

BACKUP GIRL NO MORE: ADIOS TO MY V-CARD AND MY FIRST LOVE

Backup Girl No More

Backup Girl No More Chapter 41

Released on February 6, 2025

Chapter 41.

Chapter 1

To force me into breaking off our engagement, my fiancé orchestrated my father's company's downfall, driving it to bankruptcy and leaving him drowning in millions of dollars of debt.

The shock made my father collapsed from a heart attack and was rushed into emergency care.

Desperate and out of options, I knelt before my fiancé, tears streaming down my face, begging him to help cover my father's surgery costs. But he only looked down at me with cold indifference.

Then, just as all hope seemed lost, Atlas Whitmore, my childhood best friend, returned from abroad.

Without hesitation, Atlas pulled every string necessary to get my father the best medical care. He stayed with me through endless nights, never leaving my side, offering quiet reassurances when my world was crumbling.

But a week later, my father suffered another sudden attack.

As his life slipped away, Atlas knelt by his bedside, his voice trembling with emotion as he made a

solemn vow—he would marry me and take care of me for the rest of his life, so my father could leave this world without worry.

After the funeral, hollow and broken, I finally severed all ties with my fiancé.

Instead, I chose Atlas.

For five years, I thought I had found peace, that I had been saved from my grief.

Until one night, I stumbled upon a conversation that shattered everything.

“You really outplayed me on this one. Got Celeste to walk away willingly, like the clingy fool she is. But tell me what do you think she’d do if she found out it was you who destroyed her father? Will she’d want to kill you?”

My fingers hesitated on the polished brass handle of the private lounge door.

Inside, laughter rang out, low and mocking.

“You really had her fooled,” my ex-fiancé, Nathaniel, drawled, amusement dripping from his voice. “Celeste trusted you like a brother, loved you unconditionally. I bet it never even crossed her mind that the man who destroyed her father was you.”

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Chapter 1.

My breath caught in my throat.

A second voice, hoarse with alcohol and anger, responded. It was Atlas.

“I took the blame for you because of Ivy,” he bit out, his words laced with something bitter. “I never cared for Celeste even though, but I’m not a monster. I’d never go as far as pushing her father to his

death.”

A sharp clink echoed as glass met wood, the sound edged with suppressed fury. Then came Atlas’s

voice again, low and seething.

“I owe her. I’ll spend the rest of my life making it up to her. The only reason I helped you back then was for Ivy’s sake. But if you ever hurt her, if you ever so much as make her cry, I swear to God, I’ll end you.”

Nathaniel laughed, a slow, taunting sound.

“Such devotion,” he mused. “But it’s too bad she met me first. You should focus on protecting your dear Celeste... after all, you killed her father. Be careful, Atlas. The dead have a way of coming back

to haunt you.”

Crash. The unmistakable sound of glass shattering against the door jolted me back to my senses.

I turned on my heel and walked away, my heart pounding like a war drum.

Downstairs, the bar was dimly lit, the air thick with the scent of liquor and smoke. My hands trembled as I reached for a glass, lifting it to my lips.

The moment the alcohol burned down my throat, tears welled in my eyes. I never drank. But tonight, I needed something—anything—to drown out the words replaying in my mind.

It wasn't Nathaniel who ruined my father.

It was Atlas—the man I had spent five years sharing a bed with, waking up next to, trusting with the fragile remains of my heart.

And one week after my father's first attack, he must have said something, done something, to trigger

the second.

No wonder my father's eyes had been locked onto him in those final moments. The look I had thought was gratitude—relief that I would be taken care of—wasn't that at all.

It was rage.

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1.

Chapter 1.

And I had been too blind, too trusting, to see it. The love, the warmth, the marriage I thought was my

salvation...

It had never been love at all. It was guilt. A hollow, meaningless compensation.

A sharp laugh tore from my throat, but it sounded foreign to my own ears. The taste of alcohol turned to ashes on my tongue, my stomach churning with something ugly and consuming.

I was still staring blankly at my empty glass when warm arms wrapped around me from behind.

Atlas.

His embrace was firm but uncharacteristically hesitant, as if sensing the shift in me. His breath, tinged with whiskey, fanned against my neck as he murmured, voice thick with intoxication.

“Celeste... you’ve been gone too long. I missed you.” His lips ghosted over my hair, his arms tightening around my waist. “Let’s go home, love. I need you. I love you. So much... always...”

For five years, I had believed these words.

Atlas was never an expressive man, but every time he was drunk, he would whisper these confessions into my skin. His friends always said a drunk man’s words were his truest thoughts.

And I had believed him. But now?

Now, all I could feel was how utterly ridiculous it all was.

My face betrayed nothing as I gently pried his arms away and helped him into the car.

He slumped against me, his head resting on my lap, his breathing slow and even. His brows, always slightly furrowed, finally eased in sleep, as if he had found some fleeting peace.

