

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

Backup Girl No More

Backup Girl No More Chapter 81

Released on February 6, 2025

Chapter 6

Chapter 6

In the darkness, I slid to the floor, my body trembling. My lifelong fear of darkness was something Luke remembered, at least. “Yvonne? Yvonne, are you alright?”

I barely managed to whisper, “Fine.”

“Mandy, come down, Yvonne has a real phobia of darkness...”

“Luke, I’m terrified too,” Mandy whimpered, “please don’t let me go...”

Just like that, I ceased to exist. His attention completely absorbed by Mandy.

My extremities grew cold and clammy.

The memory was still fresh – another elevator, another blackout. Trapped between floors, I’d frozen in terror, shaking uncontrollably. Luke, despite his germaphobia, had held me close, gentle and protective. No revulsion. No complaints. Just like he was holding Mandy now.

“Luke...”

The darkness amplified my vulnerability as tears traced down my cheeks.

I still yearned for his embrace.

But Luke shattered that hope himself. “Mandy’s injured...”

I fell silent, burying my face in my arms.

Time lost meaning until the lights finally flickered back on.

The elevator resumed its descent.

At ground level, I practically stumbled out, fleeing the scene.

Back home, still shaken, I couldn't even focus on the wedding dress options my mother had texted.

I watched the clock tick away until Luke finally returned.

He brought lavender sprigs and takeout.

Inside the container was shrimp noodle soup, of all things.

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Luke had, predictably, forgotten my shrimp allergy. "You must be hungry, eat while it's hot," he said,

oblivious to the danger.

I ate every bite, consequences be damned.

As my skin began to flush and itch, I remained indifferent.

"Come to my place for dinner tomorrow. It's your birthday," I told him. Luke looked surprised but agreed readily.

Then I rose to search for antihistamines.

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Chapter 7

Cooking was never my forte. My culinary repertoire consisted of exactly one dish: carbonara. Simple enough to be foolproof or so I'd always thought.

Yet today, each attempt was an abject failure. Overcooked pasta, curdled sauce – as if the kitchen itself was rejecting my efforts.

I ate each failed attempt myself.

The clock ticked mercilessly as I mentally counted down.

I imagined Luke would arrive, we'd have his birthday dinner, and then I'd vanish from his life. Like waiting for an execution.

But he never showed.

Instead, came a phone call dripping with transparent deceit. "Mandy cut her finger while cooking," he said with exaggerated concern, "had to take her to the ER. Don't wait up."

The casual cruelty of his lies was almost comical in its absurdity.

Though he'd blocked me on his main social media, my alternate account revealed the truth: a fresh post showing them celebrating, wrapped around each other before an elaborate birthday cake, their staged laughter captured perfectly amid scattered streamers.

"Hello? Are you there?" Luke's impatient voice cut through my thoughts.

I forced evenness into my tone. "It's fine, don't worry about it." Another lie to add to our collection.

I liked his post from my burner account, then dumped the carbonara into the trash – a fitting metaphor for our relationship.

That was it. I was just another completed chapter in Luke's story. Fine. I'd release him from his obligation. He'd probably celebrate his newfound freedom.

My suitcase wheels echoed through the hallway, marking the rhythm of my departure.

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Before leaving, I compiled everything – the late-night messages, intimate photos, blatant lies – all the evidence of their affair. Then posted it where our mutual friends would see.

If I was leaving, they wouldn't get to rewrite this story.

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Chapter 7

Just before takeoff, I sent one final text: "Happy birthday. Goodbye forever."

I didn't formally end things.

Because in seven years, I'd never truly been his girlfriend – just a convenient stand-in until he could

have Mandy.

Those abortions? Mere inconveniences he'd brushed aside without a second thought.

As I moved to power down my phone, it exploded with notifications, his name flashing like an angry

beacon.

“Yvonne, what the hell did you post? Take it down now! Where are you? Come back and apologize to Mandy!”

How ironic.

