

Evershining Stars, Everlasting Love –

Chapter 11 I was divorced

"Fine. I just realize you're sharp tongued. You shouldn't be modeling, you should be hosting a talk show" Jerry Lu said sarcastically.

I ignored his sarcasm. I put together two copies of the divorce papers, signed them without hesitation, and handed them to Jerry. He took the papers, glanced at me, and said coldly, "Why don't you read it carefully before you sign it?"

"I don't mind any terms if I can divorce you." I said coldly. He was holding that beautiful pen, and looked at me for a long time before he signed the divorce papers.

I didn't have children and the house was the Jerry's, so I didn't get any of the property. I had expected this, so I wasn't disappointed.

We went to the Civil Affairs Bureau to finalize the divorce. Then I stopped a taxi, pulled my luggage, which was already prepared, and got into the car and left.

I rented a small apartment through an agent. It was a very simple bachelor pad, which was on the twelfth floor. It had a river in front of it and nice greenery. I liked the place a lot.

When I moved in, I spent all my savings on furniture and what was left was only enough to cover my living expenses for a month.

The only thing I had to do now was to find a job. I used to do modeling.

I might have a little experience in facing the camera, but I had no experience with any other job. So I posted my resume online, looking for clerical work.

As for the housework, I rarely did. Now I had no maid to clean and cook for me, which was really hard for me to adjust to. I looked at the dusty house and did my best to clean it.

After the divorce, I didn't call my family. I was afraid that they would blame me for not cherishing my previous wealthy life. They only know that the Mo family had received so many favors from the Lu family, but they didn't know the sadness behind the marriage.

After I finished mopping the floor, my back hurt so much that I couldn't straighten up and I slumped right into my chair. That was when my phone rang. I looked at my phone and it was Vince calling.

The divorce was all thanks to Vince, but I had forgotten about it.

I didn't know how to answer his call. His words "I want you" was clearly in my ears.

Finally I answered it.

"Where are you now?" Vince asked.

"My new home." I replied bluntly.

"My phone number is my WeChat ID. Add me as a friend right now and send me your location." Vince ordered me overbearingly and then just hangs up the phone.

Then I logged in WeChat. I was hesitant to add him as a WeChat friend. Was Vince coming over? Was he trying to get me to pay him back for the favor I owe him? I held the phone for a long time, wondering what he was going to do.

Actually I knew one thing. If Vince wanted to find me, he could find me easily. But if he found me instead of me telling him my address, then it seemed that I didn't keep my word.

Eventually I sent a friend invitation, and then sent him my location.

I didn't expect him to be at my door in half an hour. When there was a knock on the door, I looked at it in panic, my body shaking. I gathered the courage to go up to the door. As soon as it was opened, Vince looked at me faintly and smiled.

I smiled awkwardly and whispered, "Please come in."

Vince walked slowly into the house, looking around.

I closed the door softly, just in case some noise would affect him. I leaned quietly behind the door and watched him. Suddenly I thought about the night I'd spent with him at the hotel and my face immediately flushed.

Would Vince like me? He was so perfect. How could he take something like a relationship seriously?

I had been married and had been taken advantage of once, why was I still so naive? That night was nothing more than a deal.

I should stop daydreaming. I couldn't waste my time anymore.

"What's on your mind?" Vince suddenly asked me. I shook my head, and asked, "What do you want to drink?"

Then I felt I was so silly. There was nothing to drink at my home but water.

I immediately said again, "I'll get you a glass of water."

With that said, I was about to walk into the kitchen. When I passed Vince, he grabbed my wrist. I stopped and looked at him, puzzled.

"I'm not thirsty." He looked at me. I can't read what he was thinking.

"Mr. Yi..." I wanted to ask him why he helped me get a divorce. Was it because of that night, or would it be something else?

"Just call me Vince." he said.

I hesitated, and I didn't call his name affectionately. We didn't know each other so well yet.

I smiled unnaturally.

"I want to hear you call me by my name." I looked at Vince in surprise when he suddenly made the request. However, I still didn't call him that.

"Can I call your name next time?" I made an excuse quickly. And his hand kept tugging at me.

"You seem to have forgotten something." Vince said. He looked at me faintly.

I didn't need him to remind me. I knew exactly what I'd promised him.

He'd said he wanted me. At the time, I'd promised him that in order to get rid of Jerry as quickly as possible. Now that he reminded me of it, I was embarrassed.