

Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

chapter 461-470

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I came back to my senses and answered Colin with a faint smile, "It's nothing. I just remembered that when we were at Lincoln University, Jasmine asked me to help her in delivering a letter to you.

"You retaliated by ignoring me for a week. I had no idea what I had done wrong and cried several times. But now, you couldn't see me for a long time because of her. Fate is quite unimaginable."

I lowered my gaze and smiled.

"What are you thinking about? I'm only going with her to see the scenery. Nothing will happen. Don't worry too much." His tone was a little anxious as if he were afraid that I would misunderstand.

"I know that. By the way, how is Jasmine recovering? When will she come to Jinovy? Let's treat her to a meal. I learned to make a few dishes from Andrew. You can invite her to our place. I'll prepare a meal to thank her for saving my dear boyfriend. What do you think?"

Colin pondered for a while and rubbed his brow again. His actions made him seem frustrated. He exerted too much strength, causing his eyebrows to turn red and the mole in the corner of his eye to shift a little.

He said, "Jasmine will go back to Jinovy with me."

My heart skipped a beat. Why would Jasmine return with Colin? I instantly felt like I couldn't hold on to something.

"She was under the soil for too long, and the nerves in her lower limbs were severely damaged. The medical conditions here aren't as good as Jinovy, and the treatment isn't effective. To ensure timely treatment, I've suggested taking her back to Jinovy Hospital for treatment."

It was the first time he told me of Jasmine's condition. I had asked him about it before. However, he said I should leave everything to him and told me not to think too much. He didn't want me to worry

about her.

He finally told me the details when it was inevitable that they would return to Jinovy. Before this, I knew nothing.

"Is it so serious? Why didn't you tell me that?" I was irritated and couldn't understand why Colin had concealed this matter.

We were a couple and planned to marry in the future. I couldn't understand why he kept this information from me. What was the point of him doing so?

"It's pointless even if I told you beforehand. You'll only worry about her. It won't help matters," Colin stated calmly as if he was doing it for my good. Was that what Colin thought? When something happened, he kept me out of it. Didn't he understand that no matter how difficult the situation was, I wanted to bear it with him?

Felix's matter was such a big deal. I was so desperate at the time I refused to back down. Why didn't he want me to worry when it came to Jasmine? Maybe he saw it as a man's responsibility. However, I was uncomfortable. A couple was supposed to stand shoulder to shoulder. There was no reason for him to face hardship alone. I couldn't enjoy a peaceful life with peace of mind.

I believed in Colin's love and his character. I was convinced that there was nothing between him and Jasmine.

However, his behavior of not telling me the truth irritated me. I didn't get it.

Jasmine did save Colin's life. It was his duty to help her in her treatment to reciprocate the grace that had saved him.

Sometimes, things seemed so contradictory that I felt helpless.

"Do you still need to accompany her when she comes to Jinovy for treatment? Where are her parents? Can't they come over and take care of her?" "Jasmine's parents have moved abroad. I heard they had something urgent to deal with in their company and would be unable to come for a while. Her company sent two people over, but both were men. They were unfamiliar with each other. It was inconvenient.

"I advised the company to change one of them to a woman. But no matter what, she got injured to save me. It's my responsibility to take care of her. This kind of care will continue until she recovers."

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Colin stared at me expectantly. He was awaiting my approval.

Logically speaking, he was right. I had no choice but to accept it.

"Jasmine saved you, after all. When you return to Jinovy, we can take care of her together. Let's rent a place for her. If she requires treatment for a long time, she needs a place to stay," I said insincerely.

What happened before was in the past. Regardless of why Colin kept it from me, I assumed he did it for my good. In this case, I should face the hardship with him.

"You're considerate. Actually, we don't have to be so bothersome. How about we let Jasmine live with us? You'll be here at any time to take care of her. It's more convenient in this way."

"What?" I exclaimed in disbelief.

Did he mean he wanted a woman who had pursued him back then to live with us?

I had only seen this kind of drama involving three people living together in romance novels. I always cursed the male lead when such an incident occurred. I never imagined that one day it would happen to me.