Then, just as I reached to adjust his coat, his lips parted, and a name fell from them.

“Ivy... Ivy... why didn’t you choose me?”

Ivy Monroe. The woman who had stolen my fiancé. The woman who had been Atlas’s first love.

Chapter 2.

Chapter 2

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Chapter 2

Atlas had never truly forgotten her.

He had merely played his part—pretending to love me, pretending to be the devoted husband—while his heart had always belonged to someone else.

I had underestimated just how deeply he loved Ivy.

The sharp *clatter* of a phone hitting the hardwood floor snapped me out of my thoughts. Atlas’s phone had slipped from his pocket, skidding to a stop at my feet.

I bent down to pick it up, and just as my fingers brushed against the sleek screen, a message popped

up.

“Atlas, thank you for taking drinks for me tonight. And the necklace... I can't accept it. It's far too

precious.”

A cold wave swept through me. The next notification was worse.

A social media post—from Ivy Monroe.

“Love is priceless.”

Attached was a photo—a breathtaking diamond necklace, radiant under the soft glow of candlelight,

I recognized it instantly. The world's only one of its kind, recently auctioned for an astronomical price—one billion dollars. A mysterious bidder had outspent everyone to claim it.

Now, I knew who that bidder was.

And Ivy? She had posted it for me to see. She wanted me to know.

Just last week, Atlas had been so busy that he barely had time to eat. He had collapsed from stomach pain and been rushed to the ER. I had been beside myself with worry, torn between anger at his negligence and heartache that he would push himself so hard.

Yet the moment he opened his eyes, he boarded a flight to England.

I had thought it was for work. I had been furious at him for putting his job above his own health.

But now, I knew the truth. He hadn't gone for business. He had gone to that auction.

My Card and My First Love

Chapter 2.

Even in agony, doubled over from pain, Atlas had flown across the world to bid on the rarest necklace in existence—for her.

A dull ringing filled my ears.

Before I could think better of it, my fingers moved on their own, typing in his passcode.

The lock screen flashed open.

It worked. His passcode wasn't his own birthday, not mine, either.

It was hers—Ivy's birthday.

A bitter laugh bubbled in my throat, but I swallowed it down.

Atlas had always refused to let me see his phone, insisting that we needed personal space and boundaries.

Now I knew why.

The moment the home screen appeared, I was greeted with her face—smiling—bright, radiant, breathtaking.

No wonder his expression softened every time he unlocked his phone.

My heart pounded as I tapped into his photo gallery.

Every album had the same format:

“Ivy, age 10.”

“Ivy, age 11.”

“Ivy, age 12.”

All the way up to “Ivy, age 25.”

Hundreds—thousands—of photos. Every stage of her life, carefully documented. And in all of them, she was smiling.

I swiped through frantically, my breathing growing shallow.

Not a single picture of me. Not even one of him.

Chapter 2

Only her.

Just like his heart—his entire being had revolved around her, from the very beginning.

My hands trembled as I clicked into his notes. And then I saw it. His diary.

[20XX –]

“Ivy scraped her knee today climbing a tree. It’s my fault—I never should’ve planted them in the yard.”

[20XX –]

“Ivy got married today. As long as she’s happy, nothing else matters. My life exists to make her smile.”

[20XX –]

“I got married today. When I saw Ivy sitting in the crowd, I wished—God, I wished—that she was the

one standing beside me.”

I couldn’t breathe. My hands went numb, the phone slipping from my grip and landing on the car seat beside me.

At that moment, the vehicle turned into the long driveway of our estate.

The garden came into view. Or what used to be a garden.

I stiffened. Bare earth stretched before me, empty and lifeless.

Once, two beautiful peach trees had stood here—trees Atlas had specially transported from my father’s old estate.

My father had planted them for me when I was ten. They had been my connection to him, a reminder that he was still with me.

Then, one day, their roots had inexplicably rotted, and they had withered away.

I had been devastated.

Atlas had held me for three days and nights as I sobbed, whispering soothing words, stroking my hair, promising he would always be there.

Now, staring at the barren ground, realization clawed at my chest.

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Chapter 2

It had also been him. The one thing my father had left me—Atlas had destroyed it.

Tears blurred my vision as a final notification appeared on the phone's screen.

A message from his assistant.

“Mr. Whitmore, as per your instructions, your will has been finalized. All assets will be left to Miss Ivy Monroe. We just need your signature for it to be effective.”

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Chapter 3.

Chapter 3

Through the haze of my tears, I thought I saw him.

The man who had once held me close at my father's funeral, his arms a shelter as my world crumbled.

*“Celeste, I will give you a home. Everything I have belongs to you.”

His voice had been so steady that day, his embrace so sure, as if I had been his entire world.

What a cruel illusion.

Now, as I laid Atlas onto our bed, I no longer moved with the tenderness I once did. I didn't take off his shoes. I didn't press a glass of water to his lips, murmuring words of comfort.

