

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

## **Chapter 09**

The slap wasn't even that hard, but Preston just stood there, frozen like a statue.

How do you just move on from seven years of love? I mean, even possible?

Did I... never really love him?

is that

That couldn't be right. Everyone who ever saw us—friends, colleagues, even our childhood buddies—used to say, “Whoah, Olivia's really head over heels for Preston!”

And Preston believed it too. Deep down, he was so sure I'd stick by his side as long as he didn't bring up breaking up. He used to be so damn confident bet the slap shattered that confidence.

In a daze, I turned to Colton, gently asking if his face was okay. I caught him out of the corner of my eye, squeezing my hand softly, asking if my palm hurt.

Preston's fists clenched tight, his eyes bloodshot with anger. He snapped, yelling, “Olivia! I'm the one you've loved for seven years! How could you do this to me for some stranger?!”

His outburst actually made me laugh. I couldn't help it.

“Preston, how many times do I have to say it? I don't want you anymore! I don't love you anymore! Plain and simple!”

I grabbed Colton's hand, ready to walk away.

And that's when I saw it—Preston's tears. They were falling uncontrollably.

“Olivia!” He screamed my name like his heart was being ripped apart. His grip on my wrist was soft—so soft like I was still something precious to him.

How pathetic.

I looked at him, and we locked eyes. I had never seen him look so broken, so lost.

In a voice that was barely a whisper, he said, “I'm sorry. I shouldn't have hit your friend. I'm sorry. You can hit me, yell at me, whatever you want. I didn't mean to hurt you. I just wanted you to know—I don't love Penelope.”

At that moment, Penelope, her face swollen and tear-streaked, crawled over to him, trying to cry out. But Preston didn't even flinch. He shoved her face into the ground and kicked her away like she was a trash.

"Olivia, I'll fire her. Right now. Or... I'll make her disappear, Whatever you want, okay? I promise, I'll never hire another female assistant again. I'll-"

I sighed, cutting him off. "You don't need to say any of this, Preston, 'cause I don't care."

He froze, then shook his head slowly, his voice shaking. "Olivia, you care about me. I know you do. You're just disappointed. But I get it now. I know what I did wrong. Please, just give me one more chance. I'll be better. I swear."

"Preston," I said while staring into his eyes, "for the last time, we're done."