

Seduced 241

Chapter 241

I turned around to continue walking again. I saw a person less than ten steps ahead who had a small smile on his face.

He was wearing dark-colored attire, standing tall and upright. His bright eyes twinkled like stars, and the smile on his lips was faint yet charming.

Having not seen him for several days, with no phone calls or replies to my messages, I thought our paths had diverged for good. Yet, here he was, suddenly appearing before me.

As our eyes met, we had lost the frankness and tacit understanding that had existed before due to my grievances and doubts and his scrutiny and probing. We had become worlds apart.

The person

who had occupied my thoughts for days suddenly stood before me, bringing more heaviness than surprise. I was overwhelmed with emotions.

What had caused such a distance between Colin and me?

It had only been a few days.

He had brought me the tastiest candies just three days ago!

Just three days had passed, but my feelings had shifted dramatically.

I stopped in my tracks, uncertain whether to casually call out a greeting and walk past him. or seize the opportunity to demand an explanation.

He stepped toward me as a cool, subtle fragrance wafted in the air. His deep voice was as stirring as a cello as he said, "You sang well, and your guitar playing was great. It was really impressive."

He complimented me with a smile, his eyes seemingly shining.

I saw my reflection with long flowing hair and a gentle smile in those bright eyes.

A part of me wanted to leap toward him, grab his hand, and share everything I had

experienced during his absence. But then, his recent post on social media flashed through my mind.

It was a photo of two hands clasped tightly together. There was also the other photo of him. looking at the woman next to him with deep affection.

It was as if a bucket of cold water had been poured over me.

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The joy from the performance's success, the pleasure I wanted to share with him, and even the surprise of seeing him vanished instantly.

I suddenly became calm.

Colin had found someone he could give his affection to. I should keep my distance from him just like I was doing with Felix, shouldn't I?

His appearance on my way back to the apartment must have been coincidental. Colin had found someone he loved. He surely wouldn't have come to see me deliberately. He was a man with a strong sense of responsibility and would never act in a way that might lead to misunderstandings.

My emotions plummeted further.

It was too dark for him to notice the sudden change in my mood. He lifted his hand with the intention of ruffling my hair.

I didn't know where I summoned the courage and strength, but I pushed his hand away and took a few steps back. His cool fragrance faded away immediately.

His hand froze mid-air, and the smile on his face solidified like ice. The stars in his eyes were extinguished, and a heavy darkness surged.

With a snap, I was brought back to my senses. I finally realized what I had done.

Even if Colin had wronged me in some way, he was still like a brother to me. Over the years, he had cared for me with the utmost attention. I should show him respect despite everything.

The act of pushing away his hand seemed very heartless.

Avoiding his gaze, I awkwardly lowered my head and kicked at non-existent pebbles with the tip of my shoe. I managed to force a smile. "Thank you, Colin. I have to go paint now, so I'll head back."

As soon as the words left my mouth, I ran past him for several dozen yards.

It was just three days after our last meeting, but I had fled in a cowardly manner. The strong desire for an explanation which was so intense before dissipated upon seeing him.

I felt so useless.

I couldn't see his expression as I ran away. But when I heard him call my name with a hint of irritation from behind, I involuntarily stopped in my tracks.

Chapter 242

Colin's steady footsteps drew closer, but I dared not turn around.

The desire to know the answer to that question intensified once again.

"Colin, is that woman my future sister-in-law? She's quite pretty. Congratulations. I really have something to attend to, so I'll take my leave first."

As I spoke, I didn't even realize that my voice was choked with tears.

It wasn't until I had walked quite a distance away that I felt a cool sensation on my face. Upon wiping it with my hand, I realized I had been crying.

Had Colin's absence affected me so much to the point of crying?

Finally stumbling back to the apartment building, my head was pounding even more.

Lilac was standing at the entrance like a doorkeeper. As soon as she saw me, flames of anger seemed to surge in her eyes. It was as if she wanted to tear me apart and devour me alive.

