

Chapter 1 He Wants a Divorce

"This is the divorce agreement. Take a moment to peruse it when you are available."

Her mind went blank for a moment. Looking at the man who she had been married for two years, the handsome billionaire who she had loved for ten years, Madeline managed to find her voice after a while and asked in a bewildered tone, "Are you asking for a divorce?"

"Yeah."

His voice was incredibly soft.

Clutching the report, Madeline was about to ask if there was room for negotiation.

If she told him she was pregnant, would he reconsider?

Before she could voice her thoughts, Jeremy spoke, "Joanna is back. We originally agreed on a three-year duration, but let's end it one year earlier. If you have any requests, I'll fulfill them as long as they're reasonable enough."

With a blank mind, Madeline responded, "Okay, I'll read it later."

She slid her hand behind her back, tightly clenching the report as sweat formed on her palms.

She realized there was no need to share the news with him anymore.

"There's also a favor I'd like to ask from you," Jeremy said.

Madeline tightened her grip on her hands, making a conscious effort to raise her head and smile at him. "Sure, go ahead. I'll help in any way I can."

"I'm afraid you have to bring up the divorce to my grandfather. If I bring it up, he won't agree."

"Okay, I understand."

Being an orphan, Madeline was never considered a suitable match for Jeremy.

Their marriage had been decided by Jeremy's grandfather, Charles Whitman after she had saved him from an accident.

Before they got married, Jeremy had made it clear. "I can marry you, but my heart belongs to someone else. Our marriage is restricted to three years. After that, it's your responsibility to propose the divorce to my grandfather, and we'll part ways."

She suppressed the bitterness, concealing any traces of affection in her heart.

With a light tone, she responded, "I know. I also have someone in my heart. When the contract expires, I'll honor the promise and leave you."

After getting married, Jeremy made every effort to be a perfect husband.

He respected her, indulged her, protected her, and treated her with the utmost care.

To their friends, she was the apple of Jeremy's eye. Jeremy would never do anything to upset her or allow anyone to upset her. Everyone admired her luck to have such an amazing husband.

Yet, only Madeline knew their marriage was devoid of love; it was simply a contractual arrangement.

All the care Jeremy gave her had nothing to do with love; it was merely a responsibility. The only part he was obsessed with was her esh, which he loved to hell.

They had agreed to keep their marriage for only three years in the first place, and now the woman who held a special place in his heart had returned. It was time for Madeline to quit.

Bending down, Madeline picked up the divorce agreement from the table.

She had lost her appetite. As she was about to return to the bedroom, Jeremy, looking somewhat troubled, suddenly adjusted his tie, calling out to her.

"When you bring it up to my grandfather, he will surely ask for the reason. Didn't you mention having someone you like for many years? Now that I'm setting you free, you can find him and pursue your happiness. Even if Grandpa disagrees, he won't be able to reject it outright."

Madeline nodded. "I see. I'll tell him like that."

After saying this, she couldn't wait to leave. If she stayed any longer, she feared she might regret it and tell Jeremy that she didn't want a divorce.

Jeremy suddenly reached out, and Madeline, fearing he might discover what she held in her hand, instinctively pulled away.

Jeremy became even more concerned, firmly holding her hand. "You look pale. Are you not feeling well?"

"No." Madeline quickly freed her hand.

"We've been living together for two years; do you think I can't tell when you're lying?" Jeremy's eyes grew deep.

Having no intention to keep the stalemate, Madeline replied, "Nothing serious, just that time of the month."

"Have some rest, then."

After saying that, Jeremy suddenly caught sight of her tightly clenched right hand. He asked in a hushed tone, "What are you holding? You're gripping it so tightly."

Madeline promptly tossed the report into the trash bin, managing a forced smile. "Just trash. I've been holding onto it and forgot to throw it away."

Seeing her weak and unsteady gure, Jeremy lifted her into his arms without a second thought.

Madeline was taken aback and quickly protested. "Let me go; I can make it back on my own."

"You're so weak. Don't push yourself too hard."

Jeremy's voice, gentle and seductive, resonated in her ears.

It was the same voice she had listened to and enjoyed for two years, but now that voice was telling her he was abruptly leaving her.

Madeline blinked, unable to hold back the tears.

Jeremy teased her. "Crying because of your period. Seriously? There, there. I'll get a doctor to check on you later."

"I'm not crying," Madeline stubbornly retorted.

Jeremy had no idea why she was crying.

"Alright, you aren't." Jeremy compromised.

"Can you tell me who he is?" He suddenly asked.

Madeline was puzzled. "Who?"

"The man you say you've loved for years. I'm curious who is so lucky," Jeremy replied.