

Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

chapter 471-480

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Colin gave me a wicked smile and said, "Of course. Otherwise, I'd have to find someone else to help me with my release three times a night. I wouldn't want to soil myself, or my darling would find me repulsive."

Here we go again! What kind of talk was this!

Was dirtying his pants three times a night something to boast about? He was flaunting it shamelessly.

I felt awkward and couldn't respond.

I had originally wanted to tease him, but now I ended up being teased by him. I was the one embarrassed now.

In terms of witty banter, I still had room for improvement. No matter how many times I counter-attacked, it always ended in failure. I was hopeless. Hearing about my return, Jade and Zara came over early in the morning and dragged me out with them.

It was hard for us to meet up in person nowadays. Much of our communication was done through the internet. It was only natural for us to gather and have some fun when the opportunity to meet arose.

Young women of our age didn't choose to go to amusement parks or aquariums anymore. Those had become too childish for us. After all, we weren't teenagers anymore. Now, our main destination was major shopping malls where we could shop and enjoy meals together.

After a whole morning of shopping, our feet were sore, but we had a fruitful haul. We were planning to have lunch at a newly opened restaurant. Zara drove, so we put all the shopping bags in the car and decided to walk over to the restaurant. Just as we started to walk, we saw someone we really didn't want to see after turning a corner-Lilac.

How long had it been? If it weren't for today's chance encounter, I would've forgotten about her existence. I didn't expect her to still be in Southville. The weather in August was really hot, but Lilac was wearing a zippered long-sleeved sports shirt and beige long pants that covered up her feet. I felt hot just looking at her. Her long hair had been cut short. It was messy and hanging over her shoulders. Her delicate face was covered in tear stains.

As we passed by a narrow alley, we saw her crying and pulling on the sleeve of a man opposite her. She was talking, but I couldn't hear what she said due to the distance.

I only saw that the man seemed impatient. He slapped her hand away and pushed her before raising his voice to curse at her, telling her to stay away.

Lilac staggered backward a little, almost falling. But after steadying herself, she rushed forward again. She was not discouraged and tried to throw herself into the man's arms.

This time, the man was really angry. He raised his hand and slapped her hard. The sound of the slap rang in my ears.

"Lilac, I'll say this one last time. It's impossible for us to get married. My parents disagree, and I don't want to. You're cunning and treacherous. You only care about material gains. I'll never marry you no matter what.

"Stop pestering me. It's annoying and disgusting. If you come to me again, I won't hesitate to expose all the filthy things you've done to everyone in your school."

After that, the man walked away, passing by me. I finally saw his face. It was Shawn Dixon, Lilac's childhood sweetheart.

I hadn't seen him for more than half a year. He seemed to have lost weight and looked too thin.

He probably didn't expect to see me as well. He glanced at me in surprise before walking away without stopping. He stood tall with a straight back and left without any hesitation.

In the past, whenever he saw me, it was always with a look of hatred as if he wanted to kill me. Today, he chose to ignore my presence.

It seemed that something had happened between Lilac and Shawn. He no longer hated me because of that.

From his words, it could be concluded that besides Felix and himself, there was another man entangled with Lilac. It seemed that Lilac's private life was quite messy. Otherwise, Shawn wouldn't have used such disgusting and insulting words.

In fact, Shawn had some genuine feelings for Lilac back then. I didn't know what she did to make him change his feelings.

Seeing Lilac sitting on the ground and crying while covering her face, I couldn't help but sigh. Life was full of ups and downs. Back then, she betrayed Felix and treated him poorly. Now, she was tasting what it was like to be abandoned. The world was truly fair.

I never thought about kicking her when she was down, but almost all the bad things that happened to me were directly or indirectly related to her. So, I really couldn't feel anything toward her, not even pity.

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"Hey, am I seeing things? Isn't that Lilac?" Zara, with her fiery temperament, had been displeased with Lilac for years. Naturally, she wouldn't miss such a good opportunity to tease her.

Shawn's slap was not light as it made Lilac fall to the ground heavily. As she cried and struggled to get up, she heard Zara's deliberately raised voice. It caused her bitter expression to turn into one of embarrassment and humiliation.

