

BACKUP GIRL NO MORE: ADIOS TO MY V-CARD AND MY FIRST LOVE

Backup Girl No More

Backup Girl No More Chapter 61

Released on February 6, 2025

Chapter 7,

Chapter 7

“Give me back my passport.”

“We’re already over.”

“Where I go next is none of your concern, Pax.”

I turned off my phone, the pale glow fading into the darkness.

Silence settled around me, thick and unshakable.

Pax knew I had never left the country before.

Knew I had never even considered applying for a passport.

Yet here I was.

At the beginning of the year, he had mentioned it so casually, like it was just another passing thought.

“I heard the first snowfall in Norway is breathtaking.”

“You should get your passport sorted. We should go together sometime.”

Back then, I had laughed, brushing him off.

“We should save money first.”

We had never traveled together.

Never even made real plans.

Not for him.

For myself.

For a future I never told him about.

My phone vibrated again—a voice message.

His voice poured into the quiet, edged with disbelief, amusement barely veiling his irritation.

Backup Girl No More: Adios To My V-Card and My First Love

Chapter 7

“Who said we broke up?”

A scoff. A short, incredulous laugh.

“Did I say we were over?”

His confidence was maddening.

“Cecilia, I know you can’t bear to leave me, but do you really have to play this game?”

“You were looking forward to the trip. You even went and got your passport, didn’t you? Secretly, without telling me.”

“Why are you still pretending?”

I let the words sit there, unread, untouched.

Even now, even after everything, he still thought I wouldn’t leave.

Not him.

Not after all the years we had spent together.

Maybe he thought I would hold on, that I’d forgive, that I’d let this become just another rough patch we’d get through.

Maybe he thought I’d still be waiting.

Then—another message.

His tone softened, his frustration giving way to something gentler, something almost coaxing.

“Remember when I told you I wanted to be honest with you?”

“This was what I wanted to tell you.”

The lies.

The deception.

The carefully crafted act, pretending to be struggling, pretending to be one of us when he never was.

“But then Nina came back early, and everything got... messy.”

Chapter 7.

A pause.

A sigh.

“I’m sorry. Lying to you was wrong.”

“I let my friends get to me, let them talk shit, and I went along with it. I said things I shouldn’t have.”

“Moving out was just me trying to clear my head.”

“But I never meant for us to actually break up.”

“You know that.”

His voice was steady. Sure.

Like he believed, without a doubt, that no matter what, we would still be us.

And maybe, in some other time, some other life, I would have let myself believe him too.

Because I knew he loved me.

That part was real.

But so was the lie.

And I wasn’t the kind of person who could forgive both.

I was selfish like that. Hypocritical.

A liar myself, but unwilling to accept being lied to in return.

Especially when Nina was still in the picture.

If he wouldn't end this, then I would.

Released on February 6, 2025

Chapter 8

Chapter 8

Five days until I left the country.

That morning, I finally told Pax it was over. That night, he kicked down my door.

The crash echoed through the tiny apartment, the flimsy frame rattling, hinges groaning under the impact. A crack splintered along the cheap wood, a jagged reminder of just how easily things broke—just how easily we had broken.

Pax stood in the doorway, breath uneven, fury barely restrained beneath a thin layer of composure.

His eyes—dark, burning—scanned the room before landing on me.

“You’re being ridiculous,” he bit out, voice taut with frustration. “Nina and I grew up together. Our families were close—she’s spoiled, sure, but she doesn’t mean half the shit she says.”

I didn’t respond.

“She was out of line, I get it,” he continued, stepping further in, closing the distance between us. “But you shouldn’t take it so personally.”

I let out a slow breath, my expression unreadable.

His jaw clenched, a flicker of impatience flashing in his gaze.

“She’s like a little sister to me, Cecilia. That’s it. Nothing more.”

A quiet settled between us, heavy, suffocating.

Then, his voice dropped lower, colder.

“Cecilia, enough with this tantrum. There’s a limit to how far you can take this.”

We had fought before.

Late-night arguments, doors slammed in frustration, stubborn silences that stretched for hours.

But never once had we reached this point.

Never once had the word breakup been spoken aloud.

Backup Girl No More: Adios To My V-Card and My First Love

Chapter 8.

This was the first time and I meant it.

