

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 6

At that moment, a commotion stirred at the entrance of the hospital.

The director and my colleagues had come out.

I saw the director holding several documents, with a white envelope resting on top.

My father's eyes flashed with a momentary glint of triumph before he burst into loud sobs.

"It's them! They killed my daughter!"

The reporters rushed forward, swarming around the director.

"Regarding the young doctor's death from exhaustion at your hospital, what do you have to say, Director?"

"The family is asking for three million dollars in compensation. Do you have any objections?"

Family vacation packages

The director, his face calm, looked into the camera and slowly exhaled.

"First, I deeply regret the loss of an outstanding doctor from our hospital."

"Second, I hope the deceased can rest in peace, free from worry or resentment."

I didn't know if I was imagining things, but through the lens, it felt as though Director was looking directly at me.

For a moment, my transparent soul felt something again, and two streams of hot tears flowed from my eyes.

But my mother, hearing the director's words, hysterically rushed at him, clawing at his clothes.

"My daughter is dead! What use are your words now? Give me back my daughter's life!"

Several colleagues, unable to stand the sight, quickly pulled my mother away.

One of them even sneered, "If you loved your daughter so much, why didn't you know she died of cancer?"

My parents froze.

The reporters, stunned, were left speechless.

“What’s going on? Weren’t we told it was sudden death?”

“Exactly! If this story flips, it’ll be a major media scandal!”

The director then held up the documents, showing them one by one to the live broadcast cameras.

“This document is Dr. Judith’s diagnosis from a year ago. She developed cancer due to prolonged malnutrition, and by the time it was discovered, it was already in the late stages.”

“This is her resignation letter, submitted two months before her death. I didn’t approve it because the treatment required a large sum of money, and with no family to support her, I wanted her to take advantage of the employee medical benefits to ease her financial burden.”

“This is Dr. Judith’s body donation consent form. After her death, she donated her body to the hospital for medical research, hoping to one day help find a cure for cancer and save others like her.”

“And this document is Dr. Judith’s work schedule from before her diagnosis. It followed all proper procedures. However, according to her colleagues, she worked excessive overtime for a period to help pay off her graduate boyfriend’s debts. It wasn’t until they broke up that she returned to a normal schedule.”

As he finished, the director shot a meaningful glance at Matt standing nearby.

Matt, either out of shame or something else, hurriedly lowered his head.

Each document was clearly written, stamped with official seals, and the timeline of events was impeccably clear.

My family stared at each other, momentarily at a loss for how to respond.

The reporters, realizing something was wrong, hurriedly cut off the live broadcast.

But it was already too late. The online viewers watching the live stream had not missed a single piece of crucial information.

I hadn’t died from overwork; I had died from cancer.

My body hadn’t been secretly taken to the crematorium by the hospital—it had been donated for medical research.

And my parents, not only completely unaware of my illness, had fabricated lies to extort the hospital after my death. How ironic.

The young nurse who had confronted my father earlier couldn't bear to stay silent and spoke up for me.

“Before Dr. Judith passed away, she said not to notify her family because they didn't care about her. We didn't believe it at the time, but you're even worse than she said!

“She's been gone for six months, and the first time you came to the hospital, we hadn't even told you she was dead before you started

yelling about her being an ungrateful daughter, even causing trouble at the hospital's entrance. You don't deserve to be called parents!”

My parents exchanged panicked glances, not expecting the situation to turn against them. Ignoring the reporters' questions, they quickly got into their car and fled.

As for Jennifer and Matt, they had already slipped away unnoticed as soon as the hospital director showed the documents.

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 7

Back at home, the four of them sat in the living room, glaring at each other before collectively shifting their frustration onto me.

“That ungrateful girl, even in death she won't leave us in peace!”

“She wasn't our own child; how could she ever truly be on our side? Even in death, she's still trying to make trouble for us. It's so disheartening!”

“Aunt, her nature is like this. Anyone who gets close to her ends up unhappy.”

At that moment, Jennifer, holding her phone, suddenly shrieked and jumped up from her chair in a panic.

“Dad, it's bad. The internet is filled with people cursing us!”

My parents quickly pulled out their phones and checked the social media platforms. The top headlines were all about me.

“Dr. Judith is so unfortunate, how could she have such parents?”

“Fortunately, the hospital kept proof; otherwise, no amount of talking could clear this up!”

“It's the first time I've seen someone taking advantage of their own daughter's tragedy like this, they deserve to be burned in the crematorium!”

“I never believed their lies from the start. They didn’t report their daughter’s death to the police but instead caused a scene at the hospital, just to extort money!”

The outcome had actually been predictable.

The rapid shift in the hospital’s position had left my father scrambling to handle the public relations crisis.

“What should we do now? If this keeps up, the internet will definitely dig up our identities!”

Jennifer’s eyes darted and said, “The online focus is all on how we didn’t care for our sister enough. If we present evidence showing we weren’t as cold-blooded as they think, we should be able to resolve the crisis!”

My father, genuinely panicked, completely agreed with Jennifer’s idea.

Each of them created an account, posting images and messages.

