

After I Dumped Him He Begged For Me Chapter 03

That thought circled my mind as I stood in the supermarket aisle, throwing baking ingredients into the cart with more force than necessary.

Still, baking had always been a source of comfort.

My parents used to bake my birthday cake with me since childhood, so that the recipe had been ingrained in my mind.

It had been a tradition, one filled with love and laughter as we decorated cakes together. I had also hoped to pass it down to my own children one day.

But then, that cherished memory was tainted, used to celebrate someone I could not stand.

Despite my growing resentment, I mixed the batter and shaped the fondant, each motion a mixture of muscle memory and bitterness.

Hours later, the cake was finished.

I stood back, eyeing the delicate figure that resembled Courtney. "Should I add horns?" I mused darkly. "After all, she plays the devil well."

Before I could indulge the thought any further, a message popped up on my phone.

[Nicholas: Have you finished the cake? I have asked the driver to bring it to Courtney's apartment. Just hand it to him.]

I did not bother replying. Instead, I sent the driver a curt message, letting him know it was ready.

As soon as the cake was out of the house, I gritted my teeth and muttered, "I cannot let this mood eat me."

With that realization, I headed to my favorite book café, a cozy spot I used to frequent in my college days, back when life felt lighter and simpler.

Since meeting Nicholas, I had stopped coming. It seemed like everything I once enjoyed had been replaced by his world, his desires, and his routines.

I ordered a frappe, sank into a plush chair, and let out a soft sigh of relief as I opened a book.

"Being single does not seem so bad after all," I whispered to myself, flipping through the pages, letting the words carry me away from the mess of my life.

But just as I was almost finished with the book, my phone rang. It was Nicholas.

“What’s up?” I answered, keeping my voice flat.

However, instead of Nicholas’ s voice, it was Courtney on the other end. “Oh, Frey, it is me,” she cooed, her tone saccharine and smug all at once.

I did not say a word, waiting for her to reveal whatever poison she would call to spill.

“You must be exhausted after making that cake,” she began, her voice dripping with false sweetness.

“But it is absolutely delicious. I have got to hand it to you, you are not only a great cook, but also a brilliant baker. Honestly, though, with skills like yours, you are more suited to be a maid than a wife.”

I could hear her smirk through the phone, her mockery sharp enough to cut. Without a word, I hung up.

“Just devil being devil,” I muttered silently.

However, a moment later, Nicholas texted me. He scolded me for something I did not do.

[Nicholas: Why did you upset Courtney? She was just trying to thank you for the cake, and now you have made her cry. You have totally changed, Frey!]

A low, dark chuckle escaped my lips. I could almost picture the scene, Courtney’s crocodile tears, Nicholas. rushing to comfort her, and me being cast. once again as the villain.

Soon, another message came in again.

[Nicholas: Go to Courtney’s apartment now and apologize to her. Oh, and stop by the store to buy some potato chips.]

I stared at the message, my frustration bubbling over. “Unbelievable,” I grumbled, standing up from my seat.

I headed out to the convenience store and grabbed the chips Nicholas had so graciously requested.

But as I paid for everything, an idea formed in my mind.

Since HR had rejected my resignation letter, citing that it needed to be given directly to Nicholas, I had not been able to officially resign.

So maybe tonight, with him drunk at Courtney's place, I could finally get him to sign it.

"It would be perfect," I muttered under my breath as I hailed a taxi to Courtney's apartment.

When I arrived, Courtney opened the door with a sly smile, immediately grabbing the bag of chips from my hands.

"Thanks for coming, Frey," she said in a sugary tone that made my skin crawl.

Inside, Nicholas was sprawled out on the sofa, clearly intoxicated. His eyes narrowed in confusion as he spotted me.

"Frey, what are you doing here? Trying to ruin Courtney's birthday?" he slurred, clearly unimpressed with my presence.

Oh, how convenient it was that he was not the one texting me earlier. It had clearly been Courtney's little setup, and here she was, playing innocent.

"Um, Frey just wanted to give me birthday gift," Courtney chimed in with a grin. "She even brought me chips. Is not that sweet?"

She sauntered off to the kitchen, calling over her shoulder, "Okay, I will get another glass. Let's all drink together to celebrate my birthday!"

I simply nodded, keeping my eyes on Nicholas as I searched for an opportunity.

I had no intention of sticking around longer than necessary, but if I could get him to sign my resignation letter tonight, it would all be worth it.

Fortunately, the room was dimly lit, only a small night lamp casting shadows across the bottles of wine scattered on the table. Plus, Nicholas was definitely drunk.

I walked over to him, careful not to draw too much attention.

Leaning close to his ear, I whispered, "Nick, one of my colleagues mentioned that it is been hard to get in touch with you lately. He asked me to bring this proposal for your signature. It is urgent, the client needs it by tomorrow."

Even in his inebriated state, Nicholas raised an eyebrow, his inner CEO flickering through the haze. "Did you make sure the proposal is solid?"

I was taken aback by his brief moment of clarity but quickly recovered.

"Of course," I lied smoothly. "I would not bring it to you if it was not ready. Just sign here."

I handed him the document and a pen, heart pounding in anticipation.

Nicholas grinned sloppily. "Kiss me here first," he said, pointing to his lips.

Ugh. My stomach churned at the thought, but for the sake of my future freedom, I leaned in and gave him a quick peck. As expected, he signed the papers without a second thought.

