

Chapter 1 She Divorced

Dark clouds rolled over the sky, and heavy rain fell unexpectedly.

Julia sat on the bus obsessively watching the raindrops slide down the window, as the doctor's words kept haunting her mind.

Advanced brain cancer with up to three months left-

Her finger fell on the familiar numbers and dialed it, and a man's magnetic but cold voice came out of the phone, "Yes?"

Julia clutched the test results, and the corners of her mouth forced a smile: "Nothing, just wanted to ask if you could come back with me today."

"I've said many times, don't call me if there's nothing wrong."

Julia on the other end of the phone listened to the man's impatient voice, as well as the woman's delicately faint gasp, and her heart suddenly tightened.

Her knuckles were white as she grabbed the phone and answered in a trance: "Sorry to bother you."

When she hung up the phone, there was no no gasping.

Her face reflected on the windows, and her tears dripped down.

She knows that Robert doesn't love her, and there are always women around him. She knows it very well, but she just doesn't dare to admit it.

She admits to being a coward, afraid that if she confronts him, she won't be able to keep her marriage when she only has three months left.

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Eagles Villa.

Julia prepared a tableful of cuisine before six o'clock and then waited quietly for her husband to come home.

Robert has a cleanliness problem and does not like outsiders, so they have no servants, and Julia does all the things herself.

The ancient pendulum clock spins as time passes quietly.

The food on the table was already cold, and so was her heart. She lay on the couch, dozing off.

These days, she feels limp, weak, and sleepy, but her sleep is very light, and her mind always floats with all kinds of strange dreams.

Her body suddenly sunk; Julia felt she was pressed against a chest so she jerked awake. There was a moment of darkness in front of her eyes and soon turned bright again.

The man's stern face is close, and she can clearly see the harsh lines of his face with her eyes. She realized that the gentle and warm teenage boy has long since turned into a mature and introverted man.

Her nose twitched and her pale lips parted slightly, "Robert."

The man's eyes didn't harbor any emotions. His large hand pinched the side of her face, and then a hot and rough kiss fell.

"Ah..." The spicy taste of alcohol in the man's mouth made Julia's stomach flip, but she didn't want to push him away.

Her heart was in dense pain, and she said hoarsely, "No..."

She didn't like him touching her after he had touched some other women.

"No?" Robert's big hand sneaked into Julia's clothes without mercy, the smell of alcohol covering her senses, "When you shamelessly married me using every shitty means, how come you didn't say no?"

Julia listened and no longer resisted, while his clear eyes dimmed, just like a stagnant pool.

Robert looked at the woman like a dead log and suddenly lost his interest, shrugged her off, and went to the bathroom.

Julia fell to the cold floor, listening to the sound of water in the bathroom, her tears slowly sliding down the corners of her eyes.

She fell in love with Robert when she was young. Now ten years have passed, and the little girl has grown up.

But the man today is no longer the gentle and warm Robert.

Four years ago, it should have been her cousin Lauren to marry him, while she was drugged and sent to his room.

Lauren left in anger and married someone else.

She remembers that the last time Robert was rough on her was when he learned of Lauren's marriage.

The sound of water in the bathroom stopped abruptly. Julia got dressed and sat on the sofa, and poured a glass of water for him to drink as usual.

The man wrapped in his bathrobe walked out. His dark

gaze fell to the cup of water and then to Julia's face, speaking in a deep voice: "She's divorced."