

# **Divorced My Cheating Husband, Married A Billionaire**

## **#Chapter 11: The Accident - Read Divorced My Cheating Husband, Married A Billionaire Chapter 11: The Accident**

### **Chapter 11: The Accident**

When Riley mentioned possibly having a child, she felt more embarrassed. In her defense, she explained, "Because you said that your grandfather wants to continue your family's legacy."

"We don't have to if you don't want to," Adrian assured her. "My grandfather does not have to know it is not in our plans."

'Do I not want a child?' Riley asked herself. Of course, she does, but was it right to have one when there was no love between her and Adrian?

"If you want to have a child but do not want to be intimate, we can arrange something," Adrian calmly suggested. "In today's modern age, anything is possible."

"Don't dwell on it too much. We will cross the bridge when we get there," Adrian proposed. "Do you have any other concerns?"

"Can I - can I sleep in a different room?" Riley nervously asked.

"Of course. That's a given. You'll have your own room, and I'll have mine," Adrian acknowledged without hesitation. "This marriage will be a respectful one. I will never force you on something that you are unwilling to do. I will not cheat. I will not hurt or betray you, and I expect you to be the same." "Just remember, for all of this to work, you need to stay married to me for at least one year," Adrian reminded, and Riley nodded.

"At least," Adrian repeated.

"At least," Riley echoed. "Understood."

Adrian's brows suddenly met. He said, "There is no pressure."

At that point, Riley became confused. She asked, "What?"

A low growl seemed to have rumbled in Adrian's chest, leaving Riley more baffled at his reaction. He sucked in a deep breath and sighed in what looked like a surrender. He said, "I'll take you to your house first. Get changed and freshen up. Then, I'll bring you

back to the hospital, but! This is the last time you are sleeping in the hospital, Riley, and the management only allowed it because of me."

With another nod, Riley acknowledged, "Thank you, Adrian."

Together with Clint, Riley, and Adrian, they left the restaurant. By the car, Riley watched as Adrian stood up with Clint's help. He entered the vehicle independently, using his left leg and strong arms, while Clint kept the wheelchair in the trunk. Adrian had an electric yet foldable wheelchair, which was a convenient choice for traveling.

After seeing Adrian settle down, she joined in the backseat. It was then that she asked about his walking condition, "I did not expect that you would still be in a wheelchair. Didn't you get treatment?"

Adrian turned to Riley. He took a deep breath and asked, "Does it bother you that you will marry a disabled man?"

Riley formed wrinkles on her forehead. She replied, "You are not disabled, at least not in my view."

She looked at him and said, "You have strong arms, and I could tell you can take a few steps. Please don't take any offense to what I said."

"It doesn't bother me," Riley guaranteed him. "I was wondering what happened to you."

Adrian gazed out the window in silence for a while. Riley sensed that his leg condition was a delicate subject. Gently, she spoke, "I'm sorry. I won't bring it up again."

Clint was already driving down the road when Adrian suddenly willingly gave the information, "The accident mainly affected my left leg. It has gotten better with therapy. I've had two surgeries. The latest one happened a year ago."

Adrian lowered his frame and pulled his trousers up. Riley saw how his leg was slightly shaking. He said, "My doctors wanted me to have another surgery to fix this, but it is a risky operation. There is a fifty percent chance that I would become paralyzed."

He leaned back in his seat, and his voice broke in and out. "So, I'll accept this as part of my flaw. I don't want to risk it."

Once more, Riley noticed the sorrow in Adrian's behavior. It manifested in the weakening of his voice and how he averted her gaze. She remembered how athletic Adrian was in college. He used to excel in basketball, swimming, and skiing. Unfortunately, skiing caused his accident.

Without thinking, she reached for Adrian's hand and squeezed it. She remarked, "It's not a weakness. It's part of our identity and what shapes us. Just as I believe I will grow from this divorce. It's just that it's a tough process to get through."

