

Revelation After My Daughter's Death

Chapter 7

I didn't pack my own belongings. I only gathered everything related to Dora.

In this home, only Dora was worth remembering.

While I was packing Dora's clothes, Spencer appeared.

He looked very haggard. "Linsey, I bought your favorite apple pie."

He said softly, his posture humble.

Just like when I used to try to please him, there was a hint of restraint in his eyes.

I glanced at the bag in his hand and replied indifferently, "Actually, I don't like anything with apples. I only pretended to like it because you do."

That apple pie was hard to get, but Spencer loved it. No matter the weather, I would run several streets **and** stand in line for half an hour to buy it for him. To avoid making him feel guilty, I lied and said I liked it too.

Thirty years,

I had known Spencer for thirty years and endured thirty years of this.

All my focus revolved around him. Before we were together, I was his close friend, helping **him** pursue the girl he

liked.

After we got together, I became his most loyal lover, or rather, a sycophant disguised as his girlfriend.

In our relationship, it was always me giving and him receiving. I was content with just a smile of appreciation from

him..

Even after we got married, he continued living freely while I shouldered all the burdens at home.

Looking back, Spencer lived far too comfortably in our relationship. My unconditional tolerance allowed him to chase his dreams without guilt, even when he went to find Gloria.

He seemed to forget he was a husband and father.

My indulgence led to today's tragedy.

If I had demanded he fulfill his responsibilities, perhaps Dora would still be alive.

I blamed Spencer, but I also blamed myself.

"Linsey, I know I've wronged you for many years. Dora is gone, and I don't want to lose you too. Don't you want to start over with me? I promise I'll cut all ties with Gloria. We can have another child and rebuild our family. I will take care of you this time."

This was the first time Spencer spoke to me so humbly.

If Dora hadn't died, I might have been overjoyed to hear this.

The idea of starting fresh with him would have been a great temptation **for** someone who loved him for decades. But now, things were different.

Dora's death had shattered my heart completely.

Spencer's words now only made me feel sick.

"Spencer, Dora has just died, and you're thinking about having another child? How could you?" I said with disgust. "That's not what I meant. I just don't want to lose you," Spencer said anxiously, reaching for my hand.

I pulled away instinctively. "From the moment you left Dora behind, we were over," I said, picking up my luggage and preparing to leave.