I sighed helplessly.

It seemed like trouble followed wherever I went.

I wasn't afraid because I felt guilty but because I was tired of unnecessary arguments and conflicts.

Unfortunately, now that she had shown up, I had to face the situation no matter how much it annoyed me.

Besides, I had always been honest with nothing to hide. Why should I be afraid?

“Luna, I trusted you so much. You claimed to be innocent, but then you turned around and held hands with someone else’s boyfriend, flaunting your affection. Where’s your pride?”

Before I could even respond, Lilac’s sharp and sarcastic words pierced through me like

arrows.

I really should be thankful that she asked about my pride instead of accusing me of being shameless.

The contrast between her gentle demeanor and her venomous words was striking.

I had intended to explain the situation politely, reassuring her that there was nothing going on between me and Felix. She had misunderstood us.

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But with my low spirits, the frustration of being misunderstood, the exhaustion from busy days, and Lilac’s unfounded accusations, my patience had reached its limit. I finally erupted.

At that moment, I failed to realize that the emotional turmoil I was experiencing was only a fraction of the blow that person had dealt me.

“Lilac, mind your words. I’ve never done anything wrong, so there’s no need for you to accuse me like this. If you want to know the truth, you should ask Felix. And please watch your language. If you keep this up, don’t blame me for being rude.”

Lilac was rude, and I was angry, so my expression turned cold.

If it weren’t for my desire to maintain the image of an artist and the good manners instilled in me by my parents since childhood, I would’ve loved to slap Lilac across the face. I wanted to let out all the grievances I had accumulated over the years.

But I wasn’t her, and I couldn’t behave recklessly like her.

It was impossible to reason with unreasonable people.

Facing someone like Lilac, trying to resolve our dispute in a civilized manner was highly unlikely.

Every time I faced off against her, I couldn’t help but blame Felix. If he wasn’t always doing things that could easily lead to misunderstandings, would I be repeatedly slandered by Lilac? Would I have to exhaust myself trying to defend my innocence?

Felix was the root of all the trouble.

“Everyone in school saw it and yet you won’t admit it. You dare to do it but not own up You’re truly shameless.”

In an instant, my anger surged.

to it.

The word “shameless” was a blatant insult to me. I considered myself upright and honest, so how dare she use such humiliating words to insult me? Did she think I was easy to bully?

My rage overwhelmed my rationality. So, without much thought, I approached Lilac and gave her a slap..

“Lilac, I’m warning you, I’ll tear you apart if you dare to falsely accuse me again. I never did any of the things you think I did, so I don’t have to take any responsibility. If you don’t want to lose your dignity, you’d better apologize to me!”

Although I wasn’t thinking straight at the time, that slap was delivered with full force, making my palm numb.

After 22 years, the obedient Lumma who was usually gentle and kind finally resorted to violence.

But it was Lilac who pushed me too far. Otherwise, I would never have done such a thing.

I had to admit, though, taking matters into your own hands was incredibly satisfying.

Lilac probably didn’t expect my retaliation to be so fierce and decisive. She was covering the side of her face with tears flowing down her cheeks as she stared at me with a mix of shock and anger.

I hid the hand that struck her behind my back, trying to maintain my composure.

“How dare you hit me?” Lilac asked in a trembling voice.

“So what if I hit you? You falsely accused me, so consider this a lesson. I won’t hold back if you provoke me again,” I retorted angrily, showing no mercy.

When she attacked me verbally, she didn’t consider my feelings, so why should I spare hers?

Lilac lowered her hand from her face and clenched her jaw. Even though it was dark, the red mark on her face were clearly visible.

A wave of hatred and malice surged from her eyes. She said with gritted teeth, “Luna Lawson, just you wait.”

As I watched her hurriedly leave, her words echoed in my mind. They sent a chill down my

spine,

Given her narrow-minded personality, what was awaiting me? Rumors? Headlines on the confession wall? Or verbal attacks on the school’s forums?

