

# Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

## chapter 401-410

Colin felt sorry for me. He reached out his hand, wanting to hug me. However, we were not just separated by two screens; we were thousands of miles away.

He extended his fingers to wipe away my tears on the screen and tried to reassure me softly. He asked me to wait for him patiently and that he would be back soon.

But I knew it was all empty words. "Soon" was still two months away; it wasn't going to be a day earlier. Moreover, two months was only an estimate. If he could not return in time, there was no telling when we would reunite.

We had just started dating, and now he was off to a distant place. How was I supposed to survive alone?

I cried uncontrollably, as though I could already foresee his apologetic announcement. Our separation would be prolonged indefinitely, with no end in sight.

At that time, I was merely speculating. Little did I know, my predictions came true. I loathed how my negative forecasts always turned out to be true.

Queenie was one of the top students at Lincoln University among her peers. The school had a good reputation, and she graduated with flying colors. After a brief search, she landed a job she liked at a foreign trade company not far from Jinovy.

She was a language whiz, fluent in Eshton, Flingon, and Gurbit. She was also self-taught in Koproan and Sebern, though not as proficient. At the company, she handled communication with foreign clients.

If she performed well during the three-month trial period, she could join the translation team as a professional translator.

On the day Queenie passed her interview, it was the first time I saw her smile so happily. She said that she had always dreamed of being a diplomat since she was a child. Since she wasn't able to be a diplomat, becoming a translator was the next best thing.

When Queenie became the chief translator in the team, she could follow her boss to travel the world and immerse herself in different cultures and landscapes. It was the perfect life to be able to travel for free while earning a sizable income.

Her eyes gleamed with excitement as she shared her plans. It was as though she radiated with newfound confidence. Perhaps it was the right decision to leave Flynn.

As I watched her speak so passionately, I couldn't help but think that this was the Queenie at her full potential. She was no longer living in Flynn's shadow. This independent and confident

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months as promised, I would search for another person who was willing to take care of me. I wondered about his reaction when he heard the last one. Maybe he would come back immediately just to strangle me. Anyway, I just wanted to make him a little nervous.

Since Queenie and I got up late, we didn't have breakfast. After getting ready, I took her out for lunch.

I had classes in the afternoon, so Queenie said she would take a walk around nearby and see if she could find a suitable job. I gave her a set of keys and asked her to be careful and to call me if anything happened.

It was good to go out for a walk. A change of place could change one's mood and way of life.

People still needed to live even without love. And with a job to keep her busy, she should be able to get over the gloom sooner. She might even find her soulmate.

Colin video-called me at around five in the evening.

I was reading in my room, so I quickly answered the call. As soon as I saw his chiseled handsome face on the screen, I teared up due to my fragile emotions. I gave him a puppy look, silently accusing him of abandoning me.

He felt sorry for me, but he couldn't hug me through the screen. We were so far apart from each other right now. He could only tell me to wait patiently and that he would be back soon.

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version of her was the real Queenie! It might just be the right decision for her to leave Flynn.

I lived a simple life. During the day, I attended classes while Queenie went to work. In the evenings, we stayed at home and experimented with recipes. I was preparing to become a good wife in the future while she was keeping herself busy to avoid dwelling on the past.

She hoped to quickly get over the painful memories of Flynn.

Speaking of Flynn, it had been almost two weeks since Queenie arrived, and I hadn't seen him call her even once. I wasn't sure if he was busy keeping Daniela company and had forgotten about Queenie.

Every day, it pained my heart to hear Queente quietly cry under the covers for almost half the night. I felt utterly powerless and heartbroken.

Sometimes, I contemplated confronting Flynn to ask if he was truly so heartless. How could he disregard the years of love they shared? Why was he willing to settle for a shameful marriage just for the sake of his family's interests?

Since Queenie didn't question Flynn, I felt it was inappropriate for me to do so. Moreover, I was worried that my interference might disrupt the peace that Queenie had finally found.

Queenie's mood was becoming calmer day by day. However, she was still noticeably fragile and thin. I couldn't see the wounds in her heart, but it seemed to me that she was slowly accepting the reality of life without Flynn. She was starting to embrace the idea of living a new

life.

One day, Queenie would be able to forget all her unhappy past and find solace in someone who would mend her broken heart.

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Queenie was trying to show herself that a breakup wasn't as tough as she imagined. It was just slightly painful. There was no medication to cure it, so it was something that she had to

endure on her own.

