

Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

chapter 411-420

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“Okay. Did Flynn call you?” Colin asked.

“How did you know? Did he contact you?” I was surprised.

“He asked me before if I knew Queenie’s whereabouts, but I didn’t tell him. Actually, if you hadn’t posted that photo, he might not have found so quickly,” Colin explained.

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“I don’t know if I did the right thing. I wanted Flynn to see it. After so many years, they need. to end their relationship instead of letting it hang. Flynn owes Queenie an explanation. And he has to step up if we want Queenie to move on.

“I don’t want Queenie to wait any longer. I pity her. Being together for five years is long enough. I don’t want her to waste a lifetime on Flynn. Flynn isn’t worth it, and Queenie deserves better,” I grumbled sadly.

“I just ended a call with Flynn, and he seemed very emotional. He might come over these days, so keep an eye on Queenie. If anything happens, call me immediately. Don’t try to handle this yourself.

“And make sure Queenie gets to have a talk with Flynn. It doesn’t matter if Flynn will give her closure, but she needs to end things herself. At least she should know what she really wants. That way, she won’t mess things up later. Starting over will definitely be painful,” Colin said

worriedly.

“Okay, I’ll be careful. And I’ll talk to Queenie.” I nodded slightly.

“Good girl. Do you miss me?” Colin grinned boyishly.

Why did he keep asking this question when he knew I wouldn't confess truthfully? I was as red as a tomato when I admitted to missing him and told him to get home soon.

A woman's voice sounded from the other end of the screen. I couldn't quite hear what she said, but the gist was that they couldn't believe the cool and handsome Mr. White was trying to charm a lady.

Was Colin flirting with me when there was someone else in the room? And it was a woman too. That didn't seem appropriate.

The voice sounded strangely familiar, but I couldn't remember where I had heard it before. It was probably one of Colin's colleagues. I told myself not to think too much about it.

After ending the call with Colin, a strong sense of unease overwhelmed me. What the hell was this ominous feeling?

It was my idea to reveal Queenie's whereabouts to Flynn. I just wanted Queenie and Flynn to talk it out and break up. It was the only way Queenie would move on and start a new life.

I came to understand Queenie better recently. Although she seemed calm on the outside as if she had everything under control, I could see her awake from Insomnia every time I woke up at night. The sorrows and depression in her eyes only grew with time. She looked even more desolate.

I thought it was because she was still waiting for Flynn's explanation. She wished to escape Flynn, but she also hoped that he would look for her. They had been in love for so long. It was hard to imagine the amount of pain she was going through right now.

But even if it hurt, continuing the relationship was out of the question.

And because of this, Queenie grew indecisive. That was where I came in, to give her a push.

As expected, on the fourth evening after that heavy rain, Flynn came.

The sunset that day was particularly beautiful. Layers of purple and red filled the vast sky, and the setting sun was as red as blood.

I stood at the entrance, waiting for Queenie so that we could go out to grab dinner.

At around 5:30 pm, Queenie, who was in a pink dress, appeared with Andrew. They were both good-looking in their own way and were a sight to see.

I leaned in, glancing at Queenie's pink dress and then at Andrew's matching pink short-sleeved T-shirt. I smirked. "Wearing matching outfits already?"

Queenie pinched my waist in embarrassment, but I dodged it. Andrew, on the other hand, laughed while revealing a set of neat white teeth. He chirped happily, "I was originally wearing white. But when I saw Queenie in pink, I ran out to buy something to match with her."

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Queenie, what are you doing!" An angry shout suddenly erupted, startling everyone.

Queenie turned pale as she trembled in fear.

I closed my eyes. I had guessed that this was bound to happen.

Flynn appeared out of thin air and grabbed Queenie's wrist, pulling her to his side. He glared angrily at Andrew. "Queenie, is this why you blocked me and didn't come home for two months?"

My anger surged instantly. I wished I could go over and give Flynn a good beating! What a foul mouth! He should really wash it out with a toilet cleaner. He couldn't see his own faults, yet he still dared to blame others. What nerve!

When Queenie heard this, color drained from her already pale face. She forced a smile and looked up at the man she had foolishly loved for years. Disappointment lay heavy in her eyes, so heavy that Flynn dared not meet her gaze and awkwardly turned away.

She pulled her wrist back, rubbing it gently with her other hand. She muttered softly, "Not everyone is like you."

control. I can Flynn looked embarrassed at this and softened his tone. "That was beyond my explain. Can we talk, Queenie? I've reserved a table at Cloud Nine. You like Sebern cuisine, right? The food there is especially good."

