

The 100th Forgiveness

Chapter 1

In five years of marriage, every time my husband went out to be with his first love, he would transfer a property to my name.

After I had 99 properties in my name, my husband suddenly realized I had changed.

I didn't cry or make a scene, nor did I beg him not to leave.

I simply chose the best villa in Oriafield, held the property transfer agreement, and waited for him to sign.

The man signed his name, showing a hint of tenderness for the first time: "When I get back, I'll take you to see the fireworks."

I obediently put away the agreement and

gave a soft hum of assent.

I just refused to tell him that what he signed this time...

Was our divorce papers.

-

In the office, news of Bella Thorne's return to the country was playing on the television.

The man's gaze remained fixed on the news screen.

Even as he took the property transfer agreement I handed him and signed it.

Villa No. 1 in the Hamptons, a property that money alone couldn't buy in Oriafield.

It held no importance in Arthur Sterling's

heart.

Just like me—equally unimportant in his heart.

The news segment ended, and the man was in a good mood now; the pen he had just used twirled in his hand as he handed the agreement back to me, teasing:

"I've transferred over sixty houses to you by now, haven't I?

You're quite the wealthy little lady now."

The uncontrollable joy in his tone wasn't to congratulate me.

It was only because his first love was coming back.

I stood before him and simply nodded.

"The villa in the Hamptons has a view of

the sea. I like it very much."

I didn't tell him that this was actually the 100th property he had transferred to me.

Back then, Arthur had pursued me, and I rejected him 99 times.

His love for me was so resilient, so after the 100th confession, we got married.

But his love for me didn't last long; it only sustained itself until the day Bella first returned.

That was my and Arthur's first wedding anniversary.

I was basking in the glow of the candlelight dinner Arthur had personally prepared, happily waiting for his return.

But I only waited for a property transfer

agreement, and a single sentence of apology.

"Sorry, Eleanor. I missed our anniversary. Will you forgive me?"

I ignored the strong scent of unfamiliar perfume on him and, with a hoarse voice, forgave him for the first time.

For the sake of fairness, I decided that after marriage, I would forgive him 99 times.

But what followed was the second time, the third time, the fourth time...

In five years of marriage, he left me behind countless times to keep his first love company.

Eventually, he even started to actively give

me a house before leaving to find his first love.

From the first one, to the ninety-ninth one.

Every single time, I forgave him.

And now, it is exactly one hundred times.

Arthur, after this time, I don't need to forgive you anymore.

Thinking of this, I smiled with a sense of release and looked at him calmly.

Arthur froze for a moment, then looked down and averted his gaze.

I saw a trace of reluctance flash through his eyes.

Then, with a hint of hesitation, he said to me: "Wait for me to come back. I'll take

you to see the fireworks."

If this were the past, even a shred of softness from him would have turned into a fantasy that I could win him back.

I would have cried and begged, then fallen into despair.

Because Arthur would always pry my fingers open one by one, coldly leaving behind one word:

"Lunatic."

Fortunately, I have already been a lunatic ninety-nine times.

And now, the hundred times are up.

There was no need for me to keep up this self-deception any longer.

Because, hidden within the stack of contracts I had just handed him,

I had secretly tucked away a divorce agreement.

Arthur.

In thirty days, we would be nothing to each other.