

Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

chapter 441-450

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Chapter 440 "It's 3:00 pm." I looked at Colin and felt powerless for a moment. It was such a rush. Why was everything happening at the same time? I paused my steps in hesitation. Professor King must be referring to Dreamlight's Tudor-style project. We had invested a lot of energy and effort into the early stages and made all-around preparations. We had submitted a dozen drafts, and the feedback results had been positive. Now that there was a sudden change at Dreamlight. We might need to overturn the previous plans. If that were the case, we might have to start over everything. Our time would become tight, and the difficulty would increase. Professor King's request for my early return demonstrated that he couldn't resolve the issue alone and needed my assistance. However, he had signed a formal contract with Dreamlight. If the other party suddenly made unexpected adjustments, it could be regarded as a unilateral breach of contract. He didn't hold anyone responsible but informed me to return and confront the issue. Did something happen during this period that I wasn't aware of? Life wasn't only about love but also career. However, I was concerned about Colin. One of the reasons was that he had recently been through an accident. His body and mind were still in a tense stage. Yesterday and today were merely thoughts that kept him going. I wanted to be by his side. As his girlfriend, I should care for him for another two days. Another reason was that the scene of him holding another woman always lingered in my mind. I told myself that he would never wrong me. It was also natural for every woman to be envious when they saw their boyfriend hugging someone else and wanted to know more about it. I had to find out about that woman. It was a pity I didn't have such an opportunity. Things that needed to be faced appeared all at once. Professor King's request was too unexpected. His reason seemed far-fetched, but I didn't dare to question him. What should I do? I came to a halt on the spot, feeling extremely troubled. 1/2 "How about you return with Professor King first?" Colin bent over and tentatively persuaded me. "I'll get the results soon. The academic exchange is also coming to an end. It won't take me more than half a month to go back. If anything happens, I'll tell you in time. Don't delay your business, okay?" I lowered my head and remained silent, expressing my reluctance. Colin sighed helplessly, caressed my neck, and hugged me. "Be good, now. You've been following that project for a long time. You're not a quitter, right? Besides, don't you want to earn money to support

me? Do you want to break your promise?" I was surprised he didn't feel ashamed to speak about this in front of others. Did he feel proud to be supported by a woman? I knew he

was persuading me, attempting to provide a reason and assist me in making my decision. He recognized what I was going through and my unwillingness to go, so he helped me decide. I threw his hands away and turned toward the wall to sulk, refusing to pay attention to him. Was Colin so anxious to send me off? I had planned to stay with him for another two days. I had just been here for a day and night. I hadn't had time to speak with him properly. We hadn't seen each other for a month. He had no idea how much I had planned to say to him. However, I didn't have a chance to express it. I was even more upset when the person I wanted to see refused to stay with me and tried to persuade me to return. I felt so angry- There was a sound of footsteps behind us. Soon, Colin and I were the only ones left in the corridor. I admitted that I felt uncomfortable and deliberately caused issues. It was him who made me upset. If I'd known he'd respond like that, I might not have come. Colin understood me and knew how to calm me down and make me happy again. He said nothing, only hugged my shoulders and led me to the elevator. I struggled to break free from him, but he gripped me tighter.

Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

I attempted to push my small suitcase and two big snack bags but couldn't. I was so irritated that I stomped and hurled the two oversized bags on the ground. The more I watched them, the angrier I got.

So, I kicked them several times to vent my anger. "Why did he buy so much junk? He must be crazy!"

Colin only caused trouble for me. I could buy the snacks when I returned to my place, but he insisted on buying them for me. It was too heavy.

Winston approached with a chuckle. He helped me pick up the snacks while moving his stiff neck, which was caused by sitting too long. "Stop getting angry over the snacks. I'll send you back."

Thinking of Colin's advice, I was hesitant to trouble Winston. However, my things were too heavy, and he took the initiative to help me. I usually wouldn't embarrass someone when they showed me kindness. Since he wanted to send me back, I would just let him be.

We chatted till we got to the community gate. Then, I noticed two familiar people under the shade of a tree. They were Andrew and Flynn.

Honestly, I had forgotten about Flynn as I had focused on Colin in the past two days.

