

When It All Fell Apart Chapter 06

Faced with Ashton's aggressive questioning, I was beyond the mood to argue. He never believed he had done anything wrong.

"A divorce paper can be printed a hundred times in a minute. Avoiding this won't help."

In a fit of anger, he rose from his chair with such force that it crashed to the ground. Then, like a restless dog, he paced back and forth trying to calm himself down.

"Honey, if this really bothers you, I can write a guarantee or a will, promising I won't acknowledge Ruby's child or let them inherit any of my assets. That should make you feel better about that, right?"

I sighed deeply. Why could he not understand that while money and assets could be explicitly defined in writing, feelings could not simply be dismissed like that?

How would it feel to watch a child grow up, seeing their likeness to him? After all, blood was thicker than water. How could he think it would not affect me?

If I could still trust him, I would truly be the biggest fool in the world.

"Ashton, I don't care who you choose to love for ten years, who you want to have children with, or who gets to spend your money.

Best gifts for your loved ones

"I loved you for eight years, even putting up with your complicated relationship with Ruby, thinking I wouldn't survive without you. But now I see clearly that you're not that important to me.

"The only reason I want a divorce is that my heart is dead; I no longer love you. It's that simple. Do you understand?"

As I spoke, I remained calm and rational. I was not begging or crying like I used to, nor was I losing my mind with jealousy.

Ashton, having realized something had changed, was genuinely rattled and confused. In the end, he made some excuse about needing to deal with work and fled.

I could not understand his reaction as he had never valued what we had. Would it not just be better to divorce me and be with Ruby? Or did he enjoy having a devoted wife at home while pursuing his high school sweetheart? Did that make him feel accomplished?

I packed my things and placed the new divorce papers on the table, leaving a note saying I intended to move out.

Honestly, I had no idea where to go. My parents lived far away in our hometown, and after resigning. I gradually lost touch with my college friends and coworkers.

Just when I was feeling lost, the elevator doors opened and out stepped Will.

“Clara? Why are you dragging a suitcase with you?”

I hesitated for a moment but decided to share everything that had happened over the past few days with him

“Huh,” Will mumbled. “I have a small apartment available. If you don’t mind, you can stay there for a while.”

“Really? That would be great! I can pay rent at market price, but can I have a few months to get settled?”

“... I need to find a new job. I might not have enough cash on hand right now.”

Will stepped forward and firmly took my suitcase and backpack from me.

“Don’t be so formal with me. By the way, Clara, do you have any plans for job hunting?”

I shook my head. After being away from the workforce for two years, I felt uncertain. However, Will suggested that I tried applying to his company, offering to put in a good word for me as a referral.

“Really? Will, thank you so much! If I get hired, dinner is on me!”

The interview turned out surprisingly smooth, and just a week later, I officially started working.

In the meantime, Ashton had been relentlessly calling and messaging me. I ignored him completely, and after being bothered one too many times, I decided to block him. The reason I had not deleted his contact was that I still needed to finalize our divorce.

I had no idea how Ashton found out where I was working, but he switched tactics and began harassing me in a different way.

Today, yet another bouquet of flowers and a fancy afternoon tea were delivered to my desk. I told Ashton I would just throw those things in the trash and suggested he not waste his money or effort.

He responded quickly: [No problem. They’re for you, so you can do whatever you want with them.]

He even started posting on social media daily, sharing his thoughts about choosing the flowers, along with some cringe-worthy captions

[Flowers bloom every year, and I hope our love can blossom again.]

[What does six years of marriage mean? I enjoy the feeling of pursuing my wife all over again.]

A few times, he even waited for me outside the office building to pick me up after work. To avoid him, I had to hop into Will's car in the basement parking. As for the flowers, I ended up not throwing them away. Instead, I gave them to my coworkers.

Today, one of the women who took the flowers was gushing about how envious she was.

"Clara, can you give me some advice on how to get men like that? You have a devoted handsome guy waiting downstairs, while the chairman's son here drives you home!"

I was taken aback for a second. The chairman's son? Who?

My coworker looked surprised. "Will Young! He gave the order to hire you. How could you not know?"