

## **Seduced 161**

### Chapter 161

After exiting the airport security check, I saw Matthew standing at the guardrail outside, waving at me excitedly. "Lulu, this way!"

Felix and Lilac took the taxi back to the university while Matthew took me to

a restaurant for a meal.

Although Lilac tried every means to express her wish to follow us, Matthew pretended not to hear and silently refused. Felix soon pulled her away with

embarrassment.

It would be difficult for him to avoid embarrassment seeing as he had such a shameless girlfriend.

As soon as I entered the private room, Matthew hugged me from behind and held me tightly.

His unfamiliar breath startled me. I struggled instinctively.

However, he held me so tightly that I couldn't break free from him. I gradually started panicking. He buried his head in my neck, his breaths making my skin itch.

"I missed you so much! I almost went crazy! Lulu, how long more do I have to wait? I'm having a hard time. Do you need such a long time to consider being my girlfriend?"

He spoke in a low voice, and his words felt as hot as fire.

He held me so tightly that I couldn't move. His body was right behind me. I was so scared that I wanted to leave him quickly.

There were only the two of us in the private room. If he... I wasn't doubting his character; I was just afraid.

I was still somewhat unfamiliar with him, and I hadn't mentally prepared myself. That made it impossible for me to accept his intimate behavior right

now.

My parents had been strict when they were educating me, so I was very conservative when it came to relationship matters. I wouldn't hand myself over until I was deeply in love and was sure I would have no regrets.

As for Matthew, I was determined to let things develop further between us. It was just that we hadn't gotten together yet, so it was impossible to let things go further.

I wasn't such a casual girl.

"Matthew, don't be like this. Let's talk it out."

I comforted him with a trembling voice. My emotions were still gripped by

fear.

"No, Lulu. Please say yes. Be my girlfriend. I'll be sure to treat you well."

His body grew hotter.

"Matthew, give me a little more time."

“Lulu, tell me, what’s making you hesitate? I can fix whatever it is.”

Matthew’s voice became hoarse, and he kept pleading. He didn’t understand that my hesitation was never about him but the gap between us.

Our classes made us come from different worlds. The gap between us was too big.

He said he would treat me well based on his courage and feelings for me. But if he had to face pressure from his family, would he choose me without hesitation between status and love?

“Matthew, don’t be like this. I’m scared.”

I was really scared. Matthew paused, and his arms relaxed a little.

I struggled hard to get away, but he tightened his grip on me again. “Don’t move. Just let me hold you for a while.”

After about ten minutes, he gradually relaxed and loosened his arms. I immediately took several steps back, staying as far away from him as

possible.

He sat down with a wry smile while adjusting his tie. “Lulu, I’m so afraid that no matter how hard I try, I won’t be able to win your heart.”

After the last confrontation, Helen no longer treated me with sarcasm and ridicule. She had become much friendlier. She would even chat with me

sometimes.

Apart from the matter with Matthew, we had complementary personalities and had the potential to become good friends.

## Chapter 162

I had celebrated Colin's birthday with him for three consecutive years. As I couldn't celebrate with him this year, I planned to choose a gift and send it

to him.

I hoped he would be happy to receive my gift.

On Saturday afternoon, I had nothing much to do and planned to go out to pick out a gift for Colin. Unexpectedly, Helen called me and asked me to go shopping. It was better to shop with a friend than alone, so I agreed.

She took me to those expensive luxury stores when she heard I wanted to buy a birthday gift.

After shopping for more than two hours, I hadn't bought anything. Meanwhile, she had bought several bags of clothes and shoes.

I found out that she spent more than 300 thousand in two hours. But she complained that the stores had no new products and that made the

shopping experience boring.

That was more than 300 thousand. I didn't think I'd be able to spend so much on shopping in my life. Although my family wasn't short of money, I couldn't accept such spending habits. That was the gap between ordinary and wealthy people.

I couldn't even get into Helen's world, let alone the world of the Loxley family. They were many times richer than the Johnson family!

I'd better tell Matthew I couldn't be his girlfriend. I should tell him to stop wasting his time on me. It was just that he was nice to me. I had to find the right time to say these hurtful words.

Something that happened not long after strengthened my resolve.

