

Seduced 121

Chapter 121

Just as I finished washing up, Colin's video call came in.

The phone rang just as I changed into my pajamas. I was still drying my hair with a towel in my hand.

Without much thought, I used a finger to swipe and answer the call. I placed the phone on the desk as I sat down on the chair to continue drying my hair.

Colin's handsome face immediately appeared on the phone screen. I took a glance and saw his eyes flicker slightly, a hint of light shimmering in them.

"Colin, you're not asleep yet," I chatted aimlessly, trying to fill the silence.

"Yeah, I was worried about you, so I wanted to take a look."

"Really? I thought you were here to avenge Felix? He deceived me first, so you can't blame me for hitting him. I tried my best to stop myself, Colin. If he insists on being stubborn, I'll beat him up again.

"Hmph, this is so infuriating. He was caught hiding my letters but he still refused to admit it. He even said it was for my own good. How could I let him go just like that?"

"He's the kind of person who dares to do things but doesn't dare to admit to them—a perfect match for Lilac."

I rambled on about my frustrations, and Colin didn't say anything. He just watched me through the screen with a smile on his face.

We talked for a long time until I fell asleep. I didn't know when Colin hung up the phone.

The next morning, I woke up fully rested. I went to the opposite house without even having breakfast.

Felix opened the door, and when I went in, I saw that Colin's door was slightly ajar. I didn't know if he was home or not.

"Felix, give me back my letters." I stood at the edge of the couch and angrily demanded what I wanted directly.

He glanced up at me, picked up a cigarette from the coffee table, and lit it slowly. He took a slow puff and exhaled a cloud of smoke.

His face was hidden behind the smoke, so I couldn't see his expression clearly. He said, "

12

Those are old letters. What use do you have for them?"

It didn't matter what I wanted to do with them. Since they were mine, I should be keeping them. Why would he keep them?

"That's none of your business. Just give them back to me."

"Lulu, don't tell me you still have feelings for Matthew..."

I suddenly felt annoyed and retorted, "How I feel about Matthew doesn't concern you. Stop with the nonsense. Hurry up and give me back my letters. I still have other things to do and don't have time to waste here."

The smoke cleared, and Felix's eyes darkened. "Are you so eager to find out what he wrote to you? Seriously, you're already in your 20s. Do you still believe in those childish things?"

"Yes, I want to know. What is it with you? Give them to me quickly. I don't want to waste my time arguing with you."

I really had no patience for Felix now. His actions truly annoyed me. The more I thought about it, the more I felt that yesterday's beating was too light for him. I should've hit him a few more times so that he had to lie in bed for a few days.

Felix sat on the couch, looking at me steadily for a while. Then, he got up and went into his room to bring out a blue rectangular box. He placed it on the coffee table. "They're all in here."

I glanced at him, picked up the box, and opened it. There was a stack of letters inside with each one labeled "To Lulu".

I opened one letter. It was Matthew's handwriting. There was a quite realistic chubby caricature inside. The drawing style was Matthew's.

I took the box home. Just as I was about to read the letter I had opened, someone knocked on the door, and it sounded urgent.

I looked through the peephole and saw that it was Colin.

This meant that he was actually home when I was arguing with Felix in their house just now.

Chapter 122

Why didn't he show himself if he was at home? He should've said something so that I didn't have to argue with Felix.

Where was he when I needed him? Just when I wanted to experience the happiness of reading my love letters, he came to disrupt things.

Well, since he was here, I had to open the door.

“Colin, do you need something?” I blocked the doorway, not wanting him to come in.

It wouldn’t be good to let him see the mess on the couch.

But he didn’t even bother to respond to my question. He just raised his arm to push me aside and swaggered into the living room. He plopped down in my spot, casually picked up the letter, and started reading, “Dear Lulu, you’re like the sky...”

Why was he reading it out loud? This was so embarrassing and annoying.

I hurried over and covered his mouth with one hand. I snatched the few sheets of paper he was holding with the other and put them back in the box. Then, I nervously asked if he

wanted water.

“No thanks. Are these all from Matthew?” Colin pulled my hand away, his eyes still glancing

at the box.

“I think so. I haven’t had the chance to read the others yet.”

“So many years have passed. Why would you want them back now? Do you really have feelings for Matthew?” Colin raised an eyebrow, gazing at me deeply.

