

# Seduced by My Childhood Sweetheart's Brother

## chapter 491-495

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"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. Once you're healed, we'll go shopping together!"

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."

Colin and I looked at each other before rubbing the tip of our noses. It wasn't a huge reaction, but we did it simultaneously, showcasing how synchronized we were.

Andrew and Queenie noticed our unanimity and laughed out loud, especially Queenie. She was sick, yet she cackled the loudest.

Abashed, I playfully raised my fist to threaten her. Andrew was very protective of Queenie, so he immediately put down his cutlery to shield Queenie. Colin sat silently as we played and bantered among ourselves. However, his eyes were smiling too.

He ruffled my hair affectionately and gave me another generous portion of food, asking me to eat well.

Having not seen each other for a few days, he doted on me like never before.

I looked at Jasmine from the corners of my eyes. Her sidekicks were wolfing down food like two starving soldiers. Meanwhile, Jasmine grabbed her cutlery tightly, her expression as sour as a green apple.

"You're sick too, Queenie. What happened?" asked Jasmine, unwilling to be left out.

What was wrong with her? She was in my apartment. Who gave her the confidence to keep provoking us again and again? Didn't she know that she was outnumbered? Was she dumb?

Queenie's expression darkened. But before she could speak, I grabbed her hand to stop her. She had protected me just now. It was my turn to come to her defense.

"Oh, nothing much. A stray dog bit her. Thankfully, she got her rabies vaccine from the hospital. Her wounds still hurt, but she'll be fine after a few days of rest."

Andrew laughed heartily. Somehow, calling Flynn a stray dog made him very happy.

When the oatmeal had cooled down sufficiently, he placed the bowl in front of her and gave her a spoon. "Eat carefully. There are more in the kitchen. Have some."

Colin did not drink, so there was no alcohol whatsoever. As the conversation died down, everyone focused on finishing their plate. A certain someone however, tried to seek attention.

"Queenie, you found yourself a good boyfriend. He's young, handsome, and caring. I envy you." Jasmine ate elegantly and continued, "Where are you from, Mister? You look familiar."

Andrew lifted his head and smiled dryly. "I'm not Queenie's boyfriend yet. Soon, hopefully."

He ignored Jasmine's question. I supposed he didn't want her to know more about him, so he didn't give more information. Regardless, he was my friend. I supported his decision.

Colin was ravenous. Other than filling my plate, he remained silent and ate his food. Queenie and Jasmine were the only ones talking during the meal. In the beginning, it was casual chit-chat. However, she slowly changed the topic to how Colin doted on me and how nice he was to me. She also told her what he had done for me. Jasmine's jealousy was so stoked that she hardly had any appetite to eat anything.

As patient and composed as Jasmine was, the smile on her face was slowly vanishing as the conversation went on.

Queenie kept talking, leaving me no room to chime in. I could only focus on eating.

But that was the fearless and protective Queenie I knew. She would do anything to protect those she held dear. She was a loyal friend. After the meal, it was already dark. Andrew sent Queenie to her room after she performed the role of my guardian during the meal. Jasmine, too, said she was weary and asked Colin to send her to a hotel.

As she spoke, she made sure that she looked extra tired. Her right hand casually patted the legs under the blanket.

"My bad. I'll bring you to the hotel now. Babe, can you go tidy up? We'll go together."

Jasmine's eyes lit up when she heard the first half of the sentence. But the second half immediately took out the sparkle, leaving a bottomless abyss in her eyes.

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Colin was sensible enough to make sure I wouldn't be jealous. Fine. I'd add back the 20 flowers that I had taken out of my mental notebook. Happily and obediently, I went to the room to get changed. As soon as I removed my top, Colin came in. He saw my bare skin, and his gaze immediately sharpened. He slowly walked toward me. I saw danger in his eyes.

