Divorce Only Makes a Son-in-Law Stronger

Chapter 2. If we're going to break up, let's break up!

Lin Fan sat vigil in the crematorium all night. It wasn't until after daybreak that the staff came over to urge him repeatedly. Only then did he reluctantly watch as his mother's body was pushed into the cremation furnace.

Carrying the heavy urn, he returned to the Su family villa in the city's east. He packed his belongings and placed the keys on the living room coffee table. Looking around the familiar surroundings, Lin Fan felt a bitter taste in his mouth.

This departure, he feared, would be forever. He didn't regret it, nor did he feel the slightest bit of sentimentality.

"Lin Fan? Where the hell were you last night? You actually dared to stay out all night!"

The living room door was pushed open, and a group of four people walked in.

His gaze fell on a face of cold, stunning beauty, and Lin Fan couldn't help but feel a twitch at the corner of his eye. She had a slender waist, shapely hips, and skin as white as snow. A sleeveless black pencil dress accentuated her elegant, fiery curves. Her long, perfectly shaped pale legs, clad in crystal high-heeled sandals, made her seem even taller and more graceful.

She was Su Mengqing, the beautiful CEO of Su Pharmaceutical and the famous, up-and-coming pharmaceutical queen of Haicheng.

Last night, at a birthday party for Young Master Chen's beloved dog, Su Mengqing had stolen the spotlight. To celebrate their plan's anticipated success, the family of three, along with her secretary Yang Tingting, had all gone out for a grand meal. They now returned, full and content, their faces brimming with joyful smiles.

"What are you doing? How could you bring something like that back here?"

When they saw Lin Fan silently pick up the urn from the table, the joyful expressions on all four faces stiffened and turned ugly.

His brother-in-law, Su Gang, spat out the toothpick he was chewing on and pointed at Lin Fan, bellowing, "Lin Fan, you're getting bolder by the minute! If you keep this up, believe me, I'll have Mengqing divorce you right now!"

His mother-in-law, Zhang Meili, her plump face sinking, shot him a familiar, threatening glare.

"Fine by me. I couldn't ask for anything more," Lin Fan said with an indifferent smile.

What... what's going on?

Zhang Meili and Su Gang exchanged a dumbfounded glance.

Based on past experience, shouldn't Lin Fan be apologizing profusely, groveling until we're satisfied? How has he become a completely different person after just one night?

"Lin Fan, that's your mother's ashes, isn't it?" Su Mengqing's elegant brows knitted together, a flash of displeasure in her beautiful eyes. "How can you bring them into the house? Aren't you worried about the bad luck? Get them out of here, apologize to me, and I'll pretend this never happened."

"...Bad luck?" Lin Fan laughed again.

This villa, and even the entirety of Su Pharmaceutical, was earned for you by my mother. And now, you're complaining that she's bad luck right in front of her?

"Su Gang," Lin Fan's gaze turned colder by the second. "Do you remember four years ago when you were being hounded for gambling debts and nearly lost your life? It was my mother who pawned our ancestral treasured ring to help you pay them off!"

He turned his head to look at the somewhat shocked Zhang Meili. "And you, do you remember how you knelt before my mother, begging her for money?"

The living room fell silent, then exploded into chaos.

"Lin Fan, that's all water under the bridge! What's the point of bringing it up now?" Su Gang's face flushed as he shouted, "Your mother did that willingly! I didn't force her!"

"Exactly!" Zhang Meili's plump face twisted in rage. "And hasn't our family compensated you? We've supported you for four years for free. Isn't that enough?"

Ever since the Su family had risen to prominence, she had considered kneeling to Lin Fan's mother the greatest humiliation of her life. For Lin Fan to bring it up again was like a vicious slap across her face.

"Lin Fan, you should learn to be grateful," Yang Tingting chimed in, scowling. "Director Su has already been more than benevolent by not looking down on you!"