I went out alone again on Sunday and still couldn't choose anything

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suitable. On the way back, I passed a handmade ceramics shop and saw a couple making handmade ceramics with kiss patterns.

Colin had made achievements in painting. I could make a million in four years, let alone him. It was easier for a great person like him to earn.

millions.

With his financial capacity, he wouldn't be short of anything. Instead of spending money on things he didn't need, it'd be better to give him a gift I made myself.

Even though a ceramic ornament may not be valuable, it was handmade. I

believed Colin would like it.

The owner of the shop served me warmly. Knowing that I wanted to make a birthday gift, he provided me with several plans and sample drawings with high selection rates. I could choose one of them.

After carefully reviewing those plans, I found that none of them were suitable for Colin and me. So, I decided to make a pair of mugs for him and me with my paintings.

The sun was almost setting when I was done. I handed the mugs over to the

owner.

Since the finished products still needed to undergo several steps and couldn't be picked up until the next day, I left Colin's address and asked the owner to package his mug before sending it to him. As for mine, I asked him to send it to my place.

At noon on Monday, I received a courier message from the owner that he had sent the gift to Lincoln University.

When I called Colin, he was eating at the cafeteria. He was seemingly in a good mood when he chatted with me.

"What's wrong? Are you feeling down?"

His deep voice was like a soothing spell, letting me find my way out of my

problem.

I told him my concerns. After thinking deeply, he said, "The situation you mentioned may happen, but it's not absolute. The best examples are Flynn and Queenie. Aren't they doing fine now?"

"Nobody can predict what will happen in the future. Lulu, let me just ask you a question. If you reject him without a try, will you have any regrets in the future?"

"I have no idea."

"That means you might regret it. Just give it a try, then. You just need to remember not to hand yourself to him so easily. Other than that, you can do whatever you want."

## Chapter 163

After class in the afternoon, I received my handmade ceramic mug.

A drawing of two children was on the light blue mug. The tall one was a boy of about ten years old, and the short one was a girl with two braids. He was holding her hand while she was talking to him with her head tilted up. He showed a gentle and indulgent smile.

That was my clearest memory of Colin when I was about five.

I cleaned the mug, put it on the table, and admired it. I even took out my phone and took a few photos as I waited for Colin to receive his gift.

After that, I could post the photos on WhatsApp Status to show off.

The coursework here wasn't as much as it was at Lincoln University. Our tutor often took us to places with unique scenery or historical heritage. He would also let us read classics and poems and conduct research based on our different perspectives. Our creations contributed to our academic scores.

On Friday morning, 17 of us followed our tutor to visit the tomb of a princess. It was more than 30 miles away from Jinovy.

It was called a princess' tomb, but it looked more like a large garden. There

were few buildings there that had Medieval characteristics. As for the tomb

itself, it wasn't very ornamental.

The tutor told us the legendary and poignant life of the princess eloquently and emotionally. She loved a young man but couldn't be with him. Despite her depression, the imperial power forced her to marry someone she didn't

love.

Later on, she finally thought of resisting. However, she ultimately jumped off a building to end her life. After she died, the young man she had been thinking about all her life returned with achievements. As he had returned, victorious in war, the king's reward for him was her freedom.

It was a pity that they were not meant to be. They were separated by death at the moment closest to happiness, not getting a chance to live their lives

together. What a sad ending.

Seeing that the princess in red clothes had lost her breath, the young man was heartbroken. However, there were still dozens of people in his family, so he dared not follow in her steps.

The king was a ruthless man as well. As the princess was of noble birth, the king ordered his men to take her body away without leaving her belongings to the young man.

He could only use the purse she had given him many years ago to build a monument for her. After resigning from his position, he spent his days guarding her tomb and never married.

When everyone heard the story, their first reaction was to sigh and feel pity for that couple. Some accused the king of being cruel. Two female

classmates even burst into tears.

It was such a tragic story, but the topic was about hope. The tutor wanted us to break away from our inherent rational thinking and give the princess an ending on our own.

This way of painting was quite new. We discussed it together for a long time.

The tutor also said that we should hand in the assignment in half a month. The first-ranked painting would be exhibited at Jinovy's triennial art



exhibition.

The paintings in Jinovy's art exhibition were all done by famous painters from all over the world. Newbies like us could only look up to them. Now that we had an opportunity to participate in it, we were excited.

