

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

Chapter 1

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce

Day

Bob

Chapter 0001

In the Capital, at the port of Slandon

In the evening, amidst unceasing rain and wind.

“Madison, Sophia is getting a divorce from her husband. Once the cooling-off period is over and she gets her divorce papers, she'll be moving in with me... and then we'll...we'll separate.”

Lucas Brooks had finally voiced the decision he'd been contemplating for what felt like ages.

Madison Clark felt as if she'd been struck on the spot, her heart jumped, then pain spread out inch by inch from her chest, causing her grip on the chopsticks to waver.

“You...you're still in touch with Sophia?” She asked, her voice strained.

It seemed to her that they'd rekindled their old flame behind her back!

So, his recent unusual busyness had reasons. He'd likely been spending time with Sophia.

Lucas Brooks guiltily averted his gaze, then seemed to admit, “I love Sophia. I always have. I can't seem to let her go.”

So, he could easily discard her....

Lucas seemed to think of something then added, "After we divorce, I'll give you a large settlement. Choose any house you want, and I'll

buy it for you. Just don't make things difficult for Sophia."

Madison couldn't help but laugh at his final words, her glistening with unshed tears, "Is that what you think of me?"

eyes

+25 BONUS

"I know you're not like that. That's why I want to make it up to you. Whatever you want, I'll give it to you. Just ask," he said as if it were a matter of course.

How could he say that so easily?

He was willing to make it up to her?

Did that mean, if she caused trouble for Sophia, he wouldn't feel guilty for his deeds?

He'd promised to forget Sophia and lead a good life with her, but

now, none of his words held any weight.

Madison gently put down her chopsticks, trying to maintain her dignity, "If I remember correctly, you promised me six months ago, at grandmother's birthday, that you wouldn't think about Sophia anymore. Lucas, it's only been half a year..."

In just half a year he had...

He was ready to abandon everything for Sophia.

Sophia, who was married and even had a son, he'd rather raise someone else's child than give her a chance.

In that moment, Madison felt as though she'd never known the real

Lucas.

She'd been naive, thinking her efforts could change something.

She'd sensed something off about Lucas for the past six months, but she understood that trust was essential in a marriage, but who could've expected...

+25 BONUS

Seeing Madison silent, Lucas rushed, "Madison, can you forgive me just this once?"

"Boom—"

Outside the floor-to-ceiling windows, lightning danced with thunder, illuminating the living room, revealing the tears in the gentle woman's eyes.

Madison quietly looked at him, her tears soaking her skirt, drop by drop.

The man she loved most was begging her...for another woman.

Begging her to let him go.

Who was going to let her go?

She'd done nothing wrong, yet she was the one who had to bear the cruel outcome.

As the storm raged on, she closed her eyes and swallowed down her bitterness, "I'll let you go, we'll..."

"Divorce."

All her feelings, her efforts, and her defiance were defeated by the word 'letting go.' It felt like a sweeping fan, breaking all illusions and slapping the harsh reality onto the table, just to humiliate her.

Even if she fought to keep this marriage, it seemed pointless. He'd already decided to leave. This talk was a premeditated notification.

Yes, merely a notification.

Upon hearing her agreement, Lucas breathed a sigh of relief, “These past two years, thank you for taking care of everything. Let’s process the paperwork tomorrow, then in a month, you can consider remarrying.”

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+25 BONUS

She numbly affirmed, “Mm-hm.”

Lucas seemed to remember something else, shamelessly

continuing, “Oh, and Sophia told me she doesn’t want to see any of your things around here. If it’s not too much trouble, could you pack up your things a bit earlier?”.

Those words were a slap in the face, waking Madison from her last sliver of hope.

Her efforts to keep their home together were as insignificant as mud in his eyes. He could shape or trample it without feeling any guilt.

Madison felt as if even breathing was as painful as a knife wound.

She clenched her fist and nodded once more, “Okay.”

It seemed pointless to argue any more. The outcome wouldn’t change.

“Our parents, grandmother...” Lucas seemed hesitant.

Madison gave a bitter smile, her gaze had lost all expectation when looking at Lucas, “I’ll talk to them. I’ll tell them I don’t want to continue.

