

Breaking Up With The New York Heir And Pocketing A Cool Million Chapter 07

A weight lifted from my shoulders as I turned to leave, but Raphael suddenly hugged me from behind.

“I support you in doing what you love, but please, let me support you too.”

Epilogue 1

Early in the morning, I kicked Raphael out of bed. This guy had been flying to France any chance he got, and today I was running late for class again.

Between preparing for Fashion Week and attending classes, I didn't have time for his antics, no matter how eager he was.

Three months later, my debut at Fashion Week was a huge success. I invited Jane to be my final model.

As the last piece of music ended, I joined my models on stage for the final bow. Looking at the VIP section, I saw celebrities, magazine editors, fashion buyers, and influential figures from different industries applauding my work.

I couldn't hold back my tears of joy as I deeply bowed in gratitude.

There stood Raphael clapping for me, Maia clapping, my parents clapping, and Jane by my side clapping.

I had reclaimed myself, transforming from a flower to a tree, fully owning my life.

I had done it.

Epilogue 2

Gregory, the secretary at Parsons Group, was having a rough time. His boss, Raphael, was hardly ever at the office, always off chasing after his girlfriend. And despite doing it for years, Raphael hadn't made much progress.

Meanwhile, Gregory was swamped with work.

On the gossip blogs, Raphael smiled sycophantically, trailing behind Keira, begging for her to give him a title. Gregory facepalmed—was this really the same Parsons' CEO who commanded such authority?

Following Keira to the Maldives, Raphael was busy applying sunscreen to her when he suddenly sneezed.

“Who’s talking about me?”

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“Keira, look at how sunny it is outside. Let’s go inside and do... things we should be doing. You still owe me \$500, remember? Let’s make it \$1000, and I’ll even give you a 20% discount, Raphael suggested, grinning like a puppy.

Looking at Raphael’s ridiculous dog-like expression, Keira sighed. Alright, \$500 for the fun’s worth. After all, the service hadn’t been half bad.