

CHOSEN 1892

Chapter 1892

Serana bit her lip, silent.

Straightening up in her chair, Yasmine's gaze grew colder. "You might not like hearing this, but you knew what you were doing getting into this. So don't play the victim."

Casting a glance at the sandwiches left on the table, Yasmine let out a sarcastic chuckle. "To win a man's heart, you gotta win his stomach first. Have you managed that over all these years?"

The words were blunt, and any pretense of ignorance Serana had maintained was now impossible to continue.

Enter title...

Perhaps Yasmine hit a particularly sore spot, Serana finally met Yasmine's eyes.

"No one knows Boyd better than I do."

Yasmine raised an eyebrow, resting her chin on her hand as she looked at

Serana with feigned interest, as if waiting for a sermon.d2

Serana didn't disappoint, continuing, "Sure, you knew him before I did, but you left his side for nine years. During those nine years, I was the one by his side."

The expression on Yasmine's face grew darker by several degrees. "Are you bragging or giving me a friendly reminder of my place? That it's about time I stepped aside?"

Shaking her head, Serana clarified, "I'm not bragging, nor reminding you of anything. I'm just laying out the facts to explain that I've grown up with him, I know what he wants, and that's why I've come to accept him being with you."

Yasmine nodded, "It seems I should thank you for being so gracious about us being together."

"I know you must think I'm a fool, but if I..."

"What's going on here?"

Boyd's voice suddenly cut in, interrupting Serana. He placed a plate of spaghetti in front of Yasmine. "You ordered it. You better eat it all."

“But I didn’t say I wanted two eggs.”

“Just eat it.”

Boyd sat beside her, giving Serana a fleeting glance. “What were you two

talking about?”

Serana’s complexion paled slightly as she gently shook her head. “Nothing

important.”

Boyd turned to Yasmine, only to hear her say, “It’s not ‘nothing.’ I’m actually

quite curious about what you were about to say.”

Serana took a sip of her milk, “I forgot.”

Yasmine only ate half her pancakes before pushing the plate towards Boyd.

“Are you full?”

He pulled the plate closer to himself. “I don’t think you want to hear that I am.”

Wiping her mouth with a napkin, Yasmine quipped, “Do I look like someone who

forces others?”

“I’m not full.”

Boyd directly took a bite of the half-eaten sunny-side-up egg Yasmine had left.

Yasmine smiled.

After Boyd finished eating, Yasmine's phone rang. She answered the call

without a second's delay. "I'll be right down."

Boyd watched her, "I've arranged a ride."

Standing, Yasmine said, "I won't be going to school today."

She brushed her hair back and exited the dining room.

Something was off. Boyd could see it, but if Yasmine had already called for a

driver, there was nothing more he could say.

They descended the stairs together, Yasmine acting as if nothing had happened.

Before getting into the car, she reminded him, "Don't forget about the term

paper."

He pulled her close, kissing her forehead, "As you command."

Watching Yasmine's car drive away, Boyd headed to another vehicle. "If you

can't learn to talk to her, then talk less. If you piss her off, I'm the one who has to sweet-talk her."

As Boyd's car pulled away, Serana stood there, a picture of sadness. She knew it was Yasmine who couldn't let go.

"Ms. Serana," the driver beside her prompted gently.

She snapped back to reality, took a deep breath, and got into the car.

—

The unfinished words from Serana lingered in Yasmine's mind. She told herself not to worry about it, but they always seemed to creep into her thoughts in idle moments.

But what if...

What if what?

She was pretty sure, given the context of their conversation, it wasn't anything pleasant. However, such an exchange with Serana could only happen once.

The question remained unanswered, fading over time.

Serana seemed to avoid the issue too, rarely visiting Boyd's home afterward.

Rare, but not absent. After all, they had grown up together. The ties couldn't be completely cut.

During the last few months of university, the students' emotions began to settle down. They were less boisterous, more silent than before, perhaps due to impending farewells, the pressure to advance, embarking on long-awaited journeys, or fear of an uncertain future.

