

## Broken 133

### Chapter 133

AMY I was signing off the last few reports for the day when I caught sight of someone moving down the hall. The glass wall of my office didn't give a perfect view, but I could recognize that long brown hair and confident stride anywhere. It was Selene's. My pen froze midair. What was she doing here? She didn't work in the company, and she definitely had no reason to be on this floor, much less walking straight into Daniel's office. I watched her push the door open and disappear inside. My chest tightened. I couldn't hear anything, but I didn't need to. The sight alone stirred something unpleasant in me. It was curiosity mixed with irritation. Minutes passed with her in there and I tried to focus on my work, but the words on the screen refused to stay still. It felt like they were dancing inter lines. My mind kept replaying the image of Selene entering Daniel's office like she owned the place. I finally gave up pretending to concentrate and leaned back in my chair. What business did she have with him? Why did she even come to Carter Enterprise Holdings? Before I could answer my own questions, Daniel's door opened again. Selene came out looking furious. Her expression was not friendly, her steps were fast, and her jaw clenched. If she were cartoon, there would've been smoke coming out of her ears. I frowned in confusion. Whatever they'd discussed hadn't gone well. She didn't even look around as she marched past the offices, heading straight for the elevators. I waited a few seconds, then stood up. Curiosity won. I needed to know what had gone down. I straightened my blazer, grabbed the tablet from my desk, and walked out of my office. My heels clicked lightly on the tiled floor as I crossed the hallway toward Daniel's office. Just as I turned the corner, I almost bumped into Selene. She stopped dead in front of me, her eyes narrowing. "Watch where you're going, Amy." I stepped aside calmly. "You're the one rushing." She let out a scoff, folding her arms. "Still pretending to be composed, huh? Must be tiring, keeping up that perfect act." I sighed. "I don't have time for this." But of course, she didn't stop. "You think being with Daniel makes you better than everyone. she said, her voice dropping lower. "You have no idea what we've been through." I stared at her blankly. "You're right, I don't. And honestly, I don't care." I retorted. Her face twisted with anger. "You think you're safe with him? You're not. You're just a temporary distraction." That did it. My patience snapped and I replied. "You should go cool off before yourself further," I said calmly. "I don't fight over men, Selene. Especially not in the office." Her expression flickered for a second, like she hadn't expected that response. Then she muttered something under her breath and brushed past me hard enough that her shoulder brushed mine. I didn't turn around. I adjusted my blazer again and walked straight to Daniel's office. When I stepped inside, he was still behind his desk, staring at the screen. The faint tension in his shoulders told me he was annoyed, though he looked up immediately when he saw me. "Hey," he said, "I'm sorry about that scene outside." I shut the door behind me. "So you know she started something."

He nodded once. "Yeah. She came here to talk. It didn't end well." I moved closer to his desk. "I saw her storm out. What exactly was she doing here?" Daniel sighed and leaned back in his chair. "She came to apologize for disappearing years ago. It sounded like she wanted closure. I listened, that's all." "Closure?" I raised an eyebrow. "She looked ready to throw a chair through your window." He rubbed his forehead. "She said some things she shouldn't have. I made it clear that the past is over." I studied him for a moment. "Daniel, we've already had enough drama to last a lifetime. I thought we were past this past exes showing up, stirring trouble." – "I know." He stood, walking around the desk until he was right in front of me. "I didn't invite her here. She just showed up. You have my word, there's nothing going on." I crossed my arms, trying to stay calm. "You say that, but Clara started this same way. Refused to marry

you, I took her place and she's been fighting me for it ever since.' Next thing I know, I'm dealing with chaos again." His expression softened. "Amy, this isn't Clara. This is different." "Is it?" I asked quietly. "Because I'm seeing a pattern I don't like. I'm always attacked by women because of you." He reached out, gently brushing my arm. "Nothing will come between us again. Not Selene, not anyone. I'm not letting anything tamper with your peace. You've had enough of that already." For a second, I wanted to believe him without question. Daniel had always been the type of man who meant what he said. But trust didn't come easily anymore. Not after everything. I looked up at him. "I hope you're right," I said. "Because I'm not doing this twice." His hand stayed on my arm. He leaned in slightly, his voice softer. "Amy..." I knew that tone. It was the one he used before he kissed me, the one that made the air feel heavier. But I wasn't in the mood for that kind of reassurance. Before his lips could reach mine, I stepped back. "Not now." He blinked, caught off guard. "You're upset." "I'm tired," I replied simply. "Tired of people thinking they can walk into your life whenever they feel like it. Tired of pretending it doesn't get to me." He nodded slowly. "You have every right to feel that way." I turned toward the door. "Then fix it, Daniel. Because I'm not losing my mind over someone else's drama again." ☆ 90 Cedella is a passionate storyteller known for her bold romantic and spicy novels that keep readers hooked from the very first chapter. With a flair for crafting emotionally intense plots and unforgettable characters, she blends love, desire, and drama into every story she writes. Cedella's storytelling style is immersive and addictive—perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.