

Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister

Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 6

That night, Mom didn't sleep with my sister as usual. Instead, she lay down on my bed, hoping to feel the last trace of my presence.

In the past, I would have buried myself in Mom's embrace, longing for her warm hug. But now, I no longer desired it. I felt my soul slowly dissipating, and perhaps soon I would have a truly loving mother and a genuinely warm embrace.

The next morning, after Mom got up, she stared blankly at the air for a while, then dressed and prepared to go out.

Allie grabbed Mom's hand, worriedly saying, "Mom, where are you going? I'll go with you."

Mom shook off Sister's hand and shouted, "Go away! If it weren't for you, my Fairy wouldn't have suffered so much! Why didn't you die sooner? Why did you have to live so long and make my Fairy suffer?"

Sister, shocked by Mom's sudden outburst, stood frozen. Mom had never spoken to her so harshly before.

She clutched her chest, gasping for breath, and Dad, hearing the shouting, rushed over to calm her down, angrily saying to Mom, "Shane, we're all heartbroken over Fairy's death, but do you really have to lash out at Allie? Are you trying to drive her to death too before you're satisfied?"

At these words, Mom's mouth opened slightly, but she didn't say a word and turned to leave.

I drifted beside Mom as she went to my school.

On the bulletin board, my photo still hung there. I was one of the top ten students in the city, excelling academically, but my photo showed no trace of a smile—solemn, as if I were about to cry at any moment.

Mom touched my face through the glass of the bulletin board and asked, "Fairy, you were so great. Why didn't you smile?"

Why didn't I? Perhaps it was because, when I brought home my first top prize, I was so happy, only to be punished by Mom with a night of time-out in the living room and no food, accused of showing off and rubbing it in when my sister couldn't go to school.

After that, I never mentioned any school achievements or was happy about good grades, because at home, if my sister was unhappy, I wasn't allowed to be happy either.

Later, Mom walked to the street and saw the fried chicken shop. She hurriedly bought up all the remaining chicken legs. The shopkeeper smiled and said, "The kids at home must love fried chicken."

Mom nodded repeatedly and said, "Our Fairy loves it, so we're buying it all for her."

The shopkeeper praised Mom as a good mother, and she murmured, "I should have bought this for Fairy when she wanted it. I truly should die, I truly should die." With that, she slowly moved forward.

As she passed by a bakery, the owner called out to her cheerfully, "Mrs. Romero, the cake you ordered the other day is ready. Would you like to pick it up now?"

"What cake?" Mom asked, puzzled.

"You mentioned celebrating your daughter's discharge from the hospital with a cake. Have you forgotten?" the owner kindly reminded her.

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Mom seemed to recall the matter, but then appeared to remember something else. She asked the owner, "Do you have any newly made cakes today? My younger daughter is turning eighteen."

"Of course. We have strawberry, blueberry, and mango flavors."

Mom was at a loss. She had no idea what flavor I liked. She had never cared about such things before; she just made sure I ate whatever was necessary to keep me healthy and never asked about my preferences.

She looked up, bewildered, and said, "I don't know what she likes."

"Then let's get a strawberry cake. Most girls love that, and I'm sure your daughter will too."

I did like strawberry cake, and I watched with some sadness as the owner expertly wrapped it up. Unfortunately, this strawberry cake was one I would never taste.

When Mom brought the two cakes home, both Dad and Sister were surprised. After learning the reason, they silently set the cakes out and even placed candles on them.

I didn't understand why they were celebrating a birthday for someone who was already dead, especially when they had never bought me even a small cake while I was alive. Because of Allie's illness, the family

had always avoided celebrating birthdays. Mom had said I couldn't indulge myself at the expense of Sister's feelings.

Were they trying to make amends for me, or were they just trying to ease their own guilt?

After the cake was finished, the family was about to go to bed when Mom suddenly shook Dad awake and asked if he had any photos of me. Dad got up and searched with her, going through phone albums, cloud storage, and every drawer in the house. They only found photos of Allie and their three together, all smiling with happiness. I looked at these photos with a pang of regret. I had wanted to be in these pictures with them, but Mom had pushed me away, saying I had no right.

