

Brothers Want Me Back Sweet Brother Ch 2

Kingsley held Elaine's lifeless body in his arms, his grip desperate, his face buried against hers as if he could somehow bring her back. "Elaine, in this life, we barely got to be together. But in the next... will you walk this road with me?"

"Do you still remember the first time we met? The world sees me as a saint—calm, noble, untouchable. But they don't know me. They don't know that I'm obsessive, controlling, and ruthless."

"They'd run if they did. And honestly, I don't blame them. Everyone else did—everyone except you. You were my one exception. My only peace."

"But I was scared. I was fucking terrified. I knew that if I let myself have you, I'd never let you go. I was scared I'd ruin you, suffocate you, destroy you with the way I am."

"So I stayed away. I thought keeping my distance would be enough. I thought I could love you silently. But even that turned out to be a fucking lie."

"Elaine... I love you." He kissed her forehead softly, reverently, as though she were still alive, as though she were still his.

Years passed. Decades. Centuries. Time moved on, but the story of the two lovers didn't fade. Their remains, intertwined in death as they had longed to be in life, crumbled to dust.

Generations of the Morgan family, knowing the truth of Kingsley's choice, buried their ashes together in the family's ancestral tomb.

Everyone knew the truth: Kingsley Morgan had left this world with Elaine Yeats. And in death, they were inseparable, forever tied to one another.

But Elaine's soul wasn't at peace. It drifted in endless darkness, lost, untethered, with nowhere to go.

Until, in the void, a voice called out. Calm, steady, and unnervingly clear, it asked, "Elaine Yeats, do you want to change your fate?"

Without a moment's hesitation, Elaine answered, "Yes."

The voice spoke again, firm and resolute. "Very well. I will send you back. Good luck."

Before she could process what was happening, darkness swallowed her whole. When Elaine opened her eyes again, she found herself lying in a hospital bed.

The sterile smell of antiseptic filled the air, and the room was deathly quiet. Her wrists ached. She looked down and saw thick bandages wrapped tightly around them, fresh cuts layered over faded scars. The sight was hauntingly familiar.

She was alive. Back in her nineteen-year-old body.

Elaine stared at the ceiling, her mind spinning as the realization hit her. She'd been thrown back to the beginning—back to the moment her life had started to unravel. Back to the year she had learned the cruel truth: she wasn't just anyone.

She was the true daughter of the Yeats family, the real "heiress" in a clichéd swapped-at-birth story. But instead of stepping into the role of a beloved protagonist, she'd been written into the story as the villain, the "evil supporting character."

Meanwhile, Bianca Yeats, the fake heiress, was everything Elaine wasn't: adored, perfect, untouchable.

Bianca was the golden child. The sun everyone revolved around. Parents loved her. Brothers spoiled her. Men worshiped her. Fans idolized her.

She wasn't just the Yeats family's darling—she was the heroine. The queen. The ultimate winner in life. Every wish-fulfillment fantasy rolled into one flawless package.

And Elaine? Elaine was the punching bag, the villain meant to make Bianca shine brighter.

Her head throbbed, and before she could even gather her thoughts, a cold, mechanical voice echoed in her mind.

"Hey there, host. I'm your Book Elf, here to guide you through this little adventure. My job is simple: help you rewrite your story and take back the life you deserve. I'm not here to play nice or be cruel—just fair." The Book Elf's voice was smooth.

Then, with a faint, almost amused chuckle, it continued, "If you want to change your fate, you'll need to complete the following main quests."

"Warning: Any deviation from the novel's original storyline may result in severe consequences."

"Quest 1: Win over your brothers. Turn their hatred into admiration."

"Quest 2: Expose Bianca Yeats as the manipulative fake she is. Clear your name and make your brothers regret everything. Make them beg for your forgiveness."

"Quest 3: Make those who wronged you fall in love with you. Take Bianca's place as the true winner in life."

Elaine blinked, stunned. Then a sharp, bitter laugh escaped her. "This? This is my second chance? What—for me to grovel for the approval of the same people who ruined me?"

"To waste my life proving myself to people who never gave a damn about me? To fight for some bullshit title of 'winner'? Yeah, no thanks."

Her lips curled into a mocking smile. "What a joke." She didn't need their love. She didn't need their approval. And she sure as hell wasn't about to fight Bianca for a crown she didn't want.

The hospital room door swung open, and a tall figure stepped inside. Shawn Yeats stood at the doorway, his brows knitted, his face dark like a storm cloud.