I simply turned away.

For the first time in five years, I shut myself inside the guest room.

That night, I lay awake, staring at the ceiling, replaying every memory of his love—every soft look,

every whispered promise.

And wondering if any of it had ever been real.

Morning light streamed through the curtains, casting a warm glow over the room.

I opened my eyes to find Atlas already watching me. His gaze was gentle, his expression full of quiet

affection, as if nothing had changed.

He leaned down, pressing a slow, familiar kiss to my forehead.

“Celeste, were you upset last night?” His voice was soft, laced with concern. “I’m sorry—I had too

much to drink. I promise it won’t happen again.”

His tenderness was effortless, the same as it had always been.

I gave a quiet hum in response, barely audible, then slipped out of bed and into the bathroom. The moment the door shut behind me, I turned on the faucet, letting the cold water run over my fingers.

Then, with slow deliberation, I pressed my damp palms to my forehead, wiping away the lingering

warmth of his kiss.

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Chapter 3,

Breakfast was already laid out when I stepped into the dining room.

Once, a sight like this would have made me happy. Atlas always prepared my favorites—meticulously plated, arranged with care.

But now, after reading his diary, after seeing the truth spelled out so cruelly in his own words...

I couldn’t even muster the appetite to eat. Because I knew now. These weren’t my favorite dishes.

They were Ivy’s.

The sound of keys turning in the front door made me look up.

The door swung open, and Ivy stepped inside, her white dress flowing as she moved through my home as though she belonged there.

She walked to the table without hesitation, sliding into a chair across from me, her smile polite, effortless.

“Celeste, I hope I’m not intruding,” she said, voice smooth as silk. “Atlas and I have a photoshoot this morning. He told me to come over for breakfast first.”

I didn’t respond. My gaze had already locked onto something else.

A keychain.

Dangling from her fingertips—identical to the one I carried in my bag.

Atlas must have noticed the shift in my expression because he immediately leaned in, his voice low,

reassuring.

“Celeste, Ivy is our closest friend,” he murmured. “It’s normal for her to have a key to our home...”

His voice trailed off, cut short by his own instinct.

Across the table, Ivy had just picked up a glass of soy milk. Atlas was on his feet in an instant, moving without thought.

“Ivy, you can’t drink this.” His voice was sharp, urgent. “How many times have I told you?”

Ivy stilled, then let out a soft laugh, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear.

“You’re right,” she murmured, her tone teasing, affectionate. “Thank God, I got you to remind me.”

Their eyes met, something unspoken passing between them. Something too deep, too natural, but

Cid No More: Adios To My V.Card and My First Love

Chapter 3

had nothing to do with me.

I pushed back my chair, the sound echoing in the quiet room. I didn’t want to be here anymore.

I was halfway to the door when Ivy called out again.

“Celeste,” she said, tilting her head in that same effortless way. “You’re good at photography, right? Could you take my pictures today? I don’t trust the new photographer.”

My fingers clenched. Since my father’s passing, I hadn’t touched a camera.

Not once.

Because the moment I did, I would think of him—his steady hands guiding mine, his patient voice teaching me how to frame a shot, his warmth as he stood beside me.

Atlas knew this. He had locked all my cameras away, told me I didn't have to force myself, promised that he would wait until I was ready.

But now—before I could even refuse, Atlas placed a hand on my back, gently ushering me forward.

“Celeste,” he said, almost apologetically, “Ivy gets carsick. Let's not make things difficult for her, okay? You can sit in the back today.”

A quiet, bitter laugh nearly escaped me.

He had forgotten something—I was the one who got carsick.

Chapter 4.

Chapter 4

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Chapter 4

I barely touched my breakfast, and now my stomach churned violently on the way to the shoot.

By the time we arrived, nausea clawed at my throat. I stumbled out of the car, leaning against it, gulping in fresh air in an attempt to settle the sickness.

Meanwhile, Atlas was carefully lifting the hem of Ivy's gown, his head slightly bowed as he guided

her into the studio with the utmost care.

I watched in silence.

The man who once promised to cherish me—who used to hold my hand so protectively—was now treating another woman as though she were the most precious thing in the world.

I pressed a hand to my stomach, swallowing back the bitter taste in my mouth.

“Celeste,” Atlas called out to me, his voice laced with frustration. “The shoot is about to start. Be

nice—just do your job. This is important for both Ivy and Whitmore Industries.”

Without warning, he grabbed my wrist and yanked me forward. I stumbled, nearly falling to the ground.

Pain flared up my arm, but Atlas had already turned away, his attention elsewhere, as if I were nothing more than a reluctant participant in his carefully orchestrated world.

It had been five years since I last held a camera. Now, as I raised it, my hands trembled.

Fear gripped me, a cold and suffocating weight pressing down on my chest. But I forced myself to

push through it.

Click.

With each shutter press, I fought against the flood of emotions threatening to drown me.

Grief.

Rage.