Smiling, she complimented, "You did well for yourself, Adrian."

Adrian turned to her with an amused expression. The way his gray eyes stared at her made her feel she was going to melt anytime soon. He

sighed and looked down at

hands. He tightened his hold on

Riley's hand and said, "I could tell we would get along just fine Content

belongs

"You know what? I think so too," Riley expressed before turning to the other side of the car and pulling her hand back.

The journey to her mother's house and back to the hospital went by too quickly for Riley. She wished she could have spent more time in the car, but unfortunately, Clint had already pulled over at The King's Medical Center's driveway.

"We are here," Clint said.

"Take her upstairs, Clint," Adrian instructed.

"I can go on my own -" Suddenly, Riley's phone rang. She checked it and frowned upon seeing Brian's number.

"Block him," Adrian instructed, looking irritated.

Riley made a face and quickly did as Adrian suggested. After blocking Brian, she confirmed, "Blocked."

"Clint will get you a new number soon," Adrian said.

"Okay," Riley said before opening the

et

door. She was about to leave when she remembered something. She glanced back at Adrian and asked, "Just curious. What happened between you and Brian? You used to be friends? He never gave me a clear answer, and neither did you."

Adrian heaved a sigh. He lazily looked at Riley and responded, "He betrayed me."

"Betrayed you? How?" Riley asked.

"It's something between Brian and me. You don't need to know. In any case, it was a long time ago," Adrian said. I have chosen to let it go." "Well, I guess Brian has a habit of betraying the people he loves," Riley remarked before finally stepping one foot out of the car.

"Tell me about it," Adrian said.

"You should have warned me back in college," Riley said.

Riley saw Adrian hesitate. He clenched his jaws before responding, "You were so in love. I did not think my opinion mattered back then." Adrian's words hit her like an arrow. Riley sighed and said, "You are right. And everything was perfect up until a few months ago." "Hmmm," Adrian acknowledged.

"Bye, Adrian. Thank you again," Riley said before closing the car's door. Content held

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From inside his car, Adrian watched Riley's figure disappear into the hospital. Clint followed behind her. He recounted his earlier discussion with Riley.

He thought about Brian and muttered, "Well, yes, Brian. Four years ago, I had let it go, but not anymore. How could I? You didn't keep your word."

## **Chapter 12: Divorced ASAP**

### FLASHBACK ###

More than six years ago in Sweden.

Adrian had just turned twenty-one. He loved skiing. Abner King, Adrian's grandfather, bought a vacation home in Sweden because of his love for the sport.

The vacation house was a four-story brick mansion settled at the top of the hill. At least once a year, the entire King family visited this vacation home. Adrian had just returned to the hilltop from checking the trail to ensure there was no unwanted debris. He looked up at his grandfather, who stood by the second-floor balcony, and Adrian waved, "Ready for the show, Grandpa?"

Adrian's grandfather, Abner King, stood ready with his video camera, symbolizing his unwavering support and pride in his grandson's skills.

"Ready when you are, Adrian!" He called out, his voice filled with encouragement.

With a confident smirk on his face, Adrian put on his ski helmet and goggles. He hopped in place to check if his skis' were in good condition. After that, he turned to his grandfather and gave him a thumbs-up. Moments later, he glided into the snow.

"Wohooo!" The adrenaline made him scream. The rush of wind against his face and the sound of the skis carving through the powder filled him with an electrifying sense of freedom.

At some point, Adrian felt like he was flying. With each graceful turn, Adrian felt more alive, more in tune with the world around him. Everything was perfect until Adrian suddenly felt something pull his foot!

With a sudden jolt, Adrian's skis caught an unexpected patch of ice, sending him careening off course. He tried desperately to regain control, but it was too late. Adrian felt himself tumbling over the edge of the hill, and all he could do was scream, "Aaahh!"

### END OF FLASHBACK ###

Adrian's breath caught in his throat as the memory of the accident flooded back into a dream. Thanks to Riley's probing, it felt like his mind was inadvertently pulled back into the past.