A month had gone by, and I was now facing the final examination of my

school.

first year

of graduate

Colin's calls became as regular as meal times. He offered detailed advice on every minor issue like a concerned father. It was only after I assured him that I would record his

instructions on my phone and commit them to memory that he would agree to end the call.

Every time this happened, Queenie would look at me with envy and comment that I was lucky to have met the right man.

I had secretly asked Colin about Flynn's current situation. Surely, Flynn would have thought of reconciliation after spending four to five years with Queenie. Was he really unwilling to make an effort to salvage what they had?

Colin said that it would be better for Queenie if they could part ways amicably. It was best to let go of the past so that she could get on with life. He didn't share with me about Flynn's

situation.

Colin was right, and I shared the same thoughts. It was best to let go of the past and remain oblivious to Flynn's situation. What was done was done, and we should focus on the future.

I was worried that Flynn would continue to harass Queenie. That would truly be a tragic situation for her. Endlessly dwelling on the mattered could lead one to feel utterly exhausted. and devastated.

My grades in the final examination were decent, much better than I had expected. The professor was delighted with my results and praised me for being a promising talent.

When summer vacation started, my mother called to ask when I would be returning home. I was worried about leaving Queenie alone, so I decided to stay back and accompany her a little longer. When she had time off, I planned to take her back to my home for a vacation.

I could spend the summer holidays working on the Tudor-style necklace. The faster I completed it, the sooner I could earn money. It wasn't that I was money-minded. I was happy to earn my keep based on my efforts. Besides, only a fool wouldn't wish to earn more money.

Colin didn't comment on my plan; my happiness was all that matters. I began juggling my time between finishing my art and taking care of Queenie.

Seeing Queenie gradually regain her spirits and the sparkle in her eyes filled me with a sense of accomplishment. I never knew it felt so great to care for someone. No wonder Colin had never

gotten tired of it.

The days went by uneventfully, and Queenie began to smile more frequently. Each day, she would come home to share amusing stories from her day at work and updates on her ongoing projects. She recounted the meetings she organized and proudly shared her accomplishments with me.

I was glad to see her looking confident and happy. The fearless and optimistic Queenie I knew was coming back.

One idle afternoon, I decided to stroll to Queenie's company to surprise her after work. The company premises were expansive. There was a gated entrance to restrict access to authorized personnel.

As someone who didn't have the required documents, I had no choice but to linger at a hidden corner near the entrance. I wanted to give Queenie a surprise.

Unexpectedly, my impromptu decision to pick Queenie up allowed me to witness a surprising

scene.

As the music signaling the end of the workday rang, the employees started to bid their farewells before driving off.

Queenie stepped out of the company slightly later. She wore a long white dress, her hair cascading like a waterfall behind her. Her delicate makeup accentuated her petite yet exquisite features—rosy lips, almond-shaped eyes, and willow-like eyebrows.

With a printed beige bag slung over her shoulder, Queenie resembled a university student.

I had always known Queenie was attractive, but I never imagined that a slender person like her would look this stunning in the sunlight.

It seemed that Queenie belonged under the sun.

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As I was about to wave to grab Queenie's attention, a tall man hurriedly rushed out of the building toward her. He seemed to be shouting something. However, his haste almost caused him to trip as he descended the stairs.

Queenie stopped and turned around to face the man. He leaned in and said something, but Queenie merely smiled politely. She shook her head before walking away.

But the man was undeterred and continued to follow behind her with an unwavering grin. No matter what Queenie said, he refused to give up. Instead, he matched her pace and showed no signs of impatience.

Queenie grew slightly impatient and appeared frustrated. Yet, the man didn't seem to mind. and continued to smile sincerely.

I suddenly felt the urge to cry. It was tears of immense joy as if my daughter had finally come of age. It was evident that the man liked Queenie.

Queenie was an amazing woman. If she wasn't blinded by her past, many men would fall for her.

The guy appeared slightly younger than Queenie. He was tall, with long limbs and arms, and a neat military-style cut. As he stood under the sun, he emanated youthful energy.

Given his brazen display of affection, I could tell that he liked Queenie. It was impossible for Queenie not to notice.

With a guy she had known for a month openly expressing his affection, I hoped Queenie would believe in her own worth as a wonderful woman deserving of love.

