

Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

chapter 540-550

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Furthermore, many classmates from the university would attend Julia's wedding. It was inevitable that some of them knew Flynn. What if they caused trouble for Queenie?

Later, Julia told Henry, and he said that Queenie shouldn't keep avoiding things. She had to be strong and courageous to face the future and face herself properly. Julia thought it made sense and decided to break the news.

"Yes, I think so too. The three of us lived together for four years. We can't miss each other's wedding. Besides, the news would eventually spread. Once Queenie found out that you didn't invite her, she'd be upset. Although your intentions were good, it'd hurt our friendship."

I wanted to say more, but Julia cut me off abruptly, saying, "Lulu, my husband's back. Talk to you later. Bye."

Looking at the darkened screen, I felt a pang of annoyance. I sent a message to scold her for being heartless.

After waiting for a while and not getting a response, I went to sleep, feeling lonely.

In the middle of the night, as I slept soundly, a warm body pressed up against me from behind. I groggily found my wrists being held by someone. When I woke up in the morning, there was still a faint musky scent lingering in the room, but the space beside me had long been empty.

Rubbing my sore hand, I stared at my hand blankly for a long time. I had to strengthen my body and improve my resistance to stress.

When I went out of the bedroom, I found a large bag of snacks on the dining table, with yogurt among them. There was a note underneath the bag that wrote, "It was so comfortable last night. Thank you, darling."

"Your boyfriend has to leave early. Remember to eat well. Call or text me if you need anything. I'll reply promptly when I see it."

The sweet and sour taste of the yogurt calmed my taste buds and suppressed the panic in my heart. I couldn't help but disdain my own action of overthinking things. After all, he was one of the men

loved me in this world. How could he do something that would upset me?

Since Andrew had disappeared from our lives, Aunt Laura hadn't come over again. Now, Queenie and I had breakfast at home, and we settled our own lunch and dinner.

As for why Andrew disappeared, where he went, and why he didn't even say goodbye, we knew nothing of it.

Queenie didn't look too good in the morning. I asked her to rest and went to the kitchen to make my specialty, scrambled eggs.

When I came out of the kitchen, Queenie was discussing with Julia about her wedding.

During their conversation, I carefully observed Queenie's expression, fearing that she might be upset.

But it turned out that I was overly concerned. Not only did she not show any signs of distress, but she also seemed somewhat excited.

Queenie caught me glancing at her

and tapped the side of my plate with

her spoon. "What's up? Just say

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whatever you want. Don't keep glancing all the time. You're making me think that you're falling in love with me."

"Queenie, I'm finally seeing the Queenie from four years ago. That's so wonderful." I took a sip of the coffee. "We were worried about you. We were afraid that the news of Julia's wedding would..."

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| deliberately stopped mid-sentence to see how she would respond. She had been in a slump for too long because of Flynn. It was time for her to return to her true self.

“What would happen? I'd get upset? I've reflected on a lot during my recuperation, and many things have become clear to me. I've finally bid farewell to the past, especially after losing the baby.

"Julia's wedding came at the right time. Everyone's been feeling down lately because of my matters. Let's use Julia's wedding as a chance to have some fun and dispel the gloom."

Flynn had turned himself from someone Queenie loved deeply into her misfortune through his actions. This was quite good. "Indeed, Queenie. I'm happy for you."

She patted my hand and said, "Lulu, you've been worrying about me a lot during these times. Thank you. I'm very fortunate to have you by my side. Otherwise, | wouldn't have known what to do.

“And Colin too. | couldn't express my gratitude directly, so please convey it on my behalf. Whenever you're both free, I'll cook you a meal to show my appreciation."

"We're best friends. It's only natural for us to do something for each other. You don't have to thank us. But | won't refuse a big meal. You must make beef stew for me, and make it extra spicy."

Queenie finished the scrambled eggs in a good mood. She was humming an unknown tune while washing the dishes. A pleasant expression could be seen on her face.

Leaning against the kitchen door, | watched her work in the kitchen. She washed all the dishes and put them in the disinfection cabinet. Then, she wiped the sink until it gleamed. | felt genuinely happy for her.

She was no longer trapped by those negative emotions. She had finally gotten over it, and what awaited her was the dawn of a new era.

After finishing cleaning up, the two

of us chatted and laughed as we left

the house together. When we

walked out, the person who

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vanished suddenly reappeared and was waving at us with a bright smile.