I tore my gaze away from him, looking instead at the door he had just kicked open. The edge where his foot had struck was splintered, damaged beyond repair.

I lifted my chin, my voice steady.

“I’m serious, Pax.”

Then, almost as an afterthought, I added, “And while you’re at it, you should probably cover the cost

of the door.”

He let out a short, incredulous laugh.

“You really have no patience for this, do you?” His fingers raked through his hair, exasperation dripping from every word. “You’re jealous of Nina? That’s what this is about?”

His gaze sharpened, searching my face.

“If you can’t even handle her, how do you expect to be my wife?”

Ah.

Of course.

Pax, the golden boy. The most beloved son of the Brown family.

Naturally, there would always be women in his circle. Beautiful, well-bred, well-dressed, lingering in the background, waiting for their turn.

But that had nothing to do with me.

Five days from now, I would be gone.

So why did he think I would ever be his wife?

Released on February 6, 2025

Chapter 9

Pax and I parted on bad terms.

Four days before I left the country, she was hospitalized. Just when I thought things couldn't get any more ridiculous, Nina tried to kill herself.

"She's got serious depressive tendencies."

"It's just an apology."

Pax stood before me, fingers pressed to his forehead, as if the weight of this conversation had exhausted him. The dim hospital lights cast deep shadows under his eyes—evidence of a sleepless night.

I wondered if he had spent the night here, at her bedside.

He exhaled slowly, his patience fading by the second. "Wouldn't you?"

I stared at him, my lips curling in amusement.

An apology?

I almost laughed.

"Of course," I said, my assent easy, almost nonchalant.

Then I walked into her room.

The place smelled sterile and artificial, like disinfectant, with a hint of metal. The monitors beeped at slow, rhythmic intervals, the only sound to break the silence.

Nina sat on the bed, her skin pale under the fluorescent light. Her hair was combed to one side, framing her delicate features and making her look almost ethereal—like a fragile thing that was almost broken.

When she saw me, her lips parted slightly.

I took a step closer and locked eyes with her.

Then, very clearly, I said,

dics To My V Card and My First Love

Chapter 9.

“Apologize, asshole.”

The silence that followed was sharp, suffocating.

Nina blinked, stunned, as if she really expected me to come here, lower my head, and beg for her forgiveness.

Then, as if remembering her role, she quickly recovered—her expression changed like a curtain being drawn.

Her lip trembled. Her dark eyes shone, glassy with tears. Her fingers clenched the hospital blanket, the knuckles white, as if my words hurt her.

I had to admire her.

She was really good at this.

As expected—like a script he’d rehearsed a thousand times before—Parks was already in action.

His hand rested on her shoulder, and his voice softened, tender.

“Nina... don’t-”

I didn’t stay to listen. Then I reached for my passport, my fingers curled around the familiar edge. Without another word, I turned and walked away. But just as I reached the door, his voice broke the-

silence.

“Cecilia, if you walk out that door today, we’re really done.”

I paused.

His words fell between us, heavy and firm, overwhelming.

I turned slightly and looked back at him.

He was watching me, waiting, expecting-

Waiting for what?

Waiting for me to hesitate? Am I going to buckle under the pressure of everything we've been through, everything we've shared?

I let out a slow breath.

Chapter 9.

And then, I smiled.

“Deal.”

Isn't that what I've always wanted?

Not long ago, we had shared a cramped little bed in a dingy apartment, whispering about love, eternity, the life we thought we could build together.

Seven hundred days and nights.

I had dreamed of a better life.

I had dreamed of marrying him, too.

But then, one day, my old college mentor reached out to me, offering me something I had once thought impossible—a research opportunity, a project position that could change everything.

The only problem?

The lab was in Germany.

I had spent too many years in the real world to believe that love could survive the ocean between us.

I didn't believe in long-distance relationships.

I didn't believe in us.

So, I had planned to break up with Pax.

But for some reason, I still feel heartbroken and reluctant.

Now, he had done the work for me.

Now, the air was clear.

Now, I was free.

Released on February 6, 2025

Chapter 10

Chapter 10

Three days until I left.

I moved through my checklist methodically—packing my suitcase, triple-checking my documents, activating a new phone number. Each action was mechanical, necessary, stripping my life down to

its essentials.