Sweat formed on his forehead, and he wiped it immediately. He gulped and looked down at his legs. He determinedly said, "The incident had changed the course of my future, but it doesn't mean I have been defeated."

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An hour later.

Adrian was eating breakfast when Clint walked into the dining area of his house. Clint reported, "I have delivered a healthy breakfast for Miss Allen. I included the grocery list you suggested, and she is very thankful."

"How is her mother?" Adrian asked.

"She is now awake, and it was clear that Miss Allen and she had a good talk about Mr. Martin," Clint said.

"Good," Adrian said. "The doctors have arrived?"

"Dr. Nakamura, the best cardiologist from Japan, arrived today and will evaluate Renee. Doctor Mandara will be arriving tomorrow," Clint replied. "Miss Allen's mother will get the best care for her health to recover."Content held

"Good. Renee must recover," Adrian said. "For Riley's and her sake."

"Any news on the bid? Had Engineer Philips called yet?" Adrian suddenly asked.

Clint smirked and replied, "We got the project, Sir. Ace Construction Firm got it! King Enterprises lost the bid! We won!"

Adrian had a sly grin on his face. Since his fake brother had become the CEO of King's Enterprises, Adrian secretly built his own company, Ace Construction Firm, which thrived in the past three years.

Construction was King Enterprises' most significant income generator, and Adrian purposely created a firm that competed with his family business. Why? His father and the board of directors voted against him as the CEO. Why would he give his good brains and business skills to King Enterprises?

He had many plans, one of which was to show them he was better. Then, he would use his grandfather's shares to take control of King Enterprises. "Perfect," Adrian remarked. "Don't forget to call Judge Miller and expedite Riley's divorce -"

"Em. We don't have to, Sir." Clint cleared his throat and revealed, "He tried to pay off Judge Miller's staff last night. He said he wanted to be a free man ASAP."

Adrian paused. His brows met before he replied, "Really?" A scoff left his lips, and he muttered, "Stupid Brian Martin. Bad for him, good for me." "Still, let the judge know it is also my wish," Adrian instructed.

"Yes, Sir," Clint answered. "Judge Miller will approve the divorce as quick as possible."

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The other night at Halliport General Hospital, Brian arrived in Claire's hospital room. He was surprised to see Claire's mother, Mara.

"Good evening, Mara," Brian greeted.

"Oh, Brian." Mara smiled. She said, "You can call me mother since you and Claire will marry soon."

"Ah, yes, Mother," Brian responded before hugging Mara.

He turned to Claire and kissed her cheek. Immediately, he noticed the frown on his lover's face. Brian asked, "What's going on?"

Claire glanced at her mother, and Mara reluctantly revealed, "Well, yesterday, I bumped into your ex-wife, Riley. My initial reaction was, of course, upset that she had pushed Claire and hurt the baby."

"I told her she should not have done

that, and then she suddenly

ne

snapped! She said—" Mara paused looking upset as she described, "Riley said that she would contest your divorce and ask for more money! She also said she would sue you and Claire for adultery."

"What?!" Brian reacted with a frown. The news was a complete surprise to him.

"I might have upset her when I confronted her, but I was shocked that she had those plans. Was she faking it when she agreed to divorce you, Brian?" Mara suggested.

Mara glanced at her daughter and

said, "I'm just worried for Claire and my grandchild. Your ex-wife has a secret agenda. Maybe she is pretending to be agreeable to the divorce, but she is secretly filing a case against you." Content belongs

"Riley," Brian said through gritted teeth. "I knew it. I thought it was too easy when she signed the divorce agreement."

"Brian, what should we do?" Claire begged. "She can't seem to let you go!"