It was already 3:00 pm when the visit came to an end. The sky was a little

cloudy.

We got into the minibus. Halfway through the journey back, Matthew called

me, saying that he was nearby for business. He asked me to get down from

the bus and wait for him.

I happened to see a factory area at the front, and a few vendors were selling fruit. I got off the bus here and waited for him.

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There was a seemingly abandoned gazebo on the side of the gate of the factory area. I sat on the steps of the gazebo and waited for Matthew.

After waiting for half an hour, he still hadn't arrived. It even started to rain heavily,

The rain came so fierce and sudden. I didn't bring an umbrella, so I had to seek cover in the gazebo.

The dark clouds were heavy. The vendors had already run off with their equipment, leaving me alone.

What happened that year had left me with a trauma of heavy rain. My parents and Colin would never let me face the thunder alone.

But the door to the factory was tightly closed. Even when I knocked on it

hard, no one answered me. The lightning above was flickering across the clouds, and the exposed gazebo was crumbling under the attack of wind and

rain.

I suddenly remembered the desperate moment when I stood at the bottom of a well while covered with wounds. Fear instantly enveloped me, and my head began to hurt. I was so panicked that I didn't know what to do.

I called Matthew many times, but he didn't answer the calls. Finally, I was

notified that his phone was off.

The coldness of the electronic female voice turned all my hopes into desperate fear.

When another round of thunder exploded above my head, I rushed into the

rain with a scream.

The rain soon wetted my skirt, leaving it cold as it clung to my body. My hair was stuck to my face in strands. The rainwater also flowed into my eyes,

which made my eyes sting unbearably.

The road conditions in the suburbs were terrible. Not long after I ran, I fell twice. I was covered with sewage and black mud.

When I fell to the ground again, I seemed to see Colin's face in front of me, saying, "Lulu, don't be afraid. No matter what happens, I'll be there."

Yes, I could look for Colin. Even if no one cared about me, I still had him. He

said he would take care of me.

I took out my phone and dialed his number. The call was soon connected, but I only had time to say a few words before my phone automatically shut down due to water damage. That extinguished my only hope for help.

"Colin, save me..."

I felt so scared that I thought I was going to die.

"Colin, help... I'm going to die..."

Unable to move forward, I lay on the muddy ground and stared at the dark sky. I gradually lost consciousness.

When I woke up, I was already in the hospital. It was still gloomy outside, and the rain kept hitting the windows.

The ward was warm, and I was alone. Outside the half-closed door, someone was roaring angrily, and another person was groaning.

“I never thought things would turn out like this. I had something to do. It didn’t mean to stand her up.”

“That’s just your excuse! Don’t you like her? Didn’t you say that she’s your life? Is this how you treat her? All your words are just empty talk!”

“You’re not much better than me! Everyone else can blame me, but you have no right to hit me!”

“You hurt her! You should be glad that I’m only hitting you. If it’s not

against the law, I’d kill you!”

It was the first time I heard Felix curse someone.

Matthew explained eagerly, but Felix refused to listen at all. I vaguely saw them fighting through the gap in the door.

They were so annoying.

“The patient hasn’t woken up yet. What are you two making a fuss about? Go fight outside!”

The nurse opened the ward door with a tray. Seeing that my eyes were open, she smiled. “You’ve finally woken up. I’ll apply the medicine to the wound on your legs.”

Hearing that I was awake, the people outside rushed in at the same time.

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Matthew threw himself beside my bed anxiously. “Lulu, are you feeling better? Sorry, I didn’t expect this to happen. There was something wrong with the plan, and it was very urgent. I had to discuss the solution, and...

“Lulu, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean for this to happen. You know that. I wouldn’t hurt you.”

He looked terrible—his suit was torn, one eye was swollen, and his lips were bleeding. His chin was also covered with stubble. His eyes were full of

anxiety and helplessness.

Felix stood far away at the door. Seeing that I was fine, he seemed to take a long breath and smiled slightly at me.

“Lulu, can you please say something? It’s my fault. You can hit me or scold me, just don’t ignore me.

Matthew held my hand, his eyes turning red with anxiety. I wanted to withdraw my hand, but my body was so weak that I had no strength.