Both of us saw him at the same time.

Her eyes flickered slightly as she nodded politely. Without any other reaction, she calmly turned toward the small path toward her Office.

| wanted to wave and say something, but Queenie remained

indifferent. | couldn't decide whether | should say anything. After all, it was her matter, and | couldn't overstep the boundaries.

"Queenie, surprise! I'm back. Are you happy?" Andrew jumped, ignoring the curious glances of passersby. He was hopping around Queenie like a big monkey.

It was the morning rush hour, so there were many people around who couldn't help but glance at them.

| couldn't bear to watch anymore, so |

rubbed my a dene hae ew stepsyaside| ent out of the

crowd's sight. The content is on

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chapter there!

Andrew was smiling brightly, his clear

eyes were full of one mM

e dedithe vibrant ess of a young an. The content is on

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chapter there!

After that, she intended to pass by Andrew and continue her walk with a very cold attitude. Their actions attracted glances from

passersby. Queenie's face turned in

red, and she lowered her head

compromise, letting Andrew hold

her

wrist and lead her away.

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| didn't continue to watch. | turned

around and left, givi gather the'!!

S ce. witinandre around, Queenie Ould definitely be safe. The content

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chapter there!

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Andrew disappeared for several days without a trace. He didn't even inform Queenie. So, he really needed to explain this. No matter how busy he was, he should have time to at least send a text.

Such behavior was definitely not advisable if he wanted Queenie to be happy with him for the rest of her life.

Unfortunately for me, | saw Felix and Lilac as soon as | reached the school gate. However, their roles seemed to be reversed. In the past, Felix would fawn over Lilac, doing everything for her.

Now, he was standing with his hands in his pockets. He was cold and indifferent, with impatience evident on his face.

Lilac seemed oblivious to Felix's indifference. She was clinging to him and rubbing herself against him all over.

And she kept on talking with tears streaming down her face, putting on a pitiful appearance.

In the past, this move always worked on him.

| moved to the side, wondering what Felix would do next. Since | had nothing much to do, | might as well watch the drama unfold.

There was probably no man in the world who could accept a cheater after being cheated on. | wondered if Felix would set a precedent. For the record, | just wanted to watch the drama. After all, | was curious about the outcome.

Wave after wave of teachers and students came and went, and the sight of the two of them standing at the gate attracted a lot of attention.

After Lilac rubbed against him for a while, there was still no response from Felix. Only his indifference was slightly diminished. Just when | thought Lilac was about

to succeed, Felix pushed her away,

dusted his clothes, and

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shook off the arm that Lilac was clinging to with a disgusted expression. Then, he said with a malicious smile, "You're dirty and disgusting. Get away from me."

Lilac was about five feet tall, and she had lost quite a bit of weight in the past few months. So, she was looking like a pole. When Felix pushed her, she couldn't withstand the force.

Before she could react, she stumbled backward a few steps before falling to the ground with a thud.

The school was the place where rumors spread the fastest and widest.

Lilac's actions had already spread throughout the school before this. There had been several incidents about the matter, causing a lot of discussion. This also made her face familiar to everyone in school. She became a The content is on ! Read the latest chapter there!

nose representative of all the "mean girls" in school, truly becoming famous.

| didn't know what Lilac was thinking. It was already fall, but she was wearing a short skirt, that barely covered her thighs. At was so short that any slight movement would reveal the lace of her panties and her upper thighs. She was so daring that it felt offensive. Content The content is on ! Read the latest chapter there!

Nevertheless, she still stretched out a

hand delicately and said "Felix, why are you so careless? You hurt me." The content is on

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Honestly, I was quite shocked. I didn't expect him to say something so tasteless.

The Felix I knew was a bit indecisive and couldn't always distinguish right from wrong, but he had always been upright and clear-minded. I had known him for over 20 years, and this was the first time I heard him cursing someone and it was someone he had once loved so deeply.

What changed him? Was it hatred?

Lilac originally just wanted to find a way out for herself. Otherwise, given her reputation, her being pushed to the ground like this could easily make headlines in the school forum. It would make her the center of a new round of gossip.

Now, she urgently needed to find someone to rely on and save her from her failed and humiliating life.

Felix was probably the safety net she had chosen.

