

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 36

Victoria was my sister.

The biological daughter they found ten years too late.

And I was the adopted child they picked up.

At first, Mom and Dad would buy me beautiful new clothes, and whenever they went on business trips, they would bring me back a toy.

On my birthday, they would secretly plan surprises, wishing me a happy birthday.

Since I didn't know when I was born, they chose the day they found me as my birthday, celebrating my "rebirth."

They even took me for family portraits during their free time.

Family vacation packages

For a while, I thought I had a complete family.

But everything changed after they found their

real daughter. Mom and Dad's attitude toward me shifted overnight.

It happened on one of the days after they brought Victoria home. She begged me to take her out to play.

While I went to buy her cotton candy, she disappeared.

Panicked, I ran home to get help.

When we finally found her, she was sobbing, saying, "I'm sorry, sis. I was wrong."

She kept apologizing, saying she shouldn't have taken Mom and Dad's love from me.

She trembled in their arms, begging me to forgive her.

At the time, I was too young to understand.

I had never said anything like that, so why would my sister say such things?

But from that day on, Mom and Dad's turned cold towards me.

Ding-

My phone buzzed with a few messages. I reached for it, but my hands were shaking uncontrollably.

It took all my strength to steady it enough to read the messages.

Victoria: "Sis, I'm sorry. Maybe Mom and Dad are just trying to make up for the years they missed with me, and that's why they've been ignoring you."

"After all, you were just picked up off the street. It's different from having a real daughter."

"But it's okay, sis. If you treat me nicely, I'll say a few good things about you to Mom and Dad."

"After all, isn't their love what you crave the most?"

I tried to type a reply, but my hands wouldn't cooperate.

I tossed the phone aside. It was a sudden falling-apart feeling of having stolen a drink only to realize it was a bottle of vinegar.

But deep down, I had always known the truth.

That snowy night when I was five, I huddled in a corner, pulling a trash bin closer to shield myself from the wind.

I had been wandering the streets for what felt like forever.

Hungry and cold, I struggled to weave through the bustling crowds.

I would wait for quieter moments and sneak leftover food from plates when the shop owners weren't looking.

And then, they appeared before me.

Their clothes were bright and pristine, but their faces were tired.

“She looks so much like our daughter, doesn’t she?”

I didn’t understand what that meant. All I knew was that after that day, I finally had a family.

They named me Elisabeth.

When they brought Victoria home, they comforted me, saying that Mom and Dad would still love me the same as before. They coaxed me.

Later on, they asked me to be more

accommodating to my sister because she had just found her parents.

But weren’t you my parents too?

I didn’t understand why, but I learned my place.

As the praise for Victoria grew more frequent, words like jealousy, resentment, and exclusion started falling from their lips.

I began hearing about things I had never done.

At first. Mom and Dad still had some trust in me.

But soon enough, teachers and classmates. began reporting to them, hinting that Victoria might have been hurt.

That the hurt had come from me.

Our relationship gradually deteriorated.

Once the last trace of affection was gone, all that remained was their dissatisfaction with me, the adopted daughter.

I could only keep quiet, endure, make no protest, and diminish my presence in front of them.

Even so, the relationship spiraled beyond repair.

So, I moved out.

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 37

My legs went numb from sitting on the floor. I used the door to slowly push myself up.

In a daze, I opened the drawer and poured two pills into my hand.

Then, I put them back into the bottle.

What difference did it make whether I took them or not?

If there's no difference, then why not end it all right now?

My blurred vision began to focus on the kitchen utensils beside me.

The knife was so sharp-one cut and it would all be over. One cut, and I wouldn't have to live in this world anymore.

My thoughts were chaotic, like a giant net tightening around me.

I couldn't break free.

By the time I came to, the sharp edge of the knife had already broken through the skin of my wrist.

Drip.

Drip.

Blood dripped intermittently into the sink.

I suddenly threw the knife away, turned on the faucet, and rinsed the wound, scrubbing it hard.

My fingertips grew cold.

I didn't stop until the cut turned white from the water, then I shut off the flow.

I bandaged the wound skillfully, hiding it beneath a sports wristband.

It seemed I could no longer find a reason to keep living.

I hadn't eaten all day yesterday. As soon as I opened the freshly cooked porridge, the steam barely hit my nose before I turned and vomited.

My empty stomach could only manage to expel bile.

I pulled out my laptop and sent in my resignation letter.

When Janet heard the news, she immediately ran to the house and questioned me: "Why are you quitting all of a sudden?"

"I just don't want to do it anymore," I replied with a smile.