“How did I get here?” I asked him hoarsely. My throat was dry, and was dizzy. It felt as if I was standing in the clouds.

my

head

He was about to speak when Felix pushed him away. His head hit the wall

with a thud.

Perhaps out of guilt, Matthew didn't resist. He lowered his head as he rubbed it, so I couldn't see his expression clearly.

"Didn't you call Colin? He told me something happened to you. I asked your classmates and found out you got off the bus in the suburbs in advance.

"So, I took a taxi to find you and brought you back. There was a landslide afterward. If I had gone a little later, you might've died."

"Oh, thank you."

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I didn't expect a landslide. In other words, Felix saved my life.

He frowned, saying, "That's not a big deal. But Luna, why didn't you come to me instead of Colin when you were in danger? Did you forget my number? Didn't you know I was at Jesselton College? Doesn't it make more sense to

contact someone nearby?"

"That does make more sense, but I couldn't think straight at the time. I didn't expect things to get so serious. I didn't call you because I didn't want Lilac to misunderstand. You know that she doesn't like me approaching you.

"Anyway, thanks for your help. Otherwise, I might just be a corpse now.

I made a joke, but it wasn't funny.

Felix stepped back speechlessly. Gritting his teeth, he didn't say anything

more.

"Lulu, you can come to me. I'm always here for you. If anything happens to

you again, I'll arrive as soon as possible. Believe me. This time was different. I swear it'll never happen again."

Matthew raised his hand and solemnly swore.

It was just that things had already happened. What was the use of swearing? Could he make up for the trauma he caused me last night?

If Felix hadn't come, I would've died. He made me face death several times

back then. Since he saved me, we were even.

I wanted to believe Matthew. But after this, how could I trust him?

The two men stood beside the hospital bed, staring at me. One was my old love, and the other was my new love. This wasn't a good feeling.

"You guys should go back. I want to sleep for a while." I didn't want to talk to them or pay them any attention.

"I have nothing to do anyway. I'll stay with you..."

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Felix glanced at me with his phone in hand. He was visibly torn about whether to answer the call. In the whole world, only Lilac could put Felix in such a dilemma.

“Go back. I’m fine. Don’t worry, I’ll call you if anything comes up.”

Felix left, but not before repeatedly reminding me to call him if I needed anything.

I agreed, but I knew I wouldn’t do that. He probably understood that too. Given my stubborn nature, I wouldn’t turn to him no matter what, hence his repeated reminders.

“Lulu, you didn’t eat last night or this morning. You must be hungry. What would you like to eat? I’ll go get it for you.” Matthew sat beside me.

He was guilt-ridden like a schoolboy who had erred. He continuously muttered apologies.

Truth be told, I didn’t blame him. I had no expectations for him to begin with. So, I had no grounds to feel resentful.

However, this incident somewhat diluted my desire to give him a chance.

Matthew tried to hold my hand several times when he sensed my coldness, but I avoided

him each time. Eventually, he resignedly placed his hands under the blanket. This severed any chance of contact.

Had he not insisted on me getting out of the minibus to wait for him, I wouldn’t have suffered last night’s ordeal.

Now, his sweet talk was the last thing I wanted to hear.



Why did apologies and remedies always come after it was too late to change anything? Not everything could be mended. Not everyone looked back after being hurt.

Matthew felt defeated and rubbed his temples. "This is my fault. I broke my promise to

protect you. I'm sorry Lulu. I don't have the right to ask for your forgiveness. But I'm begging for a chance to make amends."

"I don't blame you. Don't be so hard on yourself. Shit happens. It's unavoidable. It's nothing.

I was really tempted to tell him to leave.

"I'd prefer it if you weren't so understanding. I'd rather you hit me or yell at me than rationalize everything away. Saying it's okay makes me feel like you're distancing yourself

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from me.

"I had my phone on silent during the meeting. I didn't notice it had run out of battery. When I charged it and saw all your missed calls, I realized my grave mistake. I immediately drove to find you. By chance, I ran into the taxi you were in.

"On the way to the hospital, I kept thinking that if anything were to happen to you, I

wouldn't want to live either. I'd join you. If I don't deserve to be with you in this world, then I'd join you in the afterworld.

“Thank goodness you’re okay. I’m overjoyed. Lulu, please give me one chance. Just one. Don’t ignore me. Don’t look at me with those cold eyes. Please, I beg you!”

