

I Made \$900 Trillion In 24 Hours

c 4

Divorce

Barry froze as he stared at the papers in her hand.

"Laura, what is the meaning of this?" He whispered. "You can't divorce me." "Whatever gave you the stupid idea that I couldn't divorce you?" She laughed. "Everybody knows our marriage is a sham. I only pretended to be your wife for my grandmother's sake, but now that she's gone, I don't need to pretend anymore." Barry felt hot and cold at the same time. "But Laura.... I-I love you. I've always loved you since the day I set eyes on you. Please give me a chance. I made a promise to Evelyn." "Screw you and your love," Laura spat, wrinkling her nose in disgust. "Don't tell me you love me. It makes my skin crawl. I hate you. I've always hated you since the day you walked into this family." Barry's heart broke in half after hearing her words. He wanted to say something but no word got out. Laura turned to face her family, waving the divorce papers in her hand. "Now that I'm divorcing this useless husband of mine, I'm entitled to 80% of what he owns." She went on after a pause, a small smile playing on her lips. "And since Barry here owns nothing to his name except his inheritance, I'll just take the white mansion." The room went wild with cheers and praises. "That's super brilliant, Laura," Jonathan Raven patted his daughter's shoulder. "I raised you well to think on your feet. Very impressive." "Yeah, sis," Curtis clapped her back. "Why should we let this pauper keep something that should belong to the entire family?" Francis Raven and Helga nodded in approval. "That's very smart Laura. Divorcing Barry would save us a lot of legal actions to take back the mansion." Barry remained silent as he watched the Raven family jubilate over his divorce. He clenched his fists and hung his head, feeling a fresh wave of emotions rushing through him. This emotion was rage. He was angry. Angry about the hatred, angry about the heartbreak Laura served him and angry about the love and commitment he promised to Evelyn. Curtis walked up to Barry, a wide jeering grin on his face. He leaned in close and whispered in Barry's ears. "I'd advise you not to fight this, Barry. We'll hire the best lawyers money can buy. You won't stand a chance against all of us. Be wise and save yourself the trouble." Barry slowly glanced up, his eyes dead of warmth and life. "Do whatever you want," he said gravely. "I don't care." Without waiting for a respond, Barry turned and walked out of the room silently. The Raven family watched him go, pleased with themselves. * * * * The divorce proceedings arrived two days later in a quiet courtroom. Barry and Laura sat across from each other, the long table littered with documents and legal papers. Lawyers and clerks walked up and down as they prepared the paperwork. Not for once did Barry glance up to meet Laura's eyes. His shoulder was slumped, dark bags under his eyes, staring at his shoes. He hadn't slept a wink in two days. Laura, on the other hand was dazzling with brightness. She had never looked so happy in her life. Finally, it was time to sign the divorce papers. As Laura skimmed through the papers, she paused before signing her name. "This Forex trading account," she began, tapping the document with her pen. "What's the full disclosure of it?" The accountant, adjusted her glasses as she explained. "The Forex trading account is fully funded with \$10,000. However, the account hasn't been performing well. The market has been volatile, and the returns aren't so impressive." Laura snorted. "Forex? Who does Forex these days? It's been three years and a terrible era for traders. Everyone knows you can't make any real money in Forex. It's too risky." The room fell silent as Laura leaned back in her chair

and regarded Barry. "I don't want it," she declared. "None of the Raven family members believed in Forex. Barry can keep the account. I'm not here to rip him dry. I'm a good person. As long as I keep the mansion, nothing else matters." Barry didn't argue. He was too defeated to speak a word. Once the paperwork was signed, Laura grabbed her bag and stood to her feet. "If you ever feel like working for the Raven family, you're always welcome. We'll need more helping hand around the house. That's all you're good at anyway," she said. Barry finally met her gaze. Laura felt a thrill of excitement rush through her. She enjoyed watching him suffer. "And one more thing," she added, crossing her arms. "The Raven family won't be paying for your house rent anymore or your sister's tuition f*e. If you want money, then earn it. You've got that Forex account of yours. Start hustling." Barry suddenly stood to his feet, startling Laura. He stared at her from under his lashes—pain, anger and hate burning in his eyes. "I hope you're happy now," he said. Laura feigned ignorance. "Of course I'm happy. I got you out of my life and that's enough for me." Barry raised his face heavenwards and let out a deep breath. "Thank goodness. I wish you happiness." Before Laura could retort, Barry turned on his heels and marched out of the room.

