

## **Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 31**

The room fell silent again.

I quietly cleaned and bandaged my wounds.

This time, I only allowed myself a brief moment of breakdown before forcing myself to regain composure. What else could I do? Let myself go mad?

The longer I wasted on emotions, the more satisfaction Regina would get.

I had evidence of Regina distributing the video, but I still couldn't prove her involvement in the kidnapping. Reporting it now wouldn't be the best option.

I collected my thoughts and turned my phone back on, intending to contact Austin.

Even though Norton had quickly had Regina delete the video, it had already spread across various platforms.

I accidentally opened a news alert.

Title: "Woman Spreads Private Video of Boyfriend's Ex."

The article was mostly descriptive, without any pictures, but the comments section didn't hold back.

"Lucky enough to see the video, it's quite something! Haha!"

"Got the original video, DM me! Free of charge!"

"Send it to me!"

"Want one!"

I instinctively dropped my phone and collapsed onto the couch, trembling.

Death should be a quick release, right? If I died, I wouldn't have to care about what others thought anymore, whether they'd seen the video or not.

I repeated to myself over and over: Calm down. It's not my fault. I shouldn't be ashamed. It's not my fault, it's theirs. Don't think about it. Just don't look.

As I repeated this, a tear suddenly fell on my hand. I only then realized I had been crying.

The room was silent for a moment, and I sluggishly pulled my thoughts back.

I pinched my arm hard, taking a deep breath to hold back the tears.

Get a grip, Doreen.

Crying won't help. Regina and Norton are probably feeling very pleased right now.

I started talking to myself again, trying to brainwash myself into calmness.

Facing this head-on was too hard, so I chose to avoid it. I cut myself off from the internet and hid at home all day.

In the beginning, Norton still came to my door every day.

Sometimes he begged for my forgiveness, other times he muttered to himself, complaining about why I was treating him this way.

Occasionally, he mentioned the mastermind behind the kidnapping.

Norton said he wouldn't let him get away with it.

I started noticing something off. Norton's mood swings were rapid and extreme.

Much later, I realized he was already showing signs of a split personality. And the trigger was me.

But staying home and offline meant no progress. After much mental preparation, one evening, I ventured out with a mask and baseball cap.

Thankfully, I had recently gotten a new car that Norton hadn't seen. I followed him from work to his apartment complex without noticing anything unusual.

Just as I was about to leave, Regina walked by with an elegant shopping bag.

"Norton!"

I instinctively lowered my seat, hiding in the shadows.

Norton looked unwell, his expression tense, "What are you doing here?" he frowned.

Regina looked upset. "You got promoted to general manager, so I bought you a suit as a gift."

"I don't need it."

Norton's coldness brought tears to Regina's eyes. "Are you still mad about the video? But you initially agreed to it! What's the point of regretting now? Doreen will never forgive you!"

Norton's demeanor turned icy. He suddenly grabbed Regina by the throat.

"Norton!" Regina's shocked voice snapped him back. He released her, took a step back, and walked away, looking devastated.

I have to admit, I felt a pang of disappointment when he let go. But another thought struck me: despite his recent failure, Norton had been promoted to general manager.

I was pondering this when my gaze inadvertently fixed on a spot behind the building. There stood a man, also wearing a hat and mask, watching Norton walk away.

When his eyes met mine, I froze completely.

The last thing I wanted to remember surged back like a flood.

He was the mastermind behind the kidnapping, Norton's arch-nemesis, and the first one to tear at my clothes.

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Fear overtook me. I huddled under the car seat, trembling, my face buried in my arms, hugging myself tightly.

"Please let me go, please... I can give you money!"

"I don't want your money. I want to see how good Norton's girlfriend is."

"Please, no!"

"Help, help!"

Stop yelling! Each of us will take a turn, then you can go. I'm just the first."

"Haha, I'm next then!"

"Why should you be second?"

I felt a chill spread through me as I hugged myself tighter.

I knew my emotions were unstable, teetering on the edge of breakdown every day. I didn't know how much longer I could hold on.

