

## Breaking Up With The New York Heir And Pocketing A Cool Million Chapter 01

Lately, Raphael Parsons has been sneaking out a lot behind my back. He always makes a great meal for me beforehand, doting on me with sweet words. Then, once I'm asleep, he tiptoes out quietly.

Little does he know, I'm not actually asleep. Because every night, I'm praying he betrays me.

So, tonight, after another long evening, Raphael quietly snuck out. This was the tenth time this month, and my patience was wearing thin.

I threw on a coat and followed him out, silently slipping down the staircase. Pressing my ear to the door, I overheard his conversation.

"Those old guys at the company are getting impatient. It's time to wrap this up," Raphael said.

Another man's respectful voice replied, "And what should we do about Miss Keira?"

My heart tightened. Raphael had been freeloading off me for so long, eating my food, using my money. Surely, he wouldn't just leave without a word?

Raphael's voice was low. "She's obsessed with money. Just write her a check and be done with it."

The man seemed taken aback. "But Miss Keira has taken care of you for a while now. Isn't just writing a check a bit heartless?"

Raphael sounded annoyed, "What else? Should I take her back as my wife? She's just a third-rate college grad working in a third-rate company. She isn't fit to walk through the Parsons' doors."

The man asked, "How much should the check be?"

Raphael replied coldly, "Let her fill in the amount."

Hearing this, I slipped back to the room. I could hardly contain my excitement.

"Let her fill in the amount." Those were the sweetest words I'd ever heard.