She was barely surviving like a rat in a gutter now. If she faced another setback, I didn't know what she would become.

So, when she was publicly rejected by Felix, she chose the stupidest way to degrade herself even further instead of thinking about maintaining her dignity.

She probably didn't expect Felix, who was once deeply hurt by her, to become someone she could no longer manipulate. She was no longer the most important person in his life.

Times had changed, and everyone was no longer the same as before.

When Felix uttered those venomous words, Lilac couldn't believe it and froze in shock. She looked utterly pathetic.

I couldn't help but sigh. Fortunately, she still knew what shame was, as evidenced by her pathetic appearance.

There shouldn't be anything else for now.

Looking at my watch, there were still 20 minutes before class started, and it would take at least 23 minutes to walk from the school gate to the class.

I almost made myself late for the sake of watching the drama. I had been too relaxed.

I didn't have time to watch further, so I tightened my grip on my books and started to run.

I would be penalized for being late, and getting a demerit was not worth it.

As I passed by Felix, he quickly reached out and grabbed me. "Lulu, I have something to tell you."

He had something to say, but I didn't want to listen.

Before I could respond, Lilac's gaze shot toward me like a knife. The hatred in her eyes made it seem like I had done something to her baby. It was clear that she wanted to kill me.

She hated me again.

But that was fine. I didn't care. If she didn't feel tired, she could hate me all she wanted.

It was Felix who really annoyed me. His constant stalking made me dislike and resist him even more.

What a joke! Who would want to talk to a scumbag? Who had time for that?

This was the History of Western Art class. Professor King, who was dressed in a neat and tidy manner, was talking eloquently in front of the class. The usually dry theoretical knowledge, through his

rendering, turned into interesting stories. They made people want to delve deeper into them.

Less than five minutes into class, my phone in my pocket vibrated. Taking it out and looking at the notification, I saw that it was from Felix: "Putting too much trust in someone can ultimately lead to

people and things are not as simple as they seem. Be vigilant."

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Looking at these inexplicable words, I was speechless.

What was he doing? Was he subtly telling me that Colin was not trustworthy? Don't ask me how I

guessed it. Currently, the only

person around me who would.net

me think of trust and despair was Colin alone.

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| quickly pushed the matter to the back of my mind after locking my phone and putting it away. If Colin was not trustworthy, then who could | trust? Felix? That was just nonsense.

Even if there came a day when Colin was no longer worthy of my trust, | would use my own heart to understand the situation and decide. | would not let an unrelated person make such random comments to make me water.

| still couldn't figure out why Felix would want to frame his own brother like that. Had he become a fool? At noon, after class, | unexpectedly ran into Helen.

Come to think of it, we hadn't met for almost three months. We had only stayed in touch through calls and texts and greeted each other from a distance on campus, but our communication had been much less frequent than before.

We had talked about getting together several times, but it had always been delayed by this and that, so we hadn't really been able to meet up. As people said, chance encounters were better than planned meetings. It had to be fate for us to meet unexpectedly on such a large campus. We happily hugged and spun around a few times like lunatics. | even gave her a firm pat on her bouncy butt.

Sure enough, her bounciness was still so enchanting.

We chatted away for a while and were about to go out for lunch together when we suddenly noticed someone leaning against a car, watching us.

It had been a while, and Matthew seemed to have gained a little weight, but he was still thin compared to when we first met. But his features looked even more defined, and he was exceptionally handsome now.

He walked over with a smile and reached out to touch Helen's hair. Then, he turned toward me and deepened his smile, a gleam of light shining in his eyes.

Was it because of Helen?

"Hi, Mr. Loxley, long time no see. You're looking even more handsome now." | broke the silence with a casual remark. | had previously secretly sworn to

help him get over his feelings for me

sooner, to help Helen achieve the happiness she desired, and to never meet him again. Even if we met, I would treat him like an ordinary classmate and just move on.

I had thought about the possibility of seeing Matthew again and what I would say when we met. But when it actually happened, I found that everything was not as difficult as I had imagined. I didn't need any of the prepared words.

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He was also much calmer now, and there was a bottomless darkness in his eyes. If I was in a hurry, I would go on to the next chapter. This would be the best. The content is on ! Read the latest chapter there!

Matthew smiled happily. "Indeed, it's been a long time. Would I have the honor to accompany you ladies for lunch?"

