

After I Dumped Him He Begged For Me Chapter 06

I laughed bitterly. “Nicholas, I resigned from your company because I wanted to move on from you and everything that tied me to the mess you created! You think I did not notice what you and Courtney were up to? Do you honestly believe I am that blind?”

Nicholas let out his frustration, “How many times I told you if I think Courtney as my own sister, Frey?”

It was exhausting, emotionally, mentally.

For the past three years, Courtney’s presence had always bothered me.

After all, my relationship with Courtney had always been strained, even from the day Nicholas introduced her to me as his secretary.

“Frey, this is Courtney.” Nicholas had said, beaming with pride. “She was my junior in high school. Super sharp. I trust her with everything. Oh, and you guys should get along because you both like the same band, can you believe that?”

At first, I thought Courtney was harmless, with her pretty face and seemingly sweet demeanor.

But it was not long before her true colors. started to show, always when Nicholas was out of sight.

It was as though we were destined to be rivals, each of us circling the other, pretending to play nice while constantly watching for the next move.

The first real clash came when I tried to drop off lunch for Nicholas one afternoon.

I had done it many times before, but that time, Courtney stood in my way, smiling sweetly but with a hint of malice in her eyes. “Mr. Richmond is not in his office,” she said.

“That’s fine,” I replied, brushing past her. “I will wait inside.”

But Courtney quickly grabbed the lunch from my hand, her grip tighter than necessary.

“He asked not to let anyone in. I will give it to him when he’s coming back.”

From that moment, the cold war between us began. I knew she was lying, but I did. not push back.

Not then. Instead, I handed her the lunch and walked away, pretending not to care.

But later, when I saw Nicholas at the house, proudly boasting about the meal Courtney had prepared for him, I realized she had taken credit for my food.

The worst thing was Nicholas had not even recognized the taste of my cooking. So, that was the day I stopped bringing him lunch.

Courtney's intrusion into our lives did not stop there. She began holding Nicholas' phone during meetings, screening his calls.

Every time I tried to reach him, it was Courtney who would answer, her voice dripping with smugness.

But when I confronted Nicholas, he waved it off, saying, "Courtney's just making sure I'm not disturbed. You know how intense meetings can be."

But I was not fooled. There was one time when Courtney twisted her ankle in the bathroom, and Nicholas, who had been with me at a client meeting, immediately rushed to her side.

The urgency with which he tended to her told me everything I needed to know. He only did not want to be disturbed by me.

But I tried to stay patient, convincing myself over and over again that I was still Nicholas' priority.

I kept hoping, clinging to the idea that our relationship mattered more than the lingering shadow she cast.

But deep down, I always knew the truth. I was never a priority to Nicholas anymore.

He had shifted, and I was left watching, helpless, as Courtney wormed her way deeper into his life.

The longer she stayed in the company, the more she undermined me, all while keeping Nicholas completely unaware.

It was not just the subtle digs or the possessive glances from her. It was the way she monopolized his time, the way she made sure I knew she was always around, lurking.

She made her threats silently, through small acts of sabotage and manipulation." And Nicholas, oblivious as always, continued to trust her with everything, while I was suffocating.

I used to think she was the problem. But then I realized it was not just her, it was him too.

Because when I had tried to bring it up with Nicholas, hoping he would see what I saw, he had always had the same response, delivered with a tone that made me feel like I was the unreasonable one.

“I just think of her as my own sister. You know I have known her since high school. She was my sister’s best friend, the one who died in the plane crash with my parents.

“After that, Courtney and I got closer, she lost her best friend too. That’s all it is, Frey. Nothing more,” he would say with a sigh, as if I was foolish for even questioning it.

For a while, I was too dumb and choose to believe him. I wanted to believe him.

So, I convinced myself that their closeness. was born out of tragedy, not love. But as time passed, I could not ignore what was right in front of me.

I started to be aware if Courtney did not see Nicholas as a brother. She never did.

She saw him as hers.

I was nothing but an obstacle, an intruder in their relationship that had started long before I came into the picture. The more I ignored it, the worse it became.

Courtney grew bolder and more possessive. She did not even try to hide it anymore.

And Nicholas? He let it happen. He let her control him, let her control us.

The man I once loved had become a stranger, and all I could do was watch as he drifted further away.

The final straw was the elevator accident. I lost the baby, and Nicholas was not there. Not for me.

Instead, I watched him coddle his precious secretary, while I laid injured, broken in more ways than one.

It was then that I realized I had lost everything, my baby, my dignity, and whatever sliver of love I had left for Nicholas.

I could not take it anymore. I had to leave, before I lost myself completely.

“I do not care anymore, Nick,” I said, my voice cold and firm, the weight of years pressing down on me. “Whatever your reason is, you have made a mistake. You underestimated a woman’s feelings.”

He stared at me, confusion and frustration flickering in his eyes. But I did not stop.

“Girls are easily affected, you know? It does not matter how long you have been with me, five years, fifty years, or five thousand. If you make someone else feel like they are more important to you, they’ll believe it.

“And Courtney? She’s been with you longer than I have. You should have known what that meant, Nick. But you did not, and now you have lost me.”

Nicholas’ face twisted in anger; his pride clearly stung.

He yelled, his voice sharp and cutting, “So, you do not care anymore, huh? Fine! We are over. You are not as important as you think you are!”

And just like that, it was over. At least that was what I thought.

However, for a month after my separation with Nicholas, I always felt as if someone followed me.