

# Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

## chapter 481-490

# Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

When the group arrived home, it took everyone more than an hour to settle Queenie down comfortably in the guest room. Feeling perhaps safe in a familiar environment, she fell asleep rather quickly.

Laura went to brew her something delicious and nutritious while Andrew and I sat on the couch in silence.

Recalling the image of Queenie collapsing on the floor, I first felt fear, then I cried. I cried and cried.

I felt terrible for Queenie. She was such a sweet girl, but she was done wrong by Flynn. He was a jerk. Not to mention that baby who didn't have a chance to see this world. The baby deserved all the love in the world. But due to her irresponsible father, she had to leave her mother.

I felt guilty and stupid. Why didn't I notice that Queenie was pregnant? Why didn't I take better care of her?

If she was sent to the hospital a second later, she could have died.

"Andrew, Queenie is a very sweet girl. But she isn't lucky. You-"

I wanted to tell him that while Queenie used to date Flynn and even bore his child once, she was nonetheless the purest soul in the world. She had only misplaced her trust in a jerk.

If he was okay with that, he should do her right. If not, he should leave her and not give her any false hope. Otherwise, her heart would be broken once again when she fell in love with him.

His family was way more influential than Flynn's. They could get rid of Queenie as easily as they could squash a bug. I knew she wouldn't be able to survive it if the same thing happened twice.

Andrew met my eyes. He was solemn and sincere. "Luna, Flynn and she took a vow together, but he broke it nonetheless. I don't want to hand out any sweet promises. I just want you to know that you can

entrust her to me. If one day I fail her, I'll take my own life before you or anyone asks.

"Worry not. I'll avenge her. I won't let her suffer for nothing. Never."

He would take his own life? What a crazy promise, yet it was deeply moving.

If he was telling the truth, a happy life awaited Queenie.

To think that someone in this world would shower Queenie in love, to deliver her from the abyss of suffering and give her happiness... I was touched. So, I sobbed even harder.

Just when I was nothing but a teary mess, the door flung wide open.

A handsome, lanky man looked at me with his gentle yet concerned eyes, his hand still holding the keys. He gazed at me affectionately.

Colin was back!

Today was Saturday. Instead of hanging out with friends, he came to keep me company.

Oh, that was the Colin I missed, alright. He was the Colin who would never make me cry or upset. He was back.

"Why are you crying? What happened? Tell me." Colin stashed the keys inside his pockets and rushed toward me, not even bothering to change into slippers. He knelt before me and held the hands on my knees.

His calloused thumb wiped the tears on my face, and his voice was weary from rushing here.

I felt something fuzzy within me. As I took in the pinewood smell on him, I calmed down. Yet more tears came gushing out of my eyes, blotting my face as they mixed with my snot.

I was moved. But why was I feeling so bad that I wanted to cry out loud? I wasn't supposed to be a crybaby!

Colin had never seen me cry this hard before. When no amount of consolation worked, he sighed and held me in his arms. He uttered words of comfort into my ears and said all the romantic lines he knew before I stopped crying.

Half an hour had already passed by when Colin gave me the towel to clean my face. The door was still ajar.

Thinking that my loud sobs might have reached the neighbors downstairs, I blushed. I stood up to close the door, but I saw three individuals standing outside. They couldn't come in because they weren't invited yet.

And they looked at me with an awkward smile.

## Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

One tall man and one short one stood outside. They were both wearing dark-colored suits. One was dragging a huge piece of luggage while the other was pushing a wheelchair. The three of them donned an awkward expression.

Jasmine was wearing a long white dress, and a thin sheet lay on her legs. Her lustrous hair cascaded down her neck. Even a long journey failed to make her unkempt.

I hadn't seen her in many years. I subconsciously compared her current face to the face in my memory.

Perhaps due to the incident, she looked skinnier than she was back at school. Her facial features were more pronounced, her eyes were big and sparkly. Sitting in the wheelchair, she was elegant and well-mannered. With a smile, she greeted me casually, "Long time no see, Luna."

She emphasized my name, which bothered me a bit.

