

Chapter 2

Fonda's little stunt wasn't for nothing—Tom and I finally got divorced.

The asset division was fast. Tom did everything to cut my share as much as possible, but I didn't bother fighting. I threw a few clothes into a suitcase, dragged it to the door, and left.

"Selene, you'll regret this!" he yelled.

I paused, glanced back with a calm smile, and said, "I've been regretting it for years."

Then I walked out, never looking back.

Of course, it started raining.

My knees ached, the kind of sharp, biting pain that made my eyes water.

Seven years ago, I was a headline: [Spencer Heiress Breaks Off Engagement for Love]. A spoiled rich girl giving it all up for her college sweetheart—a classic romance.

Seven years later? Tom was a self-made success, a name people respected. And me? I was walking out with nothing but a battered heart and an empty suitcase.

It was ridiculous. No, beyond ridiculous.

Back in college, Tom had been this shy, hardworking top student. Meanwhile, I was the elegant, untouchable heiress who never lifted a finger. Even something as basic as getting a snack from a food stall? I had someone else do it for me.

Tom used to run errands for anyone who'd pay, and I was no exception. I figured tossing him little delivery jobs was my way of offering "dignified help."

But after a while, I noticed the way he acted around me.

The "accidental" run-ins. The stolen glances that darted away the second I noticed. His diary, filled with my name scribbled over and over.

Even the way he'd sit silently, sulking, when I talked to other guys. His frustration and jealousy were almost cute, and honestly? I liked teasing him.

He was different—more interesting than my fiancé, that was for sure.

I'd had plenty of admirers, but Tom stood out. He loved me more, cared more, noticed every little thing about me.

One sweltering summer afternoon, he showed up in this ridiculous mascot costume, handing out raffle tickets. I scratched one off and hit the grand prize.

Grinning, I pulled off the giant mascot head. His hair was plastered to his face with sweat, and his startled eyes met mine.

I kissed him right there. That's how it all started.

It wasn't some quiet, secret thing. My family went to war trying to break us apart. We felt like Romeo and Juliet, fighting the world for our love.

I called off my engagement to Tyler Saun, my fiancé, without hesitation. I told him my heart was already taken. Tyler didn't argue, didn't even put up a fight—he just walked away.

My family didn't take it so quietly. They disowned me, threw me out, told me I was making the biggest mistake of my life.

But I stood by Tom.

We started his business together, crammed into a tiny, damp basement. We lived on canned beans, splitting whatever we could scrape together.

Winters were brutal. No heat, no insulation. The cold seemed to settle into my bones and never left.

After months of sleepless nights and endless work, I noticed blood one morning. By the time I realized what had happened, it was too late.

I'd lost the baby I hadn't even known was there.

And I could never have children again.

It was just one more thing to carry—like the stabbing pain in my knees that never really went away. Just another mark of how worn out my body had become.

Nothing special. Nothing worth remembering.