

Lost A Dare My Boyfriend Asked Me To French Kiss His Brother Chapter 04

“What... what are you two doing?” James’s voice was low and filled with panic.

I abruptly pushed Victor away, my heart racing, unsure how to explain.

James sneered. “I knew it. You two were already involved.”

I felt a wave of grievance and anger. “What right do you have to question me? Isn’t this what you wanted to see?”

James’s expression grew complex. “Are you still hung up on that? I told you she’s just a friend!”

“A friend? Is that why you’re holding her so close to comfort her?” I scoffed.

Victor stood awkwardly to the side. “I... I think I should leave.”

James suddenly turned to Victor. “Leave? You think you can just walk away?”

I stepped in front of Victor. “James, calm down! This has nothing to do with him!”

James’s gaze darkened further. “Nothing to do with him? You two were wrapped up together and say it’s nothing?”

I felt dizzy, and all my grievance and anger exploded in that moment.

“What about you? What’s going on with that woman?” I nearly shouted.

James suddenly fell silent, a flicker of panic crossing his face.

A terrifying thought suddenly crossed my mind.

Trembling, I snatched James’s phone and entered the password.

He tried to grab it back, but Victor held him back, preventing him from moving.

The screen lit up, and as I opened the trash folder in the photo gallery, I saw a heart-wrenching sight.

It was a photo of James and that woman embracing intimately, dated a month ago.

I felt the world spinning, all trust crumbling in that moment.

James tried to explain something, but I couldn't listen anymore.

I pushed him away and dashed out of the room, desperate to escape this suffocating place.

Behind me, I heard James and Victor calling out, but I ignored them.

After I rushed out of the room, I wandered aimlessly down the street, tears blurring my vision.

My phone kept vibrating with calls from

James and Victor, and I hung up on them all.

I lost track of time and found myself in an unfamiliar park.

I sat on a bench, letting the cold wind brush against my cheeks, my thoughts in chaos.

Suddenly, a warm hand rested on my shoulder, and I looked up to see Victor's worried gaze.

"Are you okay?" he asked softly, concern filling his eyes.

I shook my head, tears spilling from my eyes once more.

Victor sat beside me, gently wrapping his arm around my shoulders, allowing me to lean into him.

"It's okay, I'm here," he comforted me in a soft yet firm voice.

I looked up into Victor's eyes and suddenly felt a wave of calm wash over me.

"Ashley, I've actually liked you for a long time," Victor suddenly said, a hint of nervousness in his tone

I was taken aback, unsure how to respond.

"I know this might not be the right time to say this, but I don't want to miss my chance," he continued.

Victor went on, his eyes shining with sincerity.

I felt a wave of dizziness, my heart filled with conflicting emotions and struggles.

On one hand, I felt anger and heartbreak from James's betrayal.

On the other hand, Victor's kindness and care brought me warmth.

I took a deep breath and gently pushed Victor away, saying, "I need time to think."

Victor nodded, a flicker of disappointment in his eyes, but he quickly regained his composure.

"I understand. Whatever you decide, I'll support you," he said gently.

I stood up, deciding to keep my distance from both of them for now and reflect on my feelings.

Just then, my phone rang, displaying an unknown number.

I hesitated for a moment but ultimately answered the call.

"Hello, is this Ashley?"

A stranger's voice came through, "I'm a friend of James. I actually like him, but it's just one-sided."

I hung up, my heart filled with mixed emotions.

Her words left me even more confused.

Was James really just being pursued by her?

I didn't know who to believe or what to do. My phone rang again; it was James's number.

I hesitated but answered the call.

"Ashley, please let me explain," James's voice was filled with urgency and regret.

I remained silent, waiting for him to continue.

"The photo that day was a misunderstanding. She came at me drunk," James explained urgently.

I scoffed. "Then why did you delete the photo?"

James was at a loss for words and after a moment said, "I... I was afraid you'd misunderstand."

A wave of pain washed over me; he had known he would hurt me all along.

“Ashley, I really love you. Please give me another chance,” James’s voice cracked with emotion.

I struggled to calm my emotions.

“James, I need time to think,” I said calmly.

After hanging up, I felt an unprecedented fatigue.

When I got home, I lay in bed, my mind racing.

James’s explanation, the woman’s call, Victor’s confession.

Everything felt overwhelmingly confusing.

I decided to avoid contacting anyone for a while and sort out my feelings.

A few days later, I received flowers and gifts from James.

The card read, “I’m sorry, I’ll change. Please give me a chance.”

I gazed at the bouquet of red roses, my heart a whirlwind of emotions.

James began texting me frequently, showing an unprecedented level of thoughtfulness.

He stopped bringing friends over to play games and started learning how to cook.

He checked in on my work and life every day, caring about my feelings.

I could feel his efforts and sincerity, but the resentment in my heart was hard to shake off.

Meanwhile, Victor occasionally sent messages checking in on me.

He didn’t bring up his confession again, just caring for me as a friend.

I began to reevaluate my feelings, pondering what kind of relationship I truly wanted.

Just as I was feeling indecisive, an unexpected discovery shocked me.

I accidentally saw a close photo of Victor with an unfamiliar girl.

In the picture, they were hugging, smiling happily together.

My heart sank suddenly. Was Victor’s kindness towards me just a game?

I began to question my previous fondness for Victor, feeling utterly disappointed.

Just as I was engulfed in confusion, James suddenly appeared outside my office building.

He held flowers in his hands, kneeling on one knee, looking at me with fervent eyes.

“Ashley, I know I hurt you, but please give me another chance,” James said earnestly.

My colleagues around were astonished, whispering to one another at the scene.

I felt incredibly embarrassed, unsure of what to do.