

Chapter 5 Delulu Bro

Sierra had no idea what was going through Evan's head.

He had stayed on as a lecturer at the university, so seeing him here wasn't surprising. She didn't think much of it and simply said in a cold voice, "I switched majors. I'm in the biochemistry department now."

The moment she finished speaking, Evan's gaze turned mocking and condescending.

"That's great, Sierra! We're together again!" Denise's cheerful voice rang in her ears, making Sierra's expression darken.

Her lips pressed into a tight line, and her dark eyes filled with irritation.

Not a hint of joy.

Between being stuck in a major she hated and enduring the Xander siblings, she had chosen the latter.

Because she needed the lab.

Taking a deep breath, she suppressed her frustration and turned to the faculty member in charge of the labs.

"Sir, I'd like to apply for lab access."

The professor smiled apologetically. "I'm sorry, but new students aren't allowed to use the lab. It's for safety reasons."

"Sir, I'm not a new student. If you check my records, you'll see I took biochemistry as an elective three years ago."

The professor hesitated, then typed in her name.

After scanning her records, his expression grew somewhat strange.

Finally, he looked at her with a hint of regret.

"Sierra, I'm sorry, but I can't approve your application."

"Why not?" Sierra frowned.

She had studied biochemistry before.

She had independently applied for lab use multiple times in the past, and her records clearly showed she was qualified.

The professor sighed. "Apologies, but it's not possible. At least for the next three months, you won't be allowed to apply for independent lab use."

He specifically emphasized the "three months."

Sierra's face paled slightly.

How could she have forgotten?

She was under a three-month supervision period.

Right now, she was a walking liability.

With all the chemicals in a lab, if she so much as sneezed the wrong way, people would assume she was up to something dangerous.

And after those three months?

Even then, her chances weren't guaranteed.

She had a criminal record now.

The sharp drop from hope to despair was instant.

Her disappointment was written all over her face, even catching Evan's attention.

But in just a second, she had composed herself.

She politely thanked the professor and turned to leave.

"Sierra..." Denise called out, but she didn't follow.

Evan couldn't shake off the image of Sierra's fleeting sorrow.

For some reason, it unsettled him.

He turned to Denise and said briefly, "Go explore the department. I'll be back."

Then, he strode after Sierra.

With his long legs, it only took a few steps to catch up.

"You took biochemistry three years ago? Why didn't you tell us?"

Sierra glanced at him.

There was no sarcasm in her gaze, yet Evan still felt an inexplicable guilt.

Yes, choosing a major was a big deal.

Yet none of them had known.

He vaguely remembered Sierra's grades were always high.

His brows furrowed. "What major did you originally want to study?"

Sierra was already in a foul mood.

Now, Evan was poking at every sore spot she had.

Finally, she couldn't hold back her sarcasm.

"What I like—does it even matter?"

Evan's expression stiffened.

Of course, he remembered.

Back when they "persuaded" Sierra to switch majors, no one had asked for her opinion.

All they cared about was what Denny wanted.

Irritated by the creeping sense of guilt, Evan's voice turned colder.

"Biochemistry isn't suited for girls."

He continued, "You don't have to force yourself to study this just to get closer to me. Whether you study it or not, you're still my sister. That's a biological fact."

He didn't believe Sierra truly liked biochemistry.

That left only one explanation—she was doing it because of him.

Back then, she had tried every excuse to talk to him.

He had ignored her at first.

But one day, when he finally lost patience, he had snapped, "What do we even have to talk about? Molecular transformations? Genetic coding? Do you even understand any of that?"

After that, she had finally quieted down.

Remembering this, Evan's demeanor softened slightly.

With an air of generosity, he said, "From now on, I won't ignore you anymore."

As if he were bestowing a great favor.

Sierra let out a quiet scoff.

Evan frowned.

"Talk properly."

He had already taken a step back.

She was just being difficult now.

Sierra clapped her hands together, looking at him with mock reverence.

"Wow! It's 3034, and delusional brothers like you still haven't gone extinct? Mr. Evan, you have truly opened my eyes."

She hadn't planned on going off on him.

But he just kept stepping on every single one of her landmines today.

Yes, she had started studying biochemistry because of him.

But she had stuck with it because she genuinely loved it.

She wasn't here to please anyone anymore.

None of them deserved it.

Evan didn't understand what "delusional bro" meant.

But judging by her tone, it wasn't anything good.

His previously composed demeanor cracked, replaced by sheer irritation.

"Sierra, don't regret this!"

Regret?

Not a chance.

The only thing she ever regretted was returning to the Xander family and degrading herself by trying to earn their love.

Sierra didn't bother answering.

She turned and walked away, leaving Evan seething in place.

After a while, Evan also left.

As soon as he was gone, a figure emerged from the corner.

The man was tall, dressed in a neatly pressed shirt and trousers.

Even in the sweltering summer, he wore his shirt buttoned all the way up, revealing only his slender neck. His sharp jawline and thin lips gave him an air of restraint, his nose straight and defined, exuding elegance.

Above that, a pair of deep, intelligent eyes gleamed behind thin glasses, their sharpness carefully concealed.

As he passed, students greeted him respectfully.

"Mr. Yeager!"

Jonathan Yeager gave a slight nod.

He hadn't meant to eavesdrop.

He had just happened to be passing by when the argument escalated.

If he had walked out in the middle of it, that would have been even more awkward.

So, he had stayed and... well, listened to the whole thing.

He didn't know the details of their relationship, but one thing was clear.

That girl sure knew how to deliver a verbal smackdown.

The corner of his mouth lifted slightly.

But then, remembering why he was here today, his expression turned serious again.

Would he find Tano this time?

It had been three years.

Tano had vanished completely.

That person's research had been groundbreaking, revolutionary.

Jonathan had even taken a teaching position here, hoping to find a lead.

But so far—nothing.

Meanwhile, Sierra left the university.

Since she couldn't use the lab, there was no rush.

She wanted to visit her grandmother first.

Three years.

How was she doing?

"What? She's not here?"

Sierra frowned.

"Can you check again?"

The nurse shook her head. "There's no patient under that name in our system. According to our records, she was discharged three years ago."

Sierra stared at the discharge date.

It was right after she had been sent to prison.

Did that mean her grandmother's condition had improved?

Bradley *had* promised to get her the best doctors for surgery.

Thinking for a moment, Sierra hailed a cab.

She was going to the Coleman residence.