

Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 21

Liam said to me, “Ashie, you should try to chase your dreams...”

“If you don’t try, how will you ever know if you can succeed?”

“There’s a music audition next month. If you pass the preliminary round, you can compete in the contest. Want to give it a shot?”

“I’ll be there with you...”

In his sincere gaze, I saw something that even Elijah had never shown me—encouragement to try, to push myself, to pursue what I wanted.

For the first time, I felt like I found my true calling.

I nodded.

I hired a lawyer and had a divorce agreement drawn up. After signing it, I sent it to Elijah.

Then I focused on preparing for the audition next month. Singing, listening to music—I felt a renewed sense of purpose in my life.

The audition day finally arrived, and Liam accompanied me.

Hallie, somehow finding out about my participation, showed up just to taunt me:

“A deaf woman in a music competition?”

“What if your cochlear implant runs out of battery in the middle of the performance?”

“Wouldn’t that be embarrassing?”

I didn’t get angry. She was no longer my friend, and I had no reason to waste my energy on someone who didn’t matter.

Seeing that her words didn’t affect me, Hallie continued, “I don’t believe you’ll even make it through the auditions.”

I smiled, my expression calm and composed. “We’ll see about that.”

With her attempts to provoke me failing, Hallie turned and walked away.

The preliminary auditions were about to begin, and Liam stayed by my side, cheering me on and helping me stay calm.

After the initial round, I felt a wave of relief.

Liam handed me a large bouquet of sunflowers and said, "Ashie, you'll definitely make it to the next round."

I accepted them with a grateful smile.

We were chatting and laughing as we left the audition site when we ran into Elijah.

His eyes widened in disbelief as he looked at me. His lips moved, but he remained silent.

He rushed up to me, saying, "Ashie, I won't sign the divorce agreement."

"I can't divorce you..."

I stared at him expressionlessly, wondering how- much of his current demeanor was genuine and how much was feigned.

Calmly, I responded, "What normal man would marry a deaf person?"

He shook his head desperately. "No, that's not it!"

He moved closer to me, but I recoiled slightly, noticing the lingering scent of Hallie on him.

He seemed taken aback, perhaps not expecting that I would so easily pull away from him.

"Are you marrying me just to be with him?" Elijah asked, frowning and pointing at Liam.

I was about to explain when I heard Liam's voice:

"Do you know that back in school, when you were being bullied, it wasn't me who saved you, but him?"

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I was utterly stunned by this revelation.

It wasn't Elijah who had saved me—it was Liam?

Is this true?

I turned to look at Liam, who showed no sign of surprise, suggesting he had known all along.

Why did Elijah lie to me? And why didn't Liam clarify the truth?

Liam then spoke up:

“Back in the eighth grade, I happened to pass by an alley and saw a group of girls bullying you. When I approached, I intervened. They knew my family background and didn't dare continue.”

“But you were already unconscious. Knowing you were close with Elijah, I contacted him.”

Hearing this, my emotions became a whirlwind, and tears flowed uncontrollably.

I turned to Elijah and demanded, “Why did you lie to me?”

“Why didn't you tell me the truth back then?”

Realization dawned on me, and I couldn't help but let out a bitter laugh.

“I finally understand why you always changed the subject when I brought it up. It turns out... you weren't the one who saved me.”

His gaze fell, and after a long pause, he finally said, “I'm sorry.”

Suddenly, those words seemed so cheap coming from him.

I had always thought he was my beacon of light, only to discover it was all an illusion.

It turns out... from the very beginning... I had loved the wrong person.

Liam continued, “The girls who bullied you were all arranged by Hallie.”

“What?” I was utterly stunned by this revelation.

The mastermind behind the bullying I endured in school was a friend I had grown up with?

But I saw no trace of shock on Elijah's face, which made my heart drop.

I whispered, "Elijah... did you know about this all along?"

Elijah's eyes flickered with disbelief as he looked at me with sorrow. He didn't answer, but I knew the truth.