Matthew rested his head on my shoulder. I felt a warmth there. Something was wetting my

clothes.

“Lulu, don’t be so harsh on me. Give me a chance to redeem myself. Please, I beg you, Luna.”

His voice was choked with sobs. It was filled with endless guilt and regret. “I regret it so much. What does it matter if the contract is signed or the plan is wrong? Nothing is as

important as you.

“I was out of my mind to forget you were waiting for me. It’s my fault. I’m not asking for forgiveness, Lulu. I’m just begging for a chance to make amends. Please don’t leave me.”

The dampness on my shoulder grew, and his shoulders trembled slightly. The hands that were holding me through the blanket tightened. It was as if he was protecting a treasure he had lost and found again.

“I’d like some cornflakes.” I finally relented. I was a kind person, after all.

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I couldn’t predict the future. But at that moment, I couldn’t remain indifferent to a man’s tears. This man had harbored feelings for me since high school. And I had already decided to give both him and myself a chance.

Perhaps I was slightly disappointed in him, but it wasn’t to the extent of me wanting to shut him out completely.

I had always been too kind-hearted.

Matthew might have faced a genuine emergency. I chose to believe the incident was just an accident.

Seeing how sincere he was, I would give him one more chance. Just this once!

He couldn't stop talking about his regrets and fears. He went on about how hurt and guilty he felt seeing me unconscious on the hospital bed. He didn't seem to hear me at all.

I didn't continue to speak. I quietly listened to his ramblings with a smile in my eyes.

Suddenly, he stiffened. It was as if he had come to a realization and quickly sat up to look into my eyes.

At that moment, I saw sheer ecstasy in his red eyes.

Tears were still lingering at the corners of his eyes. They said men seldom shed tears, yet he had cried for me.

I decided to trust him again and to give us a chance.

"Cornflakes, right? I'll go get them right. Just wait for me a bit. I'll be back quickly. This time, I won't break my promise—definitely not."

Matthew, the esteemed heir of the Loxley family, wiped his face with the hem of his shirt and bounded to the door in a few steps like a child who had just received candy.

Upon reaching the door, he rushed back and kissed my forehead without any warning. "I'm so happy! Thank you."

My mood slightly improved as I watched him leave the ward with a spring in his step. But yesterday's incident was too perilous. Thinking about it now made me even more fearful. I couldn't forget it completely.

In recent years, I had encountered too many dangerous situations. I wondered if it was a

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matter of bad luck? Why did I always encounter such frightening events?

Not long after Matthew left, Colin called me.

I answered the video call. His handsome but anxious face appeared before my eyes. "Are you still feverish? Does the wound hurt? That heavy rain must have scared you. Ah, it's all my fault for being too far away."

Colin reached out, trying to touch my face on the screen. I instinctively tried to get closer

too.

I missed Colin.

"Yes, I was terrified. There was no one on the street. I fell three, no, four times. My legs are bruised, and my favorite skirt is ruined. I was so afraid I would die there, Colin."

I was alone in the ward when I shared all my grievances and fears with Colin. I detailed everything as if I were tallying them on my fingers.

I couldn't bear even the slightest grievance in front of Colin. My tears flowed uncontrollably, which saddened him.

"I can't stop crying, Colin. Why do you have to be so far from me? I'm so scared without you by my side. You've made me into such a coward. I miss you so much. I don't want to be so far from you. No one takes care of me here. I want to go back to Lincoln University. Can you help me with that?"

Colin looked at me deeply with pitiful eyes. I saw him lift his right hand a few times,

probably wanting to stroke my head. Sadly, he could only sigh and withdraw his hand as he was too far away.

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Colin soothed me patiently for a long time. Each word he said brought me comfort. He cheered me up, making me go from crying to laughing. I no longer dwelled on the previous night's events.

"Colin, did you receive the birthday gift I sent you?" I asked.

"Yes, I called you as soon as I received it. Did you make this by hand? It's beautiful. I really like it."

Colin's voice was deep and slightly hoarse. His eyes sparkled as if two lamps were burning within.

"Yes, I made two. Yours is dark blue, and mine is light blue. Did you see the two little figures? The taller one is you and the shorter one is me."