After a long while, I managed to pull myself together and returned to the driver's seat. The three people from earlier had all left.

The person who had been absent for so long reappeared, and the reason was not hard to guess.

He hadn't let go of his grudge against Norton and wanted more than anyone to see him suffer. But Norton's continuous rise in success fueled his hatred and caused him to slip up.

Things turned out to be simpler and progressed faster than I had expected.

After just one instance of following Regina, everything came to light.

Regina and Norton's arch-nemesis met, and though they spoke in hushed tones, they held nothing back. In one conversation, they revealed everything.

They talked about the kidnapping case and Norton's promotion.

Regina, during one of Norton's drunken nights, used his fingerprint to unlock his phone while "taking care of him."

Norton was indeed involved in shady dealings -bribing accountants, falsifying records, and manipulating the market to create a facade of prosperity for the company, which misled many clients and drastically increased Norton's project success rate, eventually leading him to the position of General Manager.

I stood at the entrance of the police station, staring up at the emblem above the door.

In my mind, I could already see Norton and the others facing their consequences.

After a moment, I composed myself and walked in, taking off my mask and hat, my voice trembling. "Hello, I need to report a crime."

## **Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 33**

As either a plaintiff or a spectator, I witnessed almost everyone's judgment.

Except for Regina.

Perhaps she had sensed something or caught a hint of the impending investigation, for by the time the police arrived at her home, she had already vanished.

Regina was promptly put on the wanted list.

At that moment, I knew the issue was far from resolved.

But before I could act again, my parents returned to the country unexpectedly.

My mother hugged me tightly, tears streaming down her face. "Doreen, my dear..."

My father's exhaustion was evident on his face.

They had learned about the video too.

A glimmer of long-forgotten warmth stirred in my heart, but my mother's words extinguished it.

"Doreen, come abroad with us."

I was confused.

"I don't want to leave the country. I still have things to sort out here. That your video has gone viral?"

My mother was even more distraught than I had been at my lowest.

"How can you be so calm? Do you..." She nearly gritted her teeth as she finished the latter half of her sentence. "Do you have no sense of shame?"

I stopped short, and after a long pause, I slowly lifted my gaze to meet hers.

She covered her face, her sobs muffled as tears streamed through her fingers.

"I don't know what to say to our relatives who keep calling me about this. How can I explain that my daughter was..."

"If you stay here, your whole life will be ruined! Your father and I will never be able to hold our heads up in front of our friends and family!"

I looked at her, my dry lips parting as if to speak.

I wanted to tell her that I wasn't ruined.

I was just struggling to overcome the past, but I still looked forward to the future.

I was working hard to save myself.

I would have a new life, a new beginning.

I wanted to tell her that I had nearly sent all those who had hurt me to prison.

I hadn't given up on myself. Couldn't she also hold on to hope for me?

But as I began to say, "Mom..."

She collapsed, unable to support herself any longer.

My father caught her just in time and looked at me with a sigh. "Doreen, why can't you understand what your mother is going through? You don't know the immense pressure she's under from the outside world."

My words of defense died on my lips.

Despite their modern, stylish clothing and advanced education, my parents' gestures and manners were always poised and refined. Yet their minds remained anchored in outdated and harmful beliefs.

My mother's high blood pressure was brought on by my actions.

I had no choice but to give in.

On the flight to Melbourne, I felt a profound numbness.

Before this, Norton had asked Austin to relay a message to me, saying he wanted to see me.

"Doreen, Norton doesn't seem to be doing well. Maybe you should go see him?" Austin suggested hesitantly.

I turned him down firmly and ended the call.

His poor condition was not a sign that he was dying.

If he were dying, that would be a different story, and I might have been eager to see him.

Austin then sent me a message, telling me that Norton had made reparations, leaving the remainder of his funds for me.

This time, I accepted. I used the money to publicize Regina's wanted poster, spreading the police notice far and wide to ensure more people saw her face.