Queenie walked out of the gate and headed home. Yet, the man continued to follow behind her, indifferent to her aloofness. His gaze lingered on her as he followed her neither too closely

nor too far.

She stopped abruptly and turned around. "I'm going home. Can you stop following me?" she said in a high-pitched voice. She looked adorable with her cheeks puffed out in anger.

That was right! Queenie should just speak her mind. That was the kind of bold and candid attitude she should have.

The man smiled widely, his eyes sparkling with adoration as he gazed at her fondly. The way he looked at Queenie reminded me of how Colin looked at me.

I was stupefied. All these years, Flynn had liked Queenie, but he had never looked at her in the same manner. His gaze was always commanding, with a hint of roguishness and self-

assurance.

It was evident which man was better suited to be a boyfriend and husband.

“I’m heading home too. You don’t own the road, do you? Why can’t I walk on it too?” With his hands in his pockets, the man strode forward. He matched Queenie’s pace and occasionally stole glances at the woman whose face was flushed with anger.

I found myself thoroughly enjoying the scene from the sidelines, so much so that I accidentally chuckled aloud. I inadvertently drew Queenie’s attention.

“Luna Lawson, how much longer are you going to watch?” Queenie stamped her foot, her face flushing with frustration.

It seemed inappropriate for me to revel in my good friend’s predicament. I emerged with a sheepish smile, rubbing my nose as I scanned the man with curiosity. “Hey handsome, what’s your name? Why are you following Queenie? I hope you’re not up to mischief in broad daylight.

The man’s ears turned pink, but he didn’t back down. He cleared his throat and said, “I’m Andrew Lambert. I’m Queenie’s admirer. Just to set the record straight, I fancy her, but I’m not a creep.”

The man’s self-introduction was unique. It was the first time I heard someone be so upfront about their admiration.

g to follow her “Oh, an admirer? How do you plan to win Queenie’s heart? Are you just around? What about sending her flowers, buying breakfast, and offering rides? You don’t seem to be putting in a lot of effort to win her heart,” I exclaimed.

It was as though I was trying my best to help him pursue Queenie.

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It wasn’t like I was unkind. Queenie and Flynn had broken up. Things would’ve come to this sooner or later anyway.

I knew Queenie had sacrificed a lot for Flynn, so it

a good friend of hers, I hoped that she could steps tough for her to make this decision. As out of her sadness as soon as possible.

From what I had read, the best way to snap out of the sorrow of a breakup was by getting into a new relationship.

Queenie had a new suitor now. Naturally, I had to do my part to help her start a new relationship.

“Thank you for coming up with those suggestions. I just want to know what kind of flowers Queenie likes and the kind of food she wants for breakfast.

“And does she prefer traveling by foot or by car? I just don’t want her to feel upset. I heard that finding out a girl’s likes is the first step to pursuing a girl.”

Andrew had potential in this. I was satisfied.

“Shut up and stop talking nonsense,” Queenie said, her cheeks flaming. There was nothing she could do with Andrew, so she covered my mouth to shut me up instead.

She was kind of cute when she was angry. She looked just like an angry kitten. How adorable.

Andrew didn’t say anything else. He simply stared at Queenie, his gaze soft and gentle.

I had a feeling that Queenie was right and nice in his eyes no matter what she did.

Queenie hastened her footsteps and dragged me all the way back home with Andrew following us from behind all the while. He didn’t look discouraged or adamant even after what I told him.

Besides, he had a smile on his face all the time. His eyes never left Queenie.

When Queenie and I reached the entrance of the residential area, she swiped the card and pulled me in.

I struggled to free myself from her grasp just in time to wave Andrew goodbye.

“Bye, handsome! Come here at 8:30 am tomorrow,” I told him. “This is the only exit in this

area.”

Andrew beamed. The love for Queenie in his eyes became more evident when he smiled. ” Thanks! I’ll come back here in the morning to pick you up, Queenie! Bye!” he yelled.

When Queenie and I got home, she pinned me against the couch and hit me.

“Luna! Have you gotten sick of living? Or have you gotten sick of me staying at your place, so you want to kick me out of here?” she exclaimed.

“That’s nonsense. You can stay here as long as you want.” I swiftly tossed around and pinned. her against the couch so that her back was pressed against the back of the couch.

In a grave tone, I told her, “Andrew’s a pretty good guy. He’s good-looking, and he’s got a good personality too. Besides, he’s sincere toward you. You should give him a chance.”

