

Seduced 131

Chapter 131

Queenie was unconscious after being forced to drink some strong liquor, and my wrist was injured. Hence, we went to the hospital for treatment.

The doctor treated my wound and said it wasn't deep, but it happened to cut a blood vessel, which caused more bleeding. I was instructed to avoid getting the wound wet and change the dressing regularly.

My wound would heal in a few days. The doctor also advised me to eat more food with iron when I returned home.

Queenie regained consciousness after having her stomach pumped, but she felt weak all over and dizzy. The doctor gave her some fluids and suggested she stay overnight for observation.

Flynn wanted us to return to the dorm. He said he would take care of Queenie in the hospital.

Julia and I were worried. What if Queenie refused to let Flynn take care of her and things got out of hand? We naturally wanted to take care of her ourselves, so we insisted on staying. Colin had no choice but to accompany us.

I had wanted to stay and let Colin go back. But his handsome face was so gloomy that it scared me. I was afraid he would settle the score with me, so I wanted to try and avoid him as much as possible.

Unexpectedly, he didn't want to scold me. He just insisted on staying with me to prevent me from causing trouble again.

With this reasonable explanation, it was only natural for Colin to stay behind too. I didn't dare to provoke him since I knew I was in the wrong.

There were only three beds in the ward, one for each of us. Julia fell asleep shortly after lying down. She had drunk quite a bit and had exerted herself in the fight. She couldn't hold on as she was tired and drunk

Queenie had been facing away from everyone since she regained consciousness. All the while, Flynn was sitting beside her, speaking softly. But no matter what he said, she remained unresponsive, which left Flynn frustrated.

I was too far away to hear what he was saying, but I saw Queenie staring blankly out of the dark window. She was seemingly oblivious to everything he was saying

Seeing that she had not responded after speaking for so long, Flynn gritted his teeth and stomped his foot. Disregarding the others present, he took off his shoes and climbed onto

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the bed.

He held Queenie tightly, ignoring her struggles to break free. Even when she bit his arm, he only hissed in pain but refused to let go.

Queenie cried and cursed at him, kicking and struggling. But Flynn didn't argue with her or let go. He kissed her as if we were not in the ward with them. Finally, our ears were spared from Queenie's cries.

Seeing that she had stopped struggling, Flynn relaxed his grip a little and grumbled softly, "Go to sleep. If you move again, I'll kiss you."

Queenie immediately became obedient and calm. She fell asleep within minutes, even letting out a contented little snore. 1

She was asleep?.

Just like that?

She cried for days, and now with just a kiss and a hug, everything was resolved?

Colin covered my eyes with his big hand as soon as Flynn spoke, saying, “Don’t watch. You’re still young. Don’t let him corrupt you.”

But I didn’t listen to him. The live version of a kiss was too precious to miss.

Fortunately, Colin didn’t close his fingers tightly, so I could still peek through the gaps. This kind of peeking was like watching a movie with an obstructed view. Although it wasn’t very satisfying, it gave me a sense of accomplishment.

Watching the fun made me forget about my own situation and Colin’s gloomy expression. I couldn’t help but joke, “They made up so quickly. If I had known that a fight could resolve everything, I would’ve started one sooner.

As soon as I finished speaking, I felt a chill as if the temperature in the ward had dropped rapidly. The cold air made me shiver, shaking even more than when I was fighting earlier. I quickly pulled up the blanket to cover myself.

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Oh no, I got carried away and forgot about the person next to me.

Feeling uncertain, I pulled the blanket higher, trying to cover my face and wrap myself entirely.

“Don’t suffocate yourself. It’s your turn now. How many bottles did you drink?” Colin pulled down the blanket to reveal my head, his elegant and dignified face showing a hint of mischief.

Not daring to refuse, I extended my hand from under the blanket and made a two with my fingers.

“Two bottles?” Colin gritted his teeth.

I added another finger.

“Three bottles?” Veins started to bulge on Colin’s temple.