I didn’t care what she wanted to do. She had said something right. We had to take

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responsibility for our actions. I did hit her, but only because she provoked me for no reason. If there were any consequences, I’d just take full responsibility.

As I turned back to enter the apartment building, I heard someone chuckling behind me.

The voice was deep and hoarse, clearly teasing but still sounding melodious. “You sang well, played the guitar wonderfully, and ran away so quickly. And it turns out you’re also a tough. little kitten. Lulu, you’ve really surprised me.”

Colin suddenly appeared about without making a sound. He had obviously witnessed the entire scene between Lilac and me.

I was caught by someone who had once confessed to me the first time I acted out of line. It was embarrassing beyond belief.

I believed no woman would willingly lose their pride in front of someone they liked or someone who had feelings for them.

Moreover, his words didn't sound like praise to me but rather something else.

Especially the phrase "surprised me", which sounded particularly harsh and sarcastic.

This greatly aroused my rebelliousness.

"I just hate her. What's wrong with that? Am I not allowed to? I've hated her since the day I met her. Is that not okay? If she provokes me again because of Felix, I'll hit her all the same."

I'm not sure which part of my statement was wrong, but Colin's smile faded as a hint of sadness appeared. "Do you like him that much? You can't forget him after all these years, and you're willing to make enemies for him?"

Unexpectedly, I felt a strong sense of melancholy from him.

But why was he thinking along those lines? It was weird.

None of the things I just said had anything to do with not forgetting someone.

Colin's thought process was quite unique.

Ignoring the fact that I had just run away from him, I didn't want to analyze the meaning behind his words. Anger made me single-mindedly focused on getting an explanation for myself

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“Don’t change the subject. You were the one who stood me up first, and now you’re falsely accusing me of liking someone else.

“Everyone from the Whites thinks I’m easy to bully, huh? You come to bully me as you

please. I can let it slide when you broke your promise, but now you’re turning the tables on

me.

“If you have a girlfriend, just admit it boldly. It’s not like I’d do anything to you. Is there a need to lie to me? You have the courage to act but don’t dare to take the responsibility, hmph.”

As I yelled angrily, my eyes had turned red.

Colin had always appeared dignified and gentlemanly, while I would always embarrass myself in front of him. It was so humiliating.

And what did I just say? Even someone as emotionally clueless as me could detect the jealousy behind my words. How could he not notice?

Just as I was considering whether to run away again, Colin reached out and firmly grasped my shoulder with his right hand. His thick, dark eyebrows were slightly furrowed as he asked me in confusion, “Explain it clearly. What girlfriend are you talking about?”

With just a few simple words, he easily brought tears to my eyes.

I secretly pinched my thigh, hating myself for being so weak.

Why was I crying? It was clearly him who broke his promise to me, so why was I the one crying?

Thinking about this made me even more aggrieved. We had agreed to wait for my decision, so why did he break his promise? It was clearly his fault, yet now he wanted to question me? How unfair!

Fine, if he was going to play dumb, then I would enlighten him.

I adjusted my expression and said, "I saw your post on Instagram. Since you've already found the person you want to spend the rest of your life with, there's no need for me to make a decision anymore. It'll save me some trouble, and I can focus on my painting."

The melancholy in his eyes gradually dissipated and was replaced by a hint of amusement. Out of habit, he reached out to rub my neck, but I angrily dodged.

He had found the love of his life, so he should just go and rub her neck. Why would he rub mine? He had taken enough advantage of me. I wouldn't let him touch me anymore.

I threw

my guitar behind me, crossed my arms, and provocatively lifted my chin. I tried to appear nonchalant.

"Why do you care so much about the post?" Colin mimicked my posture and crossed his arms as well. It seemed that he was trying hard to stop himself from smiling.

Seeing him act so indifferent and mockingly made me even angrier.

