

Graduation required family members to join you on stage.

My fake mom, Maria, stood proudly on stage, speaking confidently. Meanwhile, my biological mother glared at me from the audience, seething with anger!

Maria Hutchinson had been a woman I paid to be my fake mom. When I met her, she was standing alone on the street, smoking a cigarette.

On a whim, I approached her and asked if she would pretend to be my mom and go to school with me.

Seven years had passed since then, and she had been my mother all that time.

Suddenly, Charlotte fainted in the audience. The scene turned chaotic. My mother stormed up to the stage, her face filled with rage.

In front of the entire school, she slapped me hard across the face.

“Why did you have to be this outstanding graduate?!” she had shouted angrily.

“Didn’t I tell you that Charlotte had a weak heart? Your becoming the outstanding graduate would only aggravate her. Why were you still standing on this stage?!”

“And you even found a fake mother here—how disgraceful!”

The crowd gasped in shock.

Laughter, insults, and all kinds of ridicule crept into my ears.

Those unbearable memories surged to the surface, and I lost balance and fell to the ground in an instant.

I had a dream.

I dreamed of the day I was brought back to the Smiths.

Back then, I had been filled with joy and excitement.

I had thought I had finally escaped the fate of fighting stray dogs for food and sleeping on the streets.

But reality gave me a harsh slap in the face. I had eagerly awaited my family's arrival, only to be treated with a few indifferent words.

"Charlotte has a piano solo today, and we just can't get away."

"Here's the address. You can find your way home."

My brother had quickly opened the car door and tossed me out.

But at fifteen, I had no phone, no money, and I was in an unfamiliar place. I had no choice but to ask for directions.

The once clear skies suddenly grew overcast.

Heavy raindrops pelted from the sky.

In the hazy rain, I desperately searched for the way home.

After stumbling and walking for four hours, I finally arrived at this so-called home.

Despite the arduous journey, I kept telling myself that once I was home, things would be different.

I would be a child loved by my family.

But the security guard stopped me outside.

No matter how much I pleaded, he refused to let me enter the neighborhood.

"Little beggar, I'm following the rules here, so I really can't let you in."

"How about this: you can stay here and wait for the rain to stop before leaving."

Under the security guard's persistent insistence, I finally agreed.

In the evening, my brother's car sped past the security booth.

I saw her—the girl who looked like a princess, my sister, Charlotte Smiths.

At the moment our eyes met, she smirked. triumphantly.

But my parents frowned, saying to the guard, “This is an upscale neighborhood; don’t let beggars in.”

I stood stunned for a moment.

By the time I tried to explain, they had already disappeared.

It wasn’t until the next morning that my parents seemed to remember my existence and came to the security booth to inquire about me.

I walked out of the corner of the booth.

They frowned, examining me critically.

With displeasure, they said, “Since you’re back, don’t you know how to go home?”

“Isn’t it just that we left you on the road? Is it necessary to throw a tantrum?”

“We’ve been so kind to you, and you don’t seem to appreciate it.,Now you’ve made your sister feel guilty for so long!”

My throat, soaked in rain, felt as if it had been sliced with a knife.

I wanted to defend myself but couldn’t utter a word.

I could only follow behind the Smiths weakly.

The place where I slept was the bay window.

They said the sofa was for guests, and since I was dirty, it would be embarrassing to stain it.

They said the house had underfloor heating, so even without à blanket, I would be comfortable sleeping in the bay window during winter.

They said there was already a little princess in the house, so I shouldn't compete for space with Charlotte.

Unconsciously, tears began to fall from my eyes.

A distant voice gradually woke my thoughts back, as if someone were calling me.

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When I woke up, I was lying on a hospital bed.

Looking at the flood of insults on my phone, I knew my graduation ceremony was ruined.

I let out a bitter laugh, rummaging through my pockets for a while.

Finally, I found a few red bills.

No one was by my side.

