

Dear Brother I wish You Could Love Me Just Once

Chapter 3

I suddenly felt a little scared.

I was afraid that he really knew that I was going to die, and I was afraid I would be his trouble. again.

But I had a faint expectation. If he knew that I was going to die, would he be a little nicer to me, even just a little bit?

I was lost in thought, as if it had been a long time, but it was just a moment.

A delicate figure walked out of the pharmacy and approached him, holding his arm.

“Brother, the medicine is ready, let’s go!”

My aunt, Winnie’s mother, also died in that car accident.

Winnie’s father quickly recovered from the pain and married a new wife. That family could no longer accommodate Winnie, so she moved to our house.

Three children supported the entire Jones family.

After Winnie came, everything changed silently.

Facing my crying and sobbing, my brother showed an impatient expression for the first time.

Cheryl, can you learn from Winnie and be a little more obedient and sensible?

“Can you give way to Winnie? This is what you owe her!”

Until I was eighteen years old, he looked at me with disappointment all over his eyes when I came back in the morning, drunk and reeking of alcohol.

“Cheryl, I have been kind to you, so from now on, you’re on your own!

“In the future, don’t say that you are my younger sister anymore. My younger sister is only Winnie!”

My nose twitched, and I lowered my head, feeling at a loss.

Winnie whispered, "That person seems to be Cheryl. Is she also sick? Should we go and ask?" Cheyne snorted coldly from his nose.

"Why do you care about her? It's all her own doing!"

All the random thoughts that had just arisen in my mind suddenly disappeared, and my heart felt like it had been hit by a heavy hammer.

When I was a child, even if I just coughed lightly, he would worry if I caught a cold.

Now, even I was very ill, he didn't even bother to ask.

He really didn't care about me anymore.

Feeling a cool sensation on my face, I raised my hand and realized that my eyes were wet. Cheryl, it's okay.

Just wait a little longer, just wait a little longer.

Then you will be relieved.

The food in the hospital was really bland, so I ordered takeout.

I carried a lot of food and filled the table.

The fragrant smell awakened my taste buds, and my hungry stomach finally found comfort.

I picked up the chopsticks and filled them into my stomach one by one.

When my stomach was full, my heart wouldn't feel empty.

But eating too much eventually backfired, and I leaned over the toilet in the bathroom, vomiting uncontrollably.

I sat on the bathroom floor recklessly until the nurse found me.

She blamed me for not taking care of my body while secretly giving me half of her

stomach—nourishing porridge.

“Miss, if you harm your body like this, your family will be worried.”

Will Cheyne worry about me?

I inexplicably remembered what the doctor said that day.

“Take good care of yourself, and you can live for another two or three years.”

But I had no reason to live on.

My brother hoped me to die for years.

On the day of discharge, the familiar little nurse chased after me.

She handed me a talisman.

“Miss, I don’t know what you have been through. But if your parents were here, they would

definitely feel sorry for you. So, even for their sake, you must take good care of yourself.”

The advice from an acquaintance was so precious at the end of life.

Back home, looking at my pale face in the mirror, I thought I must keep decent at the end of my life.

I put on makeup, and my complexion looked much better. Then I went to the mall.

With the rise of online shopping, there were not many people in the mall.

After browsing for a long time, I finally chose a white long dress.

I was just about to take that dress when I heard a familiar voice behind me.

“Brother, this dress looks really nice, it must suit me well.”

It was such a coincidence that I ran into Cheyne and Winnie at the mall during work hours. Cheyne was a famous workaholic.

When I was fifteen, on a weekend, I begged him to accompany me to the mall, but he sternly refused because of work.

Now he was strolling around with Winnie on a workday.

When Winnie saw me, she calmly greeted me.

“Cheryl, what are you doing here?”

Her words might be unintentional, but they made Cheyne’s face turn cold.

I didn’t pay attention to them, I just wanted to buy the dress and leave quickly.

When Winnie and I both pointed to the dress, the salesperson kept apologizing. “Sorry, this dress is the last one available.”

“I was here first, so please wrap it up for me.”

I might not be able to go out tomorrow. I didn’t want to be humble this time.

Winnie didn’t say anything yet, but Cheyne stood in front of me, just like countless times in memory.

“Cheryl, give the dress to Winnie...”

I looked up and stared into his indifferent eyes.

“Yes, I am the elder sister, so I should give in to her.

“Besides, I owe her.. If it weren’t for me, her mother would still be alive and she wouldn’t have to act according to others’ will all the time...”

I said what he wanted to say first.

A trace of unnaturalness flashed across his face, and he coughed.

“It’s good that you know! Hurry up and give the dress to Winnie!”

I pulled the corners of my mouth at him, probably laughing very ugly. I didn't remember how to laugh anymore.

"But, so what?

"Cheyne, I won't do it!"