Jasmine did save Colin. I felt grateful to her and even more obliged to take care of her and treat her. I would do my best with her.

However, no matter what, I thought it was unreasonable to bring her home.

The presence of a third person in our world would change many things, which was absurd no matter how I thought about it.

Not to mention that the third person was the woman who had sent Colin a love letter. She might still have feelings for him after all these years. Her thoughts might have shifted through their month-long alone time.

What about Colin? What did he think of her? I was clueless about any of this.

Instead, he proposed the idea of letting her live in our home without consulting me in advance. Should I be understanding? How could I accept it? Although Colin spoke gently, he sounded firm. I felt like he was informing me rather than discussing it with me.

I couldn't help but ponder about my place in his heart.

"But Queenie is still here. It's not convenient to bring Jasmine home."

I tried to come up with an excuse to persuade Colin to reconsider taking Jasmine home.

Colin sighed. He bit his lip, thought for a while, and said, "Then let her live at Felix's previous place. It's not too far away from our house."

He seemed insistent on Jasmine living near to him.

"Colin, that's not a trivial issue. Don't you need to discuss it with me? Do you intend to make a decision unilaterally?"

I didn't want to ask, but I had to.

He gave me a long stare before smiling teasingly. He changed the subject. "Why are you asking that? Are you going to use your rights as my girlfriend?"

I was a little irritated at first. However, when Colin stated that, I didn't know how to respond. Sometimes, I despised myself for being so stupid and failing to refute him at critical moments.

"If you're not my boyfriend, I wouldn't meddle in your business."

"Alright, let's stop talking about this. Be good, baby. Take care of yourself and wait until I get back. I'm going to visit Jasmine. If there's nothing else, I'll return to the dormitory to pack my luggage. Kiss me, baby."

He ended the topic without giving me an answer. Instead, he pressed his face against the screen, waiting for me to kiss him over thousands of miles.

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Colin was so shameless that he flirted with me even though we were thousands of miles apart. He made my heart race so rapidly that I couldn't even speak properly.

I blushed, pursed my lips, and casually kissed the screen. Before hanging up, I heard him chuckle.

I set the phone aside unhappily. I felt heavy. Something was weighing me down and making me nervous.

Jasmine's appearance brought me a lot of pressure.

Perhaps Colin detected my unhappiness. Less than half a minute later, he texted me, "Baby, my forever love. Wait for me to return."

Forever love. I stared at the words in a daze. What he said was lovely, but I still couldn't feel better.

I admitted I was afraid of Jasmine.

If Colin got close to another woman, I would give him the utmost trust. However, Jasmine was different. She was a thorn in my heart that I couldn't remove.

With Felix's case as a reference, it was hard for me not to think of Jasmine in that way. My mind was in a mess.

When Felix made trouble, I was involved. I firmly believed I would be with Colin for the rest of my life. So, I held on to prevent Felix from succeeding. In Jasmine's case, the person involved was Colin. I firmly believed in his love for me. Regardless of his feelings for her, he would never wrong me. The key was, if she couldn't cure her legs, what would happen to her life? What would he choose? What should I do?

Jasmine was only two years older than me. She was still young. To save Colin, she became disabled and might remain paralyzed in bed for the rest of her life. The disaster ruined her life, and she would most likely never have a chance to wear beautiful high heels again.

More importantly, it would be fine if she was injured because of another reason, but it was for him.

That was a life-saving action. What would Colin do if Jasmine hoped he could repay her by marrying her?

Neither of those was certain. I assumed Colin's depression might also be related to those. He was wise and had probably thought of those possibilities before I did. After all, he had been aware of Jasmine's condition for a long time.

When I imagined I might lose Colin in the future, I felt my heart ache. I felt terrible as I watched things spiral out of control. However, I couldn't do anything about it. I felt as though I was carrying a tremendous burden.

I was unable to change anything. What I could do now was wait for things to progress and for fate to judge me.

