

Chapter 1

Gareth Wickam finally came home after the dinner had gone cold.

Smack! He tossed a divorce agreement before Elisa Benett.

“Your cousin is awake, and I have promised her that she would be the only Mrs. Wickam in her lifetime.

Elisa, it’s time to sign the agreement.

We are getting a divorce.” Since Elisa’s cousin had regained consciousness one month ago, Elisa expected this to happen eventually.

Still, she looked up at him and asked bitterly, “You still don’t believe me?” Gareth sneered and said, “You have always been a greedy and vain woman.

Why should I believe you? Elisa, don’t make me repeat it again.

Sign the agreement, and this villa is yours.

This is my parting gift to you!” Ha... Elisa’s eyes flashed with mockery.

Does he think he is showing me mercy by not making me leave with nothing?

She picked up the divorce agreement he threw at her and saw that he had already signed at his signature block.

Elisa’s breath stuck in her throat.

Her eyes felt a little warm from tears.

However, she soon regained her composure and looked at him.

“Did Grandma agree? “What makes you think Grandma is able to support you forever?” Gareth looked at her coldly.

“You know why we got married in the first place.

Elisa, don't be greedy.

You will only make me hate you more.” Elisa sneered.

“Hatred and even more hatred.

Is there any difference?” Gareth's face suddenly turned fierce.

“Elisa!” Elisa took a pen.

“Fine, I'll sign.” Since Elisa's cousin regained consciousness, she had sent Elisa numerous photos of her being intimate with Gareth.

They clearly desire each other.

What is the point of me clinging to this marriage? Thus, Elisa crossed out the term about Gareth gifting her a villa and quickly signed her name.

There was no hint of hesitation.

With that, Elisa's marriage of three years came to an end, and she found herself free.

Then, Elisa returned the divorce agreement to Gareth and said indifferently, “Give me an hour.

I will pack my things and leave.” Gareth pursed his lips and glared at her.

“This villa is yours.

You don't have to move out.” “I don't need it.

You lived here, so...” Elisa chuckled before enunciating each word, “It is dirty.”

“Elisa!” Elisa ignored Gareth's anger and appeared as her usual docile self before pushing him out of the room.

An hour later, Elisa came downstairs and found that Gareth had already left.

She suddenly looked at the men's Rolex watch in her hand.

It was the present she had prepared for his coming birthday.

Now, it was an eyesore.

Splat! The watch was worth more than one million, but Elisa threw it into the trash can without hesitation.

Then, she breathed in and accepted that her three years of love had been wasted.

From now on, I will only live for myself! Then, she left the villa and hailed a taxi, telling the driver to send her to her own villa.

She had bought this villa a few years ago.

Since she was living with the Wickam family, she had never stepped foot in her villa before.

Thus, the servants were shocked to see her and quickly lined up immediately to say in unison, "Welcome, Mrs. Wickam." Elisa put down her luggage and slumped on the couch.

She rubbed her temple and corrected them.

"From now on, I am no longer Mrs. Wickam.

I'm only Ms. Benett." She used to feel proud hearing people call her 'Mrs. Wickam'.

Now, that name sounded like mockery to her.

The servants did not dare to question but retreated respectfully.

Then, Elisa went to her room and gave her assistant, Charli Lucas, a call.

"How are you?" Charli was surprised.

“What the heck? You actually called me? How rare this is!” “I have gotten a divorce, so I will listen to what you say and prioritize my career.” “What?” Charli was astounded.

“Damn, have I misheard? You dedicated everything to your husband in these three years.

You even gave up work to be a full-time housewife.

What’s going on? Why are you suddenly deciding to divorce? Are you pulling a prank?” Charli was Elisa’s assistant.

Other than Charli and a couple more people close to Elisa, no one knew about Elisa’s second identity.

In actuality, Elisa was also a brilliant lawyer named Iris.

There was a popular saying on the Internet: If Iris is in second place, the first place is empty.

Many lawyers would tremble in fear whenever they heard her name.

As Charli was still in shock, Elisa asked, “Did anyone look for me recently? Any interesting cases?” Charli’s eyes flashed, and she said with a tinge of regret, “There is a case, and the fee offered is an astronomical sum.

However, no one dares to accept it, and you... You can’t accept it.” “Oh?” Elisa’s usually indifferent tone rose with a hint of interest.

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