

## **Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 41**

Gavin Romero and I grew up together. On the night I was engaged to Jamie, he cried all night holding onto the oak outside my door.

When The Riley family went bankrupt, he spent millions on fireworks that lit up Wilmington for an entire night.

He said, "I'm not doing this for you; I just can't stand Jamie."

So, we were always in "cahoot" with each other, it was impossible for either of us to develop any genuine affection.

That night, he invited me to a bar for a night out, and thoughtfully arranged for eight well-built male escorts to join us.

After a few glasses of red wine, my true self began to surface. With one escort on my left and another on my right, I relished every moment of the experience.

As the door to the private room opened, through my hazy vision, I thought I saw Jamie's annoying face.

Indeed, it was him.

"Who invited him to ruin my mood?" I asked irritably.

Gavin, kindly adjusting the hem of my skirt which was dangerously close to revealing too much, proudly said, "It was me. We happened to need someone to pour the drinks."

I glanced at Gavin, puzzled by his intentions.

Gavin eagerly shouted at Jarre, who was like a standing guard at the door, "Didn't you hear me? Come over and pour some more wine."

Then he leaned closer and whispered smugly, "He's been trying to get a favor from my dad lately, so he can't afford to ignore me."

So Gavin was aiming to humiliate Jamie- perhaps to avenge me?

That was the only interpretation I could manage.

While I was lost in thought, Jamie had already picked up a bottle, half-kneeling in front of me, filling my glass to the brim.

The phrase "grace under pressure" came to mind.

The shifting, colorful lights highlighted his ruggedly handsome face, but his eyes, devoid of emotion, seemed indifferent.

Even now, he maintained his air of superiority.

I deliberately knocked over my glass, spilling wine onto his pristine white shirt.

His slightly furrowed brow revealed his frustration.

“Sorry, could you pour me another glass?”

The veins on his hand gripping the bottle stood out, and his clenched jaw quivered slightly, each subtle change betraying his restraint.

I took a sip of the freshly filled glass, feeling the sharpness of the alcohol I grabbed his white shirt collar and pulled him close, our faces inches apart.

I could feel his warm breath on my face.

Suddenly, I leaned forward, and he instinctively turned his head away.

This move angered me. Unable to hold back, I sprayed a mouthful of alcohol directly onto his face.

The liquid trickled down his sharply defined features, soaking into his collar, making him more alluring.

I picked up a tissue from the table, calmly wiped my mouth, and then tossed it at his face.

“Sorry, I couldn’t help myself.”

Jamie suddenly stood up, angrily throwing the bottle to the ground. The shards of glass splintered and cut my exposed calf.

“I’ve already paid you back. If you continue to humiliate me, it’s going too far.”

“Too far?” I looked at Gavin.

Gavin immediately shook his head. “How could it be too far? If you hadn’t helped him back then, he’d probably be begging on some street corner right now.”

I turned my gaze back to Jamie. “Did you hear that? You owe me more than just money; you owe me a favor that can never be fully repaid!”

I lifted my injured leg, the blood pooling in a line.

“Lick it clean, or I’ll have you carried out of here horizontally.”

Gavin made a disapproving noise, clearly disgusted. “Aren’t you bothered by the filth?”

I shot him a look. “What do you know? Saliva has antiseptic properties.”

As Gavin and I continued our back-and-forth, Jamie had already turned to leave.

Gavin’s bodyguard blocked the door, clearly unwilling to let him leave so easily.

Outside, there was a commotion, and Sylvia burst in, arriving just in time.

She stood in front of Jamie, adopting a protective stance like a mother lion defending her cubs.

“If you lay a finger on Jamie, I’ll make sure this isn’t over.”

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Seeing the fearless woman in front of me, I laughed even louder.

Stepping closer, I lightly patted her face twice. On the third, Jamie grabbed my wrist.

“Ellen, don’t push it,” Jamie warned, his eyes flashing with menace.

