

# The CEO Romance

## Chapter 1

A splashing of water from the bathroom is the only indication that someone is in there, otherwise, you would have thought that I am alone in the room. Asher has always been quiet, being the president of the gigantic company, the Welty Group, he never wastes his words over nonsense talks, but he is exceptionally quieter than usual today. A bit more occupied. I am now lazily lying in bed, satiated and thoroughly made love to, pondering over his unusual attitude. The universe has pulled its strings and made me a lover of one of the most sought-after bachelors of today's generation, and it's been going on for almost three years now. And for the first time in those years, he showed possessiveness and dominance during love-making. He handled me with aggressiveness which left me confused. But I don't mind though, because, for him, I will offer even my soul.

He hastily went abroad two months ago for these reasons and it was the most agonizing moment of my life. I have missed him so badly but am so afraid to communicate first because we do not have that kind of relationship. I could never express how I really feel for him. I could never care for him the way I have always wanted to. I am bound by the contract we both signed. I can only provide his needs in bed in exchange for money, I have no right to be emotionally attached. But things are never that simple. Being with Asher in the most intimate moments and not falling for him is just impossible. She has seen a side of him that she knew he never showed to anyone else. The man is cold yes, he has to be because he single-handedly runs a large empire and thousands of people depend on him, there's no room for wrong decisions. But he could also be warm sometimes, his eyes sparkle whenever he talks about his company, an indication that he loves his job wholeheartedly. He is passionate, goal-driven, and a very intelligent man. He is everything I dream of and there are those times that I forget my place and hope that maybe, just maybe, he could be falling for me too because I have fallen for him hook, line, and sinker. After all, I am already here, in his bed, and maybe, someday, I can be in his life too.

Suddenly, the bathroom door opened and Asher came out, towel hanging dangerously low in his waist. I marveled at how perfect this man is. He is drop-dead gorgeous and I am well aware that many females of all ages will kill just to be in my place. Well, the contract will come to an end soon, maybe they will have their turn too. But the thought of him being with another woman hurt me so badly that I gasped audibly. This caught Asher's attention and he turned towards me while buttoning his shirt. He continued dressing while staring at me, his face void of any emotions. I will never have the guts to meet his gaze so I just lowered my eyes and bowed my head instead, blushing like a schoolgirl. I thought that, just like he used to, he would quietly walk away and leave me alone in the room with a longing heart. But to my surprise, he sat down beside me and my heart skipped a beat just like it always did whenever he was near. But then, his next words caught me off-guard. With a low, deep voice, he said.

“Heather, this will be the last we will meet each other, let us end the contract here and now.” He calmly said it like it was nothing, like it did not cause my heart to break into tiny little pieces and caused my world to stop spinning. He said it so casually and calmly like he was just telling me about the weather. While I froze and stared at him wide-eyed, my chest was heaving like I was about to die. But of course, all these feelings are invisible in my face. When it comes to dealing with Asher, I never wear my heart on my sleeve. I have been suppressing pains and disappointments ever since I have fallen for him. I learned to master the art of poker face. This one will be the hardest, but she can’t break down now. Asher has been a great help all those years. The money he has given me is enough to restore my mother’s health and he has always been good to me, maybe not romantically, but he was the closest friend I had or so I thought. The least I can do for him is not to be a nuisance and quietly let him go now that he wants out. It seems like my dream about him will not be turned into reality after all. My face is unreadable, yes, but my hands are shaking so I hid inside the covers and waited for him to say more. Oh well, so much for dreaming.

## Chapter 2

I have always known that the contract will somehow end, I just did not expect it to be this soon. Although I accepted it and decided to just quietly let him go, the curiosity still got the better of me and I really wanted to know what drove him to make the decision of ending our relationship.

“Did I do something wrong? Didn’t I satisfy you enough? Why are you suddenly ending our contract? We still got three months, what’s wrong?” I bombarded him with questions while forcing a smile.

However, nothing could ever prepare me for his response. It utterly crashed my whole world.