More precisely, I just assumed that with his status and background, he shouldn't bother Queenie again. She had spoken clearly, and he was in the wrong. He also realized he was to

blame.

Perhaps Flynn found it hard to give up his love. He probably couldn't find a way to sort through his emotions quickly.

It was difficult for everyone to end a five-year relationship. It was unfortunate that Flynn's actions were too hurtful. Regardless of his reluctance to give up, he couldn't make it up to

Queenie.

We were no longer living in ancient times. Nobody could marry two wives at the same time and enjoy everyone's blessings.

I asked Winston to look after my suitcase. Then, I approached to greet them.

Andrew's eyes shone as he spotted me approaching. He peered behind me and inquired, "Where is Mr. White? Hasn't he returned with you? Who is that handsome guy?"

Upon hearing that, Flynn looked at Winston and glanced at me probingly. He probably thought I cheated—just like what he had done.

I ignored him and asked Andrew, "Why are you here?"

Before Andrew could answer, Flynn spoke first. His voice sounded low and hoarse. It was as

if he was seriously ill. His skinny figure, as well as the misery and pain in his that he was sick. It was an incurable lovesickness.

Looking at his miserable expression, I felt indescribable joy as he deserved it.

"I talked with him about Queenie."

eyes, indicated

"Queenie has broken up with you. Her affairs have nothing to do with you. Is there anything else to talk about?" I retorted straightforwardly, exacerbating his anguish.

When Queenie loved him, he lacked self-control and did everything he wanted. When she stopped loving him, he pretended to be affectionate again. However, nobody would care

about him.

Nobody would treat him as a treasure anymore.

I remembered a sentence in a book. It stated, “I love you, so I treat you like a treasure and tolerate whatever you do. But if I don’t love you anymore, you’re nothing in my eyes, worse than a grain of sand under my feet.”

That was how Flynn was right now.

He said, “But I never agreed to break up. I love Queenie. We’ve been in a relationship for five years. How could she say she no longer loves me? I don’t believe it. I can’t bear to let her go. I can’t stop loving her in this life.”

He scrubbed his face vigorously, his sharp eyes full of confusion and uncertainty.

Perhaps he still couldn’t believe that Queenie would leave abruptly and never look back. She used to love and treat him like a god. He thought she would never leave him no matter what

he did.

He finally realized that the girl he had ignored and treated coldly held a significant place in his heart.

However, he realized it too late.

Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart’s Brother

“Flynn, I witnessed your love with Queenie along the way. I’d like to ask you—do you love her? Or do you only feel unreconciled because she chose to end the relationship?

“Are you just unwilling to let go of the memories from those five years? Do you assume you have a deep affection for her? Please answer me. What do you really care about?”

Flynn was stunned for a moment when he heard my question. He leaned against the tree trunk and sank deeply into thinking. He was frozen stiff like a stone.

His despair spread in his eyes until it submerged everything. There was no longer a trace of light.

Before that, he had been used to enjoying Queenie’s deep love and dedication. He never considered their future.

In other words, he never included her in his plans. He had always regarded her as his appendage. Nothing else mattered as long as she was beside him.

He finally realized that Queenie was an independent individual. She was aware of her emotions and thoughts—as well as the pain. He couldn't bring her back any longer.

“See? You can't even figure out your feelings. So, how do you make Queenie feel your love, Flynn? Over the last five years, she has been willing to follow you without regrets. She never owed you anything. If there is any debt in this relationship, you're the one who owes her.

“She has suffered too much for you over the years. You only saw her suffer once. Do you realize how much pain she went through alone? Please put yourself in her shoes. If love only causes her grief,

shou

always be in endless darkness. In this case, will she still want this

relationship?

“I believe you love her. Otherwise, you wouldn't have been with her for many years. So what? You can't give her happiness or a home. Why do you want to keep her?

“If she stays by your side, she'll only become your mistress. Everyone will despise her. You let the one you love be a mistress. Is this how you love her?”

Andrew snorted sullenly and glared at Flynn fiercely. If he could turn his eyes into knives, he would have slashed Flynn to pieces.