Unable to hide, I added another finger.

“How many exactly?” There was a grinding sound as he clenched his jaw.

With no choice, I reluctantly opened my entire palm. “I only had five bottles, really. I’m not lying.”

The veins on Colin’s temple had popped out. He grabbed my fingers with his left hand and gritted his teeth. “You sneaked off without a word and drank five bottles. Do you know what sort of place that is? Did you think about the consequences?”

I looked up at him and saw how gloomy his expression had become. It was really scary. What should I do?

My mom always said that someone wouldn’t hit a smiling person. Yes, that was right. I should smile. Maybe Colin would forgive me.

“Well, you know, since we dared to go there, we were somehow prepared, right? No matter what happened, you’d come to rescue us, wouldn’t you?” I flattered him nervously, hoping he would let me off because of my trust in him.

“What if I couldn’t get there in time? What would you do then? You acted against my wishes, you brat. If I don’t teach you a lesson this time, you’ll think you can get away with anything next time.”

Before I could respond, Colin had taken my blanket off. Before I could react, he turned me face down on the bed.

With his left hand pressing on my back, he raised his right hand. A smacking sound echoed

in the ward.

It wasn't until I felt a stinging sensation on my butt that I realized I was being spanked at

the age of 21.

Blushing like a ripe tomato, a mix of shame and anger overwhelmed me. There was also a buzzing sound in my ears.

"Let go of me! Even my dad never hit me. What right do you have to hit me?" I was furious and no longer cared if we were still in the hospital. I yelled and struggled with all my might.

It was okay to hit me, but why my butt? He was not my dad.

As I struggled on the bed, the pillow was pulled aside. A bottle of water on the bedside table fell to the floor. The sound startled Queenie and Julia, waking them up. The two of them looked at me heartlessly, amused by my embarrassment. 1

Despite my efforts, I couldn't escape from Colin's grasp. He pinned me down and spanked me around five or six times.

Feeling utterly humiliated, I didn't want to live anymore.

Who could save me?

No one cared.

Embarrassed and angry with nowhere to turn to, I cried out, "Let go, Colin White! Who gave you the right to hit me? This is domestic violence. I'm calling the police."

Being spanked like this was so infuriatingly embarrassing that I felt like fainting.

Colin, who had been angry, burst out laughing at my words before spanking me again. "Do you know what domestic violence means? We're not family, so it's not domestic violence."

I ignored him, crying incessantly.

Feeling utterly ashamed, I didn't know what I could do besides cry. I didn't know how to ease the awkward atmosphere or how to quell the flames of anger in Colin's eyes.

Chapter 133

Queenie, that heartless woman, glanced at me for a moment before she yawned and turned around to nestle in Flynn's arms. She was like a well-behaved kitten.

I risked my life to accompany her to the bar just to make her a little happier.

Julia, heartless as ever, just covered herself with the blanket. She left a tiny gap to peek through very discreetly.

Sure enough, the tables had turned.

I was just laughing at Queenie's embarrassment before. Now, they were watching my embarrassing moment.

I was so angry! I wanted to cry!

I didn't know how long I cried. Just when I felt my tears dry, Colin's expression finally softened a little. But he was still quite unpleasant.

"What are you crying so loudly for? Cry again and I'll call Aunt Harper."

Colin was threatening me!

I wanted to cry a bit more but was afraid he would really call my mom. If she knew what happened today, she would probably fly here immediately to deal with me.

Thinking about that, I decided against it.

"Are you still going to call if I stop crying?" I asked sniffing.

Colin suppressed a laugh. "No."

"Okay, then I won't cry anymore."

In the latter part of the night, I finally fell asleep. In a daze, it seemed like I heard Colin say, "Brat, why are you so eager to break my heart?"

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In the first semester of my senior year, my dad had a minor heart problem and stayed in the hospital for almost a month. My mom almost fainted from worry as well.

At that time, I was busy preparing for my internship and didn't have time to go back and see my dad. I could only see him lying in bed through video calls every day. It made me feel too weak to walk due to sadness.

