

## **Seduced 21**

### Chapter 21

Good times always seemed to fly by. Before I knew it, it was time for a new semester.

With Mom's and Aunt Mel's insistent interventions, I booked a ticket that was on the same day as Felix's.

When we reached the airport, Lilac was standing at the roadside, craning her neck in anticipation.

Felix was delighted to be out of his parents' sight. He ran over happily to take her hand and kissed her deeply on the forehead.

So it was true that people in love always felt like every day apart was an eternity.

Green with jealousy, I turned away and entered the hall with my suitcase.

The airport was enormous, and there were countless people heading to their respective destinations.

That was their destiny.

In the future, our lives would be like that, too. We would go in two separate directions.

With tears in my eyes, I said a silent goodbye to him in my heart.

I had more classes this semester compared to the previous one. I put all other thoughts behind me and threw myself wholeheartedly into my studies.

Gradually, I found that my heart had become calm.

I joined a competition that my department had organized. I was one of the top contenders, which shocked the entire department.

The guest professor admired my painting greatly and requested that I do a painting on the theme of "Spring Blessings". He said if I did well, he would show it at some exhibition and accept me as his master's student.

This professor was highly respected in the industry, particularly in watercolor arts, and to receive his personal guidance was the ultimate dream of students in the watercolor department.

When the professor personally mentioned my name, I became the object of envy of many, and I began to pay greater attention to my painting.

After a month's time, I finally finished the painting. When I handed it over tentatively to the professor, he

was in the middle of a video conference with someone. I was about to retreat when the professor waved

his hand at me, gesturing for me to come in..

He picked up my painting and showed it to the screen, asking the people on the other end to evaluate it

one by one.

It was only after the meeting that I found out that those were the professor's graduate students. He was advising them on their assignments online.

As expected, my painting received high praise once again.

The professor requested that I add one of his students on Instagram. He said that both of us had unique painting styles and could learn from each other, and he wanted us to exchange our thoughts on

watercolor paintings.

I didn't want to add him, but the professor simply grabbed my phone, opened my Instagram profile page.

and showed it to the camera.

"Professor, I already have her on Instagram." A deep, familiar voice spoke.

"You two know each other?" The professor held out the phone in front of me, and when I saw the person

on the other end, I laughed.

It was Colin. He was on the other side of the screen, smiling as he looked at me. "Yep, that's Colin."

"Good girl. Study hard, and I'll be back soon. I'll treat you to something nice." Colin's smile was gentle

and full of affection for me, as always.

The professor praised my talent in art to everyone he met. He made me sound like a rare genius.

Almost overnight, I became famous not just in the department but almost in the entire school. I was in the top three of the school's popularity rankings, and they even put up my photo. The majority of the school knew who I was.

After that, the number of people asking me to draw for them increased. Some of them paid, while others

didn't.

I was extremely busy, and my mood gradually brightened.

Colin was several years older than me. I usually just enjoyed the attention he reserved for me, and I didn't

know much about him.

Now that I was interacting more with him, I realized that he was very witty. He was highly professional.

had a distinctive painting style, and there was depth to his personality.

We would occasionally discuss our knowledge of watercolor painting, and he would pass on some of his experience to me. Sometimes, he would send photos of his paintings, which we would admire together.

Whenever I seemed to be in a slump, I would seek his advice, and he would often give me the most objective suggestions, from which I gained a lot.