

### 3; Let's get divorced.

Chapter Three- "Let's get divorced".

Isabella Montague.

It's not like I'm blind, well, in a way, I am.

I know I've been treated no less than dirt in this family, no less than a maid if I'm being honest for three years yet I still suck it up every single time because of James. It's not I don't feel offended, I do. I just choose to turn a blind eye to it because regardless, I have him at the end of the day. But, suddenly, I'm not so sure after all. Not after what happened.

I was too stunned to even react to what he said, and I wasn't given any chance to recover before Ma stepped in, redirecting them all to the dining room—no doubt to ease the tense air between I and James. And so, they all left me alone with my thoughts that I'm trying to put together.

I obviously had no space to go and join them for the dinner, not that I have any interest in it so I dragged my heavy limbs and made my way back to our room, where I settled on the couch that has become my closest companion in the house.

I was too stunned to react, and I had too many thoughts in my mind to pick out one and dwell on it. So, I simply remained in my position with my knees brought to my chest, simply staring at the empty space for what felt like hours.

Eventually, when the night grew older, I felt the door creek open and without even turning around, I knew whom it is. I didn't move an inch from my position as I heard his heavy steps take further steps into the room.

From the corner of my eyes, I saw him drop his briefcase on the bed, then he settled beside it and silence ensued for what felt like eternity. Neither of us spoke for the minutes that dragged, till he broke it.

"We need to talk."

I sighed, then icked my narrowed gaze in his direction, not saying a word. I have too much to say, but I'd let him go rst because I don't even know where to start. James sighed as well, looking around for a brief second before he met my gaze again. I don't know what I was expecting, but it certainly wasn't the words that left his lips.

"Let's get divorced." He declared, his tone holding no trace of lark whatsoever.

My eyes widened, and my lips parted. The earlier shock I was in that I couldn't get out of was suddenly no longer there, and instead, I was replaced with another shock but for an entirely different reason. I no doubt was gaping like a sh. "W...What?" I know what I heard, and I heard him clear as day and yet, I wished it's some sick joke.

James's expression didn't falter in the slightest, he held my gaze dead in the eye, then repeated those heartbreaking words. "Let's get divorced, Isa." His hands intertwined in front of him. "I can't do this anymore. I can't live with you as my wife anymore."

I blinked, shaking my head slowly as I dropped my legs to the oor, my hands resting limb by my sides. "You don't mean that..." I shook my head, in a phase of complete denial. I could feel tears welling up in my eyes, but they were yet to fall. "...you certainly don't mean that, right?"

"Isa, do I look like I'm joking?" He doesn't. He was never one to joke around, whatever he says is rm like steel. He wasn't one to laugh, or do all those vanilla things in a relationship. He's brooding, and cold. But, I love him that way.

I swallowed thickly, my heart chirping away. "No, but..." I hated how small my voice sounded. "...James," I pushed myself off my spot, then made my way to stand in front of him. "did I do something wrong? If I did, please tell me and I'd change. Am I too fat? I'll slim down, I promise I would." I remember him complaining on more occasions than one that I'm too fat.

So, I cut my meals down to one meal a day, just so I can be the type of slim woman he wants. I guess, I've been careless these days, even going for three meals a day because he doesn't complain anymore.

But, apparently, I'm still fat. I'd go back to eating just vegetables if I have to, no calories whatsoever. The woman he was with earlier, she's slim and beautiful, unlike me. I'll become like her if I have to.

James closed his eyes, turning his head to the side.

"James," I called out softly. "Please don't do this to me, to us..." The tears that welled up in my eyes earlier on came cascading, but I had no strength I me to wipe it. Not when my heart hurts way too much. "I'll be more tolerant, I'll be better. Just tell me where I lack and I'll--"

"JUST SHUT THE f\*\*k UP!" He screamed, making me halt almost immediately because he had never raised his voice at me. I'm honestly stunned.

My eyes dilated, as I stared at the man that resembles the man I've loved since highschool, the one I've given my heart to and devoted to since I was a teenage girl, and at that moment, he embodied a man I don't know.

James glared at me, as he got on his feet—his face lled with rage. "Just shut the f\*\*k up, Isa." He gritted out, the veins in his forehead popping out. "Do you want to know what I can't stand? You. Your pathetic self. You're stupid, Isa, you've always been. I mean, just look at you." He gave me a onceover, then went ahead to scoff. "You're the denition of an i\*\*t, Isa. Can't you see that?"

His words, they felt like daggers aimed at my heart. With every sentence that leaves his lips, my heart broke even further. I had no words, I could only stare at him awestruck, wondering where this side of his has always been that I somehow couldn't see before.

This isn't the man I loved, he isn't the man that loves and married me. This isn't him.

He then pointed a nger at me, his face red with repulsion and evident disgust. "I have never loved you, Isa. Not once." He declared, as if knowing the thoughts in my mind.

He...what? If I thought my heart was chirping away before, then it had shattered completely now. He never loved me?

I swallowed down bitterly, then forced the words that sounded foreign to ears out. "You never loved me?" Then was everything a lie? The marriage, the kind acts of his during our early days, the small acts that kept me going through all these years. "You never loved me, James?"

"Never." He repeated, staring at me dead in the eye. "I thought I could, but I can't feel a shred of love or anything towards you. You're not just an i\*\*t, you're more. I mean, look at us, Isa. Look at yourself, look at your status and look at mine. Do you think we're compatible?"

"Oh," My mouth formed an 'o', wondering where those words came from. So, this is where he's coming from now?

He sighed, running a hand down his face before he met my gaze again. "I cannot be with someone like you, it's as easy as that. I associate with big people now, and the woman that's supposed to be by my side is supposed to be someone betting of such world. Not someone like you from the countryside." He spat the last part with disgust.

Then he leaned down, and picked out a paper from his briefcase, handing it out. "--Just sign the papers while I'm being nice. Write down the price you want as alimony, as much as you want, I'll give it to you for your service to my family all these years."

All the buried anger I've been keeping in me surged through my veins, but as much as my heart hurts and I yearn nothing but to cry my heart out, I know he's not worth it. So, against my heart breaking apart, I collected the pen and paper from him, then signed it before throwing the paper at him.

This time around, I held his gaze, taking a step closer to him as I wiped away my tears, dropping the innocent doe act that sucks up all the s\*\*t thrown at her. "I don't need your change." My voice was low, but I'm sure it rang loud. I then gave him a onceover, and added. "You keep it. You look like you'll need it more."

I could see his face contort more into that of anger but I couldn't care less. I turned around, picked up my phone and wallet which held all the essentials I could possibly need, then stormed out. In the living room, the other members of the family were there, and the moment they saw me, their curious gazes followed me.

I nearly scoffed, because it only meant one thing. They are aware. And they are waiting to see me walk out in shame from being divorced. It's almost appalling how they sported looks that showed they were happy about this. The only one with an expression different is Ricky, but I couldn't care less to pick anyone out.

They are all the same, and I've been fed enough s\*\*t by them all these years. I've tolerated it for too long.

I threw them a small glare, the ignored them and walked out.

My ngers move adeptly across the screen as I tapped the rst number on my emergency dial. Tears glossed my eyes again but I blinked it back, reminding myself that I've shed enough tears for someone so unworthy.

Bringing the phone to my ears, the person on the other end picked up after the second dial. I cleared my throat. "Hey," I called out. "It's me."