

A Second Chance at Forever (Eleanor Shultz)

Chapter 1

Bernard Laurence returned to the country, and as his secret lover, Eleanor Shultz was promptly taken to Rosewood Manor.

As per the agreement, she had to be squeaky clean without a trace of perfume or makeup before seeing him.

She followed his preferences to the letter, washing herself up, then putting on a silky nightgown and heading to the bedroom on the second floor.

The man was sitting in front of his computer dealing with work stuff when she entered. He glanced at her.

“Come here.”

His voice was cold and void of emotion, weighing on Eleanor’s heart like a heavy stone.

He was an aloof man prone to mood swings. Fearing his bad temper, Eleanor quickly walked up to him.

Before she could even get settled, Bernard pulled her into his embrace, his long fingers grabbing her chin.

Bending down, he kissed her

ed

lips hard.

Bernard was never one for chit-chat. Making love to her was his only purpose when meeting her.

He may have looked noble, but when it came to his sexual desire, he wouldn't let her off easy after being away on business for three months.

As she expected,

She followed the

she woke

up, he was gone

but the sound of water trickling in the bathroom remained.

noticed a tall figure reflected on the frosted glass.

was taken aback. In the past, he would always leave as soon as he finished, never staying until she woke up. What was

different this time?

Feeling tired, she sat up in bed, silently waiting for the man to appear. After a few minutes, the sound of water ceased, and he emerged

the bathroom wrapped in a towel. Water droplets fell from his hair onto his skin; tracing a path down his well-defined abs, exuding a dangerously enticing appeal.

His face was chiseled and attractive, but his deep, indifferent eyes conveyed a sense of detachment. He looked good, yet the chilly aura surrounding him made people think twice about approaching.

Noticing that she was awake, Bernard glanced at her with a cold stare. “You don’t need to come anymore,” he said abruptly.

Eleanor paused, perplexed by his words.

Without looking at her, Bernard handed her a document. “This contract is terminated ahead of schedule.”

Seeing the agreement, Eleanor finally realized the truth: Bernard was ending their relationship.

So he didn’t leave

Five

ght away, *not* because he was reluctant to part, but because he wanted to break up.

together, and she knew this day would come eventually. But she never thought it would end like this.

No explanation, no reason, there was just a simple notification.

Suppressing the pain in her heart, Eleanor looked up at Bernard as he changed into his clothes.

“The contract’s only got half a year left, can’t you wait for a longer time?”

She had three months left to live, according to the doctor. She wanted to stay by his side until the very end.

Bernard remained silent, his eyes cold and devoid of any hesitation, as if he were disposing of a worn-out object.

Eleanor realized her *prédicament* in the face of his silence.

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Despite five years passing, she had been unable to capture his heart. It was time for her to wake up from this illusion.

Accepting the contract, she mustered a forced laugh and tried to appear calm and satisfied. “Don’t take it so seriously. I was just joking.” she said. Then, she added, “Actually, I’ve been wanting to leave you for a while now. I’m glad the contract is ending early.”

Bernard paused, buttoning up his sleeves, as he looked at Eleanor’s emotionless face that seemed to hold a hint of excitement. It appeared that she felt relieved.

He frowned, asking with an indifferent tone, “You’ve wanted to leave me for a long time?”

Eleanor casually nodded. “Yes, I’m not getting any younger. I should be getting married and having kids, not following you around without any status, right?”

In reality, marriage and children were no longer possible for her. But in front of Bernard, she wanted to preserve her dignity.

Mustering strength, she smiled and asked Bernard, “Since the contract’s over, can I get a boyfriend now?”

Bernard’s eyes were difficult to read. He looked at her silently before reaching for his wristwatch on the bedside table and walking

towards the door.

“Okay then,” he said, as his final comment.

Eleanor’s smile faded as she watched him leave.

Bernard didn’t like anyone touching his belongings, but he didn’t react when she mentioned wanting a boyfriend.

It seemed like...

He was genuinely tired of her.