

## Mom Look At My Heart Chapter 09

### Chapter 9 Sentenced to Death

Under police questioning, Ian hung his head in silence, tacitly admitting to everything. Wendy broke down and shouted, "Why? Why did you do that to my daughter, you beast?"

"Denise, I'm so sorry! I was so horrible to you, yet you still wanted to protect me..."

Wendy began to slap herself in the face. The loud slaps echoed through the station. Even so, I felt nothing.

That was because she had already shattered my heart

To reduce his sentence, Ian reported Wendy for ethical violation as she stole the heart from my body. It was pretty hilarious to watch them betray each other.

Ever since I became a ghost and had to endure all the abuse, this was the happiest day of my life.

Fred and Ian were detained for further processing while John and Isla went home. Wendy would have to be investigated by the hospital. Still, she dazedly refused to return home and insisted on going with John. to demand retribution.

As John was feeling guilty, he let Wendy follow along. When Wendy opened the door to my room, she found that it had already been turned into a storage room.

She dug out my clothes from among the junk and held them close to her while crying. As she searched through my belongings, she found a stack of returned letters.

These were the letters I sent her as a child that she had returned unopened. Inside every letter, I begged and pleaded for her to see me once more.

She sat on the ground and read every one of them. Her tears soaked into the paper, causing the ink to bleed until the words disappeared.

In my last letter, I wrote, 'Mom, you don't love me in this life, please love me in our next lives.'

The sun shone in through the window, tinting Wendy's black hair with a golden hue. The wrinkles at the corners of her eyes seemed to have deepened.

She had aged by over a decade in just one night.

She carefully tucked the letters away in her notebook and placed them into her bag like they were treasures.

When she left the room, she found John and Isla enjoying breakfast while Isla was cursing me out." Denise is just bad luck. How is that Fred's fault? I don't care. After breakfast, you'll find a lawyer for him. He is just 16. They can't do anything to us."

Despite the hesitant and troubled look on his face, John nodded. "Yes. Poor Denise. If I had known she was my real daughter, she would not have suffered so much. We have no choice now. We have to protect Fred. I can't lose my son."

Wendy's face was as blank as mine as we listened to them. I then noticed a baseball bat in Wendy's hand.

She smashed John's head in. Then, amidst Isla's cries, she knocked Isla out.

I could already read Wendy's mind. She wanted to make it up to me by taking John and Isla's lives.

Wendy dragged the two of them toward Mount Fang. After digging out a huge hole, she threw them in. Then, she started shoveling dirt onto their faces.

Halfway through the burial, John woke up and began to scream and shout for help, just like I did that night. His eyes were filled with fear. Eventually, he grew too terrified to say another word.

By the time the officers arrived, John and Isla were dead. Wendy did not plan on running away. Instead, she just sat there and spoke to me as though she could sense me.

"I'm sorry, Denise/I've avenged you.

Tears streaked down her cheeks. I found it laughable instead.

When I needed a mother, she stayed far away from me What was the use of making it up to me now? She was merely trying to assuage her own guilt.

I followed her to the jail cell. Throughout her detainment, she dazedly hummed my favorite nursery rhyme.

However, I did not want to hear it at all.

When she appeared in court, her black hair had turned gray, while her face seemed to have dried up.

The first trial was for Ian's rape. He was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment.

The next person to be charged was Fred. The court initially wanted to charge him with manslaughter, but the insistent requests from several parties pushed the judge into charging Fred with murder and sentencing him to death.

Upon hearing that, Wendy smiled and walked up to the dock. She pleaded guilty to every charge laid against her. As there was no doubt to be found, the judge immediately sentenced her to death.

When the sentence was announced, she said, "Denise, I'm coming."

Just then, a little girl could be heard loudly sobbing. It was Yuna. "Mom, come back! I miss you!"

Sitting next to Yuna was her paternal grandmother. Wendy closed her eyes and did not say a word.

'Look! She has abandoned another daughter. Wendy is not fit to be a mother at all,' I thought.

I could see myself fading away. I knew I was going to disappear soon. I chose not to linger here but to explore sights I never got to see while I was alive.

I went to many places I had only ever dared to dream of. Finally, I grew tired. When I turned around, I found my grandmother smiling at me.

"Denise, come here. I'll take you away."

As Tran over to her, I heard my parents calling out to me from behind.

They were kneeling on the ground, begging for my forgiveness. However, I never once looked back at them.

We would be going to different places anyway. I would be joining my grandmother in heaven while they would be going to hell.