I glanced at Gavin, feigning innocence. “Is it too much?”

Gavin shook his head. “Not at all. After all, she stole your man.”

So, I was the victim here—one was my fiancé with whom I hadn’t broken the engagement, and the other was my fiancé’s so-called fiancée.

The situation couldn’t be more complicated.

“Jamie, don’t forget, our engagement hasn’t been officially canceled. Isn’t it even more outrageous for you to publicly claim this woman as your fiancée?”

Jamie’s eyes darkened, his voice hushed. “Our engagement has been null for five years.”

He looked directly at me. “You didn’t know? When The Riley family went bankrupt, your father was involved too.”

I didn’t believe it. “Then why did my father still help you?”

He smirked, lowering his head. "It was just a game of cat and mouse. Everyone in your family, The Harrises, is on the same page. Didn't you also try to drag my father through the mud?"

How could he read my mind?

In the end, things escalated into a confrontation.

I sat on the sofa, watching coldly.

Jamie was being beaten to the ground by bodyguards, blood trickling from his mouth, a gash on his forehead.

Sylvia was cowering under him, her only actions being cries and pleas for mercy.

I detest weak women, especially those who cry and whine.

Jamie was carried out, and Gavin, showing his rare kindness, arranged for him to be taken to the hospital.

As he left, he glanced back at me. Our eyes met, and I felt a sudden jolt.

The shattered look in his eyes, his disheveled hair, and the bloodied, sinister smile on his lips. were intoxicating.

It reminded me of our senior year in high school when we teamed up to beat up a bully.

I cheered him on from the sidelines, and he, inspired, grew increasingly fierce.

Back then, I thought, this man is wild and exactly my type.

Years have passed, and his wildness has been deliberately hidden, replaced, restraint and control.

I wanted to reclaim the man who once made my heart race. I refused to believe he had truly disappeared.

The youthful thrill of attraction always comes with a strong sense of unwillingness.

But this unwillingness soon transformed into tangible anger.

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Jamie stated in an interview, "My engagement with Ms. Harris was terminated five years ago."

Reporters camped out at my door, eager to hear my side.

My response was, “Jamie used the one hundred million I gave him to make a comeback, and then—betrayed me!”

Half an hour later, headlines screamed about Jamie being a heartless man and Sylvia being the mistress.

Sylvia posted a video of Jamie’s injuries online, accusing me of violence, unstable emotions, and even claiming I had a mental disorder.

Later, a diagnosis was leaked confirming that I had indeed seen a psychologist.

The battle between Jamie and me had just begun.

I dressed in a sharp business suit and attended the company’s new product launch with a smiling face.

When asked about personal matters by reporters, I refused to comment.

“Please focus on our company’s new products.”

“Mr. Riley? Not familiar.”

“Sylvia? Never heard of her.”

The public shifted from gossip to confusion, questioning whether I had a split personality. How could I be so involved before and now claim ignorance?

The more I acted this way, the higher the media’s attention grew.

Afterall, a new product needs hype to sell well.

Now, not only did I save on endorsement fees, but I also crafted myself into a brand.

In the VIP room of a private hospital, Jamie lay in bed with his head bandaged, watching the news. I sat beside him, quietly peeling an apple.

I peeled it in one continuous strip, feeling oddly accomplished.

I presented the apple to Jamie. “Want some?”

Jamie gently patted my head, his eyes soft. "I'm good."

"Alright, fine."

I pulled back and took a large bite myself.

Crispy and sweet—delicious.

At that moment, Sylvia's loud voice came from outside.

"Let me in. I want to see how Jamie is doing."

The bodyguard's deep voice replied, "Mr. Riley has instructed that no one is to enter."

Sylvia protested, "Am I just anyone? I'm his fiancée."

The apple suddenly lost its appeal, and I threw it into the trash.

I looked towards the door, resuming my usual cold demeanor. "You've got your drama."