Angered, Brian took out his phone and called Riley. He called and called, but she would not answer. Brian realized that Riley had blocked him! "What

the -"

Brian called again, but he could not

reach Riley hiss left his lips. He decided, have our lawyers pay off the judge. I'll make sure Riley and get divorced ASAP. And with my connections, no court will entertain Rifey's claims for adultery.

Mara touched her chest and sighed, "I knew you were a capable man, Brian. Thank goodness, my sweet and young daughter met you."

They covered Claire's health next, but after that, Mara said, "Well, now that it's all settled, Brian, could you give me some money for our needs at home?"

"Oh, right. I'm sorry, Mother. I have been so busy lately that I forgot to visit you at the condo." Brian wrote a two thousand-dollar check and said, "Please buy all your necessities."

Mara stared at the check and then at Brian. She said, "It's not enough to cover the electricity and water."

"Didn't I leave money for that, Mother?" Brian asked with his brows meeting.

"You did, but the food is costly there. We ended up using the money," Mara said.

"Oh, right," Brian frowned. He was sure he left five thousand dollars last week. However, he had a lot of money to give. He also acknowledged that the condo building was surrounded by high-end restaurants and supermarkets.

This time, instead of a check, Brian gave Mara an ATM. He said, "You can use this card. It has twenty thousand dollars. Use it for your necessities while Claire and I are still in the hospital."

Claire's mother had a big smile on her face. She was teary-eyed as she said, "Thank you, Brian. You are a very generous son-in-law."

### **Chapter 13: First Meeting**

"Your mother is doing better, Miss Allen. We need to work on her muscles, including her heart. She hasn't been using her body due to the coma, and she has lost a lot of strength."

"It was fortunate that she had medical help immediately after experiencing a heart attack. It did not cause any damage to her brain."

"It's important to get her moving. We will start with simple occupational therapy."

"Next week, we can move your mother to a private room. Mister King had already requested two caregivers to attend to your mother twenty-four hours a day."

Riley stood by Renee's hospital bed, listening to three doctors.

Over the past few days, three specialists have visited Riley's mother. The doctors were the best in their field, and Riley couldn't be more thankful to Adrian for bringing them in.

Both Riley and Renee were cared for at The King's Medical Center. Everywhere Riley went, the staff always smiled at her or asked if she needed anything. Whenever nurses



or doctors checked on Renee, they were overly polite. Of course, Zia was her regular visitor in the ICU.

"Do you have any questions for us, Miss Allen?" Doctor Nakamura asked.

"No, no." Riley smiled. "You've done wonderful to help my mother. Thank you."

"It is our pleasure to help," Doctor Mandara said.

When all the doctors left, Riley talked to Renee. She eagerly said, "Mom, did you hear that? You are going to get better. When you can walk. We can travel the world!"

"I want - talk - Brian," Renee insisted.

Riley shook her head. She answered, "No, he and his lover are like a deadly disease. It's best to stay away from them. There is nothing more to talk about. I have already signed the divorce papers."

In her effort to introduce Adrian, she said, "Soon, I'll meet someone better."

'I hope he is better,' Riley mused, thinking about Adrian.

Renee's brown eyes stared at Riley woefully. They were brimming with tears. Her voice was soft as she asked, "You sure?"

Riley embraced her mother and said, "I'm certain, Mom. You are all I need. I love you. So, let's not talk about Brian anymore, please."

With a sigh of surrender, Renee responded weakly, "Okay. I'm sorry. Love you."

"I love you too, Mom," Riley responded.

In the evening, Adrian came to fetch her. He no longer entered the ICU, but that was fine. Riley has yet to inform her mother about Adrian and their marriage plans. Moreover, Renee was fast asleep.

Soon, Riley was inside Adrian's car. Like always, Clint was driving, and they were in the backseat. Riley smiled at Adrian and asked, "Which restaurant are we going to?"

She had gotten used to having late-night dinners with Adrian in the past few nights. She assumed it was all the same that day.

"Home," Adrian responded, surprising Riley.

"Home?" Riley raised a brow, questioning him.

