

Dear Brother I wish You Could Love Me Just Once

Chapter 4

For so many years, I silently gave in to her every time, my clothes, my room, even my brother. Now I had nothing,

Cheyne obviously didn't expect me to refuse. He was stunned for a moment and wanted to say something else, but was stopped by Winnie.

I have bought the dress I liked.

But why am I not happy at all?

As the days went by, my physical condition was getting worse.

Buying a cemetery plot became part of my schedule.

I had set my sights on the plot next to my parents' grave, but the price was too expensive and I couldn't afford it with my remaining savings.

I wondered if Cheyne would give me some money, considering that I was about to die and fulfill his wish.

When I arrived at the Jones' residence, a grand banquet was being held inside.

I originally wanted to back out, but Winnie with sharp eyes spotted me.

She led me inside.

I was wearing loose casual clothes, looking like a clown among the crowd of people in suits and formal attire.

I hid on the balcony, watching Cheyne and Winnie standing together, toasting and chatting with others.

It was fake to say that I was not envious.

I blinked my eyes and turned to look at the night outside, silently thinking about when they would end.

I didn't know when someone came up behind me.

When I reacted, I was already enveloped in his shadow.

"After a few years of separation, Miss Jones seems to have lost weight."

I looked at his eyes, a sense of despair filled my heart..

I wanted to escape, but he blocked my way.

"Old acquaintances meet, don't we catch up?"

The fear at the age of eighteen swept over me, I kept retreating until there was no way to retreat. I took out a knife from my bag and waved it in front of me to stop him from approaching.

It was just a backup because I was insecure, and I never thought it would become my lifesaver. But that person kept pressing on, the knife in my hand cut through his hand, blood flowing. "Cheryl! What are you doing?"

Cheyne's foar sounded behind me, and he slapped me hard.

"Are you awake?"

I was like a drowning person, mouth open but unable to breathe. My mind was in a daze, and the fierce beast in my mind was about to break free from its cage.

The man covered his hand, his face full of pain.

"I just wanted to say hello, but she suddenly went crazy and hurt me.

"Mr. Jones, you need to give me an explanation, otherwise..."

Winnie rushed over, seeing the situation here, she frowned and looked at me reproachfully. "Cheryl, you have caused trouble for Brother again."

Trouble?

I am a trouble!

The gazes of the three people were like butcher knives, slowly torturing me with each cut. My head hurt, my stomach hurt, and I felt pain all over my body.

“Cheryl, what do you want me to do before you can be sensible?”

I wanted to cry, but I didn’t know who to cry to.

I wanted to get away from here.

My stomach churned uncontrollably, and I couldn’t hold it in after a few attempts to suppress it. Crimson blood gushed out from my mouth, staining my clothes in front of my chest.