“Colin, you’re asking the wrong question. It doesn’t matter whether I have feelings for Matthew or not. I’m just taking back my things. What’s the point of leaving them with someone else?”

“Even if it’s something I don’t want, I should be the one to throw it away. It’s not Felix’s right to do anything to these letters.”

“Forget about it. I’m going out anyway. I’ll just throw them away for you so that have to go out again. It’s getting late. I need to go now. See you.”

you don’t

Just like that, Colin grabbed the blue box and took away the letters I hadn’t read without asking for my opinion.

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I wanted to snatch them back, but his fierce glare made me hesitant.

I stared at the box in his hand until the faint sound of the door closing made me realize I had been tricked by him.

I finally got my love letters back after a fight, but I had only read the first two lines of one letter before Colin kindly helped me throw everything away.

Actually, I thought about resisting, about rushing over to stop him and grabbing my things

back. But I didn’t dare to do it.

The winter holidays passed quickly. School was starting again soon. Colin brought me back to the north a few days before the first day of school.

We landed at six in the evening, but it was already pitch-black outside. Snow was still falling, and the orange streetlights blended everything into beautiful scenery.

The lights in front of the airport were bright, and taxis waiting for passengers lined up in long queues. They disappeared into the traffic one by one after their doors were closed with a bang.

Colin's car was at school, so we had to take a taxi.

"We'll drop off the luggage at school and go out for dinner. Winter nights are long here. Not eating might make you too hungry to fall asleep."

Colin and I sat side by side in the back seat. The light from the streetlamps and passing cars cast on his face. The flickering made his handsome features look mysterious.

Chapter 123

"I'm so tired, I don't want to go out. I just want to take a shower and go to bed. I woke up too early today. I'm feeling sleepy already." I lazily slouched in my seat and yawned deeply. I openly admired the stunning man beside me.

Colin was the type of person who easily attracted others, both in appearance and in personality.

Outwardly, he exuded refined elegance and wisdom. Inwardly, there was a seductive charm hidden within.

He was like a beautiful flower with multiple facets. I wondered which lucky woman would own this flower in the future.

But when I thought about him having a sister-in-law who would pester him all day and that he wouldn't be able to focus solely on me as he did now, I felt a little jealous.

Indeed, a sister-in-law and a younger sister were natural enemies.

Colin glanced at me sideways with a hint of a smile in his eyes. "Do you like my face this much? But you're not allowed to skip dinner. Tell me what you want to eat. I'll have it delivered to your dorm."

"There's really no need to do that, Colin. I've eaten on the plane. I'm not hungry." I yawned again, demonstrating just how tired I was.

"No, that won't do. Be obedient. Take a shower when we get back. By the time you're done, the food will probably be there too. Oh, and make sure to blow-dry your hair. And remember your jacket when you pick up the food downstairs so that you won't catch a cold."

"Okay, got it. You know, Colin, sometimes, I feel like you're not like my brother but my

mom."

Colin narrowed his eyes. He put his hand on top of my head in a threatening way, but his voice remained low and gentle as he said, "Brat, how dare you tease me? You're looking for trouble, aren't you?"

Of course, Colin was just joking. How could he bear to discipline such a cute woman like me!

As I opened the door of my dorm room, Queenie tore off the face mask on her face and came over to help me with my luggage.

She asked as she took my luggage, "Luna, you must've been very kind in your past lives. You

have my Prince Charming taking such good care of you.”

She had seen everything I did downstairs.

Fortunately, Colin and I had always acted like siblings. Otherwise, wouldn't it be like a live broadcast with her narrating my life?

“When are you going to fix this voyeurism habit of yours? If you like peeping so much, go peep at your boyfriend, Flynn. Why do you like to look at Colin? You keep calling him your prince charming. Aren't you afraid of Flynn getting jealous?”

We hadn't seen each other for the whole winter holidays. Although we had a few video calls during New Year's, it couldn't be compared to meeting face-to-face.

I said it casually because of her teasing.

I had an innocent sibling-like relationship with Colin, but she just casually twisted it. Of course, I could just tease her in return about her relationship with Flynn, the man who had pinned her against a wall to kiss her.

But as soon as the words left my mouth, Queenie paused in her actions of opening the suitcase. Her expression turned bitter.

“What's wrong?”

“Nothing. It's just that... we broke up.” She forced a bitter smile.