As a young man who seemed to have a particularly clingy temperament, he actually had a terrifying aura. When confronted with the cold and aggressive Flynn, he was in no way inferior and even somewhat aloof.

Andrew resembled a protective knight, while Queenie was the princess he would protect with his entire life.

Flynn became even more gloomy after hearing my words. He stared forward blankly as if hollowed out of his body. Then, he slumped against the tree like a lifeless vine.

Others would probably pity him after seeing his current appearance. However, every outcome had a cause. He was solely responsible for his current situation and not anyone else. No one could help him. He deserved it.

“But I don't want to lose her. My biggest wish is to have her by my side and grow old together for the rest of my life. What should I do if she's gone?”

Flynn clutched his head, groaning in pain. His voice cracked like a dying trapped animal.

Until now, he had never stated that he only wanted Queenie. He didn't even offer to take her far away as long as she forgave him. If he said so, I assumed she'd be with him regardless of the consequences.

It was a pity that he didn't say that. Despite his silence, I knew his choice. Between Queenie and his family, he chose the latter.

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Flynn's choice disappointed me. Andrew also seemed angry and scornful of Flynn.

Queenie must have known his decision before leaving him. She was the only one who saw the truth with clarity.

"Please face reality and let her go.

I looked upstairs. The curtains at home shook slightly. I could tell Queenie had just left there.

I added, "You didn't help Queenie when she was humiliated. If you had scolded Daniela and her mother or called Queenie to comfort her, she might not have been so disappointed. All of this was your fault. You deserve the consequences."

I grabbed Andrew's hand and turned around to leave. Winston followed behind us.

That was all I could say to Flynn. Nobody could tell what he would do in the future. After all, his relationship with Queenie was doomed.

Flynn shouted, "Do you think Andrew Lambert would be a good match for Queenie? Do you know who he is? This guy is the eldest scion of the Lambert family! He also shoulders the family mission. Can Queenie be happy with him?

"She'll only repeat the same mistakes. The Lambert family is prominent in Jinovy. Regardless of family heritage or basis, his family is far more sophisticated than mine!"

I didn't pay heed to Flynn's crazy claims but turned to look at Andrew in shock.

He was good-looking, had bright eyes, and a tall figure in simple casual attire. I never expected this enthusiastic man to be the future heir of the Lamberts.

If Queenie got hurt again after being with Andrew, she might not be able to survive. I didn't dare to take the risk.

“Andrew, is what Flynn said true?”

He grinned, appearing completely relaxed. He glanced at Flynn with obvious disdain.

Flynn’s expression darkened as his jaw twitched violently. Being looked down upon by a man much younger than him must be uncomfortable—not to mention that Andrew was his love rival.

“Luna, I’m indeed the Lamberts’ eldest scion, but that won’t stop my love for Queenie. Mr. Hayes, have you ever seen the Lamberts’ direct bloodline divorce and remarry? We have no

such precedent because my family’s motto is to find a spouse we like and never regret it for the rest of our lives.

“The Lamberts’ descendants are only widowed, never divorced. I dare to swear on everything in the world—I’ll only love one woman, marry once, and never abandon her!”

Andrew spoke firmly and resoundingly, with a solemn expression. His words moved me.

Flynn’s demeanor shifted, and his eyes narrowed. Soon, he widened his eyes again and concentrated his gaze behind me.

I knew that Queenie was coming.

“Welcome back, Lulu. Why didn’t you come up?”

Before I could respond, Flynn stepped forward and grabbed Queenie, pulling her into his arms. “Queenie, I knew you’d see me! I apologize. It’s all my fault. Please come back to me. I’ll love you more in the future. I’ll never let you suffer again!”

“Go away!” Queenie, Andrew, and I all shouted at the same time.

Andrew glared at Flynn coldly, grasping and squeezing his wrist hard.

Flynn couldn’t bear the pain, so he loosened his grip. Queenie’s wrist instantly dropped into Andrew’s hands.

He lifted her finger-marked wrist and stroked it gently. Then, he blew it carefully and said in distress, “Does it hurt? You should go up with Luna first. I’ll buy the ointment and apply it for you, or there will be bruises.”