Due to that post, I couldn't eat or sleep well, yet he was still smiling so happily. Was he treating me like a monkey to play with?

I was not a pushover who would just let people bully me.

"It's not about whether I care or not. It's about you wanting me to consider being your girlfriend while publicly declaring your affection for another woman. It's a slap in the face

to me.

“You already have a woman by your side, but you’re still eyeing another. I’m beginning to doubt your integrity as a role model. And this is completely unfair to me.

“I don’t have a girlfriend. As for the post, I can explain. She’s Emma White, and I’m nice to her just because...”

“Don’t bother explaining,” I interrupted, holding my hands up to stop Colin from continuing to make up stories.

“I don’t want to hear your random stories. What you do is none of my business. From now on, don’t come looking for me, and I won’t go looking for you either. I’ll treat you like how I treat Felix.

“I appreciate your past kindness to me. If you need anything from me, I’ll do my best to help. But that’s it. Goodbye.”

Hearing the name of another woman from Colin’s mouth made me feel extremely bitter. Ignoring his attempts to stop me, I ran into the apartment. Closing the door, I shut him and his unfinished words out.

He had said something, but I was so flustered and confused that I didn’t hear a single word. Once again, I ran away like a coward, unable to face the truth.

Chapter 245

I still felt uneasy after returning to my room and washing up. In order to quickly calm myself down, I started painting.

I was someone who became completely absorbed in whatever I was doing. Just a few minutes after picking up the paintbrush, I was completely in the zone.

When I finally put down the brush, I was exhausted and realized that it was almost one in the morning.

I had painted for the last three hours without paying attention to anything outside or even going to the bathroom.

Indeed, when people were doing something, time flew by quickly. Pains like heartache were also relieved.

Climbing onto the bed with my tired body, I instinctively picked up my phone and opened WhatsApp. The person whose chat box was at the top had written a short message more than three hours ago, just after I rushed into the apartment.

The message wasn't too long, and the content was simple. "If you're concerned about the Instagram post, I can explain."

It turned out that the young woman was Uncle Albert's youngest daughter, Emma White. She turned 20 this year and had chosen to start her own business instead of continuing her education after graduating from high school.

She started a small studio and mainly took on advertising projects.

A few days ago, she signed on to a large project. But due to her limited knowledge and experience, she came to ask for Colin's help.

He said Emma would be flying back tomorrow night. If I wanted to meet her, he could bring

me.

After his explanation, a person came to mind from the back of my memory.

It was probably six or seven years ago, during the summer vacation of my first year of high school. That was when a little girl visited Aunt Mel. At that time, Colin had introduced her to me. I vaguely remembered her name, which sounded very similar to Emma.

I said “vaguely” because it had been too long ago, and she wasn’t an important person. I didn’t make it a point to remember her. That was why when Colin mentioned her name, I

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didn’t immediately make the connection.

Carefully recalling the young, innocent face from many years ago, it surprisingly matched the person in the photo very closely,

When I reopened the photo and looked closely, although she was quite close to him, the look in her eyes wasn’t one of affection but rather almost fanatical worship.

So that was it!

I was so jealous at the time as my mind was filled with plots from romance novels, up to the point where I lost even the most basic ability to judge situations. That was how I ended up feeling miserable for several days.

What a huge misunderstanding this was!

For days, I had been mulling over it, making myself feel wronged and assuming the role of the victim. I even cried all night, just to find out it was all a misunderstanding.

I was so useless. I only knew how to bury my head in the sand when faced with something. I lacked communication skills and almost wrongly accused a good person.

“I’ve been painting all this time. I just saw this. I’m sorry, Colin. I’ve misunderstood you.”

I had accepted the fact, so I was now clear-headed.

Admitting one's mistake and making necessary corrections was what a good person would do.

Colin would forgive me.

It was 1:30 am, and I thought he had gone to bed. But it didn't even take one minute to receive a reply from him.

