

# Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

## chapter 451-460

# Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

I learned this trick from Julia. I might appear unsatisfied or challenged Colin, yet it was coquettish.

As a result, I could attract him. Although he would get bothered, he would feel amused and focused on me. Julia stated few boyfriends could escape this trick.

In addition, I dared to do this because I knew he couldn't kiss me right now.

If he were here, he wouldn't ask my opinion when he wanted to kiss me. The outcome would be the same whether I agreed or not.

The other thing was that I didn't dare to provoke him. I was afraid he would become impetuous and take the final step in bed with me. After all, I'd seen the excited spark in his eyes many times. It was scary.

I wanted to save the most beautiful moment for the most memorable day. I didn't want to be too intimate with him in advance. Thus, I only teased him. He still had to wait for the most important moment to do anything he wanted with me.

Colin grinned meaningfully. His dark eyes were as deep as the night sky, and his smile was attractive, but the threat in his eyes was obvious. "Be good, baby. Wait until I get back. I won't let you down."

I assumed I would get a lesson from him.

After receiving his 'threat', I no longer felt stuffy. My breathing became much smoother, and I slept exceptionally well.

Honestly, I believed Colin. I only wanted to make a fuss with him. Otherwise, I wouldn't be

able to feel at ease.

The virtuous Andrew had already prepared breakfast when I woke up the next morning. He appeared elegant, serving the cornflakes seriously.

It was said that serious men were the most attractive. He was one of them. Not only was he attractive, but he was also seductive.

Queenie came out after washing up. We exchanged smiles before sitting at the dining table to await breakfast.

I felt quite lucky. Previously, Colin was the one who made my meals. As Queenie lived with me, Andrew was now preparing my meals as well. The overall feeling was pretty good.

While he was going to the kitchen to get something, I nudged her and signaled her to peek into the kitchen.

“Queenie, I wasn’t expecting you to attract a cool boy. How do you feel? You can consider accepting him. I think he’s pretty good. He has money, talent, and a good appearance. The most important thing is that he cares for you.”

Queenie grabbed a cream cheese bread roll and stuffed it into my mouth. Her face reddened from anger and shyness. “Can’t breakfast keep you from talking? If you keep talking nonsense, I’ll scratch you.”

“Why are you angry? I bet you want to hide your true feelings.” I chewed the fluffy, sweet bread roll with its strong cheese flavor.

“We’re just colleagues and friends. Don’t try to pair us up. In my current situation, I can’t start a new relationship. Please stop messing around. If Andrew misunderstands it, I’ll delay him from finding a girlfriend. How can I afford such a sin? Lulu, don’t make fun of us.”

“Pairing up has nothing to do with sin. In many cases, the explanation is only a cover-up. If you use a cover-up too many times, it becomes a fact. God predestined the pairings. I can’t pair anyone the way I want to.”

Andrew came back and asked if we wanted fruit. Perhaps he misheard “pair” as “pear” and said he could help us to buy it. I nearly hurt myself by suppressing my laughter. If Queente hadn’t glared at me, I would have told him the truth.

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As we didn’t answer him, he stared at us in doubt. Then, he smiled helplessly and murmured that it was difficult for him to guess a woman’s thoughts.

Queenie pretended it had nothing to do with her and let me deal with the trouble I caused. I could only smile embarrassedly and respond, “It’s nothing. Let’s eat. I’m already hungry.”

Andrew also gave me a smile in return. He then picked up a slice of pickled crunchy cucumber for Queenie. “Try it. It’s fresh. If you don’t like it, I’ll switch to another kind of cucumber tomorrow.”

After breakfast, the three of us went out together.

Queenie and Andrew had work, leaving me with no choice but to go to college. I would meet with Professor King to discuss a new design plan.

When we left the community, we noticed the eye-catching Flynn standing across the road.

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Flynn was dressed in black, casual attire. He stood straight and upright, but his eyes were dim and lonely.

It had only been one night. Flynn, who had always been cold and sharp, appeared to have experienced countless hardships and was depressed.

I held Queenie’s hand worriedly. She smiled gently at me and said softly, “I’m fine. You can go ahead.”

“Don’t worry, Luna. I’m with Queenie. Even if my life is at risk, I’ll keep Queenie safe.”

Andrew glanced at Flynn coldly before hugging Queenie’s shoulders as if he were a knight guarding a princess.

