

The Divorce He Never Saw Coming

Chapter 2

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Back then, people envied me for dating a capable and innocently charming guy.

Now? Even if I closed my eyes, I could hardly picture Leon's face.

But that's okay; someone will remind me.

When the late night here changes to early dawn on the other side of the Earth, Vera sends me a photo of Leon making her breakfast in nothing but a bath towel.

Fresh red nail marks are clearly visible on his back, showing me just how intense their night had been.

I coolly replied, "Be careful." Vera seemed taken aback.

【anna, who are you trying to impress with this cold demeanor? Don't you know the thing Leon dislikes most is you behaving this way?】

【Leon said that when he returns, he'll marry me and make me his wife in every sense, to be with him for a lifetime.】

【And you, the woman Leon abandoned seven times, will forever be out of his world.】

I frowned at Vera's message.

I don't think Leon has the power to kick me out; after all, I'm the largest shareholder now.

After a while without a reply, Vera couldn't stand my silence and immediately sent another message:

【By the way, I forgot to mention—Leon said he broke off the engagement with you seven times because he despises your coldness and vanity. He wanted to see how long you'd endure for money.】

Coldness and vanity? I stared at those words for a long time. I didn't expect that's how Leon saw me.

If I were cold, I'd have left him after the first time he abandoned me.

If I were vain, Leon would never qualify to talk to me.

There's a secret I never told Leon: I never needed money.

I didn't need to start from scratch with him, nor did I have to wait pathetically for him to allocate me five percent in shares.

I first met Leon outside my father's company building.

To reject my dad's arranged marriage for me, I swore I could achieve success in my career without my family's support.

When I left in a huff, I saw Leon, waiting for a job interview. Leon, clad in an ill-fitted black suit stained with coffee spots, was pleading with a bowed head, "Miss, could you give me another chance? I really need this job. My parents are sick at home, waiting for me to send money..."

A glance at his resume could have ended it, but I boarded the elevator with him.

Even then, Leon managed a smile and asked, "Which floor, ma'am?"

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't superficial, but I valued his humility and ability to conceal ambition.

I offered him half a year's wages to work for me.

Back then, he was just a kid who would follow me around, calling me "Ma'am," blocking wine for me at events.

He knew little of the world, so I taught him.

When he got reckless with a thief, I had to rescue him, telling him, "What goes around comes around."

With tears in his eyes, Leon said, "Ma'am, that deal you secured took blood and sweat. I can't let your efforts go to waste."

That stopped me, having grown used to giving and receiving little.

After one drunken night, Leon crawled onto my bed, snuggled against my neck. "Anna, don't work yourself so hard. I care about you," he said softly.

"From now on, I'll fight for you. I'll do whatever you want me to, and all the money I earn will be yours. You shouldn't have to work so hard."

"I truly can't bear to see you suffering."

After that, Leon fundamentally changed. He threw himself headfirst into business, scrambling for success like a starving wolf competing for food.

He would hand me his earnings, saying, "Once I've earned enough money, I'll marry you and take care of you so you can enjoy life every day."

...

I nervously lit a cigarette, realizing that fairytales always start beautifully. But then, I began noticing the changes—the smell of cigarettes and alcohol clinging to Leon grew stronger, his lateness at home became routine, and he gradually lost interest in talking to me.

During my first miscarriage, Leon stayed tenderly by my side at the hospital until I was discharged. The second time, though, I only received blame.

He accused me of going out drinking with clients, knowing I was pregnant. "Are you really that desperate for money? What good can those earnings do?"

Yet, ironically, more than half of the money I earned went to his parents back home to pay their medical expenses.

In the end—between his marriage proposal, our wedding, his constant fleeing, the endless cycle—vera, a poor girl from the countryside suddenly appeared, seeking refuge.

Within just a few years, Leon had practically become a stranger. It was as if all the good times we'd shared were just illusions conjured by me alone.

I sat alone on the sofa, watching as the sky gradually brightened, inch by inch, with sunlight warming my face. I picked up my phone and dialed the number I had been waiting to call. "Dad, I agree to the arranged marriage."

A series of affirmatives followed on the other end of the line. My dad's voice filled with excitement, bringing a burst of energy to the room. "You finally came around, Anna. This idea of true love you've been holding onto... I've lived half my life, seen countless people. Only a marriage of equals is worth it. That Leon, whoever he is, couldn't hold a candle to you."

"Just wait, I'll contact Duncan family now. Charles has been waiting to marry you."

In less than ten minutes, a dowry of ten billion dollars was instantly credited to my bank account. My dad sent me a string of messages with all the arrangements. I glanced through them, realizing I had nothing to worry about. All I needed to do was show up as a beautiful bride, walk down the aisle on the big day, and recite the vows.

I turned off my phone, tucked it under my pillow, and slept soundly for two days and nights, a peace I hadn't felt in seven years.

I was still half-asleep when the police broke in.

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