

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 56

Quinn Ortega sat calmly in the interrogation room. Over an hour had passed when Duncan Shepard arrived with a police officer.

“Duncan Shepard, why are you targeting Ortega Corporation? You should know the state of our company,” Quinn Ortega said.

Duncan Shepard glanced at his colleague, who nodded, and then addressed Quinn Ortega, “Do you know Audrey Macy’s real identity?”

“What do you mean? Audrey Macy was our high school classmate. Have you forgotten?” Quinn Ortega glared at Duncan Shepard. “I’m responsible for Nicole’s death, but that has nothing to do with Audrey Macy.”

“Quinn Ortega, Audrey Macy is not who she seems,” Duncan Shepard said, his voice steady. “She has been exploiting you all along.”

Quinn Ortega fell silent.

Duncan Shepard whispered to his colleague, then made a phone call before leading Quinn Ortega to another room.

Inside, Yolanda Robinson was already present. Upon seeing Quinn Ortega, she turned her head away, staring at the glass on the opposite side.

The glass separated a small room where Audrey Macy, handcuffed, sat defiantly in a chair. Three officers faced her.

No matter what the officers said, Audrey Macy maintained a scornful demeanor.

That changed when the officers informed her that all of Ortega Corporation’s overseas accounts had been frozen, along with associated accounts, meaning dozens of accounts were inaccessible.

Audrey Macy’s expression finally shifted.

“Furthermore, we’ve apprehended several individuals who have identified you,” the officers said, presenting several photos. I recognized one of the men as one of my kidnappers.

“We have also confirmed your identity with the East Asian police. Even if you say nothing, you will be convicted.”

Audrey Macy scoffed. “Then why ask me anything? Just sentence me.”

The officers exchanged glances. “One more thing: your brother has inherited the group and issued a death warrant for you. Your residency is not in America, so we can deport you.”

Audrey Macy's demeanor changed dramatically. She straightened in her chair, gritted her teeth, and said, "I'm willing to cooperate, but I demand a reduction in my sentence. Otherwise, I won't say a word."

The officers shook their heads. "We do not negotiate with criminals."

After a long pause, Audrey Macy began to speak.

She was the daughter of the head of an overseas criminal group, but her father had many illegitimate children and didn't care about her. As the eldest daughter, she faced threats from her father's mistresses who wanted her dead.

Her mother sent her back to her home country to protect her. When her father's health declined, she returned to vie for inheritance, planning to poison her father's favorite son. When that failed, she had to lay low.

"What's your relationship with these kidnappers?" the officer asked, pointing to the photos of the men who had kidnapped me.

"They were people my mother left me," Audrey Macy replied indifferently.

"They say you ordered the murder of Nicole Hayward."

Audrey Macy raised an eyebrow. "Yes, I instructed them to do it."

"Why?"

Audrey Macy's jaw tightened. "Because Nicole Hayward suspected I was using Ortega Corporation's accounts for illegal gains."

As the General Manager's chief secretary, I handled all documents before they reached the General Manager.

I noticed anomalies in the financial reports from the past year, especially from the overseas branches, where revenue had surged dramatically, and some expenses were suspicious. Colleagues familiar with the branch said the business volume hadn't changed, leading me to suspect data falsification.

I started investigating the branch's finances and found several employees recommended by Audrey Macy and some questionable accounts. The partner company had no real dealings with us but had transactions.

Before I could conclude my investigation, the incident occurred. Audrey Macy claimed she overheard a finance assistant requesting details of the overseas branch's accounts for the past five years and feared I had discovered something. She decided to act preemptively.

“Nicole Hayward’s assistance is what led us to you,” Duncan Shepard said, as Yolanda Robinson cried silently.

I recalled that a week before the incident, I felt like I was being followed and almost had a car accident one day. I had packed all the investigative materials and sent them to Duncan Shepard under Yolanda Robinson’s name.

As a police officer, Duncan would ensure their safety, and I trusted him to handle any issues.

It turned out my gamble was correct.

“Why use Ortega Corporation for your operations? You’re an employee of the company; it would be easy to get caught,” the officer continued to question Audrey Macy.

Audrey Macy tilted her head and smiled.

“Of course, it’s because Quinn Ortega is obedient and easy to control. He signed the documents. If something went wrong, you’d be forced to arrest him first, giving me the chance to escape.”

Quinn Ortega was stunned.

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 57

Quinn Ortega sat face-to-face with Audrey Macy, his gaze filled with sorrow.

Audrey Macy leaned back in her chair, idly picking at her nails, her demeanor far from the once timid and helpless image she had portrayed.