Before she was caught, she would live as a rat in the sewers, hidden from the light of day.

As I gazed out the airplane window at the sprawling city below, I knew I would return here eventually to finish what had started.

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This was my third year in Melbourne.

I looked at the letter in my hand, with no interest in even opening it.

It was the sixth letter from Norton. Since his release from prison six months ago, he had been sending me one every month.

He had been diagnosed with schizophrenia, but it was only manageable with medication.

It was almost ironic that the cause of his illness was me—his conflicting emotions of disgust and affection tore at his nerves, subjecting him to daily extremes of emotion.

Norton recalled the video he had seen, disgusted by what he saw, yet he also felt sorrow for me and regretted not protecting me better.

What a wretched creature.

I tossed the letter into the trash can without a second thought.

Claire happened to see this as she came down the stairs.

She hurried over in her slippers, exclaiming, “Is that another letter from the psychopath?”

I hesitated for a moment before nodding.

Her eyes filled with tears instantly.

“Doreen, you’ve changed. You’re keeping his letters from me now?”

Before I could respond, she threw herself into my arms, her soft, short hair brushing against my neck.

“I need a hug to make it better.”

I smiled faintly and patted her back gently.

“You’re so troublesome.” I chuckled helplessly.

She insisted, “That’s right! I’m troublesome!”

Claire was the daughter of a psychologist I had met in Melbourne.

When I first saw her, she had short hair and a slightly boyish appearance.

She chewed gum, staring at me for a moment as the gum bubble popped, sticking to the corner of her mouth.

But she didn’t seem to care, simply gazing at me with a smile.

“You’re so beautiful.”

Later, Claire became one of the few friends I had in Melbourne.

She seemed carefree and indifferent on the surface, but once we were home, she would cling to my arm, chattering away with endless energy.

In many ways, Claire added a sense of vibrancy to my life, breaking the monotony and bringing color back into my days.

But this didn’t mean I was obsessed with the life here or had forgotten everything back in the country.

A year of psychological counseling had helped me gain a new perspective. I hadn’t let go of the past, but I had stopped imprisoning myself within it.

When I found out that Regina had recently been spotted at Norton’s house, I booked a flight back to the country.

The only thing I hadn’t anticipated was that Claire was insisting on coming back to the country with me.



She glared at me, fuming. “So you’re planning to sneak back to the country without telling me, huh? You’re in trouble now. For the next three days, I won’t treat you like my sister.”

“Once I’m back in the country, I’ll have a whole bunch of sisters. By then, you’ll regret it, and I won’t make it easy for you to make amends! You’ll have to chase me to the ends of the earth to get my forgiveness!”

Soon enough, I learned from her father that she indeed had a large number of sisters—seven cousins, and one older sister.

Though Claire was threatening to hold a grudge, she started chattering excitedly as soon as I agreed to let her stay at my place back in the country, as if she had never been angry at all.

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When we landed, Claire was immediately taken away by her family for a few days of reunion.

I took a cab to the apartment where I was currently staying, and it seemed that Norton had been waiting there for a long time.

The moment he saw me, his eyes lit up, and the smile on his lips slowly faded under the coldness of my gaze.

“Do you have friends around me in Melbourne?” I asked, my smile a mere shadow of mockery.

Otherwise, how would he have known that I was coming back today?

Norton didn’t answer; he just stared at me intently before speaking slowly, “Doreen, I’ve missed you.”

I let out a soft, mocking laugh and regarded him with a detached look. “Norton, do you still want to be with me?”

He swallowed hard, then nodded hesitantly, his eyes filled with a careful hope.

I frowned and took a step back, as if trying to distance myself from him. “But you have a mental illness...”

Norton's expression fell, and he lowered his gaze, pleading softly, "I'll take my medication as prescribed."

"Could you please stay away from me? I'm actually quite afraid of mental illness," I said, my voice dripping with disdain.

Norton's face turned pale.

He didn't say another word and turned to leave.

I watched his retreating figure and let out a derisive snort.