"Little girl, your mother went to get some water. Don't worry."

The lady next to me seemed to notice my anxiety and gently reassured me.

I was stunned, My mom came?

For a moment, I felt a tiny bit of joy.

Could it be that someone still cares about me?

I eagerly looked toward the door, waiting for my mom to come.

When the door finally opened, I felt a momentary pang of disappointment.

But what I felt even more was an unnameable, profound touch.

"You're awake? Want some water?"

Maria was always straightforward.

Mid-sentence, she handed me a bottle of water.

"Little girl, your mom really does care about you."

"Just now, when you hadn't woken up yet, she kept asking the nurse why you weren't waking up."

“I saw her eyes were red with worry.”

As the lady spoke, I looked up and met those red, tear-filled eyes, but she stubbornly said, “Who cares about you?”

I smiled as tears slipped down my cheeks. “Mom, thank you.”

She froze, her face flushing red.

Seemingly embarrassed, she quickly turned away. “What are you thanking me for? Who’s your mom? I’m just going to get you some food.”

She hurriedly turned around.

But I heard a hint of a sob in her voice.

My gaze followed her closely, and my eyes welled up with tears.

I really... have a mom.

The phone rang incessantly, adding to my frustration.

Just as I was about to hang up, I accidentally answered it: “Why aren’t you home yet? Do you really think pretending to faint will help you avoid this? Come back and apologize to your sister!”

I lost my patience. “Who are you people? Are you insane?”

I decisively hung up, suppressing the bitterness in my voice.

But I couldn’t shake the discomfort.

I wanted to cry, but the tears wouldn’t come. Just then, Maria walked in.

“Hey, don’t start crying now, I didn’t bully you.”

“Here, take your food.”

“I was gonna get you some pork trotters, but since you’re sick and can’t eat greasy stuff, some congee and side dishes will be good for you. instead.”

I swallowed the bitterness in my throat, swiftly opening the meal box and taking large gulps of the porridge.

“Tastes good.”

“You’re such an easy girl to please just a few bites of porridge and you’re satisfied?”

“If someone bought you pork trotters, would you follow them home?”

I couldn’t help but laugh.

With my head lowered, I mumbled softly, “I only want yours, not anyone else’s.”

She paused, her hand gently resting on my head.

It felt warm, making me reluctant to let go.

The phone rang incessantly, and before I could hang up, Maria answered it.

“Your own daughter is sick and in the hospital, and you ignore her, then turn around and accuse her of faking it?”

“You think everyone else is as crazy as you?”

“Why don’t you come and see for yourselves whether she’s really sick or not?”

Maria seemed fed up, snapping, “You must be out of your minds! Even favoritism has its limits -don’t blame everything on this daughter of yours.”

“If you don’t want her, then she’s mine! I’ll take her” She hung up the phone with authority

I was stunned for a moment, then broke into a smile

“Maria, do you want to hear a story?”

“Sure, go ahead.”

Born As Kidney Donor For My Sister Chapter 63

Before I returned to the Smiths, I had imagined

countless times what a home would be like.

I had seen children rolling around beside their parents when all the lights of the city were on, and I had seen children tightly embraced by their parents during the darkest storms.

I longed for a home.

I yearned for someone who, like those parents, would protect me with all their might.

Someone who would stand up for me when I was bullied.

Someone who would, like a superhero, say, “Don’t be afraid, I’m here.”

So when I finally returned to the Smiths, including before my graduation ceremony, I still held out hope for family bonds.

Later, I did see my parents and brother looking like superheroes.

But at that time, they weren’t protecting me.

I can’t swim. The feeling of suffocation terrifies me.

Charlotte said she was being bullied.

In an effort to fit into this family, I took on the role of an older sister.

I followed her to a small grove not far from home.

There was a pool of water there.

But she wasn’t being bullied.

She had gathered a few people, waiting in the grove.

The moment I appeared, they submerged me in the frigid river water.

