

Chapter 2

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It started pouring, and I did not bring an umbrella when I rushed to the bar. I had no choice but to stand at the entrance and get a ride through an app.

Just then, a car stopped right next to me. I frowned as I glanced at the number plate, but I only managed to make out two identical numbers in the rain. I quickly hopped into the car to escape the downpour.

“Thank you, sir. You...”

When I looked up, I saw a familiar face. It was my childhood neighbor, Jason Evans.

He handed me a towel as he gazed at me calmly and said, “I was rushing back for your wedding dinner. How did you end up in such a mess?”

I let out a sigh and slowly dried my hair. “I got dumped. But aren’t you working with crocodiles abroad? Why are you back driving for e-hailing services?”

Jason froze briefly and burst into laughter.

“I bet that’s not what your mom said. Perhaps she meant I studied finance abroad?”

He did not dwell on the subject any further. “Let’s go. I’ll take you home. Don’t worry about that man. You deserve better.”

I forced myself to keep the conversation going. “Yes. Like who?”

Jason soon sent me to the house I had bought, and he stared happily at my shocked face.

“Like someone who sells crocodiles.”

The next day, Joe transferred five hundred thousand to my account.

This amount was nothing to him. I treated it as compensation for leaving me and gladly accepted it.

I still felt a little upset, but I was the type who could quickly bounce back on my feet. So, I no longer yearned for what I could not have.

I was an illustrator, and I had allowed a lot of work to pile up in preparation for my wedding. It was time to get back on track.

When I arrived at the office to discuss custom illustrations with the editor, I ran into someone I did not want to meet.

It was the girl who had kissed Joe.

She clearly recognized me. Since we were the only two in the elevator, she suddenly burst out laughing.

“It’s ridiculous that you came all the way here. You’re absurd.”

I stared at her in confusion and saw her smirking. “It doesn’t really matter even if you know Joe is here. For your information, he’s arranged for me to be here to support my career, so get a grip.”

I shot her a glance and stared ahead. “I work here, so don’t worry about me. Do you actually think you’re the main character? It’s ridiculous.

“It looks like being Joe’s mistress doesn’t give you many advantages either. I thought you’d be my boss by now. That would’ve been more impressive. Don’t make me feel embarrassed for you.”

I had always been sharp-tongued, but I had held back because Joe was not fond of it.

However, there was no reason to let a stranger berate me out of nowhere.

She trembled in anger and glared at me as she walked out of the elevator.

Unfortunately, she was right. When I arrived at the editor-in-chief’s office, Joe was sitting inside and staring at me calmly.

“Veronica, this job doesn’t suit you. It’s too challenging.

“If you want to keep working, you can be my personal secretary. You’ll earn much more than you do now.”

With that, Joe sealed my fate and casually handed my opportunity to the lady who had just entered.

My voice trembled as I struggled to suppress my anger. “Joe Smith, are you insane? You have no right to decide what I do!”

He frowned and replied, “I’m your fiance, so what’s wrong? Are you still mad about what happened that day?”

He walked over and tried to take my hand. “Why bother with all these formalities when you’ll end up marrying me either way?”

I took a step back and glared at him. “We’ve broken up, and the engagement has been called off. Don’t touch me. You disgust me.”