

Seduced 17

Chapter 17

They said mothers knew best. Well, Mom wiped her tears away on my shirt and said, "I did some research online and learned that Lincoln University is a great place for you. Their watercolor fine arts course is more famous than the one at Jesselton College.

"Remember to study hard and do your best to get your master's degree and doctorate there, okay? Your father and I will be retiring soon. If you decide to stay there for work, we can both move there to accompany you. Your dad will have fun experiencing the four seasons up in the north, especially winter."

"Why are you crying? Isn't Colin there as well? He's a lot more reliable than Felix, and he also takes good care of Luna. With him around, Luna won't feel excluded."

I knew that Mom and Dad loved me and were worried about me. Their words managed to put me at ease.

Back then, I had been so focused on leaving Felix behind that I did my own research and followed my guts. I'd totally forgotten that Uncle Austin had another older son who was also studying at Lincoln University, where I applied.

Some things were just meant to be. After so many twists and turns, it turned out that I was bound to always be around someone from the White family.

Luckily, it wasn't going to be Felix but Colin. Colin had always treated me as his younger sister.

Felix left for college a day earlier than me. I wanted to send him off, but his words kept circulating in my head. I didn't dare to step out of my house after that. I could only observe him through the peephole in

the door.

There was a huge suitcase in his hand and another large backpack on his back. He stood in front of my house for a good two minutes.

I was afraid that he'd realize I was quietly spying on him. I clapped a hand over my mouth and nose and breathed as quietly as I could.

It wasn't until Uncle Austin told him to hurry up that Felix finally left.

His retreating silhouette looked remarkably handsome. His hair was neat, and he was dressed in a plain T-shirt, cuffed jeans, and black-and-white skater shoes.

I stood behind the door and watched him leave, taking steps away from my home and my heart.

He gradually disappeared out of sight as he turned the corner. I stumbled over to the balcony and crouched in a corner, watching him as he left.

When he was well and truly gone, I slid down to the floor and sobbed my eyes out.

We'd finally gone our separate ways. I didn't know what I was supposed to do with my unspoken confession of love for him anymore.

***15 BONUS**

It was a new experience being a university student. However, I just couldn't stop thinking about Felix or all the adventures we'd been on together.

I wanted to know what he was doing, how he was faring in college, and whether or not he missed me. I wanted to know if he missed me as much as I missed him. I also wanted to know if he was any happier without me being a nuisance next to him.

I had never been separated from him for such a long time ever since I could remember. I couldn't get used to the empty feeling I felt.

Thoughts of him plagued me like a python squeezing its prey to death. It hurt to even breathe at times.

To get my mind off him, I registered for plenty of clubs and activities at the university. I'd volunteer whenever I was free. I made sure every second of my time was occupied with work or studies so I wouldn't have time to think of him.

As a result, I got so tired every single day that I'd fall asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow at night.

I forced myself not to look at Felix's social media accounts. I even unfollowed him on Instagram. I wanted to get rid of every trace of him from my life.

It was only through extreme measures like these that I figured I'd be able to redeem myself and stop thinking about him.

On the first day of class, we still texted each other. He was the one who started the conversation on WhatsApp. He asked me how I was doing and asked me for some photos.

I forced myself to remain calm and reply as curtly and simply as possible each time.

As for the photos that he wanted, I didn't know if he wanted photos of myself or the university. I decided that there was a higher chance he wanted to look at my university. So, I sent plenty of historical and monumental photos of my university to him.