Queenie’s eyes reddened. Her tears fell as she nodded.

Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

One side was despair and pain; the other was hope and salvation.

What should she choose? Wasn't that obvious?

When Flynn saw Andrew and Queenie getting along intimately, he grew enraged and rushed over with a loud shout.

She exclaimed and subconsciously pushed Andrew away, facing Flynn and closing her eyes.

She'd seen Flynn hit someone.

That year at the bar, we were all drunk. When he came, he almost beat the other party to death. His ferocious appearance had frightened us.

Queenie naturally didn't want the innocent Andrew to be harmed. She realized she couldn't do anything, so she stepped forward and pushed him away.

Flynn never expected her to push Andrew away, so he used too much force.

When his target became Queenie, he didn't manage to hold back. Seeing that his fist was about to hit her face, Queenie paled and closed her eyes, preparing for the coming injury and severe pain.

Andrew, who had been pushed away, responded instantly and hurried back frantically. When he saw the fist about to strike Queenie, he leaped up and kicked Flynn's face.

Seeing that, I took the opportunity to pull Queenie out of Flynn's attack range.

Andrew used all his strength to kick Flynn's left cheek. He was injured, and blood immediately gushed forth. He got kicked to the side and fell to his knees on the ground.

Queenie cried as she lay on my shoulder. Distressingly, I patted her back to comfort her.

Andrew, who had successfully hit Flynn, felt even angrier when he saw her crying. He chased after Flynn and kicked the latter several more times.

Flynn was likewise not easy to deal with. He roared and got up to fight, frantically attacking without defending. His eyes appeared fierce.

However, Andrew was good at fighting. After a few rounds, Flynn was defeated and couldn't fight back. Later, he simply stopped attacking and let Andrew's fists rain on him.

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He got knocked down and struggled to get up repeatedly. Until all his strength was exhausted, he lay on the ground. He didn't seem to care whether Andrew would hit him to death.

"Enough. If you hit him again, he'll die."

Winston no longer stood idly by. He set down the things and went over to pull Andrew back. "You don't have to waste your time beating a scumbag. Why don't you go and check if your girlfriend is injured?"

Andrew gradually calmed down. He glanced at Flynn sternly before returning his attention to Queenie. He lowered his head and tenderly asked her if she was injured.

rage.

She cried and shook her head, stating she was fine, which soothed his Flynn struggled to stand while swaying. His expensive clothes were stained with mud and leaves, his hair was messy, and the blood on his face had spread into a strange mark

He gazed longingly at Queenie, who was being cared for by Andrew. His eyes tears, and he revealed his intense and heavy pain.

welled up with

Was Flynn in pain, too? That was a rare scene. Only by experiencing it himself did he understand how much pain Queenie had suffered over the years.

"Queenie, let's go back, okay?" Andrew spoke softly. He still looked immature but seemingly invincible, standing beside Queenie like a protective wall capable of shielding her from danger for the rest of her life.

I echoed, "Queenie, let's go back. I haven't had dinner yet."

"Okay." She wiped away her tears and walked forward.

We walked in. Andrew wanted to take my suitcase, but Winston refused. "Just take care of your girlfriend. I can handle this."

Honestly, I didn't want Winston to enter my place. After all, Colin specifically reminded me to stay away from him.

However, Andrew got increasingly concerned about the crying Queenie. I couldn't carry so much stuff either. Given Flynn's insane state, it would be safer to have more men, so I'd better accept Winston's help.

When we approached the door, there was a shrill yell from behind, "I love you, Queenie! Don't leave me! Please!"

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“I got it. Don’t worry about my safety. Andrew is here, too. He’ll protect us. By the way, Colin, are you still in the hospital?”

It was only fair for me to ask about him after he’d asked about me. Otherwise, I would have come off as rude.

Colin didn’t hide it from me. “Yes, her surgery was quite successful. It’s difficult to predict the how her recovery will go. The director stated that even if she could recover, rehabilitation process would be painful. Even now, she’s in great discomfort.”

He continued, “Jasmine is in a bad mood. She’s in an unfamiliar city and has no one to rely on. She’s my alumni. Besides, she was injured because of me. I have to take care of her.”