Just then, Courtney returned, holding out a glass of wine.

"Here's your drink," she said, her eyes scanning me with thinly veiled contempt.

I accepted the glass and sat down briefly, only to have her zero in on the ring Nicholas had given me. "I have always admired the ring on your finger. It is so pretty."

I glanced down at the diamond ring. It was the one Nicholas had given me on our first date, a symbol of what I thought would be a promising future. How ironic that it had come to end that day.

However, I knew Courtney had been eyeing it for a while, and I was more than happy to let her have it.

"You like it?" I said, my voice cool. "Take it then. Consider it a birthday gift."

Without hesitation, I slipped the ring off and placed it on the table in front of her. Then I stood up, brushing off the final remnants of attachment. "I will not bother you any further. Enjoy your birthday."

Without waiting for a reply, I walked out the door.

The next morning, I woke to the sound of rustling paper. Nicholas was sitting on the sofa, reading a finance newspaper, looking oddly pleased with himself.

"Why did you change your phone password?"

I froze for a second, realizing he must have snooped through my phone while I was asleep.

Normally, we did not hide anything from, each other. In fact, our passwords were the same, a mix of our birthdays. But since booking my ticket home, I had decided to change the password.

"Oh," I said, thinking fast. "The updated. system asked me to make a new one, so I just change it."

“Fine, then. Anyway, I remember you complaining that we rarely went out to see movies together these days. So, I rented one studio theater for you. The movie your wanted. Let’s go there today,” he said proudly.

I blinked, trying to recall what movie I had even asked to see, since I had not made any such request recently.

Then it hit me. It must have been ‘365 Days,’ a movie I had suggested for my birthday over a year ago.

“Sure,” I answered lightly. After all, it would be our last time.

As we came to the theatre, it was filled with couples, all cozy and close, sharing intimate whispers and laughter. But Nicholas and I were like two strangers moving through the motions, disconnected and awkward.

Inside the cinema, after sitting down, Nicholas leaned in and whispered, “I do not know why you were so eager to watch a mafia film like this.”

Clearly, he had no idea what we were in for. But that was fine by me. At least I would not have to deal with the embarrassment of watching it with a crowd.

In the past, I would have loved being alone with him in a rented cinema, just us, no eyes on us, no distractions. But that day, I felt nothing but boredom.

Sleepiness crept in as the movie dragged on, and before I knew it, I had dozed off.

The next thing I knew, a cinema attendant. was gently shaking my shoulder. “Miss, the movie is over.”

I blinked groggily, glancing around. “Oh, thank you.”

But as I looked beside me, Nicholas was nowhere to be found.

So, I stormed out of the theater and headed straight to the toilet, my mind swirling with disbelief.

“How dare he leave me like that!” I muttered to myself, trying to keep the anger from spilling over as I fixed my makeup in front of the mirror.

Suddenly, the door swung open, and of all people, it was Courtney who walked in. Her lipstick was smudged, her clothes disheveled.

She caught sight of me and flashed a smug smile, her voice overly sweet.

“Oh, Freida, you are here too?” she said, running her fingers through her messy hair. “Nick told me he rented the cinema for my birthday. I thought it was just the two of us here, but I guess not. What are you doing here?”

I watched as she sauntered over to the trash can and tossed something inside. My eyes caught the glint of foil, it was a condom.

The sight of it made everything click into place. Disheveled clothes, smeared lipstick, and then that thing. I could not help but feel sickened.

So that was the reason why Nicholas dragged me there out of nowhere. It was to entertain her the entire time.

I forced a smile, one that barely masked the anger bubbling beneath.

“Oh, Courtney,” I began in a mocking tone, “I think Nick only rented one studio, not the whole cinema. I watched my movie with plenty of other people. Seems like he tricked you.”

Courtney blinked, her smug expression faltering.

I moved closer, lowering my voice as I whispered in her ear, “And for your information, Nick never uses condoms with me. So, it seems like you do not exactly measure up.”

Courtney’s face twisted in shock, but I did not stay to watch the fallout.

I breezed past her, feeling a sense of satisfaction creeping in as I walked out. It was not much, but it was something.

As soon as I got outside, I pulled out my phone and emailed my resignation letter, complete with Nicholas’ s drunken signature from the night before, straight to HR.

[Freida: Sorry to disturb you on the weekend, but I will be out of town next week, so I am sending my resignation now. Thank you.]

With that out of the way, I returned to Nicholas’ s place one last time. I placed the card he gave me and a hard copy of the resignation letter on his desk, along with a simple note, ‘We are done.’

With my bags packed and ready, I hailed a taxi and headed for the airport.

As I waited to board my flight, I sent a quick message to my parents, letting them know I would be home soon.

But when I just landed on my hometown, my phone buzzed with a message from Taylor.

[Taylor: Frey, I am so sad you did not tell me you were resigning! Why did not you say anything?]

I smiled to myself, quickly typing a reply.

[Freida: Sorry, Tay. It all happened so fast. The new company wanted me to start right away, or I'd lose the opportunity.]

A few moments later, another message popped up, that time with a tone of concern.

[Taylor: Are you sure that's the only reason you left? Because the company group chat is blowing up about Mr. Richmond and Courtney.]

Before I could respond, Taylor sent another message, with a link to a video.