

His 'True Love' Shows Up Unaware She's Become The Ultimate Joke Chapter 08

Claire was in complete collapse. By the time the emergency responders brought her down from the rooftop, she was a wreck, sobbing uncontrollably. I watched the video from my computer as she slumped to the ground like a heap of discarded fabric, clutching desperately at Brandon's pants, begging over and over for him to let her go. She pleaded with him, desperate, trying to remind him of every memory from when they were young, asking him repeatedly, "Didn't you love me, Brandon? Didn't you promise you'd always be good to me?"

She must have thought her tear-streaked face would soften him. But instead, her hysteria only seemed to repel him even more. She simply didn't understand the intricate bond of vested interests between me and Brandon, nor did she grasp that a person in his position didn't have the time or inclination to be dragged down by love affairs.

And so, she couldn't see that every word she said only magnified her disgrace in the media, becoming the final straw that broke her. The headlines exploded: "Ashford CEO's Affair Goes Public," sparking a flood of speculation and gossip. Although Brandon's team scrambled to handle the situation, Ashford Holdings' stock still plummeted overnight, infuriating old Mr. Ashford.

Not long after, Brandon's mother, my mother-in-law, came to my home to plead with me to help "smooth things over." I didn't refuse. This was a chance to remind Brandon, and everyone else, that without me and without the Monroe family, he would be left with nothing.

In the end, the matter was resolved by Brandon and I publicly appearing together, a display of unity that silenced rumors of our marriage falling apart. For added measure, a medical diagnosis was issued declaring Claire mentally unstable.

It was the first time I'd seen Claire's parents. They weren't from the elite or business circles—they were ordinary, hard-working people. As they sat on the hospital's bench, they looked as though they'd been tricked by their own hopes for their daughter, believing she had managed to climb her way up in society. Instead, they were discovering the truth of her humiliating actions.

Claire's father, looking desperate, dropped to his knees before us, begging us to forgive his daughter and let her off. He promised that they would pay us back, even if it meant selling everything they owned. He just needed time to let them buy a house and give Claire a second chance.

Brandon simply shook his head, his words chilling. “Forget the money. I only need Claire’s kidney.”

They froze in shock, and then, with panicked expressions, they each insisted that they’d gladly give him one of their own instead. But Brandon pointed toward Claire’s hospital room. “It has to be hers.”

“When you’ve thought it through, let me know,” he said, turning away impatiently. “My patience is wearing thin.”

I didn’t follow him. Instead, I stepped inside Claire’s room.

“Why?” she asked, her voice broken.

“Because someone needs your kidney to survive,” I replied with a cold smile.

“Brandon?” she whispered in disbelief. “No, that can’t be. I’ve seen his medical reports; he’s fine...” Then she fixed her eyes on me with dawning horror. “It’s you, isn’t it? He always said you were unwell—was it you?”

Ridiculous. I’m as healthy as they come. I’d outlive both her and Brandon with ease.

“Instead of wasting your time guessing, you should think about negotiating a better deal with Brandon,” I advised coolly.

“No, he would never do this. He has to have a reason...” Her eyes flared, blaming me. “It’s you! You did something to him, didn’t you?”

I gave her a pitying glance. She was both pathetic and infuriating. The urge to engage in this twisted conversation left me then and there. If she wanted to keep dreaming, I’d let her sleep.

Leaving her room, I walked away from the hospital for good. I had more important things to do.

Over the following weeks, I flew to the States. While Ashford Holdings’ stock continued to nosedive, Monroe Enterprises’ shares surged. Just as the company faced its darkest hour, another shocking piece of news made the headlines, stirring public attention.

Monroe Enterprises announced it would sever its twenty-year contract with White Holdings. For the White family, the largest supplier for Monroe Enterprises, the blow

was devastating. They had prepared substantial inventory as usual, assuming the contract renewal would go as planned. Now they were left scrambling to find another buyer, with no takers in sight for such a large supply.

Not long after, I received a frantic call from Brooke.

“Jasmine, what’s going on with Monroe Enterprises? Are you home? I’m coming over to talk-”

“I’m not,” I said, idly flipping through some papers on my coffee table. “Besides, don’t you already know what this is about?”

The line went silent, and after a long pause, she murmured, “Jasmine, there must be some misunderstanding.”

Her tone sounded defeated, like a last-ditch attempt to salvage the wreckage. It made me laugh. She was indeed clinging to the last straw.

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Later, I had my assistant send her a file. In it was a video of Brooke talking to her young assistant, instructing him to get close to Claire, to manipulate her, and orchestrate “chance encounters” between her and Brandon—all designed to catch his interest.

There was also a record of our old competition for the Young Innovators Award years back, where Brooke, Brandon, and Claire had all competed together. Brooke had known all along why Brandon approached Claire back then. Brandon and his mother both had that rare blood type, and she had severe kidney issues. So, from the start, this was never a Cinderella story of love and a prince—it was a calculated pursuit of a compatible organ.

As for when Brooke’s own feelings for Brandon developed, I wasn’t sure. But from the moment she set Claire up to provoke me, hoping to pit us against each other, she had already stomped any lingering friendship we had into the dirt.

As shrewd as Brandon was, I doubted he was entirely ignorant of Brooke’s involvement. Maybe he even appreciated her for it—after all, he only ever saw me as a strategic asset in his business, nothing more.

And now, White Holdings had collapsed, Ashford Holdings was teetering, and I was on the verge of divorcing Brandon, stripping him of everything on his way out.

Let's see just how much they could cherish that "perfect match," sharing in hardship and ruin alike.