

## **Seduced 13**

### Chapter 13

As time slipped away, both our families were back to being civil with each other. However, we weren't as passionate and inviting with each other anymore. Also, it was as if there was now a screen separating me from Felix.

I never entered his room again. I didn't even go to his house often anymore. Whenever we were invited over for dinner, I'd always find an excuse to skip it. I didn't want to be alone with Felix under the same roof anymore. I wanted to stay silent and keep my distance.

During New Year's Eve, Mom had initially thought of having a celebratory dinner at home by ourselves. However, Uncle Austin and Aunt Mel kept inviting us over for dinner and refused to take no for an answer. Mom and Dad were running out of excuses not to go, and they eventually gave in.

As for me, I never planned on attending the dinner in the first place. It was a holiday, and I wanted to have a good rest. Most importantly, I didn't want to be anywhere close to him.

If I came near him, my mind would instantly be filled with Felix's cold, ruthless expression as he repeated

his cruel words to me over and over again. It would make me feel dejected each time.

But I never thought that Felix would come looking for me.

I was lying on the couch, happily listening to music on my airpods when he suddenly appeared standing next to me.

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I knew he was there, but I didn't know how I should respond to him. So, I continued pretending not to notice him.

It wasn't until he plucked an airpod out of my ear that I finally had to open my eyes and acknowledge his presence.

He still looked as handsome as ever. His eyes were a dark, murky color, and I couldn't tell what he was feeling.

"What is it?" I asked.

He sat down next to me. I immediately inched to the side. He frowned at that.

"Lulu, I'm here to apologize to you."

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"What?" I thought my ears were playing tricks on me.

"I said, I came here to apologize. It was my fault the other day. I shouldn't have said such nasty things to you. Although I'd never liked you, I still never hated you. In the future, no matter when or where, I'll still treat you like my little sister."

\*So?"

“So, Lulu, can we just go to school and come home together like we used to do in the past? Otherwise, Mom and Aunt Harper will get worried about us.”

I gritted my teeth and told myself not to cry. I couldn't. His apology felt like he was painfully ripping off the band-aid I'd so painstakingly covered my wounds with. It would have been better if he never brought

it up again.

It had taken me such a long time to forget about that incident, and now, he just had to go and rip my wounds open once more.

Felix White, you sure knew how to properly hurt someone.

In the blink of an eye, the SATs were upon us. As soon as I was done with my final paper, it suddenly felt as if a massive weight had been lifted from my shoulders.

I felt as free as a bird. I slept soundly and peacefully like a baby for two whole days. Nobody could get me out of bed unless it was for food or to use the bathroom.

However, in all honesty. I was very sad.

Whether or not he'd been treating me as his little sister or a potential future girlfriend, Felix and I had been living next to each other for more than ten years. We'd grown up together and saw each other nearly every day.

Now that we were shipping off to different colleges around the world, it also meant that I no longer had the chance to spend almost every waking moment with him.

I was finally done crossing paths with him. After this, we would each pursue our future, vastly different from each other, never to meet again.

I was incredibly depressed about it. However, there was no one I could talk to about it. I could only curl myself up in a ball under the covers at night as I tried to coax myself to sleep.

I knew that I was behaving pathetically. He'd humiliated me in front of everybody, but I still couldn't stop myself from crushing on him. In fact, I was so deeply infatuated with him that I was slowly losing myself.

It didn't matter if he scolded me in public or humiliated me like he did. I was still very much besotted and

obsessed with him.

On the fourth day after the SATs, Felix came looking for me.

I had had enough of staying in bed by the time he arrived. I was sitting at my desk, flipping through the pages in my diaries from many years ago. I was still trying to make up my mind if I should store them away or burn them all up.

Considering how my relationship with Felix went south, maybe burning up the diaries would have been the better choice. But I'd written my entries in these diaries for at least 18 years, and I was not truly ready to let it go up in flames just like that.

I couldn't let go of him. I also couldn't let go of the years and years of effort I'd spent liking him and having a crush on him.

Dad was the one who instilled the diary-writing habit into me. I'd been writing in my diaries since I was in the first grade of elementary school. I had many thick volumes, all crammed with my diary entries since

then.

And every diary entry in those volumes was about Felix and me.