Only then did I realize why Colin was distressed when I promised to take care of Felix. He always stared at me closely with uncertain eyes, unwilling to leave me for a moment.

All of those were due to his love and an inability to predict the outcome.

Felix's eyes and legs had recovered from his second surgery. He was simply pretending to be disabled to coerce me into agreeing to be with him. If Jasmine couldn't recover, then...

I reminded myself not to overthink it, or I'd get a headache.

Queenie soon knocked on my door and walked in.

The lights in the living room were relatively bright, and she came in with a backlight. For some reason, I felt she gained weight in only a few days. Not her face, but her body.

"Queenie, have you eaten too much tonight? You appear to gain some weight around your waist."

She paused slightly, then nodded. She climbed onto my bed and snuggled up with me as if nothing had happened. "Are you unhappy?"

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I didn't respond. I didn't want to hide my true emotions in front of my best friend.

Queenie gently stroked my hair and asked, "Is there anything you can share with me? Don't keep it in your heart. You'll get sick with worry."

She was right. I was an adult. I had to learn how to handle situations like these on my own. I couldn't ask my parents for advice on everything. It felt good to have a best friend to share my issues with.

So, I told Queenie about Jasmine's injury and that she was going sightseeing with Colin on Saturday.

When Queenie heard the whole story, she felt troubled and couldn't think of a good solution for a long time. The whole matter was so thorough and aboveboard. I was upset because I couldn't find anything wrong with it. Others would accuse me of being ungrateful if I stopped Colin from taking Jasmine out.

That was why I felt disturbed. There was no way I could deny his deeds. It gave me a big headache.

"Tell me the truth, Lulu. Do you believe in Colin so strongly that nothing can shake you?" Queenie held my hands with her cold hands. I grasped her hands back, keeping us warm.

"I believe in Colin. I'll always believe in him as long as he needs it. But the main problem now isn't with me, but with Colin."

I trusted Colin not to betray me when we were in love, but I wasn't sure if his feelings would be swayed by Jasmine's life-saving grace.

I had a similar experience. The decision-making process was particularly difficult.

Queenie clicked her tongue. "That's right. Even if a man swears he loves you, he would still change. If you're overconfident with him, it'll blind you. You'll be hurt in the end."

Before she finished speaking, sadness returned to her. She was probably thinking of her and Flynn's tortured love.

He didn't look for Queenie again, and she looked calm in daily life. She only concealed her worries and silently healed herself. After many years of relationship, she found it tough to move on. She needed time to get over the past.

I was still hesitating whether to tell her about Flynn's engagement. Based on her current state, I'd better not tell her. Instead, I should wait until she forgot her sadness.

She didn't have anything to do with Flynn. It didn't matter whether she knew about his engagement earlier.

Moreover, how could Flynn compare with Colin?

Colin wouldn't do those shameless things that Flynn had done. At least he never made me doubt his love.

"Forget it. Trouble will come to me anyway. If I get this far, I'll find a way to settle it. My conscience is clear. At worst, I can break up with him."

I irritably pulled up the quilt to cover my face, saying reckless and harsh words to conceal my guilty conscience.

I muttered inwardly, "Break up? I won't break up with you, Colin. I hope you won't let me down. It's quite difficult for me to accept you. You can't betray me. If you try to go to Jasmine, I'll hold you back."

Queenie remained silent for a while before saying vaguely, "That's nice if you can do that. But, are you willing to let him go?"

I stated, "Love is between two people. If he wants to leave me, I can let him go. He just needs to tell me in advance. I can't stop him from loving someone else. I also have dignity. Hmph."

"You act unusually. How can you back out before anything happens?"

"I'm not backing out but taking precautions. I'm preparing myself for the worst-case scenario. As for Colin, unless he tells me he no longer loves me and wants to marry someone else, otherwise..."

I raised my hand and tightened it. "He can't get out of my grasp. Even if I have to fight other women to the death, I'll never let him go."

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I gritted my teeth and declared my will as if I wanted to swallow someone.