"So, I guessed right. You've been a little rascal since you were young. Remember when you wanted to catch dragonflies and asked Aunt Harper? She was busy, so I took you out.

Right, I was the one who put on your coat and tied your hair into little braids. But it was my first time doing a girl's hair, so it didn't turn out very pretty."

“Colin, you remember it so well, and I remember it too. There were so many dragonflies that day. They were flying in the sky, with some resting on the walls and fences. But you were so clumsy. You only caught one.

Recalling my childhood improved my mood significantly.

It was as if I had returned to that warm evening. Colin’s hand was holding mine as we ran toward the beautiful sunset, chasing the red dragonflies in the twilight.

“Lulu, can you guess why I only caught one?”

Colin was engrossed in talking about our childhood memories.

I tilted my head and thought for a moment. “Because dragonflies are important to the ecosystem, and you didn’t want me to harm them.”

“You’re so smart, Lulu. That’s exactly right.”

I laughed happily, but the sudden movement pulled at the wound on my leg. It caused me sharp pain.

Colin’s initially bright eyes were filled with concern again. “Does your wound hurt? Where’s

Felix? He should call the doctor for you.”

“Lilac called him. I didn’t want to see him either, so I let him go back. I don’t need him. I can

manage on my own.”

“And Matthew? Why isn’t he there?”

“I wanted some cornflakes, so he went out to get some. He’ll return soon. Don’t worry, Colin. I’m not scared anymore. It’s really good to have you around. Even thousands of miles away, you can still protect me. Thank you.”

“When I received your distress call, my heart nearly stopped. You really scared the hell out of me. Promise me you’ll take good care of yourself when I’m not around. Nothing is more important than your safety, do you understand?”

“I understand. I’ll be careful.”

Both Felix and Matthew apologized for not protecting me well. Only Colin asked me if I was scared or in pain.

We talked for almost an hour. Only after I promised not to scare him again did Colin hang up.

Matthew entered with the cornflakes while I was still smiling.

“Lulu, are you not mad at me anymore?”

He placed what he was holding on the bedside cabinet and went to the bathroom to wash the bowl and spoon. He then served me the cornflakes, gently stirring them with a small spoon.

He moved adeptly as if he had done it many times before.

“How do you know how to do all this?”

“When

you were away for university, Grandma was often sick. I had to go between Jinovy and Southville whenever I had time to care for Grandma. Eventually, I learned how to do all

this.”

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“Wouldn’t having your grandma move here be more convenient?” I suggested.

Matthew sat at the head of my bed. He scooped up a spoonful of cornflakes and brought it to my lips.

“That’s exactly what I think too, but Grandma doesn’t agree. She’s been in Southville since she was young and doesn’t want to leave, insisting she’ll be buried there.

“What she really can’t part with, I believe, is the house. She had chosen it with Grandpa. For her, the house makes it feel like Grandpa is still around.”

“How’s your grandmother doing now...?” I took the bowl to eat by myself.

Matthew didn’t try to take it back but set up a small table on the hospital bed. He said softly,

“Grandma’s wish has been fulfilled.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t know.”

“She passed away last winter. I laid her to rest next to Grandpa so that they could be

together forever. I think that made her happy.”



Matthew was raised by his grandmother. He had a deep bond with her. He was enveloped in sorrow when he spoke of his grandmother, who had left him.

He sat in a spot without sunlight, looking like an abandoned child. Tears slowly welled up in his eyes.

I felt a pang of sympathy when I saw him sitting there alone.

I reached out instinctively and held his hand that was resting on the table. "Don't be sad. Grandma is in heaven now, watching over us. Let me come with you when you pay her a visit, okay?"

Matthew looked up in surprise. He took my hand in his palm and covered it with his other hand.

His hand was large, warm, and strong.

My face started to heat up. I was sure I was blushing.

I wanted to pull my hand back, but he held it tightly and refused to let go.

My heart thumped rapidly, like the beating of war drums.

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After several unsuccessful attempts to free my hand, I let him hold it.

That morning, my heart softened when I saw a grown-up who had liked me for years saddened over his beloved grandmother. I wanted to comfort him, to make him feel better.

"Lulu, I'm so happy. Really, I'm very happy. Thank you," he said, pressing my hand against his face.

Matthew's eyes were brimming with affection and contentment.

