

Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

chapter 530-538

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Ironically, when Felix showed his panic, his lips were still stained with Lilac's lipstick.

I never imagined I would see such a scene in my lifetime. At that moment, I was stunned and felt overwhelmingly sick.

Lilac nearly ruined Felix. However, he could still kiss her! What kind of demonic scene was that?

I was astonished when I saw that. Not because I had inappropriate feelings for Felix but because I thought he was shameful. He wasn't deserving of my, Colin's, or our two families' concerns.

He knew what disgusting things she had done, but he still had the mood to go on a date with her. I couldn't tell what he was thinking.

If I had known that, I wouldn't have cared about him. It would be better to let him ruin himself than to contaminate my eyes.

Was he treating himself as trash? We had worked so hard to get him out of the abyss. How could he have ruined our goodwill like that?

Well, perhaps we didn't matter to him. None of us considered asking him to be grateful either, but wouldn't he feel ashamed for ruining himself like this?

"Lulu, what brought you here?" Felix wiped his lips with the back of his hand before looking at it. The bright red lipstick on his hand made it appear much more exaggerated.

I wasn't sure how to react, so I said expressionlessly, "I wanted to go to the rooftop. I didn't expect to run into you. Sorry, I didn't mean to disturb you." I had lost interest in going to the rooftop, so I turned around and headed back.

"Wait for me, Lulu. It's not as you think." His heavy, urgent steps trailed after me.

Based on my experience from the romance novels I had read, he might say, "Lulu, I can explain it."

I didn't want to listen to him, and I didn't have to.

I was getting more nauseous of him and was worried about throwing up here. I quickened my pace.

Others might interpret my reaction as a miserable escape, but I didn't care.

Felix was tall and had long legs. He soon rushed past me and stopped me. In addition to panic, he showed a bit of eagerness, depression, anger, or something else that I couldn't tell.

I didn't know what he wanted to explain and why he wanted to do so.

Lilac had done terrible things, and

was the one who had received

criticism. I assumed he was

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shameful because he didn't reject

her hug and kiss.

I couldn't accept it since I believed Felix had no bottom line. I assumed he was shameless. He didn't need to explain anything to me. I didn't want to squander my valuable time for him.

Despite his unchanging appearance, his outstanding self had decayed from the inside out.

What a pity. Time had whittled him into a pile of garbage. He deteriorated to the point where Lilac was able to entice him.

He wanted to explain when he

caught up, but I didn't care about

what he had to say. As long as she thought it was good and worthwhile, my opinion was meaningless.

It was also none of my business.

"Is there anything else?" I asked.

Felix reached out to grab my arm, but I moved aside to avoid him.

In the past, I avoided him to prevent rumors. Today, I avoided him because I thought he was foul. I felt overwhelmingly disgusted.

"Don't think of me wrongly," he emphasized while looking back at Lilac, who was still at the conference room door.

His eyes were covered with bottomless darkness. "Sometimes what you've seen isn't the truth."

I smiled lightly. So what if it wasn't the truth? It had nothing to do with me. I wouldn't take it to heart, let alone care about it.

Felix was an adult. He knew what should and shouldn't be done. His self-destruction was his own business.

He should shut up instead of explaining.

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"Hmm, I got it. You can go back now." I shrugged nonchalantly. It was a pity that I couldn't relax throughout the break.

"L-Lulu, can you pretend you didn't see anything?" Felix's eyes were full of pleading.

"I won't tell others, but I won't hide it from Colin."

He took a few steps back dejectedly with an unreadable expression.

Wasn't Lilac the one who had betrayed him? Others wouldn't stop him since he was willing to be with her again. They would only watch the fun and make some nasty jokes. Why did he show this expression to me? Did he not dare to disclose what he had done?

He was a shame to men. He had become so rotten that even God couldn't save him.

I walked far away and heard Felix ask me from behind, "Lulu, will you hate me because of that?"

I thought about it before responding, "It has nothing to do with me."

Back in the classroom, I found a quiet corner to sit down and called Colin. I told him what I had just witnessed.

After all, Felix was Colin's biological brother. If something went wrong or something bad happened to Felix, we could think of ways to help him in time

Colin must have been upset by Felix's behavior. He pondered for a while before saying, "Based on what I know about Felix, he won't get back together with Lilac. There must be a reason why they're together. I'm not sure what it is."