She wanted to retort but felt outnumbered by the three of us. By then, Shawn had disappeared without a trace. Instead of trying to get up, she just sat on the ground with her back to us. It seemed she chose to act defiantly.

Picking fights for no reason and avoiding confrontation when things got tough was definitely her style.

"Wow, is she crying? That's quite impressive," Jade said softly, her words laced with poison.

Lilac's back was twitching. She was clearly still crying.

We were not the type of people to kick someone when they were down, so after a few words and before Lilac could lose her mind, the three of us left the scene.

Her current predicament was the result of her own doing, so no one would sympathize with her.

We were still discussing after settling down in the restaurant. It was clear that Lilac must have done something behind Shawn's back, something shameful. Otherwise, he wouldn't have hit her. Back then, Shawn was badly beaten up by Felix because of her.

If it weren't for her, would Colin and I have suffered so much?

Just thinking about it made my blood boil. She was the one who started it all.

"I think Shawn really liked Lilac. If she had focused on him wholeheartedly, maybe they could've had a good ending. But she's too greedy and fickle. No wonder she ended up like this. It's all her own doing."

"That's right. Back then, she intentionally snatched Felix away. I thought they would end up together. Nobody could have guessed she would cheat on him. But then, it was thanks to her that I came to realize how much of a scumbag Felix could be."

"You're right. I was so mad when I heard that Felix and Lilac hooked up. Thinking about it now, it's lucky that they did. A scumbag and a vile woman make a perfect match. It's a shame they didn't end up together."

The talk didn't affect our appetite, so we had a happy meal.

After a day of eating, drinking, and having fun, we went home with multiple bags in tow. Mom said Felix had come over again and stayed for quite a while. He was probably waiting for me. He seemed disappointed when he left after waiting for some time.

He was waiting for me?

Was he delusional?

I just shrugged, feeling unimpressed.

I would rather keep my distance from such scum and avoid seeing him.

As I chatted with Mom, I suddenly recalled what Zara and Jade said about Felix and Lilac being a perfect match. I couldn't help but laugh and wondered how Felix would feel about that. He would probably be furious.

I had rejected Colin's video calls during lunch and dinner as I was out shopping. I bet he was angry.

To appease him, I decided to take the initiative and call him. I admitted my mistake of neglecting him and at the same time used my eloquence to coax him.

The books said that men were forever young at heart, but in my opinion, men were just children who never grew up. They were always vying for attention, acting spoiled and throwing tantrums.

"You have time for me now?" Colin's expression showed his displeasure. He appeared sulky, his usually composed demeanor clearly ruffled by my actions earlier.

Knowing that I was in the wrong, I quickly tried to soothe his feelings. I calmed him down before reluctantly saying, "Colin, please come back soon. Southville is not the same without you. I miss you so much."

His brows softened slightly, but he lifted his eyes with a snort and refused to talk to me.

I knew that my coaxing had worked, so I continued.

"Why are you snorting? You have a beautiful woman to accompany you every day. Do you know how lonely I am? Just now, both Zara and Jade were picked up by their boyfriends, leaving me all alone. They're all in a relationship, so no one cares about me.

"Even when it was raining, there was no one to pick me up. What's the use of having a boyfriend? Zara asked me out because she saw that I was upset, but now you're angry with me. If I had known that you'd be angry, I wouldn't have gone out. It wasn't fun anyway."

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I was just trying to appease Colin, but somehow, I started to feel aggrieved as I spoke.

My voice choked, and my eyes became teary. I couldn't help but say a lot more than intended.

All the longing, worry, unease, and concern that had accumulated over the past two months came pouring out. I spoke for a long time, but the focus was only on how he had company while I was all alone and miserable.

I was sure he could understand my intentions.

The coldness in Colin's eyes completely melted away as he listened to my words. Seeing my tearful eyes, he immediately felt sorry for me and started to show me his deep affection.

"Alright, alright, don't be sad anymore. I'm not angry, okay? I know you've been feeling lonely recently. I'm returning soon, aren't I? When I'm back, I'll keep you company and make up for all the time I was away, okay?

