

## **Lost A Dare My Boyfriend Asked Me To French Kiss His Brother Chapter 07**

I buried myself in work, hoping to forget that painful memory.

I left early and returned late each day, so busy that I barely had time to eat.

But Victor always appeared at the right moment, bringing takeout or snacks to see me.

“Ashley, don’t push yourself too hard; your health is important,” he said, handing me a cup of hot coffee. The concern was evident in his eyes.

I took the coffee, warmth flooding my heart.

“Thank you, Victor. I just want to focus on work right now,” I said, looking down and taking a sip of coffee to avoid his gaze. Victor smiled but didn’t say much, quietly staying by my side.

Days went by, and I gradually grew accustomed to Victor’s presence.

He always seemed to appear when I was most exhausted, bringing laughter and joy.

I found myself beginning to look forward to the time spent with him.

Whenever such thoughts arose, I quickly pushed them aside.

“We’re just friends,” I told myself repeatedly.

Victor seemed to sense my hesitation and became even more considerate.

He stopped mentioning feelings and quietly kept me company.

Our relationship became subtle, both intimate and distant.

One day, Victor suddenly asked, “Ashley, have you thought about starting over?”

I froze, unsure how to respond.

Just then, my phone rang suddenly.

It was an unknown number. I hesitated but decided to answer.

“Hello, is this Ashley?” A familiar voice came through the line.

My heart raced. It was James.

I hung up, my heart racing.

James's voice brought back painful memories.

Victor noticed my unease and asked with concern, "What's wrong? Who was on the phone?"

I took a deep breath and calmly replied, "It was James."

Victor's expression turned serious, a flicker of worry in his eyes.

"What does he want?" Victor asked, his tone tinged with displeasure.

He said I left some things at his place and asked me to come by and get them when I had time.

Victor was silent for a moment, then suddenly took my hand.

"Ashley, I know you haven't completely moved on from the past."

His gaze was sincere. "But I want to tell you, no matter what happens, I'll always be by your side."

I felt a warmth inside, yet instinctively pulled back.

Victor seemed to sense my hesitation and gently released my hand.

"I won't force you to make any decisions," he said gently. "I'll give you time and space."

Victor smiled and stood up. "I'll head out now; call me anytime if you need anything."

I knew Victor was a good person, but I wasn't ready to start a new relationship.

I also wondered if his family would accept someone like me, with no background.

I walked alone on the empty street, reminiscing about my memories with James.

Those once sweet moments had turned to bitterness.

In contrast, Victor's sincerity and thoughtfulness warmed my heart.

He always seemed to appear when I needed it most, offering silent support.

I quickened my pace, trying to shake off the chaotic thoughts in my mind.

The cold wind blew, and I instinctively wrapped my coat tighter, but it didn't dispel my inner confusion.

"How should I face my feelings?" I kept asking myself.

Before I knew it, I had arrived at the entrance of my apartment complex.

My phone vibrated suddenly; it was a text from an unknown number.

[Ashley, this is Victor's mom. Can we meet tomorrow?]

I was taken aback, unsure how to respond.

Taking a deep breath, I replied: [Sure. You choose the time and place.]

The next day, I nervously arrived at the designated café.

Victor's mom sat elegantly there, smiling warmly.

Without a word, she handed me a check.

"Leave my son, and this money is yours," she said, her tone cold and resolute.

I stared at the astronomical sum on the check, my emotions in turmoil.

"I'm sorry. I can't accept this," I pushed the check back to her.

"I do like Victor, but it hasn't reached the level of love," I admitted honestly.