“Nonsense! Stop trying to be a matchmaker,” Queenie snapped.

“Don’t you know that he just started his senior year in university? He’s merely working part- time here. He’s younger than me by three years!”

“You’re so lame! So what if he’s three years younger than you? Age doesn’t matter as long as it’s true love.”

Queenie sounded certain. “No, things won’t work out between us.”

“Why so? Unless... you still can’t let go of Flynn, that jerk.” I regretted saying that the moment the words left my mouth.

I had rubbed salt on her wound. How could I be so rash as to say something like that to her?

It had been almost two months. We never brought up Flynn’s name for so long. We didn’t even bring up the topic of romance when we talked in the group chat with Julia.

The sudden mention of Flynn brought a shadow of sorrow across Queenie’s eyes. It disappeared in the blink of an eye because she managed to recompose herself quickly. She looked as if nothing had ever happened.

Still, I saw that flicker of sadness in her eyes very clearly. I couldn’t help but sigh inwardly.

What a shame it was! Queenie and Flynn had been together for so many years.

How could she forget him in just two months?

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It was always like this when it came to relationships.

Breaking up was easy, but forgetting it all was hard.

Queenie appeared to be indifferent and nonchalant after the breakup, but I knew that it was

only an act.

She still loved Flynn deeply. Even if she didn't get to see him for the rest of her life, he'd still occupy a spot in her heart.

After all, he was a vibrant, colorful part of her life for so many years. Those five years they were together were the best years of her life. It was the first time she loved someone so deeply.

"I'm sorry, Queenie," I hurriedly apologized. "I was too excited. I didn't say that on purpose. Don't be mad at me."

I let her go as I apologized to her, guilt-stricken.

Sitting up, Queenie tucked the strands of hair in her face behind her ears. She looked out the window at the sky, smiling gently.

"It's fine. We were together for five years, after all. It's just like keeping a pet. The pet owner wouldn't be able to let go of it after so many years. Things aren't much different in my case.

She added, "I've been thinking a lot recently, and I've thought things through. I wouldn't have believed it if you told me he didn't love me back then. But as much as he loved me, he also loved his family, status, power, and money.

"His love for me isn't as important as wealth and status. He might not like his childhood friend, but he had to marry her for the benefit. He liked me, but it was a pity that I saw no future with him even if he was reluctant to leave me.

"That's why he said he would marry his childhood friend but continue our relationship. I have my own life to lead. I can't allow him to let me down like this. I spent five years with him, but I still couldn't become his final choice.

"I couldn't do anything to stop that, so I can't blame him for that. Since we've broken up, I need to do what I have to do. I have to forget him. Once I do, I'll have nothing to do with him

anymore."

It was clear that Queenie had figured everything out. If she had stayed with Flynn, she would've been able to get all his love and enjoy a life of luxury,

But she could only stay as a mistress by his side. And everyone hated third wheels and mistresses.

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Queenie might not be an arrogant woman, but she had pride. She would not allow herself to become someone's mistress.

Flynn was a strange fellow. I didn't know what to say about him. How could he ask the woman he liked to become his mistress and be cursed at for the rest of her life? It was shameless of

him to do so.

Queenie loved him with her life, but the sacrifices she made for him couldn't stand the test of time anymore. She was worn out.

Now, Flynn had wrung her dry of the last ounce of love she had for him. A breakup was inevitable.

All of a sudden, I looked forward to seeing the day Flynn realized how big of a mistake he'd made. Queenie would no longer love him by then. I longed to see the look on his face when he learned that.

"Queenie, just cry it all out if you want to. Bottling up your emotions will only make you get sick," I coaxed her.

Queenie laughed lightly and reached up to pinch my face. "What now? I've made up my mind. Why are you frowning so much? Others might think that you're the one who just broke up."

for

"My heart breaks I told her.

"Me too. It's been five wonderful years. I wasted them all on him. But it was worth it since I got to see what kind of a person he truly is.

She continued, "I'm only 23. I still have a bright future ahead of me. I can't wallow in the darkness after a breakup forever. Don't worry, Luna, I'll get back up. I definitely will no matter how long it'll take."

"I believe in you, Queenie. But you can't achieve this alone, right? Andrew seems like a good guy. He looks gentle. If he's the clingy type, you should just take him in.

"I read that the best way to let go of a relationship is by starting a new one," I said.

