

His 'True Love' Shows Up Unaware She's Become The Ultimate Joke Chapter 02

I'd been played. All my life, I'd dreamed of the romantic charm of Charleston, of living on a sprawling estate in the middle of a sea of lavender. But as the sole heir of the Eastwood Family business, I had to put in the effort if I wanted the freedom to live as I pleased.

So, when Claire asked me to meet up, I agreed. She came bursting with excitement, eager to show me her memories with Brandon and their matching tattoos. She preened like a proud peacock, and I barely contained my laughter.

"It's rare to see a mistress be this bold, scoffed my friend Erica, my childhood friend with a firecracker temper and a sharp tongue.

"Bold?" Claire arched an eyebrow. "This is love. What's bold about that? I came here to make you face reality, stop hiding, and pretending I don't exist. Brandon told me I'm the one he loves, the one he cares about, the one he can't live without. You two have nothing in common, yet you cling to the title of Mrs. Ashford? Why not just let him go? I'll make sure Brandon gives you a generous settlement. You're still young..."

"Smack!"

Erica's face went red with fury, and her hand landed across Claire's face. Claire blinked in shock, then clutched her cheek and screeched, "How dare you hit me?"

Her shouting pierced the quiet of the private room, and curious staff couldn't help peeking in to check if we needed assistance. I was stunned -not because Erica hit her, but because Claire was screaming like a madwoman, even reaching to grab Erica's hair. And she actually had the nerve to say I was "clinging" to the title of Mrs. Ashford? That I was just a housewife?

"Tell Brandon to ask for a divorce if that's what he wants. I'll walk away on the spot," I said calmly, letting the chaos simmer down.

Claire looked taken aback. "All this, and you're still holding on? I didn't realize you were so stubborn." She gave a smug smile. "Fine, I'll have Brandon come to you, then. Just don't cry and refuse when he asks for it."

I nodded, pulled Erica to her feet, and left.

"Hey, you haven't paid!" Claire called out.

I glanced at the untouched tea, totaling over \$400. Smiling, I replied, "The owner is a friend of mine, so it's on my tab. If you can't finish, feel free to take it home."