

My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 1

Book 1 My Brother Became a [Vegetable](#) To Save Me

Dazed and confused, my brother looked around at the unfamiliar surroundings and turned his head to the doctor, “Hello, have you notified my parents yet?”

The doctor smiled and nodded repeatedly.

I think the doctors must be happy for him in their hearts too.

Seeing the doctor’s nod, my brother added, “Oh, and my sister, Lydia, don’t forget to tell her”

Just as he said this, mom came rushing in on her heels.

She always looked so polished and sharp.

Following her was dad in a suit.

Mom covered her mouth and looked at Lucas in disbelief.

“Lukie, you’re really awake, I’m not dreaming, am I?”

My brother shook his head and opened his arms to mom and dad, “It’s not a dream, mom and dad, I’m better, I’m really cured.”

The family of three hugged each other tightly and cried with joy, the picture was especially touching, even the eyes of the nurse next to them were red.

After a while, Lucas looked at the door and asked suspiciously.

“Mom, where’s my sister? She didn’t come along?”

Mom froze for a moment, “I’ll call her now.”

She walked past me and outside the hospital room to get her cell phone.

She searched through her contacts and finally realized that my phone number wasn’t even saved.

She tried several times in the dialing world and just couldn't remember what my number was.

She simply sent WhatsApp.

The last time we chatted was still two months ago and her last message to me was:

"I don't have a daughter like you, you are the one who should be lying on the hospital bed the most, why don't you go and die!"

Mom's face darkened and she quickly typed a few lines on the screen.

"Lukie is awake and wants to see you."

"He just woke up, can't be stimulated, don't say anything you shouldn't."

But mom..... I'm dead.

What can I say, and what should I say?

My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 2

For several days in a row, I did not reply.

In the face of my brother's inquiries, my mom began to grow impatient.

But she could only take it out on me like she did when I was a kid.

"How heartless can you be? Your brother's already awake, and you can't even spare a glance or reply to a message."

"If he hadn't saved you, you would have been dead.""

I've heard these words countless times in the past five years.

Mom was right. It was really my brother who saved me.

That night when I was working overtime, I passed by an alley, and someone suddenly covered my mouth.

In that dark and wet alley, I couldn't even see the person's face clearly.

I was dragged to the side, and the person began to roughly pull my clothes.

No matter how much I cried or begged for mercy.

The man didn't stop, he slapped me across the face.

Until I couldn't cry and watched in despair as it all happened.

It was my brother.

He came to me in the alley, and he fought with him like a madman.

But how could a college student not yet graduated beat an adult?

My brother was stabbed several times and his blood-red clothes were soaked.

He pointed to the cake mixed with dirt on the ground.

“Sis..... sister, happy birthday.”

Then he collapsed straight in front of me.

Dad patted mom on the shoulder behind his back, “Don't be mad, Lydia isn't close to us, and you know that.”

“It's a good day for Lukie to get out of the hospital, don't spoil it.”

I sat in my dad's car and went back home with them.

On the way home, my brother kept chattering away, sometimes marveling at how much the city had changed, and other times insisting he needed to catch up on all the episodes of “Naruto” he hadn't seen yet.

He was always so optimistic and sunny, as if the five years in the hospital bed had no effect on him at all.

I was three years older than him, and ever since he's born, when there was something delicious at home, he was always the first one my mom thought of.

I, in contrast, was left with whatever remained.

Just like my brother enjoyed drumsticks, I was left with the meager chicken feet and wings.

When he wanted a new school bag, mom bought it for him without a second thought.

But when I asked for an exercise book, she would say.

“You’re cut out for studying, so it’s useless.

Look at your brother, he’s at the top of his class again this time.”

Yes, my brother has inherited my mom and dad’s good genes.

I, on the other hand, was just like what my classmates said behind my back:

“I really think Lydia can’t be her parents’ biological child. Her mom is such a renowned lawyer, and her dad is a university professor. Look how stupid she is, she always comes in last on every exam.”

At that time I was very jealous of my brother.

Naively thinking that he was the one who stole Mom and Dad’s love.

He seemed to feel it too.

I caught him the nth time he sneaked food and toys into my school bag.

He scratched his head and asked me carefully.

“Sister, do you not like me?”

I shot him a glare, irritation bubbling inside me.

“Yes, I don’t like you, don’t stuff messy things into my school bag from now on.”

A flicker of loss flashed in his eyes, but he quickly smiled at me.

“It’s okay, it’s enough that I like you.”