Adrian's gray eyes stared at her intently, and he said in his deep voice, "Today is the day that you are going to live with me, Remember? We will get your luggage first, and then we can have dinner at my house."

"Oh." Riley's lips rounded. She turned to Clint and remembered how it was a Sunday!

"Are your bags ready?" Adrian asked.

"Yes!" Riley made a face and admitted, "Well, not entirely, but it won't take long."

At the thought of living with Adrian, Riley's heart skipped a beat. She asked silently, 'Am I really ready for this?'

However, looking at Adrian, there was no malice in his eyes. Riley threw away those doubts and immediately scolded herself, 'Adrian has good intentions. He has been helping you, Riley!'

Riley took an hour to finish packing. With an additional travel time on the road, they arrived at Adrian's villa at eleven.

When Riley exited the car, her mouth fell to the ground. The villa was huge and modernly designed. Sadly, she did not have time to appreciate its exterior because a maid came rushing to them and greeted, Good evening, Miss. Mister King. Dinner is ready."

While Clint left for his place, Adrian and Riley entered the spacious villa and the dining room, where they had a late dinner. As they enjoyed the

savory dishes, Adrian discusseset

name

business. He said, "Think of a good name for the jewelry company that we start together. Consider making new designs while you accompany your mother in the hospital."

"I have left some sketchbooks for you in your room," Adrian added.

"You are really going to do that?" Riley asked. "Make a jewelry company?"

Adrian nodded and said, "Yes, remember, this is part of my plan. You will impress my grandfather with your designs."

"Okay." Riley smiled and responded, "Thank you, Adrian."

"I'll think of a name," Riley assured him. She happily ate the chicken on her plate before she suggested, "How about Adriley? Or Adley."

Riley chuckled and explained, "It's a combination of our names. I mean, we will technically be business partners, right?"

It was truly a miracle to see Adrian King form a smile, no matter how faint, and yet Riley witnessed it from across the table. Adrian said, "I like Adley." "Adley, it is. Adley and Co.," Riley confirmed. They ate in silence next, but their smiles were evident.

Soon, Riley recounted, "You know, I remember how we met. You were -" She paused and bit her lip before saying, "You were a snob towards me." Adrian cleared his throat. He ran his fingers through his dark hair and answered, "I had bad experiences with women. It was my defense mechanism." "How?" Riley asked while chuckling. "Explain, please."

"The girls in college were coquettish and self-absorbed," Adrian responded. "You, on the other hand, were defiant."

At the way Adrian described her, Riley burst into laughter. It was her first time to laugh heartily after many months.

Her eyes watered due to amusement, and she answered, "Because you were being unreasonable, so I retorted by putting you in your proper place!" ### FLASHBACK ###

Seven years ago at Halliport University.

"Riley Allen and Adrian King, the two of you will work on a marketing plan for a jewelry company," the teacher said before moving on to the next pair of students.

Riley was always looking forward to

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meeting new people. She didn't belong to the wealthy, so she didn't know Adrian King. Having been paired with him in a marketing class, she casually approached him and extended her hand, saying, "Hi, I'm Riley Allen! I look forward to working with you."

Sadly for Riley, Adrian narrowed his eyes at her and declared, "Like all the others. Sorry, but I work alone. I don't like people capitalizing on my ideas."

Adrian walked past Riley, bumping into her shoulder.

Riley was shocked by his response. She stood still for a moment before mumbling, "Really? You think you are so great? Watch me!"

She let Adrian be, but the following week, she blew everyone away with her presentation. Riley walked in like a goddess and greeted the class, "Welcome to Riley Allen's Jewelry, and I dare you to dazzle differently!"

## **Chapter 14: Moving In**

### FLASHBACK CONTINUATION ###

"In jewelry, one must make an impression," Adrian said during his presentation. "Stores must be located strategically at prime locations. Sales reps must be trained to know the quality of jewelry pieces. They must be presentable and know what best to recommend to clients..."

