

Seduced 18

Chapter 18

We gradually stopped contacting each other after that. Sometimes, we'd go up to half a month without saying anything to each other.

He had a girl he liked by his side, after all. I didn't want to cause any misunderstandings between them. I also didn't want to distract their lives just because I couldn't control my emotions. That was why I never made the first move to contact him, no matter how much I missed him.

It was hard to cut back on contacting him, but I needed to move on.

I swore I had to get over him by hook or by crook.

When it was almost time for winter break, he texted me once, asking me when I'd be going home.

I stared at the single line of text on my phone for the longest time ever. My mind was conflicted. I didn't know if I should feel sad or happy.

I thought I'd forget him as long as I didn't see him or think about him.

However, when his familiar profile photo popped up again on my messaging app, telling me I had unread messages from him, my mind started wandering once more. And there was no stopping it once it started.

I gripped my phone tightly and stared at our chat window for a long time. Then, I broke down in tears and sobbed like a madwoman.

As it turned out, I was still very much in love with him. I still never forgot him.

It made sense, somehow. I'd been in love with him for 18 years. It wouldn't be that easy to forget him.

But there was nothing I could do even if I couldn't forget him. We didn't belong together. I had my life to live, and he had his own life, too. None of us would even cross paths with each other.

After thinking for ages, I finally replied to his message with a long line of text. I said, "I don't know when I'm going back yet. But I'm thousands of miles away from you, so it doesn't matter. Don't bother about me."

That afternoon, he posted on his social media. The first post was a photo of two plane tickets home, whereas the second post was a photo of two intertwined hands. There was a simple caption underneath that said, "We're home."

My heart broke.

I dragged my suitcase behind me as I made my way home through the hills and the valleys,

Winter break at my university in the north was slightly longer than the other colleges. It was perfect because it meant I could stay at home for a longer time and eat as much of my mother's cooking as I wanted every day. This was all I ever dreamed of when I was at the university,

Felix had returned home a few days earlier than me. After he learned that I was also home, he would come over and knock at my house door occasionally to chat with me.

Every time he came, he had a wide smile on his face. I didn't know if he was doing this because he felt sorry for me or if he was just trying to reconcile with me. Or, maybe it was just regular interaction between two same-aged people, and I was simply reading too much into it.

Whichever scenario it was, what was in the past should stay in the past. There wasn't anything we could

do about it anyway.

He told me about the myths and legends he'd heard about his college, how close his dorm was to Lilac's, where they'd been on dates, and even showed me photos of them being lovey-dovey together.

Meanwhile, I told him about the gigantic snowflakes up north, the sharp and heavy icicles hanging off the edges of the roof, the crazy locals who opened up holes in the ice to bathe in, and how delicious the pork ribs there were—better than what my mom made.

Most of the time, Felix would listen to me and smile faintly. At times, he would teasingly call me a pig for eating that much. Other times, he would tell me that I should take better care of myself since I lived there

alone.

I treated everything he told me as an older brother's concern for his younger sister much of it. I also didn't take it to heart. After all, I would still be spending the rest of my life without him. Anything else he said would still be futile.

n't dare to think

alone

One day, when he entered my room, I had my feet up on the table as I bent over a bowl, devouring a juicy slice of watermelon. My face was covered in juice and watermelon seeds.

He glared at me and picked up a damp towel from the kitchen. Then, he flung it at my face and said in a disgusted tone, "Look at yourself! What kind of girl behaves like this? It's no wonder that nobody would

ever want to be your boyfriend!"

So, was that why you trampled on me like trash in the past and destroyed me?