

## My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 21

Suddenly, an intense pain overwhelmed me. My body trembled violently, and I instinctively curled up, pressing my hand against my temples and biting my lower lip with all my might. But it was of no use; I couldn't control my rapid breathing. I rushed to the hospital.

I knew my time was running out, so I resigned myself to spending my remaining days there. I didn't want to drag my sick body to face those I wished to avoid. Just thinking of Elio and Samara filled me with bitterness.

As time passed, my body grew weaker and weaker. Death was quietly approaching, until my final breath slipped away.

I felt an inexplicable lightness, as if I were floating. I couldn't tell if I was truly dead, but I seemed to hover in the air, clearly seeing my own body lying on the hospital bed. It was only then that I truly realized I was gone.

I floated aimlessly, without direction, unsure of where to go.

Suddenly, I felt a force guiding me toward a place.

It was Elio's celebration for Samara, marking her successful surgery.

Samara feigned innocence as she asked Elio, "Eli, why didn't Aimee come to the celebration today?"

Elio, with a detached expression, replied simply, "Don't worry about her."

Samara's smile faltered instantly.

As I floated above, I felt a sudden curiosity about how Elio would react upon learning of my death. Perhaps he would be pleased, given how much he despised me?

After the party, Elio returned home and, finding no trace of me, made several calls that went unanswered. Frowning with concern, he asked the butler, "Where is Aimee? Where did she go?"

The butler, slightly surprised by Elio's unusual concern, responded respectfully, "Mr. Sutton, Mrs. Sutton moved out some time ago."

Elio nodded, his face showing signs of agitation and unease, sensing something was slipping away.

"Let her be. If she regrets it, she'll come back on her own," he said dismissively.

Ah, Elio still doesn't know I'm dead, I thought with a bitter laugh.

After making that statement, Elio left the house to be with the recently discharged Samara.

I seethed internally. This shameless couple really deserved to suffer!

A few days later, with still no sign of me, Elio contacted his assistant to inquire about my recent whereabouts and activities.

The assistant, when answering the call, appeared visibly flustered.

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“Mr. Sutton, Mrs. Sutton... she’s... passed away!”

The news hit Elio like a bombshell.

His face went pale, unable to believe it. He asked the assistant to repeat the news, but the confirmation remained the same: I was dead.

Elio seemed stunned, murmuring to himself, “How is that possible? Aimee, are you playing a trick on me? Just a few days ago, you were upset with me. How... how did you pass away?”

Though Elio couldn’t see me, I could clearly see his expression and hear his voice.

Seeing the regret spread across Elio’s face brought a small sense of satisfaction to me.

Elio, frantic and desperate, questioned everyone around him about my whereabouts, but no one could provide any answers.

I watched Elio’s futile attempts with cold detachment, finding it absurd. He failed to cherish me when I was alive and now, in my absence, he was overwhelmed with regret.

Elio, with red-rimmed eyes, sat in my favorite room—the study—surrounded by bottles and cans he had emptied. Grabbing a bottle of liquor at random, he poured it down his throat.

“Aimee, please come back. I realize my mistakes now. I regret making you angry and not believing you. Please, come back.”

Elio’s eyes roamed over the room filled with my belongings, still struggling to believe that I was truly gone.

Intoxicated, he collapsed in my study, a shadow of his usual polished self.

For days, Elio remained in a daze within that room, only gradually coming to terms with my death. He began investing considerable resources into locating my final resting place.

My feelings for Elio had long since shifted from admiration to irritation, even hatred. It pained me to see Elio's efforts, but I was powerless to stop him.

Eventually, Elio discovered my grave in a remote area far from the city, a two-hour drive away. Holding a bouquet of my

favorite sunflowers, he made his way to my tombstone, gently placing the flowers down.

He traced the engraved name on the headstone, confirming that it was indeed me.

Watching Elio's insincere display made me feel nauseous, especially as he touched my gravestone.

With tear-filled eyes, Elio embraced the monument, sobbing in anguish.

"Aimee, I truly regret it. I'm sorry. I should have noticed your illness sooner. I'm sorry, I'm sorry... but now, it seems like no amount of words can change anything."

"Aimee, I wish I had recognized my true feelings earlier. I've always loved you, but sadly, you can no longer hear me."

## My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 23

I listened to Elio's heartfelt confession with an impassive expression, feeling no stirrings within me.

An urgent phone ring interrupted Elio's monologue. Whatever his assistant said on the line caused Elio to stop crying. He placed a kiss on my gravestone and said softly, "Aimee, I'll visit you again tomorrow," before hurriedly leaving.