Queenie shook her head. “Andrew’s fine. He has helped me a lot, but the kinder he is to me, the more I feel I shouldn’t be with him. If I do that, it’d be the same as taking advantage of

him.”

She continued, “It wouldn’t be fair to him. I don’t want to get into a relationship before I can

of Flynn for good.”

let go

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“How’s that unfair to Andrew? A relationship is a two-way thing. Even if you can’t accept making him your boyfriend, you shouldn’t outright reject him.

“Be frank with him about this. If he’s willing, you two can be friends for now. You need at friend or two, anyway,” I suggested.

After putting in so much effort to persuade Queenie, she finally agreed to be friends with Andrew as of now.

I could only help him so much. As for the rest, he would have to rely on himself and put in the

effort.

The temperature levels in Jinovy rose to such heights that the land was just like a barbecue grill. Despite the scorching weather, Andrew sent Queenie to and from work. The changes in the weather didn’t deter him at all.

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One day, I was delayed because something came up at school. When I came home, I saw Andrew busying himself in the kitchen with an apron tied around his waist.

It was so diligent of him to prepare food for Queenie! Gosh, he might actually stand a chance

now.

I called out, “Hey, Andrew. You’re part of this family now, huh? Seems to me like you’ve made quite some progress. You didn’t let me down. Good job.”

gave

him a thumbs-up. He smiled in return and said, “I should be thanking you for helping me with this.”

Aha! Andrew sure had a way with words!

Queenie sat on the couch. Judging from the look on her face, I could tell that she wasn’t feeling well and was also a bit tired.

She heard me teasing Andrew when I came home and threw a pillow in my face.

“You’d better shut up, Luna! I’m not feeling well, so Andrew sent me back,” she huffed.

“Oh really? Are you sick? Wanna go to the hospital for a check-up? You can’t just take medicine to solve this. Your condition might worsen,” I said.

I deliberately said that to trigger her to see if she was being serious. Blushing, she pulled my hand forcefully, making me plop down onto the couch right beside her.

Lowering her voice, she said, “Stop it! It’s my stomach that’s hurting. I don’t need to go to the hospital.”

I kind of knew what she meant by that. I see... So that was the case. Fine, then.

“I’ll make you something warm to drink, then. Let’s see if you’ll feel better after that,” I whispered back to her.

I stood up

and started heading toward the kitchen when Andrew walked out with a mug in hand. It had a picture of an Angry Bird printed on one side.

Steam rose from the mug as he carefully made his way to Queenie as if the item in his hands were some sort of treasure.

“You don’t need to, Luna. I’m done cooking,” he told me.

“Queenie, have a taste. Tell me if it’s sweet enough. I’ve this before. I’m afraid

never r

that it isn't to your taste."

Well, then... It was time for me to move aside and disappear.

"Um... I'm going back to my room to work on a drawing." I made up an excuse.

"Andrew, you'll take care of Queenie, right? She's always been like this. She'll feel unwell and get sensitive to the cold for a few days."

I added, "Thanks for taking care of her. If you don't do it well, you'll have to answer to me."

Andrew was a smart fellow. He nodded his head, his expression all serious. "Don't worry. I swear I'll take good care of her. If I don't, I'll take my own life."

Well, that was kind of gross. He didn't have to say that.

I ran off to my room at the speed of light and slammed the door shut, leaving Queenie and Andrew outside in the living room.

Based on the current situation, it wouldn't be long before he successfully made her fall into his grasp.

It wasn't appropriate for me to become a third wheel at such a crucial moment. I'd let their feelings sprout and grow on their own.

After getting out of sight, I leaned against the door and pressed one ear against it to eavesdrop on them.

Alas, the soundproofing of the house was simply so good that I couldn't hear a single thing. Eventually, I went to my desk and started drawing.

I drew a woman in a Tudor-styled gown. I'd seen plenty of works on ordinary women rising in rank in the Tudor era.

Initially, I wanted to complete a series of drawings of a Tudor woman's efforts to climb up social ladder. It'd take five to seven drawings to complete the entire story.

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I was working on the first drawing today. It was called "A Pleasant Encounter",

To put it simply, the drawing showed an ordinary Tudor woman's fateful meeting with a talented young nobleman during a celebration in town.

The two of them fell in love with each other at first sight. A beautiful love story would then

unravel.

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With my focus on the painting, I quickly forgot about the presence of the man and woman outside, providing them with a perfect opportunity to talk.