Jamie put down his phone, his expression calm.

"I'll handle it."

The more publicly I and Jamie clashed, the more people would believe he was truly isolated in Wilmington.

With The Riley family's downfall causing widespread repercussions and The Harris family's involvement, Jamie was risking everything.

To uncover who had set up The Riley family, he had to place himself in a trap set by his enemies, waiting for them to reveal themselves.

As a member of The Harris family, his fiancée, and the one who facilitated his comeback, being his adversary was the greatest protection I could offer.

## **Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 44**

On the day Jamie was discharged from the hospital, reporters swarmed the entrance, blocking the way.

“Mr. Riley, are your injuries the result of Ms. Harris’s actions?”

Sylvia stood nearby, fuming. “She’s the one who did this! This woman is utterly malicious.”

Jamie smiled silently, tacitly agreeing with Sylvia’s claim.

In the distance, a black Cayenne was parked, and I sat inside the car, watching the scene unfold.

My phone rang suddenly, I looked down to see who was calling My father.

He wanted me to attend an internal meeting of the city’s prominent families, scheduled for tonight.

Such meetings are usually beyond my reach, but today, the gravity of my conflict with Jamie had warranted my presence.

The evening’s agenda was to discuss how can we join forces to deal with Jamie and drive him. out of Wilmington.

The key figures from The Harris family, The Romero family, and The Cress family were all present, with only Gavin and me among the younger generation.

Clearly, The Riley family’s situation was more complex than expected.

Throughout the meeting, I kept my head down and said nothing.

Afterward, my father suddenly asked, “Ellen, what are your thoughts?”

Earlier, my father had suggested using the engagement to pressure Jamie, ideally marrying him to bind our interests.

He had little faith in the sincerity of The Romero family and The Cress family’s cooperation, nor in Jamie’s willingness to spare The Harris family out of past connections. He only trusted immediate gains.

I was not in a position to oppose his orders, so I could only agree for now.

I texted Jamie, advising him to ccept the invitation and play along if absolutely necessary.

Father invited Jamie to The Harris family’s old residence for a reunion, even if it was a trap, he had to come—no risk, no gain.

I sat aside, listening to how my father would threaten Jamie to marry me.

As a party to the matter, I had no say.

Jamie was resolute: "I will not marry Ellen."

Even though I knew it was all a performance, hearing those words still struck a chord, as if they were genuinely heartfelt.

The man before me was aloof and proud, holding himself with dignity, even in front of my father.

If, and I mean if, it's possible, we might never get married.

With a single glance from my father, eight bodyguards, all seasoned fighters, surrounded Jamie.

It seemed he was moving from subtle to forceful, and I couldn't help but feel a surge of anxiety, my fists clenched in secret.

Against overwhelming numbers, Jamie was soon subdued and pinned to the ground.

My father's gaze was icy as he looked down at him, radiating an unyielding authority.

"Lock him up for now. Let me know when he changes his mind."

Following the order, the bodyguards escorted

Jamie to a locked room on the second floor.

Watching them ascend, the heavy iron door slammed shut, jolting my memory back to my childhood.

My mother had been beaten to death behind that very door, and I had once been locked inside for three days and nights.

My mother was punished for talking too much with the family chauffeur, while I was locked up for missing curfew due to tutoring a male classmate.

My father's control was extreme, and I had spent years trying to escape his grasp

As Jamie said, the one hundred million my father gave me wasn't because of my pleading.

It was to satisfy his twisted pleasure in manipulating others, relishing in watching someone struggle in the mire. The more someone struggled, the more he enjoyed it.

## **Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 45**



At midnight, holding the key I had secretly copied in advance, I released Jamie, who was bruised and battered.

I had expected them to hurt him, but seeing the lash marks all over his body, I couldn't stop my tears from falling.

"Don't cry."

Jamie gently cupped my face, kissing away my tears.