My mom suffered at home, and I was exhausted at school. I called to check on my dad's condition several times a day, crying each time. Colin's jacket even faded from all the tears I

had cried.

During that time, I was like a little lunatic with bad mood swings.

I wanted to go back to see my dad, but my mom wouldn't allow it no matter what. She said it would add to my dad's psychological burden if I went back.

Colin always kept me company, saying comforting words. It wasn't until my dad was discharged from the hospital and personally called me to let me know he had recovered that I finally relaxed.

That day, I was particularly happy. I dragged Colin out to have a barbecue to celebrate my dad's recovery.

My classmates went all over the country for internships.

I stayed at Lincoln University and participated in several well-known industry competitions with good results, especially in the last two years.

I also gained some fame in the art scene. My professor had asked me several times to

become his assistant.

Several institutions made me offers as well, two of which I quite liked, but they were a little

far away.

Colin always brought up the incident at the bar, saying he must keep an eye on me.

Otherwise, he was afraid I would cause trouble.

If something happened to me, he wouldn't be able to explain it to our parents.

He said if I got into trouble at Lincoln University, he could rush over in time. But if it was too far away, he might not make it and was afraid he would regret it.

I couldn't argue with him, and my parents were on his side. So I had to listen to him and work at the graphic design studio he found for me. I drew and designed at the same time.

Four years of university life passed by quickly. My grades were excellent, so the school offered me to further my studies into postgraduate studies.

But I refused and applied for postgraduate studies at Jesselton College. I was admitted with the highest score in my major.

My parents were getting older, and I was the only child. I wanted to be closer to my parents

to take care of them.

My dad's illness scared me. I was afraid of being away from my parents and wanted to stay close to them no matter where they were.

Chapter 134

Although Jesselton College was still a few hundred miles away from Southville, it was much closer compared to Lincoln University. There was a flight every day, making it convenient for round trips.

On the day of our farewell dinner, my besties and I drank beer, white wine, and fruit wine. Each of us got so drunk that we lost our bearings. We huddled together and cried as if we would never meet again.

It was Colin who carried me back to the dorm that day. I shamelessly vomited all over him.

Four years had passed, and I was already 22 years old. I was no longer the little girl who would cry all night because of Felix.

When I met him on campus, I greeted him casually with indifference.

I never told him about going to Jesselton College for graduate school. Over the past two years, our interactions were limited to social media and my occasional return home.

His relationship with Lilac was good. Although she was still pretentious whenever we met, she treated Felix well. I had gradually let go of what happened in the past.

One afternoon, I was wandering around campus to familiarize myself with the surroundings when I ran into Felix.

He was still as slender as ever, with a handsome face and fair skin. But I felt nothing toward him anymore.

He was pleasantly surprised by my sudden appearance and was even happier when he heard that I was studying at Jesselton College. He even insisted on treating me to a meal.

I agreed calmly and had a meal with him in the cafeteria.

Now,

he was just a former high school classmate of mine and a neighbor of over 20 years.

There was nothing more.

Having a meal with a former classmate was nothing special, and it was not good to avoid it- especially in public.

Since childhood, Felix had excelled academically. That was why he was also offered postgraduate studies.

1/2

Lilac passed the exam and was also studying postgraduate in Jesselton.

During the meal, Lilac came over as well. She sat beside Felix. She still had that soft and weak appearance. She still teared up easily, showing no signs of progress.

When she heard that I would be studying for three years in Jesselton College, her hostility toward me deepened.

Being in the same school, it was only natural to bump into each other regularly. But this also increased the chances of annoying incidents.

I saw Felix several times in the cafeteria. He would naturally line up for food and ask me to find a table.

I never listened to him and queued on my own. I sat on my own as well, trying to keep my distance from him as much as possible.

We had differed in our paths. There was no need to force ourselves together.

