

Brothers Want Me Back Sweet Brother Ch 3

Tracy couldn't believe it.

'Elaine is really going to leave and go back to that godforsaken countryside? No way,' she thought. 'This has to be another one of her tantrums, a cheap trick to get everyone's attention, like always.'

In the past, every argument between Elaine and Bianca ended with Elaine threatening, "Fine, I'll just go back to the countryside!"

And every time, it was all talk. She'd sulk, cry, and eventually swallow her pride, sticking around like nothing had happened. The idea of actually leaving? Never.

So this time, everyone just shrugged it off, smirking to themselves. 'Same old Elaine,' they thought. 'She's bluffing again.'

What they didn't realize was that this wasn't the same Elaine anymore. The weak, desperate girl they remembered was gone. Even Shawn didn't see it. He assumed it was just another cry for attention.

After all, Elaine had a track record. When she first came to the Yeats family, she'd worn heavy makeup, hung out with street punks, even gotten into fights.

To Shawn, she was like a kid throwing a tantrum for candy. As long as she didn't step on Bianca's toes, he didn't care. He'd even play the kind older brother when it suited him.

"Well, if that's what you want, there's nothing more I can say." Shawn's voice dripped with false sympathy. "Just make sure you don't come crawling back later, saying I was too harsh."

Elaine's eyes flashed with cold amusement. She knew Shawn's game all too well. He always managed to come off as the reasonable one, even while stabbing someone in the back. It was pathetic.

But honestly, she didn't care anymore.

Her calmness threw him off. Something about her felt different.

"Elaine, stop being so damn stubborn," Robert snapped, his brows furrowed.

"Stubborn?" Elaine arched a brow, her tone sharp and cold. "Weren't you the one who gave me a choice? Now that I've made it—to leave—you're calling me stubborn?"

'Do they really think the threat of sending me back to the countryside would scare me? That I'd beg them to let me stay? Pathetic.' she thought.

They didn't realize that the moment she decided to walk away, none of them mattered anymore. Leaving wasn't punishment—it was freedom.

"Is apologizing to Bianca so hard for you?" Robert's voice rose, his anger barely contained. "Don't think cutting your wrists will get you out of this! If it weren't for you, she wouldn't have fallen into the water! Her lungs are weak as it is!"

"God, how did I end up with a daughter as cruel as you? I should've strangled you the day you were born!"

"You've been in this house for years, and I thought you'd finally grown up. But no—you're still the same selfish brat," Tracy Cash snapped, her anger fueled by the thought of Bianca's frailty.

It all started when Elaine and Bianca were standing by the pool. Bianca slipped and fell in, and of course, Elaine was the obvious scapegoat.

Shawn, playing the self-righteous older brother, had given her two options: apologize and accept punishment, or pack her bags and leave for the countryside.

Back then, Elaine had no idea what really happened. But none of that mattered. They'd already decided she was guilty. No one listened to her protests. No one cared about her side of the story. She was branded a liar, a troublemaker, a bad seed.

Desperate to prove her innocence, she ran herself ragged, searching for witnesses, evidence—anything.

But it was pointless. Bianca's fall remained a mystery, and in the end, Elaine had no choice but to apologize and take the blame.

Now, she could see how ridiculous it all was. 'Why did I waste so much time trying to prove my innocence?'

They were the ones accusing her. They should've been the ones to bring proof. But no, she'd been too desperate for their approval, too willing to bend over backward for them. What a joke.

"Yes, her lungs are weak," Elaine said coolly, her voice cutting like a blade. "She's been pampered her whole life, hasn't she? Always given the best. She so much as sneezes, and you all act like the world's ending."

"And me? Back in the countryside, I was hauling buckets of water in the dead of winter. I coughed until my chest burned, and you know what I got? Maybe a pill, if I was lucky. Tell me, where was my sympathy? My concern?"

"Oh, and as for you saying you should've strangled me at birth?" Her lips curved into a mocking smile. "Honestly, I'd have preferred it. If you'd done that, I wouldn't have grown up in a rat-infested shack, eating spoiled food, wearing rags, and freezing my fingers to the bone. Sound familiar?"

"And let's not forget Bianca. Without me, your precious princess wouldn't have had her designer dresses, her fancy room, her elite education. Would she still be the perfect, angelic daughter you all worship? Isn't that ironic?"

Elaine leaned back, her voice turning colder. "Do any of you even know what it's like to eat spoiled food? To sleep in a room crawling with rats? To wake up with frostbite because there's no heat? No. You don't. Even your damn dog eats better than I ever did. So tell me—what gives any of you the right to judge me?"

For the first time, Elaine laid everything bare, her voice unrelenting and sharp. Her words landed like punches, leaving Robert and Tracy stunned.

Elaine used to keep quiet—not because she didn't have anything to say, but because she didn't want to upset her parents or make them feel guilty.

And what did she get for it? Contempt and being taken for granted. They treated her understanding like it was owed to them.

But now, she couldn't care less. Fear was a thing of the past. She wanted them to feel the same disgust she'd swallowed for years. If Bianca hadn't stolen the life that was supposed to be hers, none of this would've happened.

The hospital room felt suffocating. Shawn broke the silence, his tone half-confused, half-condescending. "Why bring this up now? You trying to make us feel guilty or something?"

Guilty? Elaine didn't even bother to react. Shawn pressed on, completely missing the storm in her silence. "Look, Elaine, if you'd just drop the attitude, apologize to Bianca, and try to get along... we'd all forgive you. Hell, we'd even welcome you back."

"Don't bother." Her voice was sharp and cold. "I see no point in getting along with Bianca. Or with any of you."

Tracy Cash froze, her mind racing. 'What did Elaine mean by that?' There was no anger, no childish tantrum in her voice. It sounded final.

She tried to convince herself this was just Elaine being dramatic, that she'd never actually leave.

But Elaine's tone left no room for doubt. She wasn't playing their game anymore. Shawn's idea of "peaceful coexistence" was nothing more than a demand for her to suck it up and grovel.

That chapter of her life was over.

Without waiting for a response, Elaine stood, grabbed the empty IV bottle, and strode out. "Excuse me, nurse," she called out calmly, almost casually. "I'm done here. Can you get me another bag?"

The room had a call button, but she wasn't going to use it. She didn't want to stay in that room another second. This was it. The line was drawn, and she wasn't looking back. From now on, they were nothing to her. Absolutely nothing.