I choked out, "I'm sorry. After all these years, I still haven't learned anything."

His pupils contracted, filled with pain. "You've already done more than enough for me."

I shook my head, indicating that it wasn't enough.

Under the cover of darkness, I led Jamie out through the back door.

At the last moment, we were discovered by my father's men.

In a fit of rage, my father fired a shot from the second floor.

After the gunshot, I slowly collapsed behind Jamie.

"Go!" I shouted with all my strength.

Jamie glanced back, hesitated, and started to turn around.

"He's my father; he won't do anything to me."

Jamie believed me, getting into a car that had been prepared at the door.

That car—it wasn't arranged by me. In a brief flash, I clearly saw the driver was Sylvia.

I lowered my head, letting out a bitter laugh.

I had been self-deluded. Even if I hadn't gone to rescue him, someone else would have.

He had everything planned out long ago and never told me.

Sylvia wasn't just someone he paid to act; she was his accomplice, all along.

My father grabbed my jaw, his grip so tight it felt like he would crush me.

Our eyes locked, and the fury in his gaze made my heart tremble.

“Lock her up!”

Following his command, I was thrown back into the locked room.

Holding the blood-stained whip, he approached me, step by step.

Terrified, I backed away until there was nowhere left to go.

“Father, I was wrong,” I whimpered, begging for mercy.

Eventually, my father grew tired, but the blood continued to drip from the wip.

I lay on the ground, barely conscious, blood gushing from the bullet wound on my leg.

Suddenly, the pain vanished, and time seemed to rewind to that spring.

The breeze was gentle, the sun warm and mellow, and a boy as clear as jade stood beneath the shade of a tree.

A shy girl held a letter adorned with a heart. “Jamie, I like you. Will you be my boyfriend?”

The boy named Jamie, without any manners, casually tossed the letter into the trash.

I stood by as a spectator, brushing aside wind-blown strands of hair, laughing without restraint.

The girl, feeling insulted, stormed over to confront me and even tried to slap me.

I dodged, and she fell flat on her face.

I laughed even louder.

The girl named Zelene Cress later became my sworn enemy.

Most of the unfavorable rumors about me were thanks to her efforts.

Thad fallen for Jamie at first sight, but to him, I was probably just some lunatic.

Jamie wasn't much of a talker. As the sole heir to The Riley family, he had been subjected to strict education from an early age. Learning how to become a qualified leader was the lifelong lesson he had to master.

I, on the other hand, grew up under my father's brutal rule, which shaped me into a defiant rebel.

He had the ability, and the ambition. I knew I was never going to be the missing piece in his life's puzzle.

Maybe I was the wicked supporting character in his story, or just an insignificant NPC.

But I was unwilling to accept that. I felt, deep down, that I could be the main character too.

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My father still hadn't given up on me. He sent me to the hospital and provided the best treatment.

Half a month later, I saw the news of my engagement on the TV in my hospital room — The groom was Gavin.

The engagement party was set for three days from now. I had a feeling he was trying to force Jamie to show up.

In the past few days, The Cress family and The Romero family had suffered consecutive blows and significant losses.

Jamie's methods had unsettled this middle-aged man.

The door swung open, and my father entered with his bodyguards.

Just one glance made my body tremble uncontrollably, my thoughts drifting back to that cruel and bloody night.

He stood by the bedside, looking down on me with a cold arrogance. "When did you start collaborating with Jamie?"

"We're not collaborating," I denied, lowering my head.

He replied coldly, "If you want to stay alive, you'll do as you're told. At the engagement party in three days, find a way to get Jamie to attend, or else..."

He trailed off, but I could already hear the sound of the whip sinking into flesh

"Okay," I stuttered, my teeth chattering.

The phone was returned to my hand. I stared at a string of numbers, tracing them over and over again.

Finally, my fingers flew across the screen, sending out a message.

