

My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 11

“I...” Melissa stammered, unable to find the words. Suddenly, she raised her phone as if grasping at a lifeline, sobbing, “My baby is gone—it was Catherine! She bribed the hospital staff and caused my child’s death.”

Displayed on her phone were the words of a private investigator, along with evidence of funds I had transferred, and even a handwritten apology letter from the nurse caught in the act.

Anyone with half a brain wouldn’t believe such a flimsy story. But Joseph, when it came to Melissa, was hopelessly naive. He would do anything to protect this fragile woman.

In the past, Joseph would have confronted me with these baseless accusations, demanding answers. We’d argue, and only after a heated exchange would he let it go.

But now, I’m dead. I’m just a memory.

“Did her soul arrange it?” Joseph arched an eyebrow, seemingly amused.

Melissa looked at him, confused, not understanding his words.

“Catherine is dead. She’s been dead for a long time.” Joseph’s voice was calm, unnervingly so.

But Melissa was anything but calm. Her face, once composed, now showed ripples of panic. The bank transfer records were dated three days ago. I’ve been dead for far longer than that.

“What else have you lied to me about?” Joseph’s voice, though restrained, carried a simmering rage. He clenched his teeth, pulling Melissa’s hand hard, ignoring the fact that he had just undergone surgery.

“You killed her!” Joseph spat out the words, his tone accusatory. Melissa, frantic, shook her head, as if by doing so, she could absolve herself of the blame.

“If you caused her death, then you should pay the price!”

“But wasn’t it your distrust that led to her death? You never loved her. If you did, why were you always with me?” Melissa found her voice at last, loudly retorting.

Watching the two of them tear into each other, I found it strangely amusing to me.

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Joseph reacted as if Melissa had struck a nerve. He jumped to his feet, enraged. The gentle gaze he once held for her was gone, replaced by fury as he slapped her across the face.

Blood trickled from the corner of Melissa's mouth, and her dark eyes filled with hate, tinged with madness. "Did I hit a nerve, Joseph? Is that why you're so angry?" she taunted.

"Joseph, you don't love Catherine. You don't even love me. You only love yourself!"

"You discarded her because she no longer brought you value. You always said women shouldn't be so strong, that they should be soft and obedient like me."

"That's because she was too good—her brilliance outshone yours. You couldn't even compete with her in the company. You were afraid she'd surpass you!"

Melissa's words, sharp as knives, cut through the air, her frail body trembling as she spoke.

Seeing her like this only made Joseph more furious. Ignoring the fact that he had just had surgery, he slapped her again, hard. Melissa's once-pale face instantly swelled, resembling two large, swollen buns, making her look pitiful.

"It was you who manipulated me! If it weren't for you, I never would have hurt her time and again!" Joseph lashed out, seeking an excuse for his actions.

But Melissa, once swayed by his sweet talk, was far more resolute than I ever was.

She spat out a mouthful of blood, her words cold: "Really? Then why were you so willing to follow my lead, Joseph? If you love me, why are you hitting me now?"

Melissa's sharp questions hit their mark. She knew exactly where Joseph's vulnerabilities lay, and she pressed down on them mercilessly.

"You say you loved Catherine—what did your love bring her?"

"I gave her money. Jewels. Anything she wanted, I gave her..." Joseph clung to this, as if by remembering the gifts, he could justify himself.

"Did she even like those things? If you truly love someone, shouldn't you know what they really want?" Melissa countered.

Joseph had no reply.

Of course, the answer was no.

I never cared for jewelry or expensive gifts, nor did I enjoy the idle chatter of socialites over afternoon tea. I preferred the thrill of the corporate battlefield, where I could compete and achieve real results.

But Joseph didn't like that.

He always worried about my injuries, pitying me for having to fight in a man's world. He hoped, time and again, that I would step down.

I refused him every time. So, he proposed to

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Neither of us had a perfect family. The traditional dynamic of a husband working and a wife managing the home was what I always yearned for. It was only then that I finally let go of my responsibilities at the company and chose to stay home.

Joseph's eyes betrayed his panic. He opened his mouth but couldn't muster a rebuttal.

"You know exactly what she wanted, but out of your greed and selfishness as a man, you took away her chance to chase her dreams" Melissa continued. "So, Joseph, you killed her yourself!"

Her final words struck like a thunderclap, shattering the last of Joseph's mental stability. He shook his head violently, unable to form a coherent argument. His eyes flashed with madness as he grabbed the few strands of hair left on Melissa's head and slammed her skull into the wall, a spray blood blooming on impact.

"You killed Cathe. You'll pay for it!" Joseph's voice was maniacal as he slammed her head again and again before finally letting go, watching her crumple to the floor.

"I love Cathe. I've always loved her. I'm going to find her—yes, I'll find her," he muttered to himself as he slowly stumbled forward.

Dressed in a hospital gown, Joseph appeared deranged, and no one dared approach him. To passersby, he looked like a madman. As he descended the stairs, a group of police officers and his assistant rushed past him.

Joseph's appearance was so twisted and grotesque that no one recognized the once-dashing Mr. Miller. Everyone ignored him.

"Melissa Lee embezzled large sums of money from our company..." The assistant was still explaining to the authorities.

