

Chapter 2 Thirty Billion Dollars

"What?"

Nathaniel was taken aback by Lucinda's sudden request for divorce. He had no idea what game she was playing after drugging him the previous night.

"What you are up to this time?"

Lucinda shot him a cold look. Even though she was shorter than him, she exuded a powerful presence that almost intimidated him.

"You've always wanted to divorce me, right? Your grandfather forced you to marry me. And now that he's dead, nothing is stopping you from leaving me and being with Eleanor. Don't you want to marry her?" Lucinda's words were blunt and to the point.

Nathaniel's face twisted in disbelief.

Could Lucinda really be so kind as to let him be with the woman he truly loved?

Lucinda looked like she was saying the truth, so Nathaniel snorted and said in a cold tone, "Don't regret it."

She sneered. She had never been more determined. Her mind was made.

"The one thing I wish I never did was marry you."

With a determined stride, Lucinda left the room.

Nathaniel gazed at her in disbelief as she walked away.

He had never seen her act so assertive before. The meek and docile woman he had known had turned tough and resolute

which left him wondering what had changed.

Could it be that she had nothing to do with what happened the night before?

But if it wasn't her, who could it be?

Later that morning, both of them went to the courthouse.

Lucinda dressed in a plain and unattractive outfit while Nathaniel wore a sleek Prada suit. They looked like an odd couple and attracted the attention of many people.

But Lucinda paid no attention to that. She was focused on finalizing their divorce as soon as possible.

Finally, in a few minutes, the marriage which brought so much sadness was dissolved.

Lucinda held the divorce papers in her hand, feeling numb and disconnected from the world around her.

"So this is it. Bye," the man said coldly and left.

Lucinda watched him disappear into the distance without saying another word or taking a second glance at her. He didn't even try to save their marriage. It was as if he had never been there as her husband in the first place.

"He just made it so much easier for me."

She laughed painfully and shook her head.

His cold demeanor had made it easier for her to move on. They were now nothing more than strangers, destined to lead separate lives.

Shaking her head to clear her thoughts, Lucinda made her way forward.

Suddenly, a sleek black Bentley pulled up in front of her.

The car door opened, and an old man with gray hair stepped

out of the car and walked in her direction. He was accompanied by four burly bodyguards.

When Lucinda recognized who it was, she straightened her back and exuded an air of nobility. "My father always seems to be well-informed. I just got divorced, and he already sent you here," she muttered to herself.

The old man—Gilbert Duncan— smiled sweetly, bowed before her and said, "Miss, today marks the last day of your three-year agreement with your father."

He took a moment to stare at the document Lucinda held in her hand.

Putting on a regretful facade, he said, "Looks like you couldn't win him over. If that's the case, you should return to Stastle and inherit the family business, as promised."

Lucinda scrunched up her face, remaining silent for what seemed like an eternity.

Something terrible happened to Lucinda when she was just fifteen. In the end, she lost her memory, and ended up at the orphanage here in Forden. She was later brought back to the Roberts family estate by Logan Roberts after she saved him. Once she came of age, Logan ordered his grandson Nathaniel to marry her.

It wasn't until her wedding night with Nathaniel that Lucinda regained her memories. It was just that at the time, she had chosen Nathaniel over her own father and made a deal to return home after three years if she failed to make her husband fall in love with her.

Lucinda had learned that she threw away three years of her life for a man who didn't have any love for her.

"Mr. Simmons misses you terribly. Please come back with me. Don't continue to infuriate your father. He..."

"Gilbert," Lucinda interrupted, her face becoming even colder as he brought up the past. "He has that woman by his side. The

Simmons family have no need for me anyway. I have more pressing matters to handle here in Forden, so I won't be returning with you."

For the past three years, she had been investigating in secret, trying to uncover who had caused her memory loss and how she had ended up in Forden. After much effort, she had deduced that the person likely worked for the Simmons Group. However, she was still unsure who specifically was responsible.

Lucinda was in a precarious situation, with the enemy lurking in the shadows. It was too risky for her to return to the Simmons family at that point.

Moreover, the thought of going back to live with her stepmother was unbearable.

Gilbert let out a heavy sigh. "Mr. Simmons was right. You still harbor resentment towards him and won't come back easily."

He pulled out a supreme credit card from his wallet and handed it to Lucinda respectfully. "This is your bank card. It has thirty billion dollars in it."

Then, he motioned to the bodyguards standing behind him, and they immediately handed a new contract to Lucinda.