

He Craved My Love When I stopped Serving Him

Chapter 05

My first thought was that the message I sent Preston hadn't gone through. But that didn't make sense; the idea was absurd. Even if by some miracle the message failed to send, well, he was smart. He would've understood what my resignation meant.

So why was he standing in front of me at my parents' house, shamelessly acting like none of this made sense?

I didn't bother asking him my questions. Instead, I met his indifference, my patience wearing thin.

gaze with

"If you really didn't get it, well, let me make it clear for you then," I said, keeping my voice steady but firm. "Preston, I want to break up with you. Did you hear me? Or do I need to repeat it until it gets through?"

"No matter how many times you say it, my answer stays the same." His jaw clenched. His face turned a shade paler as he fixed his cold and unwavering eyes on me.

"Riley, I don't agree to this breakup. I haven't done anything wrong. What gives you the right to just break up with me like that?"

I was stunned. I stared at him, dumbfounded. How could he be so shameless?!

Before I could respond, I heard Dad call out from the kitchen, his voice laced with curiosity. "Olive, sweetheart, who are you talking to at the door?"

"Dad, it's nothing! I just got the milkshake I ordered," I called back quickly. "Oh, right, I forgot to grab a package downstairs! I'll just head down and get it!"

Without giving Preston a chance to protest, I shoved him out of the doorway, stepping outside without a second thought.

I marched toward the elevator with him trailing behind. As we got in, I spoke flatly, "Don't disturb my parents. If you want to talk, we'll do it outside."

Ten minutes later, we were sitting across from each other in the corner of a nearby café.

Preston spoke first, breaking the silence. "You cut your hair."

I didn't respond, keeping my face blank.

For the first time, the usually composed and aloof Preston sounded like he was trying to be... nice. "It looks good on you," he added, his voice soft, almost complimentary. "It suits you."

He always preferred women with long, flowing hair. For seven years, I had kept my hair long, even though I hated how hot and heavy it felt, just to match his tastes. And during all that time, he never once

followed through on the casual promise he'd made—to braid it for me like I had asked.

The waiter came over with the menu. But before I could even look at it, Preston had already ordered dinner for both of us as if we were still a couple.

"You've lost weight," he remarked as he handed back the menus. "Eat something first. When we go home tomorrow, I'll take you to a proper restaurant. You'll feel better."

I let out a quiet, sarcastic laugh. "Go home? Preston, have you forgotten that we were just dating? Jeez, we were never married."

He gave me a knowing smile as if he saw right through my words. "Oh, Olivia, we've been together for seven years. If you wanted to get married, you could've just said so. Do you think I'd say no? There's no need to make a big fuss over this."

I rubbed my temples, feeling the chill creeping in again.

Without a word, I unlocked my phone and pulled up my contract from his rival company. I laid it on the table and pushed it forward for him to see clearly.

As expected, Preston's expression darkened as soon as his eyes landed on the document. His face turned stone-cold, his usual composure completely shattered.

Preston despised betrayal—whether it was in his professional life or personal relationships. He'd always had a strict rule: once trust was broken, there was no going back.

I crossed my arms and spoke softly, almost casually. "Preston, I understand that you have a strong sense of ego. Even if you don't have any feelings left for me, it must be hard for you to accept hearing the word 'breakup' from my mouth."

I leaned back in my seat and added, "So here's your chance. Say the words. Break up with me. Don't worry. If anyone asks, I'll tell them that you were the one who dumped me. That won't hurt your ego, right? Now, come on, say it. Say we're done."