

Breaking Up With The New York Heir And Pocketing A Cool Million Chapter 02

Yes, it's true. I've lived through this before. In my last life, I also met Raphael in the hospital, where he was pretending to have amnesia. I was charmed by his looks and took him home, feeding him, clothing him, and giving him a place to stay.

Honestly, we had a blissful time together. I foolishly believed that love was everything. Raphael pretended he lost his memory during a car accident caused by a company dispute. Meanwhile, he was secretly reorganizing the entire Parsons Group.

When the Parsons family came to fetch Raphael, around ten Rolls–Royces drove into my soon–to–be–demolished neighborhood. The entire area gathered to watch. Raphael donned a tailored suit and Rolex, handed me a \$500,000 check as thanks, and said goodbye.

Back then, I was all about Raphael and refused the check, wanting only to be with him forever. Raphael's look of disdain still haunts me.

He broke up with me, and I couldn't take it. I exposed our relationship to the media, revealing his deceit. This scandal gave him a terrible reputation and caused uproar within the Parsons Group, destabilizing it again just after they had ended a power struggle.

Under pressure, Raphael publicly proposed to me. On our wedding night, I saw news of him and a famous model at a hotel. Soon after, he tormented me daily, disgusted by my mere presence. He even purchased the media outlet I had exposed him to and outed me as the source.

I became the villain, and the harassment drove me to depression, eventually leading to my suicide.

When I woke up, I found myself back in the hospital, where I first met Raphael. Seeing him pretending to be pitiful, I rolled my eyes.

This time, I'm getting my \$500,000. Forget revenge – I just want the money.

Just as before, Raphael claimed he had amnesia and was head over heels for me. His chiseled face seemed to scream "\$500,000."

I brought him home again. Everything proceeded just as it had in my past life. We got together, and I was even more attentive to him this time around. He was tired? I massaged his shoulders. Hungry? I cooked for him. Needed money? I transferred it to him.

Even if he wanted to sleep with me? No problem.

My longtime best friend, Maia, berated me for being blinded by love. Our neighbor wished his wife treated him as well as I treated Raphael.

Our relationship blossomed, and Raphael even started cooking and caring for me. He'd often bring me lunch at work, making my coworkers envious of my attentive boyfriend.

Ha – attentive? More like a dog.

With Raphael freeloading off me and me focusing on making money, my career soared, and I got three promotions. But those small sums meant nothing. I wanted my \$500,000.

My phone buzzed. It was Maia's hundred and first message telling me to break up with Raphael.

"Keira, you need to dump that freeloader, or we're done. Remember our dreams of getting rich?"

In my past life, I refused because I loved Raphael. This time, I refused again but for the sake of riches.

"Maia, I love Raphael, but it won't interfere with our dreams. Get ready to pack up and get your passport. We're flying high soon."

I sent the message just as I heard a sound outside. Raphael was back. Quickly, I put my phone down and pretended to be asleep.

He slipped into bed, wrapped his arm around my waist, and fell asleep. As he slept soundly, I lay awake, too excited about the "write any amount" to sleep.

Finally, my days of serving him were coming to an end. I was ready to sing songs of freedom.

After another month passed, I wondered why Raphael hadn't returned as he had in my past life.

One evening, I came home to flowers, balloons, candles, food, and music.

"Keira, today marks our one-year anniversary, Raphael said, dressed to the nines.

Confused, I blinked. Seeing my lack of response, Raphael waved his hand in front of my face.

"Keira, Keira, what are you thinking about?"

I coughed. “Thinking of you, my dear. Wondering how much effort you put into surprising me. I’m so moved.”

I feigned gratitude and snuggled into Raphael’s arms, kissing his chin. He held me tightly, rubbing his chin on my head. “It’s all for you,” he said.

Fighting the urge to laugh, I remembered his past words about my “third–rate” status.

“Will you ever leave me? I mean, I’m just a third–rate college grad working a third–rate job.”

“Of course not!” he replied with conviction. Oh, the irony.

“Really? Will you marry me then?” I asked, testing him.

He faltered. Ha, caught him.

“Of course I will,” he finally said.

I didn’t expect him to agree, though his loathing of me was hard to miss. If only his acting skills were put to better use.

Seeing him bring out a fancy velvet box, my eyes gleamed. Time to cash in. He handed it over, and I opened it, expecting a treasure. Instead, it was a red string.

Disappointed, I asked, “What’s this?”

“It’s a charm for your safety,” he said, oblivious to my internal stream of curses.

“Really? I love it,” I lied, pecking him on the cheek. He kissed me back passionately, but my mind was on the check.