

# CEO' s Unexpected Wife by Charlie

## Chapter 31

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Elaine did not move, but only stared at the man who suddenly appeared in front of her in astonishment.

Wait, he just said he was Thomas from ZC Entertainment?

"Hmm? Miss Curd?" He raised his eyebrows and looked at her patiently.

Was she impressed by his handsome appearance?

"Sorry, are you Thomas?" She asked uncertainly.

"Yes, I am." He then nodded.

After confirmation, her eyes flashed with shock. "Well, I have something to ask you. Can you spare me a few minutes?"

"Okay."

He readily agreed, then they walked to the quieter area ahead.

The crew members couldn't help but sigh,

"Elaine is really lucky. Many artists don't even have the chance to cooperate with ZC Entertainment. Now this opportunity befell directly to her."

"It feels like she's gonna be famous soon."

Yet Tim looked at them not far away, and there were complex emotions in his eyes.

Oh, lucky? How could it be so simple?

It was her first time filming, and the filming had just begun. It was not broadcast at all. A big company like ZC Entertainment would sign her up?

Unless she knew the boss of the ZC Entertainment.

On the other side, a cool black car parked outside the set on the street. Issac was waiting for the result while dealing with the company's affairs.

Knock, knock

Suddenly, someone knocked on the car window.

He then stopped what he was doing and looked out the window. When he saw the man standing outside the car, he felt a bit shocked. Then he slowly wheeled down the window.

Outside the car window, June looked at him gladly. "Mr. Tort, it's you. Why are you here?"

This was the set of The Arrival of the Empress. He came to see her?

"I came with Thomas as I happened to be free."

He answered simply, then lowered his head and glanced at his watch.

Thomas had been in there for a while. Why hadn't he come out yet?

Seeing that he didn't have much response, she had no choice but to say, "Can I have a chat with you?"

He then raised his slanted eyebrows. "Miss Jasmine, what do you want to talk about?"

"Can you let me in the car first?" She asked.

"It's too stuffy in the car. I'm afraid you might feel uncomfortable."

After that, he opened the door and got off. Then he leaned against the car, keeping a little distance from her.

Wasn't it strange for a man and a woman to be alone in the car?

Looking at the man she admired standing in front of her, she lowered her eyes to hide the joy in her eyes and hesitated, "Mr. Tort, did you participate the auction in PT Club a few days ago?"

"Yes." He nodded coolly.

Her eyes lit up and she pretended to ask calmly, "Did you bid for the limited edition of my first work, Autumn with

10 million?"

Yet his eyes flashed with surprise. Although he didn't know how she knew, he still replied, "Yes."

"Then, then do you... like..."

"I gave it away."

Before she could finish her words, he had interrupted her the next moment.

She then froze slightly. "Gave it away?"

Could she have misunderstood?

"Yes."

It was such a concise answer again.

Right now, her hand, which was holding the handbag, trembled. After hesitating for a moment, she said again, "Mr. Tort, when we first met, you saw the man who was on a blind date with me was splashing water over me, so you stopped him, didn't you?"

Yet he frowned. "Sorry, I don't remember."

Didn't remember?

Instantly, her face turned a little pale.

Usually, people didn't remember because they did it unintentionally.

Did she really misunderstand? Thought that he liked her?

She then took a deep breath. "Mr. Tort, do you have anyone you like?"

"Yes"

While answering the question, he lowered her head to edit the text message and asked Thomas how things going.

"What kind of woman do you like?" She continued to ask.

He then paused slightly, and thought about it seriously for a while before he said, "Someone I can't wait to get close to."

After that, all the expectations in her heart dissipated instantly.

It was obvious that he didn't mean her.

He then put away his phone and looked at her expressionless, who had suddenly become depressed. He even asked, "Is there any other problem? If not, I have to go back to my work."

“No. Sorry to bother you.”

She forced a smile and then walked forward with angular strides.

Yet he did not take another look at her and directly opened the door and returned to the car.

In fact, he knew what she meant, or else he wouldn't have wasted some time answering her questions seriously.

All he wanted was for her to give up.

“Miss Curd, I've answered all your questions. This is our company's contract. If you want to join the ZC

Entertainment, we will welcome you. Of course, just take you time to consider it. If you're sure you want to join, sign the contract and come to the ZC Entertainment to see me. I'll arrange everything for you.”

In the set, after solving some of Elaine's doubts with a serious tone, Thomas handed her a file and a business card.