Staring up at the ceiling, a flash of light crossed my mind, and I found myself beginning to feel a sense of release.

Born into such a family, with such a father, I could only save whoever I could. I couldn't expect anything in return.

Maybe I was born to repay the debt for The Harris family.

Three days passed in a flash. The scars on my body had disappeared, my fair skin restored to its original state.

I wore a high-waisted gown, my chestnut waves cascading down my back. Thick blush concealed my pale face, giving me a healthy glow.

At the engagement party, where socialites gathered with solemn expressions, the outside was surrounded by a well-devised trap.

My father kept a close watch on me, but I didn't care in the slightest.

As the daughter of Mr. Harris, I moved through the guests with a polite smile, toasting from one group to another.

My father's composure slowly turned into a furrowed brow, growing more anxious as the one he was waiting for never appeared.

Seeing my calm demeanor, he seemed to realize something, grabbing my arm and pulling me into a private room.

"Where is he? Why isn't he here yet?" he demanded, unable to wait any longer.

I lifted my head, looking him in the eye, no longer afraid. "He probably won't come."

That day, I'd threatened Jamie in a message that if he dared to show up, I'd jump off the building.

My father glanced at the bodyguard beside him, who immediately understood and handed him a belt.

Despite my fear, I refused to wipe the smile from my face, using my words to provoke him.

“You’d better beat me to death like you did my mother.”

He paused, and through gritted teeth, spat out, “Your mother deserved it!”

The belt was raised high, and just as it was about to fall, the abrupt sound of sirens echoed from outside.

Jamie burst through the door, followed by armed police officers pointing their guns.

My father and the bodyguard were quickly subdued. I crouched in the corner, bewildered by the scene before me.

Jamie, once again, had kept me in the dark.

Was it distrust? Or had he never trusted me at all?

[Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 47](#)

“Ellen, are you okay?”

The man in front of me sounded anxious, his eyes filled with concern as he gently picked me up.

I buried my head in his chest, numb and unwilling to speak or respond, feeling abandoned by the whole world.

His repeated mistrust had shaken my faith in him.

“Am I just a pawn in your plan?”

My muffled voice came from his arms.

Jamie paused, lowered his head, and gently nuzzled my forehead.

“When you’re rested, I’ll explain everything,” he whispered.

I closed my eyes, breathing in the scent of gardenias. He used to carry the smell of sandalwood. Maybe there was no need for explanations anymore.

The crimes of The Harrises, The Cresses, and The Romeros were exposed to the public, with irrefutable evidence. Like The Riley family back then, they vanished overnight.

Jamie's methods were merciless.

I hid at home for days, and Jamie waited outside all the while.

The housemaids had been dismissed, and the food in the fridge was nearly gone.

I took a shower, put on makeup, and changed clothes. Meeting an ex required a certain level of dignity.

His tall figure reflected in the floor-to-ceiling windows. I sat across from him, no longer as defiant as before.

I couldn't help but say, "Congratulations, you got what you wanted."

And then, "I heard you're getting engaged, but I have nothing left."

I pushed the diamond earrings I had taken earlier toward him. "Consider this my wedding

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I pushed the diamond earrings I had taken earlier toward him. "Consider this my wedding gift. I won't be attending.

Jamie stood up, his eyes reddened with emotion. "Ellen, let me explain. I owe Sylvia too much; she has suffered so much with me over the years."

I looked down and smiled bitterly. “Yes, while you both suffered, I lived as the pampered heiress of The Harris family, enjoying a life of luxury.”

What he didn’t know was that during that time, guilt kept me up every night.

Knowing it was my father who caused his family’s ruin, I felt like an accomplice to murder, with endless remorse driving me to madness.

The diagnosis Sylvia had revealed about my visit to the psychiatrist—it was true.

The day my mother died, I went to find him.

He was celebrating the launch of his first company with his employees, Sylvia by his side, the perfect pair.

When I returned home, I went mad, smashing everything in sight.

