

Brothers Want Me Back Sweet Brother Ch 4

Surrounded by people who dared to call themselves her family, Elaine felt nothing but disgust. Their presence alone made her skin crawl.

Meanwhile, Shawn had a fleeting thought: they'd been sitting there this whole time, and no one noticed Elaine's IV bag had run empty.

If it were Bianca, he'd have caught it immediately, doting on her like she was made of glass. But the thought passed as quickly as it came—dismissed without a second glance.

Tracy, however, wasn't as composed. Elaine's defiance had her fuming, her anger barely contained.

Shawn, on the other hand, dismissed Elaine's talk of leaving as childish. To him, this was just another tantrum. She'd come crawling back eventually—she always did. He figured this was just a family spat in her eyes, nothing more.

After getting her IV bag replaced, Elaine didn't return to the room. Instead, she headed to the rooftop, desperate for fresh air and a moment of peace.

But peace wasn't in the cards—because waiting for her there was Bianca.

Bianca stood dressed to perfection, like some textbook femme fatale. Her Hermès bag dangled from her arm, her makeup flawless, her beauty dripping with seductive charm.

And standing right next to her was none other than Finley Scott—Elaine's fiancé and the so-called male lead of this twisted story.

The backstory was laughable. Finley had been engaged to the Yeats family's daughter since birth, but because Bianca wasn't their biological child, the Scott family hesitated about the match.

So the Yeats family brought Elaine back from the countryside to take Bianca's place. At the time, Bianca conveniently went abroad, and Finley had been forced to end things with her.

But his heart was never Elaine's to begin with.

Bianca was his first love, his childhood sweetheart, his perfect "white moonlight." Even now, as Elaine's fiancé, Finley's heart still belonged to Bianca.

To Elaine, he was cold, distant, even cruel. And any rare moment of kindness felt more like pity than anything else. Yet the old Elaine had clung to those scraps, grateful for the crumbs he threw her way.

But Bianca's charm was blinding. Whenever she was around, Elaine ceased to exist. Her return turned Elaine's already bleak world into a shadowy void.

Bianca wasn't just adored by Finley; she had a line of men at her feet, willing to do anything for her.

With her glowing "heroine" aura and her endless admirers, Elaine couldn't help but scoff. 'How was I ever supposed to compete with that?'

"Sis?" Bianca's soft, syrupy voice broke the silence. She turned slightly toward Finley, a flash of unease crossing her face before she quickly masked it with a graceful smile.

"Sis, don't misunderstand," she said, her voice dripping with fake sweetness. "I just ran into Finley downstairs, that's all."

Elaine didn't respond. In the past, she might've argued, yelled, or tried to prove her point. But now? Nothing. Her heart was still and quiet, like a calm sea after a storm.

Finley, however, looked irritated. His brows furrowed, his tone sharp. "Elaine, stop making something out of nothing," he snapped. "There's nothing going on between Bianca and me."

Elaine thought back to the girl she used to be—the one who tried so hard to please him, to win his approval, to fit into his world. The girl who'd been ridiculed online as a desperate, clingy fiancée chasing after a man who didn't want her.

"Elaine, I—" Finley started again, as though he had more to say.

But the elevator chimed, cutting him off. The doors slid open, and Elaine stepped in without hesitation. She didn't spare him or Bianca another look.

To her, they were nothing now. Absolutely nothing.

For a moment, both Finley and Bianca stood frozen, stunned by her indifference.

"What's up with her?" Bianca murmured, her tone laced with confusion, though a hint of curiosity crept in.

Finley narrowed his eyes slightly before letting out a sigh. "Probably just in a bad mood," he said dismissively.

But deep down, the way Elaine had blatantly ignored him didn't sit right. It was a first. She used to treat him like he hung the moon, always so eager to please.

Now, the cold shoulder hit harder than he cared to admit, leaving him with an unfamiliar, unsettling feeling.