It was an instant reply.

It was as if he had been staring at his phone for the past three hours, waiting for me to respond.

"There's no need to apologize for a misunderstanding. Lulu, are you jealous? This shows that I actually have a place in your heart, which makes me very happy. It's very late now, and you have a class in the morning, so rest early. I'll pick you up for breakfast. We'll talk more when we meet. Goodnight."

Was he trying to pacify me?

I couldn't be sure.

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But I was indeed comforted!

With just a simple sentence, all my grievances, sadness, and worries just vanished,

Chapter 246

My mood suddenly became very bright. Even the stars outside the window looked exceptionally beautiful, and the wind carried a sweet scent.

Instead of replying, I placed my phone on my chest and drifted off to sleep peacefully.

My extremely accurate biological clock woke me up at 6:00 am sharp.

The sky was already bright, with the corners of the window slightly fogged up. The sky was clear, indicating that it had just rained lightly.

Colin's message came at 7:00 am, "Come down. I'll take you out for breakfast."

I grabbed the large bag containing my materials and headed downstairs. When I reached the entrance of the apartment, I hesitated to take a step further. I saw Colin's handsome figure through the transparent glass door.

Colin taking me out for meals was a regular occurrence back at Lincoln University. It was almost like a fixed scenery. All the women in school knew that the person they admired had a sister-like friend whom he cherished a lot and whom he doted on every day.

Back then, I felt extremely calm every time I walked side-by-side with him.

But today, I couldn't take that step so easily. I felt that something was different.

In fact, some things had indeed changed.

He used to be someone like my brother.

Now, he was the man who could possibly become my boyfriend.

There was simply no way to compare him with a boyfriend.

Colin probably saw me and sent another message urging me to hurry up.

Suppressing my irregularly beating heart, I finally mustered the courage to step out of the apartment building. Suddenly, everything seemed brighter, and I subconsciously sniffed.

I prayed that I wouldn't get a nosebleed. That would be so embarrassing.

But it wasn't my fault. Colin was just too handsome.

He stood under the morning light like a blazing flame, bursting into my sight.

He was just less than ten steps away from me. He was dressed simply but neatly, with his

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short hair casually covering his forehead. He held his car keys in his left hand and a large bunch of purple daisies in his right.

The flower petals seemed to have the morning dew. His deep dark eyes were adorned with countless stars.

The language of Daisy meant a love hidden in the heart.

Colin was once again telling me that he loved me in his own way!

Under the morning light, with his handsome face, his beauty surpassed all else in the world.

Several young women passing by whispered to each other excitedly.

“Isn’t that the woman who played the guitar yesterday? She’s so beautiful and cool”

“She’s the belle of the research institute. She’s so pretty. Many guys in our class like her and even talk about confessing to her.”

“Am I mistaken? Isn’t that the new lecturer, the master of watercolor painting? What’s going on? I must have used up all my luck to meet the grand artist here.”

“Oh my god, I ship them. Quick, take a photo.”

Colin, who was usually calm and composed, smiled approvingly at the group of women. This caused a wave of exaggerated screams. A few particularly lively ones even pretended to faint while clutching their hearts.

I felt even more embarrassed, my cheeks burning hot.

How could I go out like this with so many people watching? I really wanted to turn around and run back. I wanted to go into hiding.

It was just breakfast. Why was he making such a scene!

But Colin would always be Colin. He seemed unconcerned about everything around him.

When he saw me timidly standing at the door, he smiled and walked over to me with long strides amidst all the attention.

He handed me the flowers and pulled me out of my hiding place. “Good morning. I personally picked these just now. Do you like them?”

Chapter 247

After several years of companionship, Colin knew my ostrich–like tendencies all too well. He must have devised his own unique set of strategies to deal with them.

This direct action of pulling me out of my nest was one of the simplest yet most effective among them.

