

Dear Brother I wish You Could Love Me Just Once

Chapter 5

Cheyne paused for a moment and instinctively took a step forward to try to support me. I quietly stepped back, avoiding his outstretched hand.

“Yes, I am trouble, a troublemaker.

“No matter who I am with, no matter what I do, it’s always my fault.

“Regardless of the reason, regardless of right or wrong, it’s just because I am a sinner.

“I am the one who killed our parents.

“Is that right?”

Cheyne’s eyes gradually changed from panic to indifference.

“Did I say something wrong?

“Isn’t it because you were greedy and caused them to die in the car accident, causing me to become an orphan?”

He finally spoke his mind and said the things that had been weighing on his heart for so many years.

“So, I deserve to die!

Congratulations, Cheyne!

“You will get what you want, and I will die soon. So, I won’t owe you anything anymore, right? “Brother, goodbye forever!”

I pushed them aside in a daze and ran out stumbling.

Since Winnie came, Cheyne had become more and more impatient with me.

He always told me to be obedient and sensible.

I knew he was pressured by life. I felt sorry for him but couldn’t do anything about it.

I could only study hard and hoped that I could help him after I graduated from a good university. When I was eighteen, I finally received the admission letter from the top 1 university, Harvard University.

I was full of expectations and imagined that my brother would be happy if he saw it.

He would be pleased to see me being so well-behaved and successful. Would he become the caring brother he used to be?

That day, he didn't come back until late at night.

He often stayed out late for socializing, but that day I was particularly restless.

I asked many people and went to many places, and finally found him in a bar.

At that time, he was already unconscious from drinking, and his opponent was holding a sharp broken bottle against his eyes.

"You dare to steal away my business, I'll teach you a lesson!"

In that instant, my heart almost jumped out of my throat, and I rushed forward like crazy to stand in front of him.

"Don't hurt my brother!"

The group of people looked at me with playful eyes, as if they had seen something fun. I felt scared, but when I saw my brother behind me, I suddenly had endless courage.

"I can let your brother go, but you have to drink all the wine on this table."

I wanted to secretly call the police, but they took away my phone and blocked my way out.

With no way to go out, I had to drink one cup after another, as if I could never finish.

My consciousness gradually became blurred, and the sinister laughter around me continued. "Cheyne's sister seems interesting, let's give him a big gift!"

They let Cheyne go, but it became hell for me.

No matter how I begged and cried, they still didn't let me go.

I closed my eyes, hoping it was just a nightmare.

The next day, I dragged my tired body back home with reeking of alcohol, only to be greeted by Cheyne's angry and disappointed eyes.

He slapped me hard. It was the first time he had ever hit me since I was little.

"Cheryl, look at what you've become now, do you still have any shame?"

He threw his phone in front of me. I just knew that person had taken photos of me being bullied.

“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 sister anymore. My sister is only Winnie!”

He compromised because of my photo and gave up the hard-earned order.

He hated me because of it.

I stumbled out of the Jones’ residence, with nowhere to go.

That acceptance letter from Harvard University was discovered by them the night before and burned in front of me, turning into ashes.

At the age of eighteen, it seemed like a nightmare that I couldn’t get rid of.

I wanted to die, and I even cut my wrists.

But I was still saved.

Winnie came to see me, she looked at me with pity and helplessness.

“If you die now, what will Brother do?

“Are you trying to exchange your death for his lifelong guilt?

“It’s already difficult for him to raise you, can you stop being so selfish?”

It turned out that even if I died, I would still be a burden to him.

I closed my eyes wearily.

“I won’t die, at least not in the next two years!”

There is no hope for living, nor freedom in death.

I was like a walking corpse, or a rat in the sewer, only fit to live in darkness.

Sometimes I couldn’t help thinking, why didn’t the car accident take me away when I was ten years old? Every day of being alive was torture, but I still lived with all my strength.

After that, I rarely saw Cheyne. Even if I met him, he was indifferent to me. The irregular daily routine and diet made my stomach occasionally start to act up. When I was finally

diagnosed with stomach cancer, I was even a little happy. Finally, I could die legitimately.