Norton, so do you even know what it feels like to be humiliated?

When I saw your disgusted expression back then, I was a thousand times more hurt than you ever were.

Three years of hiding like a street rat had pushed Regina to the brink of collapse.

Whether she hoped Norton would help her or that they could make up, it was clear that Regina had set her sights on him.

But she was still quite perceptive. Although the police had discovered her movements, they had never been able to catch her.

And this had provided me with an opportunity.

An opportunity I had been waiting for, for three long years.

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Three years had passed, and Norton had grown quite thick-skinned.

After I had said those insulting things to him, he acted as if nothing had happened.

Sometimes he would stand nearby, watching me from a distance.

Other times, he would block my path, offering me breakfast or a bouquet of flowers.

But every time, I threw those things back in his face.

That day, by chance, Claire came back with me and happened to see Norton holding roses downstairs.

Claire had a fiery temper and immediately went up to him, giving him a fierce scolding.

By the time I realized something was wrong with Norton, it was already too late.

There was a menacing look in his eyes as he stared at Claire without blinking—a sign of his impending madness.

Amid Claire's angry outburst, he suddenly shoved the flowers into Claire's mouth with brutal force, the stems stabbing into her lips.

"Norton, have you lost your mind? Let go, now!"

He remained unmoved.

In desperation, I picked up a stone and threw it at his hand without hesitation.

Only then did Norton stop, the pain bringing him back to his senses.

His hand was scratched and bleeding, but he ignored it, staring at me with a heavy gaze.

I helped Claire up, frowning at the cut on her lip.

Taking a deep breath, I met Norton's eyes.

"Norton, tell me, what is the purpose of your existence, you scum?"

I averted my gaze, unwilling to look at him any longer, and helped Claire away.

"Doreen..." Norton's voice was hoarse, and there was no hint of emotion, as if he was just calling my name out of habit.

"Get lost." I didn't look back.

After taking Claire to see the doctor, I still sent her back to her own home.

"Doreen..." She spoke indistinctly, tugging at my sleeve with a pitiful expression.

I sighed and said gently, "You stay home and rest for now. I'll come to get you after a while."

Her eyes lit up with a smile. "Don't lie to me!"

"I'm not lying."

I thought Norton would not show up for a long time after that.

But the next day, he was still standing downstairs at my building, his expression giving nothing away.

"Sorry, Doreen. I shouldn't have acted out yesterday. I bought some medicine; see if it will help."

I did not take the bag he offered, just stared at him for a couple of seconds.

So this is what Norton had become after falling from grace?

His outward appearance was normal, but beneath it all was a rotting, decaying core.

"Norton, do you feel like you owe me something? Is that why you want to make it up to me?" I asked.

Without hesitation, he nodded and added, "And I still love you."

I gave a smile. "That's right, Norton. You must remember this—this is what you owe me."

He nodded seriously.

## **Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 37**

Regina finally couldn't hold back anymore.

I had a vague sense that someone had been following me for several days.

That night, as I walked home at 11 PM, the streets were almost deserted.

I instinctively looked back. There was no one there.

When I turned back around, I saw the shadow of another person under the streetlamp besides my own.

My eyes widened, and before I could run, someone covered my mouth and nose and dragged me away.

I was thrown into an empty, desolate field, facing a man and a woman with familiar voices.

“Doreen, how about we revisit the scene of your kidnapping from three years ago?”

“Consider this my payback for the three years I spent hiding because of you.”

Regina squatted in front of me, holding up her phone with a tone of mock pity. “Unfortunately, there’s only one person this time. I hope it will be enough for you.”

She smiled slyly.

The strange man began to approach me, his eyes filled with lecherous intent.

Bound at the wrists and ankles, I was filled with panic, crying out, “No! Please, don’t...”

As he pinned me to the ground, a shout rang out.

“You fucking touch her and I swear I’ll kill you!”

Norton had arrived, picking up a wooden stick and swinging it at the man’s back.

“Norton?!” Regina exclaimed in surprise.