It wasn't until I received a video call from Colin that I realized it was already dark outside. My stomach was growling too.

Rubbing my empty belly, I opened the bedroom door while speaking, only to find that the two people outside were gone. Did they already... That was impossible. That wasn't how Queenie

rolled.

Stepping outside, I realized I had misinterpreted the situation when I saw them busy in the kitchen.

The light cast upon them painted the illustration that they were a couple in love. The atmosphere was harmonious, reflecting the tranquility of time.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" Colin squinted through the screen but didn't notice anything unusual.

Colin looked thinner, and he didn't look too good. But he was in good spirits.

"You've

grown tanner and thinner, Colin. Have you been eating well?" I asked worriedly.

"It's nothing. The school has a teaching support program, and I'd go to the mountains to teach the children there during the holidays. Their teacher has appendicitis and has to undergo surgery, so I'm substituting for him until he recovers.

"The conditions in the mountains are tough, so I've just gotten a bit tanned." Colin brushed off the topic.

I retreated to the room, continuing to chat with Colin.

“Oh, do you want me to send you a sun hat? Sunburns can be quite painful,” I offered.

“A grown man doesn’t need a sun hat. A little tan won’t hurt. What did you have for dinner?” Colin changed the subject.

“Haha, Queenie and her future boyfriend are cooking. I don’t know what they’re making since I don’t want to disturb their private time.” I giggled.

Colin paused and seemed surprised. “Queenie has a new boyfriend?”

I could tell that he was surprised to learn of the news considering it had only been a few days.

“Not yet, but it seems like it’s bound to happen. The guy’s name is Andrew. He’s three years younger than Queenie and is quite talented. He treats Queenie extremely well too. He’s much better than Flynn in my opinion.” I grinned.

“Has Queenie gotten over Flynn? We’ve all seen how good Flynn was to her over the years. How did it come to this?” Colin shook his head.

“There’s a difference between treating her well and treating her with respect, I always felt that Flynn’s kindness was somewhat condescending, but Andrew is different. He looks at Queenie with genuine admiration.

“Besides, what’s there to hold onto? It’s natural to let go when the pain becomes unbearable. Hmph! Flynn will come to regret it. Once Queenie gets married, he can’t be crying over spilled milk either. Just

the thought is enough to bring a smile to my face.”

I cursed Flynn angrily, which amused Colin. His eyes twinkled with affection and longing as he looked at me. “Enough about them. Do you miss me, baby?”

His voice was hoarse and captivating, instantly stringing my heart along. He was the definition of an enchanter.

“A little.” I played coy.

“Only a little? You heartless girl, I spent the whole day thinking about you, and you only miss me a little.” Colin scoffed playfully.

Truth be told, I really missed Colin. But I was embarrassed to say it out loud. Besides, a woman had to keep a card up her sleeve. It was only natural that I lied a little. Although I deeply missed Colin, these things were better left unsaid since it was embarrassing.

After ending the video call with Colin, Queenie knocked on the door, asking me to come out

for dinner.

I happily skipped outside and plopped down in my usual spot. Once I did, my eyes flew open in pleasant surprise.

There were steak, potatoes, vegetables, and even mushroom soup! The food looked extremely appetizing!

“Andrew, did you cook all this?” I exclaimed in shock.

Andrew took off his apron and rubbed his hands awkwardly as he sat next to Queenie. “I did. Please try it, Luna.

“You said you weren’t feeling well, Queenie. So you have to eat more.

“This is my first time cooking for you two, so I’m not sure if the food will suit your taste.

Please tell me if you enjoy it and I’ll cook up something better next time.”

## Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart’s Brother

I cut the steak and gave it a try. The flavors melted in my mouth, and the tender texture left me in awe. Andrew’s cooking skills were on par with Colin’s.

“It’s delicious.” I picked up some vegetables next. “Andrew, your cooking skills are impressive. I wonder which lucky girl will have the privilege of enjoying your cooking forever.

Queenie pretended not to hear me and focused on eating. Andrew stared at her with a warm smile playing on his lips. “I hope it’s Queenie.”

I turned my gaze to Queenie. She had frozen, her brows furrowed together and her lips tightly pursed. The knuckles of her hands had turned white from how hard she was gripping the

cutlery.

Andrew’s smile dropped in disappointment, but he quickly regained his spirits and cut up the

steak for Queenie.