My father: “Judy, I don’t know how I’ve managed these past six months. If you could come back to life, I’d trade everything I have to make it happen.”

The accompanying image was of his tear-streaked face, with the background showing the chandelier in our villa’s living room.

The chandelier cost hundreds of thousands, enough to cover my treatment expenses for half a year.

My father’s intention was to subtly flaunt his wealth, implying that his disturbance at the hospital wasn’t for money since he was well-off.

Jennifer posted a photo of me bandaging her wounds at the hospital.

She had once used this photo to sarcastically threaten me on social media, claiming that if I left a scar on her, my parents would never forgive me.

Now, she was using it to build a sympathetic image.

“Sis, last year when I accidentally cut myself with a brow razor, you were so heartbroken. How could I live without you?”

But just their posts weren’t enough to sway the online opinion.

The real game-changer was my mother.

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 8

My mother posted a photo of a red ledger on her account.

The pages were slightly yellowed, clearly showing their age.

“Judy, I was wrong. When you were little, our family was poor, so I had to send you to your uncle’s house in the countryside. What mother would willingly be separated from her own child? I feared you wouldn’t fare well in the countryside, so I sent you things regularly. Your father and I worked tirelessly from dawn till dusk, hoping to bring you back as soon as we could.

Family vacation packages

But I didn’t expect that by the time we could afford to bring you home, you had grown up and become distant. You kept all your troubles to yourself, and I even learned about your cancer from someone else...

I didn’t know you would suffer so much. In the next life, if you can, be my daughter again, and let me make it up to you wholeheartedly, okay?”

No.

Looking at that ledger, I felt a sharp pang of irony.

To the online viewers, it seemed like a gesture of maternal love.

But they didn’t know it was the straw that broke the camel’s back!

During the endless days of treatment when I was struggling, she had come into my office with that ledger, expressionless, and dropped it on my desk.

“I’ve raised you for so many years, and now that you’re working, it’s time for you to repay me!”

“I’ve checked. This hospital’s monthly salary is over seven thousand dollars. Hand over your salary card. After your salary comes in each month, I’ll give you a thousand dollars. That should be enough for you to live on.”

When she said this, her arms were crossed, and her stance was haughty.

Had she bothered to look at me, she would have seen my face, already pale as a ghost!

But she never did; she never looked at me once!

As I flipped through the ledger, I realized that all the expenses had ended up in my aunt’s pocket.

And the total amount was less than six thousand dollars!

“What you’ve given me is less than my monthly salary. Why should I hand over my salary card?” I asked her coldly

Her expression changed immediately.

“Don’t you understand the debt of giving birth is as great as the sky? And stop focusing on the money. The food and clothes I sent you—don’t they cost money?”

She should have left the clothes out of it.

Mentioning them only made it more sarcastic.

During those years in the countryside, she had only sent me clothes once, a winter coat.

I was overjoyed, thinking that maybe Mom still cared for me. I happily put it on.

But my aunt tore it away, insisting it was for her daughter.

Reluctantly, I begged my aunt for the coat in the freezing winter, kneeling in the yard.

It wasn’t until my uncle saw me nearly frozen and could no longer bear it that he forced my aunt to return the coat.

Later, when I went to college, I saw Jennifer’s childhood photos and realized that the coat I had fought so hard for was actually a free gift from a buy—one—get—one promotion at a brand store when my mom was browsing with Jennifer.

Since it was a discontinued size, Jennifer couldn’t fit it, and somehow my mom thought of me and sent it to me.

When I discovered the truth, I wasn’t particularly angry, just resigned.

After all, Mom had long stopped wanting me; why would she suddenly start loving me now?

It’s precisely because she doesn’t love me that she shamelessly demanded repayment from me so soon after I started working.

Looking at that red ledger, I felt a deep sense of self-mockery, hoping that the discerning eyes of the public would see through the facade and not be deceived by this family’s hypocritical performance.

But I was still disappointed.

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 9

Once my mother's post went live, many parents with similar experiences came forward to support her.

"My child was also sent to the countryside while we worked in the city to provide a better life. At first, she video-called us daily, but then she grew impatient and spoke to us less and less. This mother's experience is just like mine!"

"Honestly, children who grow up away from their parents have little emotional connection to them. They become insecure, sensitive, and introverted, leading to trouble as they grow up."

"Let's not blame the mother. It's not her fault. Her daughter concealed her illness. Given their financial situation, it's unlikely they were trying to scam the hospital. They simply couldn't accept the reality, and their emotions broke down."

Initially, things should have calmed down, fading from the public eye over time.

However, Jennifer, seeing the shift in sentiment, hired a team of trolls to attack me online.

"I am Judith's neighbor from the countryside. She was always disobedient, and her uncle and aunt were heartbroken. I heard that to avoid going to school, she once knelt down at her doorstep for the whole village to see!"

"I remember that Judith didn't want to attend school. She started kindergarten at six, which was not in line with the standard enrollment norms. It was only due to a benevolent individual that she was admitted despite the irregularities."

To my surprise, Matt also registered an account to join the fray.