I shut off my phone mid-tirade.

The man who'd never managed even an emoji in response to my messages was suddenly desperate to communicate.

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With crushing clarity, I realized he'd seen everything before he just never cared enough to respond.

My feelings, my needs, my existence – all irrelevant to him.

And that was the darkest joke of all.

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Chapter 8

Chapter 8

My mother came to meet me at the airport, resplendent in a red dress. She looked as vivacious as ever, though time had left subtle traces I couldn't ignore.

She enveloped me in a warm embrace, murmuring that I'd been through enough. Her arms felt like

home, despite our years apart.

Though I'd left abruptly years ago, I'd never completely severed ties with her.

She knew the whole Luke saga, every painful detail. She'd warned me from the start that we were incompatible, that he wasn't right for me.

I'd dismissed her concerns then, but now her prescience was undeniable.

During the drive home, she updated me on all the neighborhood changes. Everything felt simultaneously foreign and familiar. I'd heard most of it during our calls, but I listened anyway, finding comfort in her familiar chatter.

When I powered up my phone, it exploded with notifications. I silenced it without answering a single one.

Catching my mother's questioning glance, I dismissed it as "Just spam calls." She gave me a knowing look but didn't press further.

The impending wedding threw me into a whirlwind of preparations. Suddenly, I found myself being whisked away to bridal fittings – an experience I'd been dreading.

Staring at my reflection, I felt oddly disconnected, as if watching a stranger.

My mother's eyes welled up as she dabbed them with a tissue. "Don't worry, sweetheart. Gavin's a good man."

I nodded absently, feeling oddly invincible after everything I'd endured.

What I hadn't anticipated was Gavin's unexpected appearance. Seeing him in person, rather than just in photos, was jarring.

"You look beautiful," he said, his intense gaze softened by a shy smile.

"Thanks," I mumbled, fidgeting with the dress hem, feeling like an exhibit.

Chapter 8.

The whole scene felt staged, like a forced meet-cute from a mediocre romantic comedy.

My mother, ever the peacemaker, jumped in. "Why don't we get a photo of you two together? For

memories?"

Gavin sought my approval with a glance, and I nodded, too numb to object.

My mother, social media enthusiast that she is, immediately posted the photo with an effusive caption.

My daughter looks so beautiful! /Picture/]

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Chapter 9

My mother's seemingly innocent "Lifegram" post unexpectedly went viral.

The hashtags exploded:

#Sterling Family CEO Getting Married#

#Gavin Sterling Wedding Photos#

My mother was ecstatic, eagerly sharing screenshots of admiring comments. "Let that Luke see this," she declared triumphantly, "he never deserved you!"

I'd moved past caring.

You can't mourn the loss of love that never existed. Still, his message caught me off guard.

Though blocked on my main account, he'd managed to find my alternate profile. He sent the photo of Gavin and me, then immediately called.

Wind howled through the connection like a storm. "So you ran home to this guy?" he snarled.

"What, did his money draw you in? God, you're pathetic, Yvonne," he sneered. "I know this is all to spite me. Come back, and I'll give you a wedding too."

I gazed at the silvery moon, cold and distant. "Yes, it's because he's rich," I replied, voice heavy with irony, "and worth a hundred of you."

Luke's breathing grew ragged, barely containing his fury. His voice turned venomous, familiar in its cruelty. "Bet he doesn't know, does he? Seven years I've had you, three pregnancies. Think he'd still want you if he knew? Face it, Yvonne – you're mine."

My chest constricted as tears threatened to fall.

For what seemed like eternity, words failed me.

Luke must have sensed my distress because his tone softened, manipulative as ever. "Yvonne, surely these years meant something real?"

He was preparing another guilt trip.

Then Mandy's voice cut through the background: "Luke, the bath faucet's broken, can you check it?"

Chapter 9.

A hollow laugh escaped me as I ended the call, cutting off his pathetic performance.

I permanently deleted my alternate account, excising that chapter of my life.

