

## **Breaking Up With The New York Heir And Pocketing A Cool Million Chapter 05**

Raphael's face shifted through laughter and sorrow before he snapped back to reality.

I listened as he told his side. Apparently, his secretary worked for his tyrannical grandfather, who always demanded perfection from Raphael. He couldn't marry a commoner like me.

Grandfather tried to control every aspect of Raphael's life, from business to marriage. Raphael's plan was to consolidate his power and contend with his grandfather later. But I screwed up his plan by exposing our relationship to the media.

Raphael's grandpa wanted me dead, but Raphael proposed publicly, forcing his hand. Later, Grandpa used my family to pressure Raphael into divorcing me. His cold behavior was feigned for my safety, to drive me away.

When Grandpa saw we weren't splitting, he slipped psychotropic drugs into my meals, causing hallucinations, depression, and leading to my breakdowns.

Raphael believed divorcing me was the only way to save me and outplay his grandfather. But my stubborn love interfered, tolerating the shame and brutality for Raphael's sake.

After my suicide, Raphael had a car crash. When he woke up back at our initial meeting, he vowed to treat me better this time, hoping I'd wait for him.

I struggled to absorb his story.

"Keira, I love you. Truly. Let me treat you right this time. I've already secured control of the company, and Jane means nothing to me. Marry me, Keira."

Looking at his serious face, I pulled my hand away. "Treat me right? I haven't felt any of it. You claim to fight your grandfather, but I never felt your love."

Raphael lowered his head, murmuring, "The red string I gave you wasn't from a charm store. It was my mom's."

"But you cut it without hesitation."

Tears shimmered in his eyes.

I turned away. "Raphael, we both need some space. Last time, I lived for you. Now, I want to live for myself, my dreams, not as someone's dependent."

“You said it before, your granddad always saw me as trash. Even now, as you control the company, that opinion can’t change.”

“Leave.”

I headed upstairs without looking back. Whether Raphael’s story was true or not, I found immense joy in my work and designs. Watching brides wear my dresses brought a fulfillment my marriage never did, even on our wedding day.

I quickly moved past Raphael’s disruption, engrossed in making money.

When I received an invitation to a fashion gala from x magazine, I thanked my lucky stars for choosing money over men.

At the event, my off-shoulder white gown turned heads, including Raphael and Jane.

Jane approached me, scanning me from head to toe. Leaning in, she whispered, “I’m sorry. And by the way, Raphael and I are half-siblings. Same dad.”

A horde of confused swears filled my mind. Jane also remembered her past life?

Seeing my shocked face, Jane clinked her champagne against mine, downing it in one go before walking off, hips swaying.

Still dazed, I felt an unwelcome hand on my shoulder.

“Miss Keira, your talent is extraordinary. Any chance I can learn from you?” said Cillian Holt, a sponsor of the event, clad in peacock-like attire.

I swallowed the bile rising in my throat. Releasing his hand from my shoulder, I said, “Mr. Holt, that’s quite a compliment, but I’m not worthy of teaching anyone.”