

My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 26

When my parents returned home, they thought they had escaped the media.

Little did they know, a reporter had uploaded a video online, sparking outrage among netizens driven by a sense of justice.

They tracked down our home address, and some even sent memorial wreaths to my parents.

The school where my father worked faced significant backlash, with demands for accountability as many deemed him unworthy of being a teacher.

Mom's law firm was besieged daily, her hard-earned reputation crumbling in an instant.

On the day of the funeral, the sun shone blindingly.

In addition to Lucas, who was struggling to accept reality, distant relatives who had once shown me indifference arrived, along with some unfamiliar faces, all wearing sorrowful expressions.

They watched helplessly as I was placed in a tiny urn.

My usually composed father broke down, confessing that he regretted not fulfilling his responsibilities as a father.

"If I could, I would gladly take your place," he cried.

Finally, my mother shed tears, her lips trembling. "I'm sorry, Lia. How could I not love you?"

Lia—she remembered my childhood nickname.

It had been so long since I had heard it.

When did she stop calling me that?

Perhaps it was after I had to redo an exam three times, filled with errors.

Or maybe it was when I won third place in a citywide writing contest and excitedly shared the news, only to have her reply, "Your brother won first in a national math competition; what are you so proud of?"

Mom knelt before the gravestone, weeping uncontrollably and beating her chest. Dad, seeing this, also knelt beside her, bowing deeply to my grave.

"We're so sorry, we should have died instead," he said. "We were too busy trying to provide you and your brother with a better life, neglecting your feelings."

-Thud.

-Thud.

With each heavy bow, his forehead scraped against the stone, leaving behind patches of blood. How hypocritical. I stood before the gravestone, watching their charade with cold detachment. I couldn't believe they truly felt remorse; if anything, it was only to assuage their guilt.

Unfortunately, I was just a spirit. They couldn't see or hear me.

Sure enough, Dad suddenly looked up. The sorrow in his eyes had been replaced by indifference. He turned to the strangers

around him and asked, "Did you get that on camera?"

The stranger nodded, holding up his phone. "Got it, don't worry!"

The wind in the cemetery blew fiercely, causing my wavering form to tremble. I curled inward and smiled softly. This was how it should be; they didn't cherish me in life, so how could they suddenly feel regret in death?

My parents' years of connections were now coming into play, bolstered by the footage from the cemetery. The online outrage quickly turned to sympathy.

"Lydia's parents are first-time parents, too."

"Maybe there was a misunderstanding. I heard Lydia was introverted and might not have communicated with her parents."

"I refuse to believe there are parents who don't love their own child."

Dad sat in his study, reading the comments on his phone, a satisfied smile spreading across his face.

For the first time, I felt the cruelty of being a soul. I wanted to knock over the lamp. I wanted to spill the water cup. I wanted to startle him. I wanted to tell him I had always been by his side, that I knew every move he made.

But alas, I could do nothing.

At least, my spirit grew weaker by the day. I sensed I was close to fading away. Finally, I would no longer be trapped in this home that never belonged to me.

My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 27

Time flies, and those living in this world must continue their lives. After I was gone, it seemed my absence hardly affected my parents' daily routine. They still went to work on time, and everything remained the same.

That day, Mom went to the office as usual. Shortly after arriving at the law firm, she received a call from the school administration. They informed her that Dad had been surrounded by a crowd outside the school. During the scuffle, someone struck him, causing him to collapse.

Mom could hardly believe it. "Do you know who did it? He gets along well with everyone; he hasn't had any enemies."

True, Dad had a good reputation outside, always kind to others, yet he was harshest with his own daughter.

The school official paused before responding. "I've heard it was some online users, after seeing certain videos."

For the first time, panic crossed Mom's usually composed face. She hung up the phone and immediately searched the internet. My brother's video, where he named me and reported the abuse, quickly went viral.

