

My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 16

“Aimee, is something wrong?”

Hearing Elio’s voice, I looked up into his eyes, and they were the same as always—no concern, no comfort, and certainly no love.

I gathered my composure and said to him, “Elio, I’m in the end stage of heart failure. I need a heart transplant to survive!”

Elio paused, then, frowning, replied, “Okay.”

Seeing him return to his usual impassive demeanor, the bitterness in my heart was unspoken. I wasn’t sure if Elio understood me, and even if he did, he was so busy he might forget.

Feeling disheartened, I decided to find a suitable heart on my own.

Elio had a stomach condition, so I fired the cook and decided to prepare meals at home. to help him manage his diet.

I prepared dinner and messaged Elio to see if he wanted to come home for a meal. After waiting for a long time without a response, I decided to save him a portion.

At that moment, a wave of dizziness swept over me. The plate slipped from my hand, crashing to the floor as I collapsed in the kitchen.

Fortunately, the butler discovered me in time.

When I woke up, my face was pale and bloodless. The doctor, seeing me awake, said, “You’re fine now. Rest well, and you’ll be able to leave the hospital soon.”

I quickly thanked the doctor, as I was starving from not eating for so long.

I dragged my weak body towards the hospital exit. As I approached a room, I thought I heard Elio’s voice and unconsciously stopped, leaning against the wall.

“Eli, I’m okay! Just a scratch, nothing serious. I can be discharged,” a woman’s playful voice came from the room.

Hesitant, I wasn’t sure if it was Elio inside the room.

“Sammy, let me see. Does it still hurt?” Elio’s concerned tone shattered my composure. I propped myself up and quietly peeked through the door, and what I saw made me lose my breath.

It was unmistakably Elio. I knew his silhouette too well; just one glance, and I could recognize it instantly. The concern, sorrow, tenderness, and affection in Elio's eyes were things I had never witnessed before.

It seemed that someone could freely act spoiled around Elio, making him care, worry, and show concern.

I had spent so long with him that I thought he might have fallen for me, but today's scene shattered that illusion completely.

My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 17

Elio returned home late every day, sometimes not coming back for days on end. It turned out he was spending that time with another woman at the hospital.

In these years of our relationship, what did I do wrong?

I spoke to myself as if seeking answers, but none came. Tears welled up uncontrollably, and I pressed my hand tightly over my mouth to stifle the sobs.

I desperately tried to find excuses for Elio in my mind—what if she was just Elio's sister?

I had lost my appetite. After wiping away my tears, I returned to my hospital room, packed my belongings, and prepared to leave.

Back home, I was unable to sleep and spent the night on the sofa waiting for Elio.

But he never came, and the only thing I received was a message from him.

“Tonight is a family gathering. I'll come to pick you up.”

The brief message spoke volumes of his indifference.

He hadn't responded to my previous messages.

Taking a deep breath to steady myself, I waited by the door in the evening. Elio was never early, but he was always punctual.

Yet, this time, he was late for so long that I began to think he might not come at all.

Elio's car was parked steadily at the curb. I quickly ran toward the passenger side, but before I could even open the door, Elio had already rolled down the window.

A woman with a beaming smile was sitting in the passenger seat. “Hello, I'm Samara Moreno, Elio's childhood friend.”

Stunned, I stared at Samara, realizing she was Elio's unforgettable first love. It dawned on me that Elio had been late because he was picking her up.

A wave of sadness and disappointment surged through me, and before I could fully process my emotions, Elio's voice interrupted my thoughts.

"Aimee, sit in the back seat."

Those few words felt like a bucket of cold water thrown over me. I was overwhelmed with an indescribable sadness. Elio had never let another woman sit in the passenger seat, which made it clear how important Samara was to him.

At the family gathering, everyone knew Samara and centered their attention around her. Even Elio, who usually remained silent at the dinner table, spoke about Samara with a tenderness I had never seen before. At that moment, I felt like an outsider, unable to fit in.

I watched Elio, noting the different way he spoke about Samara—his eyes filled with affection and a softness I had never witnessed.

Elio's principles seemed to bend repeatedly for Samara.

I felt uncomfortable and awkward, longing to escape.

My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 18

Just then, Samara spoke up.

"Aimee, can we talk?"

I was momentarily stunned but agreed to her request.

Samara met me by the poolside. Before I could say anything, she took the lead.

"I know your marriage to Elio is a sham. He has no feelings for you. But now that I'm back, you won't have to trouble yourself with taking care of him anymore."

"And Ms. Keller, it's time for you to step aside."

Samara's tone was no longer playful; my instincts told me she was a dangerous person, far from the innocent facade she presented.

Understanding what Samara was implying, tears streamed down my face, each one falling onto the cold, hard ground.

As I was still formulating my response, Samara unhesitatingly jump into the pool.

Seeing her floundering and shouting for help, I panicked. I leaned over the edge, ready to jump in to rescue her. But before I could, Elio appeared out of nowhere, leaping into the pool and pulling Samara to safety.

Elio lifted Samara out of the pool, holding her close, his eyes filled with concern. "It's okay, it's okay. I'm here."

Watching Elio hold Samara like a precious treasure, as if she were a newfound gem. It seemed as if I was the intruder now. I couldn't understand why everything had changed since Samara returned.