Ever since Colin rejected her advance in her final year at university, I had stopped seeing her on campus. I didn't know where she had gone. Were it not for what had happened recently, I would've forgotten about her.

She was my senior and two years older than me. Even though we hadn't seen each other for years, she hadn't changed a bit other than losing some weight. She still spoke with the same gentle cadence as she did in the past.

For a moment-perhaps it was just a trick of the eyes-I sensed something unfamiliar behind this familiar face. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but I certainly did not like it.

"Long time no see indeed, Jasmine," I greeted back.

Colin shook. He finally realized that he had guests. Therefore, he came over and opened the door. He then invited them in apologetically, "My girlfriend needed me. Sorry for the wait. Please come in."

The decently sized living room looked crammed as three individuals plus a wheelchair came into the picture. Andrew stretched out his limbs grouchily occupying as much space as possible.

What was he trying to achieve by taking up space? While he may be tall, he still acted like a child sometimes, which added to his cuteness.

"Ms. Taylor, this is the place I found in a rush. It's not huge, so it can't accommodate so many people. Please bear with me. I'll find another apartment for you and your colleagues soon," said Colin very courteously.

"Oh, no need for the hassle, Colin. Just find me a hotel will do. I wouldn't want to impose myself in your apartment," said Jasmine tenderly after she checked out her surroundings discreetly. Her eyes were glued to Colin as if no one else mattered in her world. She seemed to put him above herself.

She wouldn't want to impose herself in his apartment? What did she mean? Why did it sound so familiar?

My eyelid twitched. I had expected to see Jasmine here, but to see her launch her first attack this soon and silently... Just how impatient was she? Her words let me know that she was here to put up a fight.

I finally knew what was hiding behind that familiar face of hers-hypocrisy.

I had seen many telenovelas and had many first-hand experiences myself. Naturally, I could read between the lines and understood the latent message.

After a few years, the easygoing woman who said, "We're friends, right?", had turned hypocritical and plastic. And she seemed to be more cunning than Lilac.

Lilac only knew how to play the victim and stir up some small trouble. But presently, Jasmine just declared war on me while maintaining her cultivated facade.

She was trying to provoke me so that I'd scowl back and make a fool of myself.

But I was not a gullible girl anymore. She came to grab what was mine, but I was not going to let her achieve that.

# Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

Colin pinched my back to silence me before I could retaliate. Then, he replied politely, "Lulu is my girlfriend. You saved my life, so I'm sure she doesn' mind helping you."

"Your girlfriend?" Jasmine lifted her head to scrutinize me. Then, she looked down and mumbled the word "girlfriend" to herself incredulously, or perhaps, resentfully. "Colin, didn't you tell me back then that you regarded her as a younger sister?"

Colin tilted his head and chuckled. His slender fingers tucked a lock of hair behind my ears, and he caressed my cheek with his knuckles. Affection oozed from his gesture. "Back then, yes. To be more precise, I was trying to get closer to her to ask her out.

"When I was six, I swore I would marry her. Therefore, she'll be my wife. My only wife."

As Colin uttered those words, the formality and politeness in his tone gave way to tenderness and affection. He looked at me with dotting eyes until I blushed and my heart fluttered.

I pouted and shot eye daggers at Colin. Why was he flirting with me in front of everyone? I knew he loved me a lot. But he should read the room! Colin ruffled my hair. He used his actions to tell everyone that he wanted to pamper and spoil me.

Jasmine's expression darkened after hearing what Colin said. Her eyes turned glossy. She hid the sadness within her and put up a brave front. "We haven't seen each other for years, and I see you've found yourself a girlfriend. Congratulations, Colin."

I was puzzled by Jasmine's seemingly calm congratulations, but she soon bore her fangs. "I'm surprised that the pride of Lincoln University lives in such a small apartment. You must be a humble and modest person.

"Oh, Luna. You're still studying, aren't you? I heard it's expensive to live in Jinovy. Fortunately, Colin earns enough to get that covered."

What a load of bullcrap.