Andrew glanced at me, silently asking if the man was Flynn. I nodded.

"No need. We already have plans for tonight. Besides, I don't like Sebern cuisine. I've only been eating it because you like it. If you want to talk, let's do it here. They're both friends.

my You don't have to hide anything from them." Queenie shook her head.

“Why are you causing a scene, Queenie? Can’t we talk privately? Do you have to embarrass me like this?” Flynn’s expression darkened.

As expected of a spoiled rich brat. Even when he was at fault, he still acted so domineeringly.

Queenie scoffed and offered him a humorless smile. Flynn’s words shattered the last bit of hope Queenie had for him.

“I’m leaving if you’re not going to talk. Let’s never meet again.” Queenie began to walk away. was shocked to see how firm her steps were.

Perhaps her determination stemmed from having her heart completely broken. My good friend, Queenie, had finally thought it through.

“Don’t go.” Flynn caught up to her and tried to grab her hand, but Andrew intervened by

I

pushing him away.

Flynn was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and had always gotten what he wanted. His anger instantly surged when Andrew pushed him, and he glared at him. “This is between me and my wife. Get the fuck out of my way if you don’t want trouble.”

Andrew fearlessly took another step toward Flynn and instinctively shielded Queenie behind him, protecting her completely. Although he was several years younger than Flynn, he showed no signs of backing down. Instead, he seemed even more resolute.

“Your wife? Show me your marriage certificate or a wedding ring. But you don’t have either, do you? Then who are you to call her your wife? Who do you think you are?” Andrew yelled angrily.

I raised my brows in surprise. Andrew was fearless and had balls of steel. That steely gaze could send a man six feet underground.

Flynn’s expression turned ugly, and he clenched his fists tightly. His eyes shone with something sinister. Yet despite this, he restrained himself and didn’t make a move.

Like Andrew said, he didn’t have a marriage certificate or a wedding ring. He was on the losing

end in this.

The so-called wife was just an excuse he found to shut others up when he needed it.

“I’m here for Queenie. Get lost.” Flynn closed his eyes and composed himself.

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“I’m here for Queenie. Get lost.” Flynn closed his eyes and composed himself.

It seemed that he had matured over the years and could now control his emotions with ease. However, while he might have excelled in the business world, he was not a suitable lover.

Andrew tried to intervene again but was stopped by Queenie.

Queenie emerged from behind him and looked up at Flynn. “Say what you have to say here. We have dinner plans in ten minutes.”

The veins on Flynn’s forehead bulged and his cheeks were flushed, his eyes burning with anger. He was suppressing his emotions.

‘Fine, I’ll say it here. My parents chose Yanice to be my marriage partner. She’s the woman you met that year. She has liked me for many years, but she’s just a marriage candidate. I don’t

like her.

“As for the child, I drank too much one night. I didn’t even know what happened when I woke up. I was still lying on her, and we hadn’t even pulled away,” Flynn began speaking.

Queenie trembled upon hearing this, and a wave of pain hit her. She bent over slightly, curling up due to the pain.

My heart ached, and I walked over to hug her shoulders, silently offering my support.

I never believed that a drunk person would do something like that unless they wanted to. Their drunkenness was just an excuse for their reckless behavior. Men were always unwilling to admit their

mistakes, instead shifting the blame onto innocent women. How despicable.

Queenie flashed me a sad smile. She still looked incredibly beautiful but so helpless.

“Queenie, whether you believe me or not, I truly don’t know what happened. We only slept together once and she got pregnant. It’s my child, so I have to take responsibility. I’m also in as much pain as you are Queenie.

‘But what can I do? The child is my flesh and blood. I can’t just abandon it. You’re so kind. Surely, you understand, right?,

“Queenie, come back with me. You can ask anything from me. Money, houses, cars, jewelry... anything. Or maybe you’re concerned about having children of our own? That’s okay, you can have as many children as you want, and I’ll support them all. They’ll all be my precious

children.

Just tell me what you want, and I’ll give it to you.

“Yanice wishes to become my wife, and I’ve agreed. But I’ll stay by your side and never go home. Trust me, Queenie. Except for marriage, I can give you everything else in this world. And I won’t break my promise.”

Flynn’s promise was solemn and sincere. But to me, it was so laughable. How could he be so shamelessly confident? Did he ever love Queenie?

