

Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 51

Before Nash could finish his sentence, Lydia and Bronx happened to arrive at the door.

During my most desperate moments, when I hated myself the most and cut my skin with a knife again and again, or paced on the rooftop edge, I wondered if they would regret their actions if I just disappeared.

Looking at my family in the car on the way to Baltimore, silent and indifferent, I finally understood. They wouldn't.

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My mother was a well-known beauty in her town, having had no prior acquaintance with my father before they married. At that time, she was romantically involved with a kind man, but one evening, she was coerced by my father, who was heavily intoxicated, into a troubling situation.

Fearing social stigma, my mother didn't report the incident and, feeling trapped, she reluctantly agreed to marry my father, give birth to me, and endure his daily drunkenness and abuse.

It wasn't until one winter evening, when my father left in a drunken rage and never returned, that our suffering finally came to an end.

I had hoped to live happily with my mother, but instead, she left me with my grandmother and went to work. It wasn't until I was five, after my grandmother passed away, that she took me in.

That was when I learned she had remarried. I not only had a new father but also a brother three years older than me, and a sister who had just celebrated her third birthday.

Initially, Lydia, Nash, and I had a good relationship. Nash was thrilled to have another younger sister. He would clumsily braid our hair, teach us to read, and walk us to school.

I adored them. I had never felt so valued before.

I had a brother, a sister, a mother who, though distant, still cared for me, and a stepfather who seemed kind and learned.

But then everything changed.

Nash began to look at me with unfamiliar eyes, saying the most cruel things. Lydia led the bullying at school, throwing away my books and assignments, slapping me in the bathroom, and locking me in a dark supply room after school.

I didn't understand why. I hadn't done anything. I was the victim, yet they treated me as if I were the abuser.

I just wanted to escape this endless abyss.

When my mother and the others arrived, they were greeted by two young police officers. The older of the two, after some consideration, began:

"Although we have found the body and have done our best to sew it up, there are still some missing parts. It is possible that..."

Bronx, with a trembling voice, asked, "Possible what?"

"Possible that the suspect cooked and consumed parts of the victim."

"You should prepare yourselves for this."

Perhaps my mother and the others were too calm, so calm that it seemed as if the person lying there had nothing to do with them. On the way to the room, the officers glanced back several times, as if realizing their detachment was genuine.

The room had a large light that made my body appear excessively pale. I disliked such harsh lighting; I preferred warmer tones, as I feared the cold.

The smell of the body was unbearable, especially since I had been dead for so long.

I watched with them as they viewed my body, which was unrecognizable and bloated. Oh, I also noticed that under the white sheet, the place where my left leg should have been was empty, and if they looked closer, they would find both my hands missing.

“The suspect confessed that while the victim was still alive, she were locked in a cold storage. Every few days, the suspect would come and remove a body part or organ.”

“The suspect, Jeff, is a local from Baltimore and has committed five heinous murder cases in the past four years. Before killing, he would observe the victims for several months to ensure his actions went undetected!”

“According to his previous habits, he would bury the victims immediately. Recently, heavy rains in Baltimore washed out other victims buried in the Catoctin Mountains to the west of the city, which is how we were finally able to locate the suspect.”

“The reason for freezing the victim in the cold storage and consuming parts of them, rather than burying them like the others, was that after torturing the victim, the suspect discovered she was pregnant.”

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The shock from this revelation was far greater than the news of my death.

I watched as Nash, immediately grasping the reality, was confronted with the painful expression on his usually imperious face.

I had imagined countless scenarios of revealing this to him but never thought it would be in such a memorable setting.

It’s laughable, isn’t it?

A year passed, and my family hadn’t discovered my murder. What’s even more absurd is that I was frozen to death in that cold storage because I was pregnant.

And what’s more absurd is how shattered my life had become.

When did it all start?

It must have been the day after we took the family photo when I was eight. My mother took Nash and Lydia to the mall, leaving my stepfather to look after me as I had a slight fever.

From that moment, my room began to reek of nauseating smoke. My bedclothes seemed like an endless black hole, and my body started to rot from within.