“Yes, I like them.” I took the flowers and buried my face in them. I took a deep inhale of the delicate natural fragrance as I felt my face flush.

I was being pursued. There was nothing to be ashamed of, so why was I acting like this?

It seemed that I was indeed that helpless.

When Colin was distant, I felt a profound sadness.

When he was near, I dared not face him.

I knew I was totally screwed.

Colin cheerfully suggested with his eyes twinkling like stars, “Let’s go to your favorite ravioli shop.”

Ignoring my struggles and oblivious to the onlookers, he firmly took my hand. He led me to the passenger seat of his car, and I got in.

I kept my head down all the while, too embarrassed to look at the onlookers or at him.

Yet, I was wondering inside if it was a little too early to hold hands since I hadn’t agreed to be with him yet.

Sometimes, it was strange how just one sentence could fundamentally change the nature of things.

From this incident, I learned that no matter the conflict, communication was key.

It was better to sit down and talk things out calmly than to rely on arrogant assumptions.

Misunderstanding Colin and feeling jealous was, to be honest, quite unfair to him.

Feeling guilty, I couldn't face him properly. The more I thought about it, the harder it was to lift my head, especially with his intense gaze.

On the contrary, he enjoyed my awkwardness. He started the car, the smile on his lips seemingly more meaningful.

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I placed the flowers on my lap. I was thinking about opening the window to cool my flushed face when Colin unexpectedly leaned over like a towering presence.

The scent of pine and cypress hit me without warning. I panicked, closing my eyes and pressing myself against the car door as my mind raced.

Was he going to kiss me? Weren't we moving too fast?

I hadn't agreed to be his girlfriend yet. A kiss would be ahead of our promise.

Should I push him away firmly, accept him half-heartedly, or bite him if he tried to kiss me forcefully?

These scenarios that were often found in romance novels left me wondering which one to choose.

As I pondered, I heard a click followed by a light chuckle.

I opened my eyes to find him teasingly looking at me with a mischievous smile.

He was just fastening my seatbelt. I had thought too much!

Embarrassed, I picked up the flowers to hit him. However, he skillfully dodged and quickly pinched my cheek before sitting back in his seat. He was laughing like a fiend.

“Don’t get so close to me,” I warned, eyeing his right hand and trying to keep as much distance as possible.

Colin smiled gently, like a patient hunter. He did not press further and skillfully drove onto the road. “Okay, we’ll save that for later.”

What did he mean by that? That was not what I meant!

He had always been like this, stern and cold to others but always smiling at me. He offered me all his care and warmth.

I believed in the saying that familiarity bred affection. Spending a lifetime with someone like him wouldn’t be so bad.

I think I nearly had my answer.

During breakfast, Colin rested his hand on the table. His long fingers looked elegant,

reminding me of his first Instagram post of those two hands clasped together and that heart -stirring phrase.

Chapter 248

My mood was inexplicably affected, and even the delicious ravioli lost their original taste.

Colin had always been wise and sensitive. He quickly noticed my discomfort and asked me what was wrong.

I didn't want to ask, but learning from the adverse consequences of my previous baseless speculations, I decided to tell him the truth.

Unexpectedly, he didn't say anything after hearing my words.

With a sparkle in his deep eyes, he joyfully grabbed my hand and took a close-up shot with his phone. Then, he found a rose background frame and added the freshly taken photo. Colin then showed me his phone. He suggested I take a look with raised eyebrows.

With just one glance, my face turned red again.

The two photos were almost identical. It turned out that those were actually Colin's and my hands. That meant I had been competing with myself all along.

I couldn't even recognize my own hand, which was truly embarrassing.

"Why would you post such a misleading photo?" I grumbled a bit.

Even I misunderstood it. Wouldn't others do the same?

The ravioli today suddenly tasted delicious.

"I just wanted to tell you that as long as you haven't found the person you love, I'll wait for you every day. No matter how long it takes, I'll wait as long as the person is you.