Before hanging up, I heard the sound of a number-calling machine again. Perhaps it was too far away, and I couldn't hear it clearly, but it was there. "Colin, are you in college?"

Colin avoided my question. "I'm busy with something. You should return to class first. I'll order a takeout for you tonight."

Did the college also have a number-calling machine? I had never heard of it.

I finally got out of class and discovered a few unread messages on my phone. Colin had sent me the dinner order and reminded me to go downstairs to get it.

I felt a little lazy and decided to wander around before heading to Crystal House.

Thinking that I hadn't been to the gallery in a long time, I strolled over. Unexpectedly, someone was already there. It was someone I didn't want to

see.

I had no idea why I was so unlucky. I kept meeting people I didn't want to. It was difficult to meet the ones I did.

I felt so annoyed.

"Luna, I've been waiting for you."

Lilac wore a red floral dress. Her straight black hair had turned into light millet-colored curls. Her makeup was a bit heavy, which was particularly awkward when paired with the red dress.

Hypocritical people were more suited to lighter outfits. Her red lips irritated me.

I was too lazy to pay attention to her and turned around to leave. She was an eyesore, and I didn't want to say anything to her.

However, her clinging skills were top-notch. Felix and Shawn had a crush on her because of her tricks, which drove them insane. When she used the same trick on me, I felt nothing but disgust.

Lilac trotted past to halt me, even attempting to grab me. I slapped her hand away before she could touch me. Then, I distanced myself from her and asked coldly what she wanted to do.

"I want to tell you what happened between me and Felix." She raised her chin with a bit of pride and provocation.

I wondered why she was so sure I wanted to listen to her and Felix's dirty deeds. She must be crazy.

She should see a doctor to check her IQ rather than coming to see me.

"I'm not interested. Get out of my way." I placed my hands across Lilac to keep her from touching me and wanted to walk past her.

She was short and thin. I only pushed her away gently, but she hit the pillar next to her.

She wouldn't have been so stupid as to frame me because there were no witnesses. Otherwise, I would have applauded her improved acting skills.

What she had done was no different from those disgusting hypocritical women in romance novels. I didn't expect that I could experience it in real life. It was quite amazing.

"Luna, no matter how arrogant you

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are, you're still an abandoned woman! Felix would rather return to me! I warn you-stay away from him!

Or

teach you a lesson! He's mine.

He'll never be with you in this life!"

When Lilac said that, she appeared particularly proud as if she had found a treasure.

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Her words annoyed me.

When did Lilac see me and Felix getting closer? He was only rotten trash. I never wanted to accept him.

She picked up trash and treated him like a treasure. She even appeared proud to be with him.

The word abandoned was rather offensive. It was more proper to use it on her.

Felix and I had never started a relationship. I had my beloved Colin by my side. Nobody ever abandoned me.

I came to a halt, turned around, and gazed at her with disdain. I sneered as I tried to piss her off. "There is indeed an abandoned woman. You know exactly who she is. Do you think being abandoned once isn't enough, and you wish to be abandoned a second time?

"Oh, no, it should be a third time or many times. I admire you. After all, you're born shameless."

Lilac flushed swiftly, her eyes revealing her wrath. She then rushed toward me angrily as if she wanted to tear me apart. The hatred in her eyes was strong.

How did I get into such a mess with this insane woman? Why did I have to fight with her endlessly? It had nothing to do with me at all.

I glanced at her mad moves disdainfully. If she dared to hit me, I'd teach her a lesson in minutes. With my height of over five feet, I could easily knock her to the ground. It was just that I hadn't beaten anyone up. I was worried I wouldn't perform well the first time and miss the attack.

I was prepared to fight Shawn the last time I faced him. However, I didn't have a chance to do that, so I didn't gain much experience.

To be honest, I was ready to take action. It was a pity that I didn't have the chance to perform.

When Lilac was only a few feet away from me, two people suddenly appeared when I was about to slap her.

The man behind me dashed up to Lilac and slapped her face. The slap was loud.

Another man came out from behind her and rushed forward. His eyes were cold as he stood before me like a wall. Felix had slapped Lilac to the ground while Winston protected me.

Lilac was stunned at first. I expected her to bite her lip with tears like she had done many times before.

Unexpectedly, she jumped up and hugged his leg. Her tears fell on his trousers as she accused me of bullying her.

She hugged him tightly, and Felix tried to shake her off in disgust. Neither of them wanted to give up. They became enmeshed with each other. "What brought you here?" I asked Winston in confusion.