My face was wet with tears, not rain.

I'd only gotten involved with Luke because of a promise – one that should never have been made.

Given the chance for a do-over, I'd avoid him entirely. Every single time.

Chapter 10

Chapter 10

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Chapter 10

Luke's mother had been my neighbor when I first ran away from home, still learning to navigate adulthood. Her kindness and wisdom had been a lifeline.

She'd introduced me to Luke when he was eighteen – a rebellious youth who despised education.

We weren't close initially.

Everything changed when his mother fell terminally ill.

In her final days, she'd asked me to watch over Luke if possible. Like a fool, I'd promised.

So I entered Luke's life, somehow connecting with that angry young man.

The next nine years revolved around him. I thought I'd more than fulfilled my promise by then.

“Yvonne? What's on your mind? The guests are waiting.” My mother's gentle squeeze brought me

back to reality.

My father had thrown an extravagant celebration for my return and impending marriage into the Sterling family.

Brilliant chandeliers made faces blur, while constant chatter and camera flashes created a dizzying atmosphere. As I tried to retreat, Gavin stepped in front, shielding me.

He offered a gentle smile. He seemed genuine – perhaps in another life, meeting him first would have changed everything.

Overwhelmed by strangers, I stayed sober but feigned tipsiness to escape outside. The clouds had dispersed, leaving a cold moon and scattered stars.

In the moonlight, I saw him approaching. Luke, inevitably.

He looked haggard, while Mandy sparkled in her dress, clutching his arm like a parasite.

“Come back,” Luke said flatly.

I turned to leave, too weary to argue.

His grip on my wrist made me flinch.

Chapter 10

“Let go!”

“What will it take to get you back?” His eyes were wild, bloodshot.

I almost laughed, but even smiling felt exhausting.

Mandy’s saccharine voice floated over. “I’m so sorry, Yvonne. This is all my fault. Please forgive

Luke, he loves you.” Her theatrical tears were perfect.

The distant party’s warmth contrasted sharply with the cold night. “Luke,” I sighed, “we can’t go back.”

“What are you saying? Nine years together – what were those to you?”

“You want money, right? I can be richer than Gavin!”

His desperation was almost comical. “When you left me alone through those abortions, while vacationing with Mandy – what did those nine years mean to you?”

Luke fell silent.

Before Mandy could speak, I slapped her. “I’ve never seen anyone as pathetic as you.”

Her face blanched as tears fell.

Luke released my hand, perhaps fearing he was next. “She’s just my sister…” he protested weakly.

I couldn’t bear to look at him anymore.

Gavin called from nearby. I smiled and walked to him.

“Do you know him?” he asked.

“You do?”

“Only that he’s the Tompson family’s recently acknowledged illegitimate heir – their long-lost son.”

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Chapter 11

Chapter 11

With the wedding imminent, I still had a few essentials to collect.

Gavin, clearly out of his element, insisted on accompanying me. Being virtual strangers, I couldn’t politely decline,

We passed a boutique jewelry store where an overly enthusiastic clerk practically pulled us inside. Her effervescent manner made refusal impossible.

The shop’s intimate ambiance was surprisingly comforting.

As I browsed the rings, one particular design caught my eye.

I was about to stop Gavin from purchasing it when fatigue washed over me. As I turned to leave, a

familiar voice cut through the air.

“Yvonne!”

The staff tittered like audiences of a soap opera.

I turned, face impassive, to find Luke clutching the ring I’d been examining. He looked uncertain,

almost vulnerable. “Remember this design?”

How could I forget?

Years ago, Luke had sketched this ring – a sapphire with a hidden inscription. Nothing ostentatious,

but it had made my heart race.

It never materialized. Life intervened.

Luke stepped forward, reaching for my hand.

The onlookers, except Gavin and me, began chanting for reconciliation.

The cacophony was suffocating. I yanked my hand away, and the ring sailed into the trash.

A heavy silence descended.