Usually, she would shake his hand off. However, in front of Flynn, she silently accepted it. She later told me she felt quite despicable to accept Andrew’s kindness, but I didn’t think so. He was willing to help her, and she was willing to accept it. They were a perfect match. She was far from despicable.

When Flynn saw this scene, he instantly felt deep pain and embarrassment. His body shook violently.

Even though I was far away, I could still see his sadness hanging like a cloud, as if it were about to drown him.

I couldn't help but feel pity for him. If he had known he would get such a result, Flynn might not have done what he did in the first place. Queenie wouldn't always stand behind him while hoping for a fruitless love.

Andrew shielded Queenie as they walked away. Flynn stared blankly in the direction they were leaving. Tears flowed down his cheeks.

When I saw this scene, I felt deeply grateful to Andrew. I assumed he had helped Queenie a lot in leaving Flynn successfully. The reason was most likely that his status and background were much higher than Flynn's.

So, Flynn didn't dare to offend Andrew.

After all, he valued family interests over love. When he had to choose between love and family- especially when the love was irretrievable-the outcome was evident.

I hoped he would fight to keep Queenie. At the very least, he could show that his love for her was genuine. He could prove that everything she had contributed over the years hadn't been in vain. On the other hand, I hoped he could let go of her. He hurt her too deeply. I was afraid that his never-ending entanglements would sap her courage to begin a new life.

Despite Flynn's feelings for Queenie, he was a scumbag.

Until now, he hadn't promised what she desired. There were too many things he couldn't bear to part with. In his mind, those things were more important than her.

She was right to give up. He deserved to suffer.

I had meant to ignore Flynn, but I couldn't bear seeing him like this. So, I walked over and wanted to advise him. I hoped he'd return to his place and respect Queenie's wishes.

"Flynn, as your friend, I advise you to go back. Cherish the people around you. Queenie is your future. You've your irreparable past. The woman who is pregnant with your child is done something unforgivable to Queenie. Don't abandon Daniela, who will give birth to your child."

During my years at Lincoln University, Colin and I got along well with each other's roommates. Flynn and I were also considered friends.

It was indeed his fault that he had reached this point. However, as his friend, I couldn't bear to see him sad. It would be callous of me not to offer him some advice.

Only by letting Queenie go could she begin a new life.

He was a jerk and terrible at dealing with his issues, yet he was still a friend.

Flynn held his head and turned around, groaning in pain. “I can’t bear to part with her. I love her so much. We’ve been together for almost five years.

“She has often stated that she’ll always be with me and love me forever. How could she abandon me? How could she not love me? She claimed she loved me the most.”

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I took Flynn to a quiet place and sat down. “I believe Queenie was sincere when she said those. She wanted to be with you in this life. You know better than anyone else how much she loved you.

“But, have you made plans for your future? In other words, have you ever considered what kind of life you want to offer her? For example, when are you going to meet her parents? When will you marry her? How many children are you planning to have?”

He frowned and looked at me, dumbfounded and confused. He seemed to be asking if he didn’t love enough and why he had to consider so much. He had given Queenie all his love.

“You haven’t considered it, right? In other words, she has no place in your future. I believe you love her, and she sincerely loves you.

“But, to put it bluntly, you prefer glory, wealth, and superiority over her. You never thought about giving her a home. All you want is a harbor called ‘Queenie’ where you can rest when you’re tired.

“However, she’s human. She’ll feel pain, disappointment, and despair. What you did hurt her. You asking Queenie to be your mistress is enough to make her lose the confidence to continue loving you.

“Your actions prompted her to leave. She couldn’t help but give up on you. You can do

nothing to make it up. Flynn, love can’t be expressed only by words. She requires a sense of belonging and security.”

Flynn responded, “It was my fault. I thought if I cared for her enough, she would know my love and follow me without regrets for the rest of her life. I assumed that if I provided her with sufficient materials,

she would have felt at ease.

“I believed she loved me and would never leave me. I never considered her standpoint. It was all my fault. But, Luna, my affection for her is genuine. I’ve never changed.”

I told him, “But you got Daniela pregnant. You gave your marriage and future to her. You’ll have a family with her. Flynn, what remains when you’ve gotten rid of everything in your life? It’s painful for Queenie to suffer without hope. She’s in hell.

“Have you ever thought about it? In the future, you, Daniela, and your child might run into Queenie with your other child. Daniela’s child calls you daddy, but Queenie’s child can only see you from afar. Daniela calls you hubby, but Queenie can’t.

