

Lost A Dare My Boyfriend Asked Me To French Kiss His Brother Chapter 01

My boyfriend lost a dare, and the bet was that I had to kiss his brother on the spot

He didn't even ask if I was okay with it; he just laughed and told his brother, "Victor, it's all my fault I've put you a tough spot."

I looked coldly at my boyfriend of three years.

I had clearly told him several times that his brother had ulterior motives towards me.

"What are you thinking? Victor comes from a wealthy family, he wouldn't be interested in someone like you. "Don't flatter yourself, what are you compared to him? Why would he ever look at you?"

Clearly, he was willfully blind, not noticing how his brother was staring at me like a hungry wolf all night.

I clicked my tongue in front of my boyfriend and boldly sat on Victor's lap, kissing him.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw my boyfriend casually chatting with other friends.

After the party ended, I received a message from Victor

[That was my first kiss. You have to take responsibility]

I looked coldly at James, my anger boiling inside me.

He had the audacity to make me kiss his brother for a stupid dare.

What was even more ridiculous was that he didn't even ask for my opinion, treating me like some object to be used.

I took a deep breath, trying to suppress my anger and disappointment.

Since the start of the party, Victor's gaze had been like that of a wolf, fixed on me, making me feel sick

Yet James remained oblivious, still laughing and joking with others.

I gritted my teeth, deciding it was time to teach him a lesson.

Without hesitation, I sat on Victor's lap and stared into his eyes

The surrounding cheers seemed to be muted, everything becoming a blur.

I closed my eyes and initiated the kiss, pressing my lips to Victor's.

The moment our tongues touched, I felt Victor tremble noticeably.

Five minutes felt like a century, and I forced myself to continue the kiss despite my discomfort.

Finally, when the time was up, I pushed Victor away and stood up.

I looked around, everyone was staring at me in shock, while James was still chatting with friends.

I let out a cold laugh and turned to leave that suffocating room.

I heard someone teasing James behind me as I stepped out the door.

"James, aren't you mad that your girlfriend kissed someone else?"

"What's there to be angry about? It wasn't real," James replied dismissively

My heart dropped, and I quickened my pace to escape that toxic place. Once home, I locked myself in my room, ignoring James's persistent knocking. My phone buzzed; it was a message from an unknown number.

I opened it and instantly felt a chill run down my spine.

[That was my first kiss. You have to take responsibility]

I decided not to reply to Victor's message and to handle the situation coldly.

But days passed, and James still showed no signs of remorse.

My heart felt heavy, like a massive stone was pressing down on me, making it hard to breathe.

Finally, on the fifth night, James showed up at my door with bubble tea

"I'm sorry, I didn't expect things to turn out this way," he said.

He handed me the bubble tea, his tone casual.

I reluctantly took it, but my resentment hadn't faded at all.

I pulled out my phone and showed James the message from Victor.

“I told you before that he had ulterior motives towards me.”

James frowned and said, “You’re not on the same level as him; stop flattering yourself.

“He probably just continued the dare after he left; there’s no way he’d be interested in you.”

Those words cut through me like a knife.

I felt dizzy, completely let down by James’s disrespect.

“Are you saying I’m not good enough for him?” I asked coldly.

Even though I was just a department head in marketing, I was still a woman with a little money of my own. Not to mention James, who was unemployed and relied on his family’s rental properties to get by. James seemed to realize he had misspoken and hurriedly tried to explain, “I didn’t mean it like that, I just thought...”

But I didn’t want to hear his excuses anymore.

We began to argue fiercely, the sweetness of our relationship fracturing.

In the heat of our argument, I suddenly recalled Victor’s wolf-like gaze.