

Chapter 1 Divorce

"Justin, could you go home with me?"

Disregarding the looks of mockery on others in the private room, Cecilia Green pleaded.

Her husband, Justin Quinn, who was sitting on the sofa, glanced at her with indifferent eyes but said nothing, then continued talking and drinking with his friends.

He ignored her like a stranger.

Bitting the bullet, Cecilia spoke again through gritted teeth.

"Justin, today is our wedding anniversary."

"I have no interest at all in celebrating the so-called anniversary."

Justin picked up the glass and gulped the wine down. Under the faint lights, his eyes were colder than ever.

"But..."

"Enough with the act, Cecilia Green. I know what you want."

Justin interrupted Cecilia with a harsh sneer.

He took out a check from his wallet, wrote a number on it, and threw it at the table in front of Cecilia.

"Isn't this what you want? Take it and get the hell out of here."

He kept an indifferent look, but the annoyance in his eyes grew deeper.

"Hey, just take the money and leave. You're killing the mood."

"There are always women like her. They do everything for money."

Hearing the taunts of the people in the room, Cecilia clenched her fists so hard that her nails pinched into her palms.

Humiliated by her beloved husband in front of so many people on their anniversary, she had lost all her dignity.

The air in the room froze.

"Sorry, guys. I'm late." A woman's voice broke the ice.

Erin Watts, donning a pencil skirt with her back exposed, sat right next to Justin without sparing a look at Cecilia.

She put down her bag, leaned her head on Justin's shoulder, and talked to him in a sweet voice, "Justin, sorry to be late. You won't mind it, will you?"

As if she just felt something wrong with the atmosphere, she nally looked at Cecilia.

She looked Cecilia up and down, giving a disdainful sneer. "Justin, isn't that your wife? What brings her here?"

Justin didn't answer. He kept drinking.

Then, Erin saw the check on the table.

"Cecilia, you're asking for money again, huh?"

She threw the check to Cecilia in an arrogant manner, mocking, "How ridiculous! How did a gold-digger like you end up marrying Justin? If you love money so much, come to me and stop bothering Justin. He doesn't wanna see you at all."

Erin's harsh words stung Cecilia's heart like a knife, but the others all laughed.

This was not the first time Erin had provoked Cecilia, and Cecilia usually answered those harsh words with a gentle smile. However, insulting her on her wedding anniversary was no different from taking her dignity, throwing it on the floor, and stomping on it.

Cecilia was awfully embarrassed. At this moment, her four-year marriage with Justin felt like nothing but a joke.

Justin still sat there, holding a wine glass with an aloof attitude like a king, as if what was happening had nothing to do with him.

Cecilia smiled, not out of joy but self-mockery. Even at this moment, she still wished Justin would protect her, even though he was the very person who had hurt her the most all these years.

If she had known back then that this would be how things turned out to be, would she have made the same bold decision?

She touched her left eye. She had already lost her sight because of Justin, but hardly anybody knew about it.

She recalled learning to cook for him, never giving up no matter how many times she cut her fingers, but Justin never ate the food she cooked.

Even when she sent the food to his company, Justin just threw it into a trash can in front of his employees and warned her, "Cecilia, you think I'd be moved by your cheap devotion? Don't atter yourself."

Justin was never with her in the moments she needed him. He was celebrating Erin's birthday when Cecilia had a high fever. He was with Erin in a cinema when Cecilia was cowering in bed, scared by the thunder on a stormy night.

Cecilia spent almost every day alone in the past four years.

Justin had proved to her time and time again that he had never loved Cecilia, even in the slightest.

Cecilia had made a bold bet for her love, but she lost. She had given her all in the hopes of winning Justin's heart, but she was given only humiliation and condescension.

She no longer endured it this time. She bent down, picked up the check on the ground, and tore it off in front of everyone.

Her heart was broken, just like the broken pieces of the check. She held back her tears, rushing out of the room.

Running to the end of the corridor, she nally lost her strength. She leaned against the wall and gasped for breath.

After standing still for a while, she called Justin.

"What? Regret leaving without taking the money?" Justin asked.

After a short pause, Cecilia said seriously, "I want a divorce."