"Okay, okay, I got it. Put your hand down. Do you think you're a gangster? Fighting? Given how much Colin cares for you, he'll be heartbroken if you're injured."

Queenie pushed my hand down. She left the bed with a helpless smile and turned off the lights for me.

I wasn't sure if she hadn't eaten well recently. She appeared so unwell that she was clumsy when getting out of bed.

It seemed that I had to tell Andrew to prepare some delicious food for her tomorrow.

I took out my phone and checked it again. Colin's message lay quietly in the dialog box.

I thought about it and responded with a few words, "Come back early. I miss you so much that I can't sleep." I ended my sentence with some lovely sobbing, kissing, and hugging emojis.

I genuinely trusted Colin but didn't want him to accompany Jasmine. I felt uneasy thinking of him pushing a wheelchair and walking around with another woman.

Responsibility and jealousy weren't the same thing. The two had a slight conflict, and I preferred the latter.

After sending the message, I set my phone aside and prepared to sleep, but the text message notification sounded.

I promptly opened my phone to read it. Sure enough, it was Colin. "Do you want me to hug or kiss you? Wait for me, baby. I'll give you anything you want when I return, including my life."

He then sent me a selfie with his hair still dripping after showering. Several water droplets slid down his chest. In the dim light, he appeared wild and seductive. His drop-dead gorgeous appearance tempted me.

I bit my fingertips to resist the impulse to caress his powerful chest on my phone screen.

That bastard, Colin, flirted with me again. How could I sleep comfortably after receiving texts like these? I wouldn't let him sleep well either.

So, I mustered my guts to reply, "Nice figure. How old are you this year? Are you in your 30s? Keep on exercising."

Colin soon sent me a voice message. He said deeply, "Do you think I'm too old? Just wait to see how I deal with you when I return. Don't worry. I can keep you at home for two days even without exercising."

I put the phone away and threw myself on the pillow, blushing and smiling like a sly fox. My unhappiness had disappeared.

The journey of life was long. It was unavoidable to confront some challenges. I'd discover ways to confront and overcome them. I wasn't afraid of getting exhausted or suffering. I wouldn't change my partner anyway.

I wasn't afraid of anything as long as Colin was with me.

"Just stop bragging," I responded again without fear. Anyway, he was thousands of miles away from me. He couldn't get over the phone screen to catch me. I took advantage of this rare opportunity to text him more boldly.

"Do you doubt my ability? I'll prove myself in your dream."

It was very late when we finished chatting. I was so sleepy that I turned off my phone and fell asleep.

As a result, I had a dream that night. That dream was about me and Colin.

We were on the large round bed, surrounded by fragrant roses and champagne. The blowing curtains, the flickering candlelight, and the smell of pine captivated me. His tall and powerful body had great lines. We had exchanged affectionate whispers and exhilaratingly lovely kisses.

We were intimate all night. When the birds woke me up in the early morning, my face was as hot as fire, and my heart was racing.

Colin had the potential to be a prophet. He claimed we would meet in a dream, and I lingered with him in my dream all night long. I was so tired that my back ached, and my throat was dry.

If that really happened in the future... Well, I couldn't think much more. I'd better get up.

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I heard my phone chime.

Unsurprisingly, it was from Colin. It was a selfie he took in the bathroom. His eyes looking into the camera were filled with a mixture of grievance and satisfaction, and there was a faint blush of shyness on his face.

He was an adult carrying the shyness of a young teenager. This characteristic of a puppy-like innocence seemed incompatible with his overall demeanor.

As I pondered why he would make such a coquettish expression early in the morning, another message came in: "Guess what I'm doing?"

"Um, taking a cold shower?" I suggested according to the usual plot in a romance novel and waited for his response.

He replied and added an irritated emoji: "You're partly correct. I wasn't showering but washing my pajama pants."

What was there to be shy about washing pajama pants? Colin was becoming more and more contentious.

"Guess why I had to wash my pajama pants?"

This time, I guessed somewhat seriously. Yet, even after pondering for a full minute, I couldn't figure it out. Did something happen that really needed me to take a guess?