Betrayal.

I kept going, each snap of the camera a desperate attempt to hold myself together.

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Chapter 4.

Halfway through the session, the room emptied, leaving only Ivy and me. She scrolled through the shots, a slow smirk curling on her lips.

Then, she turned to me, her voice light, almost amused.

“You really are just like your father, Celeste,” she said, her words laced with venom. “Pathetic. A failure. No matter how hard you try, you’ll never be good enough.”

My nails dug into my palms.

The air in my lungs grew heavy, my body trembling as white-hot rage surged through me.

And then-

Slap.

The sharp sting exploded across my cheek, leaving a burning trail in its wake.

Ivy flicked her wrist, shaking off the impact, before looking down at me with disdain.

open

“Celeste, you really are shameless,” she sneered. “I never expected you get married with Atlas after you were discarded by your fiancé. Do you really think you deserve him?”

She stepped closer, her voice dropping to a whisper.

“Let me make something clear,” she said, her breath warm against my ear. “Atlas belongs to me. Just like your ex-fiancé. You don’t deserve either of them.”

I stood frozen, my cheek throbbing, my ears ringing with her words.

Then, before I could react, Ivy suddenly grabbed my wrist—and in one swift motion, she slammed my hand across her own face.

A gasp tore from her lips as she staggered backward, letting herself crumple onto the floor in a perfect display of helplessness.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she cradled her cheek, looking up at me with a devastated expression.

“Celeste, I wasn’t criticizing your photography,” she said, her voice shaking with false innocence. “I just wanted to ask if you could try a different angle for me. If you don’t want to, that’s fine... there’s no need to get so angry.”

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Chapter 4

The door creaked open. A ceramic cup slipped from Atlas’s fingers, shattering against the floor.

His face twisted with shock, quickly darkening into fury. In two long strides, he reached Ivy’s side, shoving me aside as he knelt beside her.

“Ivy, are you okay?” His voice was frantic as he cupped her face, examining the reddening mark on

her cheek.

She flinched, shaking her head. “I’m fine, Atlas... please don’t be mad at Celeste. I must’ve lost my

balance...”

Her voice was laced with fragile vulnerability, as if she were trying to protect me.

Atlas’s jaw clenched.

“You don’t have to defend her,” he snapped. “I saw what happened.”

His hands—once so gentle with me—were now carefully supporting Ivy, treating her like the most delicate thing in the world.

And then, for the first time in our marriage, Atlas turned his rage on me.

“Celeste, apologize to Ivy,” he demanded, his voice cold, unrelenting.

I stared at him, stunned. He had never spoken to me like this before. Not in five years of marriage. Not even when we fought.

“I must have spoiled you too much,” he continued, his words sharp as a blade. “I let you get away with everything, and now you’ve turned into a venomous woman.”

His eyes burned with something I had never seen before—disgust.

“You know how important Ivy’s face is to her career!”

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Chapter 5.

Chapter 5

Atlas glared at me, his anger burning hot and unwavering.

But he didn’t see the redness blooming across my cheek, the sharp sting left behind by Ivy’s slap.

I lifted my head, meeting his gaze with a calm, almost eerie stillness.

“The one who should be apologizing isn’t me,” I said quietly. “It’s Ivy.”

His brows furrowed, irritation flickering in his eyes, but I continued before he could interrupt.

“She brought up my father, Atlas. Don’t you think you owe me an apology for what happened back

then?”

For a split second, something flickered across his face—something unreadable. Then it was gone.

“If it weren’t for me, your father would have died even sooner,” he said, his voice cold with certainty. “Celeste, I promised your father I’d take care of you for the rest of my life. But that promise came with a condition—you wouldn’t hurt Ivy.”

I stared at him, and then laughed. A quiet, hollow sound. How foolish of me to think, even for a moment, that he might finally see me.

Just as the edges of my vision darkened, the room tilted violently, and then—nothing.

When I woke up, the sterile scent of disinfectant filled my nose. A nurse stood by my bedside, gently

removing the IV from my arm.

“Congratulations,” she said with a kind smile. “You’re pregnant.”

My breath caught.

“You need to be extra careful,” she continued. “Your body is weak—you can’t afford too much stress. Try to rest, eat well, and keep your emotions stable.”

My hand instinctively drifted to my stomach. For five years, I had wanted to have a child with Atlas.

I had dreamed of it, longed for it. And now, at the worst possible moment, life had given me one.

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Chapter 5.

Buzz.

My phone vibrated against the hospital sheets: Atlas.

His message was short, direct.

[The doctor said you’ll be fine as long as you rest.]

A second message followed.

[When you apologize to Ivy, I'll come pick you up.]

A cold, bitter laugh slipped from my lips. I turned off my phone.

The nurse returned, her expression hesitant. "Miss Laurent, the doctor has scheduled another test.

Please follow me."

I nodded and trailed after her. But instead of leading me toward the examination rooms, she stopped near the stairwell.