He stared at Felix, who was entangled with Lilac, then glanced sideways at me and smiled teasingly. "I was passing by."

He also raised his eyebrow. "I didn't expect you to have a sharp tongue."

I smiled proudly. "Most women are skilled at arguing. I can't live up to my gender."

The brat laughed and followed me out of the chaos. When I turned back inadvertently, I saw Felix grabbing Lilac's hair and slapping her hard again.

I shook my head in disapproval.

Hitting women only revealed his narrow-mindedness. There were many ways to solve problems, but hitting a woman was the most inappropriate.

However, Lilac was a two-timer who had done despicable things. Shawn had hit her previously, and Felix slapped her this time. Perhaps those were the punishments she deserved.

She brought them upon herself. It was all retribution.

Everything had causes and effects. The result Lilac received was due to the choices she had made at the beginning. She couldn't blame others.

I looked at my watch. The takeout was about to arrive. I had to go home.

I thanked Winston and said farewell, expressing my gratitude. However, he didn't seem to listen to my words and insisted on sending me to the community.

He grinned. "Ms. Consultant, I'll be responsible for your safety from now on. I'll eventually stop you from saying thank you."

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Winston was standing a few steps in front of me when he said that.

He had a perfect appearance and a bright smile. He appeared to have accomplished something.

His gaze was like an eagle's when it saw its prey, with a glimmer of determination.

I couldn't help but wonder whether I did something wrong or said something ambiguous that caused him to misunderstand me. Why did he look at me that way?

When I reached the gate, I noticed the delivery man on a motorcycle was about to call me. After signing, I brought the takeout upstairs.

Queenie came out of the room when she heard me open the door. After she helped me place the food, I realized the house was quiet. It turned out Andrew hadn't come over.

During this period, I felt as if he were living in my house, and his presence was particularly loud. It was as if something was missing when he was absent, which made me uncomfortable.

Habit was quite scary.

"Where's Andrew?" I asked casually.

Queenie paused. "I don't know."

"How dare he not come without asking your permission? Your clingy boy is so disorganized." I teased her.

I only said it casually, yet she smiled self-deprecatingly. "We're just colleagues. Do you still want him to take care of me for the rest of my life? It's difficult for me to repay his kindness. It would be better if he didn't come. I can't bear to owe him anything. Let's eat now. It won't taste good if it's cold."

She started drinking the soup silently, but I couldn't get past the loneliness in her eyes.

Andrew's meticulousness and patience allowed him to enter Queenie's life successfully. Although he was far from being her boyfriend, she had already permitted him to stay by her side, implying that he still had a good chance of succeeding.

However, he suddenly disappeared. What happened to him? Was he going to become a scumbag? It couldn't be.

Even while eating, I felt uneasy because I was thinking about this matter. I peeked at Queenie's expression from time to time.

She lowered her head slightly and ate intently, saying nothing. She ignored me, and I didn't dare to say a word.

Halfway through eating, I couldn't help but message Andrew, "Where are you?"

The dialog box was quiet. When I finished showering and went to bed, I still hadn't received his response.

I couldn't help but start thinking wildly.

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Andrew was indeed good. After all, he was the Lamberts' eldest scion and would eventually inherit his family business. To be honest, I wasn't sure if he had a fleeting crush on Queenie or if he wanted to be responsible for her entire life.

The timing of his appearance was so good that I instinctively treated him as a rescuer. I hoped he could pull her out of the darkness and back into the light.

Flynn's words that day came to my

mind again. After five years of relationship; he was still heartless enough to go that far for his selfish desires. Would Andrew break the rules for Queenie, whom he met unexpectedly?

Moreover, he was three years younger than her. He wasn't yet an adult. That was also one of her concerns. He was youthful and active, with limitless potential for the future. Could he be her savior?

If Andrew hurt Queenie, I would be the one to blame.

Colin hadn't returned by the time I fell asleep. That was how we had been doing lately.

We were adults who worked hard for our jobs, studies, and the future.

I might not be able to help Colin with his matter, but I could at least stop myself from holding him back.

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Colin returned late at night. I awoke as his heated body pressed against mine. However, I was so sleepy and tired that I couldn't talk much with him. I only wanted to sleep.

He bit my earlobe and kissed me for a while before hugging me tightly and falling asleep.

When I woke up the next morning, I was alone. I touched the sheet and found it cold. Colin had been gone for a while, and his scent was no longer in the air.