Janet couldn't understand. "But... you're about to get promoted. How can you not want to work anymore?"

Without warning, she grabbed my hand.

She frowned as she cautiously pushed up my wristband, revealing the faintly bloodstained bandages beneath.

"What are you doing, Elisabeth?! What are you doing to yourself again?!"

I awkwardly pulled my hand back, sitting on the floor with a careless smirk. "It's nothing, just a momentary lapse."

Janet yanked me to my feet.

My vision went black for a second as I, having eaten nothing, collapsed into her arms.

Startled, she froze. "You haven't been eating again, have you? Look at how much weight you've lost!"

It took me a while to steady myself enough to sit up. "I have no appetite."

"I'm taking you out to eat."

I opened my mouth to rear, but Janet shoved a piece of candy into it before I could speak Sobiction."

I had no choice but to let her drag me out the door.

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 38

Janet took me to a crowded shopping street.

I instinctively recoiled from the environment, unconsciously pulling my hand away, wanting to leave.

Janet, as if anticipating my move, tightened her grip on my hand.

“Look how lively it is here. The snack street is just ahead. Let’s see if there’s anything you’d like to eat, okay?”

I noticed her eyes were red. With a sigh, I nodded. “Alright.”

She talked the whole way, while I offered a faint smile, my attention drawn to a nearby shop window.

Janet followed my gaze and, without hesitation, pulled me inside. “You like wedding dresses, right? Let’s go try some on.”

I ran my hand over the fabric. The rough texture of the lace and beads stirred something unfamiliar in me.

Declining the shop assistant’s suggestions, I looked through the dresses one by one.

There probably wouldn’t be another chance to wear one.

I didn’t want to have any regrets.

Finally, at the back of the display case, I saw an exquisitely crafted wedding dress.

I stopped.

“Johnny, I want to try this one.”

An unpleasant voice shattered the peace.

I turned and saw Victoria.

She looked at me in surprise. “Oh, sister, what are you doing here?”

Victoria leaned on John’s shoulder. “It must be so lonely being by yourself. Do you want to join us?”

I remained silent.

“Sweetheart, I saw a beautiful dress at the back. Would you like to try it on?” My mother’s voice grew clearer.

She and my father were here, accompanying John and Victoria as they looked at wedding dresses.

“Elisabeth?” My mother frowned as she walked over to me. “What are you doing here?”

Janet pulled me behind her. “I brought Lisa here. Is there a problem?”

Victoria quickly said there wasn’t and urged the clerk to help her try on the dress.

The clerk looked at both of us with hesitation.

“We only have one of this dress. Which of you ladies would like to try it?”

“Give it to my daughter! She’s getting married soon. What’s the point of Elisabeth trying it on all by herself?” My mother reached out, attempting to take the dress.

“Give it to us.” Janet showed her card and the clerk apologized before taking me to change into my wedding dress.

Victoria glared at the clerk, demanding an explanation.

“Sorry, miss, but she’s one of our shareholders.”

Fuming, Victoria stomped her foot, shaking John’s arm. “Johnny, I really like that dress.”

“It’s okay, Vicky,” John reassured her. “The one aunt picked from the display is just as beautiful.”

With no other choice, Victoria clenched her teeth and tried on a different dress.

I had lost so much weight recently that even with the strings pulled tight, the gown still felt loose.

Standing on the platform, I watched as the curtain slowly opened.

Janet’s eyes widened in astonishment. She squealed, jumping up to grab my hands and look me over from every angle.

“Lisa, you look so beautiful! This dress is perfect for you!”

“Really?” I asked, letting her lead me as I glanced at my reflection in the mirror.

Janet grabbed a veil and placed it on my head. “Let me take a picture!”

The curtain next door slowly opened as well.

“My darling, you look stunning. My beautiful daughter!”

“Yes, yes, our little baby has grown up. She’s about to get married.”

Victoria lowered her head down shyly embarrassed to raise it.

John lifted her hand and slid a diamond ring onto her finger.

Victoria covered her mouth in surprise. “Johnny…”

“Vicky, how could we try on wedding dresses without a ring?”

She touched the ring with delight, turned her head and held out the back of her hand to me, smiling brightly:

“Sister, look! Isn’t this ring beautiful? Doesn’t it go perfectly with the dress?”

She grabbed John’s hand, holding it up. “Make sure to wish us happiness, okay, sister?”

“She doesn’t even know what happiness is. We don’t need her blessing.” John glanced at me indifferently.

I forced a small smile.

Janet squeezed my hand, pulling my attention back.

“Lisa, don’t look at them. If you want diamonds, I’ll buy you as many as you want.”