I frowned. Something felt wrong. A familiar voice confirmed my suspicion. "I heard you're pregnant."

I turned to find Ivy Monroe standing behind me, her arms crossed, an unmistakable smirk playing at the corners of her lips. She took a slow step forward.

"I underestimated you, Celeste," she mused. "You're more stubborn than I thought."

I said nothing.

She tilted her head, studying my face like a cat playing with its prey. "Do you know why you never got pregnant in the last five years?"

My fingers curled instinctively against my stomach, an invisible chill creeping up my spine.

Ivy leaned in, her voice dropping into a conspiratorial whisper. "Because I told Atlas I didn't want you to have his child."

The world seemed to slow around me.

"And he listened," she continued, her words like knives carving into my skin. "Every morning, when he handed you your vitamins, he was actually giving you birth control."

Ivy smiled sweetly, waiting, expecting to see devastation on my face.

Chapter 5

I didn't give her the satisfaction. I met her gaze, my voice eerily calm. "I see."

Her smirk faltered slightly, as if my lack of reaction unsettled her.

I stepped past her, reaching for the door, but I didn't make it. A sudden force slammed into my back. My balance was ripped from beneath me.

The world tilted violently as I tumbled forward, my body colliding with cold, hard steps.

Pain exploded through me—white-hot, unbearable.

Then a sharper, deeper agony bloomed in my abdomen.

I barely managed to turn my head before I saw it—a crimson stain spreading beneath me.

The pain didn't register immediately, but the realization did.

I was losing my baby.

When I woke up, I was back in the hospital.

It was over. The life inside me was gone.

Without a word, I reached for the divorce papers I had prepared weeks ago and placed them on the

bed.

Then, I walked out of the hospital, out of Atlas's life.

I got into a taxi, heading straight for the airport. As I reached the gate, just seconds before boarding, my phone buzzed one last time.

A message from Atlas.

[Celeste, I can't believe you're still causing trouble for Ivy. Apologize and stop pushing me.]

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Chapter 6

Chapter 6

I pulled the SIM card from my phone, my fingers steady despite the storm raging inside me.

Without hesitation, I tossed it into the airport trash can. Then, without looking back, I boarded the

plane.

On the other side of the world, Atlas stood atop a secluded mountain estate, watching the sun dip below the horizon.

Beside him, Ivy smiled, her delicate fingers adjusting a loose strand of her hair.

Just as Atlas reached out to fix it for her, his phone rang. Annoyed, he pulled it out, his brows furrowing at the unfamiliar number. “Mr. Whitmore, your wife... she’s gone.”

His hand stilled midair. The warm glow of the sunset cast long shadows, but the sudden chill in his veins made him feel as if the temperature had dropped several degrees.

“Gone?” His voice was sharp, controlled. “What do you mean?”

The person on the other end hesitated, then spoke with clear apprehension.

“The nurses said she left in the middle of the night. And she left a document behind... You should see it for yourself.”

Atlas’s grip on his phone tightened. “What document?”

A pause—“a divorce agreement.”

The words landed like a physical blow. His chest constricted, his heartbeat a slow, forceful thud against his ribs.

He had to have misheard. Or maybe this was some kind of joke. Celeste wouldn’t do this.

Even if she was angry, even if she refused to apologize, she wouldn’t take things this far.

Beside him, Ivy’s expression flickered with something unreadable—something sharp and dangerous—but it disappeared in an instant.

She reached for his sleeve, her voice soft with concern.

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Chapter 6

“Celeste... did something happen to her?” she asked, tilting her head just slightly, feigning innocence. “Let me come with you, Atlas. Maybe there’s something I can do to help.”

Atlas barely acknowledged her, nodding once before turning on his heel and striding down the mountain path.

A deep scowl had settled onto his face, his usual controlled composure fraying at the edges.

Ivy hurried after him, her delicate fingers brushing against his chest in a reassuring touch.

“Don’t worry,” she murmured. “I’m sure Celeste is fine.”

The moment her hands made contact, irritation flared in Atlas’s chest. His patience was already worn thin, and Ivy’s touch only fueled his frustration.

With a sharp frown, he brushed her hands away.

“Enough,” he muttered.

The car ride to the hospital was silent. Ivy stared at him, unsettled. He had never rejected her touch

before.

Her nails dug into her palm as she turned her attention to her phone, sending a quick text.

The reply came instantly. “Don’t worry. It’s been handled.”

Inside the VIP hospital suite, the tension was suffocating.

The hospital director sat rigidly in his chair, his forehead damp with nervous sweat.

It wasn’t every day that a hospital lost a patient—let alone the wife of Atlas Whitmore.

The moment the door swung open, the atmosphere dropped several degrees.

Atlas stepped in, his presence casting a heavy weight over the room.

The director stood abruptly, wringing his hands. “Mr. Whitmore-”

“Where is she?” Atlas’s voice was dangerously quiet, a sharp contrast to the fury simmering beneath

his skin.

