

Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother by Wind Dew Chapter 1

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Chapter 1

It was the fall of my senior year in high school, and the weather had gotten chilly.

Felix White's uncles, Duncan White and Eugene White, had brought their families over for a visit, and my family joined them. His family members and mine added up to about 20 people, and we were all gathered at his house for a meal.

With the help of alcohol, the atmosphere that night had become rather lively.

Since there were so many people present that day, the men were all seated at one table for drinks while the women were seated together to chat.

Everyone was chatting excitedly, and it was an extremely joyous day.

Somehow, the conversation had shifted to talk about me and Felix.

This happened every single time our families gathered together. It was quite awkward at first, but it happened so often that I had gotten used to it. It didn't faze me anymore.

They could say whatever they liked. It wasn't as if I could do anything about it.

Melinda Priceton was Felix's mother, and I called her Aunt Mel.

Aunt Mel had been peeling a shrimp as she said, "Time really does fly. The children are all grown up now. They'll be leaving us soon after they take their SATs next year."

"You're right! It would be great if Lulu could continue her studies at a college nearby. She's still quite immature. I'm worried about letting her live on her own if she goes off to a college far away," Mom replied.

“There’s a simple solution for that! We’ll just let Lulu and Felix enroll in the same college! Felix will take good care of Lulu!” Aunt Mel exclaimed.

Just like that, my college plans had been settled. I was right there with them, but no one even bothered to ask for my opinion.

Uncle Austin had two sons. His eldest son, Colin White, was 24 years old and currently pursuing his master’s degree in fine art at Lincoln University. He specialized in watercolor painting. Colin rarely came home. All along, I treated him like an older brother.

Uncle Austin’s youngest son was Felix. Felix was one year older than me, and we grew up together. As such, I always thought that we had a good relationship with each other.

Ever since I could walk on my own, I shadowed him wherever he went.

Ever since I could speak, the word that I said the most was his name.

Ever since I understood what love was, he took root in my heart, and my feelings for him kept growing.

I liked him—a lot.

Before that conversation, I had never actually given much thought to going to the same college as him. From a young age, I had been practicing watercolor painting. I didn’t mind which college I went to, as long as it offered the degree I wanted.

I was fine with letting our mothers make a decision that pleased them both.

As for my feelings for him ... Well, if a love between two people was meant to last forever, who cared about momentary separation?

I admitted that I liked him. I liked him so much that during the nights when my mind was consumed by the thought of him, I swore that I would marry him.

I liked him so much that I thought he would be the one for me for the rest of my life.

I was sitting next to Aunt Mel while Felix sat behind me at the men's table. Felix and I had our backs to each other. Our mothers weren't exactly quiet, so he could hear everything clearly.

After sneaking a glance at his expression, I could tell he looked displeased.

At that time, I couldn't quite understand why he had reacted the way he did, but I didn't think too much about it. After all, he was never the type to smile easily. Indifference was his norm.

"It would be good if they started their family young and focused on their careers afterward. Once they both graduate from college, they can decide on a suitable city to settle down in. I'll help pay for their marital home so that they can get married as soon as possible. That way, they can focus on their work.

"But if they decide to have a child first, the two of us can move in with them and help raise our grandchild!" Aunt Mel said to Mom excitedly.

"Aunt Mel ... what are you saying ..." I protested. After all, I was only 18 years old. Hearing our mothers talk about us having a child together made me so embarrassed that I wanted to hide myself.

Aunt Mel placed the shrimp that she had just peeled onto my plate and lightly patted my cheek.

"What's there to be embarrassed about? It'll happen soon enough!" she cooed.

"In that case, I should start preparing for her future wedding! Now that you've brought it up, it feels like we don't have much time left. I really need to start making plans," Mom exclaimed.

My mother had always been easily excited. I had a feeling that if she wasn't in the middle of dinner, she would probably rush home to check her savings account. She would also be talking to Dad about the right car to get for me and the decor suitable for my future house.