“Flynn, how will you feel at that moment? How will Queenie feel? How about that poor child? She’s not a robot. She’s a human who loved you deeply and wanted to give her whole life to you. What have you given her? You can’t tell, can you?

“No one can live such a life. It took her best effort to get through your hell. Please, let her She has to survive.”

1. go.

Flynn frowned again. The pain in his eyes deepened, and he appeared overwhelmed with regret. However, it was all his fault. There was no one he could blame.

I patted his shoulder, both reproaching and comforting him. “You’re doomed not to be able to bring Queenie happiness. Just let her go.”

“I can’t. That’s five years. She has long been in my heart. How can you ask me to let her go? It’d kill me. I also have to survive.”

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After saying so much, I assumed I had made it clear, but Flynn didn’t seem to take seriously.

my

words

I couldn't help but become irritated. After hurting Queenie, he professed to love her sincerely. What on earth did he mean? What did he think of her?

Did he think of himself to be the master of the world? Nothing in the world would alter according to his will. Why couldn't he focus more on Queenie?

"You said you love Queenie deeply and can't live without her. I'd like to ask—can you give up everything for her? Give up your family background, money, Daniela, and your child in her

I'll persuade her to stay with you forever." belly for Queenie. Can you do it? If you can, I'll persuade her to stay

Flynn was stunned, and his expression darkened. His eyes darted from side to side, refusing to look at me.

My heart continued to sink as if a ball of ice had blocked it. I felt cold and stuffy. He spoke of love so profoundly that I was almost shaken. Despite having a profound affection, he still chose power before love.

That was ridiculous. His so-called deep love was always his second choice.

I asked, "Look, it's only a simple question. What is your final decision?"

Your reaction has already given me the answer. You squandered Queenie's self-esteem and affection for you. But your first choice will never be her. Do you have anything else to say?

He smiled miserably and covered his eyes. "I have nothing to say. I never intended to hurt her. It was all my fault."

Flynn stood up, muttering in pain, and turned to leave. He appeared as skinny as a mast that couldn't find its way in the sun, swaying lonely in the air.

"Don't come to Queenie again!" I yelled at him.

He didn't look back or speak. He only raised his hand and waved. It would be good if he could let Queenie go. The days ahead were going to be long, but both of them should live well.

Sadly, the story of Prince Charming and Cinderella, which I envied at that time, ended in tragedy.

Until I entered Professor King's office, I was still depressed and uncomfortable.

Love was no different than poison. People who had been poisoned had a tough time recovering.

When Professor King noticed me approaching, he invited me to join him. He brought out a bundle of paperwork and handed them to me, asking me to read them thoroughly. I had to modify the plan and creative direction as soon as possible. The organizer was anxious to receive new creations.

“Dreamlight has unilaterally breached the contract. Why should we agree to it?”

Despite my little social experience, I retained a sense of youthful loyalty. I viewed the world as a blank slate. I had always wanted to keep to my principles.

Professor King had seen a lot and had his considerations on everything. He gave me a disapproving look after hearing what I said.

“Now is the time to show the industry your true strength. Just focus on creating good paintings. Don’t worry about anything else or quibble over every detail. You should understand that the more difficult a goal is to obtain, the faster you can progress.”

I didn’t dare to retort, but I was dissatisfied. Rules were rules. Why should regulations exist if anyone could disobey them at any time? Anyone could do whatever they wanted then.

As a big company, Dreamlight shouldn’t change its mind at the last minute. If they also treated clients in this way, they would be on the verge of bankruptcy.

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It was summer vacation. There was no one in the college, so it was quiet.

The sun was up. It was so hot that I began to sweat. I had lived in the north for several years and was accustomed to the northern climate.

Jinovy was colder than Southville but not as pleasant as the north. When the sun rose, I was covered in sweat. I felt annoyed because my entire body was sticky.

I was a Southerner. However, at moments like this, I missed the cool breeze from the north, which could blow from any direction at any time. That was refreshing.

I hurried down the path with the paperwork, eager to return to the apartment and enjoy the air conditioner to dry my sticky sweat. Unexpectedly, I met Winston by the fountain.



“Hello, Luna. What a coincidence.” He was polite and greeted me with a smile.