When Adrian presented his marketing plan to the class, he received praise. It was great! However, his methods were traditional and only applicable to big companies, but what if you are still a start-up company?

'Shops? sales reps?' Riley rolled her eyes while listening. 'I guess he is that rich.'

Riley already knew that Adrian had spoken to the professor about working solo. Thus, she was off the hook for what she was about to do. She was determined to beat him at his own game. Adrian might be a business major student, but jewelry was her forte.

When it was Riley's turn, she dressed in style and wore fashion jewelry. To encourage participation, she distributed fake paper money to the class. She pulled down her golden hair and smiled brightly, greeting, "Welcome to Riley Allen's Jewelry, and I dare you to dazzle differently!"

"I will be featuring new pieces of jewelry that may fit your preference. We are offering a 10% discount for all buyers who will make a deposit only for today!"

Riley simulated a social media "live-selling" in front of her class, and her classmates were happy to get involved. They were thrilled with how Riley encouraged them to make a purchase. At the end of her presentation, she explained, "Social media is a big part of marketing these days, and for start-up companies struggling to get a name out there, promoting and selling in these platforms are effective strategies to reach a wider audience." "Not only that, it creates a sense of urgency that will push customers to buy in that limited time frame," Riley resumed.

At the end of her presentation, the class roared for Riley. She had a big smile on her face, and her eyes gleamed.

When it was time for the professor to announce who received the highest rating from the presentation, Riley was genuinely nervous. She wondered if Adrian's influence would affect the teacher's decision.

"The best presentation goes to... Riley Allen!" The professor announced, making Riley jump in her seat.

Adrian King was seated two seats away, but Riley felt his burning gaze. A week ago, Riley researched about Adrian. She learned that he was the best and no one could beat him in academics and sports, but apparently, he was only human.

"Oh, my god, Riley. Weren't you paired with Adrian King? What happened? Why did you go solo?" One female classmate asked.

Riley cleared her throat and turned to Adrian. She made a face and loudly said, "Oh, I wasn't sure if he was any good. I don't like people capitalizing on my ideas, so I asked the professor if I could present on my own."

Jaws were dropping, and eyes were rounding!

The girls were especially shocked by Riley's brave reply. Riley, however, smirked and left the classroom, feeling triumphant.

### END OF FLASHBACK ###

Riley was still at it, laughing her heart out. It had been so long ago that she had forgotten how amusing it was.

When Riley finally settled her emotions, she caught Adrian's smile, reaching his ears. He was still very calm, leaning like a god in his seat, but his laugh lines and the sparkle in his eyes gave away his delight.

"No one had ever dared to do that to me," Adrian revealed. "Only you."

"Haha!" Riley laughed again. She said, "I'm sorry, but you started it."

"Right," Adrian answered. "I deserved it."

Adrian checked his watch and realized that it was already midnight. He asked, "Would you still like dessert?"

"Oh, no." Riley shook her head and said, "It's too late for sweets."

"Then, let me officially introduce you to the housekeepers," Adrian proposed.

Adrian called the maids from the kitchen and named them individually. Apparently, they were instructed to wait up for them. "This is Aunt Linda. She took care of me when I was young."

The woman named Linda was already in her fifties. She was tall, with black hair tied into a bun. Riley thought Linda was smiling at her like they had known each other for years.

Linda's voice was warm and welcoming when she said, "It's so nice to finally meet you, Riley."

"Finally?" Riley asked.

Clearing his throat, Adrian said, "Aunt Linda is like a family to me. So I told her about you."

"Oh." Heat crawled up to Riley's face, knowing that Aunt Linda knew their marriage plans. Still, she greeted, "Lovely to meet you, Aunt Linda."

"This is Rose. She is our cook," Adrian introduced the woman who greeted them earlier. "She will make sure you are well-fed in the house."