Many times, I found myself agreeing with my mom’s words: A good boy like him shouldn’t have become like that because of me. Thankfully, he woke up

My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 3

Mom and Dad invited their relatives and friends to throw a banquet for Lucas at home.

To celebrate his rebirth.

Grandma, on her crutches, embraced her precious grandson.

“God bless you, Lukie, you’re finally awake.”

Her cloudy eyes held tears.

The relatives all gathered around, holding Lucas's hand and peppering him with questions.

Some claimed it was a medical miracle, while others attributed it to his kindness.

Just when everyone was basking in the joy brought about by his awakening, a single remark from him brought a sudden chill to the atmosphere.

“Mom and Dad, don't forget to call my sister, tell her I'm home, and tell her to come straight home when she gets back from her business trip.”

Because I didn't return the messages, Mom and Dad had to use my business trip as an excuse to deal with my brother.

They never wondered if something had happened to me.

Only thought that I was a heartless and ungrateful child.

I didn't used to understand why, with my brother, everyone started to dislike me.

It was only when I grew up that I slowly realized that not all parents are born to love their children, just as a lion sometimes gives up its weak cub.

Everyone in my family, except for me, graduated from a prestigious university; the least accomplished among them still attended top-tier colleges.

As for me, I had to work tirelessly just to scrape by the cutoff for a state university.

I became the blemish in the family.

Lucas looked at the spread of dishes and frowned lightly.

“Why did you put in so much parsley again.”

Dad smiled out of the corner of his eye, pinched a shrimp, and put it in front of Lucas.

“I remember you like cilantro the most, how come your tastes have changed after five years of sleep?”

My brother thanked dad, he was always so polite.

“Have you forgotten that my sister is allergic to cilantro? Tell Winnie not to add cilantro the next time she cooks.”

I stood next to Dad, observing his expression.

It wasn't that he had forgotten, but that he had never remembered.

When we were kids, because Lucas liked cilantro a lot, I had to pick through my food at every meal.

But to Mom and Dad, it looked like I was being picky.

They would scold me and even refuse to let me eat.

When I cried and explained.

They would only blame me for not saying it earlier.

But the next time, there would still be cilantro in every dish.

In this family, except for my brother, whom I used to hate, no one remembered my preferences.

And even less cared if I was still alive.

After dinner, Lucas went straight up to the second floor and into my room.

The bed was neatly tidied, but the desk was gathering dust.

All of this was a silent demonstration of the distance between me and this family.

When I graduated from college, my mom gave me two choices.

“Either you pursue further studies or you leave this house, I don't have a daughter as unmotivated as you are“.

I understood that perfection isn't attainable for everyone in this world.

I lacked ambition, and had grown weary of trying to please her.

No matter how hard I tried, I would never be the perfect daughter in her heart.

So I chose to move out and went to work for an ordinary company.

My brother sat in front of my cluttered desk, whispering under his breath.

“Sis, your birthday is the day after tomorrow.”

“When you get home, don't move out again.”

“You promised.”

My eyes were so sore that it was hard to bear, I rubbed the corners of my eyes.

But I couldn't squeeze out a single tear.

Probably souls don't cry.

Since I moved out, my brother has been asking me for my new address every day.

I couldn't resist his soft words.

On my birthday, he said he'd ordered a cake to celebrate.

And that was the day, I lost myself completely and fell into endless darkness.

My parents' hatred kept me awake at night.

The doctor told me, "You're too young to live in the shadows for the rest of your life, try to come out."

"Your brother wouldn't want to see you give up on yourself like this."

I touched the interlocking scars on my arms and smiled bitterly.

I hadn't tried.

It's just that my parents wouldn't let me out of that past.

They reminded me over and over again that I was guilty.

I was destined to live forever in a haze of such guilt and self-blame.

My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 4

I followed my brother into Mom's study. It was my first time stepping foot in there. Mom, known as Mrs. Brown, a prominent lawyer in Anchorage, had never lost a case.

Seeing Lucas, a smile spread across her face. "Why aren't you asleep yet? Not used to it?" He shook his head. "Mom, is my sister still working at her old company? I want to visit tomorrow, and don't forget to get me a phone."

Mom's expression faltered, and she fell silent for a moment. "Now that you're feeling better, I checked—she'll be back in a few days."

I stood nearby, a self-deprecating smile crossing my lips. After all these years, my parents didn't even know the name of my company or where I lived. Who could I even ask?