“Why?” Quinn Ortega finally spoke, his voice trembling.

Audrey Macy blew a fragment of her nail polish off her finger and glanced at Quinn Ortega. “Which matter are you referring to?”

“Are you involved in money laundering?” Quinn Ortega struggled to ask the question.

Audrey Macy sneered. “It’s all your fault. If you hadn’t trusted Nicole Hayward and handed everything over to her, she wouldn’t have uncovered my activities.

“So you decided to kill her?” Quinn Ortega’s face was a mixture of shock and pain.

Audrey Macy suddenly laughed. “I didn’t kill her; you did. Don’t you remember? Before she died, she called you for help, and you were the one who told her to go die. How can you blame me for that?”

“It was you who deceived me first,” Quinn Ortega shouted, standing up angrily, glaring at Audrey Macy. “If you hadn’t lied to me about being my savior, I wouldn’t have trusted you so blindly.”

“You did the same thing to me three years ago when I was drugged, didn’t you?” Quinn Ortega’s voice was filled with accusation.

Audrey Macy mocked him. “You can’t blame me for your own foolishness. I just said it, and you believed it. But thanks to you, a lot of my problems were solved.”

“As for drugging you three years ago, my plan was to sleep with you so you’d be more devoted to me. But you kept insisting on marriage before we could sleep together, and I couldn’t wait. It turned out that Nicole Hayward took my place. I didn’t want her to ruin my future, so I pinned the blame on her. That way, even if you had feelings for her before, you’d no longer like her. Killing two birds with one stone, I was really clever.”

“You vile creature!” Quinn Ortega lunged at Audrey Macy, grabbing her by the collar and shouting, “You ruined my life! You caused Nicole’s death, and I’m going to avenge her!”

The officers stationed in the corner rushed over to restrain Quinn Ortega, dragging him out of the room.

Audrey Macy laughed triumphantly. “Quinn Ortega, you’re just a fool. It’s your own blindness that led to this. Nicole Hayward is dead and never coming back. Hahaha..”

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 58

The brightly lit amusement park was deserted.

Quinn Ortega sat alone on the Ferris wheel, cradling an urn in his arms.

I stood in the shadows, feeling a whirlwind of emotions.

Quinn Ortega had been manipulated by Audrey Macy and had not participated in the money laundering scheme, so he was quickly released.

However, his public arrest and the subsequent scandal involving Ortega Corporation had caused a massive upheaval.

To appease shareholders and the public, Ortega Corporation had to dismiss Quinn Ortega from his position as General Manager.

The chairman had instructed Quinn to stay at home for reflection, but instead, Quinn had exhumed my grave, taken my urn, and rented out the amusement park, bringing my urn onto the Ferris wheel.

What was this? Was he hoping for a ghostly romance?

Unfortunately, Quinn couldn't see me.

He tenderly caressed the urn as if it were a beloved companion.

“Nicole, I've failed you in the past, and I didn't fulfill my promises, but I'll make it up to you.”

He gestured toward the outside. “Look, this is the Ferris wheel you always wanted to ride. I've brought you here; you can see all of Ankara from here. Do you like it?”

Seeing the excitement on Quinn's face left me speechless. He didn't expect an answer, instead gazing blankly outside. “Don't worry, you won't be alone. I'll join you soon.”

I didn't grasp what was happening until the Ferris wheel reached its peak.

Quinn pulled a folding knife from his pocket and made a deep cut on his hand. My eyes widened in shock.

Quinn pressed his face against the urn, smiling gently. “Nicole, I'm coming to be with you now.”

No, don't come. I don't need your company.

I desperately tried to intervene, but I was powerless to stop him.

Suddenly, the Ferris wheel seemed to spin faster. From above, I saw Yolanda Robinson and Duncan Shepard standing below. I sighed with relief.

Yolanda and Duncan quickly opened the door. They were taken aback by Quinn's appearance. Duncan rushed in, pulling Quinn out and using his belt to stem the bleeding. Yolanda tried to retrieve my urn, but Quinn suddenly jumped up, attempting to flee. Duncan restrained him.

“Stop this nonsense, Nicole Hayward is dead. How long are you going to keep this up?” Duncan couldn't help but punch Quinn.

Unrepentant, Quinn clung to the urn and shouted back, “Nicole isn't dead. She's right here!”

Yolanda, unwilling to engage with Quinn, reached for the urn and angrily berated him, “Nicole is dead. Why can't you let her rest? The cemetery manager called me, and I couldn't believe you really stole Nicole's ashes. Can't you just leave her alone?”

