

Revelation After My Daughter's Death

Chapter 4

Spencer accused me condescendingly and **ordered** me to apologize to the woman who had dug up my daughter's grave

At that moment, I felt an overwhelming sadness.

I glared at Spencer and said resolutely, "Never!"

"Spencer, you said your wife was virtuous **and** generous, but she was just pretending. Look at her now. She's acting like a crazy woman. If people find out, wouldn't they laugh at you for having such a wife?"

Gloria began to **sow** discord between Spencer and me, seizing the opportunity.

Spencer glared at me with disgust and said sternly, "Did you hear it? Don't embarrass me. Go home and be with Dora. How can you leave her alone at home?"

I stared at Spencer and said through gritted teeth, "Do you still care about Dora?"

Spencer replied confidently, "What are you talking about? Yes, I'm very busy and don't have time to spend with her, but I work **hard** for her. She is my only daughter, and all my assets will be hers. When she gets married, I'll give her the most luxurious dowry in the world. I want her to be proud of having a father like me."

Spencer's words struck a nerve. I couldn't help but yell, "Spencer, stop pretending. If you really cared about **Dora**, you wouldn't have left her **alone** on the road for Gloria. She was only six years old. Did you ever think about how helpless she felt?"

"Why are you so annoying? You keep arguing with me over such a trivial matter. You're never going to stop, are you?" Spencer finally lost his patience and yelled at me.

After saying this, he angrily kicked the urn next to the pile of dirt.

Bang!

The powerful kick made the urn roll several times on the ground, scattering the ashes everywhere.

Seeing this, my mind exploded, and I was completely stunned.

Last time, when I saw Dora hit by a truck, I was heartbroken. Now, seeing her ashes destroyed by her father, I felt an even deeper pain.

I hated it so much!

As if on cue, a gust of wind blew, scattering the ashes further.

“No, don’t!”

I struggled to break free from the bodyguards, reaching out to grab the floating ashes.

But how could hands hold the ashes?

They disappeared, just like Dora.

The last tangible thing of Dora was gone.

Overwhelmed by guilt and pain, I felt like I was being shattering.

I lay on the ground, trying to gather the remaining ashes from the soil.

Tears of despair streamed down my face.

Gloria stepped forward, crushing the ashes under her foot, and taunted, “Linsey, it’s just a pile of stranger’s ashes. Why are you putting on **such** a sad show? If you want to stop Danny from being buried, you don’t need these tricks!”

“Get away from me!” I shouted, standing up suddenly and pushing Gloria

She staggered and fell to the ground.

nway.

Spencer instantly turned furious. Without a word, he walked up to me and slapped me hard across the face.

It was the first time he had ever hit me.

But I didn’t feel **any** pain on my face—my heart hurt far more.

“You left Dora at home alone only to bully Gloria out of ridiculous jealousy. You disappointed me **so** much. How did Dora end up with such a petty mother like you?” Spencer was furious.

“You like crying over a stranger’s ashes, right? Then cry as much as you want. From today on, I will take Dora away. You are not worthy of being her mother. I don’t want Dora to be influenced by you!”

As he spoke, Spencer took out his phone and ordered coldly, “Jenna, take Dora to my private villa immediately. Linsey is not allowed to see her without my permission.”

On the other
end of the phone, Jenna hesitated before saying, "Mr. Jones, Dora died in a car accident the day you were

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supposed to pick her up from school."

"I also discovered that the grave full of daisies where
Ms. Smith wanted to bury her dog is where Dora's ashes were buried!"