

## Chapter 3

I went home and took a hot shower.

When I came out, I found Arthur in the living room.

He hesitated for a moment, then actually thanked me: "Still, thank you for getting me out of that tight spot earlier."

"We... we are in a secret marriage, after all. If you had said it right there, it would have been bad for Bella's image."

"Later... I'll find a chance to make our relationship public."

I didn't remind him that soon, there would be no need to make anything public.

This marriage was already coming to an end; it was better to pretend it had never existed at all.

It would be better for both of us.

He suddenly remembered to show some concern: "By the way, why were you there?"

I smiled, staring at him for a long time without speaking.

Only when his gaze became evasive did I say: "David Jones asked me to go."

It was then that he remembered: today's fireworks show was originally something he had promised me.

But he had been so caught up in his sweet time with Bella that he had completely

forgotten.

"I'm sorry. Next week... next week won't work, I have a business trip. Next month, then. I'll definitely take you."

I shook my head. "We'll see when the time comes."

Arthur, pleased with my understanding, gently pulled me into a hug.

Never before had I felt his embrace to be so incredibly cold.

After that day, Arthur went on his business trip, just as he said.

Except, he took Bella with him.

In their spare time, they went for candlelight dinners and visited museums in the neighboring province.

They went to eat at the Roadside Seafood Shack that he had never been willing to visit with me.

He had told me: "For a CEO to eat that kind of food—it's beneath my status."

But in front of Bella, Arthur had no status; he was just an ordinary man deeply in love with her.

Three days left on the countdown.

Arthur finally returned.

During the two weeks he was away on business, I hadn't contacted him once.

Looking at the spotless villa, as if suddenly realizing the effort I had put into our five-year marriage, he said to me: "Honey, you've worked hard."

It's been five years. I can't remember the last time he called me that.

"I was planning to take you to see fireworks the day after tomorrow, but there's a ban recently..."

I could tell, he just didn't want to take me to see fireworks anymore.

Bella probably said something to him.

"Forget it then."

Arthur froze for a moment, seemingly surprised that I really just let it go.

"You... don't mind?"

If it were in the past, I would have screamed at him like a madwoman.

Asking why he could never keep the

promises he made to me.

But now, I didn't care about his empty promises anymore.

"It's just fireworks. It's fine if we don't see them."

Just like Arthur—actually, I'd be fine without him too.

After a long silence, Arthur spoke again: "Then the day after tomorrow, I'll go with you to check out the Hamptons estate."

"I heard there will be floating lanterns that day. You can see them perfectly from the estate in the Hamptons."

I looked at my phone. The calendar showed that the day after tomorrow was Valentine's day.

On such an important day, would he really come to see me?

He was just placating me.

"Don't you need to keep Bella company that day?"

Arthur's expression stiffened for a second, then he said: "I've been with her for so long, it's time I spent some time with you."

After saying that, he seemed to realize how ridiculous it sounded and lowered his head in guilt.

But I didn't puncture his lie. I just went along with him, playing my part in the act.

It just so happened that that was the day of our divorce.

Quite memorable, actually.