

He Craved My Love When I stopped Serving Him

Chapter 01

“That’s wonderful news, Ms. Baker! We’re excited to have you on board!” he replied cheerfully.

The second the call ended, Preston walked out of the bathroom. His hair was damp, and beads of water still clung to his skin.

He used to take five minutes in the shower. Lately, he’s been spending at least half an hour, always with his phone in hand.

“Who were you talking to?” he asked, not even looking up from his phone.

“I was on the phone with Mr. Miller,” I replied honestly.

“Ah,” he said, barely paying attention. As usual, he wasn’t really listening.

And for the first time, I didn’t get mad or make a fuss. I just started drafting my resignation letter on my phone.

When he reached for his water cup, likely expecting the calming tea I used to make for him every night, he paused, noticing it wasn’t there.

Finally, he spared me a glance.

“I showed your CT scan to a specialist. He said it was just a minor injury, nothing serious. Just keep the wound dry.”

“Alright,” I said without looking up, still typing.

This afternoon, I had eight stitches in my leg from the accident. Worse still, I had just found out I was four weeks pregnant and already showing signs of miscarriage.

The doctor apologized, saying that if I had been brought to the hospital sooner, the baby might have been saved.

Seeing the blank expression on my face, Preston frowned and started walking over to check what I was doing.

But just then, his phone buzzed.

His lips curved into a smile, and without a second thought, he turned and disappeared into his study.

Once he was out of sight, I opened up my secret social media account and scrolled through his feed. Sure enough, there was a new post—visible to everyone but me.

It was an apology letter.

[I shouldn't have let the cutest assistant in the world down. Promised her dinner after work, but work got in the way, and I made her wait a whole ten minutes. Totally my fault. I'll do better from now on, be a good boss.]

I liked the post and, in the same breath, received a notification from Mr. Miller: the contract.

I clicked the link and signed the document without hesitation.

The next morning, Preston woke up early and brought back bagels and pastries from a well-known restaurant.

Just as I was about to open the bag with chocolate croissants, he slapped my hand away.

"You like peanut butter bagels, right? I got one just for you."

I froze for a second before realizing the chocolate croissants weren't for me. They were for his assistant—for Penelope Hepburn,

I couldn't hold back anymore. "We've been together for seven years, and you still don't know I'm allergic to peanuts?"

His expression darkened, and he stood abruptly, snapping, "Stop making a fuss. Eat or don't. I don't care."

As he prepared to leave, I walked into the bedroom and came back with a bag.

"When you see Penelope later, do me a favor and return this to her." His brows knitted together before taking the bag. When he peeked inside and saw the lace bra, a look of surprise flashed in his eyes. He opened his mouth like he was about to explain something, but when he saw my calm, indifferent face, he only said, "I'll tell her to stop being so careless."

"Yeah," I replied with a quiet tone.

Sensing my low mood, Preston offered, "I can give you a ride to work today."

Seven years together, and not once had he driven me to work, no matter how bad the weather was. He always kept work and personal life separate.

But Penelope? On her first day at work as his assistant, she was already getting chauffeured by my partner.