At the time, I didn’t fully understand what I was going through. All I knew was that the slaps my stepfather delivered to my face hurt terribly.

When I was too exhausted to cry, he tore my clothes off.

When I felt like I might be dying, he left me, unfastened the tie binding my hands, and took me to the bathroom to clean up and tidy the bed.

Once everything was cleaned up, he grabbed my hair and told me, word by word, that if I ever told anyone about this, my mother would suffer the same fate, and even more, tenfold or a hundredfold pain.

After that day, I developed a high fever. He and my mother took turns keeping watch by my bedside. I saw the warning hidden in his concerned gaze. It took a week for me to recover from the fever, and once I was better, my mother hugged him and cried, grateful for his When I was too exhausted to cry, he tore my clothes off.

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But I began to have nightmares. My dreams. were filled with ferocious, man-eating monsters. They chased me, and I couldn't escape. They grabbed me with long, twisted limbs, bit me, tore me apart, and consumed me.

Every day, I lived in constant fear, dreading that I might fall into the same agony as that day.

Fortunately, that year my stepfather spared me, allowing me time to heal and convincing myself that I could continue living.

The family, guided by the police, proceeded to the interrogation room.

The killer claimed he had details about my murder but only agreed to share them with my family. After consulting with my mother, the five of them went in together.

Seeing the killer's face, I suddenly remembered why he seemed so familiar. I had encountered him many times in places I never paid attention to.

He was the neighbor who rode the elevator with me, the delivery person who brought me water, and the taxi driver I'd had.

I told my mother, word by word: “See, even someone who wanted to kill me showed more patience than you ever did.”

The police explained that the killer’s motive was straightforward: he had been deceived by his wife, who cheated and took all his savings. Driven to extremes, he sought out women resembling his wife—those who lived alone and had family conflicts.

The police were right. On the day of the incident, I had just argued with Nash on the phone. He had ordered me to come home, telling me that my only option in life was to depend on him. He insisted that rather than waste time out there, I should accept my fate early on.

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I asked him, “I’ve been away for so long, and you only reach out to me when you need something. No one else has ever cared about me.”

“Why should I go back?”

“Alison, let me tell you, you will never escape from me for the rest of your life.”

Those days, Baltimore was drenched in heavy rain as I rushed home, clutching a stack of papers. The streets were nearly deserted, with most people hurrying to get home.

Only he stood beneath a streetlamp, wearing a raincoat. I couldn’t see his expression clearly, and there was no time to ponder why he seemed so strange. I hurried forward, tears streaming down my face, preoccupied with how I would tell Nash about the child I was carrying, and whether I should use this child as leverage to force Nash out of my life.

Perhaps it was the argument with Nash that led the killer to decide I was the next target.

He came up from behind, covering my mouth. His strength was overpowering, and the faint smell of tobacco on him filled my nostrils, instantly transporting me back to that night when I was eight years old.

Bit by bit, he pulled me back into the abyss of darkness.

I cried and begged him to let me go, but he tightened his grip on my neck, kneeling on top of me, while savagely slapping my face. My pleas only fueled his brutality, until the salty taste of blood filled my mouth and I gave up resisting.

I desperately hoped that this time, like that night, I would still be alive.

Through the glass, they saw the killer.

An ordinary appearance, unremarkable height. No one would guess that someone who looked so harmless could be such a vicious murderer.

He seemed to know he was facing his end, and was determined to drag others into his suffering.

“Your daughter looks just like you. It’s a shame she started seducing people at such a young age, isn’t it?”

He grinned at my mother, then glanced at my stepfather and Nash, adding, “You’re quite the devoted wife and mother, aren’t you?”

“Didn’t you ever wonder what your daughter was going through all those days and nights?”

He cast a disdainful look at Bronx: “You’re the only fool here, and she even put you at the top of her list.”

“I noticed a health check-up slip in her bag. I was going to let her gamble with her life.”

“Then I saw her phone lying on the ground. Her sister seemed to hate her, sending her messages calling her disgusting.”

“I saw photos on her phone, and she really looks like that nasty woman.”

“Since you all hate her so much, I decided to be a ‘good guy’ and not make you do it yourselves.”

