

The Pigeon Has Flown Away

Chapter2

The red wine steak was especially good.

I ate two large plates by myself and was so satisfied that I wasn't even that mad when Leo stood me up again.

In the early hours, Leo came home.

He noticed that the lights in the entryway and living room were off.

In six years of marriage, whenever he went out drinking, no matter how late it was, I always prepared hangover medicine and dozed off on the sofa waiting for him to come back.

Leo didn't like me doing this.

So he often stayed out all night.

Then he would point at the bags under my eyes from worrying and mock me for looking older than his aunt.

"Gigi, are you feeling unwell?"

When he came into the room, Leo reached out, trying to check my forehead temperature.

I barely avoided his hand and quietly frowned.

10:49

The Pigeon Has Flown Away

14.39%

"It's late. Go take a shower."

The smell of alcohol on him made me nauseous.

Leo sat beside me, squinting as he glanced at his phone.

There wasn't a single missed call.

How strange.

Usually, I liked to kill his buzz when he drank.

Telling him not to drink too much. Telling him to remember to get a designated driver.

The man cleared his throat and said,

"I really couldn't skip tonight's dinner, but I'll definitely take you out tomorrow. Will that make you happy?"

I blinked.

"No need. You go ahead and be busy."

My heartfelt words were met with Leo's mocking laugh.

"I've been really busy lately. I don't have time for your drama."

My phone chimed with an email. As I eagerly opened it, I absentmindedly replied,

10:49

The Pigeon Has Flown Away

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Chapter2

"You managed to squeeze in a movie and coffee in your busy schedule. You're pretty good at time management."

Hearing this, Leo's handsome face turned dark.

He said he had known Olivia since childhood. She was afraid of the dark, so he had no choice but to take her back to her parents' house, last night.

"Gigi, do you do anything besides imagine things all day? You really disappoint me."

Before tonight, the word "disappointment" was the trigger Leo used to make me cry and fight, wishing I could rip out my heart to prove my

love for him.

But to his surprise, after hearing his criticism, I didn't say a word, just holding my phone.

He didn't know I was looking at the divorce agreement sent by the lawyer.

Noticing Leo approaching, I quickly turned off the phone screen.

"What are you looking at?"

"Nothing. I'm tired. I'm going to sleep."

With a loud bang, the man shut himself in the study.

This was the classic sign of a quarrel.

10:49

The Pigeon Has Flown Away.

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A year ago, I would have already been at the door, crying and begging him to come out and talk.

But tonight, there was no crying, only the sound of the printer churning away.

I printed the divorce agreement, signed it, and put it in the nightstand drawer.

I turned off the light. Despite my insomnia, I had a good night's sleep.

The next day, Leo called my desk phone and summoned me to the top floor.

"Long time no see, Gigi."

Olivia sat in the boss's chair, smiling at me with a look of innocence,

"I see Leo all the time. I always ask him to bring you along, but he never listens."

Olivia was a somewhat famous online celebrity. She was young,

pretty, and liked to dress up.

Every time I saw her, I couldn't help but look down, feeling annoyed at how plain I dressed.

But today, Olivia didn't see any trace of inferiority in my eyes.

Not only that, I even smiled at her.

10:49

22.9%

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"I'm a homebody by nature. Don't worry about me. What matters is that you have fun."

Hearing this, Leo turned to look at me from the floor-to-ceiling window.

The faint dark circles under his eyes made it hard not to suspect he didn't sleep well last night.

"Gigi, Olivia is hungry. Give her my lunch."

Chorens