

## Chapter 22

After they were done eating, both Eva and Nathalia spent the rest of the day binge-watching K drama movies then switching the TV channel to the latest variety show on the best couple in Miami which gave Nathalia the opportunity to throw popcorn at the screen.

Nathalia was extremely exhausted from all the day's events, slumping lazily on the couch, Nathalia slept like a child as her body was curled into a ball and her arms tucked underneath her face.

Eva chuckled at this sight, she switched off the TV before walking to her bedroom and walked back to the living with a heavy blanket which she used to cover her up.

Tying her up her long hair, she began to clean up the mess they've made in the living room. If it was the woman from nine months ago, she would've left the chores to the housecleaner.

Since she would be twenty-three years old this year and a grown adult, she figured it was best for her not to remain lazy. Being able to clean the house and do her laundry was something she should have mastered the moment she decided to move on her own.

But she didn't. She used to act like a spoiled brat, not one that was loved, but one that people just have to tolerate and get along with because they wanted something good out of her.

There was no way to fix the sins that she had committed in the past, the friendship and relationship she had severed. However, she swore to herself she would definitely try to make positive changes in her present and future life.

While she was busy clearing out the popcorn into the dustbin, a cell phone began ringing. Eva turned to the direction, thinking that it was her cell phone ringing but she saw that it wasn't hers, but Nathalia's cell phone.

Nathalia, who had woken up when the phone was ringing, stretched her hand and picked up the call before placing it close to her ear. "Yes, what's up?" She asked in a lazy tone.

Eva shook her head at her friend's lazy attitude before she continued with what she was doing.

After Nathalia hung up the call she stared at Eva sweeping the floor. It was a calm and soothing sight that made Eva look like a typical gentle housewife. She looked nothing like the woman she used to be nine months ago.

"Since when did you start cleaning by yourself? You should pay your cleaner twice the price she's receiving and have her come three times a week. It's not good to put too much strain on your back. What if your smooth and soft hand gets rough from all this cleaning and you have a backache?" Nathalia said in a worried tone.

Eva didn't reply until she finished sweeping the last dirty area before glancing at Nathalia with a small smile. "I'm not that fragile and a grown woman should at least be good at something. Also I've taken a sudden liking to cleaning, which could be my skill. Besides, I don't have a cleaner."

A crooked smile appeared on Nathalia's face. She couldn't believe that within the span of nine months a person could undergo such a tremendous change. She really wanted to know what happened on

the night Eva was brought down from her seat as the queen of the socialites.

"You're a hopeless fool. There are many other things you're good at. How can you choose cleaning over them?"

"I'm not interested in them anymore. Furthermore, I never really enjoyed those things, I was just stupidly curious." Eva nonchalantly replied while walking towards the store to return the broom and dustpan.

Nathalia frowned at her comment. "You dare lie to me, I know you enjoyed those skills as well, they just robbed you of them."

Eva just smiled and walked to the kitchen. "You're right, maybe I did to an extent. And like you said I was a child whose ambition and desire was crushed at an early stage." She took some ingredients out of the refrigerator.

"Lies.....you were so good at playing the keyboard and you were the happiest whenever you paint." Nathalia muttered under her breath.

She was unable to hear what she said because she was too far from where Nathalia was. Eva turned around to see her friend when she noticed how quiet Nathalia was, but she saw her lost in thought. Shaking her head, Eva turned her attention back to cut the ingredients.

After a few minutes of the strange, weird yet seemingly comfortable silence, Nathalia snapped out of her thoughts. She really had the urge to pry deeper and force Eva to reveal the horrible things that happened to her when she wasn't in the country.

Despite knowing that it wasn't the wisest thing to do right now. No matter how she would try, Eva would never admit that there is a dark, gloomy, heavy cloud of melancholy surrounding her.

"Then what about modeling? I remember that you still have a five year signed contract with the company. Why don't you put it to use?" Nathalia stated.


"Not now again Nathy, what do you think people would say if I suddenly go back to modeling most especially now that Christine recently won an award. I'm too tired to listen to any negative comments at this moment." Eva replied without looking back and continued with her duty.

"Who cares about what they say! Staying like this is killing you mentally and you know it!" Nathalia was unable to control her emotions and yelled. She was secretly afraid that her friend would spend the rest of her life locked up in her apartment.

Whenever Eva was alone, her thoughts were dark and depressing. Nathalia had noticed that half of Eva's smile contained a hidden layer of heart break, sadness and betrayal. It hurt her to see her best friend in such a pitiful state and she couldn't do anything about it. Despite the fact that Eva still kept her pride and heads up, she had lost a variety of self confidence she used to possess.

Nathalia missed seeing the girl who confidently laughed, wore anything she liked, and did things without care in the world even if it earned her a bad reputation.

'That bastard, Mark Johnson, he had the balls and audacity to not only cheat on her, but also destroy everything about her!'

 +20 BONUS

She stared at Eva whose back was turned to her. As she watched Eva cook, she couldn't help but sigh and feel sympathy for her friend.

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