Yet, even then, I never wanted to make things difficult for him.

Jamie’s brows furrowed slightly as he spoke, every word earnest.

“I will make it up to you. Whatever you want.”

“Except marriage,” I cut him off coldly, finishing the sentence for him.

I got up, grabbed the most expensive bottle of wine from the cabinet, opened it, and poured two glasses.

“It’s been ten years. Let’s end it tonight, and from now on, we owe each other nothing.”

Jamie took the glass, downed it in one gulp, then snatched the bottle from my hand and drank two more glasses in quick succession.

I chuckled. “This wine is expensive, and you’re wasting it like this.”

A fleeting glimmer crossed his eyes—calm, resigned, indifferent.

As we raised our glasses, he said, “Ellen, in this life, I owe you. In the next, I will repay you.”

I rolled my eyes. “How can you be sure I’d even love you in the next life?”

He forced a smile, awkwardly admitting, “That was presumptuous of me.”

I lifted my chin with pride. “A woman like me is out of your league.”

The first bottle of wine ran dry, then the second, and the third...

We moved from the floor-to-ceiling windows, to the sofa, and finally to the bedroom.

The aftermath of a hangover was a pounding headache—and a blurry memory.

Clothes scattered across the floor, disheveled sheets, empty wine bottles rolling around...

Was it irresistible passion c. a drunken mistake?

I glanced at Jamie, still asleep, and couldn’t find the answer.

I hastily threw on some clothes and tiptoed out the door.

With no time to fix my messy hair or my tired face, I went straight to the airport.

“One ticket to the Vatican.”

As I sat on the plane, watching the clouds pass by, I finally felt a bit of peace.

I had run away, becoming a deserter in the battlefield of love.

[Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 48](#)

Five years had tempered me into a woman far more restrained, patient, and eposed than I once was.

The man’s gaze was intense, his eyes dark as they bore into me. My mind buzzed, and my heart pounded wildly against my chest.

All the calm I had prided myself on vanished in this moment of reunion.

It turns out a heart can indeed beat solely for one person.

“Honey, do you know him?”



Zion, my friend, tugged at my sleeve at the café door, following my gaze.

Jamie's dark eyes were cold, unreadable, with a hint of anger simmering beneath the surface.

I couldn't understand—what did he have to be angry about?

I turned my head slightly and replied, "No, I don't know him."

But when I looked back, Jamie had already closed the distance between us.

"We need to talk," he said, his voice cool and devoid of warmth.

He grabbed my wrist, a commanding grip, as if determined to take me away.

Zion looked ready to intervene, but I stopped him with a single look.

We stood beneath the sycamore tree, facing each other.

Jamie's voice was hoarse. "Have you been well these years?"

"Very well," I replied calmly.

"I've missed you."

My fingers trembled slightly, and I moistened my lips, feeling a bit dry. "Thank you for remembering me, but—"

I let out a light laugh, "I'm getting married."

I extended my hand, showing him the ring to Zion looked ready to intervene, but I stopped him with a single look.

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"Very well," I replied calmly.

“I’ve missed you.”

My fingers trembled slightly, and I moistened my lips, feeling a bit dry. “Thank you for remembering me, but—”

I let out a light laugh, “I’m getting married.”

I extended my hand, showing him the ring to prove I wasn’t lying.

Jamie seemed stunned, his mouth opened and closed a few times before he finally managed, “I wish you happiness.”

I curved my lips into a slight smile, my tone light. “My fiancé is waiting for me, so I should get going.”

I turned to leave.

But my arm was seized, pulled forcefully into a warm embrace.

Jamie’s long fingers threaded through my hair from behind my ear, and his cool lips pressed against mine.

Instinctively, I tried to push him away, but when that didn’t work, I slapped him, a crisp sound echoing in the air, halting his movement.

My expression shifted, anger rising in my voice. “Don’t bother me anymore.”

