

He Craved My Love When I stopped Serving Him

Chapter 08

I blurted out in shock. Based on his plans, he should've been in Paris with Penelope by now, enjoying their romantic getaway, courtesy of his company.

Ignoring my question, Preston stared down at me, his expression unreadable. "Olivia, I've given you a whole month! No matter how mad you were at me, you should've cooled off by now."

Then, he shot a cold glance at Colton as if asserting his dominance.

Just as I was about to lose it and call Preston crazy, Penelope, appeared.

Holding two ice cream cones, she shot me a nasty glare behind Preston's back before plastering on a fake smile. "Olivia, Preston's had a private investigator watching over you for an entire month. He can't live without you. Please, just forgive him, okay? Just let it go."

I stayed silent for a moment before flashing Preston a smile. "Let go of me. We'll find a quiet place to talk."

Hope flickered in his eyes as he immediately released his grip.

But in the next second, I did something no one expected.

I grabbed one of the ice cream cones and smashed it right into Penelope's shameless face.

"Ahh! Bitch!" Her scream was so loud it turned heads, and people nearby started laughing when they saw her with ice cream smeared all over her hair and face.

But I wasn't done yet.

Brushing off the sticky mess from my hands, I grabbed her hair before she could retreat into Preston's arms for comfort. "Penelope, your eyes twitching earlier, right? And who were you rolling them at, huh?"

Without giving her a chance to respond, I slapped her across the face—once, twice, five or six times until her cheeks were red and her nose started to bleed. Her cries, once fake, were now heartbreakingly real.

Disgusted, I shoved her toward Preston, who just stood there. Surprisingly, he didn't catch her. In fact, when she crawled toward him, about to touch his pants, he took a step back, frowning.

Penelope was dumbstruck, her tear-filled eyes wide with disbelief. But Preston ignored her, walking straight toward me, his eyes full of sincerity. "Olivia, I've already told her—we're done. I've only ever seen her as a sister. Those moments you got upset about, they won't happen again. I promise."

As he reached out, intending to pull me into a hug, Colton stepped in, pulling me behind him protectively. His eyes narrowed at Preston. "Dude, unless Olivia says so, don't touch—"

Before he could finish his sentence, Preston's face darkened, and without a word, he threw a punch at Colton.

"It's none of fucking your business, you asshole!" Preston snapped. Colton took the hit, his jaw clenching as a vein popped on his forehead. But he didn't fight back, probably to avoid hitting me by accident.

I, on the other hand, wasn't about to stand by. I faced Preston and hit his face with my palm.

"There! See now, Preston? Gosh, you're sick! You should get a psych instead of making a fool of yourself here!"