Facing charges of embezzling hundreds of thousands, Melissa would soon be heading to prison to "cool off." Whether she even survived the severe head trauma Joseph inflicted on her remained uncertain. She had played the puppet master in this relationship, but in the end, she died at the hands of the very man she thought she controlled. A fitting punishment.

Meanwhile, Joseph wandered aimlessly, pulling aside a random girl. "Do you know where the Colorado River is? Can you take me there?"

Frightened by his crazed appearance, the girl nearly screamed before running away.

Joseph pressed on, searching for the Colorado River. He scavenged food from garbage cans when he was hungry and drank from public faucets when thirsty. His hospital gown grew more wrinkled and filthy, and he became more disheveled by the day.

He had never lived like this before.

Even in the orphanage, everything had been orderly. Our mother had taken good care of us, and at the very least, she never let us starve to the point of eating out of trash cans.

And yet, Joseph finally found the Colorado River. The rushing waters exuded a sense of danger, the powerful currents likely carrying my ashes far downstream by now.

Determined, Joseph made his way to the bridge and climbed over the railing, preparing to leap.

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“Someone help!” A pair of hands grabbed Joseph’s, desperately calling for assistance.

More and more people came running, trying to pull him back, but Joseph continued to struggle, still intent on jumping.”

“My love is here, waiting for me. Cathe, my Cathe, I’m coming for you,” he mumbled, fighting harder to break free.

I wanted him to be saved—not out of pity, but out of disgust. The thought of dying in the same place as him made me sick.

Perhaps my wish was granted, for Joseph was pulled back onto the bridge.

But he wouldn’t stop muttering someone’s name, his erratic behavior convincing the onlookers that he was mentally unstable.

Someone recognized him.

Joseph and I had been rising stars in the industry, gaining some fame. The scandal surrounding our wedding had only spread our names further.

“Isn’t that Mr. Miller? Could it be the company’s collapse that drove him to this?”

“He keeps calling for Cathe. Is he talking about Ms. Hall?”

“He’s the one who drove Ms. Hall to her death, and he still has the nerve to call for her? They should just send him to a psych ward already!”

Someone muttered as they dialed a number.

No matter how much Joseph struggled, he was forcibly taken to a psychiatric hospital.

Thanks to the country’s robust healthcare system—and the insurance I had bought for him—he’d be spending the rest of his life confined, endlessly tormented in that institution.

Death would have been too easy for Joseph. After all the wrongs he had done, what right did he have to choose the simplest way out?

No, he needed to live. He needed to live long enough to remember me, to forever atone for his mistakes.

Joseph was strapped to a bed, a large dose of sedatives injected into his system, finally calming him down.

I sat by his side, watching as his lips moved softly, still calling out, “Cathe...”.

END

Book 3: I Had Heart Failure, Yet He Snatched My Heart To His Beloved

My husband’s first love and me both suffered from heart failure and urgently required a transplant.

Yet, without hesitation, my husband chose to abandon me, giving the matching heart to his first love instead.

In my profound despair, I decided to forsake everything and await death in the hospital.

After my passing, he visited my grave, weeping uncontrollably, and lamented, “I regret it, Aimee.”

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: I Had Heart Failure, Yet He Snatched My Heart To His Beloved

“End-stage heart failure; without a transplant, survival beyond six months is unlikely,” the doctor’s cold words echoed in my ears.

Walking alone down the street, my gaze was hollow. Suddenly, I made a decision and picked up my phone, dialing a number I knew by heart.

“Beep... beep...”

Elio didn't answer. Undeterred, I tried again, only to be met with the same cold, mechanical tone.

Disappointment filled me. I should have known he wouldn't answer. I had no idea what Elio was busy with; he hadn't been home for days and rarely answered calls.

I dragged my weary body back to our home, the one that belonged only to Elio and me. Upon entering, I noticed a scent that wasn't ours. Looking up, I saw that the light was still on in the bedroom upstairs. Confused, I walked up and gently pushed open the door.

Elio was on the balcony, talking on the phone with someone. Though I could barely make out the voice, it was clear it was a woman's. Her cheerful and refreshing tone seemed to ease the frown on Elio's face, and if I listened closely, I could hear his affectionate laughter.

Watching this scene, my heart ached. Elio had never smiled at me like that; even a simple word of concern or a look of urgency had never graced his face.

Elio and I were high school classmates, and I kept my feelings well-hidden; no one knew I had secretly loved him. Neither my friends nor Elio himself were aware of my genuine affection.

We ended up together through an arranged marriage; his family pressured him to find a partner, and I happened to be his match. When Elio proposed marriage, I was initially in disbelief, but his next words completely shattered my heart.

“Ms. Keller, we are high school classmates and relatively familiar with each other. Since we are both being pushed into marriage, please don't misunderstand. If you're unwilling, you can refuse.”

hurriedly agreed to Elio's proposal. Thus, we became a pretend couple, but little did he know, I was overjoyed on the day I became his wife. I wanted to take photos and post them on social media, but feared it would make my feelings too obvious.

Two years into our marriage, I had grown accustomed to being Elio's wife, yet he seemed to dislike me calling him “honey” or any other endearing terms, insisting I use his full name instead.

At the door of our room hung Elio's clothes. As soon as I opened the door, I was hit with the scent from his clothes—women's perfume. I was in disbelief, stunned for so long that I didn't react even when Elio stood in front of me.