“Norton! Save me!” I lay on the ground, choking on my sobs as I looked up at Norton. “Don’t give up on me this time, okay?”

His eyes were reddened. I won’t, Doreen. I won’t let this happen again!”

The man staggered to his feet and began to fight with Norton.

Seeing Norton being overpowered, I strained against the ropes binding my wrists.

But the rope didn’t come loose, and the small self–defense knife I carried in my sleeve fell out.

It landed right at Norton’s feet.

The sharp clink of the knife catching his attention.

“Help me! Norton! What do we do? Are we trapped?”

I trembled, my face pale with fear.

Norton's eyes burned with determination as if making a promise.

"I swear this won't happen again."

With that, he picked up the knife and drove it deeply into the man's chest.

Unsatisfied with the depth, Norton twisted the blade further in.

"Ahhh!!!" Regina threw away her phone, watching in terror as the man's life slowly slipped away.

Norton had killed him.

I looked at Regina, sniffling, and said urgently, Regina, please don't tell anyone about this! You've already hurt me, but you used to love Norton so much. You can't ruin his life too! If you tell anyone, his whole life will be destroyed."

Norton's gaze slowly shifted to Regina, as if he were looking at a body.

Regina's legs were too weak to support her; she could barely stand.

The knife in Norton's hand was still dripping with blood.

He crouched down in front of her, his tone calm.

"I've been thinking. If it weren't for you, Doreen and I wouldn't have ended up like this. You ruined both of us."

Regina shook her head, sitting on the ground and trying to crawl backward. "What are you saying, Norton? Get a grip!"

Regina could see Norton's instability.

His illness had returned.

Norton no longer listened to her; he idly played with the knife in his hand.

Before Regina could react, he drove the blade into her, but his hand was unsteady, and it didn't kill her instantly.

Regina's body convulsed, unable to speak.

Norton placed his hand on her neck, looking down at her from above as his grip slowly tightened.

After a moment, she stopped breathing.

Norton released his hold.

Her face fell limply, facing me.

Her eyes were wide open in a final expression of despair.

I looked at her for two seconds, blinking slowly.

## **Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 38**

Norton walked over, his clothes and face splattered with blood.

“Doreen, I’ve killed those who hurt you.”

I neither affirmed nor denied his statement, only looking at him with concern. “What will you do now?”

In his extreme madness, he had become calm.

Norton stood up and walked toward the two bodies.

“After I take care of them, I will take you away from here.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the blaring sound of police sirens pierced the night.

The police arrived quickly.

Norton gave a bitter smile. “Looks like we can’t avoid this.”

“Doreen, I can’t take you with me anymore.” His voice was filled with despair.

The red and blue lights flashed across his face.

I looked up at him, blinking slowly.

Although Norton suffered from schizophrenia, it was not severe enough to absolve him of criminal responsibility.

He was sentenced to fifteen years.

I chose a sunny day to visit him in prison.

“Doreen, if I behave well, I might get a reduced sentence. Maybe I won’t have to serve the full fifteen years, and then I..

I smiled and interrupted him, “What does that have to do with me?”

He stopped, seeming not to understand what I was saying.

I tilted my head and grinned at him.

“Was it really just a coincidence that the knife fell at your feet?”

I wanted to tell him that I was the one who reported him to the police, but glancing at the officer behind him, I swallowed my words, not wanting to cause more trouble for myself.

This ambiguous statement was enough for Norton to realize the truth.

He stared at me in disbelief, unable to say a word.

I shrugged and waved goodbye to him with a smile before leaving.

On the way back, thinking of Norton’s expression made me laugh out loud.

How could he be so naive as to believe I would ever forgive him?

The resentment that had been building up for three years finally dissipated.

Just as I was about to call Claire, the car’s display showed an incoming call. I let it ring until it was about to automatically disconnect, then answered it.

“Doreen...”

I said nothing, my fingers drumming on the steering wheel.

“I just wanted to ask if you’re coming home for Christmas.”

I remained composed, “I probably won’t have time.”

