

After I Dumped Him He Begged For Me Chapter 07

No matter where I went, whether to the office, social gatherings, or even while out with my mother, I constantly felt like someone was watching me.

But whenever I looked around, I saw nothing out of the ordinary. Maybe it was just my imagination.

As usual, after wrapping up a work project, our manager would treat the team to dinner and drinks at a restaurant.

It had become a tradition, a small celebration of our hard work. So, when the night came, I let myself indulge a little more than usual.

Keith, ever the responsible one, sat next to me, watching as I took yet another sip of beer.

“You should slow down, Frey,” he said, concerned in his voice.

I smiled lazily, already tipsy, and waved him off. “Just one more glass, okay? After this, I swear I am done.”

Keith sighed, shaking his head. “You have been saying that for the last three rounds. I think it is time I took you home.”

“No way!” I pouted, feeling childish in my drunken haze. “It is still early. Midnight’s the perfect time to leave.”

A colleague across from us, equally drunk, chimed in. “Nah, let’s wait until dawn.”

I giggled and raised my glass to him. “Exactly. Cheers!”

Keith just sighed again, knowing he was outnumbered. He did not drink alcohol, preferring cider or cola, so he was the designated babysitter whenever we had these outings.

“Fine, I will take the manager to a taxi, but you two behave.”

My colleague and I clinked glasses, when I met Nicholas.

He was another intern, just like me. At least, that was what I thought.

We worked side by side, sharing the struggle, the long hours, the coffee breaks that blurred into deep conversations.

It started innocently, laughing at inside jokes, accidentally brushing hands while reaching for the same file, but slowly, feelings emerged between us.

It all came to a head after an employee gathering. I had drunk way too much, my head spinning, and it was Nicholas who took care of me.

“Let me drive you home,” he had said, his voice gentle as he carried me on his back.

I slurred my words, delirious from the alcohol. “An intern with a car? Fancy that.”

He chuckled awkwardly. “It’s my parents’ car. They let me borrow it.”

Drunk as I was, I teased him, not knowing he was being far more truthful than I realized.

When we arrived at my apartment, I was feeling bold. “Will you help me to my room?” I asked, my voice laced with intoxicated flirtation.

“Sure,” he said with hesitation, helping me to my door.

But when he tried to leave, I pulled him close, kissing him before he could say anything else.

“Rhey, we should not... You’re drunk.”

“Are you rejecting me?” I challenged him with my low voice.

With a frustrated face, Nicholas

approached me and caressed my cheek while explaining, “Trust me, I want you too. I also feel like I can’t say it if I’m not drunk, but I think I start to like you, no I mean, I love you.”

I leaned toward him and said the same thing, “I love you too.”

As a result, his resolve crumbled. He kissed me back, hard, pushing me against the wall as we tumbled into my apartment. I did not remember much after that, but the next morning, I woke up wearing his shirt.

The smell of toast filled the air, it seemed Nicholas had made me breakfast.

Seeing me wake up, he grinned at me. “Rise and shine, princess.”

“Oh my God, did we?” I asked, embarrassed, unsure.

He smirked, shirtless and only in pants, bringing the toast and sitting on the edge of the bed. “Are you going to say it was a mistake?”

I could not find the words, so I hesitated. "How do you feel about it?" I finally asked.

"I think it was not a mistake. Not for me," he replied, his smile widening.

I sighed in relief, while taking the jam on the toast with my finger and sucked it before answering, "Not for me either."

"Are you teasing me now?" Nicholas asked while approaching me.

I said with a smirk, "To tell you the truth, I do not remember what happened last night at all, will you make me remember it?"

Nicholas then pushed me to the bed and said in my ear in a hoarse tone, "Anything for you, my princess."

From then on, we were inseparable. What started as a whirlwind romance grew into something serious.

Everything seemed perfect, until the day I found out that Nicholas was not just any intern.