I struggled desperately, but the more I fought, the tighter those demons clung.

Darkness, suffocation, and the biting cold of the water gradually consumed my sanity.

H was utterly terrified.

I screamed with all my might, hoping someone would come to my rescue.

But those demons were anything but human.

They said, “Scream all you want. In this freezing weather, who do you think would come out?”

“We’re the only ones who bothered to come out and play with you.”

“Have you cooled off in the water? If so, come on up and keep playing with us.”

That sentence felt like a decree of mercy.

I nodded frantically in the water.

The bubbling sound of the water intensified the suffocation.

Finally, they let me go.

In the dead of night, their laughter was as grating as nails on a chalkboard.

“Since you love being in the spotlight so much, Little bitch, how about we make sure you get all the attention?”

“How about stripping her and doing some body art?”

Charlotte’s laughter blended with theirs.

“Oh, you guys are so bad.”

“But I won’t stop you. Just make sure she’s dressed before Mom and Dad come around midnight.”

The group seemed to regard Charlotte as their leader.

Naturally, they agreed.

I couldn’t resist. I was compelled to allow them to strip me bare. I endured as they posed me in various humiliating stances. I stood helpless as they inscribed degrading words like ‘slut’, ‘bitch’, ‘whore’...in permanent ink across my skin. All of this was captured, frozen in time, by the flash of cameras.

Insults and taunts were etched into my skin, immortalized under the flash of their cameras.

Even after wandering for so long, I never realized how deep human malice could run.

Countless insults, countless cruel marks.

They covered every inch of skin that has not been exposed.

Finally, midnight was approaching.

They hurriedly dressed me.

Then they tied up Charlotte with a rope.

My parents and brother descended like gods from the heavens.

The moment Charlotte was untied, she threw herself into their arms.

Mom, Dad, it was Sarah who brought a bunch of thugs to tie me up. They did terrible things to me, I...

She didn't finish her sentence before breaking into tears.

My brother said, " Don't be afraid, I'm here now."

But at that moment, I was trembling in the cold wind, unable to utter a single word.

"Lies! What nonsense are you spouting?"

The story was over.

But out of nowhere, I received a slap.

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Maria was completely stunned.

When she regained her composure, she grabbed the intruder by the collar.

"Who the hell do you think you're bullying?"

Maria, with her tough background, had a ferocity that ordinary people lacked.

This scene even left my brother momentarily speechless.

When he finally came to his senses, he spoke calmly," Miss, I suggest you show some respect. How I discipline my sister is none of your concern."

I let out a cold laugh, long used to their double standards, but Maria wasn't having it. She exploded instantly.

"You're Sarah's brother? You must really think highly of yourself."

"Does Sarah even acknowledge you?"

"Where were you when she was sick?"

"Where were you when she was being harassed online?"

Maria's anger erupted like a storm.

She flipped Jack over her shoulder, slamming him to the ground.

Her arm locked tightly around his neck.

"You think we're done here? We haven't even begun to settle today's score, and you're dragging up old grievances. I'm not Sarah; I have no expectations from you. If you are unhappy, let's deal with it now."

Maria didn't hold back.

I wanted to get out of bed and help Maria, but I had no strength left.

Mom, don't get upset over irrelevant people."

"Please see our guest out."

Maria was visibly displeased.

She pressed her lips together, her tone growing cold." For Sarah's sake, I'll let you off this time."

Jack wanted to say something, but the words died on his lips.

"I'm here to give you Charlotte's concert tickets. It's next Friday."

"What? The same old routine where she gets upset if I don't go? It's been seven years of this; isn't she tired of playing this game?"

I looked at him with indifference, my expression laced with sarcasm.

Every time I tried to skip one of her big moments, Charlotte would always claim she wouldn't feel well without me there. After all, without me, she'd lose someone to boast about.

But I was truly fed up.

This clearly infuriated Jack.