His demeanor reminded me of the chubby teenager who used to be in the cafeteria.

He had been in high school, always smiling so warmly. The content is on ! Read the latest chapter there!

Since he showed up, Helen's mouth had been sealed shut. She didn't say

a single word. Even she seemed to be silent.

She kept her head down. She kicked the sand on the ground with the tip of her shoe. She was looking awkwardly to the side. The content is on ! Read the latest chapter there!

Could it be that this silly woman still cared about that thing between Matthew and me? She was really clueless.

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Helen looked back at him in surprise, a hint of joy gradually appearing in her eyes. She blushed and quickly held his hand, leaning against his arm. Then, she said with a smile that she wanted to eat barbecue.

She arrogantly glanced at me from the corners of her eyes where Matthew couldn't see. She was obviously flaunting me.

This woman, she really cracked me up.

Matthew rubbed the back of her head and rested his hand on her shoulder. Then, he nudged her into the back seat of the car.

Suddenly, I felt like I might have unintentionally become a third wheel.

If it weren't for me, Helen would be sitting in the front passenger seat.

She sat with me together in the back and seemed a little lost in thought. She would occasionally steal glances at Matthew through the rearview mirror. Whenever their eyes met and she saw his smiling face, she would quickly avert her gaze and pretend to look outside. She was both cute and awkward.

It seemed that her heart was fluttering.

I watched them for a while and then leisurely smirked at her until her face turned red. She turned away from me.

"The clouds seemed to have cleared. Congratulations, Ms. Johnston." I teased her in a low voice in her ear and successfully made her turn beet red. Matthew clearly heard the whispered words as his lips curled into a faint smile.

Everyone enjoyed the barbecue, especially Helen. Matthew personally took care of her throughout the meal, serving her food and passing her drinks. He made her so happy that she couldn't close her mouth.

As we left, I secretly swore that I would never eat with them again. I hardly ate any meat, but I felt stuffed with their lovey-dovey interactions.

The second year of graduate school was quite busy. We had various

activities. In order to promote me,

the professor started taking me

around, saying that with my talent and ability, I would surely become a famous artist in the future. So

Now, he wanted to introduce me to more people and let me build connections in the world of art.

I was just an ordinary young woman among countless students. What had I done to deserve such a mentor!

One afternoon, as I was putting the finishing touches on my Rise to Glory painting in Crystal House, the professor showed up unexpectedly. There were four people there at the time, including me and three other juniors. When they saw Professor King personally visiting the studio, they excitedly stood up to greet him. I could tell that they were nervous too.

The professor kindly accepted their greetings and went over to give each of them some feedback, which moved the juniors to tears.

I was the only one remaining seated as I finished the final stroke. Then, I stood up and greeted the professor.

It was not that I didn't understand

the importance of respecting our

teachers, but the professor once

said that painting required a calm

mind-free from anxiety and impatience. One should remain steadfast like a mountain despite

the storm and not be influenced by

any external conditions.

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I had been deeply influenced by the professor's teachings for many years. If I didn't even have this level of control, then I might really be living in vain

The professor's instructions were like imperial edicts to me. There was no way that I could refuse.

I was worried that I couldn't make it

in time as it was a bit far to go home and change. I remembered that still had some clothes in the dorm that I hadn't taken with me. So, I decided to go there to find a suitable dress.

Helen wasn't in the dorm, and I was happy for the peace and quiet. I could avoid the need to explain to her. I didn't have to listen to her blabber about her love life either.

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Out of sight, out of mind. This felt nice.

I changed into a light blue dress and tied my hair into a bun at the back of my head to appear more mature.

Then, I put on a shiny headband and let a few strands of hair fall gently on both sides of my face. I applied a light-colored lipstick and lightly brushed my eyebrows. Overall, it made me charming and elegant.

When the professor saw me, he looked slightly amazed. Then, he began to complain about how his wife didn't give birth to a daughter. He complained that his son was useless and just caused trouble. Having a sweet daughter would be much better.

Upon arrival, I realized it was a gathering of high-society elites. The so-called high society actually consisted of two main groups. The first was those who were more toward wealth and power, and the second was those with deep family and cultural backgrounds.

Previously, Colin mentioned that the Kings where the professor was from had a history of over 200 years. They had connections with the royal family. With such a family background and immeasurable assets, they also hold a lofty position in the cultural sphere.