I replied: "Because they were dirty."

"In a strict sense, yes, they were dirty. I changed them three times last night. It was wet and cold but someone didn't care. So I had to get up and wash them myself."

Dirtying three pairs of pajama pants in one night? He hadn't eaten something bad, had he?

I was too worried, so I made a video call with toothpaste foam still in my mouth.

Colin was still in the bathroom, his phone positioned in a way that was level with his face. It faintly showed his actions of scrubbing something. "Baby, did you dream about your hubby?" He grinned.

Humph, who's my hubby? How shameless, he barely even made the first step.

"I did. By the way, is your stomach still hurting? Do you need to take some medicine?"

He glanced at me meaningfully, his hands still busy. "My stomach doesn't hurt. It just feels empty."

"Empty?" I muttered, feeling puzzled. "Why? Are you dehydrated?"

He paused for a moment and quickly grasped my meaning. His expression, previously somewhat roguish, suddenly turned dark. It seemed like he was ready to swallow me whole.

Just as I was wondering what to say next, he said with a sinister tone, "I don't have diarrhea."

"Then how did you get your pajama pants dirty so many times in one night? Wasn't it due to incontinence?" I considered his dignity and didn't dare to be too straightforward.

It was quite embarrassing for an adult to soil their pants no matter the reason, so I had to save him some face.

I was cautiously expressing myself, but his expression grew even darker. It started to turn icy now.

His gaze felt like blades that were ready to cut me into pieces.

My intuition told me I had made a mistake, a big one that might damage a man's dignity and pride.

"Didn't you say you got it dirty three times?" I stammered, unable to look into his fiery eyes. I swallowed hard and then bravely wade through the minefield. "I'm just concerned about you. Having diarrhea isn't something to be ashamed of. If you're sick, you should seek treatment."

The more I spoke, the colder his gaze became, and the more insecure I felt. In the end, my voice turned into a mere whisper.

"Luna Lawson!" Colin suddenly raised his voice. It was overflowing with anger. "Listen up, you little shit. I didn't have diarrhea. I was just thinking about a heartless little brat a little too much. Could you consider my feelings a little?"

This was the first time he swore.

Suddenly, everything made sense.

So that was what happened...

How embarrassing, I couldn't face anyone now.

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"What? T-Three times." I stammered in disbelief. He did it three times! Would there be any time left to rest? "Colin, y-you, um... You must be exhausted."

His face turned red all the way to the base of his neck. He hung his head uncomfortably, focusing on whatever he was scrubbing in his hands. He was no longer looking at me, but his hand movements quickened noticeably. "That's my problem. It has nothing to do with you."

Fine, it was none of my business. I wouldn't care and wouldn't ask.

What a stubborn fellow.

I gritted my teeth, suppressing a laugh.

As the water continued to trickle softly, his face grew even redder. He began scrubbing more vigorously, as if he was venting his frustration.

I was worried that whatever he was scrubbing would spoil with his reckless washing. Even high-quality materials couldn't withstand such treatment. I felt a little sorry for that piece of fabric.

Seeing him being so awkward, I inexplicably felt that deep down, the mature Colin was still quite innocent. I couldn't help but laugh happily.

The more I laughed, the harder it became to stop.

But his face only grew redder.

I had never seen him so embarrassed before.

"I can't be bothered with you now. Go do your own things." He growled at me menacingly, his voice was low like an enraged beast.

Then, the call ended mercilessly. I started rinsing the foam from my mouth and continued to laugh until I collapsed back onto the bed.

Andrew was outside the door and asked Queenie what was wrong with me as I kept laughing like a fool. Queenie just told him I had gone crazy and wanted him to stay away from me, lest he be infected by my craziness.

That was the good thing about having a best friend; you would be stabbed just at the right moment.

Because of what happened in the morning, I was in a particularly good mood that day as I rushed to Crystal House. People passing by were staring at me with puzzled looks, as if I was an abnormal person.

When I entered the Crystal House, I was humming some unknown tune and was smiling ear to ear.