He was engaged to Sylvia—I had heard the news, even from abroad.

Jamie’s husky voice was laced with bitterness. “I’m sorry, Ellen. I just... I’ve missed you so much. I think about you all the time.”

I sighed in exasperation. “You’re already engaged. You should be responsible to your fiancée. Thinking about another woman like this... in the end, you’re being unfair to everyone.”

Jamie’s eyes reddened as he tightened his grip around my waist. “Ellen, I’ve broken off my engagement with Sylvia. Can we start over again?”

I trembled all over, a voice inside urging me to say yes.

But reason won over emotion. “I’m sorry, I love my fiancé very much.”

“And what about our son?”

His voice was filled with emotion, his eyes locked onto mine.

My hands, hanging by my sides, clenched into fists. I lowered my head, staring at my toes, unsure how to respond.

From the moment I learned of the child’s existence, to giving birth, and now his fourth birthday... I had never considered what I’d do if Jamie found out.

Now, faced with this reality, I had to make a decision.

“If you truly care about him, then please, don’t disrupt our life anymore.

“Please.”

The final word made me as humble as the dirt beneath his feet.

Back then, all I wanted was for him to succeed, and he had. Not only had he succeeded, but he now stood in the most prominent position.

I felt gratified by his achievements—it proved I had bet on the right person, didn’t it?

I broke free from his grasp once more and turned to leave.

The leaves of maple trees swayed with the wind, highlighting the solitude of late autumn.

Five years, then another five—what’s missed is missed.

Three years ago, my father committed suicide in prison. That was when I knew I could never go back.

And how could Jamie ever forget the horrific car crash that took his parents’ lives?

For the rest of our days, living well apart is the best ending for us both.

[Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 49](#)

**Chapter 11 Bonus**

The name “Ellen” was Jamie’s lifelong wound.

They were kindred spirits, both products of sacrifice within their families.

The difference was that he had a choice; Ellen never did.

The fortunate thing was, their engagement had been a source of joy for them both.

Yet, the greater the joy, the deeper the sorrow when it all ended.

He could never forget the horrific scene of his parents’ death, and his future had room only for revenge.

When Ellen offered him a hundred million to start anew, he accepted without hesitation because it was what The Harris family owed him.

Sylvia had always been a tool Jamie cultivated -a shield to hide his love for Ellen, a false cover for an imaginary balance.

But in his heart, there was never any balance; it always tipped toward one person.

Some things couldn’t be spoken aloud, yet they both knew them well.

What stood between them was a bloody, flesh–strewn path.

The victor takes all; the defeated lose everything.

Jamie had won, but he also lost.

Every year, he would take a month to check if that woman was doing well, to see if his son had grown taller.

Until his hair turned gray.

On the day his son got married, holding a microphone, he shouted to the man standing at the back:

“Are you going to make my mom wait until she’s in her grave?”

-The End –

Book 5 Died on the Day My Sister Married My Boyfriend

A year after my passing, I attended my sister's wedding.

I watched as Lydia and Bronx exchanged rings amid the blessings of the guests.

My stepfather comforted my tearful mother with gentle words, and even my usually stern brother, Nash, wore a rare smile.

They remained a happy, loving family.

And I? I was nothing more than a ghost with a body that could not be found.

## **Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 50**

### **Chapter 1 Book 5 I Died on the Day My Sister Married My Boyfriend**

After the wedding, Lydia and Bronx returned to their new home, while I accompanied my stepfather and mother back to ours.

Nash drove, with my stepfather and mother in the back seat. My mother, beaming with happiness, praised Lydia for finding such a great partner and remarked how perfectly matched she and Bronx were.

Then laughing, she turned to Nash and playfully asked when they could expect to meet the special someone in his life.

As she spoke, she held my stepfather's hand and continued to boast about how well-behaved and accomplished her children were.

The mood in the car grew somber.

I guessed they were probably thinking of me.