“I figured the reason you hate her is because of her face, so I cut it off. But she just fainted. How disappointing.”

The police intervened to stop him from further provoking the family, and he nonchalantly paused, smiling happily.

I understood his message. Since he was dying anyway, he wanted to make their lives miserable.

I sat at the table, watching their expressions, hoping to find a trace of sorrow.

My mother stared at the killer, standing rigidly, without tears or cries, as if she were just listening to a story. A tragic story, yet one disconnected from her.

Lydia, on the other hand, couldn’t hold back her tears. I knew why she hated me. Even though she led the bullying against me at school, I never hated her.

I moved closer to my mother, staring into her eyes. She couldn’t see me or hear me.

“Mom, the police won’t let him say anything. I need to tell you what I’ve been through.”

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After he finished his schadenfreude, he stood up, adjusted his clothes, and took out a small knife from his pocket. I stared at the knife in terror, using every ounce of my strength to pray for him. He crouched in front of me, tapping my face with the blade, sending a chilling cold through my entire body.

He began rifling through my bag, finding my medical report with clear details of a seven-week-old baby inside me. He put the paper back into the bag, sheathed the knife, and covered my body with the torn clothing. I was relieved that this nightmare was nearing its end, grateful to be alive.

As he prepared to leave, my phone lit up with a message from Lydia: “Alison, you’re disgusting. You can’t even spare your own brother.”

He opened the message, tugged at my hair to make me look, and whispered that he had originally planned to let me go.

By now, the rain had stopped, and I could smell the fresh, damp grass, feel the gentle moonlight, and the evening breeze.

What followed was an array of detailed pain.

He used the knife to sever my fingers, and through my swollen, tear-filled eyes, I saw the stark white bones inside. Just as I thought I was on the brink of death, I felt him slicing my skin with the knife, tearing off my disfigured face, leaving me with a sliver of consciousness, encased in frost.

The biting cold of the freezer instantly froze my exposed cheeks, agonizingly so.

“See, your sister is calling you disgusting.” He whispered in my ear before leaving.

How did he know Lydia was my sister?

Because I had her saved as “Sister” in my contacts.

My deteriorating relationship with my stepfather began when I was ten.

The nightmare from when I was eight was a one-time event. After that, seeing a kinder stepfather, I started doubting the reality of that night. I fell into self-doubt, questioning how such a good person could do something so terrible to me.”

Oh, it must be my fault. I stopped avoiding him and began interacting with him as before, though with a lingering guilt, obediently following his commands.

Until the day after I turned ten, my stepfather told my mother he would take me to the amusement park to make up for not taking me out the day before. He also told Nash and Lydia not to be jealous, saying it was a special birthday gift just for me.

Excited, I held my stepfather's hand and left the house. I waved at them from the car, promising to bring back gifts.

After drinking the water my stepfather had prepared, I grew increasingly drowsy, and the car drove farther and farther. When I woke up again, I found myself in an unfamiliar room with my hands bound, enveloped once more in darkness.

From the ages of ten to fourteen, while others enjoyed the best years of their lives, I was repeatedly trapped in a pit of despair.

I was afraid to wear skirts or bright clothes, to get too close to my classmates. I even felt they were laughing at me, mocking someone

so broken that I didn't deserve such delicate colors; I feared they would sense the rotting stench emanating from my very bones.

I deliberately kept my distance from Nash and the others. They shared my stepfather's blood, and I feared them deeply.

At home, peaceful moments were rare. My deliberate distancing worsened my relationship with Nash and Lydia. Though they didn't understand the reason, they respected my wishes, leaving me isolated.

When did this fragile peace shatter?

Perhaps it was when I was fifteen. My stepfather noticed Nash's melancholy after a breakup and called me to a hotel. When I realized my stepfather's intentions, I fought desperately, but he beat me until my brother saw me, bound and bruised.

Or it was when Lydia was fourteen, discovering me, tear-streaked and disheveled, leaving Nash's room, and later seeing my stepfather sneaking into my room.

I became the villain in their eyes.

But what had I done wrong?