Then, I drained my bank account, converting the bulk of my savings into euros.

The last thing left to do was find someone to take over the apartment.

The girl who showed up was warm and full of life, her presence effortlessly brightening the small space. Her boyfriend was with her, his hand resting easily at the small of her back as they moved through the rooms, exchanging quiet, excited glances.

“Are you leaving all the furniture?” she asked hesitantly, her gaze flickering toward the fridge and couch. “They look brand new.”

They were.

The old fridge had been a relic and prone to an incessant, grating hum that filled the apartment at night. It disrupted my already fragile sleep, vibrating presence. Pax had been the one to replace it.

“You’re seriously too frugal, Cecilia,” he had said, shaking his head as he watched me debate over

the price of a carton of eggs.

Then he had laughed, eyes warm with amusement.

“You might actually be the stingiest person I know.”

“Excuse me?” I had tackled him onto the couch in mock outrage.

The cushions had long since lost their softness, reduced to something stiff and unyielding. Falling onto it had been like hitting concrete.

I had winced, and Pax—ever the instinctive protector—had cradled the back of my head, absorbing most of the impact himself.

“Yeah... this thing is long overdue for retirement.”

“Fine,” I had agreed, rubbing my sore elbow. “We’ll get a new one.”

Backup Girl No More: Adios To My V-Card and My First Love

Chapter 10

His brows had lifted in mock surprise. “Wow, the miser is finally learning how to spend money?”

“This isn’t spending—this is investing.”

“In what, exactly?”

“In our home.”

The new couch had been soft, decadent in its comfort. I had flopped onto it with exaggerated satisfaction, sighing as the cushions embraced me.

“This,” I had declared, “is what luxury feels like.”

Now, standing in the same spot, I patted the couch absentmindedly, smiling at the girl.

“It’s still new,” I said. “But I won’t be taking it with me, so it’s yours if you want it.”

Her face lit up. She nudged her boyfriend with her elbow, excitement bright in her eyes. “Wow, that’s amazing! Thank you so much!”

“So... we’d love to take the place,” she added quickly. “When would be a good time to sign the lease?”

“Now works.”

The contract was signed, the keys handed over. We set the official move-in date for two days later.

And then, just as we were wrapping up, she pointed at the desk.

“Oh, is this your boyfriend?”

I turned.

It was a framed photo.

Pax and I.

Captured in a moment that felt like a lifetime ago.

We looked... happy.

Like something that had once been real. Like something unshakable.

“You two look amazing together,” she said sincerely. “Is he moving abroad with you?”

Backup Girl No More: Adios To My V-Card and My First Love

Chapter 10

A pause.

A breath.

Then, my answer.

“No.”

Not before.

And certainly not now.

I reached for the forgotten frame, running my fingers absently over the glass.

Then, without hesitation, I tossed it into the trash.

My phone vibrated in my pocket. Twice.

I pulled it out, unlocking the screen with muscle memory.

A new message.

From Pax.

I frowned, opening it.

An image.

Sunlight streamed through the hospital window, casting golden slats across his hair. He was slumped forward, head resting against the side of a hospital bed, as if he had fallen asleep mid-thought.

Something lodged itself in my throat.

Then, another message followed.

“Stolen things will never truly belong to you.”

“Don’t you think so?”

Released on February 6, 2025

Chapter 11

I hesitated for a moment, fingers hovering over the keyboard before finally typing my reply.

“He’s nothing.”

A petty response, perhaps. But at that moment, it felt fitting.

Because if I were being honest—truly, painfully honest—Pax had been good to me in almost every way.

Attentive, thoughtful, the kind of person who remembered the little things.

Except for one.

He never let me look at his phone.

“The password is your birthday. The pinned post on my Instagram is a picture of you.”

I could still hear his voice, laced with that familiar blend of amusement and indulgence, as if my suspicions were nothing more than a joke to him.

His fingers would catch the tip of my nose, giving it a playful squeeze.

“What more do you need to trust me?”

And before I could find the words to argue, before I could push further, he would lean in—his lips brushing against mine in a way that felt like a quiet command, a distraction wrapped in affection.

“Absolute possession, relative freedom—deal?”

I had rolled my eyes at the way he phrased it, finding it just a little too poetic, a little too calculated.

But in the end, I had silently agreed.