Winston came in early. He leaned over to my side to take a closer look. After observing for a while, he shook his head regretfully and clicked his tongue. "Are you gentle and refined? Intellectually reserved? All I see is a madwoman lost in love."

He was two years younger than me. I never thought he could make such generalized statements.

But he was right. I was a madwoman lost in love.

That was because my love and my lover were worth it.

As someone with experience, I patted his shoulder and said with earnestness, "Brat, you're still young. When you meet the love of your life, I bet you'll be a hundred times crazier than me."

Winston rolled his eyes and shrugged off my hand. Then, he turned around and muttered as he walked away. His voice was so low that I couldn't quite hear what he said. But it seemed to be something about him finding his lover, but he didn't have the chance to go crazy.

At that time, I was still in high spirits, so I completely ignored his words.

At noon, I received a thoughtful food delivery. And the one who ordered the meal was none other than my boyfriend, Colin White.

Holding onto the package, I remembered the morning's blunder and Colin's embarrassed look. I couldn't help but start to laugh happily again for a long time until Winston took a piece of paper and wrote the word 'madwoman' artistically and showed it to me.

The meal suited my taste perfectly. I video-called Colin again while I was eating. It took him a while to answer, and there was still a trace of awkwardness on his face. His expression darkened as soon as he saw me.

His tone wasn't very good either when he spoke. He was clearly still angry about my lack of understanding in the morning.

"What's up? Don't bother me if it's not important," he asked with a dark face.

I giggled and showed him a piece of beef before popping it into my mouth and chewing loudly. The sauce stained my lips, making them shine even more. "This steak is just right for my taste. Colin, I heard eating beef gives you strength. Do you want to order some too? It's delicious."

He glanced at me and suddenly, the gloom on his face was gone. It was then replaced by a bright smile. His eyes were as clear as the deep blue sea under the sunlight. It was sparkling and dazzlingly beautiful.

His expression changed very quickly. It seemed like I was not the only one who had gone mad; he had too.

"I don't need beef. I'll order some bullwhip soup when I go back later, okay? I heard that it's good for stamina."

Winston came in with his meal at that time and walked over to share the table with me. He overheard the end of our conversation and unconsciously asked, "What whip? By the way, the Department of Literature and Arts said they want our help with next month's welcoming party. Should we agree?"

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I didn't expect someone to come to my side, making me jump in my seat when Winston spoke.

It was outrageous for my junior to overhear me talking with my boyfriend like that. So, I quickly hung up the phone in a panic.

Colin's message came quickly. It was just three simple words, but it made my scalp tingle.

"Wait for me!" Reading those three words was like looking at his face while he was gritting his teeth.

Fine, I would admit that he succeeded in threatening me.

I could just wait, I guess. It was not like I had never seen a dick before, even though I had no experience. He wouldn't actually kill me, would he?

As long as I was still alive, I would have my chance for revenge later. By then, I hoped he wouldn't be the one begging me. Hmph!

I decided to decline to help out with the welcoming party because last year's event had left a lasting impression. I didn't want to repeat the same mistakes. I preferred a simple life, without all the scheming, explanations, flattery, or showing off.

I finished reading all the documents the professor gave me and rearranged the direction of my painting accordingly. The changes in the new documents were not significant. It was mainly adding names for each villa, so my task was to determine the content of the paintings based on the

names.

From the names, many of the samples I had previously painted could be used, which made me very happy. The frustration that had been weighing on me somewhat dissipated.

The professor said if it were up to him, he wouldn't have agreed to Dreamlight's requests. But Dreamlight was an excellent platform. So, after much thought, I agreed in order to increase my visibility in the industry and showcase my true abilities.

I was deeply grateful for his heartfelt consideration for me. This made me particularly invested in my paintings.

Summer vacation was coming to an end. I hadn't been home for several months because of Felix's incident and my desire to focus on my paintings. After being separated for such a long time, I wanted to spend time with Colin when he came back on the weekend.

So, I decided to make a trip back to Southville before the weekend. I planned to stay home for a few days and accompany my parents so that they wouldn't worry about me.