Lucas nodded and turned to leave the study. Mom continued flipping through the documents in her hands, each photograph revealing skeletal remains stripped of flesh. Though incomplete, it was still clear they were human. Mom's brow furrowed tightly, visibly shaken by the cruelty of the crime. Even so, she took on the case.

I couldn't help but wonder. if she knew her client was the very person who had killed his own daughter, how would she feel?

Dad walked into the study holding a glass of milk. He glanced at the photo on the table, then quickly looked away. "Quinn, do you really want to take this case? Isn't it true that the victim's identity hasn't been confirmed yet? How can someone plead guilty?" Mom took the milk and sipped it. "Who can truly understand the mind of a killer?"

"This girl is truly unfortunate. I can't believe her parents didn't notice she was missing for so long," Dad said, his voice tinged with concern as he seemed to empathize with the victim.

He looked at Mom and added, "This case is all but settled; the killer turned himself in. There's no going back now."

Mom smiled confidently, saying nothing more. Everything seemed to be under her control.

When I was younger, Mom often appeared on television, claiming she became a lawyer to uphold justice. But in the face of acclaim, fame, and money, she seemed to have changed. She became selfish and vain, willing to do anything to win a case.

She couldn't accept any negative feedback, especially not from her own children. That's why she despised the ordinary me so much.

I nestled against Mom's shoulder and calmly asked, "Mom, they say a mother and child share a bond. Didn't you feel how much pain I was in?"

My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 5

A month ago, I had gone to the hospital to see my brother and unexpectedly ran into Mom outside his room. I instinctively tugged at my sleeve and took a step back. She shot me a glance, her gaze as cold as ice. "What are you doing here? Do you even have the nerve to visit your brother?"

After the incident, my parents forbade me from seeing him. I had been careful to come at night, yet I still crossed paths with her. I didn't respond; I simply placed the flowers on the bedside table. In an instant, the bouquet was hurled to the floor.

Mom pointed at me. "Take your worthless flowers and get out."

"If I see you here again, I'll transfer your brother to another hospital."

“If you don’t want him to suffer, then don’t come back.”

The tears I had been holding back finally betrayed me as they slipping down my cheeks. I shouted at her, “Why do you treat me like this? Why?”

If I could, I would have traded places with him, so I wouldn’t have to endure this torment every day.

She didn’t answer, ignoring me completely.

I left the hospital, lost and broken, hailing a random taxi.

At that moment, I had no idea this car had been waiting for me all along. Drowning in my own pain, I loathed my own weakness. I knew she pushed me away time and again, a clear sign of her lack of love, yet I still yearned to find even the slightest hint of affection in her eyes, even if it was just a facade.

From childhood, I was never allowed to have preferences, let alone friends. She insisted that such distractions would interfere with my studies. In a bid for her approval, I complied. I stripped away layers of my true self and slowly molded myself into a role that didn’t belong to me. I stubbornly believed that by doing so, Mom would finally love me.

I clenched my fists, my nails digging deep into my palms, as if that could suppress my trembling body. I didn’t realize I had been taken to a secluded area. The driver suddenly spoke up, “You’re Mrs. Brown’s daughter, aren’t you?”

I jolted awake, dazedly nodding before shaking my head. The man grabbed my arm and pulled me out of the car. In the pitch black night, faced with a stranger and the slippery ground, a familiar scene set my legs shaking uncontrollably.

A wave of terror choked me, rendering me mute; all I could do was step back. The man sneered, saying it was my fault for being Mrs. Brown’s daughter. “Your mother doesn’t discriminate,” he spat. “That so-called Mrs. Brown who stands for justice? It’s all a lie.”

He wielded a knife, slicing through my flesh. From my ankles to my arms, the excruciating pain instinctively drew out my cries: “Mom, it hurts.” “Mom, please help me.”

With all my strength, I fumbled for my phone in my pocket. To my surprise, he halted. Under his gaze, I dialed her number. “The number you dialed is currently in use…”

The man expressed disappointment. “Why isn’t she answering?” He snatched my phone and began severing my fingers one by one.

In that moment, I felt no pain at all. Disappointment seeped into my bones, numbing all my senses.

I had told myself countless times to let it go, to accept that she didn't love me. Yet, during holidays like Thanksgiving Day or Christmas, my loneliness intensified my longing for family warmth.

I always thought about trying again, even if it meant facing mockery, insults, and resentment. At least I could hear their voices on the other end of the line, filling the empty room and breaking the oppressive silence that only echoed my own breath.

Perhaps it was her unwillingness to endure my pleas that severed my last hope. At night, the only sound was the tearing of flesh.