

Chapter 2

In university, Leon was a star in the sports faculty. Not only was he handsome and popular, but he was also an amazing basketball player. I, on the other hand, was known as the beauty of the art faculty, so it was no surprise that people tend to associate both of us as an item.

After hearing about him again and again, I gradually developed an interest in him too. Then, during a basketball game, he made a slam dunk, and I was mesmerized.

We exchanged contact, went out to dinners and movies, and started dating like any other couple. By our junior year, we were officially together. He was very kind and caring to me, and it felt like I was his entire world.

The year we graduated and started our internship, however, he reconnected with Charlotte.

Charlotte was just as attractive as I was, but the difference lay in that she was a far more bold and expressive person. More importantly, she was also Leon's childhood best friend, so they had a shared history, one I could never be part of.

At first, Leon would gladly recount their past stories to me, but later, he started to dismiss me by claiming that I wouldn't understand their past connection. It was like a wall had gone up between us—one made of memories that didn't include me.

Eventually, I asked him if he ever had feelings for Charlotte.

He responded by patting my head and assuring me with a warm smile, "If there had been anything between us, why would I be with you?"

Now that I thought about it, he had most likely said it just to brush me off.

He held me in his arms and comforted me for a long time. He swore he'd take me home to meet his family soon.

I got tired of crying by then, and my stomach was starting to growl.

Leon looked at me tenderly, "Hold on. I'll cook something for you."

With that, he pulled out some ingredients from the refrigerator to make me a sandwich.

I sat on the couch and looked at him from behind. For a moment, I couldn't tell if this was reality anymore.

Then, his phone rang. After he answered it, his face tensed up, and he rushed out of the kitchen.

"Anna, please make the sandwich yourself. Something urgent came up, and I have to go now. I might not be back tonight. No need to wait up."

With that, he grabbed his coat and rushed out of the house before I could even get a word out.

I went into the kitchen and stared at the half-made sandwich on the plate, suddenly losing my appetite.

Back in bed, I slept for two hours until I jolted awake from a nightmare. The first thing I did was check my phone, and that was when I saw a text from my best friend, Lily Jordan.

"Anna, when did Charlotte and Leon get married?"
