

Fake Dating My Ex's Favourite Hockey Player


Ms. Anonymous


The Break-Up

I devoted ten years of my life to the only man I've ever loved, my ex-fiancé, Zane Whitmore.

Since our eighth grade in middle school, I was always by his side. I shaped myself into the perfect woman for him.

I kept my black curls cut short, just the way he liked. I never wore makeup. I dressed in outfits he approved of because he didn't like when other men looked at me.

For ten years, I did everything he wanted. I was going to be his wife. Everyone knew we were meant to be. 

So it made no sense when, six months ago, he threw it all away. 

"What did you say?" My voice was barely above a whisper.

Zane stared at me across the restaurant table, his expression unreadable. I had made this reservation months ago for our ten-year anniversary.

"I think we should break up," he said.

I blinked. My heart pounded in my chest. "Zane, is this supposed to be a joke? Because it's not funny, babe."

"I'm not joking, Emilia."

"No, you have to be joking!" My voice rose slightly, and I glanced around.

People were staring. I took a deep breath and reached for his hands across the table. My engagement ring still sat on my finger. I had never wanted to take it off. Not even now.

"We just started planning the wedding," I said, keeping my voice steady. "I know it's stressful, but that's why I've been doing most of the work."

He didn't respond.

"If it's too much, we can push it back," I added, even though the words felt like poison. We had already delayed it for years. But if that's what it took to keep us together, I would do it in a heartbeat. "I don't want you to feel pressured."

Zane exhaled sharply. "Then you don't want me to marry you? Because that's something I don't want to do, Emilia."

His words hit like a slap. My chest tightened. "You don't mean that."

"But I do." His voice was firm. Cold. Nothing like the man I fell in love with. "I don't love you anymore. I haven't for years." 2

I stopped breathing.

"I stayed because I know how much I owe you," he admitted. "But I can't put you over my happiness anymore."

"Relationships go through tough times. We just have to work-"

Zane pulled his hand from mine and ran it through his hair. He had always been handsome. He had light brown hair, golden-brown eyes, and a smile that could make anyone melt. I knew I was lucky to have him.

He could have had any girl.

But he chose me.

That had to mean something. People don't just throw ten years away.

But he wasn't smiling at me now. He was scowling. He stood, dusting his hand on his thigh like my touch was something dirty.

"I don't want to work on anything. Not with you." His voice was flat. "It's been ten years, Emmy. If we were meant to be, wouldn't we have gotten married by now?"

The nickname stung. I stared down at my plate. "The only reason we're not married yet is because you had to focus on your career—"

"No." His tone was sharp. "It's because I never saw you as someone I could marry." 1

The words hit like a punch to the stomach.

"You might be someone's cup of tea, but not mine, Emilia. And besides, most NHL athletes don't get married. But you wouldn't understand that."

I did understand. I didn't want to go my whole life without being someone's wife. But for him, I would have tried.

"Don't cause a scene, Zane. There might be reporters here."

He chuckled. "You've always been a pushover, haven't you?" He leaned in slightly. "But I did love you when we were younger. Because of that, you can keep the engagement ring. I don't want it back."

He turned to leave, then glanced over his shoulder. "Oh, and we can't live together anymore. You get that, right? I'm a free man now. I should be able to bring m

y hookups to my own fucking house."

He smirked. "Leave the key in the flower pot."

Then he walked away.

And just like that, he took my life with him.

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