I smiled and said okay.

The three of them gathered around Victoria, praising her while belittling me.

So this is what it's like to have a happy family, with both parents present.

Family vacation packages

Janet stared at Victoria for a moment, lost in thought. I asked her what was on her mind.

"Do you really think Victoria looks like your parents?" she asked, making me stunned.

I had some doubts, but I didn't dare voice them. "Biological children always resemble their parents."

Janet, however, shook her head as she looked at me...

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 39

Since that day, I hadn't left the house, nor did I take my medication.

The only time I would swallow a pill was when Janet made me take it in front of her. Afterwards, I'd stand over the sink, forcing myself to vomit it out.

I didn't know when I'd decide to end my life.

Nothing interested me anymore; all I could feel was sadness.

It was my fault for not being good enough, not trying hard enough, that made my parents not love me.

It was my fault for not being mature enough to leave the family, that made Victoria hate me.

Family vacation packages

Maybe I shouldn't have existed at all?

Pain rippled through my body.

Where did it hurt?

I didn't know.

A child unloved isn't worthy of calling anything pain.

“You should come home. so we can dissolve the adoption.”

I received the message from my father on WeChat.

Those words burned into my eyes.

I replied with a simple “okay,” packed my things, and returned to a house that never felt like mine.

My father sat in the center of the sofa, while my mother leaned against the other side, refusing to look at me.

In the middle of the coffee table, a few sheets of paper were laid out, staring me in the face.

Termination of Adoption Agreement.

It only needed my signature.

“Your character is corrupt, and your mind is malicious. I don’t think it’s suitable for you to stay in our family any longer.”

Victoria came rushing out of her room, frantic. “No! Don’t make sister leave!”

I picked up the agreement and looked at them. “How is my character corrupt? How am I malicious?”

“Hmph, you’ve got the nerve to ask. Ever since you came to this house, you’ve done nothing but bully your sister!”

My mother spat the words at me.

“Sister never bullied me, it’s always been my fault for making her angry.” Victoria stood by, pretending to defend me.

Such an actress.

I bent down to grab the pen, my fingers stiff and unsteady as I scribbled my name across the paper, then tossed the pen aside.

I stared at Victoria. "You know very well John was whose boyfriend before, so why act innocent now?"

"What nonsense are you talking about?" My father slammed his hand on the table, shouting at me, but I ignored him.

Victoria frantically waved her hands, saying she didn't not know, and rushed over to pull me.

"It's such a hot day, sister, why are you wearing such thick clothes? You must be hot and confused."

As she said this, she reached for my coat.

Panic surged through me, and I quickly grabbed at my clothes.

I couldn't let her take it off! No, not the clothes!

"Get away!" I shoved Victoria, and as she fell, she yanked at my coat, dragging it down with her.

The cold air hit the exposed skin on my arm, sending a chill through me.

I heard them gasp.

I trembled as I quickly pulled my clothes back on.

Why did they have to strip me? Why? I was already dressed like this, why did they want to take my clothes off?

Nervously, I clutched my clothes tighter.

"Where did you get these wounds?!" my father demanded.

But what right did he have to question me?

"I got hurt by accident."

"An accident left you with this many knife scars?!" He stormed over, grabbing my arm, trying to tear off my clothes.

I struggled, fighting back.

Fear clawed its way into my chest.

“No, no...!” I cried, breaking down as I resisted his hands. “Don’t take off my clothes.”

Startled, he let go and stepped back.

My mother muttered in annoyance, “He just wants to see the wounds. Why scream like something worse is happening?”

I grabbed the ashtray from the table, ready to smash it over my father’s head.

He wasn’t my father. He was a monster.

Victoria pushed me aside, gripping my wrist to wrestle the ashtray out of my hand.

“Sister, are you crazy?!” she shouted, her fingers tightening around my wristband.

I felt a sharp, intense pain as my wound tore open, and I capitalized on her hold on my wrist to forcefully slam the ashtray down onto the floor.

The glass exploded into fragments, sc**ing at everyone’s feet.

The eerie silence before the storm.

My father’s hand lashed across my face in an instant. “You were going to hit me?”

I slapped him back. “You blame me without knowing the truth. You deserved it.”

He moved to strike again, but Victoria stepped between us.

Pointing at my wrist, she trembled. “Sister, your... your wrist is bleeding.”

Blood dripped from my fingertips, splattering onto the floor.

Like little blood blossoms.

They froze, terrified by the sight of me.

I grabbed a couple of tissues and wiped it away carelessly. “Don’t worry about me.”

I wasn’t coming back to this house.

“Maybe one day I’ll be dead anyway.”