On the day Lydia first cornered me in the bathroom, I locked myself in the bedroom, using a small knife to repeatedly cut my skin. As the dark red liquid dripped to the floor, I felt as though I was back in that afternoon when I was eight.

A dim room, light filtering through the curtains.

Heavy smoke and suffocating cries.

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In the cold storage, the moment my breath halted, my soul was swiftly extracted, and my brief life replayed rapidly in my consciousness.

Piece by piece, it was a panorama of despair.

I saw myself at eight, waking from nightmares and crying under the covers, at ten struggling to fit into normal life, wounded and huddled in a corner from Nash's cruel words, and terrified in the storage room, locked in by Lydia. I saw the grass where the attack happened, with my work documents still scattered, awaiting a late shift.

My belongings were taken by my mother and others—the phone collected by the killer and the diary found in my house. I suspect the killer relied on the information in my phone to relive that night.

He even continued to pay for my phone service. I don't know if learning about my life made him feel pity, but I am certain he discovered one thing: this phone has never rung since my death.

I followed my family back home, where they sat at the table in orderly silence, as if deep in thought, recollection, or repentance.

I sat on the sofa, coldly observing their silence. What could they be thinking?

As I looked around, I felt that only Bronx truly mourned for me.

I had known Bronx for a long time, even before he knew me. He was the student council president in high school, handsome and brilliant.

Like other girls, I dreamed of fairy-tale romance.

That day, Lydia locked me in the dark storage room, and I pounded on the door, crying and begging her to let me out. I don't know how long I cried, but eventually, Bronx came to rescue me. Looking at his face, which appeared even gentler under the moonlight, I hated myself for being so helpless, for not even having the right to pursue him.

Bronx asked if I was okay, and I silently shook my head. He took me home and bought me some hot dogs from a convenience store along the way. The steam clouded my vision, and I couldn't see his expression, but I kept thanking him over and over.

When I got home, my mother was clearing the table. She glanced at me as I came in but showed no concern for why I was home at this hour or for my disheveled clothes and tear-streaked face. She merely gave me a bowl of soup and then left me alone.

Later, my relationship with Bronx grew a bit closer. In my second year of high school, when my grades were not so great, I remained quietly reserved, and the teacher decided that Bronx should tutor me. I felt he was like a gift from heaven—handsome, with beautiful handwriting, and so intelligent.

He would occasionally bring me breakfast, explain lessons carefully, and even drive me home if the tutoring went late. I was unable to escape the pull of this small kindness, and I often wondered how such a wonderful person could exist.

Even when I was in the depths of despair, seeing him filled me with the courage to climb back up.

My second year of high school was quite good. My stepfather, having grown older, had lost interest in those matters. Nash was away at university, and my relationship with Lydia had slightly improved. She stopped her childish targeting, and we could even have a calm meal together at the table.

Until Nash shattered everything once more.

It was just before the New Year of my senior year when the school kept us in for extra classes late into the evening. That day, it happened to snow, and Bronx walked me home. I watched our shadows under the streetlights, their unexpected intimacy under the orange glow.

I chatted with him cautiously, my heart full of youthful hopes and dreams, inching closer and closer to him. Watching the shadows under the streetlight grow shorter, I had the illusion that he was drawing nearer to me as well.

When we reached the doorstep, he urged me to study hard and aim for the same university as him. I nodded vigorously. He gently brushed the snowflakes off my head and said with a smile, "Alison, I'm waiting for you."

I waved him off to go home, and as I turned around with a smile, I saw Nash standing in the shadows, cigarette in hand, having stood there for who knows how long.

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The pain I endured that night was worse than what I had experienced at ten. The older Nash knew better than my stepfather how to make me suffer. In the end, he pinned me down, yanked my hair, and whispered in my ear, word by word, that I would never escape him in this lifetime.

Fortunately, the next day was a holiday, and I could compose myself before Bronx saw my disheveled state.

I guessed that my mother and Lydia must have known what I went through, but neither of them. knocked on my door. After all, they shared the same blood.

Only I was the exception.

Looking at the shallow scar on my wrist, which

I remembered was from when I was fifteen, I wondered what it had accomplished. I was saved, only to be met with even more extreme pain.