“Okay. Thank you.”

She then reached out her hands to take them.

Just then, he felt the phone vibrate slightly, and then responded, “I must go now. Please think about the contract.”

“I will.”

After that, she returned to the dressing room after watching him leave.

During the talk, she asked him some questions about the role and why he chose her.

Fortunately, he did not feel annoyed. And he said that he had been to the set and heard someone talking about her. In addition, the director also thought that she was very suitable for the character. So he specially let her take the role. It was to help foster new talent.

Although she felt a little confused, she finally chose to believe it.

Then, after finishing the shoot with the heroine on the set and getting Tim's approval, she delightedly rushed back to the dressing room to remove her makeup.

For the next week, she didn't have to go to the set and had enough time to read the script and prepare for graduation

After removing her makeup, she yawned lazily. From the corner of her eye, she caught a glimpse of her phone screen flashing.

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When Elaine saw the caller id, she quickly answered the call.

“Hello, dad.”

“Elaine, how are you doing?” A steady and rich male voice said.

“I’m fine. What about you?” Elaine answered.

Mr. Curd said, “I’m fine too. I’m going back the day after tomorrow. Take Chris home for dinner that day.”

Hearing this, Elaine’s eyes widened in panic. “What? Didn’t you say that this business trip would last for several months?”

Mr. Curd said, “I finished my work ahead of time, so I can come back earlier. Don’t you want to see your dad?”

Elaine began inventing excuses, “Yes! I miss you so much. But, dad, Chris is abroad on official business. He can’t make it for dinner. I’ll accompany you then.”

At that time, she would need to tell him that she had broken up with Chris.

Mr. Curd said, “Well, that’s fine. I got to go. Remember to go home the day after tomorrow.”

“Okay, I will. Bye.”

With that, Elaine quickly hung up the phone. She felt a headache.

God! Her father was coming back! There was nothing to worry about acknowledging the breakup with Chris. But how was she supposed to say about her marriage to another man!

She had thought that it would be months before her father came back. But he would soon return now and she had no time to let this thing string out. She must talk to Issac right away.

Thinking of this, Elaine picked up her bag and phone and quickly left the set.

[In the Prosperous Mansion.]

A meeting was held in the spacious conference room.

Looking at the document that had just been handed to him, Issac's expressionless face turned gloomy. The others didn't dare to look straight at him.

He snapped the document shut.

The next moment, he smashed it hard onto the head of the planning manager.  
"So, this is your plan?"

"Are you telling me that you spent the whole night plagiarizing other companies' ideas?"

He looked sullen and his tone was cold. No one in the conference room dared to speak.

"You want to destroy the company, don't you? Get back and redraft it! As for you guys, if you don't make strict checks on the plan before sending it to me, pack up and get out of the Prosperous Group! Dismiss now!"

So saying, Issac stood up and made his way to the door. Ian quickly got the computer on the table and then followed him.

Back in the office, Issac hadn't cooled down. In the oppressive atmosphere, Ian did not dare to say anything.

Suddenly, Issac's phone rang.

The ringtone broke the silence.

Issac took out his phone and glanced at it. His cold, calm eyes twinkled with a flicker of merriment and he immediately answered the phone.

"Hello."

"Are you busy now?"

A soft voice came from the other end of the phone.

"No. What's wrong?"

Issac toned down. His anger melted because of the phone call.

She finally took the initiative to contact him.

"Well, although it's a little sudden, we can't put it off any longer. Let's file for a divorce, Mr. Tort."

Elaine's words were like a dagger stabbing fiercely into his heart.

Issac's tender expression froze. The next second, he threw the phone out without thinking.

"Bang!"

The phone fell heavily to the ground and shattered into several pieces.

Ian looked shocked. He stepped forward slightly. "Mr. Tort?"

"Get out and let no one disturb me."

Issac said coldly with a dark face. He lowered his head and his hand holding a pen trembled uncontrollably.

At this moment, he remained outwardly calm, but it was obvious that he was trying hard to suppress his emotions.

Ian had no choice but to leave the office in confusion.

Judging from Issac's reaction to the phone call, it must have been Elaine on the other end of the line.

Issac had looked pleased at first, but all of a sudden he lost his temper and crashed his phone.

What exactly had Elaine said to his boss?

Elaine heard the engaged tone and had to put away her phone confusedly.

