

His Smile, Her Glow, My Betrayal Chapter 8 - Chapter 8

Chapter 8: Chapter 8

No one batted an eye at who the fireworks were for this time; everyone was too accustomed to seeing him and Vivian as the main couple.

When my colleagues mentioned it, I offered a dismissive smile and replied casually, "Oh, really?" I didn't follow the story.

Richard praised my recent excellent work performance and presented me with an opportunity to study abroad, asking if I would be interested.

In the past, I would have weighed the decision heavily.

"Yes! Who in their right mind would pass up such a fantastic opportunity?" I agreed without hesitation.

Richard was taken aback for a moment. "Don't you need to discuss it with your family?" "No, my parents are very supportive of my choices. "

"I meant your boyfriend. "

I paused, then laughed. "Sorry, I'm single. "

I agreed to go abroad for further studies, and I set to leave in half a month.

Since I had never been abroad, I had to rush to get a passport.

That night, lying in bed discussing my plans with my parents, they supported me as I expected.

My mom said, "I don't object to you going abroad, but you should talk it over with Alex. Don't do something you'll regret. "

Hearing this, I paused, then said with unusual calm, "Mom, we have broken up. "

"Really? Did he break up with you?"

"No, I was the one who ended it. "

She seemed unconvinced, her tone skeptical.

After all, I had pursued Alex with such fervor, even asking her for advice on how to win over someone I liked.

For him, I learned to cook and how to be a good girlfriend.

How could I, someone who adored him so much, give up so easily?

"Bella, make sure you think this through. If you've truly broken up, there's no turning back. "

"I've thought it through very carefully. Trust me, Mom. I won't regret it. "

I reassured her repeatedly until she dropped the idea of us getting back together. "You've grown up and can think for yourself. I support you. If you ever get tired out there, just come home. Your dad and I can take care of you. "

I agreed with a smile, feeling a bit sad in my heart.

At home, I was the apple of my parents' eyes.

My mom never let me cook. For all these years, I had never done any heavy work.

But after being with Alex, I seemed to turn into a superwoman, suddenly capable of handling all household chores.

Thinking about it, I found it somewhat amusing.

I banished the unrealistic thoughts from my mind and surfed the net, only to come across a video Alex had posted online.

In the video, he was dressed in a sharp suit, his expression stern as he stated earnestly, "The girl in that video is not my girlfriend. She's my sister.

"Please refrain from making unfounded remarks. I already have a girlfriend. Your comments could cause her distress...'

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As the video continued to gain traction, he stepped forward to clarify.

After watching the video, I checked WhatsApp and found that the company's group chat was in an

uproar.

They were all lamenting the shattering of their favorite couple fantasy.

[I have to say, I think the girl in the second video looks a lot like Isabella.]

Yeah! She was wearing that exact outfit that day.]

Oh my God. Could Isabella actually be this guy's girlfriend?]

Watching my colleagues discuss me and call for me to make a statement, I hesitated before I

texted: [That's not me. Thanks.]

I felt a bit uneasy as I sent those words.

My colleagues didn't believe me and kept pressing, convinced that the girl was me.

I had no choice but to reply: [I'm single, you know. Your speculation could affect—my chances of finding potential boyfriends. Please, let it go.]

Richard also chimed in to vouch for me, and finally, they fell silent.