Yolanda wrested the urn from Quinn's grasp and held it carefully.

“Give it back! Return the ashes!” Quinn struggled fiercely, reaching out to Yolanda.

Ignoring him, Yolanda said to Duncan, “Take him to the hospital. I’ll return the ashes to the cemetery.”

In a sudden turn of events, Quinn broke free from Duncan and lunged at Yolanda, forcefully snatching the urn.

“What are you doing?” Yolanda shouted in fury as she watched Quinn open the urn and scoop a handful of ashes into his mouth.

Laughing, he said, “Now I’m part of Nicole.”

He’s lost his mind!

That was the thought on all our minds.

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 59

The world was utterly silent.

Quinn Ortega climbed over the fence into the campus. He staggered slightly upon landing but quickly steadied himself and headed in a clear direction.

Earlier that day, after swallowing my ashes, Quinn Ortega passed out due to blood loss.

Duncan Shepard took him to the hospital and informed Quinn Ortega’s parents about his condition. In the end, they decided to send him abroad for treatment.

No one noticed that Quinn Ortega had already woken up.

When the nurse finished changing his bandages that evening, Quinn Ortega pulled out the IV, changed back into his clothes, and sneaked out of the hospital with two bottles of alcohol. He took a cab to our old high school.

I couldn’t understand him anymore, so I followed silently.

Quinn Ortega navigated his way into the building and arrived at a classroom door on the third floor. I recognized it as the old music room.

With a loud crash, Quinn Ortega picked up a nearby fire extinguisher and smashed it against the glass. He reached in, unlocked the window, and climbed inside.

The music room looked almost the same as it had before, with no signs of the fire that had once ravaged it. After Quinn Ortega’s accident back then, I’d heard that the Ortega family had paid to renovate the school.

Family vacation packages

Quinn Ortega circled the piano, his gaze eventually settling by the window.

“When I first saw you at the company, I remembered. I’d seen you before, back when I used to play piano here. A few times, I caught you sneaking by, pretending to just pass through, with those startled doe eyes-the same look you gave me at the company later.”

He sat down on the piano bench, lightly touching the keys, a look of regret on his face. “If I had opened the door and invited you in back then, maybe we would’ve met sooner. Maybe none of this would’ve happened.

“This is where my second life began. Now, I’m giving it back to you.”

I didn’t understand what he meant until he suddenly pulled those two bottles of alcohol from his pocket and smashed them on the floor.

Then, he took out a lighter.

No.

I reached for him, but the sparks passed through my hand, igniting the floor in an instant, engulfing Quinn Ortega in flames.

He placed his hands on the piano keys and began to play, as if oblivious to the fire raging around him.

I shook my head.

Saving you back then was my choice. I don’t need your repayment.

“Nicole, in the next life, I’ll find you first and protect you,” Quinn Ortega said, smiling as he played my once-favorite piece-Beethoven’s Third Piano Concerto.

Hearing his words, I shook my head again.

If there is a next life, let’s never meet again.

The debt is repaid, the bond is severed.

I closed my eyes, disappearing with him into the searing flames.

– End-

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 60

Book 6: My Groom’s Dying Love Wished To Marry Him

Avery Griffith and I were nearing our wedding date, yet he was at the store with his first love picking out a wedding dress while I, on the other hand, was picking out my bridesmaid's dresses.

Just because his first love has cancer, I'm about to give up the wedding I've been planning for six months to grant her wish and be forced to be her maid of honor.

I called Avery's number over and over again, and all I got was the same busy signal.

For the tenth time, the person on the other end of the phone finally bothered to pick up.

Avery reprimanded me with extreme

impatience, "Christine, will you behave, it's just a wedding, it's the same with whoever is doing -it."

"Sal has cancer, why can't you make some allowance?"

laughed at Avery's words.

Salena Binder's sympathetic voice came from the other end of the line, "Ave, you guys don't fight over me."

"If if" Salena's voice choked, "If Christine won't give you back to me, I won't mind."

Avery and I grew up together, went to the same college, can be said to be inseparable.

At the beginning of my teenage love affair, I fell in love with this handsome neighbor, but this crush only be hidden in the bottom of my heart.

Salena Binder, a transfer student, was assigned as his classmate sitting next to him when I went abroad to compete in a tournament.

Over the course of six months, their relationship grew rapidly.

By the time I returned, they were already together.

Faced with a sudden loss of love, I could only study to paralyze myself, and everything turned around in my freshman year.

Avery's family went bankrupt, Salena didn't hesitate to break up with Avery, and took away