Suddenly, everything felt like a cruel joke.

But I couldn't stop myself from pressing,

"Answer me!"

He was silent for a full minute before finally nodding.

He didn't look at me anymore, perhaps out of guilt and remorse.

I let out a self-deprecating laugh.

So, Hallie had been the puppet master behind the bullying in middle school, while Elijah was merely an observer.

"You must know that period was the darkest time of my life," I said.

"Why did you and Hallie, who grew up with me, treat me like this? Why?"

"Do you know how I endured those days of bullying? I couldn't tell anyone; I even thought of ending it all!"

"Honed for a light to guide me, and it turns out the light I hoped for wasn't you!"

"And you, all this time, kept it from me."

"Why?"

I asked, my voice devoid of strength.

Winter had set in, and the wind blew coldly, making me seem so fragile in its chill.

I didn't know when Elijah had left.

All I knew was that I was shivering from the cold.

In the next moment, I was enveloped in a warm embrace.

He smelled faintly of cedarwood.

He gently stroked my hair and said, "I will always be here with you."

Thank you...

Liam, always showing up when I'm at my lowest.

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I emerged from the thousands of initial competitors, advanced to the semifinals, and then made it to the finals among hundreds.

In the spring of the following year, I won the championship.

Along with this triumph came another piece of news: the court's divorce ruling.

I also received three properties in the city center, a villa in the countryside, and a luxury car.

I accepted them quietly.

This was what Elijah owed me.

On the day of the court ruling, I didn't attend the hearing but entrusted it to my lawyer. I had no desire to see Elijah's insincere face.

As the champion, I was in the spotlight for a media interview. Standing before the cameras, I spoke confidently about my journey.

Meanwhile, Liam waited for me backstage.

After the interview, I returned to find him holding a bouquet of sunflowers. "Ashie, congratulations..."

I took the flowers and smiled sweetly at him. "Thank you."

I pulled out my phone and saw numerous unread messages.

Without looking, I knew who they were from.

At that moment, an unfamiliar number rang through.

Without checking, I knew who it was.

“Answer it,” Liam said.

I answered the call, and Elijah’s regretful voice came through. “Ashie, congratulations on winning the championship.”

“Thank you,” I replied coldly.

“I watched the live broadcast. You were amazing,” Elijah continued.

I merely responded with a faint, “Mm.”

“I...” he started.

I interrupted, “If there’s nothing else, I’ll hang up.”

With that, I ended the call.

Overnight, I became a sensation. Many talent agencies reached out, and several directors offered me roles.

However, I made a decision that surprised everyone.

I chose to enroll in a music academy in Boston for further studies.

The night before leaving for Boston, Hallie found me.

With tears streaming down her face, she demanded, “We grew up together. Why does Elijah like you and not me?”

“Our bond was so close before.”

“Why did you have to steal Elijah from me?”

I didn’t answer.

I simply watched as she raged.

Her words grew more and more vicious, so I took out my hearing aid and let her continue.

After all, I could choose not to listen.

Hallie, realizing she was only making a fool of herself, left in anger.

The next morning, I arrived at the airport early. I had booked a business class seat, and just as I settled in, a man appeared beside me.

He was holding a bouquet of sunflowers.

The language of sunflowers is: silent love, unspoken affection.

It also symbolizes a passion for dreams and life.

After getting off the plane, I checked my phone.

It was filled with missed calls and unread messages.

There was also a headline on the city news:

“Terry Group President Crashes into River While · Speeding.”

I opened the article to find that Elijah had been speeding along the riverbank and ended up driving into the water. By the time he was rescued, he was barely conscious.

And... he was now deaf.

I wondered if this was poetic justice.

Curiously, I asked Liam next to me, “Are you here in Boston for business?”

He smiled gently and replied, “My sunflower has arrived in Boston.”

-The End –

I lost my memory.