"Don't cry anymore. How could I ever be truly angry with my darling? I was just teasing you. Don't take it seriously. Be good now. Don't cry anymore. You're breaking my heart."

It was the first time I heard Colin speak such affectionate words, and they sounded quite nice.

That night, he kept comforting me, saying many nice things for almost an hour before I finally stopped crying.

When I lay down to sleep, my eyes were dry and sore from all the crying. They had become swollen and red too. I had to apply a hot towel to my eyes for a while to feel better.

Ultimately, all my grievances and dissatisfaction stemmed from Jasmine. On the surface, she was Colin's savior, so it was only natural for him to take care of her. However, in my eyes, it was hard to

repay her for her life-saving actions. Who knew what she might stir up again in the future?

I landed in Jinovy on Friday afternoon. Andrew and Queenie came to pick me up.

Although Andrew was young, he was quite reliable. When I got into the car and discussed with Queenie where to have lunch, he quietly told us that he had already booked a place. We could just go there directly.

When we entered the restaurant, we were ushered to a reserved private room. I sat with Queenie while Andrew sat alone opposite her, looking like a puppy.

It had been two days since we last met, and Queenie was looking radiant. Andrew and her were looking at the menu when her phone suddenly rang. I glanced at it subconsciously, and my head buzzed. I quickly looked at Queenie.

The sender was Flynn. "I'm getting engaged tomorrow."

Queenie saw the message too. There was a moment of stiffness in her hand that was holding the menu, and there were waves of shock surging in her eyes. They instantly became teary.

I thought she would collapse, but she quickly suppressed her emotions and gave me a faint smile as if nothing had happened. She turned her head back to the menu and continued browsing.

But her hand on the table was clenched tightly until it had turned white.

I stared at her clenched hand, feeling extreme discomfort in my heart.

If Flynn's actions before had caused irreparable damage to Queenie, then today's message was the final blow.

He could just get engaged as he wished. Why would he notify his ex-girlfriend? He was really ruthless!

During the one-and-a-half-hour meal, Queenie behaved particularly normal, albeit a little reserved.

I heartbrokenly watched her force a smile, but there was nothing I could do. I had already said too many words of comfort before. I bet she was tired of hearing them too. Besides, she actually understood everything better than anyone else.

After dinner, I went home to rest while Andrew went back to the office with Queenie.

Standing at the gate of the community, I felt very uneasy as I watched Queenie walk away with her straight back and firm steps.

A bastard like Flynn didn't deserve Queenie. Leaving him was the beginning of her new life. But she was behaving too calmly after receiving such news. She was so calm that I would have thought she never loved Flynn if I didn't know the whole story.

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It was clearly not the case.

The weather was scorching hot. Despite the short distance from the gate to my house, I ended up sweating profusely and was feeling sticky and uncomfortable all over. After placing my luggage, I headed straight to the bathroom for a shower.

I felt much better and was feeling lazy after the shower. I had planned to continue my work at Crystal House, but after a busy morning, I felt really tired and didn't feel like doing anything. I decided to take a nap instead.

A refreshing shower and taking a nap in a comfortable air-conditioned room was indeed a great pleasure in life.

I ended up coaxing myself to sleep.

I might have slept until dusk if it weren't for the blaring of my phone.

Andrew's nervous and panicked voice came through as soon as I answered the call. I could feel his panic even through the phone. "Luna, can you come over? Queenie's bleeding. There's a lot of blood. She passed out. What should we do?"

What? I jolted upright in shock, covering my rapidly beating heart.

"Where is she bleeding from? Did she suffer any injuries? Andrew, explain it clearly. Where are you guys? Where can I find you? By the way, have you called 911?"

Hearing that something had happened to Queenie, my sleepiness vanished instantly. I hurriedly got out of bed and changed into a set of sportswear. I was struggling to get dressed as I was trembling.

"At the company, we're still at the company. I've called 911, but there's a traffic jam. It might take a while for them to arrive." Andrew's voice trembled, making my scalp tingle.

Traffic jams always seemed to happen at the worst times.