Because how could a relationship survive without trust?

And yet-

What I hadn't realized, what I had never even considered, was that from the very beginning, everything between us had been built on a lie.

1.

Backup Girl No More: Adios To My V-Card and My First Love

Chapter 11

He never let me touch his phone.

And yet, somehow, Nina could use it—to text me.

I exhaled slowly, sinking deeper into the bed, letting the silence stretch around me.

The sheets were soft, freshly laundered, carrying the faint scent of soap and something subtly familiar.

It took me a moment to recognize it.

Pax's scent.

Which meant he hadn't been home.

He had spent the entire day at the hospital.

With her.

Okay, well....

Released on February 6, 2025

Chapter 12

Chapter 12

The countdown is almost over.

Two days.

Fall is here. The air is crisper now, with a freshness that wasn't there before. The sky is weighed down by thick clouds, and drizzle begins to form fog on the streets, making the sidewalks slippery.

I wrap my shirt tighter around me, the thin fabric doing nothing to keep out the cold. I slip on my slippers and walk downstairs slowly, carefully, as if delaying my final routine here.

And then-

A black umbrella tilts toward me, shielding me from the rain before I can even notice the drops hitting my skin.

"Always walk in the rain," comes a low, familiar voice. "Aren't you afraid of catching a cold?"

I pause.

He holds the umbrella handle tightly—too tight. The tendons in his fingers stand out, and his knuckles pale from the pressure.

Pax Brown.

No more pretending.

No more wearing faded hoodies or worn sneakers. No more carefully crafting an image of a struggling man. He stood before me now, radiating the quiet, gaily-bred wealth that had always been second nature to him.

But his face—his expression—

That hadn't changed.

He smiled.

As if nothing had happened.

As if he wasn't standing before someone he'd been deceiving for two years.

Backup Girl No More: Adios To My V-Card and My First Love

Chapter 12

As if we weren't in the midst of a slow, inevitable collapse.

"What honor do I have that Pax Brown came to me personally?" My voice was light, nonchalant. Detached, as if he'd shown up at my doorstep to sell me a subscription I had no interest in.

His jaw set, the casual mask slipping in an instant. "Do you have to talk to me like this?"

I almost laughed.

Didn't he always decide the rules of our conversations?

Who decided how much I could know, how much I could see, how much I could believe?

Wasn't it him who, just a few days ago, stood in that hospital room, looking at me with cold, distant eyes, and said –

"If you walk out that door, we're really done."

And yet

He's here.

"Cecilia, I'm sorry. Let me explain."

I didn't answer.

"The bag I bought Nina – it was a return gift."

His voice was low and careful, as if he thought it could be redeemed, as if he thought the right words could reshape the past.

Their families have always been close—it would have been inappropriate not to give her gifts.

I didn't move.

He exhaled and pressed his fingers to his temple. His expression was a careful combination of guilt and sincerity, so close to believability that he might have succeeded if I hadn't seen him lie so easily

before.

"Cecilia, all this time, I've been playing two roles."

"With my friends, I'm reckless and arrogant. They expect me to be Pax Brown."

“But with you...” His voice softened. “When I was with you, I was just a boy. A man with nothing but

Released on February 6, 2025

Chapter 13

heart”

I stared at him.

“Sometimes, I felt like I was split in two. I didn’t know which version of me was real.”

“So when you found out the truth, I panicked.” His hands clenched into fists at his sides. “I didn’t

know which version of me should react.”

Ah

So that explained everything.

Why some days he was warm, patient, and gentle.

And other days he was cold, distant, and cruel.

Why he whispered love one day and turned away the next.

“But I’ve been thinking about it for the past two days,” he said, his eyes firm and unwavering. “I love you. I’m willing to change.”

Put aside the arrogance, put aside the bravado.

Be your Pax Brown.

I was silent for a moment.

Then, slowly, I held out my hand. Palm up.

“Your phone.” He blinked in surprise.

But he didn’t hesitate. He handed me the phone without hesitation. “You are”

I entered the password.

The password was incorrect.

There was silence.

I tried again.

Still wrong.

Chapter 13

Chapter 13

A silence stretched between us, long and heavy, thick with things unsaid.

Pax finally broke it, his voice quieter now, subdued in a way that made me wonder if he already knew how this conversation would end.

