

## You Made Me This Way Chapter 2

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### Chapter 2

Even during the holidays after SATs, my parents were still very cold to me. At that moment, I suddenly had the urge to live on, as I was about to escape from here. The moment my life would turn around would be the moment that I got into university. However, it was then that my brother, who had failed SATs and had been working around outside for one year, came back with a girlfriend in tow, as the two of them had been wishing to get married to the woman wanting 100,000 for the betrothal gift. Back then, I was very scared due to there being only 20,000 in savings in my family, which was meant to be used for paying my university fees. Besides that, it was also my only chance to escape from my family and change my fate. My spoiled brother then proceeded to argue with my parents, ending in him flipping the table over and smashing the television to bits. It took me by surprise as never in my life would I think that my father would actually side with me, saying that the 20,000 was meant for my university fees and that nobody was to use it for other purposes! Hearing that, my brother continued to argue, as he grabbed me by the collar and took me to the courtyard before beating me hard on the well's surface! Even though I wanted to resist, I did not dare to, since the years of fear instilled in me by them had already robbed me of my ability to resist long ago. Hugging my head, I curled up on the floor, enduring the pain in my body, as I was used to domestic violence already. Even though the pain in my body far exceeded any other previous experiences, I still held it in while continuously telling myself, There's nothing that would not pass. As long as I can hold it out, I can get out of here and attend university. Then, I can finally see the pretty girl again... After an unknown amount of time, my head and mouth were bleeding before my cowardly father finally stepped out and said, "Even if you beat him to death, we still do not have 100,000." I did not treat his words as something that he used to protect, since they were only letting me attend university so that I would bring pride to the Hushton Family. Besides, our family really did not have so much money. My brother, who never got turned down by my parents before, got even more furious, as he took out a lighter and burned the kitchen down. In a short moment, a huge blaze could be seen from the courtyard with my father not even stopping him, as I thought that my father could no longer go against him, who was now bigger and stronger than him. "I'll give you ten days to prepare, and if you don't have the money by then, I'll kill all of you!" With bloodshot eyes, my brother stared evilly at our parents. "Even if you killed us, we still did not have that amount of money!" Leaning against the door frame, my mother cried sadly. "I don't care! Since other people's parents have it, you guys must have it too!" After saying such a statement, he then left with his girlfriend. Pain, fear, and helplessness dominated my mind back then, as I was beaten to the point where I was bedridden. Every day, I would shiver, fearing that he would come back to snatch the money for my university fees away and ruin my whole life. Just as my wounds got better and I could finally climb out of bed, my parents suddenly treated me a lot better, as they not only complained about my brother, they even brought new clothes for me and praised how capable I was. From a young age, I never had new clothes, as everything I wore were hand-me-downs from my brother. At that time, I naively thought that my parents had finally started to love me, thinking that maybe it was because I got into university or maybe it was because I always listened to them, so they thought that I was the good one when compared to my brother. Wearing those new clothes, I happily smiled and gave them a hug. This was how insignificant my place in this family was, like the tiniest bit of kindness from them could make me forget all the past grudges. "Dad, Mum. When I graduate from university, I will be sure to return this kindness and let you guys move into the city!" Sobbing, I said this all very sincerely. Unable to hold it in, my mother then cried and left, while my father patted my head, saying agitatedly, "Good boy, good boy. You'll definitely excel in university! But first, I have something that I need to discuss with you." Anything was on the table as long as I could go to university, so I nodded profusely. Then, he said, "Your brother got into a fight outside. If word of this got out, the other side of the family wouldn't accept his marriage proposal anymore. Since you and your brother look alike, could you take his place in the lockup for a few days?" My heart sank the moment I heard this. Why should I take his place when he was the one fighting? My father then quickly added, "Don't you want to go to university? Once you take the fall, your brother will be indebted to you, then he'll stop troubling us. Once you get out, you can go to the university immediately." Back then, I did not know much about law, so I did not know how bad it would get. Also, I did not think that as their flesh and blood son, my parents would be so heartless to con me in such a despicable way! Because I wanted to further my studies and did not want to attract more trouble for the family, I was brought by my father to jail, as I turned myself in with my brother's name. My father even used his connections to evade almost all interrogations with me providing my fingerprints on a confession document. During that time, he lied to me, saying that I would be out in a week. But after one week, I actually found myself in court, and I then found out that my brother was actually convicted of robbery and assault! Feeling something more and more amiss, I almost told the truth under despair and fear. However, I then saw my parents' fierce gaze in the spectator seats, warning me that if I dared to tell the truth, I would not be able to go to university and that I would suffer in their hands in the future! Being 18 that year, I was already considered an independent adult, so one would think that I should just tell the truth boldly. So what if I happened to cut all ties with my family because of this? Would an able 18-year-old man die if left alone? I also had such thoughts, but a normal person did not grow up in such an environment. I had no childhood and had endured deep trauma and fear. Back then, I was like a kite—no matter how high I flew, I was still being controlled by my parents. Their stare could even make me start to tremble. I really did not dare to go against them, as I was subservient to a fault. Only knowing how to study since I was young, I also did not have any survival abilities to speak of. Fearing vengeance from my parents and brother, I was also afraid of my own family, but at the same time, I could bring myself to leave it behind. So, I chose to keep my silence in the end and got sentenced to six years of imprisonment as a result. Before the opening ceremony of the university three days ago, my parents came to visit me. Through the thick reinforced glass, I also saw my brother, who got away scot-free! Living his best life, he even got the newest flip phone, as all the new clothes my mother bought for me were being worn by him. As tears flowed from my cheeks, I clenched the phone while my father asked me nonchalantly, "Annon, your brother is going off to study tomorrow, do you have anything to say to him?" "What?!" Feeling my blood pressure rise, I smashed my head against the glass. "Why? I was the one who got into the university!" Ignoring the blood on the glass, my father then replied, "Aren't you in jail now? Besides, you both look so alike and so similar in age, we did not want to just waste this chance of being able to send one of our sons to university. Your brother also said that when he graduates, he will arrange a decent job for you in the future." Seeing how cruel my parents were, I almost went insane then. Clenching my teeth, I only wanted to tear them limb from limb and feast on their remains right there and then! I had never harbored such hatred for anyone, but at that moment, I wanted to kill all of them!