She was trying to say that I was a student who wasn't financially independent. Therefore, I had to rely on Colin. She could have told me that right away. There was no need to beat about the bush. Wasn't it tiring to speak in this indirect way?

Either way, regardless if I relied on Colin or not, what did that have anything to do with her?

Was she so bored that she had to stick her nose in someone else's business?

Ah, she must be trying to make herself look understanding, tolerant, and sensible while highlighting the fact that she was an independent woman who needed no man.

Little did she know, men were often sick of women who were too powerful or too meek. She wanted to portray that she was not like the other women, but in my eyes, this only brought out the inferiority complex in her.

She must have never expected that her junior, who used to help others deliver love letters to her, had become a woman who outshone her in every way.

I wasn't being narcissistic. It was a fact.

I was 5.5 feet tall and weighed around 110 pounds. My body was shapely, and I did very well academically at Jesselton College. I was en route to becoming a great watercolor artist in the future.

And most importantly, I was younger than her. That alone already gave me an edge over her.

She wanted to fight me? Sure. Bring it on.

"I sure am lucky, Jasmine. We rented this place because it's close to my school. Besides, we're not staying here permanently, so we aren't fussy about it. Colin asked me to get a bigger place, but I said there was no point. I'm still studying, and I might work somewhere else in the future.

"Besides, Colin and I are not materialistic people, so we dismissed the whole idea. We only moved in recently, and you three are our first guests. I know it's packed here, and Colin didn't tell me that we would have visitors either. Forgive me for the lack of reception."

"No, no. Don't get me wrong. This apartment is small but cozy." Jasmine brushed her hair and smiled like an elegant lady. However, something was brewing in her eyes. "I'm sorry for troubling you too, Luna. Can I call you Lulu as Colin does? I think that'll make us closer."

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

"Sure. Other than Colin, who calls me 'babe', and my parents, almost everyone else calls me Lulu," I showed my teeth and smiled innocently. Then, I glanced at Colin timidly.

She wanted to fight me, right? Bring it on, then.

Jasmine withdrew her gaze from Colin and looked at me. She was suppressing her emotions, clearly not anticipating that I would put up a fight. Then she continued gently, "I envy the bond between Colin and you. You're so lucky."

It sounded sincere when she said that I was lucky. For that, I would not argue with her. However, the way she pronounced Colin's name filled me with disgust. She must have done it on purpose, I swore.

I leaned against Colin's arm meekly and nodded happily. "I sure am a lucky girl. Colin spoils me. I can't believe I managed to find a perfect boyfriend like him. I'm so glad we think alike, Jasmine. That means you and I have similar tastes. What a coincidence."

I looked at her with my big, round, innocuous eyes, trying to fish out an acknowledgment from my love rival.

Finally, her mask cracked. I laughed out loud internally. She tried to provoke me, and now, I would put her in her place.

Colin was smart. Naturally, he knew that Jasmine and I were fighting with our words. He stretched out his arm to hug my waist. Then, he squeezed it hard at the spot where no one could see.

My waist was very sensitive. Inexperienced like I was, I couldn't stand it. My face immediately turned red and my knees became wobbly. I didn't know he would do this to me. And due to the sensation, my legs almost gave out.

Luckily, Colin noticed my reaction and quickly held me in his arms so that I remained upright instead of embarrassing myself in front of everyone. However, my cheeks turned even redder and warmer than before. Colin grinned when he saw my reaction. Flustered, I wanted to create some distance between us. I didn't want anyone to see how he teased me.

Yet he tightened his arms. His body warmth was cooking me alive. Then, he whispered to my ears, "You really want everyone to know that I'm yours, eh, babe?"

I thrashed around, trying to tell him to stop fooling around because everyone was watching. He rubbed against the tip of my nose mischievously and asked if we should eat out or cook tonight.

As the conversation topic changed, I saw from the corners of my eyes that Jasmine had let out her breath and was leaning back in her wheelchair. She gripped the handles so tightly that her knuckles turned white. There were a lot of suppressed emotions in her eyes.