“Hello, Winston.” I smiled back, wondering why he didn’t go home for the summer vacation. However, I didn’t know him well. I didn’t want to get closer to him either. So, I had no reason to ask such a question. I wouldn’t care about his response anyway.

“Why did you come to college on such a hot day? Are you here for the project you mentioned earlier?” He smiled tenderly, with an affinity that drew me close to him.

This kind of temperament was rare in a boy in his 20s.

Winston was always smiling and appeared to have boundless energy. He was like the sun in the morning—warm but not scorching, bright but not dazzling. When I got along with Kim, I felt relaxed and

comfortable.

I nodded helplessly. “I don’t want to come either. It’s boiling today. But since I signed a contract, I have to work hard. I can’t disgrace Professor King or ruin my reputation.”

“Would you like to relax? I can take you to a good place. You’ll like it.”

Winston was standing under the sun. His forehead was covered with sweat, and his eyes were sparkling. However, his smile made him look like the wolf who abducted Little Red Riding Hood. I couldn’t see what he had in mind.

I was eager to go back and review the paperwork. I wasn’t sure when I’d get through them all. If the discrepancy was large, everything I had done before would have to be adjusted. If I were to start over, all of my previous plans and drafts would be for naught. I felt depressed and uneasy.

Artworks and creatives were like my children. As their mother, I felt it was a pity to give them

up

and was unwilling to deprive them of a chance of life.

I had been surrounded by negativity lately. I felt a bit depressed. Indeed, I required a good mood to generate creative ideas. I needed to relax.

Winston had made an invitation. I hesitated on whether I should go with him. I then recalled Colin’s reminders and his jealous look.

As his girlfriend, I wanted to offer him a sense of security, so I decided to reject Winston. As for relaxation, I could go anywhere. There were numerous ways to relax. I didn't have to join

him.

I would avoid anything that could lead to misunderstandings between Colin and me.

Winston saw my hesitation and laughed heartily. He placed his hands on his waist, showing his vigor.

"What's wrong, Lulu? I just succeeded in something and overthink it, won't you?"

want to share it with you. Don't

He appeared to see through my thoughts and teased me, "Does your boyfriend not allow you to be close to other boys? Is he worried that a handsome guy like me will take you away

"Don't call me Lulu. Call me Luna." I corrected him firmly.

I felt so embarrassed that he revealed my true thoughts.

Annoyed, I slapped his arm hard with the paperwork and watched his theatrical yelp. You're so narcissistic to call yourself a handsome guy. Professor King gave me new information. I just want to go back and read it. Don't get me wrong."

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I secretly gave Winston a big thumbs up. He was quite perceptive at such a young age.

He stopped laughing and walked forward. "Let's go. It's in college. I believe you'll like it."

I pouted. Winston said it as if that place was tailor-made for me. What if I disliked it? Could he destroy it and start over? Most boys didn't think deeply before saying something. Mature men were better. At the very least, they were more steady and reliable.

Anyway, there wouldn't be any man better than Colin in this world.

If Winston hadn't led the way, I wouldn't have known the college had such a quiet and mysterious paradise.

It was an old campus I had never visited. There was a large courtyard with a row of three-story buildings built slightly back.

Peach trees had been planted in a broad space in front of the yard. The fruits were ripe and densely packed. They were so red that I wanted to eat them. Their fruity fragrance was overflowing.

Perhaps no one took care of this place. Some ripe fruit had dropped on the ground. Several birds landed on it and focused on it so much that they didn't fly away even when we arrived.

The scenery wasn't particularly stunning, but everything was simple and natural.

I'd been drawing since I was a child. Dad and Mom taught me to appreciate and cherish the beautiful things in life. Despite the obvious artificial traces, the scenery in front of me had an otherworldly style of a city encased in reinforced concrete that appealed to my artistic sense.

"It's so beautiful here. I like it." I raised my eyebrow and told Winston, "You're awesome for finding this."

He chuckled proudly again. Then, he took the initiative to open a door and strode inside. "I knew you'd like it. Please come in. You'll find something more interesting inside."

I followed him with curiosity. It wasn't until he stopped that I realized he surprised me.

It was a house with a unique structure. It was three entire glass walls from top to bottom and a fourth side connecting to the first floor. Several large miniature trees were neatly set in the deep and wide space.

There was also light golden flooring and light green drapes hanging on the windows, lifted by milky white hooks.

The window was open. A slight breeze blew the drapes, allowing sunlight to shine in. The drapes were enchanting, moving like a graceful woman. The sky was blue with dense clouds. The room was bright, like a fairyland.