To be honest, I felt a little lost.

It was 7:00 am when I finished washing up. As I had no classes in the morning, I intended to practice my cooking skills.

I put on my slippers and headed to the kitchen. Then, I saw Queenie serving breakfast. There were two plates of spaghetti, ravioli, and bread rolls on the table.

"Did you make them?" I took a ravioli and chewed it. Its delicious taste caused me to exclaim with satisfaction.

"My cooking skills aren't good enough to make all of them."

"I think so. Colin must have made such excellent ravioli."

"Since you've known it, you didn't have to ask me. Are you trying to show off in front of me? Don't bully me for being single." Queenie took a sip of her coffee and joked with me.

"You'll no longer be single. Your suitor comes to you every day."

I regretted it after I said it. Andrew didn't come yesterday. My words would only make her sad.

I checked my phone when I woke up, and Andrew also didn't respond to my message last night.

I was generating issues for Queenie. I shouldn't have mentioned Andrew. I often spoke and acted without thinking about it.

I wanted to slap myself for speaking crap all day.

Probably because I, as a person with an extremely low EQ, had expressed my thoughts on my face, it caused Queenie to smile and pass me more ravioli.

"What are you thinking about? I'm not that weak. By the way, Lulu, I reached an agreement with the company. I'll be off until the end of this week and return to work next Monday."

"Why? Isn't it customary to rest at home for a month? Why are you so hurried? Is it not permitted by your company?"

"I don't want to stay at home for a

month. It's too boring. I'd rather work than rest. What could be more appealing than economic freedom?" Queenie smiled exaggeratedly as if she was deliberately hiding

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something.

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She was right to stay away from scumbags by starting with financial independence. If she had a high family background, she wouldn't have reached this point with Flynn.

On her first day back at work, I sent her to the company and watched her enter. After she bid farewell to me, I headed to the college.

I had used up several types of paints

in Crystal House. As I had finished the rough draft of my new painting, it was time to color it. I didn't have classes in the morning, so I decided to go shopping in the supermarket.

Winston constantly prepared paints and other materials in the Crystal House for me to use as I pleased. He had meticulously arranged every detail of what would be used in the competition.

I chose a well-known supermarket in Jinovy. It wasn't far from the college. It only took me half an hour to walk there and about ten minutes to get there by taxi.

The morning sun wasn't that strong. There was also a slight breeze in the air, which made me feel

comfortable. I decided to walk there on a whim to enjoy the scenery on my way. I hadn't seen it in a long time while staying in college to paint.

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The supermarket had ten floors. They sold stationery, food, and underwear on the first through fourth floors. I had never been to the upper floors. There should be a brilliant display of goodies.

The stationery here was diverse, of high quality, and affordable prices. Lecturers and students from the Department of Fine Arts enjoyed coming here to purchase materials.

I found a commonly used brand and selected the color and amount based on the remaining paints in Crystal House. Then, I went to the checkout counter with a large bag of things.

The supermarket had a spiral staircase. The center of the huge venue was empty and equipped with a sightseeing elevator from top to bottom. There was a dazzling array of promotional ideas for various brands.

There weren't many people checking out. The girl who served me had a lovely smile. When she grinned, she looked even sweeter.

I looked at her name tag and found her name to be Margaret. That nice name suited the girl perfectly. After picking up my stuff and turning around, I noticed a familiar figure on the first-floor escalator.

A tall man was pushing a wheelchair. He bent slightly and appeared to be listening to the person in the wheelchair. The woman in the wheelchair had long hair and a small blanket covering her legs.

I suddenly fixed my gaze on them, and my heart sank. Because of the angle, I couldn't see what those two people looked like. They appeared in the blink of an eye. I couldn't be sure whether they were the same person I knew.

However, his tall figure and meticulous hairstyle reminded me of the person in my heart.

I picked up the things I just bought and dashed toward the escalator. When I arrived, they were no longer present. Only a few customers were walking by, carrying bags with daily necessities.

Where had they gone? It only took me a few minutes to get over there. They shouldn't have disappeared. Or was the image I saw just now just my fantasy, and they never appeared? Was I so exhausted recently that I recognized the wrong person?

Did I see it wrong? No, that person had always been in my heart. There was no way I could recognize the wrong person.

During my studies, my parents always reminded me to protect my eyesight. As a painter, having bad eyesight would impair my color judgment.