Combined with their wealth, the Kings had far surpassed other wealthy families, establishing themselves alongside the prestigious Lamberts in Jinovy.

Colin didn't elaborate much at that time, but later I learned that this was Andrew's family. It was only then that I realized how prestigious Andrew was. And Queenie was incredibly lucky to have met him and to be loved and protected by him for a lifetime.

The gathering was held in Eden Hall on the top floor of the Jones Hotel. The decorations appeared simple and plain at first glance, but upon closer inspection, there was an understated luxury in every detail.

Even the decorative paintings on the walls were created by world-renowned artists, and their value was beyond measure.

In the hall, there were elegant and composed aristocratic young people everywhere. They were all dressed splendidly, exuding radiance and splendor. They carried themselves as if they were the most important one among those gathered.

As a mere graduate student at Jesselton College, being personally introduced by the cultural representative of the Kings made me the focus of the attendees.

Almost everyone was observing me

and discussing my background in whispers. Some even speculated that I had a relationship with the professor. Otherwise, how could the esteemed Professor King treat a common student like me with such importance and personally bring me to such a gathering?

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Such was the nature of people. As soon as the words "man and woman" were mentioned, there would always be speculations. These people, with their own matice and filth, were only seeking to comfort themselves with baseless assumptions.

My relationship with the professor was straightforward. I respected him as a master of his field, and he acknowledged my talent and diligence. Why should we fear the speculation of the world?

My attire was not as extravagant as the others, with only a pair of pearl earrings and no other jewelry. It made me appear simple and elegant.

But I took pride in my upbringing in a scholarly family, along with the things my parents had taught me. It had endowed me with a pure and noble temperament.

Casually following behind the

professor, unexpectedly obtained the contact information of several influential figures. I couldn't help but feel pleased. I didn't attend this gathering in vain, and the professor's intentions were met.

Indeed, there were still many good people in this world.

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Mrs. Loxley was wearing an elegant sapphire blue dress, embroidered with patterns in the same color scheme. She wore her hair up with a tiara-like hairpin on her head while the tassels on her earrings sparkled. She held her head high as if only by doing so could she appear superior to me.

But what she didn't know was that there had never been any competition between us. Everything was just her own presumptions. I felt sorry for Matthew for having such a person as his mother.

I had been shuffling between people with the professor and hadn't noticed her presence until now. Seeing her, I just felt annoyed.

Jinovy was so big. How could I bump into her so easily?

What a small world!

The arrogant Mrs. Loxley obviously recognized me too. Standing proudly among a group of middle- aged women, she looked at me with caution, resistance, and a hint of surprise.

But whatever she had in mind, it had nothing to do with me. I simply didn't want to deal with her at all. So, I just looked past her as if I hadn't seen her. People said the most powerful retaliation was ignorance.

This time, I would ignore her completely.

She couldn't possibly come over and fight me in front of so many people. Anyway, I wasn't afraid of her.

Finally, the professor allowed me to roam by myself and went upstairs to meet with important guests in a private room.

After walking around for about an hour, for someone who rarely wore high heels, my feet were killing me.

As soon as the professor left, I found a corner to sit down and took off my shoes to relieve my feet. But then I found that the back of one of my ankles was soaked in blood from where the stockings had been rubbing against it. It hurt terribly whenever I moved.

I couldn't leave early on such an important occasion, so I fanned my foot with my hand to cool down the wounds while muttering curses at the damn shoes under my breath.

Then, I was startled by someone's laughter nearby. In a mix of shock and annoyance, I quickly put on my shoes again. The pain was almost unbearable as soon as my ankle touched the shoe.

I gritted my teeth and endured it, not making a sound.

Suddenly, a white box was extended to me from the side. There was a rose logo on the box, and it was emitting a faint fragrance.

I raised my head in astonishment to

see a smiling face with soft hair

covering the forehead. A pair of elongated eyes with a hint of teasing was looking at me. A clear,

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melodious voice said, "This is my first time seeing a socialite like you. You're quite interesting. Did you hurt your foot? Here, a gift for you."

He pushed the box forward until it almost touched the tip of my nose, making me move back a little.

What was the intention of this unexpected guest?

I searched through my memories but couldn't find any impression of this person.

He was a complete stranger to me.

What was his motive for coming over and giving me a gift suddenly? Was he trying to flirt with me?