Riley greeted Rose the same way. Afterward, Adrian introduced two other male workers who were in charge of maintaining the villa. He also told her about the other people working for him, "I also have a driver who comes in in the morning. His name is Max. He will take you to the hospital daily."

"Everyone, please address Riley appropriately. She is my girlfriend, and we will soon marry," Adrian revealed.

Somehow, being addressed as a girlfriend made Riley blush. She felt her ears burn as the housekeepers turned to her with an even bigger smile.

Heartbeats later, Adrian escorted

Riley to her room. It was right across from his. He said, "Take a good rest. Tomorrow at eight, Max will take you to the hospital. I might already be gone when you wake up, but please don't skip your breakfast."

"Right," Riley acknowledged.

"I'm serious, Riley. Take care of yourself. Eat and sleep well. I need you to be healthy for my plans to work," Adrian reminded. He looked so serious that it sounded like a threat.

At that point, Riley could not help but chuckle. She responded, "Thanks to your food deliveries through Clint, I am eating well. I appreciate everything you have done for me, Adrian."

"You are welcome," Adrian answered. "Goodnight, Riley."

"Goodnight," Riley replied. She watched as Adrian left and entered his room. After that, Riley inspected her private space. The second she walked in, she was immediately impressed. It was so beautiful!

Her bedroom was massive. It was nearly twice bigger compared to the room she shared with Brian.

The lights were warm and soft. The bed was enormous and was made of quality material. The walls were painted in neutral colors of medium pink and light gray. White blackout curtains hang from the tall windows. A fluffy, warm, red-earth-colored carpet covered the floor.

The furnishings were lavish. The best part was how the humidifier filled the air with the sweet scent of lavender.

Riley walked around her bed. She was about to test the mattress' softness when her eyes caught something she had not seen in a long time. Her eyes widened, and her mouth fell on the floor. "Oh, my god!"

"Royce Nama Chocolate from Hokkaido!" Riley exclaimed as she grabbed two boxes of her old-time favorite treat. "How did -"

"But it was Brian who saved me," Riley muttered. "How did Adrian know?"

Frowning, Riley concluded, "Brian must have told Adrian. Yeah, that - could be the only explanation."

"It was nice of him, though." Riley reluctantly remarked.

## **Chapter 15: Are You Chocolate?**

###FLASHBACK###

Seven years ago, Halliport University participated in a clean-up drive by the beach. Many students signed up for it because it earned them extra credit.

Riley and her friend Krista had just finished picking up trash by the shores when Riley said, "I could use a refreshing drink. Let's go to the bar!" "Yeah, me too," Krista said. "Let's go!" Content held

Krista was an art student, just like Riley. They had many classes together, so Riley could say that Krista was one of her good friends in school.

They had surrendered their collected trash to another school representative before going to the floating restaurant and bar. The bar was at the end of a long jetty, and many students made their way there, some walking while some riding their bikes.

When Riley and her friend made it to the bar and restaurant, she bumped into two famous, celebrity-like men who were in their college: Adrian King and his friend, Brian Martin.

By that time, Riley had already understood how famous they were. Adrian was the basketball team captain and a member of the swim team. He was renowned for his bad-boy good looks. He had dark and long hair, a tan complexion, and a muscular body.

His friend, Brian Martin, was Adrian's opposite. He had light features and blond hair. He was equally notable among girls, only that he chose to keep his hair short. He was known to be the friendly one compared to Adrian.

"Oh, My god! It's Adrian King and Brian Martin!" Krista exclaimed with much enthusiasm. "I'm one of your fans!"

Riley felt utterly ashamed of her friend, so she lowered her head in annoyance.

"Be careful, Riley," Adrian said, ignoring Krista.

'Huh? He knows me?' Riley was taken aback. She mused, 'Well, of course he does. Riley, do you remember how you challenged him in marketing class?'

It had only been a week since the presentation, but she and Adrian had not talked to each other since. They were not friends, but they were not enemies either.