"You dare speak of gratitude?" Lin Fan laughed out of pure rage, his fists cracking. "When you were renting that place next to my mom's little clinic, how did you beg her to find you a job?"

"So what? I became Director Su's personal assistant because of my own ability!" A flicker of guilt flashed in Yang Tingting's eyes, but she immediately tilted her chin up, her face a mask of superiority.

Their taunts ringing in his ears, Lin Fan turned his head, clenched his teeth, and stared at Su Mengqing. "And you," he said, word by word, "who was it that gave you the strategies to bring Su Pharmaceutical back from the brink of death? Yet from beginning to end, you never once called her 'Mom'!"

"Enough!" Su Mengqing's frown deepened as she cut him off. "I don't want to hear any more of this. How long are you going to keep making a scene?"

"When it's all said and done, you're just blaming me for not going to see your mother one last time, aren't you?" She looked away, shaking her head in disappointment. "I thought you would understand. I thought you would consider how hard things have been for me."

"Right, right, so hard for all of you! It's my mother who was too kind, too soft-hearted for helping a bunch of ungrateful wretches like you!"

The bitterness in his mouth erupted, seeping deep into his heart. Lin Fan laughed tragically and pulled out the divorce papers he had already prepared.

SLAM!

"Su Mengqing, I've had enough," he said, slapping the papers onto the coffee table. "Let's get a divorce!"

His action shocked Zhang Meili and the others into a stunned silence. But a moment later, the room erupted with roaring laughter.

A divorce? You, Lin Fan, actually dare to use divorce as a threat? Have you forgotten how shamelessly you've been clinging to the Su family all this time?

"This is hilarious! Lin Fan, did you take the wrong medicine today?" Su Gang clutched his stomach, laughing until tears streamed down his face.

"I think he’s got the heart of a bear and the gall of a leopard!" Zhang Meili’s face darkened as she spoke without hesitation. "Mengqing, agree to it! Let him get the hell out of the Su family right now!"

"Lin Fan, how dare you be the one to bring up divorce?" Yang Tingting sneered, looking at him as if he were an idiot. "Do you have any idea how many talented young men, ten thousand times better than you, surround Director Su?"

"Is this your new attitude? Are you trying to use divorce to force me to back down?" Su Mengqing finally looked squarely at Lin Fan, the disappointment in her eyes threatening to overflow.

"I feared you’d feel inferior, so I never took you to high-class parties. I never pushed you to be more ambitious. But you have made me despair time and time again."

"What I, Su Mengqing, want is something you, Lin Fan, can never give me. And now *you’re* the one who wants a divorce?"

"Lin Fan, how can you be so shameless? Are you trying to make me regret the four years of feelings I’ve invested in you?"

BOOM!

Her cold words and indifferent, beautiful face were like thousands of steel needles piercing deep into Lin Fan’s heart. It was a raw, bloody pain.

"So in your eyes... I’ve always been that kind of person?"

Lin Fan took a deep breath, forcing himself to calm down. He pushed the divorce papers toward Su Mengqing.

"Sign it. I’m willing to leave with nothing and make a clean break—from the Su family, and from you."

"Fine! So be it! We’ll get divorced!" Su Mengqing’s breathing grew ragged, her chest heaving violently. Overwhelmed with fury, she couldn’t hold back any longer. "I’ll grant your wish! Now get out, and take your mother’s ashes with you!"

She snatched up a pen, signed her name with a flourish, and pointed to the door.

"Once you walk out that door, I will never forgive you, even if you come back crying and begging!"

"Thank you." Lin Fan grabbed the divorce papers, stuffed them into his pocket, and felt a wave of relief wash over him. "From this moment on, we go our separate ways. Goodbye forever."

Ignoring the utterly astonished expressions on the faces of the other three, he picked up the urn, dragged his suitcase behind him, and strode out of the villa.

"Lin Fan, you bastard! You'd better not regret this!" Su Mengqing trembled as she watched his receding figure, shrieking after him.

His only response was to keep walking without looking back, raising a hand in a final wave.