

The Divorce He Never Saw Coming

Chapter 3

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"Miss Anna, right? Your husband, Mr. Leon, called us because he couldn't reach you. He asked us to check on your safety."

The policewoman's formal tone startled me, jolting me awake. Leon calling himself my husband? The nerve. Was he even worthy?

After sending the police away, I turned on my phone. Immediately, I was met with over a hundred missed calls and text messages from Leon, along with 99+ notifications on Instagram. The messages were a mix of desperate, angry, and pleading.

The texts went like this:

"Anna, are you dead or alive? Respond to a message, will you? What's the meaning of ignoring me?"

"You're an adult, yet you're pulling this disappearing act. Are you enjoying this? Making everyone worry—is that fun for you?"

"Fine, I admit I was wrong to leave you for Vera. Could you at least respond?"

"Anna, are you dead or alive?"

"I know I was wrong. I swear I won't run away from the wedding again. I'll be there, doing whatever you ask, okay?"

I scrolled down but didn't bother to read more of the same.

Vera's messages, on the other hand, were almost entertaining, going from accusing me of being calculating to grudgingly admiring my tactics. Her last message was a voice note, with a hint of tears: "Anna, you really know how to play the game. Leon's on his way back to you. Happy now, with all your scheming?"

She even sent a picture—Leon packing his suitcase, his back turned. The room was a mess, with Vera's makeup, lotion, and toner scattered all over the floor. Looked like they'd had a physical altercation.

I couldn't help but chuckle. Never would I have thought Leon would one day turn on his "most cherished" lover. How delightful.

I turned my attention to a message from my dad, inviting me home for dinner, along with a picture of Charles. Handsome. My stomach practically growled at the sight.

As I admired the photo, Leon's call came through. I hesitated, then picked up.

"Anna, you finally decided to answer?" His voice was tight, like he was gritting his teeth. I stayed silent, giving him the cold treatment.

"Are you enjoying this game of hide and seek? Finding it fun to deceive me?" He practically sneered. "Anna, are you trying to lure me back to the wedding? You're truly something."

I chuckled. "Leon, I never deceived you. Everything you're saying is just in your head. And as for marriage, wasn't it you, begging on your knees each time for me to marry you? Did you forget?"

There was silence, then a loud bang as he hung up. Knowing him, he probably smashed his phone.

Leon hadn't changed one bit, all gentleness for everyone else, but always a temper with me. I shook my head, deciding to act as if he were already out of my life.

I turned around, ready to meet Charles—my real fiancé.

Charles and I were practically childhood sweethearts. We'd grown up together, though he went abroad and I got caught up in work. Now, years later, I had to look up to see his face.

Charles, dressed in a tailored suit, leaned casually against his car, smirking as I approached. "A woman grows up, and suddenly I barely recognize her."

I tossed my bag at him. "Stop pretending. I've seen you get chased by a dog while you were naked. You don't have to act shy around me."

He burst out laughing, then opened the car door and helped me in. He had adjusted everything to my liking—the seat, pillows, even the light blue cushions. In my hand, he placed a warm bubble tea filled with tapioca pearls, just as I liked it.

It took me back to childhood when I'd steal all the pearls from his drink. With Leon, it was different. He'd only drink green tea and make me do the same.

Love and indifference—they both show up in the details.

I shook my head, throwing thoughts of Leon out of my mind.

Later that evening, our families finalized the wedding date—it would be the fifteenth of next month. No need for pretenses; Charles and I knew each other inside out.

Before we parted, Charles took my hand. I thought he was going in for a kiss, but instead, he asked, almost humbly, "Anna, could you please unblock me from your blacklist?"

I checked my phone and saw he was indeed blocked. No wonder he'd only reached out on special occasions. I knew exactly who had done that.

After reassuring him, I sent Leon a snarky emoji, then added both him and Vera to my blacklist.

With the wedding preparations well underway, my only role was to finalize a few details. Even the dress was left to Charles. I simply gave him my size; I couldn't care less about the specifics.

But Charles wasn't too happy about my attitude. "What bride isn't interested in her own wedding gown?" he complained.

I shrugged. "Charles, I've almost been married seven times, worn seven different wedding dresses. I'm sick of it."

"At least I'll be there for this one," he replied with a grin.

On our wedding day, Charles reserved the entire hotel, covering every corner with photos of us in our wedding attire. At first, I thought it was over the top, but soon enough, I decided to just go along with it.

As Charles helped me out of the car, the phone my friend had been holding onto for me rang once again. Calls had been coming nonstop throughout our journey, but I was getting impatient. Charles, however, just smiled and accepted the phone, saying, "Today is our wedding. One more blessing won't hurt."

The call connected, and an eager, familiar voice hit my ears.

"Anna, I remember everything now. Can we get married?" Leon's voice was filled with excitement. "I've already arranged the wedding in advance. I'll never abandon you again."

A stunned silence followed as I took the phone from Charles, speaking with a calm detachment. "Sure, Leon. Why don't you look up?"

"I'm waiting for you upstairs. I've already put on the wedding dress."

Leon, not far away, glanced up, his face turning as white as paper. From the moment we'd arrived, I'd spotted his flashy red BMW among the other cars. Initially, I'd worried he was here to cause trouble, but I relaxed after I saw him enter the nearby hotel.

Now, though, I was curious to see his reaction as he realized I was marrying someone else. Leon stood frozen at the bottom of a nearby staircase, his wide-eyed stare full of shock and disbelief.

With a satisfied smirk, I clutched Charles' hand even tighter.

"Anna, how could you? How dare you?" Leon shouted, shoving his way through the crowd toward us. His eyes swept over me in disbelief. "Do you even realize that the dress you're wearing is a bridal gown meant for weddings? And who's this man holding your hand? You better explain yourself, Anna!"

Looking at his agitated expression, my amusement grew. My tone unconsciously lightened as I replied, "I'm getting married, Leon. Can't you see that?"

"Today is my wedding day with my husband. Isn't it normal for me to be wearing a bridal gown and holding my groom's hand?"

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