What surprised me more was the enormous desk positioned against the wall. There were all kinds of brushes, paints, papers, palettes, and other painting instruments and materials. The most attractive thing was a blue paperweight with green flowers. No matter the pattern or color, it drew my attention.

I couldn't move my eyes away for a long time.

"How's it? Not bad, right?" Winston crossed his arms proudly as if showing off a new game to his friends. He appeared a little cute.

I chuckled, squinted at him, and said teasingly, "I like it, but it's hard for me to imagine a boy decorating such a dreamy place."

He rubbed his head in embarrassment but said sincerely, "Luna, you can come here to paint. You're Professor King's favorite student and everyone's favorite teaching assistant."

"With you here, we can ask for your suggestions. We hope you can come. My friends are aware that I know you and have specifically asked me to invite you."

Winston's words sounded nice. It turned out that he had ulterior motives. That was why I could meet him by chance in such a big college. Everything was deliberately arranged.

It turned out that I was well-known in college. I had never noticed this before.

However, Professor King was indeed famous. As his student, it didn't seem strange for me to become eye-catching. So, I chose not to refute Winston on this point.

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When it came to painting, it was quieter at home. I preferred painting in a quiet environment. It was just that my place wasn't big enough, and there wasn't such a large drawing board. I couldn't display larger paintings there.

Thus, I long wished to have a spacious, bright, and well-equipped studio. Due to various reasons, I hadn't realized my wish until now.

To put it bluntly, the place Winston prepared for me fulfilled all of my studio fantasies in another way.

The area here was large enough. Easels and drawing boards were available in various sizes without restrictions, which fully matched my painting requirements.

It surprised me. Winston successfully impressed me with a glass room.

In this situation, it proved that a person could move someone when using a suitable method. Nothing was impossible. It relied on how he did it and whether he met the other party's expectations.

Winston was fantastic at understanding the key to achieving things by accommodating my tastes.

This glass room won me over. I was eager to accept it.

"Thanks then. By the way, this place is so beautiful. Let me give it a name. How about calling it 'Crystal House'?"

That afternoon, Winston repeatedly rushed between my house and Crystal House. He transferred everything I used for painting to the Crystal House. Then, he chose a spot with the best sunlight to decorate a small studio that had everything I needed.

As the studio existed, I went there early to paint every day. It wasn't far from home, so I always worked a little overtime. I usually went home after 8:00 pm.

My mood was so good in the cozy surroundings that I made quick progress in my work.

I'd read Dreamlight's new information. There were no significant modifications to my earlier drafts. Dreamlight merely wanted to add a few tiny touches. It didn't affect the overall planning and layout.

Perhaps it was due to the summer vacation, but only a few people came to Crystal House to paint. Most of the time, there were only me and Winston. He studied oil painting. His painting method was fundamentally different from mine, yet our understanding of art was similar. When I took a break, I'd watch him paint and discuss some issues with him.

We formed a good bond after a few days as a result of Crystal House and painting.

Every night when I got home, Andrew had prepared meals and waited for me with Queenie. I would have dinner whenever I returned.

I had said several times that if I returned too late, it would affect their meal habits. I asked them not to wait for me. They could just leave me some dishes, and I'd eat alone.

However, Queenie disagreed. She insisted on waiting for me to return and have dinner together, claiming we were no different from a family. A family should dine together to enjoy the warm moments.

It always made me glad to have them waiting for me. I couldn't refuse, so I simply agreed.

Colin's video calls came at specific times. He would ask me about trivial matters like what I had eaten, and if I was tired, he reminded me to take a break. He enjoyed caring about me.

We had a tacit understanding to not mention Jasmine. We were aware that if we did so, the topic would veer off course.

Colin would say he had nothing to do with her and asked me to wait for him. On the other hand, I would infinitely exaggerate the meaning behind his words, make various conjectures, and feel uneasy.

He faced a lovable woman on the hospital bed every day. Moreover, she had a crush on him many years ago and even saved his life. How could he be indifferent? He wasn't a robot, after all.

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I didn't dare to mention Jasmine since I was concerned we'd conclude the call on poor terms.

It wasn't that I didn't trust Colin. I believed in his loyalty, but I also knew his character. He would try to repay her for saving his life.

