

Can't wait for sunrise Chapter 08

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Chapter 8 One and Only Love

Ever since Benjamin realized I would only speak to him about the divorce, he started seeking me out under that pretext.

He often ordered takeout for me, but I tossed it all in the trash.

Yet, he refused to give up.

He even discarded the takeout I had ordered and replaced it with a meal he had prepared himself, waiting at my door for me to come out to grab the food.

One day, after I had ordered takeout and it was delivered, I waited over 30 minutes before finally opening the door.

Unexpectedly, Benjamin burst in, drenched in sweat, carrying the meal he had cooked and even trying to sit down on my couch.

I shouted at him, and he could only stand outside the door, pleading, "Come on, for the sake of the meal, can't you let me in to sit for a bit?"

"No!" I replied firmly.

He looked anxious and said, "You weren't like this before. Don't you feel bad seeing me sweating like this?"

I laughed at his words.

Feel bad? In the past, when I cooked for him, I would emerge from the kitchen dripping with sweat, and he would just tell me I smelled and to get away. When had he ever expressed concern for me?

I shook my head, trying to push him away.

But he clung to the doorframe, insisting as he took out each dish he had made.

I felt completely unenthused as I looked at the strange meals he had prepared, especially when he proudly declared that he had only ever cooked for me in his life. That thought alone turned my stomach.

But he didn't notice my discomfort and continued, "You've got to try these chicken wings; they're good, and so are the sandwiches."

I glanced at the chicken wings and recalled Hailey mentioning that Benjamin loved the ones she had made. I couldn't help but laugh.

Just then, there was a knock at the door—the delivery person with my takeout.

He exclaimed, "Why did you order takeout when I already cooked for you? This is unacceptable!"

"Do you have any idea how long it took me to prepare all this? You're going too far."

I tilted my head and replied, "I remember you once said that eating bad food is an insult to yourself. I feel like the food you cooked insults me."

As I said this, I began eating my takeout right in front of him.

He took a bite of his chicken wing and immediately spit it out.

I smirked, "Not so good, huh? Is it because they weren't made by Hailey?"

"Stop bringing her up. I don't have feelings for her anymore. It was just a fling. You'll always be my wife," he said.

"Oh really?" I raised an eyebrow.

He hurriedly added, "She seduced me. I never took it seriously. I was just drunk that day. Otherwise, I would never have slept with her. She's nothing compared to you."

He rambled on for quite a while. I checked the time, thinking to myself, "I hope you can still say that later."

I had set up quite a show, and if he didn't say what I expected, I wouldn't have any drama to enjoy.

Seeing my lack of reaction, Benjamin continued, "Hailey is nothing! We can't let her ruin our relationship. Tear up the divorce papers! I won't finalize it. You're my one and only love."