Following behind him were Robert Yeats and Tracy Cash—Elaine's biological parents.

Elaine didn't need to guess why they were here. It was always the same story. They'd come to scold her, all for their precious Bianca.

In her last life, she'd lived through this exact scene so many times she'd lost count. She didn't even need to know the details—it didn't matter. It was always about how she was in the wrong, how she couldn't accept Bianca, how she was the problem.

Shawn's voice cut through the silence like ice. "Elaine, do you realize what you've done? If you admit you were wrong and apologize to my sister, I might let you stay here instead of sending you back to the countryside."

"But don't think you're getting off scot-free. You need to be punished—this family needs rules, and you're getting too damn out of control."

His eyes narrowed. "Think about it carefully."

My sister. The way he said it left no room for doubt. He didn't see Elaine as his sister. Bianca was his family. Elaine? Not so much.

Elaine might've been their real heiress by blood, but to her parents and her seven perfect brothers, she didn't count. They had no interest in acknowledging her, let alone accepting her.

Bianca, on the other hand, was the family's pride and joy.

Tracy might've felt a little guilt toward Elaine, but that guilt was nothing compared to her obsession with protecting Bianca. Bianca was proud, high-maintenance, and the family's golden girl.

Tracy lived in constant fear that Elaine's return might somehow hurt Bianca's feelings or disrupt her place in the family.

That was why they never revealed Elaine's true identity. To the world—and even to their staff—Elaine was just the child of some poor relatives they'd "generously" taken in.

The household staff believed it. They treated Elaine like a second-class citizen, someone they didn't need to respect.

The old Elaine used to put up with all of it. She'd kept her head down, done everything she could to please them, desperate for their approval.

Even when her brothers refused to let her call them "brother" in public, she clung to the hope that if she kept trying, they'd eventually accept her.

And for a moment, it seemed like they did. But then Bianca would cry, or something would go wrong, and all her efforts would be thrown out the window.

Every time, they'd accuse her of being jealous, of hating Bianca because she was more loved.

In her past life, Elaine couldn't figure out why things always seemed to work out in Bianca's favor, why every situation turned against her. Now, with the knowledge of the original novel, she finally understood.

Bianca was no angel. She was a master manipulator, a pro at playing innocent while twisting the narrative to suit her.

And somehow, this manipulative player was the story's heroine? Elaine couldn't help but laugh at the absurdity of it.

"Elaine," Shawn snapped, his patience clearly running out. His scowl deepened. "All this over a man? You're really going to make me and Mom deal with this bullshit because you couldn't keep it together?"

His tone grew colder. "Bianca is your sister. Do you really enjoy seeing her upset this much?"

Book Elf's voice chimed in her head, smooth and emotionless: "Host, agree for now. Apologize to Bianca. Improving Shawn's opinion of you is the first step to rewriting your fate."

Elaine didn't react immediately. Her gaze stayed steady, her mind clearer than ever. Then she spoke, her voice calm and unwavering. "When I'm discharged, I'll pack my things and head back to the town myself."

Her words hit like a hammer, and the room fell into an awkward, frozen silence.

The Book Elf practically shorted out. "Wait—what?! Are you serious right now? Where the hell do you think you're going? You can't leave! You need to stay and work on winning over your brothers!"

Elaine ignored the elf's frantic protests, her face calm, unreadable.

Shawn, however, looked like someone had slapped him. He blinked, staring at her in disbelief. "What did you just say?"

He had expected her to fold, to apologize to Bianca like always. That was what she did—swallow her pride, beg for forgiveness.

But this? Choosing to leave instead? And doing it with such composure? This wasn't the Elaine he knew.

Beside him, Tracy's anger flared hot and fast. Her chest tightened, and she could feel the fury burning under her skin.

To her, Elaine's words weren't just defiance—they were a deliberate attempt to stir up chaos, to throw the family into turmoil. And Tracy, never one to hold back, was already at her breaking point.

Over the years, Elaine's personality had grown sharper, tougher. She didn't roll over anymore. She fought back, called out the unfairness, and stood her ground.

But that unyielding streak, no matter how well-meaning, only alienated her further. It didn't matter that she cared about her family—her stubbornness made her an outsider in their eyes.

Tracy's voice was ice cold as she snapped, "Fine. If she's so hell-bent on leaving, then let her go."

She turned to Shawn, her tone sharp and final. "Shawn, don't waste time. Let her pack her things and leave. Right now."