What were they looking for now?

Finally, Dad found a photo of me as a newborn on my birth certificate. My chubby face and grape-like eyes were filled with hope for the future. This was the only photo of me kept in the house over the eighteen years. Mom, upon seeing the photo, carefully tore it from the certificate and pressed it to her chest, as if this would somehow make her feel my presence.

Mom clung to the photo and sat still all night. Sister, watching in distress, approached to persuade Mom to rest, but was roughly pushed away. Mom yelled, "Alanna, why did you have to be born into our family with your illness? I regret having you! If only I had given birth to Fairy instead, she would have grown up healthy, unlike

you, who wastes the family's money and has brought nothing but suffering. Why couldn't you have died sooner? Why must you continue to torment the whole family and Fairy?"

Mom's words became increasingly harsh, and Sister's eyes filled with tears. She couldn't understand why the mother who once loved her so deeply now treated her like an enemy and hurled such painful accusations.

I was also confused. Why was Mom attacking the daughter she had tried so hard to save? Why was she now regretting the decision to have Sister?

Dad, unable to tolerate this any longer, shielded Sister and said angrily, "Shane, stop this. We're all heartbroken over Fairy's death, but it's a fact we must accept. We need to move forward, not keep blaming innocent people!"

Mom, equally enraged, jumped up and shouted, "Who in this family is innocent? You are all the ones who killed Fairy!"

Dad and Sister fell silent, lowering their heads.

Just like Mom, Dad prioritized Allie's needs and emotions because of her illness. Even though he knew they had wronged me, he took it as a given that my sacrifice was normal.

Allie, who saw all my grievances clearly, never spoke up for me, as she could not

live like a normal person due to her illness. She accepted the sacrifice of my childhood, emotions, and normal life as a given.

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After arranging my funeral, Dad and Sister moved out of our old home. He told Mom that once she had processed her emotions, the family could live together again, as it would be better for Allie's recovery.

Mom made no attempt to keep them there and remained deeply entrenched in her grief for a long time.

Every day, she clutched my photo, either sitting or lying on my bed, murmuring, "Fairy, I'm sorry. Fairy, I'm sorry..."

Dad occasionally visited Mom, but all he could do was sigh at the sight.

As my soul grew fainter and my consciousness more blurred, I looked at Mom's increasingly gaunt face and drifted over, finally touching her.

I hoped that my death would not become her obsession. She should follow my wishes and live a joyful and happy life with Dad and Sister. This was her initial choice; if she chose it, she should not regret it.

I was truly leaving now, and I hoped that in my next life, I would be born into a family that truly loved me.

When I opened my eyes again, I was in a baby carriage.

The young woman who saw me awaken was filled with joy. She picked me up, pressing her face against mine, and kept saying, "Mommy's little angel, Mommy's little angel."

Soon, a young man arrived, holding a lively little girl by the hand. The girl exclaimed, "Mommy, let me see my sister! I've been waiting so long for her!"

The woman lowered me so the girl could see me clearly. The young man embraced the woman's shoulders and, like her, looked down at me with a focused and loving gaze, as if I were a precious treasure.

I smiled, grasped the woman's hand, and felt their delight at my sudden movement.

In this life, I had a truly loving and warm family.

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Mom's POV:

Fairy's death was my fault.

I searched the house and found only one photo of Fairy, taken when she was just born. Her large eyes were filled with hope and curiosity about life.

What was I thinking at that time? I thought, finally, my Allie would be saved!

I named her Farah, hoping she would bring happiness for Allie.

From the beginning, I overlooked all of Fairy's needs. Even her name was chosen for Allie's sake.

In her letter, Fairy expressed her wish never to be seen again.

What was her mindset when she wrote that? Was it filled with disappointment in us? Did it carry all the grievances of her eighteen years?

Fairy, Mom was wrong. If I could do it all over again, I would cherish you, love you deeply, and make sure you knew you were a treasure to us, not just a means to extend Allie's life. You were an independent person, a beautiful girl blossoming in her own right.