My last memory was from a year ago, during the happiest time with Norton.

He took great care of me, holding me and kissing me every night, his voice trembling.

‘Sweetie, please never remember.’

Later, I recalled everything.

The day I was kidnapped with his first love.

He chose to save her.

I endured great torment.

[Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 24](#)

Book 3 His Love Made Me In The Hell

I started having frequent dreams.

In the dream, a woman lay on the ground, surrounded by men laughing maliciously as they slowly approached her.

“He gave up on you, but we won’t kill you.”

“Let us have some fun and we’ll let you go!”

The woman couldn’t move, suffering their assaults one by one.

Finally, they all left, satisfied, leaving her disheveled on the ground. Blood kept flowing from her head.

I woke up in shock, sitting up and gasping for air, “No!!!”

“Doreen, what’s wrong?” Norton, a light sleeper, immediately sat up and looked at me in a panic.

Still terrified, I threw myself into Norton’s arms, seeking comfort.

“A nightmare, right?” Norton gently held me, his hand caressing the back of my head, “Don’t be afraid, I’m here. It’s all just a dream.”

Yet I felt an inexplicable sense of reality about it.

Buried in his chest, I recounted the nightmare to him. As soon as I finished, his body stiffened.

“Norton?” I looked up at him.

Norton snapped back to reality, forcing a smile, “It’s nothing. Doreen, dreams are all fake. Don’t think about it anymore.”

Norton comforted me for a long time. And I finally felt a bit relieved and lay back down to sleep. This time, Norton held me tightly in his arms.

Half asleep, I felt Norton kissing me repeatedly, his body trembling slightly, as if in fear.

Before falling into a deep sleep, I heard a whisper, “Sweetie, please never remember...”

Norton snapped back to reality, forcing a smile, “It’s nothing. Doreen, dreams are all fake. Don’t think about it anymore.”

Norton comforted me for a long time. And I finally felt a bit relieved and lay back down to sleep. This time, Norton held me tightly in his arms.

Half asleep, I felt Norton kissing me repeatedly, his body trembling slightly, as if in fear.

Before falling into a deep sleep, I heard a whisper, “Sweetie, please never remember...”

Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 25

The next day, Norton took me to the hospital for a follow-up.

The doctor said the blood clot in my brain was slowly dissipating, and I might soon regain my memory.

In an instant, Norton’s face turned pale.

On the way home, he held my hand tightly, not saying a word.

“Norton, what’s wrong?” I shook his hand.

Suddenly, he pulled me into a deserted alley and pressed me against the wall, kissing me wildly.

“Doreen, please never leave me, okay?”

With that, he kissed me again.

My face flushed, and I gently pushed him away.

“Let’s go home first...”

Norton’s face was still grim as he held me in place.

Holding my face with both hands, he pleaded, “Don’t reject me, babe.”

I blinked, feeling like he was about to cry.

Alright, I relaxed and let him kiss me.

As soon as we entered the house, Norton embraced me and kissed me again. He picked me up and carried me to the bedroom.

Just when I thought something would happen, he suddenly stopped without warning.

I didn’t understand why. Since I woke up, Norton hadn’t been intimate with me.

He used to cling to me every couple of days.

Norton had been kissing my ear, but he stopped and held me silently.

“I’m sorry, Doreen. I’m so sorry...”

I didn’t understand at the time.

It wasn’t until I remembered everything that I realized Norton wasn’t uninterested; he just thought I was dirty.

The atmosphere was tense. I let him hold me, not knowing what to say.

Until Norton’s phone rang.

He glanced at it, his expression freezing for a moment, then got up to take the call in the living room.

Driven by curiosity, I walked to the door.

I was curious about the call.

Norton's voice came through faintly.

"Stop bothering me. From beginning to end, I've only loved her."

"Even if that day comes, I would rather die than leave her."

His words were too fragmented for me to understand anything.

But my doubts deepened until Regina appeared.

That day, Norton seemed anxious before leaving the house.