She tried to take Colin away from me, but her advances were quickly shot down by someone who had no prior experience like me. Ha! Suck that, loser.

What happened in the future made me realize that I underestimated her. I didn't know how low she could stoop.

Regardless of her facade of elegance and perfection, to achieve her goal, she was willing to go to extreme lengths.

Anyway, by right, it was Jasmine's first visit to our apartment. To be the gracious host, I should take her out for dinner. However, Queenie had a bad day yesterday, and her body was weak because she lost so much blood.

Eating out was out of the picture because I wasn't going to leave my friend behind while I feasted outside. Furthermore, Jasmine's direct provocation earlier had made me lose respect and fondness for her. I didn't want to be a gracious host to her.

While I had the money to treat her to a sumptuous meal, I preferred to do that to someone who deserved it. For a petty woman like her, even spending a penny was too much. Had she not saved Colin's life, I would've kicked her out already.

And no, I wasn't being difficult. I came from a modest household, and I was raised to treat others like how they treated me.

That said, the favor Colin owed her was a big problem. I couldn't ignore her even though I didn't like her.

Colin and I were a single entity. Since she saved Colin's life, she saved mine too. Therefore, I should thank her over a meal. And it had to be a sincere, grateful meal.

## Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

Andrew was shrewd. He looked at me and knew what I wanted right away. He uttered, "We all had a long day today. Besides, the food outside is often too unhealthy and oily for a recovering patient like Ms. Taylor. Let's not eat out.

"Laura has bought a lot of ingredients. Why don't I cook something for you? It'll be some simple yet heartwarming dishes. You won't mind that, will you, Ms. Taylor?"

Then, he glanced at Jasmine. For some reason, it felt like he was looking at her with misgivings and contempt. Andrew took the words out of my mouth, so I raised my hand in agreement. Colin often indulged me, and he did not oppose the suggestion either.



Besides, where I was from, we only invited those we held dear to dine with us at home. Inviting Jasmine to a home-cooked meal was the most polite form of treatment we could give her.

Still composed and well-mannered, Jasmine said that dining together in the apartment felt cozier. However, her frown told everyone present that she was displeased. Perhaps aware that she was a guest in somebody's place, she did not protest. She thanked everyone and apologized for the trouble.

Andrew then went to cook with Laura. A clamor soon broke out in the kitchen, and the scent of food filled the room.

Colin had been busy for many days. I knew he must be tired, so I forced him to rest in the bedroom. Meanwhile, I continued to keep Jasmine and the other two men company in the living room. And by keeping them company, I meant staring at each other awkwardly.

Even back when we were students at Lincoln University, she and I did not share many common conversational topics other than Colin. Moreover, now that she had made it clear that she had come to take Colin away, I felt even less inclined to talk to her.

After half an hour, Jasmine looked weary. I asked if she wanted a cup of instant coffee. She thought about it and reluctantly said yes.

I then went to the kitchen to make her coffee. I turned back and saw the two men talking to her. The tall one even leaned forward with a hand on his abdomen to keep the hem of his shirt from flapping needlessly.

Judging from the interaction, I could tell both men were very respectful toward her. However, it wasn't like the respect an employee or a student had toward their superior or teacher. It was more like the reverence a commoner had toward their ruler. I wondered who those men were to her.

Instant coffee was clearly beneath Jasmine. She quickly put down the coffee mug after she took a sip, her lips twitching in protest. Still feeling languid, she said, "Sorry, Lulu. I'm rather tired now. Can I rest for a moment?"

I had been observing her in secret. She did look sick. And after such a long journey, I could understand that she felt tired.

That said, both bedrooms in the apartment were occupied, and I could not evict their occupants. She could sleep on the couch, but that was Andrew's spot. Where would he sleep if she took his place?

And compared to Jasmine, Andrew felt closer and more trustworthy than her. I wasn't going to sacrifice my good friend for my love rival.

Frustrated, I rubbed the back of my head. "Jasmine, this is a small apartment, and we don't have any spare beds. Perhaps I can take you to a hotel nearby and get you a room? I'll pick you up when the food is ready."