The director hesitated before shakily handing him a thin stack of papers.

Atlas’s gaze flickered down. The words stared back at him, stark and unforgiving.

Chapter 6

Divorce Agreement

The crisp edges of the paper bit into his fingers as he flipped to the last page, and there it was—Celeste’s signature.

A muscle ticked in his jaw. His fingers curled around the papers, crumpling the edges as a dark storm gathered in his expression.

His voice, when he spoke, was lethal. “Where is she?”

The hospital director swallowed hard.

“We... we don’t know. She left in the middle of the night. The nurses tried to stop her, but—”

“You lost her?” Atlas’s patience snapped, his voice a low growl.

A small, broken sob cut through the tense silence.

In the corner of the room, a young nurse wiped at her tear-streaked cheeks.

“I—It’s my fault, Mr. Whitmore,” she stammered. “I should have stopped her. She’s still so weak after the miscarriage—”

The air was sucked from the room. Atlas’s entire body went rigid.

His grip on the divorce papers tightened, the paper nearly crumpling in his fist. “What did you just

say?”

The nurse hiccupped, still crying. “S—She lost the baby...”

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Chapter 7.

Chapter 7

Atlas cut her off, his voice razor-sharp.

The storm in his eyes was suffocating, like a force ready to consume everything in its path.

The young nurse faltered, swallowing hard before stammering, “M—Mr. Whitmore, you... you didn’t

know?”

Her hesitation only made his patience snap further.

She took a shaky breath before forcing the words out. “Mrs. Whitmore... she was pregnant. Six weeks.”

Silence.

Atlas’s grip on the divorce papers tightened as his entire body locked up.

“She was pregnant,” the nurse continued, her voice trembling, “but she—she fell down the stairs. We don’t know exactly what happened, but... she lost the baby.”

A shudder ran through him. Something cracked deep within his chest, something raw and brutal.

Celeste had been carrying his child. And now, that life was gone.

His fingers trembled as he looked down at the papers in his hand. For the first time in his life, Atlas felt fear—real, gut-wrenching, paralyzing fear.

His pulse pounded in his ears.

She had wanted this child. For five years, she had wanted a child with him.

And now-

Atlas closed his eyes, pain twisting through his ribs like a vice.

Because he knew. He knew why they had never conceived before. The guilt came in waves, crashing over him, threatening to pull him under.

His chest ached, breath hitching painfully as his own words from that night echoed back at him.

“Celeste, don’t you think you owe me an apology for what happened back then?”

Chapter 7

Had she known? Had she already known when she asked him that question?

Had she looked at him that night and seen him for what he truly was?

Atlas clenched his jaw, his voice hoarse when he finally spoke. “Find out everywhere she’s been in

the past few weeks.”

He exhaled slowly, trying to steady himself. “And find out how she fell down those stairs.”

The investigation moved quickly.

His assistant’s expression was tense as he handed over the reports. “Mr. Whitmore, the hospital’s hallway security footage was tampered with.”

Atlas’s fingers twitched.

“But we’ve already begun questioning every patient and staff member who was on that floor at the time. We’ll have answers within a day.”

Atlas barely acknowledged the words, his attention already locked onto another screen.

A grainy surveillance video from the KTV lounge.

His stomach twisted violently as he watched.

Celeste stood outside a private room, gripping the doorframe so tightly her knuckles turned white.

Her whole body was shaking.

Then, the moment she turned around, he saw it. Her pupils had dilated, her eyes unfocused, dazed, as if her entire world had just collapsed beneath her feet.

Atlas’s breath hitched.

She had been standing outside that room—*his* private lounge—when he had spoken to Nathaniel. She had heard everything.

His darkest secret, the truth he had buried for years—Celeste had discovered all of it.

Atlas’s chest constricted, an unbearable weight pressing down on him.

For the first time in his life, he felt exposed. The ugliest, most monstrous parts of him—laid bare for

her to see.

Chapter 7.

His hands curled into fists, his nails biting into his palms. He refused to believe she had truly left

him.

Not after the way she had loved him these past five years. She had loved him so deeply, so fiercely,

like he was carved into the very marrow of her bones.

She couldn't just leave.

He forced his voice to remain steady. "Have you found out where she went?"

A tense silence followed. His assistant hesitated. "Sir... Mrs. Whitmore has erased all her identity

records."

Atlas stilled. His heart slammed against his ribs, harder and harder, as if his body was resisting the

truth.

"She's deregistered all of her personal information. No credit cards, no bank accounts, no traceable

records. And-

His assistant swallowed hard. "The airline company is withholding information. We currently have no way of tracking where she's gone."

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Chapter 8

Atlas pinched the bridge of his nose, exhaustion pressing down on him like a weight he couldn't shake.

He returned to the estate. Everything was exactly as it had always been.