Elio's actions struck me as foolish, though I was curious about what had made him so anxious.

I followed Elio back home and saw Samara there, tears streaming down her face.

"Eli, it really wasn't me. It was Aimee, Aimee did it on purpose..."

It turned out to be about the drowning incident.

Before Samara could finish her sentence, Elio slapped her hard.

The sharp sound of the slap echoed in the empty house. I floated nearby, keenly watching the unfolding drama.

Seeing Elio and Samara, once fond of each other, now fighting fiercely over one issue, brought me a twisted sense of satisfaction. I hoped their argument would continue, becoming as messy and dramatic as possible.

Elio glared at Samara with fierce anger.

“Samara, I underestimated you. I always thought you were kind, but you’re nothing but a viper. You’re the true culprit behind Aimee’s death.”

“I had a chance to save Aimee, but I foolishly gave the heart we matched for her to you. How regretful, how regretful. Is this some cruel joke from fate? Hahaha, it’s utterly ridiculous!” Elio laughed bitterly, his face reflecting despair.

Samara, no longer concerned with her dignity, crawled toward Elio, gasping and clutching at his pant leg.

“Elio, I’m sorry. Please forgive me. I made this mistake because I love you so much,” she sobbed.

Elio showed no sign of forgiveness; instead, he kicked Samara away.

He shouted at her with fury, “Samara, you shouldn’t be apologizing to me. The person you should apologize to is already dead. What good are your words now? Can Aimee come back? Why don’t you go and die in her place!”

Samara had never heard Elio speak like this before. Terrified, she continued to apologize.

“I’m sorry, Aimee. I’m so sorry…”

Her repeated apologies did not move me in the slightest. Those who have wronged others must face the consequences of their actions.

Seeing Samara’s crazed state, Elio wasted no time in making a phone call to have her committed to a psychiatric hospital.

Feeling deeply troubled, Elio left the house and went to the residence I had moved to in frustration. Surrounded by my belongings, his eyes reddened with emotion.

He entered my room, searching meticulously for traces of me. He discovered a piece of paper by my bedside and picked it up with curiosity.

## My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 24

This is a note I left for Elio as I approached the end of my life, a form of reconciliation with the past.

“Elio, by the time you read this note, I will have already be gone. I’ve loved you since high school, and when you proposed to me back then, I was overjoyed. I thought my unspoken love had finally been answered. I knew you didn’t return my feelings, but I believed that my love for you was enough. I thought you would eventually understand it. Yet, I never imagined we would end up like this. Your constant defense of others and your doubts about me have left me heartbroken. I kept making excuses for you, reassuring myself that maybe you

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Upon reading this, Elio could no longer contain his grief and began to weep uncontrollably, pounding his fists against himself. I watched with cold detachment, for my heart had long been dead..

Elio, pale and trembling, rushed out of the house and drove frantically to my grave. Clutching my headstone, he begged in fervent remorse, “Aimee, I truly realize my mistakes. Please don’t stop loving me.”

“I gave you my heart. Please come back.”

“Aimee, I was wrong. I’ve always loved you. Aimee, I made a mistake...”

Elio repeated these words endlessly, his eyes still reflecting the tenderness I hadn’t seen in a long time. He spent the night away, and when he returned, his hair was streaked with gray.

After that, Elio’s mental state deteriorated. He refused to leave my grave, except to find food, and no amount of persuasion could make him budge.

Winter soon arrived, bringing snow and biting winds that cut through even the thickest layers of clothing. When Elio was found, he was kneeling in front of my headstone, dressed in thin clothing. It was

no surprise that he had frozen to death in the harsh winter.

His knees were pressed to the ground, his head bowed, and his hands clasped in front of the gravestone, as if seeking atonement. Elio had long abandoned any attempt to care for himself; his hair was greasy and unkempt, his clothes stained beyond recognition, and he carried a sour odor. His once-proud features were gaunt and discolored, a far cry from his former self.

The only reaction from those who discovered him was a dismissive comment, “What a wretched vagrant, before they turned away without a second glance.

Elio died frozen in front of my grave, with no one to claim his body. I felt a profound sense of calm, knowing that he had received his just punishment.

It was time for me to leave as well. The ones who needed to be punished had been dealt with, and I was ready to move on to wherever I was meant to go.

## My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 25

Book 4: In the Crash, He Saved His Beloved, Abandoned Us

I and my husband's first love were in a car accident at the same time.

I begged him to save our child, but without hesitation, he chose to save his first love instead.

He said she was hurt because of me, and we could always have another child.

But what he didn't know was that we would never have another one again.