

Chapter 7 He Is An Ungrateful Man

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As Giselle's gaze locked onto Lucian's, her voice dripped with apathy. "What's the point in discussing it now?"

"I've been played for a fool for three years, and you tell me it's pointless to bring it up?" Lucian countered, a bitter smirk twisting his features.

Noticing the tight furrows etched into Giselle's brow, indicating her reluctance to engage further, Lucian turned his attention to Collin, who seemed more uncomfortable by the second. "Mr. Stark, you should leave. We can revisit the project another time."

Never had Collin been so relieved. Nodding vigorously, he said, "Alright. You deal with your matters. We can talk another day. I'll be taking my leave now."

With that, he all but fled from the room, avoiding any further interaction with Giselle.

The two assistants shared a look, then hesitated before silently retreating from the room.

The door shut with a soft click.

Only Lucian and Giselle remained.

Lucian's steely gaze fixed on Giselle as he spat out coldly, "You've truly outdone yourself, Giselle. You've deceived me for three years. How dare you claim that you love me and that all you've done is for my sake? You married me with an ulterior motive, didn't you?"

Ulterior motive?

Giselle was so infuriated that she nearly broke into hysterical laughter.

Had she wanted something from him, she could have leveraged her position when she donated blood to Erin. Yet, she hadn't said a word. And now he had the audacity to accuse her?

Indeed, it was impossible to sway a heartless man!

His ingratitude was staggering. How could she have expected such a man to trust her?

Giselle scoffed, forgoing any explanations. "You've never trusted me. Why would I share anything with you? Since we're divorcing, there's no need to dredge up the past."

Lucian let out another bitter laugh.

No need to bring up the past?

This woman was truly exceptional!

His fists clenched as he said coldly, "Three days from now, I'll meet you at the courthouse, nine o'clock."

Biting her lower lip, Giselle held her silence.

That was fine. Once they signed the divorce papers, they'd have nothing to do with each other.

Bang——

With a forceful push, Lucian stormed out. The door slammed shut in his wake, leaving a shocked Rylee blinking after him. After a moment, she followed him swiftly.

Soon, they were back in the car, Lucian sinking into the passenger seat, exhaustion lining his features.

Rylee hesitated before carefully broaching the subject. "Mr. Clifford, there might be some misunderstanding."

She knew about Lucian and Giselle's secret marriage.

With a turn of the ignition, she eased the car out of the parking lot. In the rearview mirror, she saw Giselle and her assistant leave the restaurant.

As she pondered whether to attempt to persuade Lucian again, his bitter laughter cut her off. "From the very beginning, she hid her identity. Our marriage was a sham. She failed to bring down the Clifford Group in three years, so of course, she'd leave."

Rylee's expression shifted subtly. Something didn't feel right. She hesitated before asking, "After three years of marriage, don't you feel anything for Miss Murphy?"

"My feelings for her?" Lucian chuckled grimly. "Three days from now, I'll divorce her. Then, I'll have nothing to do with her."

His tone was chilling, devoid of any warmth or compassion. Throughout their three-year marriage, he had harbored nothing but contempt for Giselle, and the prospect of divorce felt like a reprieve.

Rylee tried to form words but found herself speechless.

Rubbing his forehead in an attempt to quell his headache, Lucian muttered, "Let's go."

In the end, Rylee remained silent, and they drove off.

By half-past six the next afternoon, a sleek black Rolls-Royce pulled into the yard of the Cliffords' house.

Upon his grandmother's summons, Lucian arrived.