



Hector's eyes flashed with shock. His hand holding the doorknob turned pale, and he froze on the spot.

"Hector? Why are you standing at the door?"

Before finishing, Briana saw Maxim, who was standing opposite Hector.

She couldn't help but frown. "What are you doing here?"

Maxim sneered, looking at her coldly, "Is this a bad time? Am I intruding?"

She subconsciously tightened her hands wiping her hair and then said calmly, "You should see the divorce agreement by now. When are you free? Let's go get the divorce papers."

"Briana, I didn't agree to a divorce! Come back with me!"

With that, Maxim reached for Briana's hand. Hector, who was aside, reacted and blocked in front of her.

Maxim looked at Hector coldly and said, "If you don't want to be banned, piss off."

Hector confronted him coldly without fear at all.

"I'm afraid it's not that easy to ban me, Mr. Yoder. Besides, Briana doesn't seem to want to go with you."

Hector had built a lot of connections in showbiz these years. He was confident that he wouldn't be banned simply because of Maxim's words.

With a cold look in his eyes, Maxim took out his phone and made a call.

Just then, Briana, who was standing behind Hector, said, "Maxim, don't drag others into this. Let's talk."

Maxim put down his phone while being more furious. He looked at her coldly and said, "You feel sorry for him already? I just left Bridenville for a month, and you couldn't wait to keep a gigolo? Good for you!"

Ignoring Maxim, Briana turned to look at Hector. "Go inside, Hector."

Hector looked at her worriedly. Yet Briana and Maxim were married, and he had no right to interfere between them.

"OK. Call out if you need anything."

After Hector left, Briana turned to look at Maxim. She was about to speak when he pulled her out.

"What are you doing?"

Briana was pissed off and thought, "Bastard! We're getting a divorce, and he's still so rude. What was I thinking back then? How come I insisted on marrying no one but him?"

Maxim kept a cold face and said nothing. He shoved her straight into the car, got in from the other side, and started the car.

He drove so fast that the car was halfway up the hill in a blink of an eye. Briana looked at him through gritted teeth.

"Let me down! Maxim, what's the point?"

"Seat belt!"

Maxim gripped the steering wheel so tightly that the veins on his hands bulged. Obviously, he was furious.

Briana did not move. She looked at him coldly and said, "When I said before that I wanted to divorce you, it wasn't said in a fit of pique. And I wasn't being unreasonable. I mean it."

An ear-piercing sound rang out.

The black Maybach jerked to a stop on the side of the road. She hit her head hard on the windshield because of inertia.

The intense pain made her frown and gasp.

Before she recovered, she heard Maxim give a sneer.

“You want to divorce me, so you can be with your gigolo? Stop dreaming!”

Briana held her hand to her forehead, her frustration evident. “Maxim, seriously? You’re into Kiley, I’ve walked away. What more do you want?”

He looked cold. “What does this have to do with Kiley?”

Briana chuckled with a sneering look. “How can it have nothing to do with her? Are you saying that she’s not the one you care about?”

She finished speaking, and then neither of them spoke.

After a long time, Maxim looked at Briana coldly and said, “What right do you have to accuse me? At least I won’t betray you. And what about you? You stayed out all night with some other man in his villa!”

“Betray me? What’s your definition of betrayal? Do I need to catch you in bed with another woman for it to count as betrayal?”

“Briana!”

Seeing his angry face, Briana suddenly calmed down. She looked away and calmly said, “No matter what you say, I am determined to divorce you.”

“What if I just don’t agree?”

Briana was slightly irritated. She didn’t want to say another word to Maxim right now.

Sensing her different attitude towards him, Maxim frowned. He was about to say something when his phone rang.

It was Kiley. He glanced at Briana and picked the phone up.

“What is it, Kiley?”

“Maxim, there is a power cut in the villa, and I am so scared... Can you come over and keep me company?”

There was a sob in Kiley’s voice, which trembled slightly.

She was afraid of the dark since she was a child, and she even dared not walk on dark roads and slept with the light on every day. He could imagine how scared she must be, alone in a villa with the power off.

“Don’t be afraid. I’ll be right there. Everything will be fine!”

He hung up the phone and found Briana looking at him sarcastically. For the first time, he explained, “The villa is out of power. I’ll go check on Kiley. Take a cab yourself.”

After a few seconds of silence, he continued, “About the divorce, be realistic. I will never say yes.”

Briana looked indifferent and said word by word, “Whether you agree or not has nothing to do with me. I don’t love you anymore. So, I’m divorcing you whatsoever!”

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