

Revelation After My Daughter's Death Chapter 1

Revelation After My Daughter's Death Chapter 1

Chapter 1

As my husband Spencer Jones was heading home to pick up our daughter Dora from school, he suddenly called to say he had something urgent. He left Dora halfway and asked me to pick her up,

Warried that something might happen to Dora, despite having a high **fever**, I rushed towards her. But unfortunately, I

was still too late

A truck without license plates hit her and fled the scene, resulting in her **death**.

Holding Dora's lifeless body, I broke down in tears.

Meanwhile, Spencer's first love Gloria Smith posted on her social media, "You always appear just when I need you. Grateful to have you around!"

Accompanying the post was a sweet photo of them together.

Shaking, I took a screenshot and sent it to Spencer, asking. "Is this why you left Dora by herself?"

It wasn't until after our daughter's cremation and burial that Spencer finally responded, "Dora is six and can manage by herself, but Gloria can't be without me!"

"Spencer, let's get a divorce."

I made the painful decision to request a divorce and sent my final message to Spencer before blocking him.

Spencer had been the guiding light in my life for thirty years. We grew up together, attended school together, and everyone knew I'd always followed him.

I stayed around him as his friend. From supporting his pursuits and dating of Gloria to witnessing his heartbreaks due to Gloria's departure, I'd been there every step of the way.

I didn't recall when I started developing feelings for him, but during his relationship with Gloria, I endured the agony of unrequited love.

After Gloria left and Spencer was heartbroken.

I confessed my feelings, and we eventually married.

We had known each other since we were five, dated at twenty, married at twenty-six, and welcomed our daughter Dora at twenty-nine. **Now**, Dora was six.

I had followed Spencer for thirty years. For thirty years, my burning gaze had never left him.

For thirty years, I spent all my precious youth on him.

For thirty years, I gave my all, thinking that one day I would have a place in his heart.

But I was wrong. In his heart, I was just the second-best option.

He had always been the one who was doted by love, while I had gotten used to being humble and making sacrifices.

Even though we were married with a child, I didn't dare ask too much of him.

He **was** very busy at **work**, so I was sensible and never disturbed **him**. Whether it was illness, a prenatal check up, or even giving birth, I dared not trouble him.

I was afraid **that** if I didn't do something well, it would annoy him.

This was the only time in all these years that I had a severe fever and had no other options, so I asked him to pick up

Dora.

But this time, because of **Gloria**, he abandoned Dora halfway, causing her death.

She was only six years old and had so much potential!

How lonely and scared she **must have** felt when she died!

I knelt in front of Dora's grave and cried until my last tear dried up.

Then I got up and left with a dead heart.

Not long after, I saw Spencer holding Gloria's shoulders and walking **towards** me.

Gloria was holding an urn in her hands, her face haggard, and Spencer looked at her with eyes full of pity and tenderness.

"Spencer, this cemetery is full of birds and flowers. Danny should like it, right?"

Danny was a poodle she Gloria kept.

Spencer had a distressed look on his face and was about to speak. But when he looked up, he saw me not far away. When our eyes met, the pity in his eyes turned into indifference.

"Linsey, you're never going to stop, are you? First you talked about divorce, and **now** you're following me here. Do you

Chapter 1

have nothing better to do?"

He walked up to me, frowning with displeasure.

"Step aside."

I spoke coldly, not wanting to say another word to him.