Queenie had wasted years of her life for this.

“Shut up, Flynn! You’re worse than scum! Get lost! Now!” I was furious and cursed at him.

Flynn’s expression turned unpleasant, but he still stood his ground, stubbornly demanding an

answer.

Perhaps he had never received such scolding due to his privileged upbringing. And if it wasn’t because of my identity, he would have already resorted to violence.

Queenie lowered her head and smiled faintly. She then raised her head and said calmly,

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Flynn, I have a couple of questions for that day, when Yanice and her mother caused a scene at my company, you had simply walked away with her in your arms.

“Do you know how embarrassing it was for me to get back up in front of those hundred onlookers?”

Flynn paled, but he said nothing.

Queenie continued, “You asked me what I want, and it’s pretty simple. I want a two-bedroom apartment and a husband who comes home right after work. We’d go to the market, cook, decide on a name for our baby, visit the beach, and watch the stars together. Can you give me that?”

“You said we can have as many children as I want. But what will their last name be? Don’t you know kids will bully fatherless kids? Do you think it’s an honor to grow up with the label of bastard?”

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“I’ve been with you since I was 19 years old. I’m almost 24 now. It’s been five years, and we’ve never put an official title to our relationship. How many more years will this continue?”

“Should I spend the rest of my life being your mistress? Enjoying the glory and wealth you give me while bearing endless insults? Becoming known as a hated homewrecker? Is this your way of loving someone?”

“You keep saying that I’m the only one you love, and I should be happy. But this kind of love hurts more than I can bear. And I don’t want it anymore. Since you’re here today, I’ll make it clear. Flynn Hayes, I don’t want the past to repeat itself. Let’s break up.” Queenie choked up.

Flynn’s expression became frantic with a mixture of embarrassment and panic in his eyes. He rushed over in fear and grabbed Queenie. “No, Queenie. I never said you were a mistress! You’re not a homewrecker either! You’re the only one I love! Take it back, Queenie. I don’t want to break up!”

“Queenie, I know you resent me. You can hit me and scold me, but don’t leave me! Queenie, I’ll give you

everything I have. Just come back with me. I’ll transfer all my assets to you. Once Yanice gives birth to the child, I’ll move back in with you. And I won’t ever touch her again, okay?”

“Come, hold my hand. Let’s go home together. Come home, Queenie. You’re the only one I love. Trust me.”

Queenie suddenly burst into laughter. As her laughter grew, so did the desolation behind it.

I looked at her sadly and hugged her tighter.

Poor Flynn, he still didn't understand what love was. Someone like him didn't deserve Queenie.

"Say something, Queenie. Your laughter is making me nervous. I'm telling the truth. May the heavens strike me down if I'm lying," Flynn swore.

"Enough, Flynn." Queenie laughed uncontrollably for a while before stopping. "I've said everything I need to say. Let's end it here and never meet again. It's embarrassing. We deserve to have our pride. Don't make me regret loving you."

"No!" Flynn yelled. "I know I was wrong. I'm not asking for your forgiveness. Just don't leave me! I can't bear to break up! You're everything I have. How can I live without you? And you love me too! You can't bear to leave me too, right?"

"You're only saying this out of anger. I know this! You're just angry. It's okay, I'll let you cool down and punish me if it means you'll forgive me. Just don't break up with me. Didn't we agree that we'd be together forever?"

"You're the one who betrayed our promises, Flynn. I did love you. But that love disappeared from the moment you carried that woman away. All those years, I was with you and waited for you all because I loved you.

"But you've disappointed me time and time again. You abandoned me each time, making my heart grow colder with each disappointment. You sleeping with the woman was the final straw. "Queenie shook her head.

"I love you, Queenie. I truly do. But that day, it's just... She's pregnant with my child! How can I ignore her? You're so kind. You wouldn't want to see me being heartless to her, right?" Flynn begged.

"Kind? What a lofty word. Does that mean I'm unkind if I don't want the best for her? Have you ever seen a woman kind enough to watch as her lover sleep with someone else and even have a child with them?

"Is there a woman nice enough to watch their lover carry another woman away while being ignored herself? Would you treat me this 'kindly' if you were in my shoes, Flynn?" Queenie

scoffed in disbelief.

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“Yes, you do love me. I don’t deny that. But you love power and status more. In front of these things, I’ll never be your first choice.

