

Chapter 4

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Zayn kept calling me incessantly. He even tried to feign an apology.

"Evelyn, don't be mad. I only said those things in the heat of the moment. I swear I won't say them again, okay?"

I didn't bother replying and instead sent him a screenshot of his heartfelt message in the class group chat. There were no extra words and only the screenshot.

Zayn went silent for a few seconds before stammering in surprise.

"Y-You're still in that group chat?"

"Sorry, I didn't know. I was only congratulating her, that's all, nothing else."

I knew exactly what he meant. Back in high school, Selina had me kicked out of that group chat and isolated from everyone else. It was only after graduation, during a class reunion, that the class president added me back in. Zayn obviously didn't know about it.

I replied coldly, "You don't need to explain. I just didn't expect you to still be so chummy with someone who bullied me. No wonder you defend her every chance you get, even at the expense of ripping open my old wounds repeatedly!"

Zayn let out a long sigh.

"You're overthinking this. She and I grew up together. Being close is completely normal, isn't it? Now that she's successful, can't I just congratulate her?"

"Anyway, my brother's hosting a banquet for his kid's one-month-old celebration today. I'll pick you up so we can go together. If you don't show up, everyone will talk."

Before I could respond, he hung up.

I wasn't particularly concerned about saving face for him, but it did seem like the perfect opportunity to bring up divorce.

More importantly, I decided to collect some evidence while I was at it.

When he picked me up, he spent the entire drive complaining about how petty I was, sticking to the same old excuse of what he said being just a joke.

"Even Mom said you're a difficult daughter-in-law," he added self-righteously.

I laughed out loud. Lucy might act all soft and accommodating on the outside, but she only reserved that for others. At home, she vented all her frustrations on me, picking on the easiest target.

With a sarcastic smile, I retorted, "I couldn't care less about what your dear mother thinks of me. I'm here today not to forgive you, but to tell you I want a divorce. I've had enough of your toxic family dynamic."

Zayn slammed on the brakes, pulling the car over to the side of the road. Clenching the steering wheel tightly, he glared at me.

"Say that again. Who's toxic here? Maybe you're the problem for being this dramatic over a joke!"

I laughed again, this time colder.

"I'm dead serious. The divorce is happening. I'm tired of your whining and your pathetic attempts to assert dominance over me."

His face turned beet red, and he was unable to utter a word. Fuming silently, he started the car again.

Knowing Zayn, a leopard doesn't change its spots. There's no way he'd ever truly change his behavior.

At the banquet, Zayn's brother had only invited close family members. There were only three full tables.

As soon as Lucy saw me, she wasted no time rallying the crowd against me, launching into her typical theatrical performance.

"Oh dear, the other day Zayn just made a harmless comment, and she embarrassed him in front of everyone. Then she ran away from home! I've never seen such an inconsiderate daughter-in-law."

Calmly and unfazed, I responded in front of everyone, "If you're so dissatisfied, I'm happy to get a divorce."

My words were like a bombshell. The room fell silent as I casually took a seat, leaving Lucy standing awkwardly and her words hanging in the air.

Zayn, ever the devoted son, rushed over and grabbed my arm, lowering his voice to a hiss.

"Don't cause a scene here! We'll talk about this at home!"

But it was too late. The other relatives had already started whispering about the divorce I mentioned.