"I'm coming right now. Keep in touch." I picked up my bag, grabbed my phone, and dashed out.

The scorching sun was still hanging overhead. By the time I ran to the gate, I was covered in sweat.

But I couldn't care less. Queenie was in trouble, and I was so anxious that I couldn't even think about my appearance.

It wasn't a good time to call a taxi. I could only run recklessly on the road, attracting the attention of many pedestrians along the way.

They were probably wondering where this madwoman came from. I was running like a crazy person with disheveled hair. I didn't look anything like a young woman.

They could think whatever they wanted. There was no time to bother with them.

My mind was racing as I ran. I was thinking of the various reasons and causes of her injury, praying in fear that she would be okay. Otherwise, I'd be devastated.

In front of the company, a young woman with a high ponytail was waiting there. Seeing me, she asked if my name was Luna. After confirmation, she didn't have time to say much. She grabbed my hand and ran into the building. "Luna, hurry up. I'll bring you to Queenie."

"She's in that room." The young woman pointed to a room with a sign that said "Break Room."

I quickly ran over to the room. What I saw scared me so much that I lost my senses. My skin, which had been scorched outside, immediately turned cold. My whole body was trembling, and my legs

almost gave way.

Queenie was still wearing the white dress she had on at noon. But she was lying unconscious in a pool of blood, her face as pale as a ghost. Andrew was holding her head and calling out to her continuously, "Queenie, wake up!"

But her eyes were tightly shut. She didn't show any signs of response.

The bright young man had his cheek against Queenie's forehead while tears streamed down his face.

"Queenie, what happened to you?" I screamed in horror, my legs finally giving way as I stumbled and fell forward.

I had never seen such a scene in my life before. There was so much blood, dyeing everything red. It was blinding, and I was trembling in fear.

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Queenie was lying in a pool of blood. There was so much blood that it seemed like all the blood in her body had flowed out. Could a person survive without blood?

"Why hasn't the ambulance arrived yet?" I rushed to the window to look outside. The long street was filled with slow-moving cars, but there was no sign of an ambulance.

Without thinking much, I knew that Queenie's condition was closely related to the message from Flynn.

She had seemed too normal, which made me let my guard down. It was all because I lacked experience in such matters. I couldn't see the hidden turmoil behind her calmness.

I had never hated Flynn more than I did now. If it weren't for his message, Queenie wouldn't be in such a situation.

He could get engaged with whoever he wanted, marry whoever he wanted, and become a father for all I cared. Why would he want to hurt someone who loved him for so many years?

Now I understood why Queenie, who used to be so thin that a gust of wind could blow her over, was not as slender as before. She was not as agile in her movements as before either.

She never said a word to me and was enduring everything on her own. Now that things had turned out like this, if it was as I had suspected, could she still be saved?

I cried in fear, not knowing what to do.

The ambulance finally arrived. After some simple treatment, they lifted Queenie into the ambulance and roared away.

I sat beside her, holding onto her icy cold hand and feeling extremely sad.

If her hand was this cold, her heart had to be a thousand times colder.

Damn it. Flynn was trying to kill Queenie. How could he be so ruthless!

He could get engaged and have kids if he wanted. But none of that had anything to do with Queenie anymore, right? They had agreed to break up, so why would he upset her again?

Did he really want to see her suffer because of him?

I took out my phone and sent a message to Flynn: "Flynn Hayes, you're a bastard. I wish you never find happiness in this lifetime."

The words were harsh, but it was for Queenie's sake. I wouldn't regret what I said. He was lucky to be far away from here. If he were to appear in front of me, I would tear him apart and make him suffer forever.

Soon, my phone rang, showing that Flynn was calling.

I hung up directly without answering.

He called again, and I hung up again.

He called about seven to eight times, and I hung up each time. Finally, he stopped calling. Then, the notification sound from WhatsApp started ringing. I knew it was him, so I didn't even look.

Queenie was taken directly to the emergency room once we reached the hospital.

The steel doors closed in front of me, separating me from her.