“Mr. Luke, please respect my personal space,” I said, voice glacial.

He recoiled as if struck. “Yvonne, isn’t this what you’ve always wanted? We could marry now, be

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Chapter 11

together forever!”

But it was too late.

If this had happened before discovering his infidelity, before enduring three solitary abortions... perhaps I would have tearfully claimed that long-dreamed-of ring.

Luke’s delusion seemed to crack. “Don’t like this one? I’ll design another. As many as you want.”

“I know you’re jealous of Mandy, but she’s just-”

“Luke,” I cut him off firmly. “We’re done.”

I linked arms with Gavin, who seamlessly played along, reading the situation.

Luke tried to intercept us, but we walked past.

Behind us, chaos erupted.

Luke was frantically digging through the trash, a man unhinged.

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Chapter 12

Chapter 12

Mandy's attempt to force her way into my home was thwarted by the staff.

Her pallor was genuine this time, not one of her performances.

"Yvonne, please, don't let Luke leave me."

I checked the time—ten minutes until departure.

"He's not my concern anymore."

The words triggered something in her. Mandy's composure shattered as she thrashed about, eyes venomous.

"You witch! You're making Luke abandon me!"

"He loves me! ME! What right do you have to take him?"

"My brother's dead—I have nothing left. Can't you just let me have Luke?"

Her face contorted between tears and maniacal laughter.

"Your brother deserved his fate."

Mandy froze, then began trembling as realization dawned.

"Your brother stole my USB meant for Luke. He crashed on his way."

"And you? You watched Luke carry that guilt all these years."

"You've basked in your glory long enough, Mandy. Time to face the consequences."

She shook her head in desperate denial.

"No... no..."

"Is that true?" Luke's voice cut through the air.

Mandy's body convulsed.

I had no desire to witness their confrontation. It was time to leave.

My Card and My First Love

Chapter 12

Gavin waited in the car at the gate, I hurried toward it.

Luke reached for me, but Mandy clutched his arm.

“Let go!” He shoved her aside.

The scene echoed that night at the police station.

The car window sealed, muting the chaos outside.

Gavin's concerned gaze found mine. “Are you alright?”

I offered a detached smile.

Luke's fists pounded against the window, creating dull thuds.

His mouth moved, forming words I couldn't—wouldn't—hear.

The soundproofing was impeccable.

As the car pulled away, I leaned back.

In the

or, Luke's desperate figure grew smaller.

Until he disappeared entirely.

I closed my eyes.

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Chapter 13

Chapter 13

On the eve of my wedding, just as I was about to sleep, the housekeeper knocked on my door with

milk.

“Miss, there’s someone outside…” she hesitated, telling me about a man asking for me. My mother had instructed everyone to ignore him, but the housekeeper couldn’t help feeling sorry for him.

After she closed the door, I walked to the window. From my vantage point, I could see Luke leaning against his car, cigarette butts scattered around his feet.

By some twist of fate, he looked up, meeting my gaze. His empty eyes suddenly sparked to life.

I drew the curtains and ordered security to remove him. A commotion erupted below, with Luke shouting my name. The struggle lasted nearly fifteen minutes, until thunder rolled overhead.

“Let him be,” I called the security back. The guard returned, wiping sweat from his wrinkled uniform.

“Miss, he’s demanding to see you.”

“Ignore him.”

Rain started falling. Luke wasn’t stupid—after being chased off like a stray dog, he must have left.

But when I woke to thunderclaps in the dead of night, he was still there under the streetlight, drenched in the downpour, stubbornly staring at my bedroom window. He could barely stand.

Too little, too late.

I went back to sleep, dreamless.

By morning, he was gone without a trace. The makeup artist praised how photogenic I looked, but the woman in the mirror didn’t smile..

Gavin was waiting when I emerged in my wedding dress. He carried me to the car.

At the venue, there were flowers and applause everywhere. The weather was perfect, unusually bright.

