

After I Dumped Him He Begged For Me Chapter 11

His question almost made me choke on the food I was chewing.

Keith, ever attentive, quickly handed me water and tissue.

Once I regained control, I looked at him curiously.

“Why do I feel like you are lying when you said you have not dated anyone since me?” I asked, eyeing him suspiciously.

Keith chuckled, clearly amused. “Is that your concern right now? Ask any of our friends; they know everything about me.”

I narrowed my eyes, feeling skeptical about his answer. “A guy as gentle as you probably have women lining up, Keith. So, tell me the truth, have you really been single for years?” I asked, scanning him from head to toe.

He just smiled, and it was that familiar, tough-to-crack smile. “Is it too soon for you to start something again?”

I hesitated, feeling a mix of weariness and hope. “It is not that it is too soon... I am just tired of starting over.”

“You do not have to start from scratch with me,” Keith replied softly, his eyes locking with mine. “You already know a lot about me. Maybe time has made you think I have changed, but I am still the same Keith.”

“Really?” I asked, raising an eyebrow, smirking slightly.

“Here’s an idea,” he said, leaning closer. “Let’s date for a month. If you do not feel it by then, you can break up with me, no hard feelings.”

Ah, that was so Keith. He never forced anything, always giving me a way to test the waters without pressure. If it did not work out, he’d let me walk away.

If Nicholas was Courtney’s diamond, Keith was mine, solid and unwavering.

“Okay,” I nodded, feeling a spark of excitement. “Let’s give it a try.”

From that day on, I started spending every evening after work and weekends with Keith. We revisited some of our old dating spots, though much had changed.

One afternoon, we walked through a place that had once been my favorite park.

“I feel like I have been gone for a hundred years,” I complained, staring at the new mall that had taken its place.

Keith laughed. “It is not so bad. Let’s check it out. I bet you will find something to like.”

He was not wrong. I ended up buying a few things, and Keith carried all my bags, grinning the whole time.

“You were right. It is not that bad,” I admitted, smiling happily.

Keith also noticed my reluctance to use the elevator at work and, naturally, his curiosity got the better of him when I would always choose using the stairs no matter how many floors I had to climb.

When he finally asked about it, I knew I could not keep it from him any longer.

“Why don’t you ever use the elevator, Frey?” he asked gently one evening as we walked out of our office building.

The thought of explaining everything, Nicholas, the accident, the miscarriage, made my chest tighten.

But Keith was not the kind of person I could hide from. His eyes, filled with concern and patience, made it impossible to brush it off.

“It is... complicated,” I began, my voice wavering.

Keith nodded, waiting for me to continue. So, I told him everything, bit by bit.

The trauma, the fear that had gripped me ever since that day. How even hearing the elevator doors ding made my pulse race.

He listened, never interrupting, and when I was finished, he simply said, “Let’s face it together.”

I hesitated, but Keith’s presence had always been a source of strength for me. Over time, and with his constant encouragement, I began to take small steps toward overcoming my fear.

At first, I just stood near the elevator. Then, I watched the doors open and close from at distance. Eventually, Keith coaxed me into taking short rides with him by my side.

Keith never rushed me. He was always patient, reminding me that I could take all the time I needed.

As a result, slowly but surely, I started to regain my confidence.

With each ride, the fear loosened its grip on me. Keith's presence and reassurance made all the difference.

Soon enough, the elevator was no longer a symbol of trauma, but a testament to my strength, and to the love that helped me through.

It was strange how someone could help you face the scariest parts of your past just by standing beside you. But that was Keith, always there, giving me the courage to face what I thought I never could.

Until finally, we had finished our thirty days date.

By the end, I felt a kind of joy I had not felt in a long time, contentment, knowing I was loved and that love was not divided between me and something or someone else.

Keith made me feel like his priority, even when work was on his mind. It was refreshing.

Coincidentally, the end of it also marked my birthday. Keith threw a small celebration with some of our friends.

In the middle of the event, I whispered to him, "Is it too late to accept your offer to start over?"

Keith smiled, poking my nose playfully. "Hey, have not we been a couple since our first date? Do you still think we are just friends?"

I laughed, feeling silly for doubting. "Keith!" I pouted, but my heart was full.

He just laughed, and from that moment, our relationship deepened and became more serious,

A year later, the trending news across the country was all about Nicholas and Courtney's wedding. Their story was plastered everywhere, with details from their interviews.

Honestly, I only learned the real truth about their relationship from reading that interview.

On the article, Nicholas said, "Courtney was there for me during one of the hardest times in my life, after I lost my entire family. We were young and did not understand what love really was. We were both chasing our dreams back then also."

Courtney nodded in agreement. "Yes, I went abroad for college right after high school, so we lost touch. But when I returned and started working at Richmond, our relationship was rekindled."

Reading those words hit me like a brick.

“So, I was just a placeholder for him while Courtney was not around,” I muttered under my breath.

Just then, one of my colleagues glanced at my screen and smiled. “Ah, you are reading about them too? Their story’s incredible, such a perfect couple!”

I forced a smile and nodded, though inside, I felt a hollow ache.

Not many people had known about my relationship with Nicholas, so there was no point in defending myself or explaining my side.

After everything, I realized that Nicholas and I were never meant to be.

We crossed paths to fill the void in each other’s lives, but we did not love each other deeply, not the way we had loved people from our pasts.

He was a distraction for me after I ended things with Keith, and I was the same for him while Courtney was away.

Love could be a mysterious thing. Sometimes, we fall into it to escape the emptiness, but it was not always the deep, soul-connecting kind.

But I knew where I truly belonged, with someone whose love was not a distraction but something real, constant, and true.

It was with Keith. We would be getting married soon also anyway.

The End.