

# His 'True Love' Shows Up Unaware She's Become The Ultimate Joke Chapter 07

"This can't be," Claire's lips trembled. "The Ashford family is powerful, and yet..."

"Yes, the Ashford family has wealth and influence, but without marrying me, Brandon would have never stood out among his brothers as the chosen heir of Ashford Holdings."

The Ashford patriarch, old Mr. Ashford, had once taken full advantage of outdated marital laws, having two wives. The first wife had two sons and a daughter, each with their own children. But the second wife's only son passed away in a car accident, leaving only one grandson—Brandon. Though our families had business ties for generations, Brandon's background alone wouldn't have made him a match for me. But as it happened, he stood out, not because he was indulged like the other sons in our circle but because he was mature beyond his years. Maybe it was his unique position that made him smart and cautious—a quiet prodigy in a sea of overindulged heirs.

My parents had their eyes on him early on, seeing in him a foundation for both our futures. To make it all seem natural, they staged a little drama—a mistress's calculated intrusion, followed by my mother's public, furious exit to the States. Their plan? Getting us into the same university, building a shared life, and securing our match for the family's legacy. As their sole heir, I'd bring with me the status Brandon needed to stand out. And it worked. With my family's support and our marriage, Brandon's career soared, and he quickly emerged as a top contender to inherit his family's empire. Old Mr. Ashford, still sharp as ever, would never jeopardize his legacy by letting Brandon divorce me."

Claire shook her head repeatedly. "No... if that's true, then why... why would he allow this situation with you to go on for so long? It doesn't add up..."

I gave her a cold smile. "Because, unlike you, you're simply not worth my focus."

I paused. "Brandon will be in touch with you soon. Just wait for it." I stood and opened the door, finding Brandon standing just outside. He looked surprised to see me but didn't have the chance to say anything before I walked right past him.

I wasn't interested in hearing his empty explanations or declarations. All I wanted was to see just how ruthless he could be, how far he would go to achieve his goals.

And sure enough, Brandon quickly backed Claire into a corner, using the very agreement she had signed. He set impossible terms, demanding amounts she could

never dream of repaying. Desperate, Claire cried and pleaded at the office, threatening to end her life if he didn't ease up. She even came to me, claiming to have "something I'd be very interested in."

Love, I could overlook. Friendship? Not so much. Wouldn't I be curious about those closest to me? Didn't I want to know the true colors of my "dear friend"? I just laughed and dismissed her. She was no longer fit to negotiate with me. Even if she were, her offer couldn't have interested me any less—I had my priorities, and she wasn't one of them.

In the month Brandon gave her to repay the debt, Claire tried everything she could think of, but nothing worked. Finally, with nowhere left to turn, she climbed onto the company's rooftop, threatening to jump if Brandon didn't help her.

That's when Brandon finally presented the offer he'd been calculating for so long. "I know someone who needs a kidney. Would you be willing to make a donation?"

"No..." Claire stumbled back, nearly slipping over the edge in disbelief. "Brandon, don't joke about this—it's serious! Even if I agreed, there's no guarantee they'd take it. There's no guarantee we'd be a match. You're... you're not serious, are you?"

His expression darkened. "Do I look like I'm joking?" He leaned in, eyes hard. "That part doesn't concern you. She needs it."