“Flynn, no one would want to spend their whole life waiting for someone else to choose them. I’ve done everything I could for love, and the same couldn’t be said for you. I’m tired now.

“I’m not as kind and tolerant as you make me seem, and I can’t share the person I love with someone else. And she’s not just any woman, she’s also the guarantee of your power and status. I know I’m not as important to you as she is. And your desire to want everything disgusts me.

“So, I give up. I loved you. But my love for you has run out, and I don’t dare to love you again. That’s all I have to say. You can go now. Like I said, let’s never meet again.” Queenie gave one final sigh.

Flynn didn’t expect Queenie, who had always let him have his way, to be so determined to break up. He looked at Queenie in disbelief, searching for even the tiniest bit of reluctance, sadness, or anger in her beautiful eyes.

But he couldn’t find it. Aside from the initial shock, Queenie’s gaze remained calm and unwavering. Those eyes, which used to hold so much affection for Flynn, were now filled with

indifference.

For the first time, Flynn was afraid and uncertain about their relationship. He thought Queenie loved him and would never leave him. He was willing to support her for a lifetime and give her the best of everything.

After all, they had been together since their teenage years, and their feelings ran deep. As long as Queenie listened to him, he would shower her with love, affection, and everything else she

wanted.

He never knew that what Queenie wanted was not superficial glory and wealth. She just wanted. a home and a husband who loved her. Even if he had nothing, she had confidence in building her dream life with him by her side.

Flynn never imagined that Queenie would one day leave him. And she was so resolute with her decision too. At this moment, Flynn felt empty inside. His mind went blank, and his chest tightened.

“Tell me, Queenie. Are you leaving me because of him?” Flynn blocked Queenie with reddened

eyes.

Queenie was too tired to explain, so she just softly said, “Flynn, it’s been five years. If I had ever cheated like you, we wouldn’t have come to this today. Alright, I’ve told you everything

that needed to be said. You should go back.

“Since you’ve slept with her and now have a child together, you should treat her well. I’m leaving. Let’s never meet again.”

“Let’s go, Luna. There might not be any seats left soon.” Queenie forced a smile at me. “Also, Andrew, I’m sorry for taking up so much of your time. I’ll treat you to dinner later as an apology, okay?”

“You’re treating? Then I’ll have to eat a lot. Otherwise, I’d feel like I’m letting you off” Andrew grinned happily from ear to ear.

The three of us walked away together, leaving Flynn rooted in his spot.

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Queenie straightened up. Despite the tears welling in her eyes, she bit her lip to prevent them from falling.

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Once we were far enough, I turned around. Flynn was still there, staring at our backs like an old, regretful man.

We were close to the owner of the pasta restaurant. When he saw us, he welcomed us earnestly and served us the food we ordered.

Queenie and I sat opposite each other while Andrew sat next to her.

Andrew placed Queenie’s order before her. She slurped the spaghetti quietly. It looked like she

was ravenous.

As she ate, her tears began falling onto the plate. She put down the cutlery, took a tissue paper, and began sobbing while covering her eyes.

I let out a sigh of relief.

I was glad that she cried. I was so afraid that she'd keep those feelings bottled up as that would take a toll on her mental health. Now that she had closure, she could finally move on from

Flynn.

She needed to cry the pain out. Then, she'd be able to start anew.

As for Flynn, his wealth and status had inflated his ego. He wasn't worth it.

And from now on, Flynn and Queenie's relationship was officially over.

After she cried for a while, she resumed eating her spaghetti until the plate was empty. Andrew was considerate enough to order a second plate for Queenie with extra toppings.

"Eat. This is food therapy."

Queenie ate and ate until her eyes were puffy and her face was tear-streaked.

Then, she sniffled and uttered meekly, "Andrew, that guy was my ex-boyfriend. I used to be in love with him. For five years, I lived with him. I'm sorry that you have to see me in this messy state. I don't deserve someone pure like you. Find someone better. Let's end it here. Let's not

talk anymore."

Andrew leaned in and asked, "Do you still love him?"

"No."

"If he comes to you to reconcile with you, will you say yes? He looks rich. Many women like

that."

"No."

"If you could travel back in time, would you still have chosen him?"

"No."

Andrew was elated. A wide grin appeared on his face. "Then all is well. I have no part in your past. I hate to see you suffer so much from this toxic relationship. But now, your future will be mine. It's mine only, and that's enough."

