

After I Dumped Him He Begged For Me Chapter 02

At that time, Nicholas surely did not think he would be caught red-handed by me so easily.

The fact that something so personal had been carelessly left behind in the car made one thing clear, whatever had happened between them had been shameless.

And worse, it should have happened while I was in the hospital, fragile and alone, just two days ago.

However, I did not expect his shock was almost amusing for me, what was more, his eyes widening in disbelief.

Yet, before mustering an excuse, he caught the calm look on my face and decided to play it off. "She is always so careless," he said lightly.

I did not respond. Instead, I opened the car door and stepped out, breaking yet another habit.

I had always waited for Nicholas to get out first, but not that day.

However, it turned out that my sudden shift did not faze him in the slightest. No. amount of indifference from me could crack his façade of self-assurance.

"Idiot," I muttered under my breath as I joined the queue for the elevator.

But as I stood there, the memory of the accident came flooding back, the blood, the panic.

My breathing quickened, and for a moment, I felt as though the walls were closing in around me.

So, I closed my eyes, repeating to myself, "It is just your imagination, Freida. It is not real. Everything is fine."

When I opened my eyes, I was still trembling. Without hesitation, I left the line and headed for the emergency stairs.

They seemed to stretch endlessly above me, and I sighed, trying to muster some motivation.

"Well, at least it is exercise," I muttered, starting the long climb.

By the time I reached the office, my legs ached, but the quiet space welcomed me. No one else had arrived yet, so I took the opportunity to sit down and draft my resignation letter.

Each word I typed felt like a release, like shedding the weight of years spent waiting, hoping, and feeling invisible.

Once finished, I headed to the break room to make my morning coffee.

As I poured the hot liquid into my cup, the office started to fill with the sound of arriving employees. Soon, two women entered the room, chatting in hushed tones.

“I do not think Mr. Richmond has feelings for Miss McLain anymore, whispered.

The other chimed in, “Yeah, I noticed too. When the accident happened, Mr. Richmond was busy calming down his secretary who was apparently scared. Can you believe that?”

“So, it is true then? Mr. Richmond is having an affair with her?”

The conversation stung like a knife twisting in my chest. They did not notice me standing with my back turned toward them, not until I quietly stirred my coffee. and began walking past.

As I turned, their faces froze, uneasy. But I kept my expression neutral, unaffected, as if I had not just overheard the collapse of whatever dignity remained between Nicholas and me.

The truth was, their gossip was not far off. The hollow shell that once held our relationship was then cracking apart, and soon, even that fragile shell would be gone.

I carried my coffee back to my desk, sitting down with a heavy sigh.

While I was focusing on my work, it was already 5 pm. My colleague, Taylor, passed by after she finished packing to go home. “You are working late again? After two days. off?”

I nodded with a tired smile. “Yeah, catching up.”

She shrugged. “Well, do not work yourself to death. See you tomorrow!”

“See you,” I replied absently as she left.

As the clock showed 9 pm, a voice interrupted suddenly.

“Why did not you reply to my message?”

Startled, I looked up to see Nicholas, his expression a mix of frustration and confusion.

“You must have been too focused on your work that you did not check your phone, huh?” Nicholas asked again while embracing me from behind.

The embrace used to be such a romantic thing, but at that time, his presence was suffocating.

For some reason the memory that crossed my mind was when he embraced Courtney in front of me who was covered in blood yesterday.

“Yeah,” I answered lightly.

“You should take a break,” he said softly, but his touch felt heavy.

He opened the package he brought and placed it near my desk proudly.

“Anyway, I coincidentally just bought bubble tea for you. I bought two too. There are matcha and Thai tea flavors, which one do you want to choose?”

I just glanced with the corner of my eye before returning my focus to my computer screen and answered indifferently, “No, Nick, really, I am fine,” I said, more firmly this time. “It is too late for me to eat or drink anything heavy.”

It was already 9 pm, and I was used to not eating anything after 7 pm. Could it be Nicholas forgot about that too?

Well, I really was not on his mind anymore. eventually. So, that was not the big matter anymore.

“You are right, but sometimes it is okay to cheat. What’s more, you do a lot of things too, so you definitely need extra energy, right?” he said.

‘Cheating? Like what you do with Courtney lately? Is that what you mean?’ was something I wanted to say to answer his words, but I said lightly instead, “No, thanks.”

He sighed, putting the bubble tea down and moving to sit beside me.

“Look,” he started, trying to sound upbeat. “I know I was doing wrong this morning, but I promise I will make it up to you. I will talk to the chef tomorrow, how about he comes by and cooks all your favorites?”

Does not that sound nice?”

I just answered coldly, “Good.”

“I also told your manager to reduce your workload because you just took leave, so after finishing this task, you do not need to worry anymore,” he continued, still proudly showing that he was the most powerful in Richmond.

However, that was not bad. I did not care about being spoiled. Since the faster I could finish everything, the faster I could resign.

Therefore, I turned to Nicholas and said softly, “I am very grateful to have you on my side, Nick.”

Of course, it was all a fake smile.

He brightened, leaning in to kiss me, but just before his lips touched mine, I turned my face away, pretending to refocus on my work. As a result, his kiss landed awkwardly on my cheek.