Once, during peak hours at the cafeteria, I couldn't find a place to sit. Hence, I reluctantly sat across from Felix.

Before I could even take a bite, Lilac came gasping for breath. She stood beside me without saying a word and just weakly stared at me as if I had wronged her in some way.

I was really annoyed, so I left with my meal. I just stood by the window to finish my lunch.

I didn't know how Felix explained it to Lilac. But after that, she treated me like a thief whenever she saw me. She was always on guard against me.

No matter how Felix tried to contact me afterward, I never responded.

After all, he had a partner, and I didn't want to cause unnecessary trouble for myself.

Although I knew there would be various troubles studying at the same school as Felix and Lilac, this had become too annoying. I couldn't help but regret coming to Jesselton College.

Just as I was thinking about whether to ask Colin to help me transfer to another school, I encountered someone whom I had thought about but didn't expect to meet.

Chapter 135

The end of September in Jinovy was still warm. I sat under the shade of a tree, fanning

myself with my hand while waiting for my new roommate to go to the cafeteria with me. Then, I heard someone calling my name.

I turned around and saw a man standing under the sun. He wore a white shirt with dark stripes and gray trousers. He was smiling gently at me.

The midday sun pierced through the leaves, leaving spots of light on his face.

Matthew?

“Matthew, what are you doing here? What a coincidence,” I exclaimed happily, standing up and walking toward him.

It had been over two years since we last met. When we parted ways back then, he asked me, Lulu, will we ever meet again?”

The world was indeed small. In just two years, we met again in the vast sea of people at Jesselton College.

In an instant, I remembered the tall man who bade me farewell with tears in his eyes. He had quietly stood there, expressing his feelings, regrets, and reluctance to leave me.

Time had transformed him, turning him from the chubby boy who always smiled into a handsome young man.

He was still Matthew, but he was no longer the chubby boy in my memory.

However, meeting him here still made me very happy.

“It’s not a coincidence. I came here specifically to wait for you,” he said, standing with me under the sunlight as he gazed deeply into my eyes.

There were many things in his gaze that I couldn't understand. I felt my heart skip a beat under his gaze.

Feeling a little flustered, I couldn't help but wonder. If Felix hadn't hidden those letters back then and if I hadn't foolishly focused all my attention on Felix, would I have liked the chubby boy who always smiled beside me?

I didn't know. There were no ifs in life. And the gap between him and me would make those ifs seem even more distant.

1/2

"I haven't told anyone else that I'd be here. How did you know?"

"I have my ways. Well, it's been so long. Can I treat you to lunch?" he said smilingly. In that smile, I vaguely saw the shadow of the chubby boy from high school.

"Sure, let me tell my roommate." I took out my phone and dialed a number. My gaze fell on

the car behind him.

Matthew had changed his car. This bright red oddly shaped car was obviously of

considerable value. And the clothes he wore, although simple, had a high-quality texture

that someone like me couldn't afford.

He took me to a high-end restaurant in the city center. It was my first time there.

The restaurant was quiet and tranquil. There was soft music playing in the background.

“Do you like it here?”

I nodded. “I do. Thank you.”

“You can order anything you like.” He placed the electronic menu in front of me.

It was a tablet with a touch screen and felt exquisite. When I clicked on a dish, a pop-up window would appear. Half of it showed the picture of the dish, and the other half listed the ingredients, cooking methods, and nutritional value. It was very intuitive.

I ordered a dish, and Matthew ordered two more. He even ordered a dessert and fruit salad

for me.

The food came quickly, and surprisingly, the two dishes he ordered were to my liking. “Why aren’t you eating?”

Matthew picked up a piece of green vegetable and put it in his mouth. But his gaze was still focused entirely on me, with an almost imperceptible warmth.

“It’s been almost two years, Lulu. How have you been?”

“Everything’s fine. If it weren’t for my dad’s health, I would’ve continued my postgraduate studies at Lincoln University.”

“Uncle Gerald’s really... Excuse me. How’s Uncle Gerald’s health now? What’s the problem? I know some people in the hospital. Maybe I can help.”