Queenie froze just as she reached for another tissue paper. She turned around, confused. It prompted Andrew to smile even more indulgently. “You have the purest soul. It is and will be the purest soul in the world.

“So, are you ready, Queenie? Because I’m about to impress you and ask you out. It’s something I’ve always wanted to do but was too scared to do.”

“Why me?” asked Queenie innocently.

“Back then, you were too bothered by everything. So even though I had the fattest crush on you, I didn’t dare to tell you. But now that you’ve let go of the baggage, your heart is ready to accept another person. So, I’ll ask you out.

“I like you. Please give me the chance to spoil you. I swear that if I make you cry, I’ll be banished to hell.”

Queenie then shoved a bite of pasta into his mouth and protested grumpily, “Don’t curse yourself.”

I watched them bicker with a smile and felt relieved. Queenie had never looked this happy since she came here.

Perhaps at the moment, Queenie wasn’t in love with Andrew yet. No one knew when she’d be ready to accept him. However, she had let go of the past and decided to start anew. It seemed like Andrew’s wish would come true very soon.

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After the meal, Queenie visibly felt better.

Andrew seized the opportunity to suggest watching a movie together. He said a good, nerve- wracking thriller was recently released.

I found an excuse and left them. I was not going to be a third wheel on their date.

I went home and found that Flynn was leaning against the gate, smoking.

For some reason, it felt like he had aged a lot after an hour. His face was ashen, and his eyes were soulless.

When he saw me, his eyes lit up briefly. They dimmed when he saw that it was just me alone.

Originally, I wanted to ignore him. But we had been friends for many years. It wasn't right to

do so.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

He lifted his head to look at the dusk sky. Loneliness oozed from his gaze. "So, she's leaving me for real this time."

Duh! Who would stay with a cheating boyfriend?

Rage welled up within me.

Was Flynn still oblivious to the fact that he reaped what he sowed? Was he that full of himself or did he think Queenie was dumb?

"Flynn, Queenie is my best friend, but this time, I'm not taking sides. I'll try to be objective. You two dated for

many years. Other than money, what have you given her? She kept your company for five years. She waited for you for five years.

"You, on the other hand, made someone pregnant. You even let your pregnant mistress make a scene at Queenie's office. Queenie was humiliated and disparaged. If you had taken her side back then, all her waiting wouldn't have been in vain.

"But you took the mistress with you and left. You didn't even bat Queenie an eye. I don't know what you were thinking, but listen to me. Just imagining that scene is enough to put me in despair. Five years. 1,780 days. Yet, you repaid her with your cruelty and coldness. She was brokenhearted.

"And what's worse, after you left, you never called or texted her. Do you know how she got through those days? You don't.

"Maybe you do, but you pretended not to realize. You must have thought that she was yours, that she couldn't live without you. Am I right?"

Flynn lowered his head out of guilt. He scratched the back of his head in frustration.

"Luna, will you believe me if I say it wasn't my intention?"

I shook my head. "No, I won't. I don't think a man is capable of having sex with another woman if he's pissed drunk. Tell me, Flynn. You knew what you were doing, didn't you? You went ahead because your family expected you to marry Daniela.

“You and she had to share the same bed eventually, so you might as well do it sooner rather than later, right? You thought you could explain and apologize to Queenie afterward. And since she loved you so deeply, she’d forgive you. After all, all men make that sort of mistake, no?”

Flynn ignited his lighter and lit up another cigarette before huffing out smoke silently.

“Go back. Daniela is your responsibility now. She’s pregnant with your child. Leave Queenie alone, and stop pestering her. She doesn’t owe you anything.”

“I love her. I can’t let her go.” He leaned back against the gate, his left hand covering his eyes. Tears rolled down from his fingers.

Regret served no purpose when the damage done was irreversible.

The belated realization of his true feelings was worth nothing.

“She was hurt too deeply. If you love her, let her go. Letting go is also a kind of love. Given your status and wealth, you and she will never have a good ending. So end it before everything turns ugly. At least, you get to keep the

nd memories. Be kind to her.”

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“What about me? How am I supposed to live without Queenie!” Flynn yelled like a cornered

prey.

I almost chortled out loud.

you’re still well and alive Pou’ve been living without her for nearly two months now. And

“Hear me out, Luna. Daniela was suspected of a miscarriage, so she was admitted to a hospital. My mom was watching over me like a hawk 24/7, and she confiscated my phone. I couldn’t contact Queenie at all. It wasn’t until Daniela was discharged and I promised to marry her that my mom released me.

