

Chapter 3 The Expensive Divorce

At four o'clock in the afternoon, outside Bloodmoon Church, Ryan stepped out of his Maybach, his gaze fixed on a familiar figure.

Despite coming here to finalize a divorce, seeing Scarlett's stunning red hair stirred up his suppressed emotions.

"You're here?" Scarlett turned to face him. "Let's go in and get this over with!"

Ryan's voice was cold. "Divorce, fine. But my assets have nothing to do with you. Think you'll walk away with half my money? Not a chance!"

He then noticed her expression, and his gray-blue eyes softened a bit. "You can still withdraw the divorce application... It's not too late."

Scarlett sneered at his words.

"Let me remind you, my dear husband. We married at Bloodmoon Church, so we must finalize our divorce here as well because we have to follow the most traditional werewolf laws! The Bloodmoon Marriage Contract is clear! During the marriage, any income either party earns is shared property! Taking half is my lawful right! Or are you planning to defy werewolf law?"

Under the blood moon emblem outside the church, they stood toe-to-toe.

Ryan's voice became harsh again. "So this was your plan all along? Scarlett, I truly misjudged you!"

Scarlett retorted, "Have you ever judged me fairly, Ryan? Caroline is the only one you've ever cared about!"

"Don't you dare mention her! You could never compare to her!" Ryan growled furiously.

"Oh, you're absolutely right!" Scarlett clenched her fists. "I hate being a hypocritical b****h, nor do I like ruining someone else's marriage!"

Caroline's sabotage didn't stop before their wedding.

After Ryan's grandfather passed away, Caroline came back, ingratiating herself with Ryan's mother and sister, even cozying up to the family maid!

She used every trick to become Mrs. Boston, yet Scarlett couldn't stoop to those levels.

But now, she didn't want Ryan anymore.

"Ryan, be a dear and check your email," Scarlett said, her smile icy.

Email?

Ryan frowned and unlocked his phone.

He clicked on the latest email, and a series of intimate photos popped up instantly— pictures of Caroline seemingly holding hands with him and kissing him in a parking lot!

Ryan quickly remembered. This was from a few days ago when he picked Caroline up from the airport...

But they had never been this close!

These staged "intimate photos" were cleverly taken using light and shadow.

But if these fake photos leaked... The tabloids would go wild, competitors would pounce, and Boston Group's stock might face a significant upheaval!

"You followed me?" Ryan's gaze was icy. "Did you send these to anyone else?"

"Don't worry," Scarlett answered calmly. "I have no intention of ruining the Boston Group CEO's reputation. Of course, if the CEO refuses to sign the divorce papers... I can't guarantee I won't accidentally send these photos to TMZ."

A threat!

She dared to threaten him!

Ryan fell silent, his eyes reddening, feeling his knuckles crack as if his claws were about to sprout!

A voice in his head chanted, urging him to shift and tear everything apart!

He loathed being threatened! How could an Alpha tolerate such disrespect?

Yet, looking into Scarlett's rippleless emerald eyes, he wavered and unclenched his fists, calming down.

"Fine. I agree." Ryan said.

"Good." Scarlett nodded.

Since they had reached an agreement, they could proceed with the paperwork.

At that moment, a child's clear voice rang out.

"Daddy! Daddy, come to Disneyland with us, please? Daddy!"

A furry little figure dashed into Ryan's arms.

"Timmy, don't run so fast!" Another familiar voice followed. Caroline, carrying a Berkin, was impeccably dressed. She jogged over from the other side of the street in her heels.

She glanced at Scarlett smugly before snuggling up to Ryan, cooing, "Timmy, don't be naughty. Daddy's busy with work. I'll take you to Disneyland, okay?"

With just a few words, she made herself a considerate mask.

A wave of guilt washed over Ryan.

He had already missed Timmy's birth. How could he miss out on his son's childhood, too?

"It's okay," Ryan said. "Not a big deal. It'll be over soon."

Timmy turned and peeked at Scarlett over Caroline's shoulder.

Scarlett watched the family interaction, her gaze icy.

So, the boy's name was Timmy Boston.

Though Ryan had cheated, the child was innocent. She felt no ill will towards Timmy.

But why did they have to perform this charade in front of her as they were about to end their marriage?

"Mr. Boston, if you want to show off your happy family, you'll have plenty of time later," Scarlett said coldly. "You'd better hurry. The church closes soon."

Ryan's anger flared up again.

Scarlett had never been like this before!

She used to be gentle and understanding, and she never deceived him.

When did she become so mean?

Or had she always been pretending?

Was her virtuous act all for becoming his wife? Did she ever love him at all?

"Fine!" Ryan said through gritted teeth.

Before coming, he had already arranged for the lawyers to handle the asset division.

If she wanted half, she could have it!

He didn't want to be entangled with a deceitful woman any longer!

Then, Ryan pulled a bank card from his briefcase and threw it at Scarlett's feet.

"Here's your share. Three hundred and sixty million. Not a cent less."