“Well, finish up here, and we will go home together,” he said, trying to mask the awkwardness. “I will just run to the bathroom real quick.”

The moment Nicholas disappeared from view; his phone vibrated on the desk. A message from Courtney.

[Courtney: Why did you buy me all the flavours of bubble tea? I only like chocolate and strawberry, so I told the others to be returned and delivered to you. Have you received them?]

I could not help but let out a bitter laugh.

So, the bubble tea was not even for me. It was the leftover trash Courtney did not want.

With a sudden burst of pettiness, I grabbed my phone and typed a reply to Courtney from my own number.

[Freida: Courtney, Nick mentioned you did not want bubble tea. I ended up giving it to security since I do not eat after 7 pm. Hope that is okay.]

It did not take long for her to respond.

[Courtney: Do not worry, I gave the strawberry and chocolate ones to my dog. He loves them.]

I gripped my phone tightly, suppressing the urge to throw it across the room.

“How rude!”

Just as I was about to lose my cool, Nicholas' s voice startled me from behind, "Why are you cursing?"

I quickly locked the screen of my phone and put it on my desk. Then, I forced a smile, trying to mask the irritation bubbling inside me.

"Oh, nothing. Just...frustrated with work," I lied, pretending to be absorbed in the document on my screen.

He raised an eyebrow, clearly not buying it. But instead of pressing me, he gave a weary smile. "You are always working too hard, Freida. Come on, let's go home."

I nodded silently, gathering my things and trying to hide the turmoil brewing inside me.

As we prepared to go to sleep, Nicholas droned on about his business trip to Paris with Courtney next week.

"What souvenir do you want this time?" he asked while lying beside me.

"Just take care of yourself, I do not want anything," I replied, my voice laced with exhaustion.

Nicholas' s face shifted instantly, his furrowed brow deepening and his skin flushing red. He looked like he was on the verge of exploding.

"Since when have you been this cold to me?" he demanded, suddenly sitting up from his relaxed position. His eyes bore into me as I lay there, pretending not to care.

"Me, cold?" I scoffed, meeting his gaze with sharp intensity. "Is not that you?"

"What are you talking about?" he shot back, baffled. "I always pay attention to you."

He seemed to search his mind for what he believed was the source of the tension.

Then, with a confident air, as if he'd solved the puzzle, he added, "Oh, the breakfast thing? You are still upset about that?"

"I told you, tomorrow I will make it up to you with all your favorites. Just because I forgot you are allergic to peanuts does not mean I do not care about you, Frey."

I could not take it anymore. Sitting up abruptly, I faced him, the weight of our argument too heavy to handle lying down.

"Maybe you forgot because you are too busy remembering someone else' s preferences," I said while emphasizing the 'someone else' part.

He stared at me in disbelief, his anger rising, “So, you are blaming me for forgetting something trivial like that?”

He grabbed my shoulder in frustration before continuing, “Do you even understand how much I have to handle since becoming CEO? You should give me some slack if I forget a thing or two,

“You know I cannot stand a girl who’s overly sensitive. You used to get that, but now? Now you are just an annoying nag.”

I laughed bitterly. “Oh, I annoy you, Mr. Richmond? Maybe you should just fire me then, Clearly, I have committed some grave sin to deserve your wrath.”

“Enough with the jokes, Frey,” he snapped. Then, he headed to the guest room.

It was his habit, always slept separately when our fights got heated, as if punishing me with silence.

As a result, from time to time, I wondered what the point of living together was when it felt like we were worlds apart rising. “So, you are blaming me for forgetting something trivial like that?”

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The next morning, I dragged myself downstairs to eat the breakfast the chef had prepared. Not because I was hungry, but out of appreciation for the effort.

As I started to eat my spaghetti, Nicholas appeared, his expression unreadable.

“Since your work is done, take the day off,” he ordered, his tone flat.

I did not respond, just focused on my plate, twirling the pasta on my fork as if his words did not matter.

He slid a tablet across the table toward me. “In return, make a birthday cake exactly like this one,” he said, tapping the screen.

I glanced at the tablet, my stomach sinking when I saw the fondant cake with a detailed female figure on top. The reference picture who I should have made was Courtney.

At first, I felt a small flicker of warmth when Nicholas talked to my manager to reduce my workload last night, but that fleeting sentiment vanished the moment I discovered the truth.

In an instant, any lingering affection I had left for him evaporated, leaving behind nothing but cold indifference.

I snorted, exasperated, and started to reply, “You can buy....”

But before I could finish, Nicholas cut me off. “I only like your cakes. If you do not make it, I will have your manager dump all the team’s workload on you. Your choice.”

His words hit me like a slap. He was coming back to his dictatorship era I started to forget.

With a sighed, I responded by, “I will take the cake.”

“Good, use this card to buy the ingredients. Let me know when it is done.

Got it?” he said while putting the credit card on the table.

“Yeah,” I answered shortly, taking the tab and the card, then went away from him.

If the team’s workload fell on me, my resignation plan would be delayed, and I could not afford that. So, I had no choice but to make a birthday cake for his new lover.

“Once I finish this cake, I will finally be done with him.”