She had thought that they would have a good talk, but he suddenly hung up and she couldn't get through to him again.

Before, Issac had said that for some reason, he needed a wife. If they got divorced, it wouldn't be too difficult for him to find a new wife. Why did he keep refusing to talk about it?

After the phone call in the daytime, Issac stayed in the office until 8 pm.

Ian hesitated whether to knock on the door and remind Issac of dinner, but he was worried that he would upset

Issac.

"Kreeen!"

As he was in a predicament, the office door was suddenly opened.

Ian looked at the office door in surprise and saw his poker-faced boss come out with a cigarette in his mouth. He put on his suit jacket while heading out as if he was going home.

Seeing that, Ian had an ominous feeling and quickly followed after.

Issac rarely smoked, but now it smelled like he had smoked a lot of cigarettes.

"Mr. Tort, are you going back to the Splendid Villa now?"

"No. You can get off work now. I'm going to the Night Light Bar to see some friends."

His voice was calm, but it sent a chill down Ian's spine.

The Night Light Bar was the busiest and most extravagant bar in B City, but it was also one of the most chaotic

places.

In the end, Ian was so worried that he decided to secretly follow behind his boss to make sure that his boss wouldn't

have an accident.

The Tort family had asked him to serve as a capable assistant, so he was naturally supposed to be extra careful at such a moment.

Ian didn't know if Issac was in a bad mood or if he noticed that he was followed. As soon as his sports car drove out of the parking lot, it suddenly accelerated and disappeared from Ian's view.

Ian twitched her lips and silently prayed.

He was right to follow him.

"Has he had a major blow? From the moment he came in, he hasn't said a word and has been drinking like crazy. Stop him before my bar goes bankrupt!"

In a luxurious and spacious booth, Issac, with a gloomy face, isolated himself from the others and drank vodka deeply. The number of empty bottles on the table kept increasing.



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"Men are either for money or for women. Look at Mr. Tort. When did he ever worry about money? Now, it must be worried about women."

A few friends beside were speculating curiously.

"Should we choose a few women to ease his worries?"

"But I haven't seen any woman around Issac. Does he like men?"

"Poof!"

Thoms, who was hugging a woman each hand, couldn't help but spit out the wine in his mouth when he heard this, "Ahem, why are you so imaginative? Issac likes women. He just registered for marriage with a woman not long ago."

"Damn it! Really?!"

Thomas kissed the woman beside him and said slowly, "Of course it's true. I've seen the marriage certificate. He cherishes that woman very much."

"So he's having a conflict with that woman now, right?" Edward asked.

Another good friend, Tony, shrugged unhappily, "Even if they have a conflict, is it necessary for Issac to be like this? Who is Issac? He's known for being cold blooded. How could it be like this because of a little conflict?"

As the owner of the Night Light Bar, Mark Cush lazily shook the red wine in his goblet, "As the saying goes, heroes fall for beauties. Speaking of which, how does the woman who marries Issac look? Is she worthy of Issac?"

"She's really good-looking. She hasn't graduated and looks pure."

In the end, Thomas lowered his voice and winked at his three friends.

The three friends smiled evilly at the same time and started to tease, "Is she pure? Issac's taste is really different."

"I wanted to ask that woman last time if she could stand his torment" Thomas lowered his voice again and gossiped.

"Is it because he has held back his desire for too long and acted too rudely every time, and the girl wanted to divorce

him?"

They joked wilfully, but only the word "divorce" fell into Issac's ears.

He was shocked, and his blood seemed to freeze. He froze in his seat. Elaine's words flashed through his mind, "Well, although it's a little abrupt to say that, this can't be delayed any longer. Let's go get the divorce certificate, Mr.

Tort."

"Bang!"

The next moment, a sound of broken bottles came.

They stopped teasing abruptly, and the four of them looked in Issac's direction at the same time.

His eyes were cold and were like a sharp blade as if they would cut the people that his eyes touched into pieces.

The four of them were startled, and the remaining smile on their lips disappeared.

"We, we didn't say anything. Continue drinking" Thomas was frightened and smiled apologetically.

After that, Issac withdrew his gaze and struggled to stand up with one hand on the armrest of the sofa, then walked with difficulty.

As soon as he took a step, he collapsed and fell to the corner of the table embarrassingly.

Seeing this, the others rushed forward to help him up.