When I was a child, I used to do eye exercises several times a day. I had participated in almost all kinds of vision-strengthening training. Mom took excellent care of my eye hygiene.

I wouldn't recognize the wrong person.

Was that man Colin? Didn't he say he was busy and had a client meeting, so he might be homeday How could he have gotten here white pushing a wheelchair?

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Who might be the woman in the wheelchair? Did he know any other women in wheelchairs? The answer was evident.

My heart kept falling, and my limbs grew chilly.

Was it a coincidence? There were numerous coincidences throughout the world.

Or could it be that someone conspired to make me see that scene?

My mind was in chaos. I got an indescribable feeling. It appeared like sadness, pain, or anger at being lied to.

I shouldn't overthink it. How could Colin have lied to me?

We agreed to speak out when

something happened rather than et

making arbitrary assumptions. So whatif that man was him? He must have a reason.

That was right. Colin wouldn't lie to me.

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The cold dialing tone of the phone rang until it turned into a busy tone and hung up automatically, with no one answering.

I was walking absentmindedly while holding the paint, my hand firmly holding my phone. I was waiting for Colin to call me back.

According to his habit, he would definitely call back within five minutes after missing my call, even when he was busy.

But today, after ten whole minutes passed, my phone was still quiet. In the chat box pinned at the top of WhatsApp, the last message from him was from yesterday afternoon. He had asked me if I wanted to eat some fruit.

Suddenly, I had an unprecedented sense of unease.

Even when I entered Crystal House, I was still thinking about that tall figure, wondering if he was Colin. If he was, where was he now, and why hadn't he returned my call!

With something on my mind, I couldn't focus even after sitting in front of my canvas for a while. Not wanting to ruin the painting, I put down the brush and decided to go to Colin's office.

Maybe I was mistaken, and he was actually working on his desk. Or maybe he wasn't there, but someone knew where he went.

As I was rushing out, I didn't notice the footsteps outside. So, I collided with Ivy Ford, a sophomore, as she came in.

The young woman was petite and delicate. So when I bumped into her, she was pushed back and fell to the ground. The things she was holding went flying all over the place.

"Luna, why are you in such a rush?" Ivy pouted her lips and rubbed her arm, her teary eyes particularly pitiful.

She was the only one in the

sophomore year to be praised by Professor King. The old man once told me that Ivy's painting style was versatile and that she was very talented, suggesting that she should be fostered separately.

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She took her own initiative to introduce herself to me even before the professor had said anything, acting close to me. I tried to stop her several times but it was useless. So, I gave up and let her be.

At that time, I had wanted to ask the

professor how she compared to me. But then I thought it was

meaningless. There were many talented individuals in the world of art. If Pasked, it would make me seem petty and narrow-minded. Besides, I should be proud of having an outstanding junior.

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These days, she would spend her free time in Crystal House. It was rare for such a young person to not go out partying. So, this just proved the professor's keen eye for spotting talent.

I had deliberately observed her several times when she was focused on painting. She had that kind of concentration and fascination. She was totally engrossed in her work.

I seemed to see my former self in her. When I was her age, I was really serious too.

It made me want to play matchmaker.

It was my fault for bumping into her so suddenly and causing her to get hurt. So, quickly helped her up. She rubbed her buttocks and followed me back into the room before sitting down in her seat. I asked her

her

worriedly, "Is it serious? Let me take you to the infirmary."

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"It's okay. It was just a scratch, I'll be fine. By the way, were you rushing to the bathroom to pee, Luna?"

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I felt like burying my head in the ground.

What was she saying? Wasn't that too blunt of a question? It made me blush hard.

Fortunately, others hadn't arrived yet, or it would've been so embarrassing.

"Oh!" Ivy teasingly said with a playful smile, "I see. Luna, were you going to see Mr. White? Well, that's understandable. I'd keep an eye on a handsome guy like him too, or he might get snatched away by someone else.

"Luna, don't you know? Mr. White is quite famous in our school. Many young women are secretly admiring him. By the way, weren't you going to check on him? Hurry up!

"But then, you don't really check on him often enough. If it were me, I'd keep a close watch by checking on him every hour."

Ivy's words were straightforward, making me unable to keep up my facade. Was I that obvious? It was a bit embarrassing.

Check on him every hour? If I did that, I wouldn't have time for anything else! I would only be running back and forth on campus every day. After all, it took around 20 minutes just to go to Colin's office.

