

## He Laughed at My Divorce—Now He Begs at My Door

### Chapter 2 | He Laughed at My Divorce—Now He Begs at My Door



Marcus took a few bites of breakfast but frowned.

It wasn't bad—just not to his taste.

Alijah shuffled in, rubbing his eyes. When he saw the clock, his face crumpled in panic. "I'm going to be late for school! Why didn't Mom wake me up?"

Silence greeted him.

His little face puffed up with frustration, and his short legs hurried toward the kitchen. He bumped into Gina, who was busy at the counter.

"Oh dear, young master Alijah, be careful! It's fine if I fall, but what if I hurt you?"

"Where's mom?"

"She's probably gone to work."

"Oh, awesome! If she's not here, being late doesn't matter. Gina, I want a pork floss sandwich!"

"Of course, dear. Let me sprinkle on the pork floss."

"This pork floss tastes weird!"

"Impossible! I just bought it from the store this morning."

"I want the kind we used to have!"

"But we ran out of that kind. Madam used to make it herself. I don't know how to."

"Alijah, are you full?"

Gina watched as the boy stomped off angrily without touching the sandwich.

Confused, she turned to Marcus, who had put down his fork and was getting ready to leave.

"Mr. Wilson, wait!"

Gina slapped her forehead, suddenly remembering. "There was a document for you on the dining table earlier."

She opened a nearby drawer and pulled out a file folder.

As the housekeeper, she hadn't dared to peek inside and had no idea what it contained.

Marcus frowned. He rarely left important documents outside his study.

Could it be Gemma's?

He took it without a word, opened it, and scanned the contents.

A bold title jumped out at him: Divorce Agreement.

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For the first time since her marriage, Gemma woke up naturally.

When she opened her bedroom door, she saw her best friend Cali had already prepared breakfast. Beside the plate was a note:

"Sweetheart, this too shall pass. Brighter days are ahead."

Next to the note, a sandwich smiled back at her with a face drawn in ketchup.

Gemma's heart warmed, and tears almost spilled over.

She and Cali had grown up as two small-town strivers. Gemma had been roped into becoming Mrs. Wilson, while Cali soared in her career, now a corporate executive earning millions annually.

Despite their different paths, their bond had remained steadfast.

After finishing breakfast, Gemma's phone rang.

"Mrs. Wilson, may I ask why Ali was late today? You didn't drop him off, so I wanted to check."

"Ms, Ali's father and I are in the process of divorcing. Please direct these concerns to him from now on. My apologies."

"But you're still Ali's mother..."

"He'll probably have a new mom soon."

The teacher fell silent, awkwardly ending the call.

Gemma didn't care. She'd already resolved to let go and was ready to face whatever consequences came her way.

She hopped on her bike and headed to work. It wasn't about saving money—her house was close to the hospital, and traffic jams made cycling faster.

After the morning meeting, as she left her office, someone suddenly grabbed her arm and pulled her into a stairwell.

Panic rose in her chest, and she almost screamed for help until the familiar scent of cedar calmed her.

"What are you doing?" she asked sharply, yanking her arm free from Marcus's grip.

Marcus's expression was as dark as a storm cloud. "The divorce papers!"

"Ah. So you'd gone home last night."

A flicker of discomfort crossed his face.

She had said she'd wait until ten, but he hadn't taken her seriously.

In the past, no matter how late he returned, she would always wait. If he'd been drinking, she'd stay up to prepare him hangover soup.

"You want a divorce? Why?"

"You really don't know?"

Her words left Marcus momentarily speechless before he sneered. "All because of that photo?"

Gemma froze.

So in his mind, the cracks in their marriage boiled down to a single photograph?

Her tone turned colder.

"Yes, just because of that damn photo."

Marcus clenched his jaw, clearly frustrated.

“That’s ridiculous. Mabel only took Ali to relax after his classes. She was doing it for his good. That photo was just a mistake by the photographer—what’s there to make a fuss about?”

Gemma felt a wave of exhaustion.

She’d discussed this with him countless times—Ali could relax, but only after completing his schoolwork.

And yet, in the past few years, every time she took Ali out to play, Marcus had never joined them.

At first, he’d offer half-hearted excuses. Later, it just led to arguments.

“Admit it,” Marcus said, voice sharp. “You just don’t want Ali spending time with Mabel.”

Gemma took a deep breath. “That’s why I included it in the divorce agreement—I won’t fight for custody. I’ll let you have your little family of three.”

Her decision hadn’t been impulsive. She’d made up her mind a week ago.

That day, it was her mother-in-law’s birthday. The Wilson family mansion had invited half the city’s elites. Gemma’s colleague had been injured and couldn’t perform a critical surgery, so she’d stepped in.

The operation lasted eight hours. By the time she arrived home, utterly drained, the party was already in full swing.

Barbara’s face darkened the moment she walked in. “Why are you here?”

Gemma didn’t even know how to respond.

After enduring six or seven years of cold treatment, she’d long since stopped resisting.

She quietly handed over the pearl necklace she had carefully prepared.

Barbara’s expression grew colder. “I’ve already received a Tahitian pearl necklace of much better quality. You might as well keep this one.”

Mabel appeared then, linking arms with Barbara, her face full of regret.

“I’m so sorry, Gemma. I didn’t know you were planning to give pearls too.”

Gemma was used to being treated poorly, but Mabel’s words made it seem like she was the one causing trouble, turning her into the villain.

Marcus intervened, his voice harsh. “What does this have to do with you? She kept her gift a secret—how could anyone know?”

Gemma’s face turned pale as the scolding humiliated her in front of the crowd.

Mabel immediately teared up. “I shouldn’t have come. I’m ruining your family’s evening.”

Barbara waved her off. “Nonsense! You’re like a daughter to me—closer even. If you didn’t come, I’d be heartbroken!”

“But I’m afraid Gemma might feel upset...”

Marcus’s glare darkened as he looked at Gemma.

“If you’re feeling unwell, you should’ve stayed at the hospital. Why come back at all?”

Gemma wanted to explain, but Alijah suddenly ran over, wrapping himself around Mabel’s leg.

“Maya, don’t go! Let Mom leave instead. She’s awful!”

At that moment, Gemma felt as though her heart had been pierced. She was in agony but completely numb, unable to react.

She had done nothing wrong. She hadn’t said a word.

And yet, she was treated like a villain—a stain everyone wished would disappear.

For a long moment, she stood frozen.

But this time, she didn’t cry or beg for Marcus’s understanding. She didn’t plead for fairness.

Instead, she clenched her fists and spoke coldly. “Ms. Johnson, don’t leave. If anyone needs to go, it should be me.”