"No need for the hassle. It's just a quick nap. My wheelchair will do."

The short man did something to the back of the wheelchair. Following two clicking noises, the wheelchair unfolded and became a comfortable bed. The tall man then took out a blanket from his bag and put it on Jasmine.

Jasmine shot me an apologetic smile and closed her eyes. Both men then stood next to her like royal guards.

What an interesting trio.

Bored, I wanted to scroll on my phone, but I feared that I might wake Jasmine up. I went to the kitchen to help out, but Andrew just kicked me away.

I wasn't going to bother Queenie's rest, so I went to the bedroom to keep Colin company.

## Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

When I entered the room, Colin had already taken a shower. He was lying on the bed and looking at his phone in his comfortable cotton T-shirt and sweatpants. When he heard someone come in, he sat up and extended his arms.

Blushing, I closed the door behind me. Stumped, I froze on the spot, unsure of where to go.

Suddenly, my world spun. The next thing I knew, I was thrown on top of the soft mattress. Above me was a muscular body that threatened to suffocate me.

I wanted to protest about his crushing weight, but before I could open my mouth, he sealed my lips with his.

My mind went blank. I took in his seductive smile, his minty scent, and his body warmth that ignited my body. I couldn't sense anything else.

He guided me to the sea of passion in the flurry of motion. In fact, this was the third real kiss we had had.

After more than a week of not seeing each other, Colin was as ravenous as a beast. His broad hands stroked my back up and down, searing my skin with his hot touches.

Colin was almost feral today. His fingers left a tingling sensation wherever they touched. I succumbed almost immediately. I couldn't do anything except accept his passionate kisses passively until my mind became woozy.

And my reaction seemed to encourage Colin further. His calloused hand continued to caress my rib cage. He asked hoarsely, "Babe, when will I become your official boyfriend? I'm starving."

He was asking for my permission, yet his hands were already on the business.

My mind told me to push him away because he was encroaching upon an area he shouldn't be. We weren't at that stage yet. Yet power seemed to have left my body. If anything, it was further rendered powerless by this exotic sensation.

His breaths became more laborious and hotter, steaming my cheeks. Then, he made some guttural sounds.

I had never been this close to a man before. The unfamiliar sensation electrified my body until it shuddered. My mind teetered between rationality and giving in.

"Colin—" I wanted to tell him no and that I wasn't ready yet. But Colin only gave me this brief respite to catch my breath. Then, he continued kissing me. This time, it was even more aggressive.

His body temperature continued to rise, and the heat it exuded made me sweat. Another unfamiliar sensation swelled up within me. I wanted more.

I dreaded the sensation. My mind told me to run away, but my body craved more. Subconsciously, I wrapped my arms around Colin's neck so that we were closer. We smelled each other. We were glued to each other.

"Babe, I miss you so much that I'm going crazy. Don't move. Let me kiss you more."

Colin's words made me blush even more. My heart was pounding loudly.

I tried to keep a cool head. Looking outside, I saw that it was still daytime. Wasn't it too early for this kind of thing?

Suddenly, he lifted his head and sandwiched my face between his elbows. His starry eyes were red and fiery, like a predator who found his prey. I was the prey.

Suddenly, the hand above me squeezed tight. I had to bite my tongue to stop myself from screaming out loud. Then, he asked me huskily, "I want you, babe. Can I?"

I panicked.

Wasn't it too fast to do this? I wasn't supposed to do this with a probational boyfriend, right?

Should I give in? But Mom told me that a girl needed to think carefully before doing the deed and that a girl should always protect herself.

Should I turn him down, then? Yet every part of my soul and body felt so empty, craving to be filled.

## Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

Colin rested his head on my shoulder and nibbled on my ears. His hot breath immobilized half of my body. Inside my mind, a voice kept telling me to give it to him.

But... I couldn't say it out loud.

Growing up, Mom taught me that girls needed to protect themselves and that we shouldn't offer ourselves to anyone recklessly. She also told me that even when in a relationship, we shouldn't lose ourselves.