He exclaimed in anger: "What nonsense are you talking about? Charlotte's health has never been good, and ever since you came back, how many problems have you caused for her? Don't you have any sense of guilt?"

"Here's the ticket. If you don't show up, don't blame me for not recognizing you as my sister."

I chuckled softly and waved him off.

* Goodbye, stranger."

The room fell silent.

The lady beside us had already retreated into quietude.

And she asked us: "What exactly is your relationship with each other?"

Maria answered with a proud tilt of her head, looking away slightly." Ask her; I don't know either."

With some difficulty, I reached out and took Maria's hand. "She's my mom."

Maria smiled, just a little, but I knew she was happy.

Later that night.

I handed the money I had to Maria.

Her expression darkened instantly.

I quickly said, "I'm not trying to distance myself. From now on, I'll earn the money, and you can take care of me."

She burst into a bright smile but didn't reach out to take the money.

She stroked my head, and after a long pause, she said, "I'll take care of you. No money needed."

I hesitated for a moment. "But Mom, aren't you in need of money?"

I recalled the scene when we first met.

Maria had the demeanor of a street tough, but back then, she seemed so lonely, so sad.

I didn't know what she had been through.

I hadn't planned to intervene, but the sudden downpour had soaked me to the bone.

I watched as Jack and Charlotte walked by in the distance, feeling a pang of sadness as I bit my lip.

I was helplessly seeking shelter from the rain on the street when she held an umbrella over my head.

In that moment, I felt like I had found a bit of warmth.

I said, "I'll pay you—would you pretend to be my mom?"

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Maria seemed to find it amusing at the time.

She gave me a faint glance, then set the umbrella down and turned to leave.

But I quickly handed the umbrella back to her and frantically rummaged through my backpack.

"I can give you money—I have a lot of money."

"Look, this is all the money I've saved."

In reality, my "lot of money" was just a little over a hundred dollars.

But that was everything I had.

Maria's voice was a bit muffled.

"Kid, I'll be your mom."

After she said that, I smiled.

For seven years straight, she never went back on her word.

Whenever I needed a mom, she played the part perfectly.

“Mom, let’s go home. We don’t need to stay in the hospital anymore.”

I didn’t have much money left, and staying here would drain what little I had.

But Maria hesitated, her expression suddenly becoming serious.

“No way! Your body is like a ticking time bomb right now—what if something happens at home?”

I smiled, just about to say something when there was a knock on the door.

I instinctively looked toward the entrance.

Who could be coming at this time?

Before Maria could open the door, it was pushed open from the outside.

I saw a girl I didn’t recognize.

“Is this Miss Sarah Smith?”

nodded blankly

The girl grinned, giving a blight bow before speaking. “This is a wreath delivery for Miss Sarah Smith. Please sign for

After saying that, she had people bring in a row of wreaths and place them inside the room.

By the time we snapped out of it and went to find her, she had already disappeared.

“A wreath? Who’s this vicious? I’m going to find her and settle this!” was momentarily stunned, shaking my head slightly. “Maria, don’t bother. She’s probably long gone by now”

“But we can’t just let the bully you like this?”

I tugged at her and shook my head again.

Though Maria was upset, she didn't say anything more.

But our patience only led to their escalating cruelty.

Early the next morning, the room was piled with all kinds of wreaths and chrysanthemums- even joss paper.

"Wishing the trash a speedy journey to the garbage heap."

Maria couldn't take it anymore.

She threw the bouquet she was holding onto the floor.

"What the hell? This is going too far!"

I found it odd—what strange rumors were circulating online?

Why was everyone suddenly turning against me?

"Mom, could you hand me the phone?"

I asked, pretending to be playful.

Maria was taken aback but frowned and refused my request.

I sighed, frustrated.

Taking advantage of her distraction, I quickly snatched the phone from her pocket.

The top ten trending searches were buzzing, with four of them about me.

