

Madam-Is-Asking-For-Divorce

Chapter 1

"Brooklyn Alston! What were you doing, drugging me?" A furious voice resonated through the room as Brooklyn's eyes fluttered open, her throat instantly gripped by a powerful force. Staring into a man's bloodshot eyes, his countenance dark and menacing, she felt her cheeks redden and her breath seize in her throat.

"I... I didn't," she stammered, but Mateo Bagetto's rage remained unyielding. "Who else but you would dare?" His contempt was palpable, his words laced with biting sarcasm. Brooklyn's face paled, yet she swiftly regained her composure. "Drug you? Many people could have done that, not just me."

His grip tightened at her words, his face growing even darker. Just as she felt her consciousness slipping, an opportune knock on the door interrupted them. "Sir, Ms. Bella Alston is here," announced the butler, Wylder Acorn. Mateo's expression shifted at the name. He released Brooklyn abruptly, his face twisted in disgust. "Stay away from me. You disgust me."

Freed from his hold, Brooklyn sucked in much-needed breath. She flashed a triumphant smile. "You may find me disgusting, but you had no choice but to marry me, didn't you?" Her words were met with the harsh sound of the door slamming shut. With Mateo out of sight, Brooklyn's smile faded.

It was only their second day as husband and wife, and already she was subject to his violent outbursts, and she knew this was just the beginning of a challenging journey. Looking at her own reflection in the mirror, she scoffed at her predicament. She then covered the red mark on her neck with a silk scarf and headed downstairs, ready to face what awaited her in the living room.

Bella Alston stood before Mateo, holding a box with tears in her eyes. "Mateo, these are all things that you gave me before. I've always treasured them. Now that you are married, it seems inappropriate for me to keep them. However, I don't want to throw them away, so I can only give them back to the owner."

Mateo stood opposite her, frowning as he received the box. "Bella..." Bella lowered her head, wiping away her tears. "Mateo, you don't have to explain anything to me. Maybe we weren't right for each other. Let's just be friends from now on."

"Huh? What kind of friend? Are we talking about a romantic relationship?" Brooklyn's voice unexpectedly rang from upstairs, breaking into the ongoing conversation. As Bella looked up, she found Brooklyn leaning against the railing, observing them with keen interest.

Brooklyn's features were delicate, and her smile was striking. The red top she wore accentuated her beauty in an indescribable way. Bella vividly remembered the Brooklyn who left Meridiania three years ago, with short hair and a somewhat casual style. The transformation was astonishing.

"Brooklyn, don't be upset. I'll maintain a distance from Mateo. This visit is the last time I'll come to see him," Bella reassured, stealing a cautious glance at Mateo, who seemed entirely focused on Brooklyn and oblivious to their conversation.

Brooklyn, unfazed, offered a faint smile and threw a sidelong glance at Bella. "If you truly want to keep your distance, why return his things? It almost seems like you're using these old items to rekindle his past affection for you, doesn't it?"

Bella was momentarily stunned by Brooklyn's comment, panic flickering in her eyes. She looked over at Mateo, hoping for a reaction, but his attention remained fixed on Brooklyn as if he couldn't hear their discussion.

"Brooklyn, you know that's not my intention," Bella tried to clarify, but Brooklyn continued with her pointed remarks. Frustration crept into Bella's expression.

Brooklyn added, "Since you played a role in separating Mateo and me, I hope you'll treat him well going forward. No need to repeat past mistakes."

In Meridiania, Brooklyn had a less-than-stellar reputation before going abroad. Rumors circulated about her messy personal life, with speculations about her departure driven by a pregnancy scandal. The leaked hospital report intensified public scrutiny as it revealed uncertainty about the baby's parentage.

Bella's words triggered a change in Mateo's expression. No man wanted his wife associated with derogatory rumors. His icy gaze fixated on Brooklyn.

"Where's the baby?" Mateo's voice cut through the tension, making Brooklyn momentarily stiffen. However, she quickly regained composure, a faint smile playing on her lips.

"What? Already eager to embrace fatherhood?" Brooklyn responded with a hint of sarcasm, causing Bella to look concerned, as if defending Mateo.

"Brooklyn, how can you still be so confident?" Bella questioned; her disbelief etched on her face.

Throughout the exchange, Brooklyn maintained a calm demeanor, her face betraying no emotion. She cast a faint glance at Bella and spoke softly, "Certainly, I can be confident in front of you."

Understanding the underlying meaning of Brooklyn's words, Bella's expression shifted slightly. She then turned her gaze towards Mateo, looking at him with a pitiful expression.

"Mateo, I just want to leave this place now. Can you send me back?" she pleaded.

Without uttering a word, Mateo shot a sharp look at Brooklyn, took Bella's hand, and moved to leave. However, the security guards at the door intervened, attempting to stop them.

Mateo's face darkened at the interference, and he snapped coldly, "Get lost." The guards, despite Mateo's aggression, hesitated to retract their hands without Brooklyn's command, being part of the Alston family's security detail.

Brooklyn approached with a smile, standing next to Bella. Seeing their intertwined hands, she spoke with a teasing and contemptuous smile, "Bella, care to explain your intentions? Are you trying to seduce your cousin's husband? If you wish to stay with Mateo, I won't object."

Bella, sensitive to Brooklyn's taunts, immediately broke free from Mateo's grip, causing his expression to darken further. After a brief pause, Brooklyn continued with a smile, "Don't forget, we have to return to your grandparents' house for tea in the afternoon. Come back early."

With that, the security guards at the door released their hold. A group of Mateo's men approached, ready to assist him. As Mateo drove Bella back, silence enveloped the car, broken only by Bella's soft voice.

"Mateo, did I... do something wrong?" she inquired.

Mateo glanced at her; his voice gentle but resolute. "Bella, I've told you not to get involved with her. I don't want you to get hurt." He paused before revealing, "My marriage to her is temporary. Once I uncover the truth, I'll divorce her, and we can be together."

Bella listened silently, tears rolling down her face. She nodded in understanding. After dropping her off at her apartment, Mateo swiftly dialed a number, issuing instructions. "I'll be at my grandparents' house tonight. Find a way to distract the guards in the basement. I need to get inside." His tone was icy, his gaze unwavering. With that, he drove off towards Elmwood Chateau.