After being teased by Ivy, the idea of going there deflated.

I had to keep myself in check a little. I couldn't be this unstable and impulsive.

So what if that person really was Colin? He must have his reasons. I trust that he wouldn't lie to me.

Although I kept telling myself that, the desire to know the truth was dominating me. It made me want to see him immediately and find out about everything.

I was hesitating whether I should go to him when his video call finally came in, albeit a little late.

Looking at his name on the screen, I hesitated to answer.

"Luna, pick it up. It's Mr. White." Ivy nudged me. I answered the call when he called again after the first one went unanswered.

Colin's voice was as deep and affectionate as ever. It was really pleasant to the ear.

He said he had a social engagement tonight and would be back very late, so I shouldn't wait for him and should go to bed early. He also said that he had looked at a few houses, which were not bad. He would take me to see each one when he was free. He wanted me to choose my favorite.

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After talking for about five minutes, he didn't mention anything about the supermarket, but the clothes he was wearing and the person I saw at the supermarket matched.

I became more uneasy as I didn't know whether I should ask about it or not.

Sometimes, I really hated my

reserved and hesitant personality. I had always had trouble when it came to taking action. Especially when it was related to emotional issues, I would unconsciously want to withdraw myself. I felt helpless.

Colin noticed the difference in my attitude. He stopped talking and asked me instead, "You seem unhappy. What's the matter? Are you having trouble with your painting?"

Suddenly, seemed to understand

everything. He was my boyfriend so

I should just ask him directly. This was what we agreed upon. Why bother keeping it to myself and Overthinking things?

That year at Lincoln University, when I sent him the love letter from Jasmine, Colin ignored me for several days. It left me clueless about what I had done wrong.

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Why did I become so cowardly when I really encountered something?

I rubbed my cheeks, trying to make myself look less stiff. "Colin, where did you go just now? Why are you sweating?"

He casually wiped his forehead with his finger. "I went to look at some houses and suddenly felt thirsty. So, I went to the supermarket to buy a bottle of water.

"Then, I happened to run into Jasmine and wanted to ask her about her rehabilitation progress. So we wandered there for a while. It was quite cool inside the supermarket. How did you notice I was sweating?"

So, that was what happened.

I knew it.

The dark cloud shrouding my heart dispersed just like that.

While having pasta with Ivy at night, I scrolled through social media and found a post from one person at the bottom of my friends list. It said: "If it's you, I don't mind waiting a few more years."

The photo showed a corner of the supermarket, with a tall man standing in front of the yogurt aisle. He was holding a red box and carefully reading the ingredient list. Judging

from his position, it was probably a box of yogurt and the red packaging indicated my favorite flavor, strawberry.

Colin didn't tell me earlier he bought something for me, and since he hadn't returned, I couldn't be sure if he bought that yogurt for me. In other words, it was normal for him to buy Jasmine some food or even something expensive because he had saved her before. Plus, it was just yogurt. It was not worth fussing over.

But my heart still felt sour.

I was really petty sometimes.

To prevent myself from getting jealous, I took a peek at Jasmine's social media account and found that her latest post was the one I saw.

Going back further were posts from two months ago. They were mostly about daily trivial matters, including photos of various luxurious parties attended by handsome men and pretty ladies, accompanied by fine wine.

None of them were about love.

I drew two conclusions from what I saw. Firstly, Jasmine's latest post was probably specifically set for me to see. Secondly, her private life was very open and extravagant.

We ended dinner quite late, and Colin couldn't pick me up due to his social engagement. Winston enthusiastically volunteered to take me home while Ivy insisted on tagging along.

Winston treated Ivy pretty well. After pretending to scold her a little, he let her follow him to send me home.

It was said that a man's feelings for a woman could be seen in the way he indulged her. Winston was subtly indulging Ivy, and these two very likely had something going on.

We chatted and laughed all the way home. By the time we arrived, it was almost nine: I leaned over the railing on the terrace and saw Ivy following Winston like a puppy. She reached out to tug on his shirt a few times, only to be rejected.

However, she persisted and went in for another tug. With that, Winston reluctantly accepted it.

Winston, with his long legs, walked quickly, but Ivy was bouncing along happily behind him.

She was just using the excuse of sending me home as a stepping stone. Suddenly, I felt so lonely.

I called Colin, and he picked up quickly this time. Unfortunately, it was too noisy and I couldn't hear what he was saying clearly. He raised his voice and said something before hanging up.