"If you want to go to the bathroom, let Thomas accompany you. You have drunk too much, but you still want to try walking by yourself." Mark rubbed his eyebrows helplessly.

"Yes, we will help you." Edward poured a glass of mineral water and handed it over.

Issac frowned uncomfortably. He threw the glass of water on the ground, and squeezed out a sentence from his mouth, "I want to go back by myself"

Thomas pushed him back into the booth and said firmly, "We won't let you drive now."

Mark walked up to him and stopped. Looking at his miserable appearance, he had no choice but to suggest, "Give me your phone. We'll call that woman to pick you up."

Issac pursed his thin lips and leaned against the booth without any response.

Phone?

His phone had been smashed by him. It was impossible for Elaine to pick him up.

Seeing that he didn't say anything. Mark had to look at Thomas, "Look for his phone."

"Okay."

Thomas rummaged through Issac's suit jacket and pocket. There was nothing else but only a sports car key.

"He didn't bring his phone."

"Tsk! Forget it. Who can send him back? I still have to watch the bar." Mark's eyes fell on the other three friends.

"Then I..."

"Mr. Tort!"

Before he could finish speaking, a young man in a suit and leather shoes came to their booth panting.

He finally found Issac!

Night Light Bar was so big. He couldn't keep up with Issac by car. He also walked around in Night Light Bar for a long time.

Thomas's eyes flashed with surprise. He stepped forward and hooked his arm around the young man's shoulder, "Ian! Sure, you brat. I didn't expect you to come to such a place to hang out"

"No, I came with Mr. Tort." Ian said.

Tony pointed helplessly at the drunken Issac and asked, "Why is he like this? Do you know?"

"Mr. Tort dropped his phone after receiving a call from Miss Curd this afternoon and didn't come out until 8 pm."

Thomas was slightly shocked, "Did they really have a conflict?"

"I don't know." Ian shook his head and stepped forward, "I'd better send Mr. Tort back to Splendid Villa now."

Thomas' eyes suddenly lit up as if he had an idea. He quickly reached out and stopped him, "Hey! Wait a minute! Do you have Elaine's number?"

It was in a female dormitory of HY Movie Academy.

At this moment, Elaine, who was sleeping soundly, was woken up by a violent vibration of her cell phone.

She went to bed early but was woken up by a call.

Elaine slid to answer it in a daze, "Hello, who is it?"

"Are you Miss Curd?" On the other side of the phone came a strange magnetic male voice, as well as loud and explosive music.

"Yes, I am. What's wrong?" The woman's voice was a little sleepy.

"Your husband was drunk in Night Light Bar. Please come and take him away now. If you don't arrive in fifteen minutes, we'll throw him out."

After saying that, before she could answer, the other side had already hung up.

"What husband? Prank."

Elaine muttered inexplicably, then put down her phone and turned over to continue sleeping.

The next moment, she suddenly sat up from the bed, her face full of astonishment.

Wait, that man just said that her husband was drunk in Night Light Bar, right?

She did have a husband, Issac...

"It's been ten minutes."

In the spacious and luxurious booth, Edward yawned lazily and looked at the watch on his wrist.

Thomas sighed, "If that woman really doesn't come, we can't see the fun."

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Ian, who was left behind, silently ate the fruit, waiting to take Issac back to Splendid Villa fifteen minutes later.

Even if Elaine was here, how could she be found so quickly in such a big place?

Mark's phone on the table suddenly rang.

Edward picked up the phone first, slid to answer it, and turned the speakerphone on.

"Hello, I'm at the gate of Night Light Bar now. Can you help him out? There are too many people inside." A soft female voice sounded.

They were thrilled. Mark then said, "I'm sorry. I'm busy now. Ask a waiter at the door to lead you in, telling him you are coming to Mr. Cush. He will bring you here."

To their mind, Elaine was a kind woman who treated Issac well. They had thought she wouldn't come because of the fight.

"Okay."

Elaine had no choice but to ask a waiter at the door to take her in.

After going around for a while amidst the loud music, the waiter finally stopped in front of a separate booth.

Elaine immediately saw Issac.

A trace of surprise flashed across her face.

It was really Issac! Why had he come here to drink? Why hadn't he answered his phone?

Elaine walked over and patted him on the face. "Mr. Tort? Mr. Tort?"

There was no response.

He had drunk too much and was asleep.

He was tall and strong, so it was hard for Elaine to get him out. Elaine looked at the waiter who was still standing there and asked, "Um, can you help me get him to the entrance of the bar? I'll pay you."