I couldn't believe letting him hold my hand like this could make him so happy. It seemed he was easily satisfied.

"Lulu, I'll make you fall deeply in love with me, just like how I love you."

I couldn't respond. I felt too shy to even look at him. Again, I tried to withdraw my hand, but Matthew held it tighter. He refused to let go.

After spending a day in observation at the hospital, the doctor said I didn't have a fever and could be discharged.

Matthew was not happy. He muttered discontentedly, "What kind of hospital is this? They said nothing's wrong with you after getting drenched in rain? You should stay hospitalized for a few more days for observation."

I laughed. "So, you want me to be sick, huh?"

"No, I just don't want you to be discharged. If you leave the hospital, you'll go back to your apartment, and I won't be able to stay with you all the time. I don't want to be apart from you."

I was torn between laughter and tears as I watched him pack up my things while sulking.

He held my hand all the way to my apartment. He kept saying sweet nothings until I couldn't lift my head from embarrassment. Finally, he let me go inside.

"I'll video call you tonight. Remember to wait for me," he said. He was unwilling to move from his spot as he watched me go.

My heart softened seeing him like that.

This man who had cherished me since we were children might just be my destiny.

Chapter 170

I told myself this as I headed to my room on the third floor.

Despite the elevator in the building, I almost always took the stairs. One reason was that the floor wasn't too high, so it wouldn't be too tiring. Another reason was that I had hardly exercised in recent years, so I decided to treat the daily climb as a workout.

Just as I turned into the stairwell, I heard someone speak in a melancholic tone, "How sweet and tender! How far have you guys gone?"

I knew from the voice alone it was Helen. It was dripping with sarcasm.

"Where did this century-old green-eyed monster come from? It reeks of jealousy!"

I turned around, fanned my nose, and made a face as if the smell was unbearable. This infuriated her, and she lost her composure.

I burst out laughing after mercilessly teasing her.

"You little bitch, who are you calling old?"

She tried to hit me by swinging her expensive little purse at me. I dodged, tickled her, and then ran upstairs.

I was tall and had long legs, which made me fast. She didn't have the advantage of height or long legs. She was also wearing high heels, so she couldn't catch up with me. She was left panting for breath.

By the time I ran back to my room and let my hair down, she was still gasping for air at the door.

“Miss Helen, your physical fitness needs work. Take your time catching your breath. I’m going to take a shower.”

I had been unconscious for an entire night at the hospital. Not only had I not showered, but I also hadn’t changed my underwear. I felt utterly dirty.

When I finished showering, Helen was lying on her bed. She seemed to be wiping away her

tears.

“What’s the matter? You didn’t even come to see me after I landed myself in the hospital. Now, you’re trying to drown me with your tears? Do you think the rain wasn’t harsh enough on me?”

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I sat at the edge of her bed and dried my hair. I made a move to kick her on her bottom.

Helen’s best feature was her shapely, peach-like buttocks—the kind that had form and flesh.

The flesh on her buttocks wobbled from my kick, a silent temptation.

I couldn’t resist and kicked her again.

She rubbed her eyes on the bed sheet before turning around. She scrutinized me from top to bottom and remarked, “You seem fine to me. Weren’t you just pretending to be sick to make Matthew pity you? Luna, that’s really cunning of you.”

“We agreed on a fair competition. You shouldn’t use such sneaky tactics.”

I couldn’t help but laugh as I recounted last night’s events to her. I concluded, “Why don’t you pick a rainy day to lie in a mud pit yourself? He might pity you even more because of your childhood friendship with him.”

“Get lost. If mud pits are so great, why did you come out?”

Helen was very spirited. I wasn’t one for formalities. We quickly got into a playful fight, and she quickly stopped crying.

After a while, she started to sob again.

I never expected the beautiful, cool, and wealthy Helen to be such a crybaby.

She shared with me the little details of her childhood with Matthew. They included their adventures playing in the mud and even peeing together.

In the face of a woman who admired my admirer, she told me about their past in which I had no part. I didn’t know how to feel or what to say.

“Luna, I’m not telling you this to upset you. I just want to share. I like him so much. Why can’t he see it? Especially since you appeared, he won’t even give me a second glance. Do you think I’ll never win him over in this lifetime? Should I give up?”