More precisely, I didn't trust Jasmine. I always believed that when disaster struck, men were more likely to save women. Unless it was accidental, it was uncommon for a woman to save a man.

I didn't want to unscrupulously tell him that she might have done it on purpose and hoped to get repayment from him. However, there was always a possibility.

I felt even more tormented when I knew Jasmine couldn't move her lower limbs. How was Colin, a grown man, going to care for her? What steps did he need to take when she took a shower, changed clothes, and used the bathroom?

I had to stop myself from thinking about that. Otherwise, I'd be uneasy and want to fly over to see where Colin was when Jasmine took a shower. I even wondered if he'd rub her back and dress her with his eyes closed.

I never felt comfortable after learning she was the one who saved him. Many times, I wanted to pull him away and tell him to leave her alone.

However, I couldn't do it. Colin valued duty and morality. He couldn't ignore Jasmine, who got injured by saving him. Furthermore, I couldn't let him get accused of having no conscience.

So, I told myself that I was the only one he loved. He would never do anything to make me sad. I trusted him.

Colin never gave up on me when Felix tormented us at the cost of his life. For Jasmine, he wouldn't give up on me as well.

My confidence sprang from his tremendous love for me.

What puzzled me the most was that Jasmine had severe injuries. If the treatment was ineffective, she might become paralyzed. Why were none of her family by her side?

Where was her home? Who were her parents? She should have relatives, right?

Those doubts lingered in my mind every day, making me suffer. I continuously reminded myself that Colin only loved me. I believed in him.

It wasn't that I didn't dare or couldn't ask him. I believed him, so I didn't need to ask. Though, without asking, I couldn't get an answer, which caused me anxiety and frustration.

I was unhappy and uneasy. I could only keep telling myself it was because I had been separated from Colin for too long, and I missed him. There was no other reason.

When we were chatting at night, he noticed through the screen that all of my painting tools on the desk were missing. He asked me in confusion. Then, I remembered I hadn't told him about my move to Crystal House.

I sent him a few photos of Crystal House. He looked at it for a while, and his expression changed slightly. He appeared displeased and asked me who designed it. It was so childish it resembled a princess house that young girls preferred.

I told him Winston had designed it and deliberately added, "Colin, your EQ is so low. Don't you know that every girl dreams of being a princess since childhood? Owning a dream castle is every girl's dream."

Colin was extremely silent after hearing what I stated that day. He kept staring at me with his deep, dark eyes as if he wanted to look into me.

I couldn't stand this type of communication. He seemed to probe whether I felt guilty for saying such things. I glared at him in dissatisfaction. I didn't do anything wrong with Winston. Why was he so jealous?

Besides, I was the one who should have been jealous. I was innocent, but Colin was with another woman every day. Who knew what would happen between them?

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I didn't want to continue this topic to avoid unnecessary conflicts. So, I shifted the subject and asked how Flynn was doing and if he would stop disturbing Queenie.

Colin asked, "Why are you so resistant and dissatisfied with Flynn?"

"You can't blame me. He has gone too far. In the guise of love, he deceived and betrayed Queenie. He nearly ruined her."

I angrily wrung my fingers and told Colin of Flynn's heinous deeds. He found it amusing that I got irritated readily.

"Flynn complied with his family's request and scheduled an engagement date with Daniela. I'm not sure if he'll go to Queenie again, but I know he only loves her. No matter who he marries, he'll never forget her."

Colin's voice was low, and he appeared to feel sorry for Flynn. They were roommates and close friends. He never expected things to come to this point. That was why he felt pity for Flynn.

I shrugged it off. Flynn could only prove his true love by giving Queenie a home. What was the point of appearing to be affectionate afterward? He couldn't change anything.

Later, I carefully thought about the meaning of Colin's words. For some reason, I felt that he was attempting to persuade me.

Perhaps he used what happened with Flynn and Queenie to tell me that no matter who he ended up with, the only person he loved was me.

It was just that I couldn't grasp such a profound emotion. How was the so-called love-so nihilistic that it couldn't even be seen or touched-of use if he couldn't even keep his beloved one? If Colin did the same thing as Flynn, I would leave him without looking back.

"Please tell him to stop loving Queenie. Does he think he's still in the Middle Ages? He won't get everyone's blessings if he desires two women at the same time. He slept with Daniela but said he loved Queenie. I won't believe his words. I only find him nasty."

Although I commented brutally, I meant it sincerely.

