

Crushed Affections

Chapter 4 Not the Right One

Mandy was about to finish her sentence when a towering figure blocked the light from the doorway.

"Mandy."

The man stood there with an effortless noble bearing. His callous eyes were casting a sharp and piercing gaze. His thin lips were slightly pursed, giving off an air of aloofness.

Mandy was surprised to see Dominic. "Dominic, I knew you wouldn't leave me all by myself," she said irritably.

Bella drew a breath in silence. Just as she was about to speak, Dominic took Mandy with him and turned to leave. He didn't even bother sparing Bella a glance.

She could only bite back the words she wanted to say. Watching the "perfect couple" as they walked away, she suddenly found herself ridiculous. Anyone but her would look good together with Dominic.

No matter how many times they'd slept together, Dominic would never want to be seen with Bella, as she wasn't the right one for him.

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They were in the elevator lobby when Dominic shook off Mandy's hand with a look of displeasure.

Puzzled, Mandy hesitated briefly before stepping forward and rubbing her chest against Dominic's arm. "Dominic... what's wrong?"

Dominic turned his head slightly and glared at the clueless woman before him. "I don't sleep with women who've been with other people, especially my friend."

Mandy froze at that instant. She had assumed there could be more to their relationship as Dominic didn't reject her affection just now. She never expected him to back away right after.

A chiming sound signaled the arrival of the elevator. Dominic stepped inside and gave his sleeve a pat. His eyes were filled with disgust.

Mandy didn't follow, as the stare from Dominic was extremely scary. She stood there, her face pale. A "plaything" in the rich circle like her would never catch Dominic's eyes. She knew her worth; he was just going along with her just now.

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Evening came. Bella wasn't planning to go home, so she agreed to switch shifts with her colleagues.

Since she'd be staying out all night, she wanted to remind Dominic of dinner. However, she started hesitating after retrieving her phone. When would she ever change this bad habit of fussing over him?

She had already decided to let go of everything and leave this place, three years ago. She shouldn't have had any second thoughts just because Dominic was back.

She admitted to the fluttering of her heart whenever she met him. However, she would never allow herself to give in again. Besides, the feeling was never mutual from the beginning.

There was an emergency operation in the middle of the night. When she was done with the operation, it was already 6 00 am, and the sky was slowly lighting up.

Bella was so exhausted that she could barely stand straight. Her vision was blurry, and she was seeing double after the operation.

A surgery required a long period of concentration, which was no easier than physical labor. Any carelessness could cost a human life.

After resting for a bit in the office, she got a change of clothes before going home in the foggy morning.

Watching Miller Manor bathed in the morning light, she suddenly felt sentimental. She had always considered this place her own, with the person she loved the most staying there.

However, none of these belonged to her. It was just all in her head.

Bella was 24 years old, and Dominic was three years older than her.

A man should've stood firm on his own at 30. With Dominic's wealth, talent, and outstanding looks, it was only a matter of time before he got married.

She had finally learned to give up after all these years to avoid any unnecessary distress.

After a long night, she stepped into the familiar place, and her body started to give in to exhaustion, drifting into sleep.

She wanted to simply kick her shoes off, drop her handbag on the way, and sleep in her bedroom. However, she knew Dominic didn't like mess in the house. Therefore, she patiently arranged her shoes.

Little did she know that Dominic was observing all her actions by the staircase.

Her eyes were half closed when she bumped into a "wall". Dominic frowned in dissatisfaction; his well-defined hand gripped her frail wrist as he ordered sternly, "You better stand straight!"