"I didn't expect it to cause a misunderstanding. It was my approach that was wrong. I'll change it in the future."

Could there be any sweeter words than these?

Colin had given his first to me. It felt like my days of falling completely in love were not too

far off.

After gobbling down a plate of ravioli, I started to wonder if this was really his first shot at love. His techniques seemed too polished.

After breakfast, I went back to the dorm to pick up some books needed for class. Upon entering, I saw three of my classmates squished on my bed, excitedly discussing something.

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Helen was leaning against the headboard with headphones, Indifferent to the three frenzied women on my bed.

Seeing me enter, the three collectively dragged me into a chair and thrust a phone in front of my eyes. Their excitement was as if they had won a jackpot.

"Ms. Lulu, you've made the headlines."

I took a glance and saw that it was the school's internal forum. The name Luna Lawson was firmly at the top.

"Graduate school's prettiest wowed the crowd with a guitar."

"Graduate school's prettiest is taken, shattering numerous men's dreams."

"The heart of the watercolor grand artist is taken, personally picks flowers to express his feelings."

"The most compatible couple in the history of Jesselton College makes a joint appearance, come and see."

Every post was filled with photos of me and Colin. In just over an hour, the posts had accumulated hundreds of comments. I personally experienced the immense power of the internet for the first time in my life.

The photos were taken in the morning when Colin tucked the flowers into my arms. He was looking down with deep tenderness in his eyes, while I was looking up at him with brimming with affection.

eyes

"The angle of this photo is good, but I remember I was looking down the whole time. Did we make eye contact? I don't even remember." I scratched my head, unable to recall a moment when I looked up.

My classmates looked at me like I was a lost cause. They poked me on my forehead with their fingers and lamented that I was blissfully unaware of the good things happening around me. They urged me to firmly grasp Colin and not let any other woman snatch him away.

The three women, like concerned mothers, earnestly advised me. They scared me into grabbing my books and fleeing from the room. My roommate even reminded me, "Why are you running? Mind your image!"

Chapter 249

This morning's incident was like a pebble that shattered the calm of the pond. It left me disoriented throughout the morning class. I aimlessly followed the crowd out of the classroom afterward.

I never imagined that just having breakfast would stir up such a commotion, making the whole school aware of my and Colin's relationship.

If we were to escalate to an actual romantic relationship, it would just blow the roof off the school.

Along the way, I was subjected to curious stares. A freshman even stood on a flower bed and shouted over the crowd to me, "Luna, you're an inspiration to all the women in school. You have to secure the heartthrob and be happy!"

The whole school was abuzz with the rumor. Faced with such well-meaning blessings, all I could do was nod in deep gratitude.

After finally escaping the fangirls and fanboys, I saw Felix coming toward me.

He was alone, dressed in a simple tracksuit, looking tall and lean. He was approaching me slowly.

My heart started throbbing, and my eyes felt uncomfortably swollen.

He stopped in front of me with a cold expression.

"What's the matter?" I asked, clutching the books to my chest and stepping back.

It wasn't that I was cowardly, but if he started spouting something unpleasant, I would retaliate.

I was almost someone's girlfriend now. I didn't want any rumors that could upset my future boyfriend.

"Lulu, are you really with my brother?" His tone and eyes were cold.

I retorted, "Is that a problem? What does it have to do with who I'm with?"

Felix's expression changed dramatically, and a storm was brewing in his eyes. He stepped forward, attempting to grab my hand, but I dodged. However, he moved in closer in desperation.

Looking up, I saw a fleeting fury and disarray in his eyes. "Don't avoid me, Lulu. Break up

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with my brother, will you? You're not suitable for each other.

"It doesn't have to be me, but if you want a boyfriend, I have many outstanding friends. You can choose anyone but my brother. Please?"

It was his idea for me to get a boyfriend, claiming it was for my own good.

Now that I was about to get one, he was persuading me to break up. What was Felix trying to do? What was all that in his eyes just now?