#Sibling Rivalry: Who's the Real Outstanding Graduate?#

#Fake Mom at Graduation: Who's the Real Mother?#

#Scandal at a Prestigious University: Outstanding Graduate Accused of Fraud?#

#Favoritism or a Twisted Mind? The Truth Behind the Claims#

The barrage of headlines made it impossible to ignore.

I casually turned off the phone, not caring about any of it.

If I could endure attacks from those closest

to me, what did I bother with the opinions of strangers online?

The extravagant effort was nothing more than an accusation that I'd stolen the title of Outstanding Graduate from Charlotte.

But even if they handed it to her, could she really handle it?

Maria watched me carefully, silently observing my every move.

I smiled, reassured, and looked up at her. "I only have one mom, one family. Nothing they do will ever affect me."

Maria's expression was unusually serious.

She nodded as if making a significant decision in her heart.

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But my momentary tolerance only led to even crazier retaliation.

I had just started to recover a bit.

Maria was with me, and we were simply planning to go for a walk.

Just then, a man rushed toward me, trying to throw something at me.

A sharp, acrid smell immediately assaulted my nose, and I instinctively tried to pull Maria away.

But Maria was faster, placing herself in front of me before I could react.

'Hissing—'The piercing sound made me tremble.

My eyes widened in panic. "Maria, Maria, what happened to you?"

"Doctor! Doctor! My mom is hurt! Maria, hold on!"

Tears slid down my cheeks as I saw the extensive burns on Maria's back.

That bottle of concentrated sulfuric acid came down, and without a moment's hesitation, Maria stood in front of me to shield me.

"Maria, why were you so foolish!"

"Doctor! Doctor! My mom is hurt! Maria, hold on!"

If the sulfuric acid had attacked me, and it wouldn't have mattered—I've never been popular.

My life in this world has always been about barely hanging on.

But why did it have to hit Maria?

But this is Maria.

She's terrified of pain, so how could she stand in front of me?

Just as I was about to rush Maria to the hospital, the attacker returned.

"Die! Anyone who bullies the Piano Goddess, Charlotte, deserves to die!"

The man, now completely unhinged, brandished two knives.

He had clearly lost his mind, stabbing wildly into my body.

Despite her injuries, Maria found a strength. from somewhere deep within, forcing herself between me and the attacker.

She took the brunt of the blows—one knife, then another, then a third...

I watched in horror as Maria's face grew paler and the blood poured from her wounds.

I was crying frantically, desperate to help, but I couldn't move—paralyzed by an injection of anesthesia from who knows where.

"Don't worry, I'm here," Maria said with a smile, but her pallor only made me more terrified.

I shook my head frantically.

No, I wanted to hear those words, but not at this cost.

“Maria, I don’t want you to be my mom anymore. Please, just move out of the way!”

I screamed, sobbing so hard that I wished with all my heart to turn back time to a few days ago.

I didn’t want Maria to be my mom anymore.

I just wanted her to be okay.

The madman didn’t stop, but Maria’s strength was waning.

“Sarah, I’ve finally been a good enough mom. You won’t need to rent me anymore,” she whispered as she collapsed.

Tears streamed down my face. “Mom-”

“Don’t sleep, wake up! Wake up and run!”

But the madman had been provoked.

As Maria was brutally beaten, she lost consciousness.

The madman turned his attention to me, inching closer.

The knife sliced across my skin, but he didn’t stab me as he had done to Maria.

Instead, he cruelly sliced away at my flesh, piece by piece.

“The Goddess said you’re her greatest enemy in this life. She loves watching you suffer, loves hearing your screams.”

I gritted my teeth, desperately searching for an opening.

Just a little more, just a little more...

At the last moment, I finally grabbed a knife and, despite the excruciating pain, drove it into his chest with all my strength.

Whatever the outcome, I accepted it.

Finally, I had a moment to breathe.