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Feeling a little full, I picked up a fork to eat fruit.

“He has a heart problem, but he’s fine now. Thank you.”

We talked about everything. And finally, the topic came to Southville, where we went to high school together for three years.

After studying in another city for years, I often thought of many people and things in Southville. My high school classmates were the most vivid ones in my memory.

Matthew was very talkative. I didn’t even remember many things he said, but he narrated them as clearly as if they happened yesterday.

He was a little proud while mentioning our senior year of high school graduation.

Everyone was standing on the field to take graduation photos.

He spent ten dollars to change places with the boy behind me, successfully taking the spot

closest to me.

“Matthew, I have the graduation photo on my phone. Do you want to take a look?”

His eyes lit up, and he smiled softly. “Of course. Show it to me.”

I soon found the photo, clicked it, and pushed my phone toward him. I pointed to his position. “You were already much thinner by then, gradually becoming handsome.”

Matthew ignored my teasing and stared at the photo silently, seemingly thinking something.

When the phone screen went black, I was about to take my phone back. But he suddenly grabbed my hand and held it tightly.

I felt like my cheeks were burning. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't break free from him.

He stared at me, saying softly, "Lulu, I thought we'd never see each other again. I was sad for a long time. But today, I met you again. I don't want to hurt myself anymore. I hope you can become my girlfriend, marry me, and have my children. Let's be together for the rest of our lives. Can you accept me?"

His question came so suddenly that I was at a loss for the moment.

1/2

"You've read all the letters I wrote, right? Every sentence in my letters is sincere and will stay true forever. Lulu, can we give it a try? I want you to be my girlfriend. I've had this wish for many years. Can you fulfill my wish?"

This noble man was begging me, almost trying to please me.

I never thought that one day, a man would hold my hand and ask me to be his girlfriend.

I had never experienced anything like this and did not know how to answer him.

His affectionate gaze and the warmth in his hands made me find it difficult to say no.

Should I say yes? I was completely unprepared for this.

I had only read two lines of Matthew's letters before Colin threw them away. I didn't know the contents at all.

"Lulu, please promise me. I know you don't love me, but we can try. You can leave anytime if you feel bad or find someone else you like. I won't make it difficult for you." 1

"Matthew, give me some time to consider it."

"Okay, I'll wait for your answer."

I quickly withdrew my hand back. Awkwardly, he took his hand back and clenched his pants tightly. He didn't let go of his pants until we left after the meal.

It was quite a distance from the college, at least half an hour's drive.

Before the meal, we were just former high school classmates who met in the crowd. We were able to chat happily.

But the atmosphere became unclear because of his request.

On the way back, he kept trying hard to find topics to enliven the atmosphere. I lowered my head and responded to him casually, not daring to raise my head.

When his luxury car stopped in front of my apartment, I was so embarrassed that I wanted to run away. But I couldn't open the car door.

Matthew controlled the door lock, which made me nervous. The atmosphere in the car became ambiguous.

“Open the door. I want to go back.”

In the past 22 years, I had never been so embarrassed no matter who I faced—even Felix,

whom I loved so much back then.

Matthew turned sideways, staring at me seriously. His eyes seemed to glow. I dodged his gaze, urging him to open the door.

Soon, he stroked my head and said hoarsely, “Lalu, don’t make me wait too long.”

“Mhm, I’ll get off.”

Apart from Colin, I seemed to instinctively distance myself from every man.

After turning off the car, he got out and opened my door. He reached out to me gentlemanly.

After thinking for a second, I didn’t take his hand but got out myself.

Matthew looked disappointed, but he still cheered up and followed me.

“It’s only a few steps away. I can go back by myself. Go ahead and attend to your business.”

During the meal, his phone’s notification tone kept ringing. But he didn’t answer the phone, nor did he turn on his phone to see who was looking for him. He just sat across from me, watching me eat the meal.