“Jasmine? The person you hugged that day was Jasmine?”

A long-forgotten smiling face appeared in my mind when I heard this name. I felt my heart sink, and the horrible premonition returned.

Colin was so concerned about his savior. Was it merely because she saved his life, or was it because that person was Jasmine?

In other words, he was always with her throughout the academic exchange at Lagado.

I then remembered the voice I heard on the video call when Colin went to the educational aid for the first time. It was Jasmine, after all. No wonder that voice sounded so familiar.

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It was fine when I didn't know the woman's identity. I could assume that Colin was just carrying out his duties. When I found out she was Jasmine, I admitted I grew nervous and unhappy.

She had liked Colin since they were at Lincoln University. I even helped her send him letters.

Although he rejected her back then, they reunited many years later in another city and went through a disaster together. It was a bad sign when he was particularly attentive to her.

My intuition told me that Jasmine's injury wasn't that simple. What would happen between the three of us would be even more complicated.

"What are you thinking about? Why are you so quiet?" Colin asked, raising his brow.

I was curious about what he thought about Jasmine, but those were only my guesses. I couldn't ask him impulsively. I didn't want to say anything hurtful or unreasonable.

I tried to concentrate on the conversation and replied to him feebly, "I'm worried about Jasmine. Colin, can I video chat with her?"

Colin thought for a while before gently rejecting me. It was the first time he had explicitly rejected me for someone who liked him. "You'd better avoid calling her for the time being. She's feeling depressed right now. You can chat with her later when her mood gets better.

Wasn't it because she was in a terrible mood that I wanted to speak with her? I wouldn't stimulate her anyway. Why didn't he let me? I hadn't done anything yet, but he was already protecting her,

Sure enough, all men were bastards.

"I just care about Jasmine. Nothing else." I hid my displeasure. I was a woman, after all. It was natural for me to be jealous.

"Hmm, I know that. I'm here with her. You don't have to worry. Just take care of yourself. Wait until I get back."

I told him, "Okay, take good care of Jasmine. You don't have to call me all the time. If she finds out and gets stimulated again, it'll be troublesome. Don't worry. If anything happens, I'll ask Winston for help.

"By the way, if you don't have enough money, just tell me. She saved your life. We must cover her medical expenses, nutritious meals, and lost wages. Don't be stingy."

Colin might have heard the insinuations in my words, but he couldn't find any point to refute. He smiled meaningfully, revealing a bit of fierceness and attractiveness in his eyes.

I admitted I mentioned Winston on purpose.

I felt it was unjust that he could accompany Jasmine, but I couldn't approach Winston for help. Anyway, we were still in a pure alumni relationship up to now. There was nothing I couldn't say.

He couldn't do anything he wanted while restricting me.

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Colin hung up the phone unsatisfied. I flung the phone onto the couch, but then I noticed Winston sitting upright, snickering with his lips pursed. I felt my face slightly heated.

It was over. I took advantage of him to make Colin jealous, and he heard the whole conversation. I seemed to be very scheming. That wasn't good.

The meals were served quickly. Winston and I each had a plate of pasta.

I picked up the pasta and took some bites. Then, a big shrimp emerged from the plate. I scooped it up and prepared to bite it with the skin, but Winston grabbed it.

"What are you doing? You have shrimps, too. Why are you taking mine?"

I was already so upset that I wanted to cry when he grabbed my shrimp and disturbed my meal.

Was I easily bullied? My tears instantly flowed, smearing my eyes with dampness.

"Why are you crying? It's just shrimp. Don't worry. I'm not snatching it. I just want to peel it for you."

Winston flexibly twisted off the shrimp heads and started peeling its skin. As an art student

his hands were attractive.

I got an idea and took a snapshot with my phone, then uploaded it to my WhatsApp story with a bold sentence.

The photo showed a half-peeled shrimp and Winston's slender hands. I wrote, "Repay The Savior With Life."

The photo and sentence were somewhat irrelevant, but I believed Colin could understand it.

After eating pasta, Winston exchanged phone numbers with me and added my WhatsApp under the guise of helping each other. Then, he said goodbye and left.