“Broke up? Didn't you just start dating not long ago? Why? You were in a relationship, not a casual fling. How could you just break up like that? There must be a reason.

“Queenie, we’ve only been apart for the holidays for less than two months, and you’ve already broken up?”

She remained silent as she helped me take out my clothes, her deep desolation making my heart ache.

After looking at her for a while, I noticed her face was swollen and her eyes were as red as a rabbit’s. She had clearly cried for a long time.

I snatched the clothes from her hands and tossed them aside. Then, I pulled her to sit on my chair and reached out to touch her cold face. “What happened? If it’s not confidential, you can tell me. Don’t keep it all to yourself.”

Chapter 124

As soon as I spoke, Queenie’s eyes turned red. Tears streamed down her face like raindrops as she cried on my shoulder.

She bit her lip until it turned pale. She was trying hard not to make a sound as her small body trembled slightly. Her sobs choked in her throat, sounding like a whimpering small animal.

“It’s okay. Stop crying. If you don’t want to talk about it, you don’t have to. Have you had dinner yet? Colin ordered food. It’ll be here soon. Eat with me, okay?”

She shook her head, her tears going everywhere. Her cries were breaking my heart into pieces.

After consoling her for a while, the delivery guy arrived. I hadn’t showered yet, so I put on my coat and ran downstairs to pick up the food.

Colin had ordered quite a large package, enough for three people.

That was exactly Colin’s behavior, to always think ahead. Otherwise, Queenie and I might have gone to bed with half-empty stomachs if he had ordered only for one person.

“Queenie, you can cry later. Let’s eat first. Colin ordered ravioli. There’s your favorite meat and cheese ones too.”

She refused to eat. It took me a lot of effort to stop her tears and make her sit down to have dinner with me. 1

When Colin’s call came through, I had finished my fourth ravioli. “Is the ravioli delicious?”

“It’s really good.” I deliberately smacked my lips for him to hear.

He chuckled softly on the other end of the line and said, “Don’t eat too much, or you won’t be able to sleep well. By the way, how’s your roommate’s mood?”

Why was Colin suddenly concerned about Queenie’s mood? It seemed weird.

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“What are you thinking? Flynn has been lying in bed since I came back. According to informed sources, he’s been like this for several days.”

Oh, how could I forget? Flynn and Colin were roommates.

“She’s fine, I guess. She’s eaten five raviolis. It’s just that her eyes look a little swollen, and she seems tired, like she’s been crying for a long time.”

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“Well, you and Queenie get along well. Talk to her. Some things are destined and can’t be changed. It’s important to know when to let go.”

“Okay, I got it.”

Colin’s words left me feeling stifled.

After we all hung out together, we found out that Flynn was from a rich family. His family had money and power as they held a high position in his hometown

This was evident from the luxury car he drove to school

Queenie’s parents were just ordinary office workers with average incomes. Although they were not rich, they had a stable and worry-free life.

With her humble background, it would be hard for her if she were to marry Flynn

Having read a lot of romance novels, I also had an idea of how things worked Children from families like Flynn’s may seem wealthy and unattainable. But in reality, they were quite pitiful They weren’t able to choose their marriage partner

Even if you had tons of money, what was the point of spending a lifetime with someone you didn’t love?

That was their destiny. Their love had no value in terms of benefits. As long as their businesses grew and had more profits, anything could be used as a tool

For wealthy families, their children's marriages were the most equal and mutually beneficial tool they could build

Flynn probably couldn't escape from this as well. But Queenie foolishly fell for Flynn. Their love was destined to be difficult.

Love was blind. Once a person fell in love, no matter who it was, they would be like moths to the flame.

Just like myself, Felix, Lilac, and Queenie.

Chapter 125

After dinner, I lay down with Queenie on the bed and listened as she told me what happened.

Queenie was a pure young woman with a delicate and charming appearance. She looked fragile and soft, but deep down, she was the type who wouldn't give up after falling in love.

She put all of her heart into loving Flynn. She gave him all the love she had.

However, being apart for over a month during the winter break made her miss him so much that she couldn't eat or sleep well.

She told her parents she was going to a friend's place and bought a plane ticket to his hometown. She wanted to give him a surprise and let him know how much she missed him.

When she arrived at Flynn's doorstep and was about to call him, she saw a short-haired young woman clinging to his arm and acting coquettishly in the yard.