Queenie loved steaks, especially the tender kind. She couldn't believe Andrew had noticed this after just a few days of hanging out.

Her reaction was intense, so I didn't dare to continue and quickly changed the subject. Andrew was a smart one. He immediately played along and chatted happily.

After dinner, Andrew diligently put on the apron and cleaned the kitchen until everything was sparkling clean. When he left, I was on the couch, happily waving him goodbye.

The door wasn't closed properly, so I peeked from the doorway. I saw Queenie accompanying him to the elevator. She said with her head bowed, "Andrew, I'm still in love with someone else. I think you shouldn't come over again."

Andrew stood in the elevator with a disappointed look, but he flashed Queenie a smile. "I'm willing to wait."

Once Queenie closed the door after coming back, she rolled her eyes at me. "You're so nosey, always meddling in other people's affairs."

I grinned sheepishly and half-joked, "The shoe that fits one person pinches another, and there's no recipe for living that suits all cases."

Queenie stood by the window quietly.

Soon, it started raining outside. The rain gradually grew heavier.

We didn't turn on the lights. Queenie's phone that was placed on the coffee table suddenly lit

up with a message: "The rain is getting heavy. You should stay away from the window to avoid catching a cold."

I showed Queenie the message, and she glanced at it briefly before shutting her phone. She even drew the curtains shut.

I didn't know how Andrew knew Queenie was standing by the window. I didn't know if this silly man was standing in some corner like in a romance novel, gazing lovingly at the woman

he adored.

What I did know was that if Queenie accepted him, Andrew would make her happier than Flynn

ever could.

Before going to bed, I shared my feelings with Queenie. She didn't say anything for a long time before finally sighing.

"Luna, there are two sides to the moon. I used to feel the same way about Flynn, and it took me nearly five years to understand his true nature. It ended in nothing but pain.

"I'm not brave enough to waste another five years on figuring out someone else, especially someone much younger than me. I just don't see how it'll work."

She had a point, and I didn't know how to respond. We couldn't force a relationship. Only time

would reveal one's true nature.

The heavy rain lasted all night. The next morning, we found the city submerged in water, and several cars floated on the flooded roads.

Our neighborhood was relatively low-lying, and with the sudden heavy rain, the drainage system couldn't handle the amount of water pouring in. The flood reached our thighs, and the rain showed no signs of stopping.

Queenie's wardrobe consisted of long pants and long dresses, none of which were suited for the weather. I found her some denim shorts and slippers and packed her favorite long skirt in a waterproof bag. With an umbrella in hand, I escorted her to the gate.

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However, the place was quite flooded. People passing by stirred up the muddy surface, making it difficult to walk in the knee-deep water.

It was almost 8:00 am, and Queenie pushed me back inside. "You should head back upstairs. I can wade through on my own, or else I won't make it in time."

"No, you're not feeling well to begin with. Let me help you. Be careful." I insisted on accompanying her.

"No need for that. You can go back. I'll manage," she said firmly.

Before she could leave, Andrew, dressed in black clothes, waded over. He stood tall in front of the building.

He wasn't holding an umbrella, and the heavy rain soaked his clothes. Despite his clothes sticking to his body, he didn't look disheveled at all. On the contrary, his eyes shone brightly.

Both Queenie and I were stunned. How did he come here in such heavy rain and flood? He even approached us once we arrived at the gate. How long had he been waiting?

Queenie's eyes widened, and her grip on my wrist tightened.

Andrew wiped the rain off his face and flashed us a big smile. He took out the umbrella from his bag and handed it to Queenie before turning around. He bent down slightly and said, "Get on my back, Queenie. I'll carry you out."

Queenie didn't move or speak.

Andrew grew a little anxious and turned around slightly, his hands by his sides motioning for Queenie to get on. "Hurry up, Queenie. We're running out of time. Don't you want perfect attendance? I won't drop you, so hurry up."

I suddenly felt my eyes welling up with tears and my heart swelling. I pushed Queenie forward. What was this fool still waiting for? It was rare to find a man who would go to such lengths. Why was she still hesitating?

"Yes, Queenie, Hurry up." I pushed Queenie onto Andrew's back. She struggled and shot me a warning look, but I pretended not to notice. I force her onto Andrew's back.

"Andrew, I'm entrusting her to you. I'll hit you if you don't protect her."