I stared at the sign which was as red as her blood. I was trembling in fear, afraid that she wouldn't wake up. What should I do if that really happened? The thought of losing Queenie made my heart ache. My

rational mind reminded me to call her parents. If anything were to happen to her, they could come to her. But I was in too much of a hurry when we left the company that Queenie's phone was left behind. I didn't even know her parents' numbers.

Queenie's lifeless face kept flashing before my eyes, and I felt pain.

Silly girl, it was not worth it for a scum like Flynn.

Andrew leaned silently against the wall, his eyes fixed on the emergency sign. His whole body was shrouded in gloom, and there was a bloodthirsty coldness in his eyes. He was like a ferocious beast ready to pounce.

My phone rang suddenly. In the silent corridor, it sounded terrifyingly scary.

I clumsily took my phone out and saw that it was from Colin.

I tried several times with my trembling hands before I managed to answer the phone. But before I could say a word, I burst into tears. My fear reached its peak as soon as I heard Colin's voice.

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I was struggling to suppress my fear before this. Colin's appearance made me feel like I had found my support. My emotions finally found an outlet, so I couldn't control myself anymore.

Colin became worried when he saw me crying incessantly through the video call without saying a word. He repeatedly asked me what happened and why I was at the hospital. He told me not to rush and take my time to explain to him.

I wanted to tell him everything, but I was trembling all over. It felt like my mouth was being controlled. I couldn't say a word except to cry. "Darling, you have to stop crying and tell me what happened, okay? Be good. Your tears are making me anxious."

I still couldn't speak no matter how I tried. Finally, Andrew took my phone and told Colin that I was fine, but Queenie had lost a lot of blood and was now in the emergency room.

Knowing my relationship with Queenie, Colin was also extremely anxious when he heard about her situation. He repeatedly asked me to calm down and listen to him.

I didn't know how long I cried, but Colin stayed on the phone with me and continued to speak to me softly.

Finally, I stopped trembling and gradually calmed down. Andrew helped me to sit in the waiting area as I tried to stay focused. I squeezed my palms tightly to keep myself alert while listening to Colin.

"Lulu, can you hear me?"

I nodded, indicating that I was listening.

Colin breathed a sigh of relief and gently reminded me to stay calm. He said that Queenie might have had a miscarriage and that I shouldn't worry too much. The doctors would take care of her.

After talking with him for a while, I finally calmed down completely and could think rationally about the situation.

"Why did you suddenly call me? Did Flynn contact you?" Colin's calls were very consistent. Normally at this time, I would be painting in the studio, so he wouldn't disturb me.

He hesitated before telling me that Flynn had called him and asked if something had happened.

I understood. Just as I suspected, he called Colin after I hung up all his calls. He was clever to have guessed that something must have happened for me to curse him like that.

He was already getting engaged to someone else. Why did he still want to ask questions? He was really disgusting.

His concern was meaningless!

I begged Colin not to tell Flynn about what had happened as it was Queenie's matter and we didn't have the right to make decisions for her.

He hesitated for a long time before finally agreeing to my repeated pleas.

I didn't know what he told Flynn, but he didn't call me again.

The wait outside the emergency room was the longest and most torturous.

Andrew and I waited for two hours before the emergency sign finally dimmed.

When Queenie was being pushed out by the nurse, she regained consciousness. But she looked dazed and pale. She seemed to be lifeless. After entering the ward, the nurse helped her to get settled down on the bed. Then, she told us that Queenie had experienced severe bleeding due to a failed medicinally-induced abortion. The bleeding had stopped, and she had lost the baby.

She also said that aborting a pregnancy of over four months was very dangerous, and Queenie was lucky to have survived. Then, she advised us to take good care of Queenie.

The nurse left after finishing giving her instructions. Now, there were only the three of us left in the ward.

I held Queenie's cold hand and sat in a chair beside her bed.

She was so pitiful, and I was feeling sorry for her. But I had to stop myself from crying in front of her.

Andrew stood by the window, his hand tightly gripping the window frame. It seemed that he was trying hard to restrain his anger. But he would glance at Queenie occasionally with eyes filled with compassion and pain.

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Andrew stood by the window, his hand tightly gripping the window frame. It seemed that he was trying hard to restrain his anger. But he would glance at Queenie occasionally with eyes filled with compassion and pain.