Bianca's gaze lingered in the direction Elaine had gone, her smile faltering just briefly before a shadow of something sharper flickered in her eyes.

But she quickly brushed it off. 'Why should I care?' She knew better than anyone that she was the center of attention—always had been, especially with her brothers.

That unconditional adoration gave her the confidence to dismiss anyone she didn't deem worth her time. Elaine, naturally, was no exception.

"Kingsley," a soft, composed voice suddenly called out. An elderly woman with elegantly styled white hair, seated gracefully in a wheelchair, had been watching the scene unfold.

"Yes, Grandma?" Kingsley's low, smooth voice responded, rich with a casual confidence that seemed second nature to him.

Dressed in a perfectly tailored ash-gray suit, Kingsley stood tall and commanding. His sharp, slightly upturned eyes radiated a quiet arrogance, and his very presence exuded authority.

Wherever he went, he was impossible to ignore. Even now, a few nurses and young women nearby were stealing glances, captivated by his aloof, untouchable aura.

"Did you see her just now?" Grace Morgan asked, her excitement barely contained. "That's the actress from the show I've been watching! She's the lead. Why'd she leave so quickly? I wanted to ask her for a picture."

Kingsley had noticed Elaine too. She wasn't much—a minor actress who'd recently gained some attention because of a popular web drama that had caught his grandmother's interest. Grace, for whatever reason, thought the girl had charm.

"Next time," he replied coolly, his tone indifferent.

Juana, Grace's long-time housekeeper, couldn't help but jump in. Seeing how much Grace liked Elaine, she brought up the gossip swirling around her.

"That little actress, Elaine Yeats, has been caught up in some messy drama lately," Juana said, lowering her voice like she was sharing a juicy secret. "Apparently, she accused Bianca Yeats of seducing her fiancé, Finley Scott, claiming they're having an affair."

"The internet's been mocking her, calling her paranoid and jealous. Honestly, it sounds like a joke."

Juana's tone carried a hint of disbelief, as if the idea of Bianca needing to seduce anyone was absurd. After all, men practically lined up for her. Elaine's accusations? Just laughable.

Especially for someone like Elaine—a second-rate actress with a bad reputation. No one would take her seriously.

Grace, however, wasn't buying it. She let out a sharp laugh, her expression hardening. "Hah! I don't believe it. Elaine must be a good girl. But that Bianca Yeats? She doesn't look like someone you can trust."

Juana chuckled, unable to hold back her amusement. "Madam, are you sure you're not biased because you like Elaine?"

Grace snorted. "If Bianca and Elaine's fiancé are so innocent, then why would people even say such things? There's no smoke without fire. Women like her—the ones who act all sweet and innocent but stir up shit behind the scenes—I've seen plenty of them in my time."

Kingsley's lips curled into a faint, knowing smirk, but he stayed silent.

His grandmother had always been blunt and unapologetically opinionated. That was just who she was.

Meanwhile, Elaine, who had been walking away, suddenly paused. Her eyes instinctively turned toward Kingsley.

A man like him was impossible to ignore. No matter where he went, he drew everyone's attention, commanding the room without even trying.

In the original novel, Kingsley wasn't just a villain—he was the villain. The ultimate antagonist. Dangerous, ruthless, and feared by everyone. He was also the man Bianca could never let go of, the one she secretly longed for her entire life.

Their fates had been nothing short of tragic. In the story, Elaine's death had marked the end of her brightest years, and Kingsley, consumed by darkness and vengeance, found no redemption.

He died in the shadows, taking his pain and regrets to the grave.

But not this time. Elaine's hand clenched slightly at her side as a new determination burned quietly within her. This life would be different. She wouldn't let the story repeat itself.

Her thoughts drifted briefly to the first time they had met back then. It had been at a grand party, on a glittering dance floor. She had boldly walked up to him, extending an invitation to dance.

Little had she known, that single moment had sealed their fates.