As usual, he instructed me, "Sweetie, wait for me at home. There's an urgent matter at the office. I'll be back soon." He emphasized again, "Don't go out."

He picked up the car keys, leaned over, and kissed me.

The sky outside was gloomy, a sign of an impending storm.

I suddenly felt uneasy and grabbed his hand, saying, "You need to come back quickly."

Norton smiled, "Don't worry, babe. I'll be back soon."

He freed his hand from mine and walked towards the entrance.

I stood there watching his back. He left hurriedly, unlike usual, without turning to look at me before opening the door.

I felt a bit down, but then I saw the car keys on the coffee table.

Norton had taken the wrong keys. I quickly grabbed them and rushed out to catch him.

The elevator led directly to the parking lot, and I quickly found his car. Just as I took a step, I froze, staring at the two people inside the car.

Norton was kissing a woman.

When the woman's face came into full view, I felt something snap in my mind.

The doctor had mentioned that a certain shock could trigger the immediate return of my memories. Though unlikely, it was possible.

As soon as Regina appeared, I remembered everything.

Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 26

Three months ago, Regina had invited me out, issuing a challenge.

She was Norton's first love, and her reappearance in our lives was to win Norton over.

She confidently declared, "Norton has always loved me. You were just a distraction while I was away."

At that time, I only wanted to find Norton and ask him directly.

"I need to hear it from him," I said before leaving.

As it got darker, the road became deserted.

A van suddenly stopped beside me, and two men, looking fierce, dragged me into the car.

Inside, Regina was also tied up.

The person who orchestrated our kidnapping was a former rival of Norton's at the company.

He was caught embezzling a large sum of money, and by the time the police arrived at his house, he had already fled.

He suspected Norton had reported him, and he held a grudge.

When Norton arrived, I was about to cry for help but noticed his eyes were fixed on Regina.

It felt like a scene from a melodramatic soap opera.

Even though Norton had brought the ransom, he was told he could only take one person.

I finally understood why Norton hadn't called the police and had come alone; he knew the kidnappers were desperate and didn't want to risk Regina's life.

"Norton..." I whispered, bound tightly by ropes.

He looked deeply into my eyes.

After a moment, he made his decision, looking at me with difficulty, “I’m sorry, Doreen. Regina has a heart condition; I can’t leave her. I know you’re brave, right? Wait for me, I will come back for you.”

My eyes lost their light.

As I was pinned down by several men, the last thing I saw was Norton carrying Regina away.

What I went through was nothing short of torture, with wounds all over my body, including the head injury from being slammed into the concrete during my struggle.

I don’t know how long it lasted, but eventually, it was over.

The abandoned factory was silent, with only me left behind. Blood from my head continued to flow, and my consciousness began to fade.

Barely clinging to life, I saw Norton arriving.

His face was pale as he trembled, holding me in his arms.

He cried, his voice hoarse with repeated apologies, “I’m sorry, Doreen. I’m so sorry... I’ll spend the rest of my life making it up to you. Please forgive me.”

I was taken to the hospital, and at some point during my stay, I woke up briefly.

I weakly half-opened my eyes.

Norton was sitting by my bedside, holding my hand with one hand and speaking on the phone with the other.

He didn’t notice I was awake, and I heard him say in a low voice, “It’s my fault. I won’t leave her, so stop contacting me.”

“We can’t call the police, Norton said. “I can’t let anyone know that Doreen was ra...

He tightened his grip on my hand, took a deep breath, and continued, “I can’t let anyone know what happened to Doreen. It’s better if those men are gone for good so they won’t come near her again.”

As soon as he finished speaking, I couldn't hold on and drifted back to sleep.

When I woke up again, my memory had reverted to a year ago.

Norton kept saying he wanted to make it up to me, but he wasn't even willing to call the police to seek justice for me.

To him, my experience was disgraceful and something to be hidden.

He felt guilty yet simultaneously saw me as tainted.

