

Revelation After My Daughter's Death

Chapter 5

"Nonsense, this is impossible!

Spencer almost roared, glaring angrily.

"Mr. Jones, it's true."

Jenna emphasized, her voice trembling slightly.

Spencer put down his phone with a pale face and looked at me, stunned.

Despite the redness from Spencer's slap, I ignored it, focusing instead **on** gathering the ashes scattered on the ground. Spencer bent down, trembling, and said, "I'll help you."

"Don't touch Dora. You don't deserve to!"

I pushed him away, glaring fiercely. "Spencer, you killed Dora, and now you want to desecrate her grave too? You're al

beast!"

"I didn't know this was Dora's grave...I..

Spencer started but then stopped, suddenly realizing the gravity of the situation. "I killed Dora? Linsey, what happened?"

"What happened? Have you forgotten? You left Dora alone on the road for Gloria, and because of that, she was hit and killed by a truck!"

My words struck Spencer like a bolt of lightning, leaving him utterly stunned.

"For years, you've been too busy with work, with Gloria, with everything else, but never with our family. You didn't even have time for Dora on her birthday. Yet, she never blamed you. She asked me if she had done something wrong to make you angry, and why you didn't spend time with her. She even wondered if you didn't like her anymore. I always made excuses for you, telling her you **were** busy making money for us. She naively suggested that we buy fewer toys **and** clothes, and eat less, just so you wouldn't have to **work** so hard and could spend more time with her." "I felt so sad hearing that but could only wipe my tears in secret."

“Dora was only six years old, but she was forced to be more sensible and independent than most children. She wanted to help the family, to make us proud. Her kindergarten teacher always praised her for being well-behaved. While other children ate their snacks, Dora would save hers for you, saying her father worked hard and deserved something special. You never paid her much attention, but she always thought of you.”

“When Dora heard you were picking her up, she was ecstatic. Her teacher even took a video of her dancing with joy. To her, it was like a holiday, a rare and precious event. Other children didn’t understand why it was so special for her, but it was the first time you ever picked her up.”

“But you left her behind. Spencer, Dora was only six years old! How could you be so cruel? How could you abandon her on the road? Do you have no conscience?”

With red eyes, I yelled at Spencer, venting my pent-up anger.

“I’m sorry, I, I really didn’t expect this.”

Spencer said, lowering his head in apology for the first time.

“Do you remember saying Dora should be independent at six years old?” I asked.

“To you, Dora needed to be independent, but Gloria, an adult, couldn’t be? You’d rather care for a dog with her than see your daughter. **Are we** so worthless to you?”

I faced Spencer and questioned him harshly.

“No, let me explain. 1...”

Spencer tried to explain but found himself speechless, standing there in a daze as if paralyzed.

He seemed to have been frozen and suddenly stood there in a daze.

“Spencer, I **hate** you, and I always will!” I declared, my voice filled with resolve.