“Mom, Mom, I’m taking you to get treated. Hold on, please.”

By the time I reached the emergency room, I had collapsed, unable to walk any further, crawling the rest of the way.

“Doctor, Doctor, please save my mom.”

I cried as tears fell, feeling utterly helpless.

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As the doctor rushed in and saw the situation, he felt a knot form in his stomach.

“Don’t worry, we’ll do everything we can to save your mother.”

I finally breathed a sigh of relief and let out a small laugh before collapsing onto the floor.

I had a dream.

In the dream, I was Maria’s biological daughter.

We lived a simple and ordinary life together, without Charlotte, without the scheming and manipulation.

It was just the two of us.

But then, the nightmare descended.

A dark chasm tore apart our happiness, leaving nothing but shattered fragments.

Maria smiled and said goodbye to me.

She said she’d always protected me, but in the next moment, she was gone.

I woke up with a start, the dream feeling all too real.

Panic set in as I searched desperately for Maria.

“Maria, Maria, where are you?”

“Mom, don’t scare me!”

I cried.

Maria’s faint voice echoed weakly:

“You silly girl, what’s wrong with you?”

“It wasn’t really a big deal at first, but now you’ve managed to scare yourself into making it a big deal.”

I burst into tears, but soon my tears turned into laughter..

Stumbling, I ran to Maria’s side, my heart aching with sorrow and compassion as I gazed at her wounds.

Sarah, from now on, I’ll protect you.”

“I’ll make up for the words they owe you.”

Mindful of the numerous injuries covering her body, I gently held Maria without really touching her.

I was too afraid that even the slightest movement might cause her pain.

She laughed, brushing it off:

“What’s there to be afraid of?”

“If you want to hug me, then hug me. I’m not made of glass.”

I smiled, gave her a gentle hug, and then turned to leave the room.

“Wait for me.”

Ignoring Maria’s voice calling from behind, I hurried to the performance venue.

The scene was lively and bustling, with media outlets gathered to celebrate the piano prodigy’s debut.

Wearing a baseball cap and a black mask, I concealed myself completely as I made my way backstage.

There was an LED screen at the venue, and when Charlotte took the stage, the poster for the performance would be displayed.

And that was precisely what I intended to exploit.

But first, there was something crucial I needed to do.

I quietly slipped into the backstage dressing room.

The area was crowded with people coming and going, and Charlotte was in the center of it all, surrounded like a princess.

I approached her dressing table, unnoticed by anyone.

It was easy for me to grab her phone and quickly retreated to the restroom.

Charlotte’s phone password was our parents’ birthdays. I remembered she had mentioned it once, touching our parents so deeply that they kept praising how well they had raised her.

She probably never imagined that the very act she boasted about as a sign of filial piety would now now unexpectedly benefit me.

I took out her phone and entered the lock screen password.

Once unlocked, I swiftly navigated to the photo album.

Sure enough, hidden deep within, I found the video of the time I was bullied.

Memories surged back with the video, leaving me dazed, as if I were reliving that terrible time, that cold winter day.

The scars on my arm began to itch painfully, and I instinctively scratched at them, only to find my hand covered in blood.

But that was fine—it helped snap me back to reality.

I transferred the video to my phone and, while Charlotte was still getting dressed, returned her phone to its original spot.

When she was finally ready and took the stage, I sat in the audience with a cold smile:

“Charlotte, your princess life is about to end!”

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Amidst the cheers from the audience, I made my way to the control booth.

The staff was methodically managing the lights, so I walked over and said, “The person on stage is my sister. She’s a bit unhappy with the content on the big screen and asked me to change it. Could I please do so?”

After fabricating this excuse, the staff agreed.

I then turned to them and said, “Today is my sister’s debut. I’d like to handle it personally.

You all can take a break.”

After learning the basic operations, the staff stepped aside.

I connected my phone and began uploading the video.

There was a delay before the video would start playing, but I wasn’t in a rush.