“This year, I tried making a few new dishes that you like. If you find the time to come home, I’d love to cook them for you.”

I sighed, feeling helpless, “It’s really not necessary.”

There was a long silence on the other end before she spoke again.

“Doreen, are you still holding a grudge against me?”

“Well,” I cut her off, “I’m driving right now. If there’s nothing else, I’ll hang up.”

Half a minute later, the call was ended.

I turned the steering wheel, my face expressionless.



It would be a lie to say I didn't hold any grudges.

I had once harmed myself over those videos, had fallen into despair over those things.

But no one knew that the only time I ever wanted to end my life was because of what my mother said to me.

In her eyes, I was ruined, shameless, someone who made them ashamed to hold their heads up.

In that moment, I truly understood.

Almost everyone was standing against me.

I waded alone in the opposite direction.

There was no one behind me.

Coming back to my senses, I realized I had missed two calls from Claire.

As I answered the third one, her voice nearly burst through the receiver.

"Doreen, why haven't you been answering my calls?!"

Her vibrant tone lifted my spirits, and I smiled.

"I'm on my way to pick you up."

She immediately calmed down.

"Great! Hurry up and come get me!"

"I'm waiting for you, Doreen."

After hanging up, I reconsidered my previous thoughts.

At least for now, I wasn't alone.

The person standing beside me was Claire.

-The End –

Book 4 1 Offered 100 Million, and He Chose Betrayal

On the day the Riley family went bankrupt, everyone expected me to call off the engagement with Jamie.

In the torrential rain, I tossed my umbrella aside and helped the disheveled Jamie into the car.

“I’ll give you one hundred million. If you succeed, you can come back and marry me. If you fail, I’ll still stay by your side and marry you.”

Five years later, Jamie returned with three publicly traded companies in tow.

In front of all the media, he declared, “Ellen and I, we called off our engagement five years ago.”

## **Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 39**

### **Book 4 I Offered 100 Million, and He Chose Betrayal**

For the past five years, another woman had stayed by his side.

She offered him her shoulder when he was weary, comforted him when he was down, and applauded his successes.

They shared a life of mutual support, hardships, and affection.

And me, the woman who once invested a billion to help him make a comeback had now become a joke.

After achieving success, Jamie shed his youthful impatience and became mature, composed, and commanding.

Back then, I was captivated by his appearance, desperately begging my father to give him another chance.

Even now, just seeing him stirred a sense of possessiveness in me.

How pathetic I am.

I picked up the card and handed it to my secretary behind me.

With a neutral expression, I looked at Jamie and said coldly, “Check it carefully; not a single cent less.”

Jamie watched as the secretary took the card and let out a sigh of relief.

I admired my freshly done deal and asked casually, “Do you think this clears the debt?”

Jamie straightened up, his expression solemn, and replied, “If Ms. Harris needs anything in the future, feel free to ask. Jamie will oblige.”

He added seriously, "Except for marriage."

He spoke with such earnestness, presenting himself as deeply principled.

But I didn't seem to appreciate it.

"The diamond earrings you won at the auction yesterday, I like them too. Be sure to send them over tomorrow morning."

The earrings, which Jamie had extravagantly bought, were reportedly intended for his fiancée, Sylvia.

If these earrings were seen on me, I wonder how some people would react.

Noticing his hesitation, I stood up and walked upstairs, not looking back as I said, "If Mr. Riley doesn't keep his word, just consider this a joke."

The next day, the secretary placed the earrings on my vanity.

I picked them up and examined them for a moment—of exceptional quality, with flawless clarity, indeed beautiful.

For tonight's dinner party, my classic gown perfectly matched these earrings.

Jamie attended with his fiancée, while I was alone.

The murmurs around me grew louder, with everyone speculating why Jamie's gift to his fiancée was being worn by me.

His fiancée, Sylvia, approached me with a beaming smile.

"Ms. Harris, Jamie has explained to me that these earrings are his way of repaying your kindness."

