

## **After I Dumped Him He Begged For Me Chapter 01**

As the elevator plummeted from the top floor, a violent drop that seemed endless yet painfully brief. The crash was deafening, metal screeching against metal as the floor buckled beneath us.

I felt the sharp pain and warm blood seeping through my clothes. My mind screamed at the horror of it all, because my baby, the tiny life inside me, slipped away.

As soon as the paramedics arrived, they wrapped me in blood-streaked bandages, lifting my broken body onto a stretcher.

There, I saw a glimpse of my boyfriend, Nicholas Richmond, who came back from the meeting with his secretary, Courtney Miller.

His arm protectively curled around Courtney, then he shielded her eyes with a gentle touch, whispering, "Do not look. It is too awful."

Without another glance, they stepped through the doors and into the building, leaving me behind.

The realization was like a second fall. It seemed that five years was nothing for him, because I was never that important to Nicholas, while Courtney's sweet smile would always occupy his every thought.

That time, I made a decision I had hesitated before, a job offer from a rival company that had been on the table for weeks.

I called them. "I am ready to accept your offer."

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After two long days in the hospital, I was finally discharged.

Yet, despite my release, there was no relief. The ache in my heart was far deeper than the physical wounds.

I was leaving the hospital alone, no longer carrying the life I had just discovered was growing inside me.

The morning of the accident had been surreal. A positive test, a flutter of hope, then a nightmare unfolding before I had even grasped the reality.

While packing my few belongings, I whispered to myself, "I do not even know how far along I was."

The thought cut through me like a knife. The baby in my belly had been too small and too fragile after all.

Suddenly, the door to my room creaked open, pulling me from my thoughts.

For a brief, foolish moment, I hoped it was Nicholas. But it was not. A driver stood there instead.

"Miss McLain, Mr. Richmond had a sudden meeting. He sent me to pick you up," the driver explained, his voice polite and detached. "Let me carry your things."

I exhaled slowly, feeling the familiar sting of disappointment.

Nicholas always had an excuse, something pressing, something more important. But when Courtney needed anything, he was never too busy.

Two days in the hospital, and not once did he show his face. He had not called, had not come. Nothing.

"No need. I have got it," I replied, forcing a smile as I slung my bag over my shoulder and walked out.

The ride home was quiet. The city lights flickered past in a blur, but I could not focus on anything outside the window.

Inside, it felt darker than the night itself. By the time we pulled up to the house, I was numb.

"We are here, Miss," the driver said, gently bringing me back to the present.

I reached for my handbag, preparing to step out when something caught my eye. Tucked between the seat cushions was a delicate piece of black lace bra, which was not mine.

My stomach twisted. I discreetly grabbed it, slipping it into my bag before the driver opened my door.

"Thank you," I muttered as I hurried into the house, not bothering to look for Nicholas. I already knew he would not be there. Not yet, anyway.

I climbed the stairs, avoiding the elevator without a second thought. The trauma of that day still clung to me, and the idea of being trapped like that again sent shivers down my spine.

Once in my room, I tossed the bra onto my dresser, trying to ignore the painful questions racing through my mind. Who did it belong to? And why was it there?

The shower indeed washed away the grime of the hospital, but it did nothing to cleanse the doubt and betrayal that simmered within me.

However, I brushed it off and climbed into bed, hoping for sleep.

When morning came, I woke to the familiar yet unsettling sight of Nicholas lying beside me.

It had become a routine: him slipping into bed unnoticed after I had already fallen asleep, as if our lives had become nothing more than parallel lines.

We were close, but never touching anymore.

His eyes fluttered open under my gaze. "You are awake?" he asked, his voice groggy with sleep.

I did not respond. Instead, I swung my legs over the side of the bed and sat in silence.

"If you are still feeling unwell, you do not need to go into work," he added, sitting up.

"There is too much piling up. I cannot afford to take more time off," I replied.

My words were flat, emotionless, but inside, a plan was taking shape. I needed to finish what was left at the office, so I could hand in my resignation and leave that life behind.

Nicholas nodded, oblivious to the distance between us. "Well, after all your injuries are just superficial. You will heal quickly," he said, slipping into the bathroom, phone in hand, as was his routine.

I watched the door close behind him in disappointment.

He used to take showers fast, but it changed lately. With his phone always in tow, the duration stretched.

I also used to join him, laughing and talking through the steam. But those days were gone.

However, I could not bring myself to care anymore. I made my way to a different bathroom, determined to avoid him for as long as possible.

When I finished dressing, Nicholas was already sitting on the sofa, a newspaper in hand. He glanced up at me, sarcasm lacing his words. "Skipping our morning coffee ritual? You must be in quite the rush."

I ignored his attempt at humor, my voice devoid of any warmth. "It slipped my mind."

A sigh escaped him as he set the paper down. "Fine. Let's get to the office early then."

We had always gone to the office together, ever since deciding to move in three years ago.

Back then, everything felt aligned. We had the same goals, the same routines. But lately, I had begun to feel a shift, a subtle but unmistakable discomfort creeping in.

Nicholas seemed more attached to his phone than to me. Even when I grew my distant, hoping he would notice, he carried on as though nothing had changed, like silence meant nothing.

That morning, I sat quietly in the car as Nicholas, focused on his phone, suddenly spoke up. "I need coffee. Let's stop by the takeaway to get breakfast," he said to the driver, not sparing me a glance.

"Yes, sir," the driver replied, the words punctuated by the quiet tap of Nicholas's fingers on his screen.

From the corner of my eye, I could see him chatting with Courtney, his secretary.

[Nicholas: I left early because Frey had a lot to catch up on after taking yesterday off. Do not rush though, take your time this morning.]

[Courtney: I understand, her team has been busy lately, so she must feel guilty about it. You also should take it easy, Nick. Your schedule is light today, just some proposals to review and a meeting later.]

[Nicholas: Good. Can you also make a reservation at the usual place for lunch?]

[Courtney: Of course! Any preference on what to try today?]

I stopped reading after that, feeling the sting of their easy camaraderie.

Plans, always plans, but never with me. I was not part of the lunches or the lighthearted conversations. It was as if they were the ones in a relationship, not Nicholas and I.

So, what was I to him, really?

Soon, we arrived at the takeaway. Nicholas rolled down the window, casually giving his order.

"I want a hot Americano and an iced Americano. Oh, and a caramel Frappe too. Plus, one chocolate croissant and two peanut butter croissants. That will be all."

I did not think much of it at first, assuming he ordered more for the driver. But after collecting the food, he handed me the iced Americano and peanut butter croissant.

I stared at the croissant, stunned.

‘After five years, did he still not remember that I am allergic to peanuts?’ I wondered.

I could not help glancing at the chocolate croissant and caramel Frappe he kept for himself. It was almost laughable. Was he saving them for Courtney?

The sting of betrayal ran deeper with every small, careless act.

As a result, my voice was cold when I handed the breakfast to the driver at the front. “Please take this. I am allergic to peanuts.”

Only then did Nicholas seem to realize her mistake. “Oh, right,” he said with an air of indifference. “I forgot. Let’s turn back.”

“No need,” I replied sharply. “Just head to the office. I will pick up something nearby.”

“Fine,” he said, the conversation dropping into an icy silence.

As the office loomed ahead, I reached into my bag, then retrieved a paper bag I had prepared earlier.

I handed it to him casually. “Oh, right, I forgot to mention. I packed this for Courtney.”

Nicholas’ s brows furrowed as he accepted it, curiosity briefly flashing in his eyes. But when he peeked inside, his face drained of color.