I’d waited seven years—I could wait a little longer.

After a moment, I heard gasps from the audience and knew the video had begun to play.

The staff assumed Charlotte was dazzling the audience with her performance, so they didn’t intervene.

That’s when I left the control booth and slowly walked onto the stage.

On the big screen, the video of me being held down in the frozen lake played clearly.

The voice in the video unmistakably belonged to Charlotte, who was on stage.

She looked on in disbelief, frantically jumping up to try and cover the screen.

But the screen was far too large, and after a long struggle, she barely managed to cover a small corner.

“This video is fake! Fake! Don’t watch it.”

“Someone edited this video to frame me! That person in the video isn’t me!”

As I stepped onto the stage, I coldly glared at Charlotte. “But, sister, this video came from your phone!”

“Did you forget what happened when you recorded it? You said you were afraid I’d steal Mom and Dad’s love, so you wanted to teach me a lesson.”

“You said you were the only princess in this family and told me to stay away.”

“You also said you’d keep this video forever so you could watch it whenever you wanted.”

As I spoke, Charlotte’s face grew paler and paler until she finally collapsed to the floor, completely drained of color.

“You’re lying! It’s not true! You’re slandering me!”

But everyone could see what was really happening. The reporters, who had expected to just cover a piano recital, were now raising their cameras to capture this explosive story.

My parents—Mr. and Mrs. Smith—stood frozen in disbelief, staring at the stage.

No one moved.

Perhaps they were too afraid.

Afraid to discover that their precious daughter wasn’t as innocent as they had thought.

Afraid to admit that their little princess had done something wrong and couldn’t bear to punish her; Or maybe they feared the truth would be too hard to accept.

With one hand, I forcibly pressed Charlotte’s head to the ground.

“Charlotte, don’t be upset. You’ll soon have nothing at all.”

I relentlessly pushed those video segments in front of everyone’s eyes, making them watch my despair over and over.

I wanted them to understand that I had never wronged the Smiths.

All along, I had been the one who was tormented.

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Charlotte understood my meaning and stopped struggling.

This time, she resigned herself to fate.

Between survival and saving face, she chose survival.

Each video played was a blow to this family of three.

Completely unaware, they had once abetted the wrongdoer in their evil deeds.

Mrs. Smith couldn’t hold it in any longer.

She collapsed to the ground.

“It’s all my fault, all my fault!”

“My daughter suffered so much, and I didn’t even know.”

Linterrupted Mrs. Smith’s thoughts.

“If you truly care about me, please don’t meddle in matters between Charlotte and me.”

Facing Mrs. Smith’s eyes, wild with emotion, I spoke calmly.

Mrs. Smith felt a pang of discomfort for a moment.

But with the help of others, she left the scene.

I felt a sense of satisfaction.

As I was leaving, I turned to look at Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

“Sir, Madam, I know you’re wealthy and don’t care about money.

But your daughter severely injured both me and my mother. Isn’t it only right to offer some compensation?”

I spoke neither humbly nor arrogantly.

At my words, the Smiths trembled slightly.

Soon, they handed me a card.

In all these years with the Smiths, it was the first time I’d ever received a card from them.

I raised the card with a faint, ironic smile, a trace of indifference in my eyes.

“Well, I’ll be going then. Farewell.”

I turned around and left the scene.

Behind me, the family of three continued to follow.

It was starting to get on my nerves.

But for now, the most important thing was paying Maria’s medical bills.

Afterward, I let out a soft chuckle and walked into the hospital room.

Maria looked at me, concern written all over her face.

“Are you hurt?”

I burst into laughter.

Shaking my head, a glimmer of satisfaction flashed in my eyes.

“I got the surgery money. No matter what procedure we need, we’ll have the funds.”

Maria hesitated for a moment, but when her gaze fell on the people behind me, she showed no sign of surprise.

She nodded slightly at them in greeting.

