

He Craved My Love When I stopped Serving Him

Chapter 07

As Preston tried to explain himself seriously, I glanced down at my phone to check the time and responded calmly, "Look, whatever Penelope means to you doesn't matter to me anymore. Besides, with or without her, I'd still break up with you."

That was the end of the conversation.

I stood up and had barely taken a few steps before he grabbed my wrist.

"Olivia, we've been together for seven years... Do you remember that night we got together? You leaned in close to my ear and told me how much you liked me. You said you'd always like me, more and more, for every extra day we held hands."

I met his desperate, panicked gaze and pried his fingers off, one by one.

"Preston, it wouldn't matter if we'd been together for seventy years. I'd still walk away from you just like I am now without a second thought. Just an advice: don't take those sweet nothings women say seriously."

As soon as I said that, his hand, which had been trying to hold onto me, finally dropped to his side. There was pain in his eyes, but he forced a bitter smile.

"Don't worry. You're not as important as you think you are."

With that, he pulled out his phone and bought the earliest flight ticket, leaving the restaurant before I could say another word.

Watching him walk away, I felt a weight lift from my chest.

By Monday, I started my new job and dove into a fresh chapter of my life. All the heartache and disappointment I thought would take a lifetime to get over with were surprisingly soothed by time, family, and friends. Soon, it all eventually faded into my past, almost forgotten.

If there was one small downside to my new life, it's that the stress at work has me a little on edge. Sometimes, I'd even get this strange feeling like someone's watching me.

One quiet weekend night, about a month later, I was out at a bar with some acquaintances. After a while, feeling a bit tipsy, I offered to go get some snacks.

I wanted to be alone but didn't expect Colton to follow me. He's my best friend Luke's cousin.

Back in high school, I used to go over to Luke's house to study, and Colton lived right next door. There was even a time I helped him with his middle school maths.

Before I could say anything, Colton said, "I heard you're back for good this time?"

"Nope, not right," I said sarcastically. I blinked at him. He's grown as a tall and handsome young man. I smirked then playfully flicked his forehead just like I used to. "Colton Brooks! How come it took long to talk to me, you idiot!"

He laughed softly, probably remembering the good times. For a moment, his eyes stayed on me. "Olive, you..."

Before he could finish, a sharp pain shot through my wrist, and the next thing I knew, I was being yanked backward by force. I stumbled, but instead of falling, I ended up in the chest of someone I used to know all too well.

"Preston?! What are you doing here?!"