

After I Dumped Him He Begged For Me Chapter 05

It was none other than Keith Steele, my high school ex-boyfriend. He stood there, smiling, with a knowing glint in his eyes.

“Freida,” he said with a chuckle, “I did not expect to see you again.”

“Me neither,” I replied, trying to keep the surprise from my voice. “Please guide me well, Mr. Steele.”

Keith laughed and waved off the formality. “Come on, you do not have to call me that. Just call me Keith. We are old friends, right?”

“Alright, Keith,” I said with a grin. “Let’s make this work.”

Seeing Keith again brought back memories. Through him, I also got in touch with my old friends, which made me grateful for it.

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That evening, as I returned home, the last person I expected to see was standing at my front door.

Nicholas stood there, just as polished as ever, his hand raised to ring the doorbell.

I directly ran, grabbed his arm, and yanked him away from the door, my voice sharp with anger. “How did you know where I live?”

Nicholas raised an eyebrow, completely unfazed by my outburst. “It is in employee file, remember?”

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After realizing the truth, I clenched my fists, furious. “But still, you do not have right to come here.”

He sneered. “As your boyfriend, cannot I visit your family house?”

I took a step back, narrowing my eyes. “We are not together anymore, Nicholas. We are done. I am not your girlfriend, and you have no reason to be here. Besides, should not you be on a business trip to Paris?”

“That is tomorrow,” he replied coolly, his lips curling into a half-smile. “Today, I am here to take you back to my house. You do not belong here at your parents’ place anymore.”

My blood boiled. “What are you talking about? It is none of your business where I stay. We have broken up, Nicholas. I have resigned. There is nothing tying me to you anymore.”

Nicholas crossed his arms, his tone becoming dangerously calm. “You may have resigned, but that was a mistake on HR’s part. I never agreed to break up with you, Frey.”

I stared at Nicholas in utter disbelief. His audacity was astonishing, as if everything that had happened, the betrayal, the neglect, meant nothing.

Did he honestly think that I could just be manipulated back into his life after everything?

Just as I was about to respond, the front door creaked open. My heart jumped, and I instinctively shoved Nicholas out of sight.

My mother stepped out, her curious eyes scanning the front door.

“Who is there, Frey?” she asked, looking around.

I forced a smile, my voice steady. “Just a stranger, Mom. He was asking for directions. Do not worry, I have got it handled.”

She raised an eyebrow, but nodded, satisfied with my answer, and went back inside.

Once she was gone, I rounded on Nicholas, dragging him to the side of the house, my voice low but seething with anger.

“Come on, why are you suddenly acting so weird? You have never done whatever you want without asking my permission first, Frey,” Nicholas said angrily as I shoved him.

Right, that was me in the past. But that woman had died the moment I saw him embracing Courtney, while I laid there alone, blood-soaked, neglected, and forgotten.

“Are you serious right now?” I spat, glaring at him. “Nicholas, this is not about what you want or what you approve of. I have left you, and that is final. Get it through your head!”

For a moment, his sneer faltered. But he quickly recovered, his expression shifting back to the infuriating arrogance that had driven me away in the first place.

“You are overreacting, Freida. You made a rash decision, and you are just confused. I came here to fix things, to set everything right,” he said.

I laughed, a bitter sound escaping my lips. “Confused? Nicholas, I stopped being in love with you the moment I realized I was never your priority. You have always put me aside.”

His jaw tightened, eyes hardening. "Whatever you think you know, it is not right. I am here because you are the one I want, Freida. That's all that matters now."

I shook my head, the words pouring out like a dam finally breaking. "No, it does not. It has not mattered for a long time. You always wanted control over me, over our relationship. But you never cared about what I felt or needed. That's why this is over."

Nicholas stepped closer, desperation flickering in his eyes. "Is five years of us being together nothing to you? You know, we have lived together for so long, so that marriage would not even be a big deal anymore."

"Wait, are you upset because I did not propose to you until now, so that you leave me?"

He grabbed my arm suddenly, pulling me toward him. "Come on, we can go register our marriage now, if that's what this is about."

I stared at him, speechless. He still thought he could control everything, even me.

The sheer nerve of him made my blood boil. So, I yanked my arm free, stepping back, incredulous.

"That is exactly the problem with you, Nicholas. You always think you can fix everything by forcing your way. You do not listen. You never did, and that is why I am leaving. This relationship is not worth fighting for anymore," I explained angrily.

He reached for me again, but I raised my hand, stopping him in his tracks. "We are done, Nicholas. Do not come here again. And, for your information, I have a new job now. I am working for Hilton Group."

He scoffed, but the desperation in his eyes betrayed his calm façade.

I knew he had one rule, it was: 'Once trust was broken, there was no going back. So, he really could not hold back his anger anymore after hearing my words.

"You are making a mistake, Freida. You belong with me, not here, not working at Hilton Group," he yelled at me in a cold tone.

I held my ground, refusing to let him intimidate me. "You cannot control me anymore, Nicholas. You do not get to decide where I belong, or who I work for. I have moved on, and you should too."

He shook his head in disbelief, his voice a low growl. "No, I know you, Frey. You are just doing this so I will get mad and leave you, right? This is not how a relationship ends. Just tell me what I did wrong, and I will fix it."

I could not help but laugh, a cold, mocking sound. "You think this is about fixing things? You really do not get it, do you?"

"Fine, Nick, let's play your game. Go ahead, tell everyone you dumped me, if that helps your ego. It will not change the fact that you have been parading around with Courtney for months, and everyone already knows."

His face paled, confusion creeping into his expression. "What are you talking about?"