“But I couldn’t find Queenie. Our apartment was empty, and every gift I gave her was there. She never spent any of the money I gave her. It was all in the debit card on the table. Queenie was gone. Her personal items used to be next to mine, but they all disappeared.

“You can’t imagine the pain I feel, Luma. It hurts so much, so much so that I want to die. Who can help me? I made a mistake, yes. But it was an innocent mistake. I never intended to hurt Queenie. The pregnancy was a mistake. It was.

“I dropped everything to look for her. But my parents and Daniela’s parents put the train stations and the airports in lockdown. They even blocked out every source of news. I could only look for Queenie by combing through one city after another.

“I called all her good friends, but no one knew where she was. No one said they saw her. You have no idea how helpless I was. There were times when I thought I should end my life. That felt more tolerable than losing her. But I-”

I finished his sentence contemptuously, “But you still have your parents, your baby, and many things you can’t let go of. Queenie isn’t your entire world, so you don’t want to die yet. Answer me this, Flynn. You know how close Queenie and I are. Why didn’t you call me?

“Don’t use Colin as an excuse. Did you truly believe what Colin told you or did a part of you tell yourself that Queenie couldn’t live without you, so she would return to you eventually? It was the latter, wasn’t it?

“You claimed that your parents were control freaks, but are you someone who obeys their parents all the time? No, you’re not. You said the pregnancy was a mistake. Does that mean that you’d continue sleeping with Daniela if she hadn’t gotten pregnant?

“How long do you plan to fool Queenie for? Who is Queenie to you? A toy for you when you’re bored? A puppet to entertain you whenever you want? You took her time and youth for granted. Have you ever considered that she’s a human, that she has feelings? One day, she’ll feel tired too!

“You’re the reason why it didn’t work between you two. Face the reality. You two are never getting back together.”

Not wanting to talk to him anymore, I left.

I wanted to punch him in the face. But when I thought about it, such an act was wholly unnecessary.

Queenie was strong enough to move on. It did not matter who was in the right or who was in

the wrong.

“Flynn, leave and never come back. Your story with Queenie has already ended. Leaving her alone is the best thing you can do for her. Let go.”

Flynn fell silent. When I looked back from the gate, he was gone.

That night, Queenie came back in a foul mood. I asked her what happened and she told me that she ran into Flynn downstairs. They had an argument.

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GET IT

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That night, Queenie came back in a foul mood. Her eyes were red and her body was shuddering as if she was trying to contain her emotions.

Didn't she go to watch a movie with Andrew? Why didn't she come back with him? Did they quarrel? What happened?

I asked her what happened. She told me that she ran into Flynn downstairs and they argued. As for what the argument was about, she didn't tell me, and I didn't want to pry further. We all had our secrets.

In the following days, Andrew came to pick up and drop off Queenie tirelessly. Flynn would always follow behind them, but he never pestered them. He watched as Andrew and Queenie grew closer and closer.

In the end, Flynn decided to leave. Before he boarded the plane, he texted Queenie: "Sorry.

Take care."

That night, Queenie bawled her eyes out.

I knew what she wanted.

If Flynn had come and told her that he was willing to forsake his family, wealth, and wedding arrangement for her—if he asked Queenie if she was willing to leave with him even though they would be starting from scratch—I believed she would've said yes.

I had seen the way she loved Flynn. She loved him wholeheartedly.

But Flynn didn't step up. He chose his family despite knowing her pain and her longing.

Queenie cried not only because her love was in vain but also because she had lost five years of her life to him.

It was five long years. That was the time when a girl blossomed into a woman.

I did not stop her. I let her cry her heart out. She needed to say goodbye to her past.

Soon, it was August. I was excited because Colin would be back in a month.

But a piece of unfortunate news made the wait feel like an eternity. While waiting for Colin to return, I felt pain that I had never experienced before. There were times when I lost hope.

On August 3rd, I was scrolling on my phone while lying on the couch. Queenie and Andrew were preparing dinner in the kitchen.

Suddenly, I received a notification on my phone: “After three days of heavy rainfall, a mudslide took place in Lagodo, burying a school by the foot of the mountain, A rescue plan is being carried out for survivors.”

My mind went blank. I scrambled to get up and accidentally fell on the floor. My head bumped into the short desk, producing a loud thud,

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Queente exclaimed while rushing over, “How did you fall? Get up now. Let me check on your

wound.