My books still lined the shelves. My favorite mug sat on the kitchen counter. The faint trace of my perfume lingered in their bedroom.

It was as if I had never left. As if the past twenty-four hours hadn't shattered everything.

He sank onto the leather couch, his gaze locking onto the enormous wedding portrait that hung in

the center of the living room.

The image had always been there, but tonight, for the first time, he really saw it.

The bride and groom stood side by side, facing each other, their hands entwined.

To an outsider, they looked like the perfect couple. But if one looked close—there was something else.

A quiet sorrow lingering in both of their eyes. I hadn't understood it before. But now, I did.

The sadness in his gaze? It was because he had married a woman he believed he didn't love.

In the beginning, we had treated each other like old friends. Polite. Respectful. But always with an

invisible wall between us.

Until that night.

That night when Atlas had come home reeking of whiskey, his composure undone, his defenses lowered.

He had pinned me beneath him, his breath uneven, his voice raw as he murmured my name over and over again like a prayer.

Celeste.

Celeste.

Celeste.

Backup Girl No More: Adios To My V Card and My First Love

Chapter 8

I hadn't pushed him away. Instead, I had kissed him first.

A hesitant touch that quickly turned desperate. That night, something between us had snapped.

There was no more distance.

Only tangled sheets, whispered names, and two hearts pressed so close together it was impossible to

tell where one ended and the other began.

From that night on, we had become what the world believed them to be—an inseparable couple.

A husband and wife who belonged together.

And Atlas had convinced himself that what he felt for me was just guilt.

That every birthday surprise he planned, every moment he spent by my side, every time he looked at me and felt something tighten in his chest-

It was all guilt. Nothing more.

But now, he finally realized the truth. Atlas clenched his jaw, his hands curling into fists.

In the day-to-day moments of our life together, in the small intimacies we had shared, he had fallen in love with me. And he hadn't even noticed.

His eyes squeezed shut, his mind flooding with images of me. The way I laughed, eyes crinkling at the corners. The way I looked in the mornings, hair messy, skin warm from sleep.

Then—another image surfaced—my face, pale with pain.

His eyes flew open, his breath coming in ragged gasps. His hands trembled as he looked down at the medical report still clutched between his fingers.

A sharp, unbearable pain tore through his chest, unlike anything he had ever felt before.

“Atlas, don't be sad,” a soft voice cooed from behind him. Slender arms wrapped around his shoulders, a familiar floral scent filling the air.

Atlas stiffened. For a brief, wild moment, his heart leaped with hope—Celeste, she had come back.

He turned abruptly, pulling the figure into a desperate embrace, his voice rough and frantic.

“Celeste, you're back,” he murmured against her hair. “Don't leave me. I won't divorce you. I'll fix everything—just let me spend the rest of my life making it up to you, please-”

and My First Love

Chapter 8

A long pause. The body in his arms remained unnaturally still.

Then—a quiet, tremulous inhale.

And a voice that wasn't hers. "Atlas... it's me," Ivy whispered.

A suffocating silence filled the space between them.

For one long, agonizing moment, Atlas remained still. Then, realization crashed into him like a tidal

wave.

He pushed her away. Ivy stumbled back, her expression faltering.

His gaze, once desperate, was now cold, cutting through her like ice.

"You're not Celeste," he said, his voice sharp enough to wound.

He took a step back, as if repulsed. "Why are you here?"

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Chapter 9

Chapter 9

Ivy swallowed down the bitterness clawing at her throat, forcing her expression into one of quiet vulnerability.

She lowered her gaze, her voice soft and filled with carefully measured concern.

"Atlas, I'm just worried about you," she murmured. "You haven't eaten or slept in days. This isn't

good for you. I believe Celeste will come back—she just needs time."

The mention of her name made the shadows in Atlas Whitmore's eyes

darken.

His jaw clenched.

"Ivy," he said, his voice quiet but firm. "From now on, let's not see each other anymore. I don't want

any more misunderstandings."

Ivy's breath caught. Her head snapped up, disbelief flashing in her eyes.

“Atlas, we’ve known each other for so many years. How can you just cut me off like this?”

But he wasn’t even looking at her. His gaze remained fixed on the wedding portrait in front of him.

The image of Celeste and him, forever frozen in time.

“This should have ended a long time ago,” he continued, his tone devoid of warmth. “You’re married. And I’m married, too. I can’t keep hurting Celeste.”

He exhaled slowly, like a man who had finally stopped lying to himself. “I love her. I can’t lose her again.”

The words were like a slap to Ivy’s face. Something inside her snapped.

“No!” she shrieked, her voice raw with desperation. “Atlas, I’m the one you love! It’s always been me! For over a decade, it’s always been me!”

Her breathing was ragged, her carefully composed mask crumbling.

“You don’t love Celeste,” she spat, her voice shaking. “You just *pity* her! Don’t you see? She doesn’t love you either! You know who she really loves-”

She stopped herself abruptly, her chest heaving.