Thinking of Bronx's smile and the way he carefully brushed off the snow, I found the courage to resist to the end.

At dinner, my mother went out to buy groceries, filling the table with all my favorite dishes.

But what does it matter? I am already dead.

I watched her leave a special spot for me at the dinner table, meticulously tidy my bedroom, and stare blankly at my photos over and over.

I couldn't understand the meaning of it all.

Was it for compensation? Or for her own peace of mind?

I wanted to storm up and overturn the table, to tell her she needn't put on such a show. But I couldn't speak, and she couldn't hear me.

I longed countless times for my mother to look at me, to notice my emotions, to save my still-broken soul.

She never did.

She was absorbed in the perfect family she had built, while I became a rag she used to cover up the mess.

Desperately, I wondered why I was trapped in such a hypocritical family. Could I not escape them even after my death?

I didn't know how to find the answers; perhaps some questions will never be answered.

After dinner, I saw them gathered in the living room, my mother placing my diary on the coffee table.

I leaned against the wall, watching my mother cry for me, hearing her say, "How could you do this to my Ally?"

I saw them begin to accuse one another, each word circling around me.

My stepfather covered his face and, regretfully, said he wasn't a good father.

Of course, you weren't. You're a devil skilled in disguise. You choked me before I had a chance to grow, waded through the foul waters of my life, and smothered me in that summer's heat.

Nash slapped himself, claiming he was truly inhuman.

Indeed. You are the abyss I cannot escape, the muck that destroyed my life. You trample over my body while feigning righteousness. Unable to stop your father's actions, you wallow in sinful pleasure, savoring the sight of my eternal helplessness.

Lydia wept sorrowfully, claiming she didn't know things were this way.

No, you guessed it. But you are a coward unwilling to face the truth. You knew I was the victim, but to prove your father's innocence, believing he was still the kind, learned, and loving parent, you shifted all the blame onto me, seeking excuses through repeated cruelty.

My mother wiped the frame of my photo, repeatedly saying she didn't know things would get so severe and that she would have protected me if she had known.

No, you did know. As the wife of my stepfather, how could you not be aware of his crimes?

On those nights when you found yourself alone, how could you not have searched for the truth?

If you truly were unaware, why did you arrange separate bedrooms for Lydia and me when I was eleven?

You knew, but you chose not to intervene.

In fact, you seemed pleased. Trading me, your daughter who should never have existed, a symbol of your past shame, for the affection between you and your husband, for the

completeness of this family, and for your secure future, was worth it.

Bronx, on the other hand, remained silently in pain.

I knew he was regretting it.

No, Bronx. You need not regret. In my brief life, you were the knight who cleaved through the darkness with your sword and presented me with the most exquisite flowers.

How could I ever blame you?

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After Nash exposed my private feelings, the environment at home became so twisted that I couldn't focus on my studies properly.

Bronx was perplexed and more patient, guiding me through my lessons and encouraging me repeatedly.

But he didn't know that during those nights, when he was so thoughtfully considering my well-being, I was sinking into dirty mud, repeatedly on the brink of death.

Afterward, Nash pressed me against the window, pointing at Bronx, who had been standing downstairs for I don't know how long, and mockingly asked if my little boyfriend might suddenly look up.

My resistance only led to more violent treatment, eventually turning into imprisonment. I kept cutting my skin, watching as their indifference and mockery turned into disbelief.

I finally achieved a brief moment of freedom.

But I couldn't accept being the kind of person who would enjoy Bronx's care. He came with light and hope, but all he showed me was the hell I was trapped in.

So what did I do? On a warm afternoon, I took Bronx to the very storage room where he had first rescued me, removed my clothes, and showed him the scars on my body and the marks on my chest.

I remember his incredulous expression and the widening of his eyes. I also recall him picking up my coat, silently draping it over me, opening his mouth as if unsure of what to say, then turning and leaving, making sure to close the door behind him.

I didn't cry; I slowly put my clothes back on.

I knew clearly that there was no longer any possibility between Bronx and me.

I became a person again—studying and walking alone.