Queenie was emotionally unstable. Andrew was worried and insisted on staying. It was a pity there were only two bedrooms, so he had to sleep on the couch.

It wasn't like he'd never slept on the couch before. At that time, we assumed he was only an ordinary college student like us, so we didn't think much about it.

However, the truth was that he was a young heir of a wealthy family. If we let him sleep on the couch again, it would be somewhat inappropriate. We would feel pressured as if we

hadn't treated him properly.

Andrew probably only experienced sleeping on the couch in our small house. It might be a novel and painful experience for him.

Fortunately, he was very adaptable and wasn't displeased at all. On the contrary, he seemed to be enjoying it.

The couch wasn't long. Andrew's legs dangled off the couch while he lay on it. I couldn't help but tease him, "Mr. Lambert, you must have a big bed in your place. Why are you suffering here? Won't you feel aggrieved?"

He patted the pillow and grinned. "Luna, I don't care about anything as long as I'm by Queenie's side. I'll still be happy even if I have to sleep next to the rubbish. It's ideal if I could sleep here every day."

"Andrew, I've always wanted to ask you. In terms of family background and age, you're not a good match for Queenie. Why do you like her? Can I trust you?"

Andrew grew interested in the topic. He turned over and half-lying on the couch, blinking his eyes. It appeared to be a long chat. "Luna, do you believe in love at first sight?" "

I smiled. "I've heard that all love at first sight is driven by desire. Queenie and I have been friends for years. We have profound feelings. So, if you pursue her because of desire or something else, I advise you to stop here. If you hurt her, I'll never forgive you.

Queenie was a pure northerner but had the petite figure of a southerner. Her facial features were exquisite, which always drew guys in.

“I can’t bear to see her cry. How could I hurt her? Luna, I know you all think I’m young and unreliable. But you shouldn’t judge me based on my appearance. Even though Flynn is older.

his character isn’t that good.

than me,

“I’m loyal in love. I won’t leave Queenie unless she doesn’t want me. So, I believe I’m the one who can give her long-term stability. The most important thing you can do right now is to help me pursue her.”

After saying so, that brat winked at me cheekily.

Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart’s Brother

What Flynn lacked was a determination like Andrew’s.

In all the years we had been at Lincoln University, Flynn had never said anything like this in public.

For any woman, nothing was more essential than being affirmed and acknowledged in front

of others.

“Why should I trust you? Because of your eloquence?” I asked.

He replied, “With my strong love for her, I’ll never leave her forever. Is that enough? Luna, no matter how much I promise, it would be better to do something that will make her happy.

“Promises are useless except for bluffing. At least I haven’t seen anyone punished for breaching their words. As long as Queenie is willing to give me a chance, I’ll make her happy forever.”

Andrew said that with sincerity. His eyes were clear with happiness.

Sincerity was quite rare in a wealthy family. It showed that he had a good intention.

He patted the pillow again and lay down excitedly. Then, he took a selfie and sent a WhatsApp story with the sentence—On a Journey to Pursue Love.

He even added a chubby boy icon behind the sentence. His tone of the sentence was playful

and sincere, which was a bit cute.

I was curious how Queenie would react when she saw it. I even wondered when she'd be able

to let go of the past and pay attention to this cute, cool boy.

Perhaps his sincerity led me to believe he would keep her happy for the rest of her life.

After lying on the bed, I was still thinking that maybe Andrew would be Queenie's salvation.

As I had been busy for several days, I was exhausted. After scrolling through my phone, I felt sleepy and set my phone aside. Just as I was about to fall asleep, my phone rang.

It was so annoying. The caller was crazy to call me at midnight.

I irritably stretched the sheet to cover my face and didn't bother looking for my phone. I assumed the caller would hang up after no one responded. However, the caller waited patiently until the call was automatically denied before calling again. The ringing of the phone took away my drowsiness.

When it rang for the fourth time, I reached for my phone in annoyance, shouting, "Who is it? I want to sleep! Are you crazy to call me at this hour?"

After shouting, I realized that it was a video call. Colin's expression on the screen darkened. His eyes were flickering, and he looked a little gloomy and scary.

