

# **He Craved My Love When I stopped Serving Him**

## **Chapter 04**

I hesitated for a moment, but curiosity got the better of me.

I clicked on the video, and it showed a security footage. The setting was familiar; it was clearly from a surveillance camera in the company's conference room,

There were only three people present: Preston, Penelope, and the head of HR.

Although sounds were not recorded, I instantly recognized the document in Preston's hand. It was the resignation letter I had submitted.

In the video, the HR manager looked shaken, his expression bordering on tears as he tried to explain something. I could see his fingers trembling.

Preston, however, didn't even spare the poor HR manager a glance, his cold gaze fixed on my letter.

At exactly three minutes and forty seconds into the video, Preston, who had been sitting motionless the entire time, lazily waved a hand.

The HR manager, as if granted a reprieve, practically fled the room with his head down.

Penelope's face was contorted into a mix of discomfort and forced sweetness while she stood behind Preston. She mustered a smile and tentatively reached out to place her hand on his shoulder.

But before she could touch him, his sudden movement sent a cup of coffee flying off the table. It crashed to the floor, narrowly missing Penelope, who jumped back, startled.

The liquid splattered onto Preston's suit and face. I imagined it was hot, but he didn't even flinch. He stood up, acting as though nothing had happened. I even noticed a faint, unsettling smile playing on his lips as he paced around the room.

I could sense the tension was brewing.

Preston's phone buzzed then, and whatever message he received made him stop in his tracks. His entire demeanor shifted, his eyes lighting up with an emotion I couldn't place was it excitement or relief? The message seemed long as he stood frozen for several minutes reading it.

When he finally finished, the coldness returned to his face as he lowered the phone.

Just as Penelope moved to embrace him from behind, Preston erupted in fury.

Without warning, he hurled his phone directly at the meeting room's large electronic screen.

The impact was instant. Sparks flew as the screen shattered.

Penelope gasped. She stumbled backward and twisted her ankle in her panic. Then, she fell awkwardly on the floor.

She began to cry, her face a mix of fear and confusion. But Preston didn't even spare her a glance. He turned around, and just as he started walking toward her, the video cut off.

I didn't need to see the rest of the video to know what happened. Of course, Preston would help her up, apologize softly, guilt-ridden, and he would coddle her even more after that—shower her with more affection to make up for his outburst.

Closing the video, I sent a brief message to Ava, thanking her for everything. I wished her nothing but the best, hoping she'd continue to climb the ladder at the company, even though we'd no longer be working together.

Four days passed since I returned home. My parents' constant love and attention made me feel more like myself again. I looked so refreshed that when I met up with my two best friends from high school, they couldn't stop teasing me, asking which beauty clinic I'd visited for treatments.

We joked around for a while until my phone rang. The caller ID showed an unfamiliar number.

I had only changed my number a couple of days ago, so I figured it was just a random telemarketer. Without a second thought, I put my phone on silent.

Later that evening, just as I was settling back into the comfort of home, the doorbell rang. I had ordered milkshake. It was probably the delivery driver, so I didn't think much of it and casually opened the door.

"Wow, that was fast—" I began, but my words died in my throat as soon as I saw who was standing there. Preston.

The smile suddenly vanished from my face, and my stomach sank. I had no idea how he'd found my parents' address, but I knew one thing for certain—I didn't want to see him ever again.

He must've sensed my intention to slam the door, so Preston's blue eyes narrowed. Before I could react, he shoved his hand into the doorframe, risking injury as he wedged his fingers between the door and the frame, preventing me from closing it.

“Olivia,” he rasped, his voice hoarse and heavy, “why didn’t you pick up my calls?”

My mind was a mess, racing with thoughts. But my voice came out steady, each word sharp and deliberate. “We broke up, Preston. What would you expect?”

At the mention of a breakup, Preston’s expression twisted into something almost amused, like he’d just heard the punchline to an unbelievable joke. His grip on the doorframe tightened, and I could see his knuckles turn pale.

“Broke up?” he repeated, his laugh cold and mocking. “When did we break up, Olivia? I don’t remember that happening.”