After telling Colin about my plan to go home, he hesitated for a moment before agreeing. But he reminded me not to go back to the old house if there was nothing urgent. He wanted me to avoid bumping into Felix as much as I could.

Of course, I agreed to everything he said. Even if he hadn't reminded me, I wouldn't want to go back there either as I wouldn't want to meet Felix alone.

What he did had planted a thorn in my heart that could never be pulled out. So, I would avoid him at all costs.

After leaving Queenie with Andrew, I embarked on the journey back home.

While waiting for the plane at the airport, I chatted with Queenie on WhatsApp, asking her to seize the opportunity and capture Andrew's heart. But she responded with harsh words, saying that she would beat the crap out of me once I came back.

Since I couldn't convince Queenie, I texted Andrew, asking him to show that he could be the best boyfriend and take good care of Queenie. He needed to take this chance to root himself in Queenie's heart.

Andrew seemed to be busy and didn't respond to me while Queenie was too harsh for me to continue. So, I could only close my phone and listen to music alone.

People said trouble never came alone.

Just as I excitedly entered the house and dropped off my luggage, Felix turned up with even more bags and packages than me, who had just returned home.

I didn't know how it was so coincidental.

Seeing me at home, he was stunned at first but later was surprised at my sudden appearance.

He was a guest, after all. I nodded slightly as a form of greeting.

Felix smiled a little, his chestnut-colored eyes sparkling. They looked clean and clear. He was quite different from the Felix I had seen some time back.

At this moment, I seemed to see the young man before the age of 18, with bright prospects and a pure vibe. The coldness he usually exuded was gone and was replaced by a hint of warmth.

Unfortunately, no matter how he changed, it had nothing to do with me anymore.

Everything about him had long ceased to concern me.

"You came back?" he asked.

Wasn't that obvious?

I nodded subconsciously. "Just arrived."

"Who is it? Oh, Felix. Why did you come at this time? Is something wrong?" Mom came out of the kitchen, wiping her hands as she walked over. She quietly separated Felix and me.

Oh, my dear mother. She couldn't have come at a more appropriate time.

I let go of the door handle and sat back on the couch before picking up my cup. I drank everything in one gulp.

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Felix's eyes changed a little, but they quickly returned calm.

He smiled and said, "Aunt Harper, these vegetables were picked from the small garden. My mom said they're pretty good, so she asked me to bring some over. They're quite fresh."

"Oh? Well, that's nice," Mom took the bag from Felix and opened it to take a look. She waved him in and said, "I'll keep the vegetables. By the way, I just baked some bread, so bring it home to your mom, okay?"

After we moved here, no one had been taking care of the old house's garden. I heard that Uncle Austin and Aunt Mel had been taking care of it on our behalf. They would always send some harvest over.

Felix listened to Mom's words and obediently responded. He sat on the couch, politely maintaining some distance between us.

He gave me a faint smile, and I returned with a stiff one.

We just looked at each other in silence.

Suddenly, I realized that six years had passed. We had gone from being companions to strangers. The atmosphere became unusually cold for a moment.

To be honest, there wasn't much hatred. After all, everything had passed and we had talked things through. There was nothing to hold a grudge over. But I just couldn't find that feeling from before, the feeling of being completely unbothered by whatever he did.

Time changed, seasons changed, and the winds and rains came and went. Nothing stayed the same.

Ever since that Thanksgiving six years ago, Felix and I had gone our separate ways without looking back.

"I'll resume my classes in September," he coughed slightly and said.

"Oh, will you continue your studies, or do you need to retake some papers?"

"I've finished last semester's courses, and my grades were good. After talking to my teachers, it seems I don't have to retake anything." "Well, that's good."

The atmosphere turned cold again, so I picked up my phone and started scrolling through the news.

"Lulu, I know that saying sorry is too little too late now. And there's no way I can make up for the pain my parents and I have caused you, but I still want to say it.