Regardless of his intentions, he had no right to meddle in my affairs.

When I gave him the chance to be part of my life, he declined. Now, he had no say.

“Lulu, I know I hurt you before by suggesting you get a boyfriend, so you just want to spite me. I regret it now. Telling you to find a boyfriend was the biggest mistake I’ve made in

years.

“I’ve been trying to make up for it. I genuinely care about you. Surely, you understand my feelings by now. Everything in the past was my mistake. I was blind and failed to realize my own feelings.

“Now that I’ve realized my mistake, please give me a chance to make amends. Just this once.

“Don’t get together with my brother. Leave him. Your age gap alone makes you incompatible. Don’t ruin your life just to spite me. Lulu, break up with Colin, okay?”

I looked at Felix speechlessly, finding his attempt to justify himself utterly ridiculous.

He thought I was with Colin out of revenge, but it was far from the truth.

Was he overestimating himself, or was he too confident about the naive feelings I once had for him?

After all the irreversible harm, it was shameless of him to say such things.

Chapter 250

Felix White, the youth I once loved, had vanished from this world—never to be found again.

“You’re wrong. Whether I choose Colin or whoever else, it has nothing to do with you. The page between you and me has been turned long ago. Besides, we never actually got together. And that’s something I believe you’re well aware of, so there’s no need for me to remind you.

“As for whether Colin is suitable for me, that’s for me and him to decide—not you.”

I spoke indifferently, my tone as calm as my demeanor. I didn’t intend to hurt or retaliate against anyone. I was just stating the truth.

However, Felix became anxious.

“Lulu, please be rational. How could a person like Collin, who’s arrogant and looks down on others, genuinely like you? If I had known you’d choose Colin, I wouldn’t have called

Matthew that day.”

Yes, Felix was the one who called Matthew on the day Mrs. Loxley made a scene.

Felix was a talented person, but he was a little shameless.

His behavior was inconsistent. He was clear-headed for one moment but confused the next. He seemed to acknowledge his feelings for me, but he would also indulge Lilac in every possible way.

What exactly was he trying to do? Did he think that he was the main character of the universe, expecting everyone to follow his whims?

I was utterly speechless.

Fortunately, his harsh words during Thanksgiving woke me up. Otherwise, I might have spent my life as a fool being manipulated by him, which would have been so pitiful.

As for Colin, he was the one I was preparing to spend the rest of my life with. I wouldn’t allow anyone to slander him, not even his own brother.

That was just how I was steadfast, loyal, ready to give my partner all my love, fearless of death or injury, and never regretting.

I once wanted to treat Felix this way, but he discarded me like an old shoe.

But Colin treated me sincerely as if I was his world, his treasure.

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Leaving the past aside, my choice was quite obvious judging by the actions of the brothers.

“That’s my business, not yours. I won’t allow you to say a bad word about Colin, got it?”

I turned and left, the air feeling unbearably thin with Felix around. It felt suffocating.

“Lulu, are you really going to be with Colin? Have you moved on from me?” Felix roared desperately. His voice was laced with incomprehensible pain.

“Lulu, you loved me for so long. How can you be with Colin? If you’re with him, what about me? Lulu, what do you want me to do?”

He murmured mournfully, sadness spreading in his eyes.

But what was the point of all this?

More importantly, what right did he have to question me now?

He brought up the past after five years. Didn't he realize that everything between us had already ended back in our senior year of high school?

My life had long since moved on from him!

"Felix, maybe I did truly like you once. After you hurt me, it took me many years to move on, and I was living in pain.

"But now, I suddenly understand that my feelings for you were just a youthful pursuit of something beautiful—like a beautiful dream. Once the dream is over, everything ends and it's as if it never happened.

"That's what you are to me. My feelings for you were not love."

I tried to explain to Felix, even though he must've already understood everything as one of the parties involved. There wasn't really a need to explain anything.