Backup Girl No More: Adios To My V-Card and My First Love

Chapter 9.

Atlas stared at her, his brows furrowing slightly. For the first time, he saw Ivy—not as the unattainable woman he had once chased after, not as the person he had once put on a pedestal—but

as someone desperate.

Desperate to hold onto him.

Does Ivy love him? The thought struck him as odd.

Because if she truly had, why had she chosen to marry someone else?

For years, he had been the one following her like a shadow, always waiting, always hoping. And Ivy had never stopped him—because she had loved his devotion, his attention, the way he worshipped

her.

But now, looking at her—Atlas no longer understood her at all.

A sudden *buzz* from his phone broke the silence. A message from his assistant. Two video files.

Atlas tapped on them.

They were grainy hospital footage—an angle from a dimly lit stairwell.

His hand clenched into a fist so tightly his knuckles turned white.

The video ended. A suffocating silence filled the air.

Slowly, he turned to Ivy.

His voice was so cold, so void of warmth, that it sent a shiver down Ivy's spine. "Do you have anything to say for yourself?"

Backup Girl No More Chapter 50

Chapter 50

Atlas had never imagined that the woman he once saw as pure and kind—his first love—could be capable of something so cruel.

That she would dare to hurt his wife and be responsible for the death of his child.

His entire world tilted as he stared at Ivy, his gaze dark and unreadable. For the first time, he looked

at her not as someone he had once adored, but as a stranger.

Ivy's composure cracked, and panic took its place. Large, glistening tears streamed down her face, her breaths ragged with desperation.

The hot droplets landed on Atlas's ice-cold hands, but he didn't move.

“This isn’t real,” she choked out, shaking her head violently. “I didn’t do this. Those videos are fake—they’ve been edited! It’s Celeste! She set me up because she’s jealous of how much you love

me! She’s trying to turn you against me-”

“Enough.” The word came out like a growl, low and lethal. Atlas’s patience snapped, his anger no longer restrained.

His temples throbbed, veins prominent against his skin, his fury barely contained.

“You’re still lying?” His voice was deadly quiet, yet it carried enough weight to silence the room.

“Even now, you’re trying to blame Celeste?”

His chest rose and fell with barely contained rage.

“She’s not that kind of person, Ivy.” His voice trembled with fury. “And you-” He let out a short, bitter laugh. “You’ve disappointed me more than I ever thought possible.”

Ivy’s lips parted slightly, stunned. For the first time, he wasn’t defending her.

Tears still clung to her lashes, but a slow, twisted smirk curled on her lips.

“You don’t believe me?” she asked, her tone no longer desperate but mocking. She let out a sharp, hollow laugh, her eyes flickering with something dark.

“Atlas, you claim to love me,” she spat, “but look at you. The moment Celeste is involved, you turn on me without hesitation. You don’t love me—you never have.”

Backup Girl No More: Adios To My V-Card and My First Love

Chapter 10

A cold realization seeped into her expression.

“You love her,” she whispered. “You’ve always loved her.”

Atlas stilled. His fingers twitched at his sides. His breath came unevenly, as if his own body was rejecting the truth being spoken aloud.

“You think Celeste will forgive you?” Ivy taunted, her voice like poison.

She stepped closer, eyes gleaming with malice.

“She knows everything now,” she continued, her words cutting into him like knives.
“Everything.”

Atlas’s stomach twisted. “She knows what you did to her father and she knows you made sure she

never got pregnant.”

A tremor ran through his fingers.

“She knows every moment you spent with me, every time you prioritized me over her.” Ivy’s eyes darkened with satisfaction as she took in the flicker of devastation that crossed his face.

“You really think she’ll come back to you?” Atlas’s throat felt tight, suffocating.

His mind spiraled back to Celeste, to the way she had looked at him that last night. The quiet, eerie calm in her eyes. The way she had signed the divorce papers without hesitation.

“Face it, Atlas,” Ivy whispered, her voice cruel and sweet all at once. “It’s too late. She’s never coming

back.”

Something inside him snapped. Before he could think, his hand shot out.

Fingers wrapped around Ivy’s throat, tightening with unrelenting force. Her breath hitched, her body going rigid as panic flashed in her eyes.

His grip tightened. “Celeste loves me. She would never leave me. She can’t leave me.”

His mind roared with only one thought—if Ivy hadn’t existed, Celeste wouldn’t have left.

He squeezed harder.

Ivy’s hands clawed at his wrist, her nails digging into his skin as she gasped for breath, her body convulsing against his hold.

“Atlas-!” she choked, her eyes wide with horror. Black spots danced in her vision.

Chapter 10

Her chest tightened, every breath becoming harder, shallower-

“Mr. Whitmoré!”

A strong grip yanked at his arm, trying to pull him back—his assistant.

“You need to stop!” the man’s voice was urgent, desperate. “If you kill her—you’ll never see Celeste

again!”