

Brothers Want Me Back Sweet Brother Ch 1

The news of Elaine Yeats' death was so ridiculous, no one bought it at first.

"Bad things never die," people said. And if anyone proved that saying true, it was Elaine Yeats.

A jealous, lying, scheming nightmare of a woman—so toxic she practically oozed venom. How could someone like that just drop dead? It didn't make sense.

Most people waved it off as one of her attention-seeking games. Classic Elaine. She had pulled enough stunts over the years for everyone to roll their eyes and move on.

At that exact moment, Tracy Yeats, Elaine's mom, was out shopping for a birthday dress. Not for Elaine, though. Nope, this was for Bianca Yeats—Tracy's adopted daughter.

Bianca wasn't even blood, but she'd been swapped at birth and raised as a Yeats. Tracy adored her like she was her own flesh and blood. Maybe even more than that.

Elaine? It was her birthday too. Not that Tracy cared. She'd completely forgotten until a servant whispered a reminder. With an annoyed sigh, Tracy grabbed some random dress off the rack and tossed it in her cart. 'Bianca wouldn't wear this anyway,' she thought. 'Might as well give it to Elaine.'

Zero guilt. Zero hesitation. Tracy wasn't the kind of woman to agonize over playing favorites.

A week earlier, the Yeats household had been a battlefield. Tracy had never been close to Elaine.

Honestly, Elaine made it hard to love her, with her sulking and constant drama. Next to Bianca—sweet, graceful, and everyone's favorite—Elaine just didn't measure up.

To Tracy, Bianca was the perfect daughter. Elaine was just an angry shadow who couldn't stand being overlooked. And when Elaine finally snapped, it was a disaster.

She had set Bianca up to get cornered by some gang of thugs—just to scare her. But it went sideways.

Bianca darted into traffic and scraped her arm on a passing car. It wasn't a big injury, but the sight of blood sent Tracy into a rage.

"What the hell is wrong with you?!" Tracy had shouted, not even letting Elaine explain.

Elaine panicked. The more Tracy screamed, the more desperate she got. Then, in a full-blown breakdown, Elaine grabbed a knife and slashed her wrists.

Blood dripped to the floor as she screamed, "Is this enough for you?! Is this what you want? Should I just die for her?!"

Even then, Tracy didn't soften. If anything, Elaine's outburst just made her more disgusted. "You need help," she muttered coldly, barely glancing at the blood. "Your sister would never pull this kind of shit."

That line? It wrecked Elaine. Her whole life, she'd been fighting to belong, to prove she mattered. But no matter how hard she tried, she was always the odd one out.

Now, Tracy was planning a huge birthday party for Bianca—a loud, sparkly reminder that Elaine was an afterthought.

But Elaine wouldn't live to see the party. She was gone. Killed in a fiery car explosion that wasn't an accident.

Seven of her brothers—the golden boys of the Yeats family—had been in the car with her. All drugged and locked inside as the smoke thickened.

Bianca managed to squeeze through a window, crying and shaking. But Elaine? She stayed. Somehow, she stayed awake long enough to drag her brothers out, one by one, using every ounce of strength she had left.

When the last brother was safe, she turned back for her teddy bear. Stupid, right? A silly little thing she couldn't leave behind. But her body gave out before she could escape.

She collapsed in the backseat, choking on smoke, too weak to move.

Through the haze, she saw her brothers waking up. Relief flooded her. At least they were safe. But then she watched them rush past her. Straight to Bianca.

They threw their arms around her, frantic, checking for injuries. Not one of them even glanced at Elaine.

"Elaine's still in the car!" Bianca sobbed, tears streaming down her face. "What about her?"

Shawn, the eldest, turned back to the burning car. "Don't worry about it," he said, his voice cold and dismissive. "She probably ran off. Someone like her wouldn't stick around for anyone but herself."

Elaine spent her whole life being misunderstood. She should've been used to it by now. But even in her final moments, it hurt like hell.

They never saw her for who she really was. Just the bitter, jealous woman they thought couldn't stand her sister.