Recalling the steamy session that we had just now, my cheeks reddened and turned warm. I was clothed back then, so I was protected. But now, I was only covered by my bra. My straps were my only protection. I was afraid that Colin might be unable to hold back.

Colin closed the door behind him. To make sure that it was shut tight, he even leaned back to close it. Then, he approached me. Following my widening gaze, he pulled me into his arms. His hands brushed against my smooth back, and he kissed my shoulder.

Then, he planted more kisses on my shoulder and back. My bra straps tugged against my skin. I didn't know what Colin was feeling, but personally, my heart was aflutter.

My knees gave out as usual. I snuggled in his arms and meekly reminded him that others were waiting for us.

He sulked almost immediately. Then, he gritted his teeth and dressed me up solemnly. He quickly took out some documents from the luggage, grabbed my hands, and dragged me with him.

As he walked, he stomped on the ground, making the floorboard creak. I scratched the back of my head in confusion. Was he mad? He didn't seem too pleased.

We rushed to the staircase and waited for everyone to group up. Andrew followed behind us and asked if we were coming back or not. I said yes, but Colin said no.

Hmph. Since when was he allowed to veto my decision? I was going to punish him later.

As we descended the apartment building, Colin pulled me suddenly and gave my lips a powerful smooch. Then, he uttered, "I don't care if I'm your official boyfriend or not, I'm having you tonight."

Before I could react, Jasmine and her sidekicks caught up to us. I had to drop the topic. All of us left to find a hotel nearby.

Colin said that the doctor he booked would look at Jasmine's situation on Monday morning. We then decided to find a hotel behind the hospital. It was more convenient for Jasmine's hospital trips.

Jasmine chose sensibility this time instead of making a fuss. She allowed Colin to make arrangements for her. After we arrived at the hotel lobby, we sat on the couch and waited as Colin went to get her a room.

Sitting in the wheelchair, Jasmine asked the tall man to take her around to admire the decor of the main lobby. In reality, she took a small turn and stopped next to Colin.

Colin smiled at her politely and said nothing.

It wasn't until when we sent Jasmine to her room that I realized Colin had booked a deluxe suite for the three of them. He told me that Jasmine asked for it, which made me even more curious about the relationship of the trio.

However, it wasn't right to ask this question in front of them, so I saved it for the future.

After Jasmine settled down, I left the suite first. When Colin passed by her, she grabbed the hem of his shirt, seemingly trying to speak to him. He pried her hand off and asked her sidekicks to take good care of her.

As the door closed, I saw the disappointment on her face.

"Colin, do you want to travel around?" Winston told me there was a good taco restaurant nearby. He went there once and had been craving it ever since.

While we did have a sumptuous meal, it wasn't a satisfying one as Jasmine was there. Having something spicy would provide the kick that we needed.

I only found out much later that I was Colin's "spicy food".

Colin left the room after me, so he was slightly behind me. He didn't answer my question. Perhaps he didn't hear me.

Before I could repeat the question, he shot me a naughty grin and carried me into the elevator over his shoulder.

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Before I knew it, I was thrown on top of a bed in a luxurious room. When did Colin book a room? Why wasn't I told about it?

Then, Colin climbed on top of me and began raining kisses on my torso. I couldn't resist him.

"What are you doing? I want to have tacos," I asked with labored breath.

"But I want to have you," he replied. His body was so hot, and his voice was husky, teasing my nerves.

Realizing that I couldn't escape, I stopped struggling. I allowed myself to be carried away by his affection.

"I want you. Can you give it to me?" he asked shamelessly.

"I don't know." I looked away, too shy to answer.

For a couple in their honeymoon period, "I don't know" was a magical phrase. They could interpret it however they wanted, and what they wanted would always come true.

"Stay here. I'll take a shower. Wait for me. And don't ever think of running away," he warned before entering the bathroom. Then, he shot me a seductive grin.

"Okay."