As a result, I was particularly conservative about this kind of thing. Even though Colin and I had been living together for quite some time, we had only kissed and hugged each other—nothing more.

Since we were neighbors for more than 20 years, Colin knew about my family values. Therefore, he never forced himself upon me. He never coerced me into making a difficult situation. Instead, he held himself back time after time.

"Give it to me please, babe. I've been waiting for you. I want you." Colin was holding himself back as he asked for my consent.

Like always, he didn't want to put me in a difficult situation. He put me above himself. His mind was driven mad by his urges, yet he still wanted to get my consent first.

Colin was such a sweetheart and a fool. Nevertheless, it only made me love him even more. I wanted to say yes and to lose myself in his love and embrace.

I told myself that I would only marry him this life, so why not give in? However, as someone inexperienced, I didn't know how to say it out loud even though I wanted to.

Inside the room, the atmosphere was intimate and steamy. I mustered all the strength in me and somehow, a moan escaped.

I was planning to tell him to be more patient as he was still in his probation period. But his hands did their magic that a moan replaced the words I was about to utter.

It was a beautiful and innocent mistake.

Colin's body became even hotter. It threatened to melt me despite the clothes between us.

His eyes brightened up. In one swift motion, he removed his shirt, putting his sweaty, shiny, and muscular body on full display. Flames were roaring in his eyes as if he were a demon about to burn the world.

The mood became even steamier.

He stared at me, devouring me with his eyes. My face turned scarlet.

Who would have known that the gentle and civilized Colin would turn into a beast when it came to this kind of thing?

Right when the mood reached a new height, my phone rang, to both our dismay.

I snapped back to reality almost immediately. I looked down. Phew. Other than my messy clothes, everything was still where it needed to be.

I stretched my arm to reach the phone. But Colin pinned me down suddenly and nibbled on my ear. "Whoever it is, ignore it."

Outside, people were shuffling about, and my phone continued to ring. A door was the only thing separating us and the three people resting outside. Given the thickness of the door, it wouldn't block out the noises.

I calmed down, and my rationality returned. Gently, I pushed Colin away. "Colin, there are people outside."

He looked at me with his frenzied eyes. Finally accepting that the moment was over, he lay on top of me and rested his head on my shoulder in disappointment. His hair tickled my skin.

I stretched my arm and barely reached my phone. Winston was calling me.

Did he have to call me now of all moments? Colin was going to be so jealous. "Yes, Winston?"

The veins on Colin's forehead throbbed visibly when he heard the name.

Winston's voice appeared. "Oh, it's nothing. I heard that you were coming back tonight. Do you want to come to Crystal House later? And do you want to have dinner together? There's a new restaurant, and they make really good pasta."

## Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

My phone's speaker was loud, and Colin was close to me. He heard everything Winston had said. His eyes darkened, and as a punishment, he pinched my earlobe. A strange sensation coursed through my body, and I moaned out loud.

Panicking, I covered my mouth and shot daggers at Colin. He gave me a mischievous grin and kissed me on the cheek.

"Luna, are you alright? Do you need help?" Winston asked, thinking that something had happened to me when he heard my voice.

It was Colin's turn to sulk and my turn to mock him. If I allowed him to "help" me, Colin would go crazy.

"Oh, nothing. I stubbed my toes. Uhm, I'm not coming over today. I have things to do. Just have dinner without me."

After I hung up, the frenzy in Colin's eyes had already disappeared. His body was still tense, but it wasn't as hot as before. However, his hands continued to tease me.

"Colin, let's go out. Dinner's ready soon."

Colin tossed. Now, I was on top of him. He rained kisses on my lips, cheek, and neck. They were light pecks, but they left me wanting more.

At that moment, I learned that passionate love wasn't the only thing that could steal one's heart. Mundane, everyday affection could make one fall in love too.

"You'll be the death of me, Lulu. This is torture." Colin gritted his teeth. I covered my mouth and smiled smugly, enjoying the frustrated expression on his face.