In the footage, he displayed my bottle of antidepressants, my severance letter, and my bank book. He exposed the truth of my violation, our parents' concealment, and the five years of mental torment I endured.

Mom rushed to the hospital. My brother sat by Dad's bedside, his expression vacant and emotionless. In a fit of anger, Mom slapped him hard across the face. His handsome features immediately flushed red.

"That day, you really went to find Lydia, didn't you?"

"You only remember her as your sister, but we are your biological parents too, you ungrateful child!" Mom cried, pounding her fists on my brother's chest. "We raised for so long—everything we did was for your you sake! You didn't even finish college because of her"

"You're so smart, and she ruined you."

My brother grinned, "Isn't that what you taught me? How can we find peace knowing our sister died so tragically?"

He was about to say more when the doctor entered, a look of regret on his face. "I'm sorry, but we found brain cancer in your father."

Mom's face turned pale at the news. She turned to my brother, "Are you satisfied now?"

He sniffled, his voice hoarse. “Have you considered that this might be karma?”

He pulled out my red diary from his backpack and threw it at Mom. “She begged for your help countless times, but you turned a blind eye.”

“Do you really believe that bastard killed her...?”

My brother choked up but managed to hold back his tears. “You are terrifying—not only do you lack remorse, but you also claim this is for my own good.”

“Don’t worry; I’ve learned from my sister’s experience. I won’t feel guilty or let you control me.”

“I will live well for her.”

With that, he turned and walked out.

Mom broke down, shouting, “Lucas, where are you going? Come back!” She stumbled after him.

“Mom needs you, Lukie.”

Tears streamed down her face, the once-sharp Mrs. Brown now as helpless as I once was. She pleaded for my brother to turn back and look at her, fearing he wouldn’t never return this time.

“Lucas, I’m begging you.”

She fell heavily to the ground, murmuring, “But your dad and I truly love you.”

My brother’s figure faded into the distance at the end of the hallway.

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My mother stumbled from the hospital room to the entrance, her heart racing with fear as she saw my brother get into a taxi. She pulled out her phone, dialing as she drove, chasing after him. Each call was met with disconnection, yet she redialed repeatedly.

“Please pick up, Lukie.”

“I was wrong, Lukie. Please answer”

Before her words could finish, tears fell onto her phone. I sat in the passenger seat, watching her, feeling nothing but sorrow as I became increasingly transparent. I reached out to cover her eyes and leaned close to her ear, whispering, “I will never forgive you and Dad.”

My mother shuddered, and I knew she heard me.

Great, I finally told her straight up.

Then, with a sudden “bang” her car collided with a large truck at the corner. The street erupted into chaos—screams and shouts filled the air. Some called for the police, while others shouted for an ambulance.

My mother slumped in her seat, blood covering her. Crimson liquid streamed from her forehead down her cheek. I stood calmly beside her, watching as her life ebbed away, moment by moment.

They say that at the brink of death, one can see things usually invisible. My mother struggled to open her eyes, her expression shifting from shock to sorrow, mixed with emotions I couldn't decipher.

She strained to speak, “Lydia... Lia.”

I floated closer, face-to-face with her. “Don't call me that; I'm no longer your child.”

“On that night, I returned everything to you.”

“Including this name!”

“I returned everything to you.”

With my last ounce of strength, I turned and stepped into the void.

I heard my mother's voice, nearly pleading: “My child, please forgive me.”

“I'm so sorry; it's your father and me who failed you.”

I didn't respond, nor did I accept her apology. A voice echoed in my mind: “Is it worth vanishing from the world just to tell her this?”

I smiled softly, indifferent to whether it was worth it or not. I came from chaos, and ultimately, I would return to chaos.

At least now, I no longer belonged to anyone,

I was no longer anyone's child.

I belonged only to myself.

Epilogue: An Unexpected Visitor

My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 29

Epilogue: An Unexpected

Visitor

Quinn lay weakly on the hospital bed. Nathan placed a peeled lime on the bedside table.

