

Chapter 9 I'm Selen, I'll Hang Out With You Everyday

In the cluttered room, a teenager sitting in a wheelchair, his long disheveled hair covering his eyes. He stared solemnly at the shattered glass and a blade on the floor.

A voice echoed in his mind, repeating, "What are you waiting for? Once you cut it, the pain will be gone! It's just temporary suffering.

Your parents are divorced and have new families. They don't care about you."

"Go ahead, end it! Death will set you free!"

Why marry if there's no love?

Why did they bring me into this world?

They have their own families, what about me?

What am I?

With determination in his eyes, Birch gripped the wheelchair and attempted to stand without support. He fell to the ground, and his palm got cut by the glass shards, causing blood to stain the floor.

Reaching for the blade from the debris, he pressed the button and revealed its sharp tip. He believed that one swift motion across his wrist would release him from his pain.

As he poised the knife, a number of dates came flying through the window, landing around him.

One after another...

These dates were big and intensely red, resembling blood on the floor.

Birch looked out the window with suspicion, the bright light making it hard to see. Then, a date hit his head.

Experiencing excruciating pain, he dropped the blade, and the date rolled to a dark corner.

Birch remained silent, his closed eyes quivering upon hearing the girl's calm and pleasant voice from outside. "This is my date, please eat it. Don't stay in the room all day; you'll get sick. If you want more dates in the future, come to me. If you have something delicious, throw it down, and I'll exchange it with you! By the way, my name is Selen, and I'll hangout with you every day from now on, okay!"

Selen's loud voice seemed to disturb someone inside the villa, prompting them to rush out, asking who was in the yard.

Panicking, Selen pulled her feet off the wall, hiding herself among the branches.

If only she could change his fate...

Perhaps Selen felt a connection with him, understanding what it felt like to be abandoned by everyone—feeling helpless and hopeless.

As Selen's voice faded away, Birch's closed eyes trembled.

She... would come to see him every day?

Her words left him feeling a bit strange, as if the warmth that was once fading was reigniting within him.

The servant looked around, finding no one in sight, and eventually left the yard, puzzled.

With mosquitoes buzzing around the tree, Selen picked two bags of dates and climbed down the ladder to head home.

Just as she descended from the third floor, Sharon was about to search for her. Seeing Selen covered in wooden branch debris, she approached and patted her, "Where did you go again? You're all dirty. Hurry back to your room and change your clothes. I'll wash them for you."

Selen rolled her eyes and replied lightly, "It's okay, Sharon. Try the dates I picked; they're really sweet."

Observing the dates in her hand, Sharon shook her head. "I've picked plenty of those dates before, but I've never seen you eat them.

Now, you're picking them yourself... did you climb up there by yourself?"

Selen nodded. "Yes! I used a ladder."

"It's true; time heals all wounds," Sharon gently poked Selen's forehead and scolded softly, "But you mustn't go there again. If you get hurt once more, I'll tell Mr. Zeke to cut down that tree."

Selen knew Sharon was all talk but kind-hearted, and she would not actually cut down the tree.

"Sharon, I'm not a kid anymore. I'll be careful," Selen assured her.