This 20-year-old young man truly cared for Queenie.

At exactly 5:00 pm, the nurses changed their shifts. The attending nurse came over specifically to inform us that Queenie needed to eat something nutritious since she just had a miscarriage and had lost a lot of blood.

I had no idea what would be considered nutritious for her, nor did I understand how to take care of someone who had just miscarried. So, I thought about calling my mom for advice.

But Andrew stopped me. He insisted that I stayed with Queenie while he left to prepare some food at home. He said that his family had a dietician who would know what was best for Queenie.

I wanted to refuse, but there was nobody around who understood the situation. Even if I knew what would be the best food for Queenie, I wasn't sure I could prepare it properly. Ordering food outside wouldn't be the same as a home-cooked meal.

I decided not to refuse him for the sake of Queenie's health. I could always repay him in the future.

After Andrew left, the ward became so quiet that I could hear my own breathing.

The soft evening sunlight shone on Queenie's face, making her appear even paler and more fragile.

She had her eyes closed, but two drops of tears flowed down her temples and disappeared into her hair.

She had been controlling her emotions with Andrew around earlier. Now that he had gone back, she was letting herself cry freely.

"I took the medicine myself."

She spoke slowly after a while. She choked out the words, as if they were coming from the depths of hell. They were filled with desolation.

It seemed that she was completely disheartened.

How much pain and despair was she in to make the decision to abort her own baby?

My heart ached like it was being torn apart. This silly girl traded five years of her life for a body full of pain, and now, she had to give up the right to be a mother.

The heavens were truly unfair, always bullying the honest one.

"Queenie, you're really foolish. The baby was five months old. The doctor said it was a girl. What a pity. You could've just given birth to her and I'd help you raise her. It's not like we can't afford to do it. Why would you choose to abort the baby?

"What a pity. And it was so dangerous too. You scared me to death. What if something bad had happened? How would I be able to face your parents?"

Queenie cried uncontrollably.

"Luna, that was my first child. How could I not be upset? To be honest, I was still hoping for a miracle. But he's getting engaged to someone else tomorrow. He'll truly become another woman's husband and another baby's father soon."

"But that has nothing to do with us. Even without him, you and the baby would still be fine. Julia and I would help you."

I chastised Flynn indignantly, wishing I could beat him to death.

"But it won't be fair for the child not to have a father. She'd be bullied, ridiculed, and called names by other children. Moreover, I can't let my baby become an illegitimate child. I can't let her carry that stigma since birth. It's unfair to her.

"Luna, this is how my life will be, and I don't want to care about it anymore. But the baby is innocent. As she grows up, she'll feel inferior being despised and rejected all her life. I can't be so selfish. I'm not good enough, but I can't let my child be like me.

"Rather than letting her suffer for a lifetime after being born, I'd rather she not come into this world at all."

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Queenie covered her face and cried uncontrollably.

Yes, she was right.

But my heart hurt so much!

It was a precious human life, after all.

"Lulu, I can't let go of it. That's my baby. How could I possibly let go of it? When I was pregnant with her, I thought countless times about giving her all my love, dressing her in pretty clothes, braiding her hair nicely, taking her to the amusement park, sending her to school, and playing pretend with her.

"But I'm not sure if a life without a father is what she wants. I don't want her to suffer. Lulu, I don't want to let her suffer, and I can't bear to lose her, but I have no choice. I can't let her become an illegitimate child. I just can't.

"She left me just like that. Even her father doesn't know about her existence. Lulu, my baby is so pitiful. I hate him so much."

I hugged her tightly. I could only cry with her as I wasn't able to find words of comfort. "I know, Queenie. I know. She won't blame you. No one will. This isn't your fault."

Queenie cried herself to exhaustion and finally fell asleep. Tears stained her thin cheeks, and some still lingered in the corner of her eyes. Her furrowed brows were unable to relax even in her dreams.

I used a warm, damp towel to wipe away the tears, tuck her in, and make her as comfortable as possible.

Colin had sent many messages to comfort me and reminded me that it was necessary to inform Queenie's parents about her hospitalization.