Why would I run away? I had to face this sooner or later anyway. Besides, he was very eager just now. Why would I struggle futilely? Truth be told, I did think this was getting too fast. Far too fast than anticipated. I wasn't mentally ready to do it with him.

I would be lying if I said I wasn't anxious or didn't want to flee.

Yet I knew very well that I could never escape. If I did, he could easily capture me, and I would have to suffer the consequences.

I looked at the time on my phone when Colin stepped into the shower. 11 minutes later, Colin came out wrapped in a towel. What a quick shower. With a towel draped around his waist, his upper torso was still wet. His angular pecs and abs were on full display. Water droplets rolled down his tanned and taut body, making him look extra seductive and mesmerizing.

I had already seen his Adonis body in Lagado, but that didn't stop me from gawking at him. He was so sexy, even sexier than the male models in magazines. My taste in men was quite picky, but I had to admit I was completely enticed by him.

Seeing my stupefied look, Colin chuckled. His eyes curled into a smile as he continued to charm me like a walking ball of pheromones. "Like what you're seeing?" he asked me hoarsely.

This was his third time asking me the same question. I panicked, feeling extremely flustered. My face was scarlet as I dashed toward the bathroom, too scared to even look back. His laughter sounded behind me.

I stayed in the shower for more than half an hour. The splashing and sloshing of water became my background noise as my mind wandered to the couple's first night I had read so much about in novels.

I thought I would be an expert on what to do, but at that moment, my mind couldn't come up with anything. I hated that in the heat of the moment, I forgot to bring my phone with me. Now, I couldn't search online.

I could only stand like a coward under the showerhead until my skin was all wrinkled. Only when Colin knocked on the door several times and threatened to barge in if I didn't come out did I exit the bathroom.

They said it was difficult to read a woman's mind. That was true. Because even I couldn't understand what I wanted.

Previously, I wasn't too sure about my feelings. I wanted to try dating Colin for a while, so I gave our relationship a probation period.

But today, when he pinned me down on the bed and kissed me, I wanted to skip the whole probation period. I wanted to be with him right away till the end of time.

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Perhaps I felt threatened by Jasmine's presence. Or perhaps I finally came to terms with my feelings. Or maybe the ambiance was just right. Giving myself to my probational boyfriend was a leap of faith, to say the least. Yet I was well aware of what I was doing. I did not resist it.

No, it had to be because I fell in love with Colin. And this love ran deep in me. It was rooted in my heart. Perhaps I took it for granted because it was Colin.

And tonight, I would give myself to him. I would become his. It felt rather romantic but nerve-racking. My heart was pounding so loudly.

Slowly, the urge to flee waned. Replacing it was the feeling of anticipation.

The main lights in the room had been switched off. Only two bed lights remained. The dim room was shrouded in mystery.

When I left the bathroom, Colin was looking at his phone, topless. His muscular body continued to entice me. Maybe he was born to seduce humans.

When he heard me, he lifted his head, and his flawless face flashed me a gentle smile. His eyes could illuminate the night sky. Within them, I saw love and passion.

My heart began to beat even faster. I froze as we locked eyes. Something was brewing in the dark. For a moment, I thought Colin was the Big Bad Wolf. And I was the Red Riding Hood who came knocking on his door innocently. I was walking into a trap.

He put away his phone and sat upright. Then, he patted the space next to him and beckoned, "Come, babe."

Bewitched, my legs moved on their own. I stood next to the bed. Following his instructions, I climbed onto the mattress and lay in his arms. My head rested on his shoulder. If I lifted my head, my lips would

meet his.

I made myself available.

Almost immediately, Colin's eyes turned red. His muscles bulged, and he pounced on me like a ravenous beast.

The scent of shower cream was refreshing, like the jasmine flower that bloomed at night. The atmosphere was intimate and steamy. Colin called out my name hoarsely again and again.

His hot breath tickled my cheek. His kisses traveled from my lips to my neck and shoulder blade, igniting my senses.