For some, like Yasmine and Boyd, these concerns held little significance. In fact, Boyd's focus had already shifted.

Yasmine, with Bryson managing things, played the hands-off boss quite comfortably. Bryson even suggested she could stay in school if she was bored, as the challenges weren't too great for her.

Yasmine, however, didn't hesitate to refuse, seemingly without ambition, which left Bryson at a loss.

Boyd couldn't fault her, except when it came to Serana.

Yasmine had felt uneasy around Serana since their reunion. She dismissed their childhood play as just that—play, and the near-death experience as a game gone too far. She couldn't deny Serana's present self due to past events or hold onto old prejudices forever, but as time and events proved, she and Serana just didn't mesh.

Yet somehow, she couldn't shake Serana off. Her intolerance grew day by day, and her displeasure was no longer concealed.

A month had passed since their "unpleasant" breakfast.

That afternoon, Boyd came to pick up Yasmine from school. She instinctively went for the front passenger seat, but the driver opened the door and walked out, gesturing towards the back seat for her. Boyd was already sitting inside.

She ducked in and sat down, "Mr. Boyd, you're really stepping up your game, not even driving your own car now."

Boyd took her hand, "Can't drive today. Got a dinner planned for us."

“Why? Tired of playing chef?”

“I could cook for you every day of my life and never get tired.”

Yasmine chuckled, “Then why do we eat out? I’m actually quite a fan of your culinary skills.”

“Serana’s test score came in. She’s asked us to dinner. Must’ve aced it.”

“What tests?” Yasmine raised an eyebrow, “Thinking about studying abroad?”

Boyd shook his head without hesitation, “No.”

“So, this is why you can’t drive today?”

“Isn’t it a reason to celebrate? She probably wants to share her joy with us.”

Yasmine laughed softly, “A good score and it calls for a celebration? She isn’t some academic slacker, is she? Are we going to throw a party every time she finishes a test?”

As she said this, Yasmine paused, recalling that during their meals together,

Boyd did indeed celebrate Serana’s achievements occasionally, though Yasmine

had never paid much attention to it, sometimes only responding politely. After all, with all the tests big and small along the way, it was okay to mention a good performance.

She hadn't realized they were actually commemorating these occasions. A cold chuckle escaped her, but anger coiled in her chest. Were they really having their own little world right under her nose?

Sensing the shift in her mood, Boyd squeezed her hand, "What's on your mind?"

Yasmine arched an eyebrow, her gaze sliding to the corner of her eyes, looking up at him playfully. "I'm curious, what exactly is your relationship with Serana?"

Boyd's brows twitched, "Why do you ask? Before you left, she was at the orphanage, and after you left, she was still there."

"I just want a straightforward answer to what your relationship is."

Yasmine's tone was cold, her words edged with frost.

Boyd looked at her for a moment, "We grew up together."

Yasmine nodded, "Ah, grew up together." She repeated, seemingly accepting

the answer, though the smile that touched her eyes was tinged with chill, “So, the orphanage was left with just the two of you to fend for yourselves after I left?”

Boyd’s brows furrowed.

“That can’t be right, can it? So among all those kids who grew up with you at the orphanage, why haven’t you handed out prime real estate to each of them, or pulled strings to get them into Summit Ridge University, or joined them for a celebratory meal for their good grades?”

Boyd’s brows lowered, “Why are you so concerned about Serana?”

“Is she perhaps your long-lost sister?”

“No.”

“Or maybe you were kidnapped and she nearly sacrificed herself trying to save you, almost paying with her virtue or actually losing it?”

Yasmine watched as a layer of frost settled over Boyd’s features at her words.

“No.”

Yasmine stared at him for another two seconds, then sat up straight, turning to

watch the world slide by outside the car window. “Pull over.”

The driver glanced in the rear view mirror, catching sight of Boyd’s dark