The Smiths, however, were visibly displeased.

Their faces darkened as they grabbed my arm.

“Sarah, come home with your mother.”

I refused.

Maria, who had been watching from the side, couldn’t contain herself any longer.

Despite the pain, she jumped up.

“Why? You think you can take her when you want, and throw her away when you don’t? Where in the world does it work like that?”

“For the past seven years, I’ve given everything to raise this child. Were you there for her?”

“Were you at the parent–teacher meetings?”

“At her graduation?”

At this point, Maria paused, a cold smile creeping onto her lips.

“Oh, but speaking of graduation, you were indeed there—in your own way. It’s thanks to your efforts that things have turned out like this.”

“All the scandals, all the trending hate directed at Sarah—that’s your quite a contribution.”

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“Mom, please lie down and rest.”

“If you don’t take care of yourself now, I’ll end up an orphan again.”

I couldn’t help but rub my forehead

Maria blinked in surprise then hurriedly replied,

“I know, I know

*I’ll sleep now.

The moment she lay down, all three of the Smiths dropped to their knees in unison.

Mrs. Smith even bowed her head to the floor

“I’m sorry for all the trouble we’ve caused these past years. Please continue to take care of Sarah.”

“If there’s anything you need, just say the word. If it’s within my power, I won’t hesitate.”

As soon as she finished speaking, I waved my hand, signaling for them to leave.

In just a matter of days, before Maria and I had even been discharged from the hospital, we suddenly heard some explosive news.

“The Smiths personally sent their daughter to prison—Is this the downfall of morality or the rise of humanity?”

When Maria actually uttered such news, it somehow struck us as oddly amusing.

“Sarah, will you leave this city with me?”

“We’ll start a new life together.”

I smiled.

Nodding, I pulled out the offer letter I had in my hand.

“I’ve been waiting for you to say that.”

“Look at this—it’s an offer from New York.”

“We’re going to have a wonderful future..”

Maria paused briefly, then slapped her thigh.

“Oh my goodness, what are we going to take to New York?”

“Where will we get the upfront expenses? Don’t we have to rent a place over there?”

Maria couldn’t help but let out a groan.

I automatically pointed at her pocket.

“Don’t tell me you’re reluctant to spend the money they gave us?”

“Now that it’s ours, we can spend it as we please.”

“Don’t even think about saving it for my dowry. Let’s use it for rent, and you can save for my dowry separately..”

Maria burst into laughter.

She reached out and tapped my forehead.

“Just graduated and already thinking about marriage?” she teased.

“No way. You’re not getting married before thirty at least.”

“Otherwise, I’ll barely get to enjoy my freshly minted daughter before she becomes someone else’s daughter-in-law, and I’m not okay with that.”

I laughed, wrapping my arm around Maria’s.

“Alright, I’ll wait until I’m eighty to get married if you’re willing to take care of me.”

As we talked, I thought I saw a shadow pass by the door.

When I looked again, it was gone.

On my way to get food for Maria, I felt that familiar gaze again.

Not long after, I saw Mr. and Mrs. Smith sneaking around, as if ailing someone.

I stiffened. Were they following me?

They moved closer.

Their faces were now filled with sorrow and defeat, a far cry from the opulence and arrogance they once displayed.

I paused briefly, but there was no reason to avoid them.

They both looked ashamed and cautiously asked,

“Sarah, are you doing well?”

I nodded, a happy smile on my lips.

“How could I not be happy when the person I love most is by my side?”

My words made them visibly downcast, but their feelings were no longer my concern.

They forced a bitter smile before Mr. Smith. spoke.

“We’re here to say goodbye. The company’s bankrupt, and the three of us are heading south to start over.”

“If we manage to rebuild, we’ll make it up to you...”

I waved my hand dismissively.

“No need for that.”

Turning back towards the hospital room, I walked away, leaving them behind.

“From now on, let’s live our own lives in peace.”