

His Smile, Her Glow, My Betrayal Chapter 1 - Chapter 1

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

On my birthday, my boyfriend set off the most dazzling fireworks for his childhood sweetheart. A passerby captured the moment on video and quickly uploaded it online, where it quickly went viral, garnering an endless stream of well-wishes.

His friends joked about me, asking, "What do you think about this?"

I replied indifferently, "I just watched it. What else could I do?"

The video spread like wildfire online, with the comment section filled with praise for them as a perfect match.

As I listened to the joyful laughter of the fireworks in the video, the feast in front of me only made my heart sink deeper.

It was my birthday, and Alex had promised to come home early to celebrate with me, but he called in the afternoon to say he had an unexpected engagement and would be late.

I believed him and was still looking forward to celebrating my birthday with him when he got back.

Little did I know, his "engagement" was to accompany his childhood sweetheart, Vivian, in setting off fireworks.

How ironic it was.

In the video, Alex's handsome face, usually aloof and cold, was filled with laughter, and his were full of tenderness as he looked at Vivian.

This was a smile I had never received.

Before this, I thought he was just naturally not a smiling person, incapable of expressing affection.

I laughed in self-mockery, unwrapped the cake, and ate it in silence.

The greasy, sweet taste spread in my mouth, but suddenly, it felt pretty pointless.

I took my phone and called Alex.

He answered quickly, and his voice was as cold as ever. "What's up?"

As he spoke, I could clearly hear the sound of fireworks in the background.

eyes

After a two-second silence, I swallowed the cake in my mouth and asked calmly, "Where are you?" "At the office. What's the matter. " He seemed to have moved away from the riverside, and the

sound of fireworks was gone.

His voice was still calm, showing no signs of the panic one would expect when lying.

I glanced at the video on my tablet and felt even more disinterested.

"Let's break up. "

"You're making a fuss again. "

Isneered, "Browse the videos online more often, Mr. Internet Celebrity. "

With that, I hung up the phone.

Since I had proposed the breakup, I shouldn't stay at his place any longer.

I looked at the untouched dishes on the table, got up, and went to the kitchen to find some containers to pack them up.

Then I packed my belongings and took a taxi back to my small apartment, which I hadn't visited in a long time.

Finishing all this, I took a taxi back to my small house that I hadn't visited in a long time. After I graduated from university, my parents bought me a small apartment in this city.

After getting together with Alex, he always said that our homes were too far apart, and it was troublesome for us to commute between them, so he asked me to move in with him.

Actually, the distance between these two houses was just the distance between him and me. We looked close, but our hearts seemed to be separated by the Pacific Ocean.

Back in the long-lost small house, I tidied up simply and went to bed after washing up. The next day, I found only a few messages on my phone.

[What's the matter with you now?]

Come back when you've calmed down. Don't be too willful.]

It seemed he came home last night and found out I had moved out.

I didn't reply to his messages and just went about my own business.

This kind of thing wasn't the first time it had happened.

Vivian would call him whenever something was wrong. She would even ask him to accompany her when she was awakened by thunder at midnight and couldn't sleep.

I had questioned him and quarreled and argued with him.

But he said, "People with a dirty heart see everything as dirty. "

Every time he abandoned me to go to Vivian, he would send me roses afterward to appease me. And I would continue to be deeply immersed in this relationship as if nothing had happened. But I was tired this time.