

## After I Dumped Him He Begged For Me Chapter 08

He was the heir to the Richmond family fortune, a hidden prince in disguise.

He had not told me, and when the truth came out, it was like a bomb detonating between us.

“I did not mean to lie to you, Rhey,” he had pleaded. “I wanted you to love me for me, not for my name.”

I was still crying and yelled, “But, you are the CEO now, how could I look at you the same from now on?”

“I am still me, I am still your lover, your Nick, nothing has changed about me. Nothing will change my feelings for you either, Rhey, my only princess in my life,” he explained.

But I was just speechless, trying to digest. everything.

Only after that, Nicholas began to explain slowly.

Actually, he would only replace his grandfather in a few more years, but his grandfather’s condition worsened, so Nicholas had no choice but to take over.

In addition, both of his parents had died in a plane crash, so Nicholas was the only heir left.

“I am sorry for your loss,” I said while hugging him.

“No, it’s in the past, I’m grateful that I still have my grandfather who wants to take good care of me. So, starting today, I will help him develop the company,” he answered, hugging me back and burying his head in my neck.

I was furious at first, not sure I could trust him again. But he promised me that he would never hide anything from me again.

His apology was genuine, and for a time, I believed him.

Soon, he asked me to move into his house, wanting me close as his life grew busier.

I agreed, thinking I could handle the pressure, thinking I was still his ‘only princess.’

But then Courtney entered the picture. His secretary, someone I had thought was a harmless colleague, turned out to be more than that.

I discovered later that they had known each other since high school, much longer than I had known him. That revelation felt like a gut punch.

In the beginning, I tried to ignore it. I convinced myself that I was being paranoid, that their relationship was strictly professional.

But over time, her presence became suffocating, and the way Nicholas defended her, always prioritizing her, made it impossible to ignore.

As a result, we ended up breaking up. Well, there was no need for a dramatic confrontation anymore. My decision had already been made, and Nicholas had not part in my future.

As Keith wanted to carry me, my mind wandered back to the present.

Without thinking, I pinched Keith's face playfully. "I am drunk, but I am still in control. Do not mess with me!"

Keith laughed softly, his grip on me steady. "Alright, walk by yourself then. The fresh air will help you sober up."

I attempted to walk ahead, wobbling on my heels, trying to prove my independence.

"See? I can totally go home by myself!" I declared triumphantly.

Keith followed closely behind, chuckling at my unsteady steps. "That is good."

As we passed by a convenience store, Keith stopped me. "Wait here," he said, sitting me down on a bench. "I will get you some water. We'll grab a taxi after."

I nodded, resting my head on the back of the chair. My vision blurred slightly, and the world around me felt like it was spinning ever so slightly.

As I waited, a familiar voice broke through the haze.

"You have never been this drunk with me."

I blinked, slowly lifting my head. Nicholas was crouched in front of me, his face close, studying mine.

For a moment, I thought I was hallucinating. Maybe the alcohol had brought him out of my subconscious.

"Who says?" I muttered, trying to dismiss the image.

He smirked, his gaze softening as he looked at me. "We always went together, left together. I will never let you get like this."

He paused, his eyes sweeping over me. "You cut your hair. It looks good short."

I ran my fingers through my shoulder-length hair. Nicholas had always preferred long hair, so I had kept it that way for years.

But after our breakup, I went straight to the salon and chopped it off. I wanted to reclaim myself, to do something for me.

“Yeah?” I murmured, unsure whether I was speaking to him or to my memory of him.

He leaned closer, his fingers brushing my cheek. “But you are so thin now. Are you eating properly?”

It was not until then that I realized it was not a hallucination. Nicholas was really there.