"Luna, let me tell you, the houses of wealthy families aren't good at all. There's no fence or anything, and the gaps in the railing are so big. I saw them immediately. It's impossible to even deceive myself."

The young woman looked around 18 or 19 years old. She was petite and delicate with

exquisite makeup and expensive clothes. The diamond bracelet on her wrist sparkled in the sunlight.

Queenie was a confident and sunny person who always believed in true love that had nothing to do with family background or money. In her worldview, as long as there was love, everything would be fine. As long as that person was whom she wanted to be with, she was willing to endure any hardship.

Indeed, her view on love would make her suffer for love.

When she saw that bubbly young woman, she suddenly felt ashamed. She had lifted her hand to greet them but froze in midair before dropping it weakly.

She watched helplessly as the woman leaned against Flynn's chest and tiptoed to reach Flynn's lips. He didn't even dodge.

The sound of Queenie dragging her suitcase when she walked away startled Flynn. He

noticed her and chased after her.

But she managed to get into a taxi without looking back.

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She didn't know if the woman had kissed Flynn, but just seeing him not dodging shattered all her fantasies about love at that moment. She cried all the way in the car.

Flynn called her hundreds of times, but she didn't answer.

He sent her hundreds of voice notes on WhatsApp, but she just listened to every one of them with tears in her eyes. She listened to his pleas and his swearing over and over again that he

loved her.

That young woman was a marriage candidate chosen by his family. He didn't like her and had no plans to marry her.

Flynn pleaded with Queenie for some time, promising that he would handle everything and have a peaceful and stable life with her.

He begged her not to give up and said that he wanted to live out his future with her.

So what if they liked each other? What was the use of explanations? Queenie knew that they lived in different worlds. It was better to see the truth of things early and withdraw. She didn't want to become a pathetic person.

"So, this means you've broken up?"

Queenie nodded, tears streaming down her face again. "I suggested breaking up, but he didn't agree. I don't care whether he agrees or not. Anyway, I've withdrawn. They can do whatever they want. It has nothing to do with me."

"What about Flynn? What did he say?"

"He was still calling me and messaging me a few days ago, but there's been nothing since. My phone is quiet, as if he never existed."

"I've never officially dated before, so I don't know what being in love feels like. But we've known each other for so long. Flynn doesn't seem like such a scumbag. I've observed him.

before.

“The way he looked at you showed he was very much in love. How could he do such a thing? Did you see whether they kissed or not?”

Chapter 126

Queenie trembled as she cried, saying, “Luna, you’re so naive. Even if they didn’t kiss this time, what about next time? And the time after that?”

“What can an ordinary woman like me do to keep him? I don’t want to end up being

pathetic. It’s enough that when I liked him, he liked me too. There’s no future for him and

me.”

What could I say? The truth was just too cruel. Unable to find comforting words, I could only pat her back and keep her company.

“Luna, you should stay with Colin. He cares about you so much. We can see it clearly as bystanders. He would never let you suffer like I did.”

“Stop talking about me. No matter how good he is, Colin will be Colin.

“Julia’s coming back tomorrow, right? We’ll discuss what to do then. I bet you haven’t slept well these days. Go to sleep. I’ll stay with you.”

I didn’t deliberately dwell on what Queenie said as I might not have even heard her clearly. All I wanted was for her to not cry anymore. Crying for something unattainable would only make oneself miserable, and no one could understand.

It was like the tears I shed during Thanksgiving that year. How many nights had I cried until dawn? How many times had I felt heartbroken after seeing Felix and Lilac embracing each

other?

But what did it matter?

No one knew how much pain I was in at that time.

Fortunately, I was clear-headed enough. All my feelings for Felix ended at the dinner table that Thanksgiving.

Back then, it felt unbearable, but looking back now after some time had passed, it seemed like I couldn't even remember what I felt anymore.

Time was the best medicine. No matter how deep the love or how bitter the feelings, they would all gradually fade away with time. It would drift away with the wind.

Queenie liking Flynn was similar to how I was back then.

The only difference was that Flynn liked Queenie too.

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But Felix only felt disgust toward me.

"Queenie, pull yourself together. Why are you crying? If you want to know the truth, go ask him. You're in an open relationship. We're all your witnesses. If something happens, you

don't have to bear it alone.