I had already thought about this earlier. In principle, her parents should be here to take care of her after such a huge thing happened, but back then, Queenie had a falling out with her family because of Flynn.

Now, she had truly fallen into the predicament that her parents had predicted. So, I didn't know if she would want her family to know about her situation. I needed to ask for her opinion before contacting her family.

Two hours later, Andrew returned to the ward, accompanied by an older lady.

When I saw them, I quickly gestured to him to be quieter.

Andrew came in quietly and placed the things he carried on the table near the window. The lady had a kind face and sat quietly beside Queenie. She would occasionally look at her compassionately.

Queenie woke up once at around seven. But she was groggy and not very alert. With a combined effort, the three of us managed to feed her half a bowl of oatmeal.

With the lady watching over Queenie, Andrew and I went to the corridor outside to talk.

There weren't many patients around, so the corridor was quiet. We could proceed with our talk properly.

"Andrew, I want to tell you about Queenie's story, but I haven't gotten permission from her."

He shook his head and said, "Luna, I don't care about her past because what I want is her future. She may have suffered a lot before, and I regret no being able to protect her. But her future belongs to me, and I won't let her suffer even a little. No one can let her suffer."

"But some people and incidents that she experienced that hurt her before might return to disturb her in the future. They might become a lifelong burden for her. Aren't you concerned about that?"

Andrew furrowed his brows slightly. There was a deep look in his dark eyes, and his whole being was giving off an air of gloom. Every word he said seemed to be as sharp and cold as iron, "The Hayes of Harveyton. I'll remember him."

Throughout the entire night, Queenie was plagued with nightmares. She was either apologizing repeatedly or crying silently.

Andrew and I dared not sleep. We took turns to take care of Queenie throughout the night.

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Colin had sent many messages to comfort me. He knew that I had been pampered since childhood and grew up without experiencing any hardships, so I would be scared when facing such things for the first time.

In his messages, he reminded me that everything had to be done according to Queenie's wishes and that I should not act recklessly. Queenie would also regret it if it was a case of irreversible consequences.

I was chatting with him while keeping an eye on Queenie. With his guidance and encouragement, I finally felt calmer.

At 2:00 am, it was my turn to sleep. Colin was also getting tired, so I asked him to rest too.

The night was terribly quiet, surrounded by darkness. It made me miss Colin all the more. I missed his embrace, the refreshing scent on him, and his loving gaze when he looked at me.

In my heart, Colin's position was far more than just a boyfriend. Many times, he was like a father, a brother, a friend, and a husband to me. With profound love, he embodied all the roles a man could take in his life. He held up the sky for me.

Lying on the narrow bed in the ward, I had a splitting headache and couldn't sleep. Whenever I closed my eyes, the scene of Queenie lying in a pool of blood would appear. It was tearing me apart and making it hard for me to breathe.

Hence, I resented Flynn even more.

I couldn't help but recall the bits and pieces of their past relationship. Back then, they had a really good relationship. Both of them were determined to be with each other. They were the envy of the entire school, and everyone admired them as the perfect couple.

After five years, the once-perfect couple broke up. The love that once made others jealous ended tragically.

If such a deep love couldn't last, could we really still believe in love?

In a daze, I thought of Colin again. He should be asleep by now. Where was he sleeping? Was he lying on a narrow bed like me?

At a quarter past four, the sky began to brighten. I started to feel sleepy at around 5:00 am. But just as I fell asleep, I was awakened by footsteps in the corridor outside.

Sitting up, I found that Queenie had already woken up. She was still lying on the bed, but she was staring blankly out the window. Her hands were placed on her stomach as if she was touching her baby.

I felt heartbroken seeing this and couldn't bear to look at her. Andrew pretended not to see anything as well and gently persuaded her to drink some water to moisten her chapped lips.

When the doctor came over for his rounds, he said that Queenie's bleeding had stopped. The next step was to go home and recuperate. The hospital was not quiet enough for a good rest. She could be discharged after finishing the drip in the morning.

While washing up, I saw my terribly haggard face in the mirror. Dark circles had formed under my eyes, my skin had become dull, and I had a distressed look. Just one night was enough to change someone.