Colin frowned and appeared unwilling to accept my point of view, but he said little else.

"I spoke to him on the phone yesterday. He has lost a lot of weight and isn't in a good mood. I'm not sure when he'll be able to get out of his sadness. "He deserves it. All men are bastards. A jerk like him who prioritizes his interests deserves to stay in his hell," I replied coldly.

"Don't say that, baby. Whatever he has done, his love for Queenie is true. The only person he loves is her."

I didn't like what Colin said. What did it mean that the only person Flynn loved was Queenie? If he only loved her, he should fight for his love at all costs rather than dragging both sides to meet his needs. He sought both power and love. He even wanted a wife and a



mistress to live a happy life. Flynn said he was helpless, but he was only making excuses for being scumbag and selfish.

"Just forget it. Flynn wouldn't have gotten Daniela pregnant if he sincerely loved Queenie. He wouldn't have lost touch with Queenie for roughly three months as well. He wouldn't have let her be his mistress either.

"If his love is genuine, he wouldn't have fooled the one he loves. He was only making excuses for his cheating. No wonder men aspire to be kings. Now I get it. It's fantastic to be a king with power and wealth.

"Nobody dares to disobey a king. He owns all the women in the world and has the right to sleep with anyone he wants. Simply put, he only wants to satisfy his selfish desires. That's disgusting. Flynn is just daydreaming."

I was indignant when I stated those. I had been sheltered as a child, and I had never experienced the world's sufferings.

Later, when I got out of college and met more people and things in society, I realized that adults were always helpless. We had wonderful wishes at times, but reality always dealt us with blows.

## **Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother**

Until I had grave problems and couldn't sleep, I unconsciously recalled what I had previously said. I then realized that I had also been carefree and happy. Thus, I treasured my memories of this time much more.

Colin frowned and became even more silent after hearing my words. He seemed to be thinking a lot yet unable to express himself.

When did he become unable to tell me what was on his mind? Was he frowning at Flynn or me? Or at Jasmine, who saved his life?

I persuaded myself that he was simply sorry Flynn and Queenie couldn't be together in this life.

That must be the case. Colin had always valued his friends very much.

"By the way, baby. I'll complete my tasks on Friday. I'll be back on Sunday."

I was naturally pleased for his return. However, why was he coming back on Sunday? What would he do on Saturday?

When I thought about it, I unconsciously asked aloud. Colin hesitated briefly, and his expression stiffened.

He rubbed his forehead, looked at me, and responded bluntly, "After I leave Lagado, my chance of coming back will be slim.

"Jasmine said that she likes the scenery here. She wants to go out to see the beautiful scenery of lakes and mountains, as well as the valley where we encountered the mudslide. She wants to recollect how we survived a disaster."

Sure enough, I still couldn't avoid Jasmine.

I tried not to think or talk about her, but she always found a way to remind me of her existence.

Jasmine described the valley that nearly took her life in a heartfelt and open-minded way. If I were a man, I might get captured by her beauty and gentleness.

I recalled her appearance in my memory. She was of medium height, slender and graceful, with fair skin and affectionate eyes. She had an elegant figure and a gentle smile. When she mentioned Colin, her eyes sparkled, and she smiled shyly.

I was likewise fascinated by her attractiveness back then. Now that I looked back at her, I realized that she was a woman with hidden combativeness. both in character and patience.

Deep down, I couldn't help but think she wanted to grab Colin from me.

Regardless of the outcome, Jasmine was bound to become a love rival in my heart.

I was so lost in my memories that I forgot Colin was still waiting for my response.

"Lulu, what are you thinking about?"

His voice sounded impatient. "I don't want to go either. You have no idea how badly I want to fly back. I want to hug and kiss you. The probation period is too long. I want to behave better and become your official boyfriend soon.

"But... alas, only this once. Baby, do you understand? Don't worry. I have nothing to do with her. I'll keep my love for you, whether in the past, present or future."

He raised his hand and swore with a solemn look, which warmed my heart. I hadn't expected him to have such a cute side. I couldn't help but laugh when I saw that.

Look, he was still my dear Colin. He was the one who loved me most in the world. He was always aware of what I was thinking and knew how to make me feel at ease.

I had already believed him, and he knew I would believe him. He simply stated and did this to make me rest assured.

Despite knowing all of this, I still felt unsure and panicked.

Perhaps girls were born with a proclivity for fantasizing and fretting over gains and losses.