When I opened the apartment door, I saw my roommate, Helen Johnston, standing in front of the window. She was smiling meaningfully at me, which made me uncomfortable.

“Why are you looking at me like that? Is there anything on my face?”

My new roommate, Helen, was a typical sexy beauty. I heard she was from a rich family who spent a lot and dressed well. As I hadn’t had much contact with her, I hadn’t figured out her temper yet,

I put on comfortable soft-soled slippers, preparing to take a nap to rest. I still had things to do afterward.

After washing my face, I lay on the bed and covered myself with the blanket. Yawning, I closed my eyes,

“Why do you look so tired after eating?”

I raised my heavy eyelids and glanced at Helen. She was standing beside my bed with her arms folded. She seemed unfriendly today.

Although we lived in the same apartment, we didn’t have many opportunities to see each other. Helen was always busy, talking about business matters on her phone—which I didn’t understand.

Her clothes, jewelry, bags, and other accessories looked exquisite and expensive, revealing that her family was well off. It was normal for a woman of this background to be arrogant.

It wouldn’t be easy to get along with her.

Since we had little contact, I wondered where her unfriendliness or hostility toward me came from.

“I’m not tired, just sleepy. I got up too early in the morning. You can do whatever you want. You won’t disturb me.”

She didn’t speak anymore, only taking a few steps back and sitting down. Until I fell asleep, I felt a cold gaze on me.

When I woke up, it was almost 4:15 pm. Matthew called me, saying he would come soon and pick me up for dinner. He had a surprise for me.

I didn’t want to go—especially after I said I would consider his request. If I agreed to meet him in the evening, I was worried he would ask for my reply. As I had slept all afternoon, I didn’t have time to think about his confession yet.

Besides, it had been several days since college started. Colin had messaged me several times to ask about my situation, but I delayed it due to other matters. I only gave him a hasty response without talking in detail.

I had planned to chat with Colin after dinner and report my recent situation so that he wouldn’t worry about me.

But before I could reject Matthew, he said, “I’m already waiting for you downstairs.”

He knew I wasn’t ready yet, so he didn’t rush for an answer. He just asked me to be fair and give him a chance to pursue me.

Chapter 138

Matthew was the first to make his pursuit of me clear. I couldn’t find a reason to say no, so I

agreed.

While washing my face, I was thinking about my four years at Lincoln University. In the first semester, some guys would always send me flowers and ask for my contact number for no apparent reason. However, nothing like that ever happened again in the following years.

Due to this reason, I always felt envious when I saw a man holding a big bouquet of roses and confessing his love to a woman.

At that time, I thought I was too tall and indifferent, which made me unpopular. Or maybe my classmates at Lincoln University loved studying so much that they had no time to care about a beautiful woman like me, which made me appear so worthless.

But Jesselton College was different from Lincoln University. The second day after I reported here, a senior blocked my way and asked for my contact number.

Felix happened to pass by that day. I didn't know what he said to that senior, but he turned around and walked away. He never looked for me again.

And now, Matthew was the pursuer. Although it was just beginning, his pursuit was more intense than that senior's.

I didn't know what would happen to me if I accepted his pursuit.

But I was 22. Many of my college classmates went out to live with their boyfriends during their sophomore year. I had never even held a man's hand. Everyone had always regarded me as a freak because of this. So, I thought I had reached the age of love and should have a boyfriend.

Matthew and I were old friends, and I knew him to a certain extent. Since he had liked me for so many years, it might be a good idea to be his girlfriend.

I combed my long hair, wore a light blue dress, and went out with my small bag.

When I closed the apartment door, I felt a cold gaze behind me, which was about to pierce my back.

Anxiously, I walked out. I then saw something red in front of me.

Matthew had changed into a light gray suit, which looked very formal. His hair seemed to have been specially styled, making him look even more elegant.

He was holding a large bouquet of red roses and was standing a few steps from the door. Seeing me, he smiled. He appeared to be full of joy and enthusiasm.

