

## **Breaking Up With The New York Heir And Pocketing A Cool Million Chapter 03**

The next morning, I woke to chatter. Raphael was already gone. Sore, I dragged myself to the window and saw a line of Rolls–Royces.

Finally, it's happening.

I rushed downstairs barefoot. Out front, Raphael donned a sleek black suit, his gold–rimmed glasses, and a diamond–studded Rolex. Security surrounded him, bowing respectfully. The whole neighborhood was abuzz.

Tears of joy welled up. I'd been waiting for this.

Feigning shock, I yelled, "Who are you, and where are you taking my boyfriend?"

A man in a suit pried me off Raphael. "Miss Keira, please. This is Mr. Parsons, heir to the Parsons Group. Here's a check. Write any amount to thank you for caring for him."

I recognized the voice from that night. I trembled, tears streaming.

Playing the part, I clung to Raphael. "Raphael, are you leaving me?"

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Raphael frowned and pushed me away. "Let's end this on good terms."

Good terms? I've waited long enough for this.

Feigning despair, I collapsed, sobbing. The secretary handed me the blank check and left with Raphael.

As soon as they were gone, I sprang up. Without caring about the dust, I wiped my tears and ran upstairs, clutching my golden ticket.

Finally, justice was here.

Maia and I sat on the couch, staring at the blank check.

"Keira, how many zeros are you gonna put on this thing?" she asked.

"It's not about the zeros, Maia. I'm not greedy. I mean, we need a vacation, right? This neighborhood's about to be torn down, so I'll need a new place. I'm tired of taking the subway—I'll need a car. And my parents raised me, so I should take care of them. We've

been friends forever, so giving you a house isn't too much, right? And Mrs. Lee downstairs needs money for medical bills—helping her out is a must. Also...”

“So how many zeros are you gonna put?” Maia cut in.

I glanced at the check, then at Maia, and picked up a pen. I quickly wrote down eight zeros.

Staring at the check with its numerous zeros and the Parsons Group seal, I gleefully rolled around on the couch and gave Maia a peck on the cheek.

“Let's quit our jobs and book some flights! We're going on a trip!”

As I left our neighborhood, people watched me, thinking I had lost my mind after Raphael left me.

Maia and I cashed the check at the bank and booked a flight to Europe.

A month later, when we returned, I opened my front door to find Raphael sitting on the couch, smoking.

“Keira, I missed you,” he said, standing up to hug me.

Is he regretting the amount I wrote?

“Raphael, did you take something?” I pushed him away, giving him a cold look.

This guy must really feel the pinch after losing a few million. Before he said, “write whatever she wants,” now he's back cause the amount stings.

Raphael stared at the red string bracelet on my wrist. I had completely forgotten I was still wearing it. I quickly tried to take it off, but it wouldn't budge. Frustrated, I grabbed scissors from the table and cut it in half.

“Raphael, from now on, we're done,” I said, throwing the string on the ground.

Raphael's eyes turned red, and his hands trembled. The heir to New York's richest family put on quite the act.

Had I not lived through the humiliation, hate, and eventual death before, I might've believed his heartfelt drama.

Men? Trusting one would be as smart as letting pigs climb trees. It's just a string—why act like it's that important?

I saw Raphael take deep, calming breaths. After a moment, he reverted to his cold demeanor.

“Materialistic woman,” he muttered, striding out the door.

Materialistic? If I wasn't, what should I be? Doing it for love? I once believed in that, but Raphael, you pushed me into the abyss.

Watching his retreating figure, my heart ached briefly. Then I looked at my new Hermès bag, and my mood lifted a bit.

A wise person doesn't fall in love—they focus on money.