“If Flynn is really a scumbag, just give him a slap and walk away. Even if he begs you, don’t look at him.”

“Luna, don’t be silly. It makes no difference whether I question him or not. He’ll just say he likes me,

but so what? Love winning over power and money is just a plot in novels.

“Rich people have a different upbringing than us. I’ll only suffer for a lifetime if I marry him. As trials and tribulations drag on, most will lose their love eventually.”

I had to admit, Queenie was rarely this rational.

“Queenie, what you said makes sense. Why don’t you switch to literature? You’ll definitely be a great author or playwright in the future.”

I deliberately made some jokes, finally making her smile.

Queenie wiped her tears with one hand and punched my shoulder with another. She laughed as she scolded me, “Luna, you’re heartless. I’m already so sad, but you’re still teasing me.”

As dawn approached, she finally quieted down and fell asleep.

The moonlight was bright as it shone on her bed. As she slept in the darkness, her brows furrowed tightly.

Chapter 127

Julia came back the next morning. The sound of her luggage on the dormitory floor woke us up from our deep sleep.

Actually, I had been awake for quite some time, but Queenie was grabbing my pajamas and I couldn’t bear to push her hand away. That was why I just lay there with her.

Unexpectedly, I fell asleep again, sleeping even more soundly than I did before.

Colin had sent a message saying he was bringing us food, but I used the excuse of still being half asleep to refuse him.

If it weren't for Julia coming back, I reckoned we would have slept until the afternoon.

"You two lazy pigs, why are you still sleeping at this hour? I had to carry the luggage upstairs by myself. How heartless!" Julia grumbled angrily.

The two of us quickly got up and helped Julia unpack her things without even washing up.

Colin's lunch arrived on time.

The three of us sat around the table eating lunch. Queenie wasn't in the mood to speak, so I explained what happened and asked Julia what to do next.

To me, love was quite sacred and worth looking forward to.

Of course, money was important too as we couldn't live without it. But love was precious as well. Poetry even said that love was priceless. One may only encounter true love once in a lifetime, so it would be a shame to miss it.

Plus, last night, Colin said Flynn had been lying in bed for several days. This meant that he

had come back to chase after Queenie, and he must be furious about that incident as well. He

had probably tried to explain to Queenie, but she wouldn't listen. This left him at a loss, and he was tormenting himself.

He was willing to come after Queenie and make himself so miserable due to that incident, which showed that he had feelings for Queenie. As for why he didn't explain to Queenie face-to-face, it was indeed quite puzzling.

I couldn't understand the world of the wealthy, but I did feel sorry for Queenie. I had been hurt before, so I could empathize with her current feelings.

Julia was the oldest among the three of us and was also the most decisive. Queenie and I

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relied on her a lot for many things.

Of course, Julia's and my thoughts could only represent us. The final decision was up to Queenie, but we'd support her unconditionally.

However, it was about personal emotions this time. After thinking for some time, Julia couldn't come up with a suitable solution.

Only the person facing the situation would know best what to do.

The three of us huddled on one bed, discussing until the sun set. Besides angrily cursing Flynn as a scumbag, we didn't come up with anything else.

Queenie cried and stopped, then cried again several times until her tears dried.

When she mentioned the moment that young woman tiptoed to reach Flynn, she tried to wipe her eyes several times, only to find them dry. Unable to hold back, she collapsed on the bed and wailed.

To cheer her up, Julia came up with a good idea. “Let’s forget about everything and just go with the flow. Love is not something that can be forced. Let’s just put that shameless jerk

aside.

“To celebrate our sisterhood and the start of the new semester, let’s go to a bar tonight. It’s a lively place, so it’ll be a good change of mood for Queenie.”

Hearing Julia say this, my spirits lifted too.

I often heard other classmates talk about how dreamy the lights were at the bar, how diverse the type of alcohol was, how good they tasted, how exciting the music was, and how many handsome guys there were. (1)

I had always wanted to go and have fun. It was just that Colin was too strict with me. Whenever I mentioned going to a bar, he would scold me with a dark expression. He said it was dangerous for young women to go to such places.

Even when I was at home, there were several opportunities to go with my classmates. But my mom never allowed me and forced everyone to change our place of gathering

Chapter 128

I’ve had conflicts with my parents over this. But once they solemnly say that they were doing it for my own good and that women could not simply go to such places, I’d be

defeated.

