

Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother by Wind Dew Chapter 11

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That evening, I didn't bother waiting for Felix after school. I wasn't going to wait for him anymore.

Halfway home, I heard some kicking sounds from behind me. I knew it was him, but I didn't turn back to

look at him.

I still liked him, but from now onward, I would keep my feelings to myself. Liking him would now only be my own problem. As time passed, I was sure he would soon disappear from my life.

Since then, I never went to school with him anymore. Although we would still bump into each other occasionally, I would only nod politely at him without saying anything else.

There were many times I saw him stopping by the roadside as if he was waiting for me. He'd bite his lips like there was something he wanted to tell me, but I'd always pretend that I never noticed him and just walk past every time.

My classmates didn't quite believe me when I said I didn't want to have anything more to do with him the last time at the podium. After all, I'd been stuck to him like glue for more than a decade.

I even heard from Jade that many of my classmates gossiped among themselves, trying to get to the bottom of everything. They eventually deduced that I had simply quarreled

with Felix. It was something I'd get over eventually, and then everything would go back to normal like before.

I didn't confirm or deny their assumption. I couldn't care less whether they believed me or not. It wasn't like I could pry open their brains and pour all my thoughts into them. I knew my actions would soon tell

them that I meant every word I said.

The third period on Thursdays was P.E. class. Since we were in our senior year of high school, we always had our noses buried deep inside our books. If we weren't busy studying, we'd be busy discussing mock exam questions with each other.

Our P.E. teacher must have been worried that we'd catch some sort of depression, which explained why

he often chased us out into the field during P.E. class to run laps around the school.

I was on my menstrual period, so I asked to be excused from running this week.

About 20 minutes into the class, a female classmate suddenly burst into the classroom where I was

resting and dragged me out of the doors without explaining anything.

"Luna, Felix got hurt while playing basketball! He's bleeding so much! Hurry, you have to take a look at

him!"

As soon as I heard that he was hurt, I felt anxious and panicked, I quickly ran after her toward the field.

But later on, as I looked back at this Incident, I **just** couldn't understand why I did what I did. Maybe it was a force of habit for the past ten years or so of being Felix's lapdog. It had conditioned me to get anxious and concerned every time I heard his name.

After all, I'd **treated** him as part of my life then.

I saw my classmates crowded around him in a circle. Felix was sitting on the ground with his right leg bent toward himself. There was an ugly scrape on his lower **leg**.

His head was down as he looked at the injury on his leg. I could see his eyebrows scrunched together as

he lightly blew on the scrape to alleviate the pain.

“Make way, make way! Luna’s here!” the classmate who brought me here suddenly shouted.

The other classmates immediately opened up a path between myself and Felix, like how Moses parted

the Red **Sea**.

Felix looked up and stared at me from where he was. Some sort of emotion flickered in his dark eyes just for a brief second. Then, his eyes returned to their usual cold, aloof state.

It was like a wake-up call for me. I suddenly stopped myself from moving any closer to him.

It happened again. I’d instinctively run after him without thinking. I just couldn’t help laughing at how

pathetic I **was**.

What was I even doing? Why did I forget everything I told myself and run here as soon as I heard that he

got hurt? Was I a masochist or something? Hadn’t I been told off by him often enough?

All 50 of my classmates **were** still staring at me, fully expecting me to run toward Felix with tears in my

eyes as I fussed over him and cared for him like a maid.

However, I was no longer the old me who'd trip over myself waiting on him hand and foot. He didn't need

or want me to do that anymore, anyway. And I didn't have to make things hard for myself too.

"Bring him to the infirmary and let the school nurse have a look at him," I said before turning around and

leaving without hesitation.