"Don't worry, Luna. I'll protect her with my life." Andrew supported Queenie on his back and

lifted her. "Queenie, hold onto my neck. This boat is about to leave."

Andrew bravely cut through the water's surface, and Queenie turned back to look at me. Her gaze gradually softened.

Andrew didn't walk fast, but he was steady. He carried Queenie as if he were carrying his own life, cherishing and treasuring her. The two gradually disappeared from my sight.

I ran upstairs with tears in my eyes and pressed against the window, searching for their figures in the sea of people.

After passing through the gate of the residential area, Andrew put Queenie down. The area here was also flooded, but the water was much shallower, barely reaching their calves.

Andrew held the umbrella in one hand and wrapped his arm around Queenie's shoulders with the other, protecting her safely in his embrace.

I was moved to tears and truly hoped that Queenie would only experience the good that life had to offer and that Andrew would be the reason why.

But would such a domineering person like Flynn really let go? It had been over a month and still no word from him. Was he truly giving up on Queenie, or was he planning something? I hoped it would be the former since Queenie would eventually move on. But if it were the latter, what would Queenie do then?

Things needed to come to a conclusion. Flynn dragging this on would only end up hurting Queenie.

Perhaps I should give them a push.

I took out my phone and posted the photo I secretly took of Andrew and Queenie across the street on my social media with the caption: "If they're meant for you, even your sorrows will turn into joy."

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Less than five minutes after the post, Flynn, who had followed me on Instagram for years, sent me a message for the first time: "Is she with you?"

I didn't reply and closed the app.

A minute later, he called. After some hesitation, I answered. But I didn't make it easy for him. Who is this?"

"It's Flynn. Luna, why didn't Queenie tell me she's with you? Do you have any idea how hard I've been looking for her? I've searched the entire city inside out," he roared through the phone. My ears stung slightly from it.

Who did Flynn think he was? How dare he shout at me? Did he believe that every woman was like Queenie, willing to forgive him for all his wrongdoings?

“Flynn, you’d better tone down that temper. I don’t owe you anything and won’t fall for your tricks. You even have a child with another woman! Who are you to yell at Queenie? What’s with the act?

“This is the first time I’ve cursed someone, Flynn. Are you fucking crazy? Why do you think you can just walk all over Queenie? And you still have the nerve to blame others? Why didn’t I realize how much of a pathetic excuse you were? You’re worse than scum!” I yelled and cursed.

Flynn was taken aback by my outburst and fell silent. When he started speaking again, his tone had obviously softened. “I have my reasons for that. And I’ll explain to Queenie. I’m sure she’ll understand. Please, Luna. Tell me where Queenie is. I want to find her and get her back.”

“Have you ever thought about it from Queenie’s perspective? If Queenie had a child with another man and begged to talk it out with you, would you forgive her?

“Would you be able to act as if nothing had happened and accept her for who she was? Would you love her child as your own? Would you still love her as deeply as before?” I sneered.

Flynn fell silent.

I continued, “You wouldn’t. So, who are you to demand her acceptance and forgiveness? How could you demand that she stay with you and live a life like a rat in the sewers? Who are you to

demand her sacrifice?

“You’re nothing but a jerk! You’re a scum who can’t even own up to their mistake! Flynn Hayes, you disgust me.

“Also, you and Queenie are over. Have a heart, Flynn. Queenie loved you, so please give her peace and stop bothering her. She has been through enough pain and suffering. Please just let her spend the rest of her life in peace. Everyone has their own struggles. Please, Flynn. Let

HS BONUS

Queenie go.”

After saying this, tears streamed down my face uncontrollably. Recalling all the grievances Queenie had endured over the years, I felt so sorry for her.

Flynn wanted to say something else, but I had enough and hung up the phone directly.

At this point, even if he could talk his way out of it, it would just be an excuse. The fact remained that he had betrayed the love and promises he gave to Queenie. Betrayal was the worst act someone could do to their loved ones, and it was an unforgivable act.

Half an hour later, Colin gave me a video call.

I could only see so much through the screen. And from what I could see, there were mottled walls, falling wooden blackboards, and a rusty lectern. A young boy passed by the screen.

This had to be the school in the mountains that Colin mentioned last time. I could see a familiar figure packing something, but I couldn't remember who it was.

"Let's change houses once I go back. It's dangerous with the flooding." Colin sighed.

"Let's talk about it when you come back. I don't go out anyway, and the flood doesn't reach our floor." I shook my head.