It felt as though I had returned to the past. The streetlights were dimmer, and I hadn't eaten hot dogs since then, and that was all.

He probably doesn't know that I did well in the SAT and smoothly entered the university he once mentioned.

I traded my own suffering for four years of freedom.

I lived what seemed like a normal life. I saw the ocean, visited the mountains, and even rode in a hot air balloon over the prairie.

I lived with effort.

Perhaps, maybe next time I see Bronx, I can fearlessly tell him everything I went through back then.

I saw Bronx again in my first year of work. My mother called, begging me to come home for a visit because Lydia was bringing her boyfriend, and she wanted everyone to be there.

So I returned to the home I had left five years ago, and amidst the anticipation of my mother, stepfather, and Nash, I saw Bronx walking in with Lydia.

Fortunately, he hadn't been trapped in that dusty storage room.

But I never had the chance to tell him that I was living well.

I realized why I could never leave; I had a deep obsession with this family.

Once again, I loathed being nothing more than a fleeting spirit.

Otherwise, I would have stopped Bronx from opening my diary.

Inside were records of my soul, now as decayed as mud; of my past, filled with shame and scorn; of my past, engraved in my bones and impossible to deceive.

Now, it lay bare before Bronx.

The next morning's breakfast was prepared by Bronx.

I tried to grasp Bronx's hand repeatedly, but each time it slipped away.

I had shed this body and was given a chance to start anew.

But you didn't.

I'm not worthy, Bronx.

I watched him serve the spiced milk to my mother and the others, observing their faces flush, falling to the ground, convulsing, even foaming at the mouth.

I crouched down, watching them in their

final moments: the indifferent mother, the hypocritical stepfather, the selfish Nash, the timid Lydia.

And the sorrowful Bronx.

I stood up and walked toward the door, feeling the bonds of bloodline gradually fade. I was finally free.

I heard Bronx calling my name and looked back.

He approached me, gently took my hand, and led me toward the light.

I also heard my mother and the others calling me, filled with regret and appeasement. I didn't turn back. Since they never cared about me, there was no need to see them one last time.

I died three times.

On an afternoon at eight, on a winter day in senior year, and on a rainy night at twenty-three.

This time, I was truly free,

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Chapter 9 Bronx's POV

In my memory, Alison was an introverted girl with a smile that was incredibly beautiful. When she smiled, a faint dimple would appear at the corner of her mouth, like it was filled with sugar.

She must have recognized me. For the first time, I thought the student rankings for appearances were a good thing. I checked myself in the mirror over and over, and I was certain she knew who I was.

On the eighty-sixth time I accidentally brushed past her, I saw the surprise and joy in her eyes. I knew she must have known me.

But how could I approach her without being intrusive?

After dismissing five different plans of action,

I vaguely heard that she had been locked in the storage room by Lydia. I rushed over immediately.

Lydia—wasn't she her sister? I remembered her as a spoiled girl, all looks with little substance.

I smashed the lock on the storage room door and found Alison huddled in the corner, crying with tears streaming down her face. When she looked up at me, those eyes that were always faintly smiling were now filled with sorrow. I fought the impulse to hold her and instead helped her up and took her home.

But I couldn't help asking if she was alright. She obediently shook her head. Passing by a convenience store, I took the liberty of buying her some hot dogs, something to fill her up and warm her hands. Watching her repeatedly thank me made me feel a bit sad.

I didn't want to hear her say those things.

Later, when the teacher asked me to tutor her, I was so happy. I finally had a reason to be by her side.

During this time, I heard countless rumors about her and her family.

I didn't believe them.

But even if they were true, the dirtiest, most tainted soil could still produce pure and beautiful flowers.

Every day I focused on tutoring her. She was very intelligent but had a weak foundation. I wanted her to work hard with me, to enter the same university, and to escape her burdensome family. I could protect her

On that snowy night during senior year, I watched as she pretended to casually inch closer to me. Observing our shadows on the ground, I mirrored her actions, inching closer as well

When we were downstairs at her place, looking into her starry eyes, I couldn't help but brush the snow off her head and tell her I was waiting for her to join me at the same university. I saw her excitedly nod and then urge me to hurry home

I took a few steps forward and saw her waving excitedly at me as I left

The heavy snow that night set the perfect mood, to the point where I couldn't control my overly excited heartbeat when I got home. That night, I rolled around in bed like a fool.

