

His 'True Love' Shows Up Unaware She's Become The Ultimate Joke Chapter 05

I fell into silence—not because of Claire, but because of Brandon. After my parents laid out everything they knew, the image of the man I thought I'd known shattered entirely. That night, my mom forwarded me photos, recordings, and videos sent by one of Claire's team members. Claire thought her crew was loyal, tight-knit, and unwavering, but my parents had quietly bought them out with just a bit of incentive.

In one video, Claire boasted loudly, "Securing this funding was way too easy. Once it's finalized and I'm officially Mrs. Ashford, I'll double everyone's salaries!" I chuckled. She thought the funding process was simple, blissfully unaware of the intricate traps hidden in the fine print, ones she wouldn't even know how to navigate. If she failed to meet the stringent conditions, the penalties would crush her—higher than any loan shark's rates.

She deserved it. Not just for her arrogance, assuming that Brandon was head over heels for her, but for her greed, thinking she could scheme her way into another woman's family. She wasn't worth my time, and neither was Brandon. That night, I packed up Evan and moved us near my parents, where Evan could be treated at the children's hospital nearby. As soon as he was well enough, I planned for us to fly back to the States.

My phone rang incessantly, and I ignored it. Brooke was urging me to divorce Brandon, while he lingered outside the hospital every day, sending countless texts and calls that filled up my blocked list.

"Jazz, please believe me. I would never betray you or Evan." "Jazz, come out. I'll explain everything." "Jazz, I miss Evan. Please let me see my son. We've known each other for years—don't you know me better than this?" "Jazz, your health is fragile. Don't let this take a toll on you."

I laughed coldly. Oh, I knew him all too well. Brandon was rational, calculated, and as cruel as he was heartless. In his world, nothing came before power and gain—especially not feelings. This was why I knew he'd never ask me for a divorce. But that didn't mean I could forgive him. I could handle a marriage that wasn't purely about love, but I couldn't accept that he was a cold machine with zero empathy.

So, after listening quietly to my parents and promising them I wouldn't act rashly, I decided firmly what I needed to do. I would close this chapter responsibly and leave Brandon for good, no matter how well-intentioned he thought he'd been.

A month later, Evan and I flew straight to the United States. Brandon didn't follow. Instead, the following months were filled with rumors about him and Claire. The tabloids

had a field day: “Brandon and Claire Spotted Cozying Up on the Street,” “Brandon Attends New Store Opening with Claire,” “Brandon Supports Claire’s Cat Café, Publicly Adorable Together,” and even “Claire Caught with Younger Man at a Bar.”

People said they didn’t even care about me. People mocked me as the passive, weak wife too afraid to stand up for herself.

Time passed, a year slipping by in a flash.

I returned without a word, slipping back quietly. So quiet, in fact, that when Claire pushed open the door to the executive office and found me

sitting there, she froze. She held two cups of sickly–sweet matcha lattes, her expression one of complete shock.

“Jazz, you... what are you doing here?”