Under my parents’ proud gaze, Gavin took my hand, the ring approaching my finger.

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Chapter 13

“Wait!”

Everything stopped. All eyes turned.

Luke stood there in a new suit, but his face was haggard, with dark circles and hollow cheeks. He walked forward until security blocked him. His father, the head of the Thompson family, was turning green with rage.

“Yvonne, marry me. Come back to me.”

Luke dropped to one knee.

The crowd gasped.

I forced a smile, turning to Gavin. “Why haven’t you put it on yet?”

Gavin slipped the diamond ring onto my finger.

Luke remained kneeling, swaying slightly. His hands trembled as he held out a ring.

I approached him, my dress trailing behind me.

His face lit up with hope, but the bloodshot eyes made him look haunting.

I took his ring and threw it onto the lawn.

“You’re too late.”

Luke suddenly stood, pulling out a knife.

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Chapter 14

Chapter 14

The front row saw it first, causing a ripple of panic.

Luke moved swiftly, but I wasn’t his target.

Chaos erupted as he lunged at Gavin.

I tried to stop him, but too late.

“Watch out!”

People rushed forward, pushing me aside.

Blood splattered the ground—but not Gavin's.

The knife was lodged in Luke's abdomen.

His hands covered in red, he looked at me with hurt eyes.

“Yvonne, it hurts so much...”

For a moment, I flashed back to years ago when he insisted on cooking and cut his finger. He had given me the same wounded look then.

But I would never again cradle his hands and bandage his wounds.

I rushed to Gavin, checking his injuries.

Thankfully, Gavin only had a scratch on his arm.

In the crowd, someone called an ambulance while others surrounded Luke.

His gaze burned into me, but I didn't look back.

They took Luke away.

The wedding continued in disarray, somehow making it to the end.

I didn't see him for a long time after that.

Word was his father had him confined.

Backup

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Chapter 14

Then came rumors of suicide attempts, each time rescued just in time.

Later, I heard his father found Mandy, hoping she could help Luke recover.

It backfired—they found Mandy barely alive, brutalized by Luke.

They say she was permanently disabled.

I didn't actively seek this news, just lived my life.

On my next birthday, Gavin wanted to throw a big party, but I refused.

Instead, I baked myself an ugly cake.

I'd grown to love documenting life, posting casual photos on social media.

Luke liked one of my posts.

After that, I only heard about him through the news.

His ruthless tactics let him take over the family business in just a year.

Or stories of his affairs with women who'd had extensive plastic surgery.

Their faces all resembled someone—more or less.

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Chapter 15

Chapter 15

Until one day, at a restaurant.

I ran into Luke with a woman, intimately close.

He spotted me and immediately pushed her away.

Luke stammered, seemingly trying to explain.

He fidgeted with his shirt, repeatedly grasping and releasing the fabric.

By the time he collected himself, I had already walked past.

Later, I heard Luke had dismissed all the women around him.

Even his assistant was replaced with a man.

He became devoted to charity work and adopted a daughter.

Named her Lucy.

Luke spared no expense in raising Lucy.

People speculated she must be his biological daughter.

Why else would he treat her so well?

Years passed, and Luke fell gravely ill.

By then, Lucy held most of the power in the family business.

Luke's public will left half his fortune to Lucy, the other half to charity.

The last day of his life happened to be his birthday.

"Father hopes you'll spend his final birthday with him."

Lucy came to me personally.

She had been raised well—not a trace of insecurity about her.

Chapter 15

After all these years, I had made my peace.

But this last meeting—I didn't want it.

One final act of revenge against Luke.

Shortly after Lucy left, that night, Luke passed away.

That evening, I who hadn't dreamed in so many nights, finally had one.

I saw Luke lying in his hospital bed.

One hand exposed, riddled with IV lines.

Pale and gaunt, limply hanging over the edge.

Doctors rushed in, covering him with a white sheet.

Luke was truly gone.

I woke early to an unusually clear spring day.