

Lost A Dare My Boyfriend Asked Me To French Kiss His Brother Chapter 03

I stared at my phone screen, my heart feeling like it was tightly gripped by an invisible hand.

In the photo, James was holding an unfamiliar girl's shoulders, gently comforting her, My mind went blank in an instant, and all my trust collapsed in that moment.

[What's going on?] I trembled as I typed a message to Victor.

Victor replied quickly. [I'm not sure either. I just saw it while passing by James's house today.]

I took a deep breath, forcing myself to calm down, and decided to go directly to James to ask for clarification.

Pushing open James's door, I saw the girl sitting on the sofa, crying, while James was busy in the kitchen.

"Who is she?" I struggled to control my tone, trying not to let my anger and jealousy spill over.

James turned around, a flicker of panic crossing his face. "Ashley, what are you doing here? This is my friend from middle school, just back from abroad."

I scoffed. "A friend? Is that why you're holding her so closely to comfort her? Is that why you amusement park that day?!"

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James's expression turned slightly annoyed. "What are you thinking?"

"It's because her pet is sick and in the hospital. I was just comforting her," he defended.

"And the other day, when her pipe burst, I was just helping her," he added.

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“So you can fix pipes?” I said sarcastically. “I’ve never seen you lift a finger all these years.”

James’s face darkened instantly. “What exactly do you want to say? Is there something wrong with helping a nd?”

I felt dizzy, as all my doubts and insecurities erupted in that moment.

“This is a huge problem!” I nearly shouted. “You’ve kept so much from me, and you expect me to trust you?” James’s demeanor suddenly turned cold. “Believe it or not, I don’t owe you any explanations.”

I turned to leave, tears blurring my vision, filled with grievance and anger.

Back home, I curled up on the sofa, replaying the scenes from earlier in my mind.

My phone vibrated; Victor’s message was: [Are you okay? Do you need someone to talk to?]

I stared at the screen, suddenly struck by a bold idea.

Maybe it was time to teach James a lesson.

I focused on the phone screen, my finger trembling as I hit send.

[Victor, I want to see you.]

Almost instantly, Victor replied: [Sure, I’ll be right there.]

I took a deep breath, trying to calm the turmoil inside me.

Less than half an hour later, the doorbell rang. I opened the door to see Victor’s concerned gaze.

“What happened?” he asked softly, worry evident in his eyes.

I couldn’t help but jump into his arms, tears streaming down my face.

Victor gently patted my back, reassuring me, “It’s okay, I’m here.”

I looked up at his gentle eyes, a sudden impulse surging within me. Just as I was about to kiss him, the door suddenly swung open. James stood at the door, his face pale, filled with anger and disbelief.