"With pleasure."

“See? That woman, Elaine Curd, is his beloved wife.”

Not far away, in another booth, the five men were staring in the direction where Elaine and the waiter were helping Issac out.

“She does look a few years younger than Issac. She is more like his girlfriend than his wife...”

“That doesn’t matter. He likes her. Now we are finally sure that Issac is straight.”

“Thank god, she came. I wish them a happy night. We single people can hang out while feeling jealous.”

They chatted, watching Elaine and Issac leave and feeling relieved.

[\*\*\*]

After getting out of the bar, Elaine stopped a taxi and put Issac into the back seat with help of the waiter. After she paid the waiter, she got in the back seat. The taxi then drove away.

“Mr. Tort?”

Elaine called out to him softly, trying to wake him up.

She had been in a hurry so she brought nothing but some change and a bunch of keys.

She didn’t have her ID card, so she couldn’t get a room in a hotel. Issac only had one car key on him. By this time, the door of her dormitory must have been locked, so she couldn’t go back.

She couldn’t take Issac back to Splendid Villa because he didn’t have his key card on him.

Would she and this drunk man sleep on the street tonight?

“Go home.”

Issac murmured beside her.

She suddenly thought of something and said, “Sir, please go to No. 52 QH Road”

She was so smart and suddenly remembered her own home.

Her father wouldn’t come back until the day after tomorrow, so she could let Issac stay for the night.

[\*\*\*]

Soon, the car stopped in a two-story house.

After paying the fare, Elaine dragged him into the yard.

Issac was leaning on her, and he was heavy. After she finally stood still, she took out the key and opened the door with difficulty, but she could not move a single step.

"Mr. Tort, can you hear me? Can you walk in by yourself?"

Hearing the familiar voice, Issac frowned, but his eyes were still closed. He put a hand on the wall beside him and stabilized himself.

Elaine felt as if she had unloaded thousands of pounds of heavy things on her and was relaxed. She quickly walked into the house to turn on the lights.

Then she walked back to the door and dragged Issac into the house with difficulty.

"Are we home?"

Issac forced his eyes open and looked at the room which was small to him.

He frowned, staring blankly ahead, before someone handed a cup to him.

Before he could see the person clearly, he heard a gentle female voice. "This is my home. You can stay here for the night and go home tomorrow."

He raised his head slightly, and the pretty face gradually became clear. He was shocked, and a trace of surprise and happiness flashed in his blank eyes. "E-Elaine? I'm not... I'm not dreaming, am I?"

Amused, she raised the glass again and said, "Drink some water."

Issac took the glass, raised his head, and finished the water.

He was so obedient when he was drunk.

Elaine took back the cup with satisfaction. "Why did you go to the bar to drink? And you didn't bring anything?!"

He thought for a moment and said, "I... was upset."

Why was he upset?

Issac frowned, but no matter how hard he tried, he could recall why he had been upset.

Seeing his confused look, Elaine did not intend to continue asking him anything, so she changed the subject.

"I see, there are rooms upstairs. Can you walk by yourself?"

Issac sitting there began to think carefully about Elaine's words. After a while, he stood up slowly and staggered forward.

Seeing that he was about to fall anytime, she quickly went forward and held his arm.

Feeling the warmth, he got vigilant, but when he saw her familiar face, he let his guard down, as if he believed that

Elaine would not hurt him. He continued walking upstairs with her help.

After arriving on the second floor, Elaine slowly released his arm and walked to open the door of her father's bedroom.

When she turned around to help Issac into the room, he was no longer there.

The next moment, she saw the other door open and quickly walked in.

Sure enough, he, five foot four, fell asleep on her small bed.

Elaine smiled and walked over to take off his shoes. Then, worried that he might feel hot, she took off his suit jacket.

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### Chapter 35

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#### Chapter 35

After covering him with a thin blanket, Elaine stood up and prepared to leave. A big hand suddenly grabbed her wrist, and Elaine's slender body fell backward to Issac, with her face against his firm chest.

"I won't divorce."

A cold and charming voice slowly sounded above her head.

Elaine raised her head in astonishment, but Issac lay at rest with his eyes closed as if he talked in sleep.



(This novel will be daily updated at )Did Issac get drunk because she asked for a divorce?

Elaine was shocked by her guess, then she sat up slowly and tried to relax his grip.