In an uncanny timing, Andrew yelled that dinner was ready as soon as Colin tidied himself and put on a new shirt.

My cheeks, which took a long time to cool off, burned up again. Separated by merely a door, everyone in the living room must have heard the rigorous activity inside the bedroom just now.

It was fine if it was just Andrew because he knew that Colin and I were dating. However, Jasmine and her sidekicks were there. Getting frisky inside this poorly soundproofed room was no different from doing it in front of them!

I wailed internally. How was I supposed to face them when everyone had heard what Colin and I just did?

"Why are you so embarrassed about it? Couples make out, no? Andrew might be even more fiery than me, for all you know." The shameless Colin did not care.

I knew that, but it was normal to feel abashed. Besides, Jasmine was his admirer. Did he have to do this?

This made me think that Colin was doing everything on purpose. He did miss me a lot, but he also made as much noise as possible so that Jasmine would cease her advances.

Colin could be so conniving at times.

When I left the room, Jasmine was already awake. Having heard the creaky door, she looked at me. Her eyes saw my lips, and pain briefly flashed on her face. She only smirked after she stared at Colin in his new shirt for five seconds.

Urgh. I should've asked Colin to give me a hickey just now. That would annoy her to no end!

"Finally, you two came out," Andrew teased me playfully. His eyes scanned Colin's and my face and neck, trying to locate evidence.

I covered my lips awkwardly. "Shut up. When can we eat? I'm so hungry."

I had to conceal my lips. The tingly sensation on them and the way Jasmine looked at me told me that my lips were swollen from the friction.

"You must have done some rigorous activities in there. For a girl who gets hungry at 8:00 pm, it's quite early for food."

Why the heck would he say that?

Urgh, I wish I could kick him.

While I was extremely flustered, Colin's expression remained unbothered and nonchalant. He smiled like a man who had just had a satisfying meal. Both of them were so annoying!

# Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

The dining table was square, so everyone sat according to their factions. Colin and I sat on one side; Andrew occupied one side alone; Jasmine and her men took another side.

Right before I asked Andrew if he had prepared food for Queenie and when we could eat, she slowly walked into everyone's view with the wall as her support.

Her face was pale, and her body was so skinny and frail that it looked almost skeletal. Without the wall, she might not even be able to stand upright. Worried about her safety, I wanted to get up to help her. But Andrew was ahead of me. He dashed to her side and carried her in his arms.

Queenie struggled awkwardly for a while. But she was too weak to offer any resistance. In the end, she relented.

"Queenie, you're sick. Stay on your bed. You shouldn't be here," I told her earnestly.

"I'm fine. It's nothing serious anyway. We have guests. I ought to greet them. It's already very rude of me to appear this late."

Queenie brushed her hair, trying to make herself look presentable. She emphasized the word, guests, which made Jasmine squint her eyes slightly. Andrew let me take care of her for a while as he pulled out the seat under the table. Then, he went to the bedroom to find a blanket. He folded it into a square and placed it on the seat before guiding Queenie to sit down. He was the very definition of a caring househusband.

"I went to check on you just now. You were still sleeping, so I thought I could wake you up later and feed you."

"I'm not so sick that I'm bedridden. I can eat on my own. No need to feed me." Queenie smiled gently.

It was a simple sentence, yet I couldn't help but think that she was alluding to someone else. I looked at Jasmine, who lowered her head and concealed her emotions from everyone else.

Andrew jogged to the kitchen to get Queenie some oatmeal. Queenie leaned against the back of the chair and smirked weakly, "Jasmine, is it? Long time no see. You're still as beautiful as ever.

"I'm sorry that I'm too sick to greet you just now. I'm Queenie, Lulu's roommate at Lincoln University and her best friend."



Jasmine was unable to recall who Queenie was. She scrutinized Queenie with a frown but failed to retrieve anything from her memory. However, she remained composed and offered her hand. "Hi, Queenie. We didn't talk a lot, so forgive me if I couldn't recognize you just now.

