

His 'True Love' Shows Up Unaware She's Become The Ultimate Joke Chapter 01

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Brandon's high school sweetheart, Claire, is back.

Back in senior year, he entered the Young Innovators Award and met Claire Emerson. I'd heard she was pretty, clever, outgoing, and came from an affluent family. The two of them were young, in love, and even planned to go to the same university. But things didn't work out that way- Brandon was accepted to Harvard, but Claire... who knows what happened with her?

I figured they broke up because of the distance. But then a mutual friend dropped the real story on me. "Jazz, didn't you know? That girl tried to blackmail Brandon by threatening to end her own life if he went to Harvard! She actually tried to trap him into staying with her."

Blackmail? Threats? Giving up Harvard? I shook my head. This story sounded like something out of a cheesy romance novel.

Brandon and I, meanwhile, were childhood friends. Our families had been partners in business for generations. Years ago, when my father's mistress showed up, taunting my mom over the phone, my mom flew back to the U.S. in the middle of the night. That led me to apply to Harvard, where Brandon and I ended up in the same program.

When I saw him again, I was taken aback by how much he'd grown into his looks. But strangely, I didn't feel any of those romantic sparks. Our connection was more like an unspoken understanding—a bond that felt familiar, like the relationship between our parents.

I'd thought my mom would divorce my dad, but she didn't. She told me, "Love and marriage aren't the same. We've been married for years, and we trust each other. We're also tied together by shared businesses and a social network that isn't easily untangled. And if that other woman's showing up at our door, it just proves her stupidity. If your father had any intention of being with her, she wouldn't have had to resort to that."

"But Dad still cheated," I whispered, looking down. "You always told me, 'Once a cheater, always a cheater.'"

My mom just smiled knowingly. “Maybe so, but remember, that woman claimed your father was with her at Lakewood Hot Springs on the day he was actually in Hong Kong with your grandparents.”

I blinked. My mind was spinning.

“Jazz, no matter whom you marry—business partner or not—remember this: love clouds reason. Never act on impulse.”

“Then why did you storm back to the States that time?” I asked, grinning.

She laughed again. “Otherwise, how would I have gotten you to give up Charleston and go to Harvard?”