

## After I Dumped Him He Begged For Me Chapter 10

Courtney stopped, turning to glare at me. "Nick is not trash, you fool. He's a diamond I am taking over from you."

I let out a low, bitter laugh as they got into Nicholas' s car and drove away. "A diamond? They are really perfect match."

I sat back down, feeling utterly drained from the whirlwind of emotions that had just unfolded.

Keith had been silently watching the entire exchange, his brows furrowed, unsure whether to speak or not. Finally, he broke the silence.

"Is he your ex?" he asked, his voice cautious.

I smirked bitterly. "No, I was his mistress."

Keith's eyes widened in disbelief, and for a moment, he just stared at me, shocked. "Seriously? I did not think you will be that cheap, Frey."

I rolled my eyes and playfully swatted his arm, only to regret it immediately. "Ow!" I winced, rubbing my hand as it throbbed from the impact against his muscular arm.

"Who told you to hit me that hard? Let me see," he said, reaching over to gently massage my hand.

His touch was soft, almost comforting, as memories of my past with him surged to the surface.

For a moment, I stared at him, the way his face was illuminated under the faint streetlight really hit me.

Keith had always been this kind, this gentle. So why had I left him for my dream back then?

It turned out when I was young, I was too naive.

"Are you feeling better, mistress?" Keith teased, pulling me from my thoughts.

I scowled at him, embarrassed, "Keep teasing, Keith, I am fine."

He chuckled softly, his eyes twinkling with mischief. "Are you mad? Or are you still drunk?"

"It is my anger keeping me sober," I barked back, and Keith nodded like it made perfect sense.

We sat in silence for a moment, and as I glanced at him again, it struck me that Keith, my ex, had just witnessed me tear into Nicholas, the man I dated after him.

A wave of awkwardness washed over me, and I jumped to my feet. "Ugh, I need more beer," I muttered, desperate to escape the situation.

But Keith stopped me with a gentle hand on my arm. "Beer will not fix this. Maybe talking will," he suggested. "You can tell me what's on your mind. I promise it'll help."

I hesitated, unsure whether I wanted to open up.

"And if it makes you feel better, I will tell you about my own heartbreak," he added with a sly grin. "How about it?"

I tilted my head, intrigued. "The second option sounds better."

"Deal. But you go first," he insisted, sitting back down and waiting patiently.

So, we stayed there, in front of that convenience store until midnight, sharing stories like old friends.

I told him everything, about Nicholas, Courtney, and the heartbreak.

Keith listened intently, his expression unreadable, offering no judgment, just a calm presence.

Then it was his turn. But to my surprise, he shared a story I was not expecting: his own heartbreak over me.

He had not dated anyone since we broke up. His words made my chest tighten with guilt, knowing I had moved on while he had remained alone.

By the end of the night, we both agreed it was time to head home.

We hailed a taxi and went our separate ways, the silence between us no longer uncomfortable but filled with a sense of quiet understanding.

A few days later, my phone rang when I was just about to fall asleep. The screen flashing with a familiar name, Nicholas.

I groaned, realizing I had forgotten to block him.

As soon as I received it, his voice was slurred, clearly drunk. "Frey... did we... did we have a kid together?"

I froze, unsure of how to respond..

"The doctor... the one who treated you... he asked me about your condition after getting a miscarriage a month ago. So, is it true?" Nicholas' voice was full of frustration, but also confusion.

I sighed, feeling a coldness seep into my words. "What if it is?"

There was silence on the other end for a moment before Nicholas spoke again, his voice cracking, "... I am sorry, Frey. I did not know about the baby. I was not aware of it."

"You do not have to apologize," I cut him off. "I did not know either until the elevator accident."

Nicholas gasped in shock. "What? You lost. the baby then?"

I took a deep breath, trying to steady my voice. "Yes. But listen, losing the baby was for the best. We do not love each other, not really. We have hurt each other enough. It is time to move on."

"Frey, I...."

"Stop," I interrupted, feeling the weight of finality in my words. "I do not want to talk about it anymore. You have Courtney now, and I have already made peace with everything. Do not call me again.

"Goodbye, Nick."

With that, I hung up and immediately blocked his number. Finally, it was over, for real this time.

But after finishing my relationship with Nicholas, Keith suddenly confessed to me while we were having lunch together,

"Wanna start over with me?"