“The doctor said you need to breastfeed for at least three months.”

Quinn turned her face away, remaining silent and indifferent. Nathan sighed, feeling helpless.

“I know it’s unfair to ask you to get pregnant and have a baby at the peak of your career.”

“I even thought about asking you to terminate it.” He pursed his lips. “But you heard what the doctor said—if you terminate this pregnancy, you may never be able to conceive again.”

Before he could say more, a nurse entered, cradling the baby.

“Mrs. Brown, look how adorable the baby is! Those eyes, that nose—it’s practically your twin. She’ll surely be a beauty when she grows up.”

With Nathan and the nurse’s encouragement, Quinn finally agreed to breastfeed the baby for three months. She gazed at the wrinkled little one in her arms and softly said to Nathan, “I wonder if she’ll look like you or me when she grows up.”

Nathan smiled. “With our genes, she’ll

definitely be even better. Don’t worry!”

“Let’s hope so.”

“By the way, we should name her.” Quinn glanced at the lime beside her. “Let’s call her Lydia.”

Before my soul completely dissipated, I entered Lucas’s dream and found him.

His eyes were red and puffy. “Sis, you finally came to see me.”

I wanted to pat his head like I used to when we were kids, but I realized he had grown taller than me.

“Lukie, you’re already an adult.”

He wiped away his tears. “Sis, will you blame me?”

“Why did it take you so long to come into my dreams?”

I shook my head. “I’ve been busy. Don’t you want to be my brother anymore?”

His eyes sparkled with excitement. “Can I be your elder brother instead?”

I smiled. “Of course, but you have to live your life well.”

He nodded firmly, believing my words and regaining his strength.

He successfully entered university, pursued a doctorate, and became a lawyer like our mother.

But unlike her, he stood for justice, refusing to let the cycle of injustice continue.

Everyone said that marrying Joseph Miller must have been because I saved the galaxy in a past life.

He once swore in front of everyone that he would marry no one but me in this life.

Yet, on our wedding day, he abandoned me in front of all the guests for his pregnant first love.

What he didn’t know was that I was dying. From the moment he left me, there was no future for us.

Later, he found out that my ashes were scattered into the Colorado River.

He turned gray overnight.

My Brother Became a Vegetable To Save Me Chapter 30

Book 2: He Abandoned Me On Wedding Day

The officiant announced the groom’s entrance twice, yet Joseph was nowhere to be seen. I stood on the wedding stage of my dreams, wearing the gown I had designed over six months, facing the guests’ questioning stares, my smile nearly frozen.

“I heard Joseph manages a huge company with hundreds of employees under him, maybe he’s just too busy!”

“Too busy to even get married? That’s no excuse…”

I forced a bitter smile, swallowing my frustration silently. I instructed the officiant to skip the ceremony and let the guests move on to the food and drinks.

In the dressing room, I removed the flower crown from my head and, looking at my disheveled reflection in the mirror, I broke down into uncontrollable sobs. I knew why Joseph wasn't there—today was the prenatal checkup for his pregnant first love. To him, our wedding wasn't as important as her checkup.

She was the love he could never have in his youth.

The one he would murmur about when he was deeply drunk.

Melissa Lee.

When my mother came over, holding my hand and asking if I was alright, I swallowed the lump in my throat and nodded. Melissa had returned to the country in the middle of this year, already one month pregnant. Joseph had wasted no time in making her his assistant manager.

By then, Joseph and I were already discussing marriage, and naturally, I was displeased with how he had placed Melissa by his side. My frustration grew as he took her on business trips, went fishing with her at the beach, and even brought her to important charity galas. Finally, I couldn't hold back anymore.

When I confronted him, Joseph looked puzzled. "Melissa's in such a pitiful state, what's wrong with me looking after her? Can you stop overthinking everything?"

I lowered my hands, unpinning the flowers from my hair, staring at my reflection with a bitter smile. This doesn't look like a bride—it looks more like a bitter, scorned woman.