

## Chapter 4

One day left in the countdown.

For the past two days, Arthur hadn't shown up at all.

He had been with Bella the whole time, probably to comfort her.

However, every night he would share some trivial things with me.

Celebrity gossip, stray cats he saw on the street, funny jokes on social media.

We were like a normal couple living apart, chatting about boring daily trifles.

Yet in five years of marriage, Arthur and I had never shared our lives like this.

I didn't understand why he was suddenly doing this, nor did I want to understand.

For these three days, I was busy moving, packing my things one by one and shipping them to Northport.

I also finalized the rental contracts with the agency to rent out all one hundred properties under my name.

These actions eventually alerted him. That night, he called and asked me: "David told me you're moving things?"

I replied casually: "Yeah. Didn't you say we were going to the Hamptons?"

I like it there."

Arthur paused, then said to me: "If we hide in the Hamptons to set off fireworks,

it shouldn't be a problem."

I shook my head, speaking in a slightly joking tone: "No need. Watch out or you'll get arrested."

The man seemed to relax a bit. "Then tomorrow night, wait for me directly in the Hamptons."

I hummed a "Mmhmm" in agreement, just as a notification popped up on my phone: Flight Booking Confirmed.

Arthur, as if suddenly sensing something, repeated: "You must wait for me."

I promised him: "Okay."

But the next night, he still didn't come.

David told me apologetically that Arthur had a meeting and would be a little late.

Yet on social media, Bella was releasing floating lanterns on a ferry, and Arthur was standing right behind her.

I checked the time; four hours until my flight took off.

And the divorce agreement would come into effect in just two hours.

I probably wouldn't have the chance to tell him the news in person.

Countdown: three hours.

I stood inside the villa Arthur had given me, gazing at the river outside the window.

Floating lanterns drifted downstream toward the sea one by one; I wondered which one he had released with Bella.

Thinking of the promise he made me yesterday, I couldn't help but laugh.

If he knew this was the last time I would wait for him to fulfill a promise, would he come back to see me immediately?

I returned to the room and looked at the small suitcase in the living room.

I didn't own much.

And here, I owned even less.

This place was just compensation for the hundredth time he had hurt me.

Leaving from here seemed rather meaningful.

Countdown: two hours. My lawyer sent a congratulatory message.

"Congratulations, Ms. Vance. Happy divorce."

"I'll have someone send over the divorce decree."

Countdown: one hour. I received the divorce decree.

With that, my marriage was completely over.

I picked up my suitcase and prepared to leave.

There was a bit of traffic on the highway to the airport.

Sitting in the car, I turned my head and happened to see Arthur driving hurriedly toward the Hamptons.

I lowered my head, realizing that this

fleeting moment of passing each other was forever.

But Arthur suddenly stopped his car and looked over at me...