Did he want to settle the score with me? I smiled playfully in secret as I remembered the post in my WhatsApp story. Hmph, I did it on purpose. It was my revenge for him hugging Jasmine.

I wasn't that petty or selfish. Though, when I saw the man I loved hugging another woman, I couldn't help but feel bad.

Although Colin claimed that Jasmine saved his life, only the two of them knew what went on. As his girlfriend, I had a right to know it. I had the right to complain for the whole truth to be exposed.

Moreover, he had disturbed my restful slumber. I even considered cutting-off a few red flowers as a punishment for his inappropriate behavior and extending his probation period.

It was just that Colin's eyes were too frightening. I flinched reflexively, but I feigned indifference and met his stare, forcing myself to confront him.

"Do you have hands?" he asked gloomily.

"I have." I stretched out my other hand to the screen and made a gesture deftly.

"Since you have, why don't you peel the shrimp yourself?"

"I'm used to having someone peel shrimp for me. I can't do it because I'm afraid of hurting my hands," I deliberately said so to make him unhappy.

Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

Colin was talking nonsense. Why should I waste my energy peeling the shrimp when someone had already done so?

When I was a kid, I had my finger pricked by a shrimp. I didn't want to get pricked again. If no one peeled it for me, I'd eat it whole, spitting away the skin.

"Then don't eat shrimp."

He was quite domineering. Who was he trying to scare? I wouldn't listen to him.

"That won't work. I like shrimp." I wrinkled my nose and pouted cheekily. I looked away, refusing to look at him properly.

"Who is that?"

"Winston."

"Didn't I say-" Colin rubbed his forehead helplessly as if I had caused him a headache. "Tell me, what are you making a fuss about?"

I showed him an unhappy expression. "Repaying the savior with life."

Colin was stunned for a moment. "What do you mean?"

"Stop pretending. Didn't she save your life? She even wrote you letters while we were at Lincoln University. You two reunited and spent many days in the same place. You even held her so tightly when you got out."

He seemed to be angry about my statements but found them laughable. His eyes were sparkling. “Little brat, so this is your actual purpose, right? I felt something wrong with you during the last two days. It turns out you’re jealous.

“Jasmine is indeed my savior, but I won’t repay her with my life. I promised myself to a heartless girl a long time ago.”

His promise was just what I was waiting for. I couldn’t help but feel proud, but I pretended not to let it go. “I don’t believe it. You held her so tightly that you didn’t even notice me standing next to you. You have no conscience.”

“Yes, I have no conscience for not noticing you. I know you made a lot of effort to come here and save me. You had suffered. It is a life-saving grace, so I’ll give myself to you. However, you must wait until I get back before doing so. Please wait for me patiently. Don’t let others

take advantage of you, okay?”

I pouted and refused to agree.

Colin’s voice went lower and softer like the strings of a guitar being plucked on a moonlit night. It sounded so intoxicating. “Baby, it was an accident that day. If the rescue team had brought a stretcher, I wouldn’t have needed to carry her out.

“It’s only a temporary measure to save people. It has nothing to do with feelings. I’ll carry her out regardless of who she is, even if she’s not Jasmine. Baby, are you jealous because you lack confidence in yourself?”

Hmph, who lacked confidence? I was just upset.

I retorted, “When did I get jealous? Jealousy will only make me feel worse. I only like shrimp. I’ll eat fried shrimp tomorrow.”

“Yes, you’re not jealous. But you’re not allowed to eat shrimp until I return.

I was about to lose my temper when Colin’s eyes became affectionate and passionate. “Baby, I want to kiss you.”

My plan to confront him crumbled.

Even though I was ready to make a fuss with him, his deep affection and warmth drew me into a trap I couldn’t escape.

Colin was quite skilled at flirting. In this life, I might be unable to escape the love web he had spun.

I blushed and hesitated, too embarrassed to look at him.

I couldn't recall how many times I kissed or hugged him to sleep. Despite his request, I couldn't overcome my nervousness. My face heated up, and my heart was beating wildly.

"I'm right here. Come on, you can kiss me." I mustered my bravery and attempted to appear triumphant, raising my chin to challenge him.