

He Craved My Love When I stopped Serving Him

Chapter 10

With that, I walked back to the table with Colton, like nothing had happened. The music played on, and life continued.

Two months later, late at night, my phone rang with a call from an unknown number. It was Preston—drunk, slurring his words, skipping any sort of greeting. “Did we... have a kid together?”

I could tell he was wasted from the heavy breath between his words. There was static on the line too, like he was somewhere far, maybe out in the cold.

He must’ve found the hospital records I didn’t bother to take with me. It wasn’t a secret worth keeping, so I didn’t hesitate. I even laughed a little, congratulating him. “Losing the baby was for the best, Preston. You’ve never been much for commitment, right?”

The other end went silent. For a moment, all I could hear was the buzzing of the line until the sound cut out. He hung up without another word. No protests, no anger—nothing.

By the end of the year, I heard from a former colleague that Preston had gotten into a drunk-driving accident. He was in a coma, brain-dead, and yet his elite family kept him on life support, clinging to the slightest chance he might wake up.

“Olive, what’s up? My sister sent you some wild story again?” Colton’s voice snapped me back as he returned from the bathroom, noticing my blank stare at my phone.

I shook off the thoughts, forcing a smile. “Nah, just thinking. Oh, and let’s not come back to this place—it’s overpriced and the food isn’t even that great. Next time, let’s just do cheese fondue.”

He chuckled, grabbing my cold hand, kissing my fingers like he always did. “Whatever you want.”

As we stepped outside, the first snow of the year started to fall.

Worried I might be cold, Colton draped his coat over my shoulders, the fabric still warm from his body.

Under the soft glow of the streetlamp, he stood with a bouquet of flowers, cheeks flushed pink from both the cold and a hint of nervousness. His red nose gave him away, and I couldn’t help but smile.

“They say if you confess during the first snowfall,” he began, his voice a little shaky, “you’ll be together forever.”

I didn’t believe in forever, but I took the flowers anyway, stepping into his arms. His warmth, the way his heartbeat slowed against mine, it all felt... enough.

Happiness doesn’t have to last forever to matter. In that fleeting moment, wrapped in his coat, I let myself enjoy it. Maybe that’s all I’ve ever needed—a bit of joy to carry me through the cold.

The End