When his hands reached down, the phone rang. This time, it wasn't mine. It was his phone.

As patient as he was, to be interrupted twice in a day by untimely phone calls, any sane human would go crazy. He bellowed as his muscles tensed. His expression darkened as he glared at the annoying phone.

"Colin, phone." Only after I finished the sentence did I realize my voice could become so mellow and sultry.

"I don't care." Colin heaved as he buried the phone under a pillow, trying to muffle its ringtone.

Who was he trying to fool? I had to say, he looked cute when he was this desperate.

I laughed out loud despite the intimate circumstances. Colin pinched me tight until he elicited a scream from my mouth. Then, frustrated and angry, he ignored his messy hair and grabbed his phone. His expression became even more sour when he looked at the screen.

I glanced and found that it was an unfamiliar number. The caller was calling from Harveyton. When I saw the caller ID, my heart sank into an icy pond.

Jasmine.

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Jasmine!

It was not my fault this time. I looked at him out of reflex, and he did the same too, though he looked more annoyed than me. I didn't detect any sense of panic in his clear eyes. There was only rage.

Why was he mad? He brought her here and put her in a hotel. I didn't ask her to call him to interrupt our intimate moment. Glaring at me wouldn't do anything.

I lay on the bed with a mirthless smile and pretended not to see the phone that was delivered to me. I came back today. And at 9:47 pm, Jasmine called Colin from a hotel—a place that easily led many to think of intercourse.

I was gone for a month. How many calls had she made to Colin? How did he deal with it? More importantly, why did she have to call him this late at night? To put it bluntly, what problem could a woman possibly have at night that required the attention of a man?

Perhaps there was no personal agenda whatsoever. Did she call this late to inquire about her injuries? No way. I would never believe that stupid lie. I became more annoyed.

I wasn't so possessive or ungrateful that I couldn't stand the savior of my boyfriend's life. But I couldn't act like it was nothing when a woman called my boyfriend late at night.



Colin could sense that I was unhappy. He quickly put his phone on silent mode and tossed it aside. Then, he lay down next to me and sighed loudly. His hands ruffled his messy hair, trying to vent his frustration.

Within a few minutes, the couple on the same bed lost all momentum of intimacy because of a call. All that was left was silence. I didn't know what to say.

What was he trying to prove by not picking up the call? That he was cutting her off? Did he do that when I wasn't there? If I said no, would anyone believe me?

Colin lay on his side and observed me gingerly. He tried to gauge my reaction as his eyes darted between me and his phone.

He was confused because he wasn't sure why Jasmine called him this late at night. Meanwhile, he looked at me to see how I would react to the sudden call. Would it affect the trust and bond we had built in the past 20 years?

The ringtone finally died. Colin sighed in relief, but before he could utter a word, his phone rang again, forcing him to swallow whatever he was about to say.

Refusing to answer a call was also a kind of cowardice.

"Just pick it up. Ask if she has any problems," I told him calmly.

"Okay." Colin sat up. He retrieved his phone and answered the call in one fluid motion. "Yes, Jasmine?"

His actions flowed so seamlessly as if he had done it countless times. It felt like he couldn't wait to pick up the call. Was I reading too much into it?

In the dark room, his voice was calm and steady, yet I sensed a hint of urgency. I spaced out as I looked at Colin's sinewy back. What did Jasmine say? How did Colin reply? I didn't hear a thing. Or perhaps I was trying not to listen to their conversation.

If I did not eavesdrop on their conversation, I could pretend that the call never took place. I could fool myself.

After the call, Colin turned around and said, "Jasmine needs me. I have to go and see her."

At almost 10:00 pm, my boyfriend told me that he needed to see another woman.

What could possibly be this urgent at night? Shouldn't he avoid hanging out with another woman alone since he was taken?

I pinched myself on the thigh using the hand under the blanket. The pain allowed me to remain level-headed.