“Lulu, these are the roses I picked. Do you like them?”

He handed the roses to me.

Two women happened to pass by. Seeing him handing over roses to me, they walked away

with a smile and even cheered me on.

It was my first time receiving flowers, so I was very excited. I felt like all the blood in my body was rushing to my head, and my cheeks were hot.

I took the roses carefully. As I dared not to look at him, I buried my face in the roses.

Matthew chuckled. He wanted to hold my hand, but I sidestepped away. Although I saw a hint of disappointment in his eyes, I only smiled at him.

He was very open-minded and instantly recovered his mood. He stood beside me. “Let’s go. I’ll take you to have a big meal.”

The air conditioner was on in his car, which made it a suitable temperature. The air was filled with the faint smell of leather.

I sat in the front passenger seat, concentrating on adjusting the roses. Unintentionally, I saw his phone screen light up. The caller's number looked familiar, but I couldn't remember whose it belonged to.

It was his call, after all. It had nothing to do with me, so I didn't think about it deeply. I turned back to look at the receding scenery outside.

When the traffic light at the intersection turned red, he picked up his phone, opened his WhatsApp, and replied with a brief message.

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The waiter soon served the dishes and poured the red wine for everyone present.

When it was my turn, Matthew reached out to block it. "She doesn't drink wine. Just give her fresh juice."

"Hey, I never knew Matt would help women."

"Pretty lady, you're so lucky to have Matt protecting you."

"Matt, this woman is beautiful, and she has a good temperament too. Have you ever thought about asking her to be your girlfriend?"

Matthew ignored everything they said as if he hadn't heard anything.

But when he heard the last sentence, he finally smiled meaningfully. "I want to. I'm working hard on it."

Everyone booed, asking him to work harder on pursuing me as soon as possible.

I had never experienced such a scene and did not expect them to bring up such a topic. I felt like a clown standing on the stage, which was very uncomfortable.

Faced with everyone's teasing, I only responded with a faint smile.

With the wine, the atmosphere at the table gradually became warmer. Others were toasting.

The food was good, but I didn't have much of an appetite. I couldn't fit in and felt awkward sitting there.

"Hey, why hasn't Helly arrived yet? If she doesn't come, the meal will be over," said a woman in a bright red skirt.

Matthew looked at his WhatsApp. "She said she has something to do. She can't

come over.

When Leo heard that, his eyes widened as if he wanted to say something. But he seemed afraid of Matthew's coldness, so he pursed his lips and turned away. He was unwilling to look at me.

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They kept discussing very professional topics. I was the only one who couldn't understand. I felt isolated from them. It was so boring.

"Matthew, I want to go back."

"You haven't eaten much. Eat some more and then we'll leave."

I shook my head. "I don't want to eat. If you have something to discuss with them, I can leave myself."

“No, I’m with you.” After Matthew said a few words to those people, he picked up the coat hanging casually on the chair and led me out of the private room.

Leaving the club, I stepped onto the stone path in front of the door. I breathed in the scent of flowers in the air. I felt like I was in another world.

One was like heaven, and another was like earth.

“Are you unhappy?”

He observed me while driving. “You didn’t talk all night. Was it too noisy?”

Looking sideways at the street lights and pedestrians passing by outside, I suddenly felt I might not have a future with Matthew.

After all, we were from two worlds with different upbringings, world views, and preferences. How could we build a bright future together?

“It’s nothing. I just wasn’t used to it.”

He chuckled, seemingly wanting to hold my hand. But he retracted halfway.” Those brats are too rude. We should meet less with them in the future. I prefer to stay with you alone. Lulu, how long do you have to consider it? I want to hold your hand.”

He changed the topic too quickly with a clear purpose. My face turned red again.

Matthew laughed happily. “Lulu, you look so pretty when you blush.”

I returned to the apartment holding the bouquet of roses. He stopped before the entrance, watching me get into the elevator.

It was getting late. I thought Helen had gone to bed, so I opened the door