

## **Breaking Up With The New York Heir And Pocketing A Cool Million Chapter 06**

His small, beady eyes scrutinized me, and he blew into my ear, “Then how about we discuss things... further?”

Excuse me while I hurl. Frantically, I spotted a trash can in the corner and rushed over to dry—heave into it.

Holt darted over, indignant. “You disgust me! Are you doing this on purpose?” he screeched, finger up in a dainty point.

Internally, I thought, of course. I’m not ruining those delicious snacks over you.

Seeing bystanders’ astonished looks, Holt tried to forcefully kiss me. Ready to spit in his face, I was stopped by strong hands pushing him back.

“Who dares-” Holt’s words died when he saw Raphael, scurrying away like a rat.

Raphael patted my back, asking if I was okay.

Nauseous, I grabbed a drink from a passing server without checking—gulp, spicy. I’m drinking alcohol.

My mouth was hanging open, and I was fanning myself like crazy. Thankfully, this corner was secluded, so not many people saw my episode.

Raphael actually chuckled, rare for him. He playfully tapped my nose. “Let’s get you some water,” he said.

He guided me to his top—floor suite. Oh right, I forgot, this hotel is part of the Parsons family empire.

Before the elevator reached our floor, the alcohol hit me hard. Feeling woozy, I leaned against Raphael’s shoulder.

Grabbing his face, I yelled, “You jerk!” Then I bit his chin hard.

Everything else was a blur—a hazy memory of feeling like a dying fish revived by ocean waves, breathing new life with each crest and fall.

When I opened my eyes again, I found myself in Raphael’s big bed.

Raphael was lying beside me, propped up on one elbow, just watching me.

I groaned, rubbing my head, which was still buzzing from the alcohol. Note to self: drinking can seriously mess you up.

Raphael took my hand and kissed it, looking all concerned. For a split second, I was touched, but I quickly snapped back to reality.

As I got dressed, I said, "Not the first time we've slept together. Your skills weren't bad, so here's \$500."

I reached for my phone to transfer him the money, but it was dead. To cover the awkwardness, I coughed. "Uh, I'll owe you. Next time, I promise."

Raphael's eyes lit up with a mischievous glint. "So, when's the next time, sis?"

"Depends on your performance," I tossed over my shoulder as I hurried out.

After that incident, Raphael showed up every few days, supposedly to pick out a wedding dress for his fiancée. Even if he didn't come, his new assistant would deliver flowers.

Reluctant to turn down easy money, I forced myself to sit with my laptop in the VIP room for his "custom order."

But Raphael just stared at me and suddenly said, "What do you think?"

"I think you should turn around, walk out that door, and keep walking," I shot back.,

That evening, scrolling through my social media, I saw the news: Raphael had formally taken over as chairman of his company. Conveniently, former chairman Parsons had suddenly been diagnosed with Parkinson's.

So, was Raphael telling the truth all along?

When Raphael showed up for the nth time to bother me, I decided it was time to have a real talk.

"Raphael, I've thought it through."

"I don't blame you for anything that happened between us."

"We've both died once already, so let's be honest. I loved you so much in my past life. I loved you more than my own life. I was willing to give up everything for you."

Raphael looked emotional, trying to pull me into a hug, but I pushed him away and continued.

“Now, even though part of me still likes you, I love the success I’ve found in my career even more.”

His face fell.

“I’m not marrying you. I refuse to be just another Parsons housewife, living only for her husband and children.”

Sure, marrying Raphael again could make me even richer, but I enjoy earning my own money, achieving my own dreams.

“Oh, and I’m going to study in France. I want to keep learning, getting better, becoming the best version of myself.”

“So, Raphael, let’s let each other go.”