“I didn’t know she texted you.”

I didn’t react.

The screen in front of me was empty now—the messages erased, wiped clean, as if they had never existed.

But the password?

That was a different story.

Once, it had been my birthday.

Now, it was hers.

I watched as Pax exhaled sharply, rubbing his temple like this entire situation was nothing more than an inconvenience, an annoyance he needed to handle before moving on.

Without hesitation, he changed it back to my birthday.

“This is ridiculous,” he muttered, more to himself than to me. “I’ll talk to her. This won’t happen again.”

His tone was steady, assured, as if this was something that could be resolved with a simple conversation.

Then, he looked at me—really looked at me. His gaze was searching, careful, trying to gauge where I stood, trying to read the emotions I was no longer willing to show him.

“Cecilia, can you trust me one more time?”

“I’ll handle everything. I promise.”

I stayed quiet.

My Card and My First Love

Chapter 13

His fingers twitched slightly, like he was resisting the urge to reach for me.

After a moment, he sighed, his voice softening. “I booked a flight to Norway. Two days left.”

A pause.

“Can we?” I smiled, cutting him off before he could finish.

“Sure.”

His brows lifted slightly, almost imperceptibly. Like he hadn’t expected me to agree so easily.

Then, I saw it—the way his shoulders loosened, the quiet breath of relief that escaped him.

Because in his mind, this was progress.

This was me forgiving him.

This was things going back to the way they were.

“I’ll walk you upstairs,” he said, like he had done a hundred times before.

I didn’t protest.

We climbed the steps together, side by side, though the space between us felt wider than it ever had.

before.

“Baby, you should just transfer the lease,” Pax said casually, his voice taking on that familiar coaxing

tone.

“No need to stay in this cramped place anymore—you know I have somewhere you can live in ”

He reached for my sleeve, tugging it lightly, his touch gentle, almost pleading.

“What’s mine is yours, money, home.”

There was a time when those words would have been the sweetest thing I had ever heard.

Now, they only made my skin crawl.

An entire day had passed.

There was no way—no way—he hadn’t noticed the password had changed.

Chapter 13

He had simply decided it wasn’t important enough to matter.

I didn’t argue.

Didn’t fight him on it.

“Alright.”

Two more days.

And then, none of this would matter anymore.

I stepped onto the landing, turning the corner.

And then, a bright, cheerful voice rang out behind us.

“Hey, sis! We came to help with the cleaning!”

I froze.

Pax turned too, his brows knitting together as he glanced toward the newcomers.

It was them

The young couple who had signed the lease.

The ones who were moving into this apartment.

His gaze snapped back to me.

And just like that, whatever illusion he had been clinging to shattered at his feet.

Released on February 6, 2025

Chapter 14

Chapter 14

“Huh?”

The girl’s gaze flickered toward Pax, her brows knitting together in momentary confusion.

“Wait... isn’t this Your husband?”

Pax’s lips quirked up slightly, amusement flickering in his dark eyes.

The title–husband–seemed to entertain him, as if he had already claimed his place beside me, as if

none of the past days had unraveled us at all.

But then, realization dawned, and his attention shifted to me. His expression turned questioning, waiting for an explanation.

“Who are they?”

The girl, oblivious to the tension that had suddenly thickened the air, smiled brightly.

“Oh! Your girlfriend is renting the apartment to us!” she said cheerfully, her voice carrying an innocence that twisted something inside my chest. “I figured she was cleaning up all on her own, so

we thought we’d drop by and help.”

She lifted the bags in her hands—cleaning supplies, neatly packed, a gesture of goodwill.

A small kindness. A harmless act.

“Renting it out?”

The lightness in Pax’s features vanished in an instant. His brows drew together, his body tensing beside me.

“Cecilia... you’re moving?”

His voice was sharper now, laced with something unreadable.

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Where are you going?”

His questions came rapid-fire, one after another, pressing, demanding, like he could pull the

Backup Girl No More: Adios To My V-Card and My First Love

Chapter 14

answers from me before I had the chance to evade them.

The girl’s smile faltered. Realizing she had said too much, she shot me an uncertain glance, her fingers tightening around the handles of the bags she carried.

“Oh, I- I didn’t mean to-”

I smiled, quiet and steady.