I was confident in my appearance. Not only was I taller than most women present, but in terms of looks, I could be considered pretty even though I was not drop-dead gorgeous.

Could this be a situation like the

novels where some young man from a wealthy family set his sights on pretty lady when he saw one? But

with my plain dress, how did catch his eye?

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Upon closer observation, it didn't seem like that at all. His eyes were too clear and clean. His smile was pure, with no trace of greed or desire except for a hint of teasing.

I looked at the logo on the box he was holding. It was an international women's shoe brand with exorbitant prices.

I heard that a

a pair of crystal shoes

adorned with real diamonds made by this brand was sold to a wealthy businessman for six million dollars at an international auction. However, no one knew who the shoes belonged to.

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Judging by the way he dressed and the exquisite box, the shoes inside should have a five-figure price tag.

There was no such thing as a free lunch in this world. We were complete strangers, yet he came over and offered me a gift out of the blue. This made me wonder and felt the need to be cautious.

Why would a stranger spend so much money just to help me out?

My feet were hurting, and I needed a pair of comfortable shoes. But not like this.

With this in mind, I politely smiled and tucked a strand of hair behind my ear. "Thank you, Mister. But I don't need it."

"Why? Your feet are obviously hurting. Why refuse my help? Why endure when you can get comfortable?" The man raised an eyebrow, his playful expression deepening. His curiosity seemed to heighten as well.

Was he curious about me? Why?

He persisted by extending his hand and continuously pushing the box in my direction. I had to take a couple of steps back to maintain a polite distance.

"I specially brought this to you. Other women don't have this privilege." He tilted his chin up.

To me, this gesture seemed like he didn't know his place.

Compared to everyone else present, I was indeed terribly poor. But that didn't mean I had to endure anyone's insults.

They had their world, but I had my life. Everyone liked nice things, but I didn't want them if I didn't know where they came from—especially when I had to break some principles for them. I would rather not have it.

Since I was young, Mom taught me that I should rely on my own efforts for everything rather than seeking handouts. That was because all handouts were traps set by others.

So, from a young age, I had carried myself with pride. I might be poor, but I wouldn't grovel to escape poverty.

This person's approach had hit a nerve in me.

I was someone who wore their emotions on their sleeve. While I had become more restrained over the years of studying and meeting all sorts of people, my core hadn't changed.

I didn't like being teased by

strangers. So stopped smiling, and

my eyes showed a coldness as I spoke indifferently, "I don't know

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you, and I don't want to know why you're giving this to me. What can tell you is, please take it back. I don't need it. Also, I'd like to rest for a bit, so please don't disturb me."

"Doesn't your foot hurt? Why refuse someone's kindness?" The young man persisted in his pestering.

"Kindness from unknown people may bring more pain in the future than today's pain."

With that, I turned and left.

"Okay, okay, I won't tease you

anymore. I never thought you would really get angry." He grabbed my wrist and stood in front of me with a smile. "Let me introduce myself. My

name is Xavier King.

your foot was hurting, so

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specifically asked me to bring this over."

I licked my lips in uncomfortable embarrassment and turned away with a wry smile.

And this brat, why didn't he say so earlier? He made me mistake him for a bad guy trying to hit on me. How embarrassing!

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"Oh, you're the professor's son. Nice to meet you. I'm really sorry for the misunderstanding earlier. I was too sensitive," I said apologetically and extended my right hand to shake his, feeling so embarrassed that I could bury my head in the ground.

"I rarely attend these kinds of gatherings, and I'm not very familiar with them. I must've made a fool of myself. I apologize."

I really felt ashamed. He came over with good intentions, yet I mistook him for some scheming opportunist. Were there really so many bad people in this world?

At this moment, I was doubting the education and guidance my parents gave me.

Xavier seemed to appreciate my embarrassment. He laughed heartily with a slight wrinkle in his nose and shallow dimples on his cheeks.

"My dad said you had a stubborn personality and wouldn't accept what I brought. I didn't believe him and had to try. I even made a bet with the old man. I thought I had it in the bag, but I never expected to lose so miserably."

"Okay, I'm sorry. It didn't matter who brought it as I wouldn't have accepted it either way."

"You really have a strong personality," he remarked and pointed to the couch nearby, indicating that we should sit down and chat.