Colin called at this time, and he was startled by my appearance. He repeatedly told me not to worry too much and said that he had booked a flight back yesterday.

I felt somewhat relieved at his words. It was great that he could finally come back today. I would have someone to discuss things with and rely on.

It was almost 11:00 am after Queenie finished her drip. Aunt Laura, the lady Andrew brought yesterday, had brought over some nutritious dishes she cooked herself. She said that those were excellent for postpartum nourishment and that Queenie should eat more.

She was extremely depressed and had no appetite. Despite our efforts to persuade and feed her, she only had a small bowl of oatmeal.

After eating, Andrew went out to do something. Queenie just lay in bed quietly like a lifeless doll. She seemed so fragile like she would break at a touch.

I sat beside her and observed her carefully. Her fair skin was almost translucent. Sweat had formed on her forehead, and she had sunken cheeks. The once plump young woman had become as skinny as a skeleton because of one person.

Her dull eyes told me that she had lost the will to live.

Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

She had persisted living her life because of the baby in her belly. Now that the baby was gone, she had no hope left.

Looking at her helpless face, I was afraid that she would end her own life.

"Queenie, no one is worth you torturing yourself like this. Why don't you learn to love yourself?" I racked my brains to comfort her.

"After such a long time, have you ever thought about your parents? They raised you, but you abandoned them for a man. Have you ever thought about how sad they are? If they know the suffering you're going through now, how heartbroken would they be?"

"Do you not want to live anymore? Do you want your parents to suffer losing you as well? Your baby is gone, but do you want your parents' baby to go too? Queenie Moore, you're a smart person. Why haven't you learned to see through things?

"If your mother heard that you're not doing well, do you think she would beat Flynn up and take you back home? Your parents are both civil servants, and the Hayes aren't people they can afford to mess with.

"It's clear who will be on the losing end. Do you want them to lose their jobs and stable lives because of you?

"And that scumbag, why can't you let go of him? I know he loves you and you love him too. But love is supposed to be pure. Once it's mixed with personal interests, it's no longer precious. He may love you, but what he loves more is his inheritance and social status.

"Otherwise, he wouldn't be marrying another woman and starting a family with her. That means you'll always be the second choice to him. "Queenie, pull yourself together. What's gone is gone, but you still

have a future. You're still in your early 20s. You have unlimited possibilities ahead. If you give up your life because of a scumbag, that'll just mean that you're useless.

"Do you remember what happened when Shawn came looking for me back then? You knew that you couldn't defeat him, but you were still brave enough to face him with me. Queenie, where did that courageous you go? Why have you become so cowardly, not even daring to face yourself?

"Silly girl, I miss the Queenie who was trembling with fear but still stood in front of me. Come back to me, will you? Without Flynn, you still have your parents, me, Julia, and even Andrew. We love you.

"Queenie, I want to see that strong and brave Queenie Moore again."

She stayed quiet for a long, long time. Just as I thought she refused to speak, she opened her mouth. However, tears came before her words, making me feel sad and distressed.

"Lulu, I left home for him and gave him everything I had. He promised me that he would give me a home and make me the happiest woman in the world. But words are fragile. It has only been a few years, and the love I yearned for has changed beyond recognition.

"I understand what you said, I really do. But I just feel aggrieved."

At this point, she covered her eyes and cried again.

"I'm the only child in my family. My parents must be heartbroken. I regret hurting the people who love me the most just because I fell for a scumbag. Lulu, do you think I'm naive? Why am I so bad at judging people?"

"My mom was right. I should've been patient. What do I know about eternity? How dare I talk about that! I regret it now, but I'm too ashamed to face them. I'm too embarrassed."

"What's the big deal? Would parents really be angry at their children forever?"

"Lulu, please don't tell them-at least not until I recover. Once I get my life back, I'll go back to see them. Promise me!" After removing the intravenous needle that day, we had lunch at the hospital before I sent Queenie home at around 2:00 pm.

For some reason, she had been silently shedding tears. It made me feel chaotic inside, and I wanted to hug her and cry together.