“It’s fine.”

Then, I turned to Pax, my voice light, even. “I just hadn’t gotten around to telling you yet.”

His expression didn’t soften. If anything, a flicker of unease crossed his features, his dark eyes searching mine for something—an explanation, reassurance, control.

I lowered my lashes.

Two more days.

I didn’t want to argue.

Didn’t want to get caught in another cycle of conversations that wouldn’t change a thing.

So, I exhaled slowly and said, simply,

“We broke up. It didn’t make sense for me to stay here anymore.”

For a second, Pax didn’t move.

Then, something in his posture eased. His shoulders relaxed just slightly, and I saw it-

Relief.

Because in his mind, that was all this was.

Me trying to erase the past.

A natural step in moving on.

“That makes sense,” he murmured, nodding as if this version of events fit neatly into the reality he had constructed. And then, without hesitation, “Then move into my place. There’s no point in going through all this trouble.”

Chapter 14

I shook my head. “No need. I finished packing yesterday.”

His lips parted as if he wanted to argue, but I didn’t give him the chance.

Turning back to the couple, I offered another small smile, my voice carrying a quiet finality.

“I’ve already cleaned most of the place, so you don’t need to worry about it.”

“But thank you for thinking of me. It’s rain two should head back soon.”

For a moment, there was only the soft patter of rain against the pavement.

Then, the girl exhaled, pressing a hand over her chest in exaggerated relief.

“Oh, thank God. I thought I said something wrong for a second!”

She nudged her boyfriend playfully before turning back to me, her eyes bright with sincerity.

“You and your boyfriend look so good together, by the way.”

“I mean, your pictures were cute, but in real life, you’re even better matched!”

Her tone was lighthearted, oblivious.

Beside me, Pax didn’t respond.

But I could feel it—the weight of his gaze, lingering, shifting, as if something was beginning to click

into place.

“Right?” The girl elbowed her boyfriend, grinning. “Don’t you think so?”

Caught off guard, the boy nodded hastily. “Y–Yeah, yeah, totally.”

And then-

The final misstep.

“Oh! Since you two made up-”

The girl looked up at me, curiosity shining in her eyes.

“Are you going abroad together, then?”

Released on February 6, 2025

Chapter 15

Chapter 15

The hallway was dim, narrow, and heavy with the scent of rain. Faint droplets tapped against the windows, the muffled hum of water slipping through cracks in the pavement outside filling the

silence between us.

I froze.

For a brief, breathless moment, I thought this was it.

The moment the truth would slip out.

That Pax would finally piece everything together.

That my plans to leave would be dragged into the open, no longer something I could quietly pack away with the rest of my belongings.

But instead-

He smiled.

“Of course we are.”

His certainty was effortless, unwavering.

He thought she was talking about Norway.

Relief flooded through me, but it came tangled with something heavier—something I didn’t want to

name.

The girl parted her lips, as if she wanted to say more, but her boyfriend—quicker, sharper—seemed

to sense the sudden shift in the air.

He grabbed her hand lightly, pulling her back, offering a quick, polite farewell before leading her away.

And just like that, the moment passed.

The silence stretched again, this time thinner, more fragile.

Pax had originally planned for me to move into his place tonight.

Backup Girl No More: Adios To My V-Card and My First Love

But I was exhausted.

“Let’s wait until we get back from Norway,” I said, my voice careful, steady.

He hesitated, lingering at my doorstep as if searching for a reason to stay.

Then, as if conceding to an unseen compromise, he tried again.

“Then at least have dinner with me tonight?”

I opened my mouth to refuse, but he cut me off before I could speak.

“Cecilia, if you’re still angry, hit me, yell at me, do whatever you want.”

His voice was quieter now, rough at the edges, like he wasn’t used to speaking this way—like he wasn’t used to pleading.

“Just don’t be like this. Don’t be so… cold.”

I looked at him then, really looked at him.

The slight dishevelment in his normally composed appearance.

The exhaustion beneath his eyes, the kind that lingered after sleepless nights.

The way his shoulders slumped just a little, as if carrying something heavier than he knew how to

bear.

I clenched my fingers tighter, nails digging into my palm.

Pain.

Sharp and relentless, an ache lodged deep beneath my ribs.

Two years.

Two years of real, honest feelings.