But as you wished, let us never meet again. I hope in your next life, you find peace and happiness.

Dad's POV:

Fairy's death is on my hands as well.

For Allie's sake, Shane and I decided to have another child. From the moment Fairy was born, I treated her as merely a means to help Allie, completely forgetting that Fairy was an individual in her own right.

Shane and I both unconsciously ignored Fairy's feelings and needs. Even when she scored first in her class for the first time, instead of celebrating her achievement, we instinctively made her apologize for her success in front of Allie, not allowing her any joy in her sister's presence.

Gradually, Fairy's emotions became more repressed. It seemed that nothing could stir her anymore; she grew into the child we wanted—healthy, obedient, and careful not to upset Allie.

After the surgery, Shane and I focused entirely on Allie, forgetting that Fairy had just undergone a major operation herself. I mistook her discomfort from abdominal pain as mere fussiness and chastised her from a position of superiority. I didn't even notice that Fairy's bedside lacked a simple pot of water. I was a disappointing father.

Seeing Fairy's lifeless body filled me with deep regret. If only I had cared more about Fairy at that time, would things have been different? If I had remembered Fairy upon discharge, might I have noticed her discomfort in time to prevent her death?

But there are no second chances. My final wish as Fairy's father is that in her next life, she is born into a family that offers her pure love.

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Alanna's POV:

Fairy's death is on my hands.

I am Fairy's sister, and as such, I should have cared for and protected her.

Yet, due to my long-term illness, I harbored envy, jealousy, and even resentment toward my own sister.

I envied her health, I was jealous of her ability to live like a normal person, and I resented her for achieving such excellent grades at school. If I had been healthy, might I have been even better than her?

My distorted feelings toward my sister made me blind to her suffering. I took for granted that her sacrifices for me were normal and right.

But I forgot that Fairy was an independent person. My illness had nothing to do with her. Without me, she would not have been forced to eat only what was deemed healthy, to suppress her emotions, or to limit her interactions to family members alone. My existence deprived her of the right to enjoy a normal life. I even felt despicably pleased about it.

Now I regret it deeply. I wish I could go back and speak up for Fairy when our parents criticized her, support her in eating the ordinary foods she loved, in making various friends, in sharing her school joys at home, and in living a life that was truly her own - free from any obligation to anyone else, simply wishing her happiness.

Everything cannot be undone. I hope in her next life, my Fairy has a sister who loves her dearly.

Farah's POV:

In this life, I grew up healthy and happy in my new family.

My parents and sister doted on me. They celebrated every birthday with me, donning birthday hats and singing songs of joy. They shared in my daily happiness and school achievements, taking pride in my successes.

Every weekend, Dad snuck me and my sister out for junk food. If Mom caught us, we were in for a scolding, but afterward, she cheerfully joined us.

In this life, I was truly content, basking in the warmth of a loving home and savoring every moment of my existence.

As I aged, the memories of my past life blurred, gradually replaced by the joy and happiness of my current life.

On weekends, I begged Mom to take me to buy fried chicken legs. Unable to refuse, she took me, and outside the shop, there sat a disheveled, thin woman with unkempt hair. She remained silent, sitting there every afternoon.

The shopkeeper said that years ago, the woman had a daughter who loved fried chicken legs. But she never let her daughter have any. Now, she waited at the shop every day for her daughter to return and enjoy the chicken legs.

Those who heard her story were deeply moved. Holding my steaming fried chicken legs, I listened to the shopkeeper's tale and felt a pang of sympathy for the woman and her lost daughter.

-The End -

Book 2 | Sacrificed Myself to Save Him, But He Despised I'm Deaf

I had been with Elijah Terry for six years.

He took care of me with unwavering attention.

On our wedding anniversary, I overheard him on the phone saying:

“How could I ever like a deaf person?”

“I had no choice but to marry her!”

“I have no love for her, only pity and guilt.”

The person on the other end of the line was his first love.