

Breaking Up With The New York Heir And Pocketing A Cool Million Chapter 04

I packed up everything in the house and sent what Raphael left behind back to the Parsons Group.

When I told my landlady I was moving out, she tried to comfort me.

“Keira, dear, I know you’re hurt, but there are plenty of fish in the sea. Men with two legs are everywhere. You must stay strong and show that ungrateful man what he’s missing.”

I nodded vigorously. “You’re right, Auntie.”

But honestly, I wasn’t sad at all...

Saying goodbye to the place Raphael and I had shared, I started building my own life.

In my past life, I connived my way into marrying Raphael but ended up as a hidden wife, losing my dreams and life to revolve around one man.

This time, I was living for myself!

I set up a bank account with half a million dollars and slipped the details into my mom’s bag.

In my past life, my parents sold our family home to raise money for my big, fancy wedding into the Parsons family. But I ultimately abandoned them for a man who didn’t love me.

I took Mrs. Lee to the best hospital, arranged for top specialists, and got her a great room. When everyone called me names, Mrs. Lee stubbornly defended me, saying I was a good kid.

I bought two houses—one for Maia. In my past life, she threatened to cut ties but stuck with me until the end, even through my downward spiral.

With everything settled, I opened my own bridal shop in the busiest part of town.

Since high school, I dreamed of designing clothes but lacked the money to study it. I ended up in a boring finance field instead, vowing to open my own shop.

After marrying Raphael, I threw everything into our marriage, forgetting my dreams.

This time, I was reclaiming those dreams and making them come true.

Three months later, my bridal shop opened. My unique designs quickly gained popularity.

One day, a famous model, Jane, wanted a custom gown for her first TV awards ceremony. Her assistant came to borrow a dress.

I remembered Jane. In my past life, Raphael spent the night with her on our wedding day. They were constantly spotted together, either at a hotel or Raphael's suburban villa.

Jane rose in the acting world thanks to Raphael, starring in numerous hit films and series. She never answered questions about their relationship, just offering a mysterious smile.

Bobblehead-in-chief reporters always took that as confirmation, and headlines like "Model Jane to Marry Raphael" were common.

Desperate, I confronted Raphael in the company office, only to find him passionately kissing Jane.

Raphael didn't bother facing me—he had a lawyer hand me divorce papers, demanding I leave with nothing.

I went home, smashed everything in sight until glass shards cut my hand, blood pooling everywhere.

It was then that Jane, alone, handed me a pregnancy test, showing she was three months pregnant.

She said Raphael feared clingy women. He needed her to advance his career, and she found my persistence disgusting. Because of me, Raphael shut down my parents' breakfast shop under health violations.

Jane scorned me, saying I was pathetic. She was right; I embarrassed myself.

After she left, her words and the bleeding hand pushed my depressive spiral further, and I chose to end my life.

"Keira! Keira!" Maia's voice broke into my thoughts.

"About Jane, should we lend her the dress or not? It could really boost our brand," she suggested, having taken my place as the shop's owner to avoid drawing Raphael's attention.

"Go ahead. Money talks," I shrugged.

“Which one’s she borrowing?” I asked.

“The first dress you designed. The one called ‘Self–Love.’”

I bolted upright. That wedding dress was for my marriage with Raphael. I designed it full of hope, once called “True Love.”

“Fine, let her borrow it.”

I flopped back onto the couch. Nothing beats making money anyway.

Jane’s red carpet appearance skyrocketed our brand’s reputation. Orders poured in daily.

But then Raphael walked into the shop.

Grabbing my hand, Raphael demanded why Jane’s dress wasn’t called True Love.”

Why do you think? Because love’s not part of the equation anymore! How does he even know the dress’s old name?

Wait. Could Raphael have been reborn too? No, he seemed fine after I died last time.

“Raphael, did you also...?”