"Laura, what is the meaning of this?" He whispered. "You can't divorce me."

"Whatever gave you the stupid idea that I couldn't divorce you?" She laughed. "Everybody knows our marriage is a sham. I only pretended to be your wife for my grandmother's sake, but now that she's gone, I don't need to pretend anymore."

Barry felt hot and cold at the same time. "But Laura.... I-I love you. I've always loved you since the day I set eyes on you. Please give me a chance. I made a promise to Evelyn."

"Screw you and your love," Laura spat, wrinkling her nose in disgust. "Don't tell me you love me. It makes my skin crawl. I hate you. I've always hated you since the day you walked into this family."

Barry's heart broke in half after hearing her words. He wanted to say something but no word got out.

Laura turned to face her family, waving the divorce papers in her hand. "Now that I'm divorcing this useless husband of mine, I'm entitled to 80% of what he owns."

She went on after a pause, a small smile playing on her lips. "And since Barry here owns nothing to his name except his inheritance, I'll just take the white mansion."

The room went wild with cheers and praises.

"That's super brilliant, Laura," Jonathan Raven patted his daughter's shoulder. "I raised you well to think on your feet. Very impressive."

"Yeah, sis," Curtis clapped her back. "Why should we let this pauper keep something that should belong to the entire family?"

Francis Raven and Helga nodded in approval. "That's very smart Laura. Divorcing Barry would save us a lot of legal actions to take back the mansion."

Barry remained silent as he watched the Raven family jubilate over his divorce.

He clenched his fists and hung his head, feeling a fresh wave of emotions rushing through him.

This emotion was rage. He was angry.

Angry about the hatred, angry about the heartbreak Laura served him and angry about the love and commitment he promised to Evelyn.

Curtis walked up to Barry, a wide jeering grin on his face. He leaned in close and whispered in Barry's ears.

"I'd advise you not to fight this, Barry. We'll hire the best lawyers money can buy. You won't stand a chance against all of us. Be wise and save yourself the trouble."

Barry slowly glanced up, his eyes dead of warmth and life.

"Do whatever you want," he said gravely. "I don't care."

Without waiting for a respond, Barry turned and walked out of the room silently.

The Raven family watched him go, pleased with themselves.

* * * *

The divorce proceedings arrived two days later in a quiet courtroom.

Barry and Laura sat across from each other, the long table littered with documents and legal papers.

Lawyers and clerks walked up and down as they prepared the paperwork.

Not for once did Barry glance up to meet Laura's eyes.

His shoulder was slumped, dark bags under his eyes, staring at his shoes.

He hadn't slept a wink in two days.

Laura, on the other hand was dazzling with brightness. She had never looked so happy in her life.

Finally, it was time to sign the divorce papers.

As Laura skimmed through the papers, she paused before signing her name.

"This Forex trading account," she began, tapping the document with her pen. "What's the full disclosure of it?"

The accountant, adjusted her glasses as she explained. "The Forex trading account is fully funded with \$10,000. However, the account hasn't been performing well. The market has been volatile, and the returns aren't so impressive."

Laura snorted. "Forex? Who does Forex these days? It's been three years and a terrible era for traders. Everyone knows you can't make any real money in Forex. It's too risky."

The room fell silent as Laura leaned back in her chair and regarded Barry.

"I don't want it," she declared. "None of the Raven family members believed in Forex. Barry can keep the account. I'm not here to rip him dry. I'm a good person. As long as I keep the mansion, nothing else matters."

Barry didn't argue. He was too defeated to speak a word.

Once the paperwork was signed, Laura grabbed her bag and stood to her feet.

"If you ever feel like working for the Raven family, you're always welcome. We'll need more helping hand around the house. That's all you're good at anyway," she said.

Barry finally met her gaze.

Laura felt a thrill of excitement rush through her. She enjoyed watching him suffer.

"And one more thing," she added, crossing her arms. "The Raven family won't be paying for your house rent anymore or your sister's tuition f*e. If you want money, then earn it. You've got that Forex account of yours. Start hustling."

Barry suddenly stood to his feet, startling Laura.

He stared at her from under his lashes—pain, anger and hate burning in his eyes.

"I hope you're happy now," he said.

Laura feigned ignorance. "Of course I'm happy. I got you out of my life and that's enough for me."

Barry raised his face heavenwards and let out a deep breath. "Thank goodness. I wish you happiness."

Before Laura could retort, Barry turned on his heels and marched out of the room.