

The Divorce He Never Saw Coming

Chapter 1

BOOK 1

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Leon Walton has faked memory loss and broken off his engagement for the seventh time to travel the world with his childhood sweetheart, Vera Hunt.

I'm tired and weary.

In the video, he's passionately kissing his childhood sweetheart on a cruise ship.

I pick up my phone and dial the waiting number, "Dad, I agree to the arranged marriage."

Ten billion in betrothal gifts and dowry were promptly transferred to my bank account.

On my wedding day, Leon just happened to call. "Anna, I've regained my memory. Shall we get married?"

"I definitely won't abandon you again."

I asked him to look up. Dressed in a pure white wedding gown, I held Charles hand and smiled at him.

My seventh wedding with Leon ultimately ended in failure.

Leon had run off, leaving only me behind.

Leon's mother, Tracy Walton, paced anxiously with her phone until it was finally answered.

Leon's impatient voice came through, "Enough, I don't want to get married. Why do you insist on forcing me?"

"Go tell Anna I've lost my memory. I can't marry her. Let her marry whoever she wants."

"I'm going to the Antarctic with Vera to see the penguins. Don't bother me."

The call was abruptly ended, and no matter how many times she tried, she couldn't reach him again.

Tracy looked at me, guilt all over her face. "Anna, I'm so sorry. It's Leon who's wronged you."

"Leon... he's just inhuman," she added.

I lifted my skirt hem, smiling with resignation. "It's okay, Mrs. Walton. You should go home and rest too."

I should have expected it. Leon wouldn't easily step into a wedding scene.

After all, he'd run away from the previous six wedding ceremonies.

The first time, he had a car accident. The second, a traffic jam. The third, he overslept and forgot...

Leon had already used amnesia as an excuse twice.

So pale, so monotonous.

I was too tired to debunk his lies.

In truth, I wasn't overly heartbroken. Instead, I felt a sense of relief—a relief that Leon didn't come.

Otherwise, I might have actually been wedded to him.

After seven attempts at marriage only to suddenly succeed, it's somewhat hard to get used to.

As I numbly scrolled through social media videos, one post by Vera, appeared on my feed.

Under the clear blue sky, on a lavish cruise, amidst a floor strewn with flower balloons, Leon, in the same white suit he was supposed to marry me in, knelt on the ground, proposing to Vera.

The caption read, "The man of my dreams finally proposed to me!"

I broke out into laughter.

Casually, I commented with a "Great."

After all, it was only last month on this same date that Leon had proposed to me in the exact same way.

Even the proposal speech was identical.

Back then, Leon's eyes were full of sincerity as he knelt, holding an engagement ring, and proposed, "Anna, marry me. I promise to give you a carefree and joyful life."

He personally took care of every detail of our wedding, down to the bridal bouquet he designed himself.

It was behavior he'd never shown in the previous six attempts, so convincing I thought he really wanted to marry me.

However, it ended up wasted effort, like drawing water with a sieve.

As expected, Leon, who had already blocked my number, called me.

He began chastising, "Why did you leave that kind of comment on Vera's video? Don't you know her depression is really serious?"

"Do you still want to provoke her? What on earth are you up to?"

"Anna, you're really nasty."

I calmly responded, "Leon, do you remember today is our wedding day?"

"When you were traveling the world and enjoying life with Vera, did you even consider that my family has been anxiously waiting for your message?"

"Leon, which one of us is truly vicious?"

As I spoke, my tears, pointless as they were, streamed down my face again.

There was a pause on the other end of the phone.

Leon's voice grew huskier, "Alright, Anna, stop this."

"You know how dangerous Vera's depression can get. With her parents both gone, I'm the only one she can rely on. Don't hold a grudge against her."

"When her condition improves, I'll come back, and we'll get married. I promise, this is the last time. Okay?"

"I left you an apology gift at home. You'll love it when you see it."

It was always like this. After running away from each wedding, Leon would leave me a compensatory gift, begging for forgiveness.

Over and over again, by now there were enough presents to fill a storeroom.

It seemed like, as long as he apologized, I was bound to forgive him.

A pattern of slap and sweet rewards—Leon was enjoying this game.

It sounded like he had more to say, but I could already hear Vera's impatient annoyance on the other end.

I sniffled. "Didn't you say you'd lost your memory? Can someone with amnesia remember so much?"

"Anna, I knew it... you love me the most."

"I'm hanging up, darling. I love you."

After blowing a few air kisses, Leon hung up, rushing back to Vera.

I looked at the dimmed phone screen, wiped my tears, and prepared to leave for home.

Leon was right; I was quite satisfied with his apology gift this time.

He transferred five percent of his company shares to me.

To make such a greedy, stingy person hand over shares—it was indeed a substantial loss for him.

I flipped through the papers. The little company Leon and I had started together was now publicly listed.

I grew from twenty-five to thirty-two years old, while Leon, three years younger than me, was still only twenty-nine.

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