

Dear Brother I wish You Could Love Me Just Once

Chapter 8

I had a dream, a very long dream.

On Cheryl's tenth birthday, our parents had a car accident and sacrificed their lives to save me and my sister.

Mom often said that I was the elder brother and I should love and take care of my sister for a lifetime.

Our parents were gone, and overnight, my sister and I became orphans.

But I still had to take care of my sister, so I gritted my teeth and overcame one obstacle after another.

Although life was difficult, fortunately, there was a lovely sister waiting for me at home. Later, my cousin Winnie came, and I treated them equally.

They sympathized with each other and quickly became close sisters who could talk about anything.

Both of them were very hardworking and always ranked first in their grade.

When Cher turned eighteen, I was harassed by my archenemy and got drunk.

Fortunately, the police cracked down heavily that day, and my archenemy had to leave in frustration.

The next day, when I woke up, Cher told me that she had been admitted to Harvard University. I was overjoyed.

On the day of the school opening, I personally took her to the campus and watched her start her new life full of youth and sunshine.

Later, she graduated successfully and joined my company with Winnie to help me.

With their help, my career flourished.

Afterwards, she found the person she loved, got married, and had children and grandchildren. And I, too, had grown old with white hair.

In my final moments, she stayed by my bedside.

“Brother, in the next life, will you still be my brother?”

“Alright!”

“Brother, Brother, wake up!”

struggled to open my eyes, and all I saw was white. Then I saw Winnie’s joyful face.
“Brother, you finally woke up.”

I looked at her, and then struggled to look around, trying to find another figure. Winnie wiped away the tears from the corner of her eyes and held my hand.

“Brother, are you looking for Cheryl?”

“Did you forget? She said she wanted to travel abroad for a while.”

I suddenly realized, the past scenes rushed into my mind.

We, who had a good ending, were just in a dream, a beautiful dream.

But reality was a different story.

On Cheryl’s tenth birthday, we lost our parents.

Since then, as a half-grown child, I had been taken on the role of father and mother.

At first, I still loved Cheryl like before, but the pressure of life was too great and crushed my frail shoulders.

With nowhere to vent, in the quiet of the night, I felt like I was going crazy.

“If only Mom and Dad were still here. If Cheryl hadn’t insisted on eating ice cream, would they have not had the accident?”

Time went by, and resentment grew in my heart.

Later, Winnie also came, and my pressure became even greater.

But I couldn't shut her out, because she lost her mother in that car accident.

Winnie was very obedient and good at reading people's expressions.

In comparison, Cher was a bit ignorant.

Over time, I started to blame Cher.

Until Cher turned eighteen, I was still immature and was troubled by my competitor, and was forced to drink much wine.

I even thought it would be better to die there than to suffer so much.

They tried to destroy me, but for some reason they let me go later.

The next day, when I woke up, I realized that Cher had saved me.

But she was...

The precious treasure that I had cherished for so many years, had been treated and abused like this, and it was all because of me.

Regret, anger, and various emotions were overwhelming me.

I was scared when I saw Cher coming back covered in bruises.

I didn't know how to face her, I didn't know how to face my parents.

I was also worried that in the future, people would come to bully her.

In my confused state of mind, I made the stupidest decision and kicked her out of the house.

As long as she was not my sister, no one would bother her

I was about to beat the suspect to half death with a stick, but Winnie stopped me.

“Brother, what will happen to me and Cheryl if you enter the prison?”

I shrank back in pain.

I regretted my actions that night countless times. If only I hadn't gone, if only I hadn't taken those orders, if only I hadn't driven Cher away...

After that, I rarely saw Cher.

A long time later, on my birthday, Winnie called her.

Actually, I was happy in my heart.

But when she saw me, she frowned and said it was her last gift for me. She even smashed the items related to Chibi Maruko-chan I had collected for her.

I was afraid and anxious that I would lose her.

After she left, I had a heart attack and went to the hospital.

The next day, I didn't expect to run into her at the hospital.

I wanted to go up and ask her, but when I thought about how I looked, I decided not to scare her. Later, I finally collected enough evidence against Felix, but he came to me seeking reconciliation. That night, Cher came and was stimulated.”

I would always remember her desperate and lifeless eyes.

“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? “So, Brother, goodbye forever!”

In that moment, I felt like I was going to lose her forever.

I instinctively chased after her, but suddenly my heart cramped and I fainted.

When I woke up again, the doctor told me that if I didn't have a heart transplant soon, I wouldn't live much longer.

At the end of life, I suddenly miss my childhood.

I sent out many people and finally found Cher.

I brought her back to the Jones' residence. I wanted to make up for my owe to her in the remaining time.

On her birthday, I accompanied her on the sky wheel.

When it reached the highest point, I apologized to her.

But she stared at the sky light outside."

Brother, if one day I also die, will you release a sky light for me?"

It was her who would release it for me. Cher should live a long life.

Actually, I prepared a birthday gift for her, but I felt it was not enough to express my feelings for her.

I wanted to give her everything I have.

Back in the bedroom, I drafted my will overnight.

A few days later, the hospital told me that a suitable donor had been found.

Two days before the surgery, Cher suddenly said she wanted to go on a trip.

Well, it's better for her not to know about my surgery and worry about it!

What if the surgery fails?

Let her have a happy time outside.

Lying on the operating table, I secretly thought that if the surgery was successful, I would make it up to Cher and treat her well for the rest of her life.

In a daze, I felt a familiar warmth in my hand.

I tried hard to open my eyes and seemed to see Cher.

I shook my head. How could I see her here? Didn't she go on a trip?

I must miss her too much.

The surgery was successful, but when I woke up, I never saw Cher again.

There was a familiar feeling of heartbeat in my chest, but it was quickly dispelled because I received a postcard from her abroad.

Day after day, month after month.

Cher's phone was always turned off, and she never came back.

But every once in a while, I would receive postcards from different places.