“I have finally found the girl I have been looking for for a long time now, it would not be right to continue this affair with you.” He answered indifferently. How could he be so calm? Don’t I mean anything to him?

His words were like daggers in my heart, slicing and killing me inside. He was never close to any woman, I was the only lover he had. I never thought that he’d been looking for another one all along. I never would have imagined that there could be someone else. The image of him with another woman brought another wave of pain to me and for the first time, I wished he would just leave me alone so I could release the dam of tears that is threatening to gush out now. I regret asking him stupid questions, I should have kept my damn mouth shut and saved myself from this immense pain.

"Don't worry though, I will give this villa to you as a gift." He said afterward, as if consoling a child whose about to throw a tantrum. Wow, he just added salt to my injuries. Does the pain ever stop? Giving me the villa is like giving me my freedom back, and I do not want it, I just want him. But it seems like he really didn't want anything to do with me anymore, he was even willing to give me this humongous villa just like that to ensure my cooperation.

"Wow, you are so generous! This is a huge house but you are willing to give it to me as a compensation." I teased him just to stop the tears from falling. But he ignored my attempts and looked at me deeply instead like he was aware of the internal turmoil I was experiencing. He reached out his hand and touched my face. The urge to hold it and beg him to take back his words was so strong that I had to close my hands and pull myself together. His touch was so soft and I couldn't believe that it would be the last time that I would be able to feel his touch. He kissed my cheek and whispered his last goodbye.

I smiled and briefly shook my head while looking at him. I have to really look at him now because I will never know when I'll be able to see his gorgeous face again.

"Goodbye, I wish that we will not see each other again," I whispered too, wanting to cause him even just a little bit of pain that I was feeling now. Even if my heart says otherwise. Even if my soul is screaming for me to hold him and never let go. I was sure that he heard it, but I found no trace of reaction. He just withdrew his hand and quietly stood up. I know what will going to happen next. I know that he will walk out the door and I will never have the chance to be this close to him again. But I could not do anything about it. He has his own life outside the contract, a life that I will never be a part of. Now that he finally found the woman he had unexpectedly been looking for, even the contract could not hold him here with me. I lost him. Totally.

Just like I anticipated, he walked out the door without looking back. He did not even spare me another glance. He left without any other words besides goodbye. The moment I heard the door slam close, I burst into tears. I put my hands in my face and started crying my heart out. I let go of the years' pent-up frustrations and pains. I cried for my lost love and dream. I cried for my shredded heart. I cried for my stupidity in letting myself get too close to him thinking that I would never fall in love with him. I cried for my foolishness in falling head over heels for him and even daring to dream of becoming his true love knowing too damn well that it was impossible. I indulged myself and cried until my eyes were dry and I had nothing to cry about anymore, because, I swear, it would be the last time that I would let myself break down. If ever our paths will cross again, I will look at him like how he always looked at me, emotionless. He will never know how I truly felt. It will forever be my secret.

The villa can very well be going to hell, I will not accept it. I have been earning bucks on my own and the only way to forget Asher altogether is to cut any connection I have with him. And I will start by sending my hard-earned bucks to him. I will also start packing my things and leave this villa. I cannot afford to live here anymore, memories of Asher will hunt me if I do accept it. His scent is all over the room, and traces of him are scattered around. I stared at his hanging clothes and felt a lump in my throat again. He just went out not five minutes ago and I am

starting to miss him like crazy. How will I ever survive these coming days knowing that I won't be seeing him anymore? Who could be the lucky girl that he'll be seeing instead? I have not seen her yet and I probably will never see her but I am jealous of her. She got my love. She's living my dream.

I decided to stop crying over spilled milk and move on. I went and collected the things that I bought with my own money and left everything that came from Asher. I will leave this place and start a new life, a life without the gorgeous Asher. I am in love but I am also realistic, I know the line between dreams and reality and right now, I have to start living in the real world, without the brooding Prince Charming that I love so much. Well, not every princess ends up with a prince charming, some of them become the hero of their own lives. I guess I will just be one of those brave and independent princesses. I sighed and continued packing.