

He Craved My Love When I stopped Serving Him

Chapter 02

As I pondered the difference between how Preston treated his assistant and his own partner, I accidentally knocked my fork to the floor. My fingers trembled as I bent down to pick it up.

When I straightened, I saw Preston standing at the entrance, already ready to leave. Without looking back, he tossed over his shoulder. "Something urgent came up at the office. I'll give you a ride next time," he said before hurrying out the door.

Half an hour later, I limped into my cubicle to work. For some reason, my colleagues looked at me with a mix of sympathy and concern.

Later, while filling my mug with water in the break room, I overheard two colleagues whispering to each other.

"So it's true—Mr. Sloan really ditched Olivia for that his female assistant?" one asked.

"Uhuh! You should have seen it this morning! Penelope came in with a little stain on her dress, and Mr. Sloan picked her up in front of everyone in the meeting room," the other replied.

My hand slipped, and the mug shattered on the floor, silencing their gossip. I crouched down to gather the pieces, carefully tossing them into the trash can without saying anything.

I ended up working late. It was past ten o'clock when, suddenly, I felt a weight on my shoulders.

"Olivia," Preston muttered, draping a coat on my shoulders, "why didn't you respond to my messages?"

I didn't turn around; instead, I checked my phone to see a message from him: [What flavor of milkshake do you usually like?]

Three years ago, I asked him for the first milkshake of summer. Back then, he had only looked at me with disdain and said, "Milkshake? You want me to order a milkshake for you? Olivia, you're almost 30! Don't make me sick with this childish crap!"

But behind me, there he was, bringing me a milkshake.

I focused my eyes on the computer screen before me, ignoring the sweet beverage.

I could sense his facial expression shifting as he spoke again. "You used to beg me for this," he said, sounding confused.

"It's past 10. If I drink it now, I won't be able to sleep," I said dismissively.

There was a brief silence. Then, in a cold voice, he muttered, "I'm going to the bathroom. Let's go home together after."

Barely 30 seconds later, his phone lit up on my desk. I glanced to see that it was a message from Penelope.

[You silly! Who sends dozens of milkshakes all at once? You're not trying to turn me into a little piggy, are you? Shivering here!]

I shifted my eyes back to the computer screen nonchalantly and organized the files on my desk.

We got home a little after 11. As soon as I stepped out of the car, I headed straight into the bedroom and started packing my things. When Preston walked in, freshly showered, he noticed my vanity looking emptier than usual.

He frowned but didn't seem to mind it. "Hey, I'm going on a business trip to Paris next month. If you want anything, just make a list, and I'll get it for you."

I didn't even hesitate. "Nah. I don't want anything. Thanks anyway."

After all, I was leaving in a few days. What was the point?

Suddenly, he threw his towel onto the bed, his eyes cold as he stared at me. "So, what? You're upset because I bought you the wrong breakfast? Is that what this is about?"

I opened my mouth to explain I wasn't angry, but he let out a scoff before I could speak.

"You know I can't stand women being dramatic. Olivia, you're being out of line," he said with a hint of disgust and dismay.

With that, he stormed into his study, slamming the door behind him. In our seven years together, he was always the first to give countless silent treatments. And every single time, I had always humbled myself to apologize and make it up.

But this time, I just cocked an eyebrow and turned off the bedside lamp.

He stayed in the study all night. For the first time, he didn't hear a single knock on the door.

The next morning, I made breakfast for both of us as usual. I'd just finished eating my portion and was getting ready to leave for work when he came out of the study.

He was on his phone when he barked at me, "Take the day off. By 5 p.m., I need you to make me an identical fondant cake."