My memory loss gave him the perfect excuse to keep everything hidden.

Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 27

The two people in the car finally finished their long kiss.

Norton seemed to sense something and looked over at me, his face suddenly panicked as he hurriedly got out of the car and walked toward me. "Doreen, listen to me..."

Under my increasingly cold gaze, he struggled to find the words. After a moment, his face grew ashen, and he resignedly said, "You've remembered everything, haven't you?"

I stared at him for a few seconds, saying nothing, and shifted my gaze to Regina, who was just stepping out of the car.

"Doreen?" she asked tentatively, "Do you remember who I am?"

I knew I was on the brink of a breakdown, but I forced myself to keep trembling at bay and asked her, "I just want to know if you were involved in the kidnapping that day."

Regina's brows furrowed in disbelief. "You suspect I was in on it?"

"What are you thinking, Doreen? Are you letting your trauma make you paranoid?"

"Regina!!!" Norton shouted.

Fury turned to bitter laughter as I moved closer to her. Before she could react, I grabbed her hair and slammed her head against the hood of the nearby car.

The car was covered in a thick layer of dust from disuse.

"Ah—" Regina cried out.

"If you ever run your mouth again, I'll sew it shut for you."

Norton pulled me away, and I turned and slapped him.

He wasn't angry, only pressing his lips together as he defended Regina. "I know Regina. She's not that kind of person. Doreen, you must have misunderstood her."

Look at him—this was the man I had been in a relationship with for four years. Last night, he was holding me and kissing me, and today he's speaking up for another woman.

Half an hour later.

I stood by the living room window, staring at Norton in silence.

The shock of my sudden return of memory was overwhelming. I was on the edge of losing my sanity.

But at least, I didn't want to show that side of myself to Norton.

After Regina was driven away, Norton had been sitting silently on the sofa, smoking.

Finally, he crushed out his cigarette and looked up at me. "Doreen, let's get married," he said with sincere tones.

"Let's forget all of that, okay? I will restrain myself, stop thinking about the past, and slowly accept you."

I gripped the windowsill so hard it hurt.

I forced a smile. "Norton, why don't you just go to hell?"

He thought he was making a huge concession, but I remained ungrateful.

His patience wore thin, and his frustration showed through.

"What more do you want from me, Doreen? I'm forcing myself to ignore what happened that day. I'm willing to spend the rest of my life making up for your pain. Isn't that enough? Do you have other choices? If other men knew you had been gang-... they would only shun you."

I waited patiently for him to finish his last sentence before grabbing a nearby flower pot and hurling it at him.

"Norton, I you had been gang- what? Say it!"

Unable to hold back my rage any longer, I turned into a mindless, furious wreck, throwing everything I could find at Norton.

“Scum!”

He started by frantically apologizing, but soon fell silent, just watching.

I smashed the coffee table, the TV, and the glass.

Then I grabbed a golf club and swung it at everything around me.

The place was a wreck.

With nothing left to break, I threw the club aside with indifference.

Norton, with reddened eyes, moved toward me as if to embrace me.

“Try touching me again, and see what happens.”

He had no choice but to lower his hands, his voice hoarse. “I’m sorry, Doreen. I ignored your feelings. I didn’t realize you would react this way. I shouldn’t have said those things...”

Seeing that I remained unresponsive, Norton suddenly slapped himself and looked down. “I will never bring this up again. Will you forgive me?”

No, Norton.

I was kidnapped because I was your girlfriend.

I suffered all of this because of you.

You have to pay the price for that, don’t you think?

[Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 28](#)

After leaving Norton’s house, I went to the place my parents had left behind before going abroad.

They had been assigned to open up overseas markets for three years.

After cleaning the room, I went into the bathroom. As the warm water dripped down, covering my body in a steady stream, I couldn’t help but shiver, as if the hands from that day were falling on me again.

I couldn’t even be sure whose hands they were.