I couldn’t care less about the wound on my forehead. I grabbed her arm, wanting to tell her. the news I just read. But before I could say anything, tears came rolling out.

Queente was surprised by my reaction. Worriedly, she asked me what had happened.

Andrew picked me up and settled me down on the couch. Then, he told me to take my time to compose my words.

“Calm down, Lulu. Why are you trembling? What’s going on?” Queenie massaged my limbs. Her voice was hoarse out of fear.

I couldn’t form any sentences as I kept weeping and weeping. I could only show them the notification with my shaky hands.

Andrew took a quick glance and said, “I saw the notification too. That place is prone to mudslides. There was a mudslide two years ago too. They said they had reinforced the area, but it happened again. There must be casualties. But what does it have anything to do with you? Why are you crying?”

“Colin... Colin’s there.” Finally, words came out of my mouth..

“What? Colin’s there? Oh my god. What do we do? Quick, call him and ask if he’s safe. Calm down. Maybe he wasn’t at school. Stop crying to make the call now.” Queenie’s face turned pale from nervousness. She shoved my phone into my hands.

Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart’s Brother

What Queenie said gave me a glimmer of hope. I snapped back to reality, grabbed my phone, and dialed the number that I remembered by heart.

I heard the monotonous beep from the other end of the line. It persisted until the call ended automatically. No one picked up the call.

I didn’t want to give up, so I made the call once more. Again, no one picked up. I kept trying and trying until a female mechanical voice told me that the number I called was no longer

available.

“This isn’t right. Something bad must’ve happened to Colin. I need to find him.” Frantically, I tried to get up to pack my luggage. But my body was seized by fear. My trembling legs couldn’t hold my weight, and I slumped to the ground. A searing pain spread from my knees and

elbows.

“Calm down, Luna. We don’t know everything yet. You won’t be able to do anything even if you’re there. Besides, the professionals are rescuing the victims. You can’t do anything there. They won’t let anyone enter the affected area.” As a man, Andrew was more level-headed during a crisis.

“What do we do, then?” Queenie supported me and checked on my wounds. Then, she went to the bedroom to get some ointment for me.

I had never felt this scared, not even when Felix had schemed against me. My mind was a mess. Other than crying, I did not know what to do.

My world was crumbling down.

Colin truly had spoiled me, so much so that I lost my analytical skills and rationality when something bad happened. I could only cry. “Queenie! Colin is there. Is he injured? What if I can’t see him anymore? I need to find him, Queenie. I need to be there for him.”

“Don’t jinx it. You’re here. Colin will do everything he can to come back. Quit overthinking and crying. Our priority now is to get more information from them. Then, we discuss what to do next. Stay strong now, Luna. You can cry later.”

I could cry later? What bad advice was that?

“I want to go to Lagado now.

“We need more information about Colin. If you want to go there, you can. But you need two people to go with you, people who can help you or advise you when something comes up. Oh, does Colin’s family know that he’s working there?

“They have the right to know what happened to him. Also, ask the supervisors at school. We

need every piece of information we can gather now,” Andrew said.

“You’re right. Let’s proceed with that plan. I’ll call Colin’s home.” I had calmed down too.

I couldn’t come up with another solution, so I decided to stick with Andrew’s plan.

I grabbed my phone and called Uncle Austin. But after some thinking, I decided to call Felix.

Uncle Austin had a weak heart. Things could get complicated if he had a heart attack when he heard the bad news. Calling Felix seemed to be the safest option. At the very least, there wouldn’t be any complications.

Given that he once schemed against Colin and me, this was the moment for him to redeem himself.

When Felix picked up the call, he asked with a surprised tone, “Lulu, did you dial the wrong number?”

He was probing carefully.

I didn’t have time to play his game. “Colin went to Lagado last month for a conference. He then went to do volunteer work in a rural school. I saw the notification that a mudslide hit the school where Colin is teaching. I can’t reach him now.”

“What?” Felix exclaimed. He, too, began to panic. “Colin only went there for the conference. Who told him to teach there too?”

I interrupted him impatiently. Fussing over minor details served no purpose. “Listen, this is not the point. At the moment, we need to get more information about Colin. I want to head to Lagado. What about you?”

“Uncle Austin and Aunt Mel are old. I’m worried that they won’t be able to take the news well, so I turned to you. Make up your mind now. Then, I can plan the next move.”

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