"We went to the same university, so don't stand on ceremony. Also, Colin and I have known each other for a while now. So I'm more of a friend and not a guest."

"Nevertheless, this is Colin and Lulu's apartment. I've stayed here for a while, and I still think of myself as a guest. Oh, Jasmine. I heard that you were injured? Lulu and I were worried sick about you. Lulu told me that you saved Colin.

"To thank you, she said that she would personally look after you once you were in Jinovy. Since the operation was successful, all you need to do now is rest well. Lulu and I will take good care of you."

"No need for the hassle. Colin can take care of me. I'm sure you two have your work. Don't drop everything for me. It's not right."

"But Colin is a man. While I know he can take good care of you, it's more convenient if you're cared for by girls. And you know girls, we're more meticulous and attentive. Furthermore, Lulu is Colin's girlfriend, and you saved him.

"Who's the best candidate to take care of you if not her? Unless you only want Colin's care for some reason and not ours?"

Queenie smiled innocuously and spoke with a casual tone as if she truly had Jasmine's interest in mind. Even her last question was phrased in a playful, bantering manner.

## Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

However, anyone with an ounce of intelligence would comprehend that Queenie was poking at Jasmine's selfish agenda when Jasmine said she wanted to be taken care of by Colin solely.

I had to admit that Jasmine demonstrated exceptional patience. Despite being mocked and insulted, her friendly facade never broke. She continued with a smile, "You're reading way too much into it, Queenie."

Somebody definitely felt guilty now. It wasn't Queenie or me, for sure.

"Knowing your honest character, Jasmine, I'm sure you won't guilt-trip Colin into repaying the favor you gave him. Besides, why would we doubt you? Anyway, since you're new here, you probably don't know about this. Colin is very popular at Jesselton College.

"Many women know that he's taken, but they keep throwing themselves at him. They have no shame at all. Fortunately, Colin is a man of integrity. He rejects all those beautiful, young, or rich women and remains loyal to Lulu.

"Those people can only envy her. I mean, why would those women abandon their moral principles and choose someone unavailable? Those women know he's unavailable, but they go for him nonetheless. Where's their decency? Where's the class a woman should have?

"Where's their intellectuality as a student of Jesselton College? Don't you agree, Jasmine?"

Queenie was certainly a champion. She went on a tirade until she became out of breath. She only stopped when her face turned bluish and she began heaving. The frustration in her eyes indicated that she had many more things to say. But those words were cut short by her weakened state. That said, what she said was enough to make Jasmine spill her drink. She had it coming when she tried to take Colin away from me. Jasmine, still as patient and composed as ever, continued to smile despite the sarcasm hurled at her. Only she knew what was hiding behind that amicable face of hers.

"Can you blame them for going for someone handsome? Most women are superficial. That's to be expected."

"Everyone is vain. That's normal. But they should focus on improving their beauty instead of stealing from others. Some may sugarcoat it and call it fighting for their love. But where I'm from, those women are called homewreckers. They exist to destroy relationships.

"And to do that, some use their bodies or even devise nefarious schemes. Can you believe it? They're young. They should spend the time and energy on something more productive. What a shame."

Jasmine was on the verge of lashing out. Several sweat beads appeared on her nose, and she looked at Colin for help.

However, Colin, as I expected, didn't even bat an eye at her. He refilled my glass and asked if I liked the food.

Throughout the conversation, he took a non-participating and non-intervening role. He listened stoically as the three of us played the game of wits. Yet, he was discreetly taking sides with his actions. His smugness only showed when he glanced at me.

Three women were arguing for his attention. Naturally, he felt haughty and cocky as a man.

"Enough talking. Let's eat. Queenie, this is your oatmeal. I added some condiments. Tell me if you like it." Thinking that we had made our message clear to Jasmine, Andrew brought the conversation back to dinner. He felt that it had gone for far too long.

"That's right, Queenie. You should eat more. Look at how sick you are. You need to eat more if you want to recover sooner."

I snuggled up to Queenie's side, but she grabbed my noggin and pushed me away. "Stay away from me. I don't need you to remind me of how single I am."