

Chapter 132

Elizabeth sat on the very edge of her king-sized bed, her back hunched, her elbows pressed into her knees as her fingers were clenched tightly.

Her lips moved faintly, murmuring words that only she could hear.

Her eyes were clouded, staring into the distance, though she wasn't truly seeing the white curtains, her eyes were on it.

"It has been weeks," she whispered to herself, her voice trembling. "Weeks since the biggest shock of my life... Weeks since Ryan Walker humiliated me in front of everyone... Weeks since he rose above me and claimed everything I thought should have been mine."

She closed her eyes, and the images haunted her all over again.

Ryan Walker, sitting at the head of the boardroom table, the very place she had once imagined herself ruling.

Ryan Walker, the man she had discarded like he was nothing, taking over her father's company, carrying the title that should have been hers, and worse, standing tall as the CEO of Nova Inc., the company that had rejected her proposal and turned her into a laughingstock.

Her chest ached at the memory of him looking her directly in the eyes and saying "No." The word still burned in her ears.

And then, walking her out of his office, as though she were some pitiful woman with nothing to offer.

She bit down on her lower lip until she almost peeled it off. The pain of it did not compare to the torment in her heart.



The door creaked open suddenly. Julian stepped in, dressed neatly in a dark suit, his tie knotted perfectly, his car keys jingling in his hand.

He looked ready for an outing, perhaps even a meeting. His sharp eyes fell on her small frame at the edge of the bed, and his brows furrowed.

"Elizabeth," he called softly, his voice was filled with irritation. "What is this? Our wedding is in two days, two days, Elizabeth... and you're sitting here like this? Miserable, broken. You should be glowing, smiling, preparing, not sulking like a child."

Elizabeth did not move. Her eyes moved briefly toward him, but then they drifted away again.

Julian sighed heavily, walking further into the room. He placed his keys on the dresser with a sharp clink and crossed his arms, standing in front of her. "You've been locked in here ever since Ryan walked you out of Nova's headquarters. Ever since he rejected you. Tell me—are you planning to mourn him until our wedding day? Is that what you want?"

For a moment, there was silence. Then slowly, Elizabeth's lips parted. Her voice was hoarse.

"Tell me, Julian... how am I supposed to feel?"

Julian stiffened. "What do you mean?"

Elizabeth's eyes snapped to his, her expression twisted in bitterness. "How am I supposed to feel when Ryan Walker, Ryan, of all people... is not only living my dreams, but the dreams of my parents too? How am I supposed to feel when he has become what I should have been? When he's sitting in offices that should have been mine? When he is proving over and over again that maybe... maybe he was always the better choice?"



The words stung Julian. His eyes narrowed, his jaw tightened, and his fists clenched by his sides.

“What are you saying, Elizabeth?” His voice was low. “Are you saying you regret being with me? Are you saying you wish you chose him instead?”

Elizabeth shook her head quickly, but her tone lacked conviction. “That’s not what I meant.”

“But that’s what it sounds like,” Julian snapped. His voice rose sharply. “You’re looking at me, your fiancé, and telling me that another man was the better choice. Do you even hear yourself?”

Elizabeth pressed her lips together, fighting tears, her pride refusing to let them fall. “I only meant that I feel defeated, Julian. I feel like I’ve lost everything. And yes, deep down...” she swallowed hard, her voice cracking, “...deep down, I can’t help but wonder if I made a mistake. If turning my back on Ryan was the biggest mistake of my life.”

Julian’s face darkened. His entire body stiffened, rage passing through his veins. For a long moment, he stared at her, his chest rising and falling rapidly. Then he exhaled sharply and pointed toward the wardrobe.