No, this lovesick boy can't be me.

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After the New Year, I noticed a change in Alison. She often seemed lost in thought, her vibrant spirit vanished. She resembled an elderly person nearing the end of their days, devoid of hope.

I was puzzled by her behavior. She refused to communicate with me, shutting me out.

Later, she took a two-week leave. Whenever

I had time, I lingered downstairs at her apartment. Surely she would come out, and I would see her, right? I wasn't sure. I didn't even know what I was waiting for.

What if, simply, she didn't want to see me?

While I was indecisive, I felt her gaze. I looked up, but instead of seeing her, I saw a young man, bare-chested and with a disdainful expression, watching me. He didn't look for long. Noticing I saw him, he quickly drew the curtains.

But isn't that Alison's room?

When I saw Alison again, I noticed she had lost a lot of weight. Her school uniform hung on her like a large, fluttering curtain, as if it might blow away at any moment.

She led me to the materials room, and I had no idea what she intended to do.

Just as I was about to ask her, she began to undress, one garment at a time. I was too stunned to stop her, and my gaze was drawn to the array of scars, old and new, and the red marks across her chest.

I recalled the rumors at school and the man who should never have been in her bedroom, shirtless.

My heart ached for her—the girl whose eyes once sparkled with the promise of the world- now struggling in unseen, darkened depths.

Her distance suddenly made sense.

I knew it took immense courage for her to reveal everything. I struggled to remain calm as I draped her coat over her shoulders. I waited by the door while she got ready, watching her leave.

I remembered my own naive insistence that she focus on her studies, never questioning why she was growing thinner. I wanted to help her escape her family's constraints, but would she still want to be with me?

I wasn't sure.

I kept a close watch on her, noticing her grades improving steadily. I followed her every day, seeing her safely home.

I knew she had applied to the university we had talked about, and with her abilities, she would surely be accepted. But should I choose that school too?

Was she ready to see me?

[Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 60](#)

I ultimately chose not to attend the same university as her.

I'm not even sure what I was trying to escape.

Instead, I opted for the university next door.

I watched as she gradually adapted to life, regaining her vitality. I saw her take on part-time jobs during her free time, improving her life. steadily. I saw her travel to various places, living like a free-spirited rose.

Yet, it seemed I had even less reason to approach her now.

By chance, I met her sister, Lydia. I thought, since I had no reason to be close to Alison, perhaps a different approach would work.

Through Lydia, I kept track of Alison's news, only to find that her family was shockingly cold-hearted.

Hypocritical, self-centered, and indifferent.

If the price of getting close to Alison meant. integrating into that family, then I could do that too.

But Alison was gone.

Alison died on a rainy night.

No one could truly understand her pain, no one could comfort her for the injustices she endured, As I read her diary and saw her relatives pretending to be heartbroken and remorseful only after the fact, I finally understood how hard she had fought.

Don't worry, I'll remain by your side, your knight, and help you confront these monsters.

I bought potion and milk.

When I got home, they were chatting in the living room.

How absurd, just last night they were lamenting their actions, and now they're already planning their new lives.

Without hesitation, I activated the signal blocker and mixed the potion into the milk.

Watching them drink it unsuspectingly, their faces contorting in pain, I felt it wasn't enough— my Alison had endured far more than this.

As my consciousness began to fade, I truly saw Alison.

She was wearing a floral dress, preparing to leave. I called out to her, and she turned to smile at me, like the afternoon sun, with a gentle dimple at the corner of her mouth.

I stood up and took her hand, walking out the door with her.

This time, I won't let go easily.

-The End –

Book 6 Rent a Mother To Love Me

After being lost from the Smiths for many years, I became a burden to the family.

The Smiths had a new little princess.

So, I can't steal the spotlight.

I can't have my own room.

I can't have a family of my own.

Later, I rented the most important family member of my life.

But they regretted it.