Glancing at the people mingling around, I felt more comfortable talking to him than trying to fit in. After all, he was an acquaintance, and he was young and lively. It was easier to talk to him. I felt more relaxed, not to mention safer.

I casually sat down after that thought and took a sip of the orange juice he handed me.

Xavier King, the professor's only son, was only 20 years old and stood out among his peers in the Kings. Without a doubt, he'll be the one to take over the reins of the Kings in the future.

It was quite remarkable to have such an extraordinary status at such a young age. He possessed a pure gaze and had an approachable personality, which was not easy to maintain.

This was undoubtedly due to the professor's excellent upbringing. It further elevated my admiration and respect for him.

"You have no idea how much trouble I've been through with the old man because of you," Xavier said with a hint of resentment. "Oh?" I raised an eyebrow.

He leaned back on the couch and vigorously patted his legs with his right hand to express his frustration.

"You're the one my dad always

praises and compares me to. You're the talented one, making me envious and jealous. I even started to hate you. I used to think I was pretty good and above average compared to my peers. But I'm just trash when

compared to you.

"Tell me, why is my dad so proud of you? What kind of charm do you have that made him take notice?"

I chuckled softly. "Professor King has been both a teacher and a father figure to me for four years. He's one of the men I respect and admire most in the world."

Xavier was talkative and lively. His

eyes were bright, and he seemed to be carefree, but he was always mindful of boundaries. That made me feel comfortable. It was evident that he had been raised well.

"One of them?" He caught the emphasis in my words and asked curiously, "Who's the other?"

"My dad, of course."

He burst into laughter, the sound loud enough to attract the attention of those nearby.

A waiter pointed me in the direction, and I walked over there alone.

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Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

It was nice to have a chat with an old acquaintance. Fortunately, I wasn't rushing for the restroom.

"Professor King brought me here," I explained.

He nodded and stared at me with his dark eyes for a moment before saying, "I heard you went through a lot some time ago. I'm sorry I couldn't help you or..." He swallowed the rest of the sentence and shook his head regretfully.

The unfinished sentence should be "or be by your side".

I understood his meaning, but I couldn't respond to him.

I was not a person who dragged things out, especially when it came to relationships. It would only end up hurting both parties.

Moreover, from what I observed, Matthew's feelings for Helen were growing rapidly.

After he let go of me, it would be easy to notice Helen's goodness.

As a good roommate, I shouldn't be having private conversations with the person she loved.

"It's all in the past now, nothing to worry about. With Colin looking out for me, everything turned out fine."

He swirled the wine in his glass and stared into the dark liquid, looking lost in thought. "Mr. White is truly a talented person. I've seen him a few times during high school and was impressed by his demeanor. I just didn't expect you to choose him."

"He's a great man." I wasn't sure what else to say. After thinking for a while, that was all I could come up with. Besides, it covered all bases.

"Lulu, I..." He drank the wine in his glass in one gulp, tightened his lips, and remained silent for about ten seconds before speaking, "I'm getting engaged."

Engaged?

I widened my eyes in astonishment. "To Helen?"

He nodded and then forced a smile. "I'm sorry, I can't keep liking you anymore. Please don't forget about me."

His voice was trembling slightly at the end of his sentence.

I couldn't help but feel a pang of sadness.

It was not for myself but for him.

His feelings were pure and sincere. Perhaps a part of his heart would always belong to the Luna Lawson of the past which no one could reach. But his present and future belonged to Helen. Content belongs

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The place he left for me in his heart no longer belonged to me. It was just a memory of his regrets from our teenage years.

It had nothing to do with love.

Matthew may not realized this yet, but I hoped he would come to understand it in the future.

Fortunately, Helen loved him very much. She once said marrying him was her lifelong wish. It was not bad at all as her wish was coming true.

Matthew's family definitely wanted him to marry someone with a similar background.

I would rather that woman be Helen instead of someone else.

Because she truly loved Matthew.

It wouldn't be difficult for him to open up and fall in love with her.

People said constant dripping wore away the stone, and Helen was that constant drop of water. One day, she would surely move Matthew's heart with her deep affection.

"Congratulations!" I reached out my hand, sincerely wishing him well. That was a good question.

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But considering the ambiguous relationship Matthew and I once had, as well as the prejudices his mother had against me, I

suppressed the desire to attend their engagement party to avoid getting into trouble.