

Broken Trust, Renewed Love

Chapter 2

A sound of fireworks punctuated the silence on Cyrus's end, lasting for a few seconds before a long sigh followed.

"Andrea, not this again." His voice was laced with quiet exasperation.

What did he mean by 'not this again'? He was the one who broke a promise and now I was wrong for feeling disappointed?

I felt a sting of indignation at his response and snapped, "I know exactly where you are and what you're doing right now, Mr. Alpha Prince! Social media is a thing, you know! Maybe, tell Lilith not to share your pictures so casually if you don't want anybody to find out!"

With that, I ended the call and turn my phone on silent mode.

Standing up, I walked over to the closet where I had stashed my suitcase. As I opened the door, my gaze fell on the red gift bag tucked away in the corner, behind my suitcase. I had bought it last week—a deep navy-blue custom dive bag, the exact shade of the ocean at dawn, Cyrus's favorite time to dive.

I ignored the gift bag in the corner and pulled out my suitcase, quickly packing my clothes and belongings. I was determined to leave this villa tonight. After all, it belonged to Cyrus and I would be the one who'd disappear from his life since I was the one who initiated the breakup.

It took me two hours to finish packing. I called a taxi, loaded my things and headed to a smaller, more affordable apartment in the suburbs where I used to live few years ago.

It had been two years since I last lived in this apartment. My parents had given it to me shortly after I landed a job as a writer at Dream Creatives. Initially, I had chosen to stay here to avoid burdening Cyrus with the responsibility of looking after my needs in the city.

To cut a long story short, Cyrus decided it would be easier for me to live with him. He had a chauffeur at his disposal that could take me anywhere, plus we could see each other more often if I lived with him.

Cyrus was insistent on this arrangement. Without a strong argument against it, I got along with his wishes and had been living with him ever since.

A small pang of regret pierced through me, a reminder of the distance that had crept into our lives.

It felt tragic since I finally noticed how frequently Cyrus was with Lilith only after I started living with him. It made me questioned: what was the point of us living together even?

As I stumbled into my apartment, With barely a thought, I left all my things at the living room. I head to my bed, pulled off the plastic cover from my bed, retrieved a clean sheet from the linen box in the closet and collapsed into sleep.

When the alarm jolted me awake the next morning, I reached for my phone out of habit.

Cyrus had left messages:

[Rhea, don't be angry. I saw that and as Lily's post shows, it was a last-minute business meeting. Lily asked for my help to secure a deal with an overseas company.]

[Stop being childish. We're adults now. Come home when you've calmed down.]

So now I was childish?

Cyrus' message had successfully soured my mood—first thing in the morning!

I tossed my phone onto the bed and ignored it as I shuffled into the combined living room and kitchen. Grabbing a bottled drink I'd left out from yesterday, I tried to shake off the frustration that Cyrus's words had stirred up.

The word "childish" kept echoing in my mind, igniting small bursts of anger from within me.

Was I really that childish?

I had lost count of the times Cyrus canceled our date plans, postponed some of his own company meetings, or postponed dinners with his family just because Lilith called him for her "rescue."

I could never forget that night Lilith demanded Cyrus accompany her to one of Dicllore's private residences. My lupine hearing was sharp enough to pick up from the phone speaker as Lilith begged Cyrus to come because she was still terrified after watching a horror movie.

Ugh!

For the love of the Moon Goddess!

Who in their right mind watches something that scares them so badly? Besides, Lilith was never truly alone at the residence. Her maids and butlers were always there, around the clock, twenty-four per seven, ensuring her safety and comfort.

Nevertheless, Cyrus into his casual clothes. “Lily needs me,” he said, “so I have to go for a bit.”

I was appalled by his decision and tried to argue with him.

But he said, “There’s nothing between us, Andrea.” He let out a long sigh, deliberately avoiding my name, “Rhea,” and rubbed the joint of his frown on his temple—three telltale signs of his growing irritation. “I’ve told you this before.”

Then, Cyrus fixed his gaze directly on mine and added, “But if your mind is already made up, is there any point in my trying to convince you otherwise?”

With that, he walked out of the villa. Took his own car keys and drove to wherever Lilith was on his own dismissing his chauffeur's offer, every time.

The day after our arguments, Cyrus would always find a way to sweep me off my feet with a surprise romantic date. I could always see the effort he put into each 'makeup' date and, inevitably, I would always forgive him.

We'd reconcile, our relationship seemingly saved. Then the cycle would begin again, over and over. It got to the point where it was hard for me to remember our date without 'Lilith' being the trigger of it, especially after Cyrus and I went public.

Did he think I was too stupid to notice the same pattern?

Yes, I was easily forgive him—I admit that. But it was because I didn't see the point in constantly arguing with someone I loved so deeply.

Not this time, though. I finally saw the reason why I needed to stop.

Cyrus had feelings for Lilith and it was time I accepted that.

That was why I had to stop falling for him—once and for all.