

He Craved My Love When I stopped Serving Him

Chapter 06

Time was dragging on, and I was done waiting for Preston to speak. I felt like I was wasting my life again.

As I turned to leave, I noticed his frustrated face shift to a look of panic.

After seven years together, it was the first time he sounded apologetic.

“Olivia, hold on!” he said, desperation creeping into his voice. “I know I’ve been too caught up with work that I have neglected you. I get why you did something so crazy. It’s fine. I don’t blame you. It’s just a little punishment, right? Just promise me you’ll come back with me tomorrow morning, and we can act like none of this happened. I really miss your cooking, you know.”

The moment he brought up my cooking, memories flooded in.

Just two months ago, on a crazy workday, Preston texted me out of nowhere, asking for a steak burrito bowl.

I remember that day well. I was having period cramps but pushed myself to bike through the blazing sun to the nearest market. I grabbed the freshest ingredients I could find in the supermarket, my face pale by the time I got home. I was racing against the clock, trying to whip up a decent lunch before noon break.

When I finally made it to the CEO’s office on the top floor, drenched in sweat and shaky, I ran into Preston and Penelope as they were stepping out.

Penelope’s face lit up when she saw the bag of food in my hand. She ran to me and suddenly snatched it from me. “Mmm! This is lovely, Olivia! My sweetheart loves your burrito bowl! His second favorite’s your beef brisket!”

Sweetheart... That’s what she called the dog at the office.

I watched in disbelief as she fed my carefully made lunch to her dog while Preston barely looked my way.

“Penelope and I are heading out for lunch. When the dog’s done eating, can you clean up the mess?” he said casually.

Remembering that time made my blood boil. I looked him straight in the eyes and said, “Look, Preston, I’m not going back with you. My real home is with my parents. And I’m definitely not marrying you. Listen, I really don’t love you anymore.”

He looked shocked for a second until he let out a bitter laugh. “You don’t love me anymore? We’ve barely been apart a week, and you’re already over me? Come on, that’s just bull, Olivia!”

I rolled my eyes, not backing down. “Gosh. The real joke is you, Preston. You’re so over me that I feel like I don’t even matter anymore. It’s obvious you’re all about Penelope now. You’re giving her everything while I’m just here by myself. Why can’t you just admit you’ve cheated on me with her? You’re just fooling yourself, playing both sides and ruining my life again. I’m so sick of your games!”

After all those years together, he’d grown used to my unconditional love for him. Now, faced with my unwavering stance, his face went from red to pale, like a balloon losing air.

Finally, after all the food had arrived and gone cold, Preston spoke up, his voice shaky. “Oh, Olivia, I... I didn’t cheat on you. Never. I think you misunderstood how I treated Penelope. Listen, there’s something I never told you.” He paused and blinked. “I had a sister. But she... she passed away. Penny... That’s her name...”

When he mentioned seeing his sister in Penelope, I could see it hit him hard.

“With her around, I felt like our Penny was still alive. That’s why I’ve tried so hard to make Penelope happy... I know it sounds like I’m making excuses, but I swear, Olivia, I’m telling the truth.”

To back up his story, he pulled out an old picture he kept in his wallet—the only photo he had of his sister.