I took a sip of my drink, turned away, and chose not to engage with her.

He then questioned me harshly, "Ms. Harris, why are you making things difficult for my fiancée?"

I discarded the cake plate, brushed off my hands, and nonchalantly replied, "She ruined my mood for eating."

Sylvia, with tearful eyes, clung to Jamie's chest, looking like a delicate flower.

"I just came to tell Ms. Harris that I don't mind her taking my earrings as long as it makes her feel better. I'm willing to do anything."

Upon hearing this, my rival Zelene crossed her arms and took a stand, "Ellen is bullying people again, just because her family is powerful and influential, she goes around taking things from others."

Others joined in, condemning me as a haughty and arrogant heiress.

I maintained a smirk and a composed smile, keeping my gaze fixed on Jamie's dim and unreadable eyes.

After a long while.

"Let's go."

Jamie carefully helped Sylvia away, and watching their retreating figures was quite jarring.

We were engaged at eighteen. Back then, although Jamie was flamboyant, he was actually reserved others."

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We were engaged at eighteen. Back then, although Jamie was flamboyant, he was actually reserved.

His pale face would flush with a hint of pink whenever I made a playful remark.

I enjoyed teasing him, that speci 'kind of affection a woman feels for a man.

On the day his family went bankrupt, he seemed to grow up overnight, his gaze more resolute, his entire demeanor exuding a stubborn defiance.

I knew he would succeed, but I forgot that success might make him forget our engagement.

Regret? I never do things I would regret.

I could lift him up, or let him fall into the mire once more.

## **Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 40**

From then on, wherever Jamie appeared, my presence was inevitable.

If he bid on a piece of land, I would outbid him by double.

If he competed for a project, I would win it at half his price.

In terms of wealth, Jamie was far behind.

While I, Ellen, ruled Wilmington, he was struggling with a mere hundred million in a small corner.

Eventually, Jamie could no longer hold on and came alone to apologize. Standing before me, he maintained a respectful yet firm demeanor: “Ms. Harris, this course of action benefits neither of us. No matter how wealthy the Harris family is, you can’t withstand such a loss.”

It was clear he was trying to give me advice.

I glanced at him and then calmly asked, “Where is your fiancée? Isn’t she coming to apologize on her own behalf?”

His lips pressed into a straight line, his body slightly bent in a sincere posture: “I apologize for her actions that day. However, it was you, Ms. Harris, who initiated the conflict. Regardless, both sides bear responsibility.”

An apology like that wasn’t necessary.

Smiling, I shook my head in regret: “I admit I was too lenient. You’d better keep her away from me. Next time, it won’t be as simple as a piece of cake.”

Seeing that I was unyielding, Jamie stopped trying to negotiate.

With a dark expression, he said, “Since Ms. Harris is still unwilling to forgive my fiancée, there’s nothing more to discuss. We’ll see each other on the business occasion from now on.”

I leaned back on the sofa, crossing my legs with an air of arrogance. “Fine, let’s not meet until we do.”

After leaving my place, Jamie began contacting industry bigwigs to discuss potential collaborations.

But in Wilmington, with just one word from me, no one dared to work with him

Moreover, with The Riley family's bankruptcy causing widespread repercussions, many, including myself, had little interest in seeing him recover.

Unexpectedly, Sylvia, a celebrity with millions of followers, posted a video online criticizing my industry monopoly and claiming I was deliberately targeting Jamie.

She tearfully spoke about the difficulties they faced in their venture, eliciting sympathy from many online.

When my secretary showed me the video, I merely smiled, unconcerned.

I immediately called Jamie: "Have your fiancée remove the video within two minutes."

Jamie responded, "What she said is the truth."

"Truth?" I replied coldly. "Are you sure you're willing to lose your last shred of dignity?"

Jamie was silent for a moment. "I'll have her delete it."

Only a few people in the industry knew about the favor I did for him five years ago, and if it were to leak online, he would be the one left embarrassed.

As a businessman, after weighing the pros and cons, his fiancée was inconsequential.