

A Second Chance at Forever (Eleanor Shultz)

Chapter 4

“What? What?”

Jeannie seemed to have heard some earth-shattering secret and excitedly pulled Amanda. “Isn’t it said that Mr. Laurence isn’t interested in women? He actually had a first love? And she’s the soon-to-be CEO of our company?”-

Amanda laughed and patted Jeannie’s hand. “You don’t even know this little bit of gossip in the social circle, how can you survive in the CEO’s office?”

Jeannie hurriedly pulled Amanda’s sleeve and acted cute: “Please tell me!”

Amanda lowered her voice and shared, “Mr. Laurence and the chairman’s daughter were childhood friends who grew up together. It’s rumored that five years ago, Mr. Laurence proposed to Ms. Ratliff. However, she declined his proposal in favor of focusing on her studies, leading to some conflict between them. They haven’t been in contact for the past five years. But as soon as she returned to the country, Mr. Laurence personally went to the airport to pick her up. This is sufficient evidence of Mr. Laurence’s deep affection for this female CEO.”

Jeannie gasped, covering her mouth with excitement in her eyes. “Oh my God! That’s such an enviable love story!”

Eleanor’s breath caught in her throat, and her complexion gradually drained of color.

So, Bernard had terminated their arrangement as lovers prematurely due to his first love’s return.

But if he already had feelings for someone else, why had he purchased her for a single night without any hesitation five years ago?

And even after sleeping with her once, he forced her to sign a lover’s agreement.

Moreover, every time he made love with her, he went crazy, unable to control himself.

She couldn’t quite believe it and wanted to ask Amanda where she heard the rumor when the CEO’s exclusive elevator suddenly opened.

The chairman’s assistant, Rosita, and several department heads walked out first.

They bowed and gestured to the people inside, “Mr. Laurence, Ms. Ratliff, we’ve reached the CEO’s office area. Please come in.”

As the voice faded, a man dressed in a luxurious suit and exuding a cold aura walked out.

His features were deep and three-dimensional, his appearance stunningly beautiful, his body slim and tall, and his temperament elegant.

He looked like a nobleman from a painting, blending elegance and indifference in one, making people unable to stare directly.

Eleanor recognized Bernard at a glance, her heart suddenly tightening. Why was he at VitaLife Global?

As she was thinking, she saw Bernard slightly turn and extend his hand into the elevator.

Soon, a delicate white hand was placed in his palm.

He held it a little tighter, leading the woman out.

As Eleanor caught sight of the woman's face, a sudden realization dawned upon her, elucidating why Bernard had been willing to purchase her for a single night.

It became apparent that she bore a resemblance to his first love. Not an exact replica, but their eyebrows and eyes shared some similarities.

Yet, this discovery alone was enough for Eleanor to confront the harsh truth.

She had entertained the notion that Bernard might have harbored some affection for her, but she had never anticipated that he viewed

her merely as a replacement.

A pang of heartache surged within her, swiftly followed by a torrent of pain that drained the color from her face.

Jeannie saw Eleanor's condition and immediately asked with concern, "Eleanor, what's the matter? Are you feeling unwell?"

Eleanor shook her head lightly, and Jeannie wanted to continue asking, but Rosita came over with the two of them.

Eleanor quickly lowered her head, not daring to look at them, her hand on the keyboard trembling uncontrollably.

Rosita introduced them one by one, “Ms. Ratliff, this is the CEO’s office. The assistants in here can help you if you need anything.”

Ms. Ratliff nodded and gently said to everyone, “Good morning, everyone. I’m your new CEO, and my name is Sophie Ratliff.”

Seeing Sophie’s face resembling hers, Eleanor’s face turned even paler

In her mind, scenes of Bernard embracing her passionately in bed kept flashing by.

At that time, the affectionate Bernard would always call her “my girl” by her ear.

Now she knew that the person he was calling wasn’t Eleanor, but Sophie...

Eleanor clenched her fists, her long nails digging into her flesh, but she couldn’t feel the pain.

The suffocating feeling of being played and abandoned by someone welled up in her heart, making her unable to stop her eyes from reddening.

How silly she was to have fallen for Bernard wholeheartedly just because of the occasional tenderness he showed her.