A hint of relief flashed in Lucas’s eyes, he even got up and walked over to embrace Madison.

“Madison, thank you!”

Feeling his embrace, Madison’s tears fell unchecked.

She held back the pain as if her insides were being ripped out, gently pushing him away, “No need for thanks.”

The phone rang, Lucas picked it up and glanced at the screen, then unhesitatingly spoke in front of Madison, “Sophia, what’s wrong?”

“I’ll be right there! Don’t cry!” Ignoring the storm outside, Lucas

+25 BONUS

rushed out.

This was the first time Madison saw him so anxious, but it wasn’t for her.

She had married Lucas because two years ago, Sophia had a spat with him and, in a fit of pique, married another man. Lucas, out of spite, chose Madison for a shotgun wedding.

What Lucas didn’t know was that she had been in love with him since they were in college.

Back then, Lucas was the most popular guy in the finance faculty, and Madison was at the flight academy across the street.

Later, she became a pilot for a national airline. One time, while taking a break to travel abroad after a family tragedy, she ran into Lucas, who was on a business trip. It was a chance encounter that led her to her current predicament.

When they first got married, Lucas said he wanted her to take care of their home. Fresh from the pain of losing her last relative, she had no one else but him, so she let him make all the decisions.

She decisively gave up her career, her position at the national airline that many of her peers envied. Lucas never knew what she used to do, because he never really cared. He never thought that gentle Madison could achieve something big.

After their wedding, Madison took care of everything at home. She personally looked after Lucas’s parents and grandmother.

Only when reality was torn apart did she realize she had been amusing herself in this graveyard-like marriage.

If Lucas had told her from the start that this was a transaction, Madison would never have allowed herself to dream.

Now, she truly had nothing left.

+25 BONUS

She was so foolish.

“Boom—”

The thunder clapped again and again, like a school bell, informing

Madison:

Hey, kid, you're in the wrong class.

But don't worry, class is over now.

Madison, leaning over the dining table, cried until she was hoarse.

It was time to end this lesson.

The lesson Lucas taught her was unforgettable. The dark skies gradually turned pitch black.

After her bout of tears, Madison took a shower, leaving her feeling

listless.

The rain ceased, leaving behind a fresh fragrance from the flowers and plants in the backyard. A gust of wind blew into the balcony. As she heard the sound of the wind, she prepared to close the door.

Just as the lock clicked into place, Madison was swiftly pulled b by a person, his hand around her neck and covering her mouth a

nose.

A thief in the house?

“Don’t make a sound, I won’t hurt you,” the person behind her spoke.

His voice was hoarse to the point of being frightening. It was difficult to discern the tone, but Madison could tell by the position of his arm that he must have been tall.

She quickly composed herself after the initial panic, and nodded slightly, indicating her willingness to cooperate.

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The residual warmth of her lost love hadn’t fully dissipated yet. Madison wasn’t very scared at this point. After all, what else could a person who had lost everything do but throw caution to the wind?

The man was silent for a moment before gradually loosening his grip.

Once she could breathe, she didn’t turn around, guessing that he probably didn’t want her to see his face.

“Help me stitch up my wound.”

Stitch up the wound?

Madison turned her head slightly, her heartbeat gradually calming down.
“Me?”

“Hurry up!”

She finally turned around.

The man behind her had sunk down against a cabinet, his head low. His face was not clear, but half of his left arm was covered in blood, and his right hand also seemed to be dislocated.

It was only then that Madison realized her half her face was also covered in blood. This man must have used his bloodied left hand to cover her mouth earlier.

She casually wiped off her face, and said, “I don’t know how to stitch up wounds.”

If she did, she wouldn't have failed to pass the veterinary certification exam despite wanting to change her career.

The man abruptly lifted his eyes. His gaze was as if he was looking at a dead person. "What are these things used for then?"

This room was full of suturing hooks and other medical supplies.

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Towards her

she responded "Things for stitching

glad and walle

Each of his steps sounded so heavy, the danger gradually approaching, "Stitching pigskin?"

Madison truthfully responded, "They're for stitching pigskin."

Her words surprisingly caused the man to stand up and walk towards her.

Each of his steps sounded so heavy, the danger gradually approaching, "Stitching pigskin?"

+25 BONUS