

Out of My Way, I'm Becoming a Billionaire Chapter 2

Chapter 2 Let's Get a Divorce

Harmonia clung to her last shred of hope until the unfamiliar scent of sandalwood reached her. The scent extinguished her faint glimmer of hope.

A portable oxygen tank appeared. An oxygen mask was placed over her mouth and nose.

The remnants of her will to survive drove her to inhale the oxygen deeply. She held onto his wrist tightly and gripped the string of rosary beads wrapped around it as if it were her sole hope to stay alive.

All around her was utter silence, except for the rapid sound of breathing.

She was forcefully pulled back from the brink of death. At that moment, Harmonia came to see her situation clearly.

Once her breathing had become steady, he placed the inhaler in her palm before turning around and walking away.

Harmonia struggled to raise her head and saw his imposing back, along with the hand that was wearing the string of rosary beads she had ung to moments ago.

rmonia put the inhaler over her mouth and took a puff. Using a dry powder inhaler felt dry and scratchy, just like her marriage over the past five years.

She looked at the puddle of blood left by Luna and scoffed. She used the cloth to wipe away the dried bloodstains. Along with the blood, she wiped away the love she had held for Absalom.

Their encounter at Green Hill had destined them for this unfortunate outcome. In these five years, she had made enough mistakes.

People had to always move forward. If she continued to live in the past, what was the point of living then?

As night fell, the relatives of the Terran family arrived at the old mansion.

They were already aware of the abortion pill incident. They were gossiping and pointing fingers at Harmonia.

From their hushed conversations, Harmonia learned about Luna's miscarriage. It was a masterful move that killed two birds with one stone.

Harmonia smiled. There was no rush. Luna would have to pay for what she had done one day.

At this moment, the car she had been waiting for finally arrived.

Absalom stepped out of it.

Harmonia picked up a cake from the buffet table and walked toward him with a smile.

Absalom, who saw Harmonia approach with a cake in hand, thought that she had genuinely realized her mistakes and had come to appease and apologize to him.

However, the next moment, he realized he was completely wrong!

She smashed that cake into his custom-tailored suit!

There was a collective gasp of shock from the onlookers. They all began to comment on how Harmonia, a girl from the countryside, did not belong in high society and had even gone completely insane!

Harmonia, on the other hand, seemed unfazed. She was wearing a nonchalant smile.

"Absalom, I've cleaned up the mess of your child's blood. That's the last thing I'll ever do for you

"Now, let's bid farewell to our thoroughly ruined marriage with a piece of cake I borrowed from your uncle's party!

"Let's get a divorce."

She delivered the words with brutal directness. Her tone was devoid of any affection.

The onlookers present were completely shocked

After all, it was common knowledge that Harmonia loved Absalom very deeply, humbly, and with great devotion.

And yet now, in front of the entire Terran family, she embarrassed Absalom and even demanded a divorce!

Before anyone could react, she turned and walked toward the courtyard.

Absalom frowned and wiped away the smeared cake with a

handkerchief. He spoke softly with patience, "Harmonia, what have you ever done for me? And why are you making a fuss? Is this the right occasion for you to do that?"

"I'll see you at the courthouse tomorrow morning at nine," she said without glancing back. She had said what needed to be said.

Absalom's eyes widened in anger. "Do you even know what you're talking about, Harmonia? Once we get divorced, there's no turning back for you!"

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It was time for a showdown

Not far away, inside the dilapidated Empyrean Tower, a man smiled

Mr. Martinez, what are you smiling about?

Mr. Martinez's slender fingers lightly tapped on the mahogany railing Dominic between them, who do you think will regret it first

"Mrs. Terran would undoubtedly regret it first."

"Really?" He chuckled.