The frustration I felt remained trapped in my chest, a bitter ache pressing heavily on my heart.

When had Elio ever been this gentle with me?

Elio turned to me, his gaze icy.

"Aimee, why didn't you save Samara? She's terrified of water. She nearly drowned as a child. Why didn't you help her?"

His accusations struck at my heart.

I tried to respond, "But Samara..."

Before I could finish, Samara interjected.

"Elio, it's okay. Don't blame Ms. Keller. I'm fine now, thanks to you."

Elio gazed at Samara with heartache, kissing her forehead tenderly. "You're still the kindest."

"Aimee, I didn't realize you were this kind of person!"

Elio refused to listen to my explanation.

My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 19

After saying his piece, Elio turned with

Samara and walked away. His words echoed repeatedly in my mind as I numbly wandered the streets, letting the rain drench me. I still couldn't believe that Elio had said such things.

Elio had completely forgotten that I didn't even know Samara was afraid of water. This was my first time meeting her.

Everyone knew Samara was Elio's first love and that I was just his nominal wife. It was an unspoken truth.

I collapsed onto the ground, my hands clawing desperately at the earth. It was futile. I cried out loudly, hoping that perhaps this would make Elio glance back at me, even if just for a moment. But his thoughts were far from me.

I lay there, sobbing uncontrollably, heartbroken. I was so disappointed in Elio, but if he had just given me one word of explanation, I might have forgiven him. But he didn't.

Tears fell, splashing on the ground and reflecting the cold light of the street lamps above.

When I finally returned home, I heard laughter before I even entered. It was something I could only long for.

Samara and Elio were seated together, wrapped in each other's arms. Samara whispered something in Elio's ear, and instead of showing anger, Elio smiled affectionately and patted her head.

They were as intimate as a young couple.

When Samara looked up and saw me, she smiled slyly, then leaned in to press her red lips against Elio's face.

In that moment, it felt as if my whole world had come crashing down. My breathing grew ragged. Everyone knew Elio had a cleanliness obsession—whenever I tried to get close, I had to gain his permission. Yet Samara could approach him so easily.

It dawned on me: I was never the exception to his rules.

He was unwilling to break his principles for me; he simply didn't care for me.

Hiding behind the door, I gasped for fresh air, letting the tears flow freely.

I was heartbroken, realizing that Elio wasn't devoid of feelings; he just didn't have them for me.

Desperate and unwilling to accept this, I charged into the room, forcefully pulling Samara away from Elio. The sudden change of me caught even Elio off guard.

Samara was yanked to the ground by my force, and I shouted at her, “Don’t you have a family of your own? Don’t you know Elio has a wife? As long as Elio and I are still married, I won’t allow you to come between us!”

Samara seemed frightened by my outburst, her tearful eyes turning to Elio as she cried out in pain.

Elio, reacting swiftly, slapped me across the face. The sting was immediate, and I looked at him, my eyes reddened, and asked, “Elio, we are the ones who are married. Why are you prioritizing someone else over me?”

Elio hesitated, a hint of regret on his face.

“Aimee, I...

My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 20

Before Elio could finish his sentence, Samara’s voice interrupted:

“Elio, it hurts.”

Those few words wiped all trace of regret from Elio’s face. He frowned at me, signaling that I should leave immediately.

But this is my home too—where else am I supposed to go?

The sorrow in my heart overshadowed the sting on my face.

I packed my things, intending to spend the night in a hotel, hoping that perhaps this was all just a bad dream that a good night’s sleep could erase.

I received news that a heart matching mine had been found. It was the only piece of good news in these days, and it seemed my hopes were justified—bad times do pass.

Filled with optimism, I decided to bring this good news to Elio, hoping it might ease the tension between us.

Carrying a cup of hot milk as usual, I headed to Elio’s study, only to find him on a call with his assistant. I planned to quietly enter, leave the milk on the desk, and then slip away.

“Mr. Sutton, Ms. Keller has found a matching heart, but...” The assistant’s hesitant words echoed in the study, and I couldn’t help but eavesdrop.

“Just say it,” Elio’s emotionless voice cut through.

“But Ms. Moreno is also a match. What should we do...”

“Give it to Samara.”

As Elio’s words sank in, my hand trembled, causing the cup of milk to crash to the floor.

“Elio, you...” I was so furious and hurt that I couldn’t even form coherent words, my finger trembling as I pointed at him.

Elio remained indifferent, his voice as cold as ever. “Aimee, since you already know, there’s no point in hiding it from you. Samara also has heart failure and needs a transplant. She returned to the country for her surgery. I’ll continue looking for a matching heart for you, but please do not disturb her.”

Once again, disappointment overwhelmed me. This time, Elio chose another’s life over mine at such a crucial moment. There was no excuse left for his favoritism.

It was bitterly ironic that the person I loved for over a decade would abandon me for the sake of another woman. The cruel reality was too much to bear.

My heart ached with every beat, and I left the place with resolute determination.

The repeated misunderstandings, the persistent favoritism—it seemed I was meant to be discarded. For years, I had unconditionally devoted myself to Elio, learning to cook just to alleviate his stomach troubles.

But it seemed he had never cared, thinking it was my duty. I let out a bitter laugh in my heart. It was all so unworthy, utterly pointless.