

# Dear Brother I wish You Could Love Me Just Once

## Chapter 1

On my tenth birthday, I insisted on having ice cream. My parents had to take me out to buy it. There was a car accident on the road, and only my elder brother Cheyne Jones and I survived with the protection of our parents.

From then on, my elder brother hated me to the core.

He took good care of my cousin, but he was cold and malicious towards me.

He often asked me, "How come it wasn't you who died in the car accident?"

As he wished, I had cancer and would die soon.

Coming out of the hospital, the diagnosis paper in my hand sentenced me to death.

It was unexpected but reasonable.

I suddenly really wanted to tell my elder brother Cheyne that his wish was about to come true. Winnie called me at that moment.

"Cheryl, today is Brother's birthday, aren't you coming back?"

Winnie Wilson was my cousin. She called me Cheryl, but called Cheyne Brother.

Cheyne always called me by my full name, but called her intimately "Winnie".

The degree of intimacy was clear at a glance.

Every year on his birthday, I prepared gifts for him carefully, but he didn't seem to like them and casually threw them aside without even taking a look.

However, I thought he would definitely like the gift this year. After all, he had been looking forward to it for so many years.

"Well, I'll go back in a while," I answered.

As I was about to hang up the phone, I heard Cheyne's cold and disdainful words.

“Why do you ask a stranger to come here? It’s a mood killer!”

Since the age of ten, I had been nothing more than a hated stranger to him.

When I arrived at the Jones family’s villa, it was already evening and the lights inside were shining brightly.

Once upon a time, it used to be a warm harbor for me, but now I couldn’t remember when was the last time I came back.

Pushing open the door, the original laughter and joy came to an abrupt halt.

Cheyne wore a birthday hat, and his face was smeared with pure white cream by Winnie.

It looked funny and heartwarming.

The memories of childhood began to come back.

Before the age of ten, when my parents were still alive, every year on anyone’s birthday, I stubbornly put cream on Cheyne’s face.

I arrogantly wrapped my arm around his neck and declared to everyone, “Cheyne is my elder brother, and no one is allowed to compete with me!”

Now I had lost my elder brother, but he already had a new younger sister.

Cheyne’s face instantly sank when he saw me.

“Who let you come? You are not welcome here!”

I knew I was not welcome without him saying it, but I still wanted to find an excuse to see him.

I wanted to take a good look at him, maybe it was a farewell.

I forced a smile, pulling the corners of my mouth.

“Happy birthday!”

I handed him an envelope containing my diagnosis certificate. "This is my last birthday gift for you."

Cheyne's face instantly turned dark, "Are you cursing me?"

He suddenly knocked the envelope out of my hand, the force was so strong that my arm went numb.

I didn't know if it was because death was approaching, but even the slightest pain was magnified several times.

"Cheryl, if you don't want to come, you don't have to. Do you think I will beg you to come?" It's not that I don't want to come, I can't come anymore.

"Before leaving, clean up the mess in your bedroom. Winnie happens to need a music room." I turned around and went upstairs, pushing open the door to my bedroom.

The furnishings inside had been frozen in time since I was ten years old.

The princess dresses my mom bought for me were still in the wardrobe.

I packed my childhood clothes into the box one by one.

There were also many items related to Chibi Maruko-chan on the desk, which Cheyne collected for me before I turned ten.

I packed a box full of warm memories before I turned ten.

On the day of my death, they were there to accompany me, at least I won't be lonely and afraid. The suitcase was a bit heavy, my body was weak and I couldn't move it anymore.

When I was going downstairs, I accidentally looked up and met Cheyne's gaze.

I lost my footing, and the suitcase rolled down the stairs.

The items related to Chibi Maruko-chan broke free from the constraints of the suitcase and shattered.

Cheyne quietly looked at the mess on the ground, with turmoil in his eyes.

“Cheryl Jones, you’re cruel, you’re really cruel!

“Get lost, don’t let me see you again!”

I didn’t care about the pain from the fall, I crawled and stuffed everything, good and bad, into the suitcase.

Like a deserter, I escaped through the gate.

It was raining heavily outside, but it was embarrassing for me to go back since I came out in a hurry.

The door behind me opened.

I turned around with hope, thinking that Cheyne would shelter me from the wind and rain like he did when we were children, and protect me by his side.

But he just coldly threw the envelope I gave him into the rain.

The paper was soaked, the ink was mottled, and it was unrecognizable.

“Call the decorators tomorrow and and renovate the entire bedroom!”

I couldn’t tell if the water in my face was sweat or tears.

I turned back and took a deep look at this place that had witnessed my joys and sorrows.