"Sorry," Riley responded.

"Nice to meet you, Riley. Adrian has told me all about you," Brian said. "Good job with marketing class."

'Huh?' Riley was stunned again, but she did not have time to dwell on Brian's words because another friend who studied at the same university called her from the bar. Her friend was waving a box of Royce Nama Chocolate from Japan, and she was ecstatic!

"Um, excuse me," Riley said while walking past the two handsome men. Her friend, Krista, remained standing before Adrian and Brian.

"Hey!" Brian called out to Riley. His blue eyes gleamed, and he chuckled, asking, "Aren't you going to fawn over us?"

"Ha?" Riley asked with a brow raised. "Pfft! Are you chocolate?"

Riley simply shook her head, walked towards her other friend, and accepted the box of her favorite chocolate.



An hour later, Riley was floating on cloud nine, almost leaping as she took her steps while taking a bite of her favorite treat. She had discovered this uniquely creamed chocolate from Japan a year ago and became obsessed with it. There were several variations, but her favorite flavor was the Au Lait. The only problem was that it was made in Japan, and getting it was somewhat challenging.

After eating four pieces, she covered the box and was about to put it inside her bag when someone exclaimed behind her, "Excuse me!"

A young boy was biking on the jetty and nearly hit Riley! Startled, Riley jumped to the side, but in the process, she dropped the box of Royce Nama chocolate!

"Hey!" Riley called out to the boy. "You made me drop my chocolate!"

"Sorry!" The boy yelled back without turning.

Riley was now in a dilemma. Her favorite treat was now hanging at the edge of the wooden jetty, but she loved the chocolate so much that she tried to reach for it with her hand.

She bent over the wooden railings, her leg raising in an effort to reach for the box. Thank goodness she was wearing jeans that day.

Just as she touched the tip of the chocolate box, the wooden railings broke!

"Aaahh!" Riley fell into the water and tangled her feet into a stray. The water was deep. She tried to swim back to the surface, but she could not break free!

Little by little, she lost oxygen and sank deeper into the water.

Suddenly, Riley heard a loud splash before her consciousness left her.

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When Riley woke up, she was in the hospital. A nurse had told her that a young man had brought her to the emergency room.

"Who was the person who saved me?" Riley asked the nurse who attended to her.

"He didn't leave a name, dear, and we were busy that time," the nurse replied. "All I know is, your hospital fees have been paid for."

"Do you remember what he looks like? It's a he, right?" Riley asked.

The nurse tried to recall, but she eventually said, "I'm sorry. Many people came in that day."

Unfortunately, Riley never knew who had saved her. Whoever he was, she was immensely thankful for his efforts.

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Riley took a few days of break from school, and when she returned, she was surprised to see Brian Martin had joined their marketing class. He had approached her and said, "Hi Riley, we meet again. I swapped marketing classes, and the professor said it was okay. I guess we will be seeing each other more often."

"Ah, sure, but I'm not fawning over you," Riley said, making Brian laugh.

"I wasn't going to ask," Brian said before taking the seat next to Adrian King.

Riley saw Adrian stare at her. He didn't look away until the professor entered the class.

Two days passed, and Riley had another marketing class. When she arrived at the classroom, almost all her classmates were there. In her seat, she found a box of Royce Nama chocolate with a note for her. It read: [It's not worth dying for. Don't do it again, Riley.] Content belongs

Her eyes rounded as she grabbed the box of her favorite chocolate. She scanned the room and studied the faces of the people around her one by one. Sadly, she couldn't read their expressions. Only Brian smiled at her and winked. Content belongs

"Who the -" She muttered.

Because Riley could not identify her savior and the giver of the chocolate box, she said aloud, "Whoever you are, I also like the Matcha flavor! Consider giving two next time!"

She sat on her seat, opened the box of chocolate, and ate two pieces simultaneously.

Riley never knew who her savior was until six months later.

### END OF FLASHBACK ###