Elaine's fingers tightened around the old, battered teddy bear—the only thing she'd clung to her entire life. Funny thing was, the bear wasn't even hers. It had originally been Bianca's.

The brothers had only handed it to Elaine when Bianca didn't want it anymore. Like some leftover. But to Elaine, it wasn't just a bear. It was everything. She carried it everywhere, holding onto it like it might somehow hold her life together.

Her family probably thought she was pathetic. Hell, maybe they were right. But what made Elaine truly tragic wasn't her attachment to the stupid bear.

It was the blind, desperate hope she carried with her—that one day, they might actually love her.

It wasn't until the very end, as she lay there with smoke filling her lungs and the world fading away, that Elaine finally understood: they never had.

And they never would. But she still couldn't help herself from wondering, 'Would Mom cry when she heard? Would she regret those things she said? Would my brothers feel even the tiniest bit guilty when they realized what I did for them?'

But no one looked back. No one even thought to look back at the girl still trapped in the burning car.

Her brothers, the ones she'd given everything for, were wrapped around Bianca, sobbing with relief that she was okay.

Bianca was all that mattered to them. Elaine? She didn't get a second glance.

And that was Elaine Yeats' life. Forgotten. Unloved. And, in the end, utterly meaningless.

But Elaine swore, if there was a next life, she'd do things differently. No more begging. No more sacrificing herself for people who didn't give a damn.

As her eyes closed for the last time, she saw it—her grave. Her name was carved into the cold gray stone, surrounded by roses. Roses she'd always loved for their fragile beauty.

And in front of the grave knelt a man. His forehead rested against the stone, his shoulders shaking. Tears streamed down his face—tears no one would've thought someone like him could shed.

That man was Kingsley Morgan. The heir to the untouchable Morgan family. CEO of the massive Morgan Group. Always calm, always in control. The kind of guy who could silence a room with just one look. He had his shit together—always. But now he was broken.

Elaine had always loved roses, though people liked to call them substitutes for camellias. Just like she'd spent her life being a stand-in. A shadow.

She had lived in the shadow of Bianca Yeats, the adopted daughter of her family. Bianca: adored by everyone, envied by many. Bianca: the girl everyone wanted to be.

Elaine's biggest regret wasn't that she didn't shine bright enough. It was that she willingly dimmed herself. She had buried her own light, shoved away her talents, and crushed her spirit, all for the chance to earn a scrap of love from her family.

She turned herself into a supporting role in someone else's story, hoping for a spotlight that never came.

If she could do it all over again, she wouldn't. Never again would she bow her head or dull her edges for anyone. Never again would she fight for the approval of people who would never see her. She was done chasing after affection that wasn't there.

Kingsley's voice broke through the silence, raw and trembling. "Elaine, you were so fucking stupid."

And somewhere, deep down, Elaine would've agreed.

His hand ran through his hair, shaking, as he whispered again. "Why the hell did you do it? Why did you give everything for people who didn't give a damn about you?"

His voice cracked, each word spilling out like it might tear him apart. "But don't worry. I'll make them pay for this. Every single one of them."

That was all he had left to give her. Revenge.

No one saw it coming. No one would've guessed that Kingsley Morgan, the golden boy with the perfect life, would cross every line for her. But he did. He planned it all—the car crash, the aftermath. All for her.

The man who had once been the picture of control now stood drenched in blood. His crisp suit was ruined, dark red stains spreading like shadows across the fabric.

His face was a mask—cold, unrelenting—as he stepped into the dim basement. He looked terrifying, every inch the man consumed by vengeance.

and he knelt slowly, like he was bowing before something sacred.

The police were tearing through the city, hunting for him, but Kingsley didn't care. Life and death had stopped mattering the moment Elaine was gone.

The grave they'd buried her in was a lie. It held nothing but an empty dress. Elaine's real body lay here, untouched, preserved, in a coffin he had built just for her.

Kingsley's voice shook. "Elaine, I've done it," he whispered. "I've avenged you."