I had loved him.

Maybe, in some small, quiet way, I still did.

But I also knew that time had a way of dulling wounds, of smoothing out the sharp edges of
heartbreak.

Backup Girl No More: Adios To My V-Card and My First Love

Chapter 15

If I could endure this pain for just a little longer

Eventually, it would stop hurting.

So that night, weary from his persistence, I agreed to dinner.

What he hadn't told me—Was that we wouldn't be dining alone.

The restaurant was elegant, warm with the flicker of candlelight, shadows dancing against
polished silverware and crystal glasses.

A long table stretched between us.

And at the far end of it—Sat his mother.

Pax's mother.

She had to be in her early fifties, but time had only made her more striking.

There was a quiet radiance about her, an elegance that made her presence feel inevitable—like the
slow turn of seasons, like something that had been orchestrated long before I even stepped into
this

moment.

Her every movement was poised, deliberate.

And when she smiled at me, there was something knowing in the curve of her lips.

“So, you’re Cecilia?”

1.

Backup Girl No More Chapter 70

Chapter 70

Chapter 16

As soon as she opened her mouth, I knew it.

She had come here with no good intentions.

I had read enough stories about the rich and powerful, about the weight of old money, and the quiet, measured elegance of those who wielded it like a weapon.

Though I had never set foot in their world, I had seen how it worked.

Parks’ mother—she was the kind of woman you didn’t underestimate.

There was no aggression in her voice, no overt hostility in her expression.

And yet, somehow, as soon as she opened her mouth, she commanded the room.

Grace. Poised. Dangerous in a way that only the truly powerful can possess.

I had no idea what she wanted from me.

But I knew one thing.

This was more than just a simple dinner.

Still, I bowed my head slightly, politely, and greeted her.

“Good evening, Mrs. Brown.”

I expected her to answer me coldly and cautiously.

Instead-

She beamed.

“This stupid boy,” she said, giving Parks a pointed look that was half reproachful, half teasing. “He told me everything about both of you.”

Then she turned to me, effortlessly, like someone who has spent her life directing conversations.

Her eyes were warm.

Backup Girl No More: Adios To My V-Card and My First Love

Chapter 16

Too warm.

“Honestly, what was he thinking? Handling things so badly?”

She shook her head with exaggerated dismay,

“You can punish him any way you want, honey. Yell at him, hit him, leave him—it’s up to you.”

Beside me, Pax tensed.

“Whose side are you on, Mom?” he asked, a flash of irritation crossing his face.

But she ignored him.

That night, she told me stories.

About Pax’s father.

How they had built their empire from nothing.

How they had fought side by side as young men, enduring hardships and dreaming of a future neither of them had been born into.

“It’s easy to struggle together,” she mused, her fingers absently running over the rim of her wine glass.

Then, she looked up at me.

“But what about prosperity?”

She smiled.

The corners of her mouth curved slowly, deliberately.

“That’s the real test.”

Then, without warning, she smiled.

The incident left Pax standing still beside me.

“He was seven when it happened.”

I could sense he was tense, but his mother continued.

Backup Girl No More: Adios To My V-Card and My First Love

Chapter 16

“His father.”

“Found dead in a hotel room.”

Naked.

Lifeless.

A scandal had shattered their world, shattered everything Pax had grown up to believe.

I hadn’t expected her to say something like this.

And from the way Pax looked pale, neither had he.

Not the arrogant, confident man ready to respond. Not the eloquent, charming, untouchable heir.

Just a boy.

A boy who had lost his father in the worst possible way.

His mother sighed, swirled her glass, then put it down.

“No one knows a son better than a mother.”

“Maybe that’s why he does it. Why he pretends to be poor.”

“A way to rewrite the past. A way to prove something to himself.”

Pax didn’t speak.

Didn’t look at her.

Instead, his fingers curled in his pants, his shoulders stiff and still.

“The reason doesn’t matter,” he said finally, his voice quieter now, more controlled. “Wrong is wrong.”

Then, he finally turned to me.

When he spoke, his voice was steady.

“Cecilia, I fell in love with you when first moment I saw you.”

“Will you give me a chance?”

Backup Girl No More: Adios To My V-Card and My First Love

Chapter 16

His eyes didn’t waver.

“Can we start over?”