love Me**

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I ran through the pitch-black forest, afraid to look back. Behind me, a man's furious roar echoed. "Damn woman, when I catch you, you'll pay." While running, I unlocked my phone

without watching my step, stumbled over a rock, and tumbled down the slope. Before I could get up, a man grabbed my foot and sneered, “Where do you think you’re running to?” I threw a handful of dirt in his face, kicked him away, and scrambled to my feet to keep running.

Panicked, I unlocked my phone and dialed the first number in my call log.

Just when I thought it wouldn’t connect, he answered.”Quinn Ortega, help me! I’ve been kidnapped, and the kidnappers are after me.”

Instead of Quinn Ortega’s voice, I heard a woman’s mocking laughter.”Quinn, it seems someone still has no shame, getting kidnapped and not calling the police, but calling you instead?”

Then came Quinn Ortega’s icy reply, “Using the same trick twice. Do you think I’ll still believe you?” “I’m telling the truth! They want to kill me. Quinn Ortega, please help me, even if it’s just calling the police. I’m...” I cried out to Quinn Ortega.

Before I could finish, Quinn Ortega interrupted, “Then you better hurry up and die.” And he hung up.

I was about to call someone else when a powerful blow struck the back of my head, sending my phone flying. I fell to the ground, dazed and unable to get up.”St\*\*d b\*\*h, thought you could run again?” A man lunged at me, pinning me down and slashing my face with a knife.

My nose filled with the strong stench of blood. I writhed in pain.

The man continued to tear at my clothes. Enduring the agony, I pulled the hairpin from my hair and drove it into the man’s neck.

He let out a scream but didn’t release me. Instead, he raised the knife and drove it brutally into my chest. Again and again. The excruciating pain made my grip on his hand weaken, and I lost consciousness.

I felt myself floating and opened my eyes to see my body lying on the ground. Two more kidnappers arrived and kicked my body.”She’s dead. The way you handled her was filthy.” The kidnapper who killed me sneered, “She ran around and nearly messed up my plans.””But it’s such a shame for such a beautiful woman to die like this.” The man let out a disgusting laugh. Another lecherous voice said, “Still beautiful even with her face cut up? Haven’t seen a woman in eight hundred years, have you?”

They didn’t spare me, starting to vent their beastly desires on my body. I tried to grab them, but my hands passed through them.

Helplessly, I could only watch as they stuffed me into a sack and a pit. Then they left.

Helplessly, I could only watch. Afterward, they stuffed me into a sack and buried me in a pit. Then they left.