Nash tightened his grip on the steering wheel and, with a forced smile, said, "Mom, it's alright. When we get home, I'll call Alison and ask her why she didn't come, especially on such an important day for Lydia."

My mother sighed and nodded.

I watched their expressions closely, hoping to catch a trace of guilt over my absence.

But there was none.

In the year I had been missing, no one had questioned if something had happened to me, no one had tried to reach out, and no one had cared to know where I was or what I was going through.

No one.

Today, their thoughts of me were nothing more than a fleeting mention.

More than anything, they seemed to think I was inconsiderate for not reaching out myself.

When Nash parked the car, he went straight to his room and called me.

Again and again, no answer. Frustrated, he opened the app and sent me messages, questioning why I wasn't picking up and warning me never to think of escaping him.

Escape him?

I looked at my drifting self and thought, perhaps I have already managed to escape.

My stepfather knocked on the door and entered, asking Nash if he had managed to reach me.

Nash shook his head.

After a moment of silence, my stepfather asked, "Do you think she might..."

"No," Nash cut off the thought sharply, extinguishing his cigarette. "She wouldn't dare."

I drifted over to my mother, only to find her staring at my photo.

I leaned in beside her to see it—it was a family portrait from when I was eight.

I was sitting in front with six-year-old Lydia. Behind us stood eleven-year-old Nash, flanked by my mother and stepfather in the middle, all of us smiling happily.

I remembered that it was our first family portrait.

I had woken up early with excitement, having matched my hairstyle to Lydia's with identical little puffs.

My stepfather had kissed us both and, smiling, told my mother that our two little princesses were beautiful.

I often wondered if, had I acted a bit spoiled that day or found an excuse to reschedule the shoot, my life might have been as warm and healing as the sunshine on that day.

I saw my stepfather return to my mother and shake his head, indicating that even Nash had not managed to contact me.

My mother sighed and shifted the conversation to what dishes she should prepare when Lydia returned.

I looked over at Nash, who was still repeatedly calling and messaging me.

I wanted to tell him it was useless, that I couldn't answer the calls, but realized he wouldn't hear me if I did, so I refrained.

In the following days, I stayed at home, coldly observing their normal lives, as if my absence had been just a fleeting concern.

On the day Lydia returned, my mother had risen early, taking Nash to the market to buy fresh meat and vegetables.

Nash followed closely, carefully selecting items.

I hovered near him, watching intently.

I had to admit that Nash was strikingly handsome, but why did it seem that the more attractive someone was, the colder they became? He was so smart, fully aware that I was unlikely to escape his notice, yet he stubbornly refused to consider what might have happened to me.

On the way back from the market, we ran into my high school classmate Jenifer and her mother. Jenifer and I lived in the same city and worked in adjacent buildings. She frequently traveled for work and occasionally asked me to look after her Golden Retriever, so we were somewhat familiar.

Nash asked Jenifer if she had heard any news about me, mentioning that they had been unable to reach me and that I hadn't even attended Lydia's wedding.

Jenifer looked surprised. "I haven't been able to reach Ally for almost a year. Not just me, but people from her workplace haven't found her either. Didn't you know?"

My mother and Nash appeared bewildered and then offered a polite farewell before leaving.

As we neared home, Nash reassured my mother, saying he would search for me the next day.

They had bought a lot of items, all for Lydia and Bronx's preferences. The bags were so numerous that as Nash set them down and took

out his keys to open the door, his phone rang. I glanced at the screen and saw an unfamiliar number, but the area code was from the city where I worked.

“Mr. Rowse, this is the Baltimore Police Department. We have apprehended a suspect in a serious murder case. According to his confession, we have located information about your relative, Alison Rowse.”

“The suspect has confessed to the details of the crime. Could you and your family come to Baltimore?”

For the first time, I saw panic and helplessness on Nash’s face. His lips trembled as he said, “Mom, Alison...”