

# **She Took The House, The Car, And My Heart**

## **Chapter 1 We'll Divorce On Monday**

At night, the spacious living room glowed under bright lights as two people sat across from each other, a divorce agreement resting between them.

Kristian Shaw, impeccably dressed in a tailored suit, exuded an air of cold detachment. His sharp features remained unreadable, his presence commanding and intimidating. His piercing gaze settled on the silent woman opposite him, his eyes inscrutable.

"We'll divorce on Monday," he declared, his voice firm and emotionless. "Aside from the compensation in the agreement, you may request anything else you need."

"Why so sudden?" Freya Briggs asked, her voice quieter than usual.

Kristian's answer was blunt. "Ashley is back."

Freya knew exactly who Ashley was. After a brief pause, she replied, "Okay."

Kristian hesitated, caught off guard by her immediate acceptance.

Freya opened the divorce papers, her thoughts drifting to the past.

Two years ago, they had met at a nightclub. She had been weighed down by worries; he had been nursing a broken heart. A few drinks later, they found solace in each other's company, talking late into the night.

There had been no impulsive one-night stand-just a quiet parting afterward.

Three days later, he had returned with his assistant to propose marriage. And she had agreed.

After getting married, he had treated her well-tending to her needs, drying her hair with gentle hands, and solving her problems before she even voiced them.

Their relationship had been perfect-until six months ago, when a single phone call changed everything.

Overnight, he grew distant, his warmth replaced by icy indifference.

That was when she learned the truth: Kristian had married her because she bore a faint resemblance to his lost love, Ashley Bradley.

The memory made Freya press her lips together before she asked lightly, "You said I could ask for compensation, right?"

"Yes," Kristian replied flatly.

"Anything I want?" She lifted her gaze to him, her delicate face devoid of its usual brightness.

For a fleeting moment, guilt flickered in his chest. "Yes."

He had already resolved to grant her reasonable demands.

After all, she had been good to him all the time.

Freya's voice was steady. "Then I want the most expensive car in your garage."

"Fine," Kristian agreed.

"A villa in the suburbs," she added.

"Done," he said.

Freya smiled. "And a share of the money you've earned in the last two years."

For the first time, Kristian's composure cracked. His eyes narrowed slightly, as if questioning whether he'd heard correctly. "What did you say?"

Freya, unfazed, repeated her demand. "Our earnings during the marriage count as marital property, don't they? Based on my calculations-excluding investments-your salary and dividends over the last two years amount to several billion. I don't want much-just 40%."

A heavy silence settled between them.

Then, she added, as if casually mentioning the weather, "Of course, you're welcome to take 40% of my income too."

Kristian's patience finally snapped. "Freya!" His voice carried an edge of disbelief.

Had he really felt guilty earlier? How had he never noticed her greed?

Freya met his gaze evenly. "Is that not acceptable?"

Absolutely not.

Kristian dismissed the idea instantly.

"Then forget it." Freya set down her pen. "Next time I see your family, I'll bring up your emotional infidelity. I'm sure they'll take my side."

Kristian's expression darkened, his stare turning glacial. He hadn't anticipated this side of her-realizing now that her past docility had been an act.

"Do you really want to negotiate with me like this?" he demanded.

"Yes." Freya held his gaze without flinching. She knew he despised threats-but she despised infidelity more.

"Fine." Kristian's eyes turned stormy, his voice glacial. "You'll get what you want. But if the divorce hits complications, you'll regret it."

Freya leaned back in her chair, her tone razor-sharp. "Kristian Shaw, is that a threat?"

This version of her was foreign to Kristian. For two years, she'd been the picture of compliance-gentle, accommodating, never defiant. Now, she met his anger with unshakable calm.

"No." Already calculating countermeasures, he bit out, "You'll have the assets. We divorce on Monday."

Freya's lashes lowered briefly before she added, "One more condition."

"Speak." His patience frayed.

"Take me shopping tomorrow." She ignored the frost radiating from him. "Afterward, we'll tell your family together that I ended things."

"Deal," Kristian conceded.

With that, he strode toward the door, unable to stomach another second in her presence.

Earlier, he'd even considered granting her a grace period to process the divorce.

How laughable. She couldn't wait to carve up his fortune and be rid of him.

Had Freya been able to read his thoughts, she might have laughed and said, "That little money? Do you really think I care?"

Kristian reached the door and halted. Without turning around, he said, "I won't be back tonight. I'll pick you up at nine tomorrow morning. Make a list of the stores you want to visit."

Freya's voice followed him, calm but laced with something sharp. "Are you going to see Ashley Bradley?"

Kristian's jaw tightened. "That's none of your business."

Freya let out a quiet breath, as if she had already expected that answer. "I don't tolerate cheating," she said plainly. "So before the divorce is finalized, you'd better not end up in bed with her."

Kristian whirled back, looming over her.

Freya didn't blink. "What? Can't endure two more days?"

"I understand your bitterness," he said, eerily composed, "but lashing out won't help. This is a divorce, not war."

Freya blinked at him. For a moment, she was at a loss for words. This man was truly shameless.

Kristian didn't wait for a response. "Good night." And with that, he turned and left.

The door clicked shut behind him.

Freya's gaze drifted down to the divorce papers still lying on the table. She stood there for a long time, unmoving.

To say she felt nothing would have been a lie. She wasn't made of stone.

The moment she discovered she was nothing more than a stand-in, the hurt had settled deep in her bones.

Kristian had been her first love. In twenty-four years, no one else had breached her defenses. Before the betrayal, he'd been perfection itself-attentive, steady, silencing every doubt with his quiet devotion.

So when she learned of Ashley, she'd offered to leave. To free him. But he'd refused.