The words “for your own good” were what I couldn’t stand the most. As soon as my mom said them, I would compromise on anything—no matter how big the issue was.

It could be said that going to a bar was the biggest dream I’ve had since I became an adult, apart from painting.

This time, the three of us would sneak out. I was ecstatic as I was finally fulfilling my dream.

Queenie was feeling down because of her love troubles, but I was thrilled. We came to an agreement to visit the bar quickly.

Colin called on time to ask what I wanted for dinner, but I politely declined, saying that I was going out with Julia and Queenie.

Once he heard that we were planning to go out, Colin started giving all kinds of motherly advice. After I repeatedly assured him that we would be fine, he reluctantly hung up but was still worried.

It was our first time going to a bar, so we were quite excited. We barely ate dinner and just sat by the window, eagerly waiting for nightfall.

Finally, at eight in the evening, Julia gave a wave as we rushed out excitedly.

I wore a long, loose pink sequined sweater with tight jeans, topped with a white down jacket and white fur-trimmed snow boots. My skin had a naturally milky white tone, which suited various bright colors perfectly.

Julia was naturally enchanting, with a waist so slender. Her skin was slightly darker than mine, coupled with deep-set features. She had an exotic charm. Her hourglass figure was best suited for tight-fitting skirts.

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Queenie wasn't in the mood to dress up. But with some persuasion from me and Julia, she reluctantly put on heavy makeup and changed into a wine red cropped sweater with black high-waisted pants.

She had a delicate figure and looked soft and charming, making people want to embrace her.

When we reached the door of the dormitory building, we admired each other's outfits

through the glass door. We were quite satisfied.

There were many cars parked in front of the bar with young men and women coming in and out from time to time.

Before we even entered, the booming music shaking the ground could be heard. It quickly lifted our spirits.

"Follow me,

don't wander off," Julia said. She led us to a relatively quiet corner and went to

order drinks alone.

She returned quickly, followed by a handsome guy in uniform who placed a crate of beer on the table. He then brought some snacks.

"Come, let's drink till we drop." Julia picked up a bottle of beer, tilted her head back, and poured the contents directly into her mouth like a bold gang leader.

Following her lead, Queenie also chugged a bottle before slamming it on the table. She wiped the beer residue from her chin and exclaimed with wide eyes, "That's refreshing."

"Luna, you can't be more cowardly than Queenie. Drink up. This stuff tastes like horse urine at first, but once you get used to it, you'll find it delicious and want more."

So, I picked up a bottle of beer and took a sip. I found it bitter and not to my liking.

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Chapter 129

Actually, I had a natural ability that only my parents knew about. We never told anyone

about it, not even the Whites.

Back when I hadn't started school, there was once during New Year's celebrations when my

parents were too busy to watch over me as they were entertaining guests.

I imitated the adults and sat on the balcony. I poured myself a glass of white wine and drank it alone. By the time my mom noticed, I had already drunk more than half the bottle. I just casually told my mom the water wasn't good, it was too spicy.

My parents were terrified and rushed me to the hospital. But the doctor, looking at me playing on the ground, said I was fine.

It turned out that I had a high level of a certain enzyme in my blood, which quickly

metabolized alcohol.

In other words, I naturally had a high tolerance for alcohol. After some practical experience, I found out that I wouldn't get drunk if I drank only one type of alcohol. Once I mixed it with something else, I'd be out cold in no time.

So, saying I had a high tolerance for alcohol wasn't entirely accurate.

But I didn't like the taste of alcohol. If it weren't for occasions like New Year's, I wouldn't

touch a drop of it.

The atmosphere of the bar was indeed conducive to drinking, so I didn't mind trying it. Beer tasted relatively mild, like slightly bitter ice water, to me.

After drinking two bottles straight, Julia dragged Queenie to dance, leaving me alone in the

booth.

On the dance floor, countless young men and women were gyrating their bodies to the music. Julia and Queenie danced very well too, especially Queenie.

Perhaps due to her recent emotional distress, she seemed to be releasing her emotions here. It made her look exceptionally wild and seductive when dancing, like a rose blooming in the dark night.

Soon, several men with different colored hair and trendy clothes surrounded them. As they danced, they would occasionally shout loudly.