My senses were heightened a thousandfold in this moment, and I cried out, “Ah!!!” My hands continued to rub my body furiously, inflicting self-torture.

“Norton, you deserve to die...”

I huddled in the corner of the bathroom, hugging myself, as my fingers dug into my flesh, drawing blood.

After a while, I returned to the bedroom, took out my phone, and opened the news browsing history.

Title: “Woman Molested After Leaving Home Early Morning and Being Followed by a Man”

I didn’t look at the content but went straight to the comments.

“Can’t you write a better headline? This woman was just going out as usual and got molested by a pervert!”

“I’ll stand up for her right here, right now. Let’s see who dares to blame this girl for what happened.”

“I really hope this girl can pull through. She mustn’t live in pain, and she mustn’t punish herself for someone else’s wrongdoings.”

As I read through the comments, tears fell onto the screen.

No one would have guessed that the comments online were the only thing keeping me going.

I watched as these comments were upvoted to the top, with thousands or even tens of thousands of likes and replies, as if so many people were acknowledging and comforting me.

I was able to repeatedly suppress the self-doubt and self-loathing that rose within me.

I knew I wasn’t walking this path alone.

Norton sent me pointless and trashy messages every day, just meaningless confessions and apologies.

I quickly gathered my spirits and pulled myself together.

One evening, I went to the entrance of Norton's building.

After confirming that the lights in his apartment were on, I drove straight to his company.

Having been with Norton for so long, some of his colleagues knew who I was.

"Austin, Norton's been coming and going at odd hours lately. Has he met any... new friends at work?"

I deliberately emphasized the words "new friends."

Austin chuckled, "Doreen, don't think too much into it. Norton is very professional at work and doesn't let any young women get close to him."

"He's been working long hours for the contract signing this Friday."

"For this project, Norton has been busy for several months. You're overthinking things."

I pretended to understand and showed an embarrassed expression. "I guess I was being overly suspicious..."

Then I handed him a gift card. "Austin, this is a shopping card my friend gave me, worth \$1000. The expiration date is coming up, and I don't need anything, so you can use it for your girlfriend."

Seeing him stunned as he took it, I smiled and added, "Just don't mention that I was here today to Norton, so he doesn't get any wrong ideas."

Austin, realizing what I meant, also smiled. "Got it, Doreen."

Attacking from what is most important to a person is the most devastating blow.

I was already looking forward to Friday.

Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 29

On Friday, the sun blazed high in the sky.

I sat at the prow of the boat, sending Norton a photo.

Half a minute later, Norton called me.

“Norton, do you want to guess how deep the water is here?”

I turned around with a smile at the person beside me on the boat.

It was Norton’s mother Zona.

“Doreen, are you on the phone with Norton?” She was a bit hard of hearing, so she spoke loudly enough for Norton to hear.

I smiled at her and nodded.

“Does Aunt Zona know how to swim?” I asked Norton with a hint of interest.

“Doreen, you’re trying to get back at me,” he said with conviction.

“Exactly,” I replied calmly. “Are you sure you want to go through with this contract and leave your mother with me out here on the sea?”

“If you have a problem, deal with me. My mom has never done anything to hurt you!” He seemed to be gritting his teeth blinked and said, “Do you really think you have the right to lecture me right now?”

I hung up the phone and sent Norton the address before continuing to take photos of Zona striking different poses.

“Doreen, do I look good like this?”

I replied loudly, “Yes, you look wonderful!!!”

An hour later, Zona and I were back onshore, enjoying some coconut juice.

It was at this moment that Norton arrived in a hurry, his forehead beaded with sweat and looking quite disheveled

Missing the signing time meant that all the effort he had put into this collaboration for months was now for nothing. Even if the other company was still willing to cooperate despite the setbacks, his superior would never give the project to him again.

“Norton!”

Norton scanned his mother up and down. several times, and only when he was sure she was okay did he let out a sigh of relief.