"I am Judith's ex-boyfriend from before college. We broke up because I couldn't stand Judith's attitude toward her studies. She was highly unprofessional, breaking the rules by entering the lab without permission and damaging equipment, which left me with a huge debt. If her sister hadn't stepped in to help, my future would have been ruined."

Looking at Matt and Jennifer's spiteful faces, I was so angry that I trembled all over.

How could they slander me like this!

Yet, such blatant falsehoods convinced many online.

"My goodness, this needs to be investigated. How did she even get hired as a doctor!"

"Friends, here's a shocking revelation. The benevolent person who got Judith into kindergarten is the very director of the hospital she works at!"

“This girl was a poor student sponsored by this dean. After graduation, she went straight to this hospital and got to the operating table shortly after that. Is this compliant?”

“It’s obvious there was some shady maneuvering. Is the director’s wife aware of this? You should check if her husband is being unfaithful to you.”

As I closed my eyes, I couldn’t help but scream in my heart.

“How could people be so gullible, believing in something that doesn’t even exist?”

“Don’t they realize how harmful this is!”

Yet the online users were deep in their misguided analysis, unable to extricate themselves.

An hour later, the hospital director used the official account to release my handwritten will.

To ensure the authenticity, the director even enlisted a handwriting expert to compare the will with my medical notes.

“Judith was an outstanding doctor at our hospital. Every year, our hospital runs a targeted poverty alleviation program. Besides Judith, there are three other medical staff members here who were once recipients of our aid.

“We hope that people will not blindly believe online rumors. The deceased is gone; let us grant them peace.”

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 10

The will detailed the mistreatment and injustices I had endured over the years.

Before I died, I had asked the director to give the will to my family if they still held any affection for me.

Family vacation packages

If not, to make it public, hoping to awaken other girls who, like me, still harbored illusions about their birth families.

The director had offered them a chance.

Unfortunately, they failed to seize it.

The public uproar flared up once more.

Additionally, more people came forward to defend me.

“I am Judith’s university professor. Her academic performance was always top of the class. Her entry into the city hospital was through a rigorous selection process; there was no underhanded manipulation. To say otherwise is a desecration of her and the director!”

“Matt, you’re nothing but a pathetic ex–boyfriend. After five years of being roommates, I know your character all too well. You were the one who damaged the lab equipment. Judith suffered through hard times to help you pay off your debts, and you’ve forgotten all of that, haven’t you? Then you turned around and hooked up with her sister. You’re a disgrace among men!”

“And Dr. Judith’s mother, stop pretending. Do you remember how you demanded Judith’s salary card from the hospital with that small red book? Did you know that Judith was waiting to use that money for her treatment?”

Amid the multitude of messages, one anonymous post quickly gained popularity.

“I am an employee of Judith’s father’s company. Her father, Jack Smith, is a minor steel company owner in this city. The disturbance arose because of financial problems in the company.”

“At first, he planned to introduce Dr. Judith to a wealthy CEO, but something went awry, leading to the current situation.

“Honestly, this person is utterly unscrupulous. He has long overdue employee wages. Once, an elderly employee, driven to desperation, stormed into the office with a knife to demand his pay. Only Mrs. Smith was present that day. In a moment of danger, Dr. Judith bravely stepped in front of Mrs. Smith to shield her from the blade.

“With a daughter like that, I truly don’t understand why they don’t cherish her at all. But thinking about their actions, it’s clear- they probably have no conscience.”

Yes, I remember this incident—it occurred three months after my mother demanded the salary card. After her failed attempt, she hadn’t contacted me during that time.

After three months of treatment with unsatisfactory results, my days were numbered. In my final days, with the strength I had left, I decided to visit her and Dad one last time, bringing some food to the company.

Unfortunately, I arrived just as the elderly employee attacked, and in a critical moment, I stepped forward without hesitation to shield my mother.

Yet, after I was injured, she only cared about her younger daughter, who had hidden behind her, and completely ignored my condition.

As a result, my severe injuries accelerated the worsening of my condition and hastened my death.

When I woke up from the hospital bed, I called her, humbly hoping she would come see me.

But what did she say?

“Judith, you’re a doctor yourself. You know how to care for your injuries better than I do. But Jenny is different; she was greatly shocked and has had nightmares for two days. She needs me.

“And don’t contact me for now. Just hearing your voice makes Jenny remember that incident.”

I gripped my phone, tears streaming down uncontrollably.

“Fine, Mom. From now on, you will never receive another call from me...”

At that moment, my mother must have recalled the incident and began frantically searching through old call records.

But her private messages exploded with notifications.

“Damn it, I’m always getting duped and never learning my lesson! This family can go to hell!”

“I must have been blind to defend such a heartless woman. She drained her own daughter dry, leaving nothing but bones!”

“How can there be such a mother? She should be thrown in jail and spend the rest of her life in repentance!”

Unable to endure the online abuse or for some other reason, my mother suddenly broke down, clutching her hair and screaming.

“How could I have said such cruel things to her, ah!!!”

In the next moment, she slumped over and fainted.

Dad and Matt hurriedly carried her into the bedroom.

Meanwhile, her most beloved daughter looked at her with eyes that once again gleamed with calculation.