After Julia and Queenie were tired, they returned to the booth. They were followed by several

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men who were slobbering and asking for their numbers. Those people didn't look like they had good intentions.

One of them, with red hair and a diamond earring in his left ear, brought a lot of alcohol and insisted on sharing the booth with us. He said he felt a connection with us and should be

friends.

Clearly, he was not a good person. Who would want to be friends with him?

Julia was always protective of us in the dorm. At this moment, she bravely stood in front of us and argued with the men. This quickly attracted the attention of other people nearby.

Everyone showed a hidden malice in their eyes. They were seemingly indifferent to a group of men bullying a few young women. In fact, they were looking forward to the outcome.

Two men had already shamelessly sat next to Queenie. They held up an opened bottle of beer and tried to pour it into her mouth.

Queenie might look petite, but she had a strong temper. She slapped the man's hand away, causing the bottle to fall to the ground. It shattered with a loud bang, spilling the alcohol everywhere.

There was an instant silence in the air.

The men immediately became angry and began to curse. They grabbed Queenie's hand, trying to pull her into their arms. I did my best to pull Queenie to my side, while Julia was already grappling with another man.

The scene descended into chaos, and it was clear that a few young women like us couldn't handle it. I had no choice but to risk being scolded by Colin and called him for help.

Being scolded by Colin was better than being bullied by hooligans.

Mom and Colin were right. Places like these were full of dangers and not suitable for young women to come casually. I never wanted to come again.

The bar was in the back alley of a street behind the university. It wasn't exactly close, but it wasn't far either. Colin had a car, so he could come over in 15 minutes at most. Before that, no one would help us, so we could only rely on ourselves.

Chapter 130

Despite our desperate struggles to defend ourselves, we were simply not strong enough against the men who frequented the bar.

My left wrist was scratched and bleeding. Queenie was forcibly fed a bottle of strong liquor

and had passed out in her seat.

Julia was surrounded by several men, dodging and weaving among them. Her coat was splashed with alcohol, and her hair, once neat, was now disheveled.

"Don't touch her!"

The man who forced Queenie to drink laughed menacingly as he reached for her collar. Without hesitation, I grabbed the ashtray from the table and smashed it on him.

The ashtray was made of thick, transparent glass. I swung it with all my strength. With a cry of pain, the man's head immediately turned red.

The lights were too dim for me to see how big the wound was. But the man sat on the couch,

clutching his head and groaning.

I made up my mind to use the ashtray to strike anyone who dared to touch us.

However, I didn't have the opportunity to strike again as Colin arrived.

The door of the bar was forcefully pushed open from the outside. Several figures rushed in immediately.

The cold wind blew into the bar, causing those near the door to instinctively shrink back.

Some onlookers even turned to look their way.

But what was terrifying was not the cold wind but the chilling force emanating from those figures.

Colin hesitated for a moment. He spotted us quickly and strode over to me with narrowed eyes. He scooped me into his arms and carefully examined my injuries.

The wound on my left wrist was still bleeding, and the ashtray in my right hand was stained red as well.

Colin threw the ashtray onto the couch and lifted my wrist to inspect it. His anger surged suddenly. A murderous gleam flickered in his eyes as he swiftly kicked the nearest man, knocking him down.

3/12

This was the first time I had seen Colin being so aggressive. He was exuding a cold and intimidating force.

Flynn rushed to Queenie's side. He lifted her to check on her. After seeing that she hadn't suffered any serious injuries, he laid her back on the couch.

He picked up a bottle and smashed it on the man beside him. His massive fists hammered down hard, rendering the man powerless to fight back.

These men were only capable of bullying women. When they faced people like Colin, they were completely helpless and became merely targets for a beating.

The situation quickly turned in our favor, and the men were soon routed.

The bar owner finally noticed the commotion and hurried out from the back to act as a mediator.

I didn't pay attention to how the situation was resolved as I obediently nestled in Colin's arms. This was my first fight, and I had actually injured someone with my own hands.

I didn't know if there would be any life-threatening consequences. Just thinking about it made me shudder with fear.

The matter was resolved. Both sides sustained varying degrees of injuries. The guilty party didn't want to involve the police, so both sides went their separate ways.

Flynn tenderly held Queenie, pressing his face against her forehead and gently caressing it. Tears could be seen in his eyes.

He was treating her with such a tender gesture. How could he not like her?