“Isn’t that what you’ve all been hoping for?”

My Parents Neglected Me Until I Died Chapter 40

I seemed calm as I ran down the stairs.

I sought fresh air in the open space, gasping for breath.

After the rapid breaths, the steady pounding of my heart filled my ears.

I wrapped my coat tighter and kept my head down, trying to escape this place.

Were they all watching me?

Were they all calling me a worthless person?

I didn’t want to hear, didn’t want to listen.

The silent, endless night was only accompanied by the howling, stifling summer wind.

A man appeared leisurely in my path, blocking my way.

My heart stopped for a moment.

I glanced at him and changed direction.

He continued to block me.

I turned around.

He intercepted me.

No matter which way I tried, he sealed off all my exits.

Another path revealed two more men, one with a cigarette in his mouth and the other holding a bottle of alcohol.

I tried to run, but they yanked me back, gripping my hair tightly.

“Please, please, I’ll give you money, I’ll give you a lot of money.”

I trembled and choked as I pulled out all the cash from my pocket.

The man with the cigarette took it, examining it with that familiar gaze.

“Out so late at night, little sister, all alone?”

“Looking so provocative, who are you trying to impress?” The man with the bottle poked my chest repeatedly with the bottle’s neck.

I don’t want this, I don’t want this.

They dragged me away.

I wanted to scream for help but they covered my mouth.

My malnourished body had no strength to resist.

Why?

I was dressed so unattractively and heavily.

Why was it me again?

The zipper was violently yanked open, and hands began groping me.

I felt helpless and despairing, my body numb to the touch.

In a daze, I seemed to see Victoria again, behind the corner.

How did I get back?

I didn’t know.

Somehow, I found the courage to drag my battered body back home.

I turned on the scalding hot water and poured it over my skin, scratching at my flesh with my nails.

Everything felt so familiar.

It happened again.

Ding ding ding-

The phone’s ringtone interrupted my thoughts.

It was Janet.

“Look at the paternity test I sent you! You’re the biological daughter of your uncle and aunt.”

I clutched the phone tightly, feeling short of breath as I looked at the test results.

Tears fell uncontrollably.

Memories from five years ago flooded my mind.

It was the second year after Victoria was found.

I knew that now, my parents only cared for my sister.

If I treated her better, would they start noticing me again?

Victoria and I were in the same class and I followed her to and from school every day.

Whatever she asked, I always complied.

When she asked me to buy her milk tea, I used my meager allowance to buy her favorite drink.

When I returned, I saw a group of people surrounding her.

She was crouched on the ground, trembling with her backpack clutched to her chest.

I rushed over, grabbing a piece of brick from the roadside.

I smashed the backpacks over their heads, pulling my sobbing sister from the corner.

Waving the brick, I shouted and ran out.

Seeing that I was attracting attention, they spat and glared at me, threatening me to wait.

I didn’t know what “waiting” meant.

All I knew was that I had protected Victoria, and my parents might finally praise me.

But once home, they barely acknowledged me, focused only on Victoria.

Victoria said that I had protected her.

They responded, “That’s what she should have done. If she hadn’t gone off to buy milk tea and stayed with you, those hooligans wouldn’t have surrounded you.”

I didn’t receive the praise I had hoped for.

Instead, those bad guys' retaliation followed.

It was then that I met Janet.

She helped chase the bad guys away and stayed with me to protect me.

But there were times when she wasn't around.

They found their chance,

I was terrified, offering them money in hopes they would leave me alone.

They counted the money, exchanged glances, and smiled knowingly.

Their nauseating stares assessed me.

They closed in on me.

I saw Victoria behind the wall.

I screamed, "Sister, help me! Victoria!!!"

Rip-

Victoria smiled at me from behind the wall before turning and leaving.

The occasional flicker of light gradually faded.

They surrounded me, blocking all my sight.

I cried, hoping they would let me go.

All I felt in response was the pain on my scalp, my hair being pulled, and my chin being held.

If I resisted, they slammed my head against the wall.

I couldn't fight back.

The stench enveloped my nostrils, making it hard to breathe.

They pinched my face, forcing my mouth open.

Nausea, suffocation.

Their low growls, curses, and the slaps against my face blended into a symphony of death.

After each round, they would gently taunt me.

“Does it hurt, little sister?”

“Hang in there, little sister. Let us enjoy ourselves, hahahahaha.”

Their laughter was sharp and grating.

Why did it turn out like this?

I only protected my sister.

What did I do wrong...

So disgusting. So filthy.

Am I close to dying?

The light in front of me brightened and then darkened again.