“Mom, I need to talk to Doreen about something. Please wait for me in the car.”

He stared at me in silence until his mother left, then he said, "Doreen, are you satisfied now?"

I shook my head honestly.

This was only the beginning.

"The person I have always loved is you," he said quietly, "Doreen, what is it that you can't let go. of? If it's Regina, I can tell you that after we got together, I didn't have any physical relations with her."

Well, a kiss didn't count as "having physical relations."

"And if it's what happened that day... I know that caused you real harm, and all I can do now is make amends. I swear, every day from now on, I will be here to help you through it, okay?"

It was absurd.

Even now, he still didn't see the harm I suffered as something significant, Norton sighed deeply.

"I truly love you and genuinely want to marry you. Doreen, can you give me one more chance?"

At this moment, Norton's emotional conflict was evident.

He both resented me for the dirtiness from the kidnapping and felt torn between his love for me and his guilt.

That day, I responded to him, "Norton, marry you? Only over my dead body."

His eyes showed pain, and he stumbled away from me.

Humans are contradictory beings.

Just as Norton is, so am I hate Norton to the core, but I never wished harm upon his mother.

When I went to pick her up today, I didn't plan on showing her any kindness, but her first words to me were, "Doreen, I noticed you've lost so much weight from our video chat last night. I got up early this morning to make some soup for you. Come inside and have some before you head out to the beach."

I had arrived at 8 a.m., which meant she must have started making the soup at least by 6.

Later, I often reflected on whether I was wrong to show any kindness toward Norton's family, which only gave him another chance to hurt me.

Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 30

Regina was such a good actress that she deceived me back then.

That kidnapping was actually a scheme she and Norton's arch-nemesis had planned together.

She was certain Norton would choose to save her.

I don't know if the brain truly has a way of forgetting pain, but the memories of that day are already a bit hazy for me. Or perhaps, I simply didn't notice that they had recorded a video.

When Regina sent me the video, my mind went blank..

I stared at the accompanying message.

"Sent to the group chat~ Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. Norton saw it too, and he allowed me to make it public. You can't imagine how disgusted he was when he watched it. He actually threw up into a trash can."

She went on to explain that in the parking lot that day, they never intended to stop at just kissing.

I looked at the neatly arranged words, but they didn't form a coherent thought. I was paralyzed by the words "make it public," feeling as if I were trapped in a dark, cold cellar, suffocating in the icy gloom.

I instinctively turned off my phone, cutting myself off from the outside world.

I couldn't bring myself to look at where Regina had posted the video; instead, my gaze was fixed on the fruit knife in the fruit bowl on the coffee table.

After a while, I moved.

As the thick smell of blood began to spread, there was a frantic knock on the door.

"Doreen!! Doreen, open the door! I need to talk to you! Don't listen to Regina's lies, I've made her delete the video. Please, open the door! I beg you, don't hurt yourself..."

His voice was frantic, tinged with a hint of tears.

I dropped the knife, letting the blood drip down my arm.

I walked to the door, but didn't open it, only feeling a deep sense of confusion.

"Norton, Regina said you were so disgusted by me that you threw up. So why are you acting so deeply affectionate now?"

"I'm sorry, Doreen. I wasn't disgusted by you! Please, listen to me. It was just a reflex, I swear. I wasn't disgusted by you, really!"

Lies.

I stared at the door, using my remaining sanity to accuse him and reassure myself.

"Norton, you have no right to judge me. You and Regina are dirtier than I am. Who do you think you are?"

I pounded on the door, leaving bloody smears.

"What gives you the right to judge someone's worth based on their purity? Who are you to decide if a girl is clean or not?!"

"Doreen, don't do this. Please, don't scare me like this!"

Norton frantically twisted the doorknob, ignoring my accusations, pleading desperately.

"Norton, listen. You and Regina are going to hell." Because I will personally make sure you get there and suffer a lot,

I called the property management, and soon, the security guards came and took Norton away.