

Chapter 3

I mentioned to Colbie over the phone that I wanted a divorce. She immediately skipped work and drove to my place to pick me up.

"The sight of Andrew and Nina has made me want to gag for the longest time. I haven't done anything because you've been defending them this whole time. Let's head to your company now so you can tell him you want a divorce," she said.

I sighed. "I suppose it's good. I need to tell the finance department to split my and Andrew's salaries, anyway."

Colbie was in disbelief. "What? Wasn't he the one who said he would give you every cent he earned? Is he already regretting his actions when it hasn't been long since you guys got married?"

I grimaced helplessly. "Yeah..."

Back then, I suffered from several burns while trying to save Andrew from a fire. He hadn't left my side while I was unconscious, and he was the first person I saw when I woke up. He'd held my hand and proposed to me, saying he would always care for me.

When Colbie saw the look on my face, she hurriedly started consoling me. "Look. It's great that you've finally decided to ask for a divorce. We can talk about everything else after the divorce's been finalized."

We soon arrived at my company. Everything felt so unfamiliar there. I hadn't been to the company since being discharged from the hospital to recuperate at home. There weren't many old employees left—most of the faces were young and unfamiliar. They watched me with curiosity or wariness.

The young woman at the front desk smiled politely at me and Colbie. "May I help you?"

"We're here for Andrew Samson." Colbie tried to pull me past the front desk after that.

"You need to make an appointment to see Mr. Samson, ladies. Could you please give me your appointment number?" The young woman stopped us.

"We don't have an appointment or need one." Colbie pushed me forward. "This is Andrew's wife and your company's founder. Can we go in now?"

The young woman had never seen us, and she cried for the guards when she realized she couldn't stop us. "Guards! Someone's causing a scene here!"

The guards hurried over with Andrew and Nina. "Who would dare cause trouble here?"

Andrew was taken aback when he saw me. Then, his gaze turned contemptuous. "Why are you running around when you should be at home?"

"Maybe Rose doesn't want me to stay at the company as your assistant, Andy. I won't do it since she doesn't like it, then. Those veteran employees said I wasn't worthy, anyway," Nina said, looking aggrieved.

Colbie stepped forward, wanting to speak up for me.

I stopped her with a shake of my head and said, "You're right that I don't want you here. Since you agree with me, I'll make it official—you're fired."

I ignored her look of disbelief and approached Andrew, saying, "I don't want to stay at home anymore—that's why I came to my company to work. Do you have a problem with that, Mr. Samson?"

He softened his tone a little. "I only wanted my sister to work here as an assistant, Rosie. Why do you have to be so petty about this?"

"Your sister, huh? The one you had a candlelight dinner with on our seventh anniversary when I was sick? The one who stood in for me and recorded a video of it when I couldn't be there?" I asked mockingly. "Or is it the one who you call your sister but is actually a homewrecker?"

Andrew slapped me so hard that it made me fall to the floor.

My ears buzzed.

He forgot all about his image and roared, "Is this what you're like now, Rose? Apologize to Nina right now!"