How could Issac be unhappy about the divorce? They got married on impulse at that time.

After successfully moving his hand off her wrist, Elaine quietly left the room.

As the door was closed, Issac opened his slanted eyes and felt the lingering warmth left by Elaine.

His thin lips moved slightly, and he muttered firmly, "Don't even think about it."

The following day, when Elaine made breakfast and went upstairs, there was still no sound in the other room.

She hesitantly pushed the door open and walked in. Issac crouched in the same position as last night on the light pink sheet in the bright room.

It was the first time Elaine had seen him sleeping soundly.

After their first sex, Elaine was in shock after waking up, so she had no intention of admiring the sleeping face of Issac.

Now Elaine felt good to appreciate his appearance.

Elaine pulled a chair and sat down beside the bed. The warm sun shone through the window on one side of Issac's perfect face, and she could see his long eyelashes and the fuzz on his face.

After a time, Elaine unconsciously caressed his handsome face. Even though Issac was thirty, he was still committed and charming.

Elaine was confused that she didn't have the impulse to touch Chris's face when she gazed at him, but she had an indescribable sense of familiarity with her so-called husband.

Her clear almond eyes became blank, and she did not notice that the man on the bed frowned slightly. Issac slowly opened his eyes and met Elaine's vacant eyes.

When Elaine's gaze met Issac for a split second, her heart skipped a beat.

Elaine came to her sense and quickly withdrew her hand. Her face unconsciously blushed with shyness, and she felt embarrassed for her peep.

When Issac saw the narrow room, some fragments flashed through his mind.

After he was drunk, (This novel will be daily updated at )Elaine went to pick him up and brought him here.

A warm feeling welled up in his heart, and his mood, which had been highly gloomy yesterday, eased a lot.

Only Elaine could influence his emotions.

"Wash your face. I'll go downstairs and warm the breakfast."

Elaine didn't know how to react to his burning gaze, so she broke the ice and turned around to the door.

A soft light flashed in Issac's eyes, and he replied softly, "Okay."

After washing up, Issac slowly walked downstairs. On the table in the living room was a bowl of porridge, a fried egg, and ham sausage.

It was perfect for a hangover like him.

There was a slight noise coming from the kitchen. Issac walked over and saw that Elaine was busy cleaning the pots and bowls in the sink, and something simmered beside her.

Leaning against the kitchen door, Issac was absorbed in the slender figure with his heart full of warmth.

Elaine was making breakfast for him, making him feel valued.

Although the environment here was not as good as that in Splendid Villa, he felt the warmth of home here.

After putting things away, Elaine turned around as she took off her apron and met Issac's soft eyes.

She was a little surprised. "Have you washed up?"

"Yes."

Elaine put the apron aside and said unhurriedly, "Then have breakfast. It's on the table."

Issac returned to the round table, glancing at the breakfast for one person size, and asked, "What about you?"

"I've had it before you woke up."

Then Elaine turned off the stove, then poured the contents of the pot into a bowl, and walked out of the kitchen

with it.

"This is the soup for you."

A bowl of steaming soup was placed in front of Issac.

Issac could not hide the joy in his eyes and happily gazed at the breakfast in front of him. "Thank you."

Elaine sat down opposite him. "You drank too much last night. Never do this again."

"Okay."

Issac answered obediently and began to enjoy the breakfast that Elaine had prepared for him.

Elaine propped up her chin with one hand and tapped around on the screen with the other. Finally, she put down her phone and gazed at Issac's handsome face in a daze.

"Are you satisfied with my face?"

Issac said in a cold and deep voice.

Elaine nodded subconsciously.

"If you're satisfied, then don't divorce me, okay?"

Issac felt a sharp pain in his heart when he mentioned divorce.

"What?"

Elaine came to sense and gazed at him blankly.

Issac tightened his grip on the spoon. "I said, don't divorce, okay?"

Elaine frowned awkwardly. "My father is coming back tomorrow. I can't let him know *we're* married."

Elaine's father brought her up, and he was the closest person to her. Her father would be heartbroken if he knew that she got married without consulting him.

So yesterday, when she knew that her father was coming back the day after tomorrow, she could only call Issac and tell him about the divorce.

Issac compressed his thin lips and said thoughtfully, (This novel will be daily updaed at )"But if we divorce, don't you think your father will be sadder?"

Elaine was lost in thought and frowned.

It seemed to come to a deadlock.