"I've made a lot of mistakes in the past, and none of them deserve forgiveness. So, I'm not asking for your forgiveness. I just want to express my apology. If I could turn back time, I definitely wouldn't do the same things again."

I glanced at him from the corners of my eyes, studying the sincerity in his words. He had apologized many times before, but it was mostly just lip service. He didn't stop doing bad things after apologizing. Now, he was apologizing again, and I didn't know how genuine it was.

I remained silent and didn't respond to his words.

"I know you won't believe anything I say anymore. I don't blame you. It was all my fault. Looking back, I think I was crazy. I'm sorry."

He lowered his head, unconsciously tugging at the cushion on the couch with his left hand as his right was resting on his leg. He was blinking his eyes, looking like the Felix I remembered before the age of 18 after discarding all the previous schemes and calculations.

After experiencing so many changes, Felix had suffered both physically and mentally, but it was also a test for him. Now, he should have finally understood and grown up.

I hoped he truly knew where he went wrong.

We had grown up together, after all. Despite all the bad things he did to me, I still hoped that he could change for the better. He was still Colin's brother, so I wouldn't hold a grudge against him forever.

He did save my life, didn't he?

I should let the past be the past.

At this moment, facing Felix's apology once again, I finally reconciled with the Felix of the past six years.

Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

"Okay, I believe you, and I forgive you," I said sincerely.

Felix seemed surprised that I was willing to forgive him this time. He looked at me with astonishment, but seeing that I was serious, he quickly believed my words.

A beautiful smile formed on his lips as he said happily in a soft voice, "Thank you, Lulu. After being such a jerk, you're still willing to forgive me. Thank you."

He choked up on his words.

I smiled and said, "It's nothing. We grew up together as childhood friends, after all."

This time, he smiled happily, revealing his canine teeth. He looked cute.

Mom came out at this moment, carrying a large bag in her hands. It was full of freshly baked bread. It was still warm, and small droplets of water began to form inside the bag.

"Here, these are freshly baked. Eat them while they're warm. They taste especially good."

Felix stood up and took the bag. Then, he politely thanked Mom, "Thank you, Aunt Harper. I'll go back now. If you need anything, feel free to call me anytime."

It wasn't until Felix left that Mom turned to talk to me. "I'm not sure what to do with you two now. If it weren't for our past relationship, I wouldn't want you guys to meet at all.

"But he saved your life. No matter the reason, he did save you, and I'm grateful to him for that. But then, he pretended to be sick to pressure you. So whatever feelings I had for him disappeared again.

"Your dad and I have discussed this several times and decided to cut contact with them. But Mel calls me every few days, and Felix also comes over every now and then, always bringing something for us.

His attitude is hard to refuse.

"Since he personally makes the visit, we can't be too rude and heartless. So I'd always prepare something to let him bring back as a gift."

"Mom, what you're doing is right. It's impossible to restore things to how they were before. Even wounds would leave scars. But I don't hold onto the past anymore. Now, I just want to live each day well. It doesn't matter if we meet or not."

Dad came out from the study and praised, "That's my daughter. But you're being snatched away by the other one from the Whites. Thinking about that makes me feel resentful. Why him?"

Thinking about the other one from the Whites who would be coming back soon made me feel sweet inside.

There was no helping it. He was the only man who had my heart among all the men in the world. And since the doubts about his relationship with Jasmine had been successfully dispelled by him, all that was left was the daily growing affection.

That was our fateful bond.

After talking to Mom and before Dad could speak, I went back to my room on my own.

I didn't know what kind of love potion Mom gave to Dad, they were still as sweet as ever even after being married for over 20 years.

After showering, I lay on the bed to read a novel. Colin video-called me soon after. Seeing that I was at home in Southsville, he was surprised for a moment before saying in a mischievous tone, "You're home so soon? Are you waiting for me to go back this weekend? It seems like my baby's missing me so badly."

With just one sentence, he was making me a little shy.

"Of course, I miss you a lot. Colin, you video-call me three times a day at every meal. Are you afraid I'll really forget what you look like?"

It was not only Colin who knew how to tease people; I could do it too.