

Chapter 2

Lauren spent most of her time livestreaming, and every time, the top supporter—the one who gave the most gifts—was the same person.

My hands trembled uncontrollably, and I couldn't help clicking on the profile of the top supporter account. The profile picture was a couple's photo—a yellow rabbit and a green frog, representing Lauren and her mystery person.

What once seemed like a cute pair of animals now made me want to vomit.

The platform required mobile verification, so I easily traced the phone number linked to the top supporter account; it was Tom's number. I could hardly breathe, so I had to lean against the wall, gasping for air.

My best friend Sandra Reese's call came in.

"What's wrong with you? You've been ignoring me all day, and you didn't respond to any of my messages. What happened?"

I bit my lip and told her everything that had been happening these past few days. Sandra was furious and nearly exploded.

"Those two are a disgrace! Pack your things now, and this afternoon, I'll drag Tom to the courthouse and get you a divorce!"

Divorce? If the car and the house were fake, could our marriage be fake, too?

I opened my mouth, struggling to speak. "Sandra, go to the courthouse right now and tell them you're picking up the divorce agreement for a friend."

After hanging up the phone, I slumped weakly onto the couch. Back in college, I had plenty of suitors because of my looks, and Tom was one of them. He used to always compliment me, saying I was beautiful and capable.

After we got married, he wouldn't even spare me a second glance. He would coldly say, "What are you standing there for? Don't you see the dishes in the sink?"

I once asked him why he didn't compliment me anymore, and he sneered. "How old are you? Are you serious? You're just an ugly old woman now. Looking at you irritates me."

But in Lauren's live streams, he would call her "Lori" and say she was the most beautiful woman in the world.

All the sacrifices and efforts I made for him felt like a joke. Just thinking about it made it harder for me to breathe.

Click. The door swung open. Tom seemed irritated that I didn't greet him at the door.

"Who pissed you off now? Don't you know I stay out late because I don't want to see that face of yours?"

I threw my phone on the ground, my face expressionless, and said, "You knew Lauren came back to Avelton a long time ago. Not only did you know, but you even went over to her live stream to be her top supporter."

Tom glanced at Lauren's live stream interface, his expression stiffening. "I didn't."

"You didn't?"

My voice trembled as I spoke, "The top supporter account is linked to your phone number. Are you still lying?"

Tom rubbed his temples, looking as if he had been deeply wronged.

"So what if I watched? Can you stop making a scene? Lauren is a friend of ours. What's wrong with supporting her business?"

Just then, Sandra sent me a message. "I went to the courthouse. They said there's no record of you and Tom ever getting a marriage certificate..."

I was at my breaking point. I forced a bitter laugh, almost unable to speak. "Tom, you've won."