

Chapter 2 Kristian Was Pure Scumbag

The reason behind Kristian's refusal was simple. Before Ashley returned, he needed someone to manage his elders at home—and Freya, adored by his parents and grandpa, was the obvious choice.

But sometimes, Freya couldn't help but wonder—did he really think she was a fool? Otherwise, why would he assume she'd play along in hiding his affair?

Now, with his sudden demand for divorce, frustration simmered inside her.

Even after six months of steeling herself, a stubborn flicker of emotion remained.

She let out a slow breath, crossed to the sofa, and grabbed her phone.

She tapped the contact labeled "Fred"—untouched for two years—and typed, "Check if Shaw Group's facing any issues. And find out if Kristian's terminally ill."

Fred's replies exploded onto the screen instantly.

"Holy—Freya?!"

"Never thought I'd hear from you again!"

"Two years, Freya. TWO."

"Where've you been?!"

She didn't bother explaining.

Mood sour, she fired back a single word, "Check."

Fred caved. "On it!"

She tossed the phone aside and waited.

If Kristian was divorcing her to spare her some tragedy, she'd forgive him—maybe even help. But if he was just an unfaithful jerk? She'd drop him.

Thirty minutes later, her phone buzzed with Fred's verdict. "Zero troubles. No illness, no crisis. Why the hell are you asking? Kristian's loaded, hot, and sharp—you two are a match. Don't you like pretty boys? Give it a shot!"

She ignored the jab and shot back, "You are so blind."

Then she silenced her phone.

No external factors meant only one thing—Kristian was pure scum.

Fred stared at his screen, baffled. Did Freya wake up in a mood today?

Freya's gaze landed on the divorce papers. After a pause, she snatched a pen, scrawled her name, and shoved them into a drawer. Then she headed for the shower.

When she emerged, her phone was a disaster—dozens of unread messages and 32 missed calls.

No guessing needed. Frederick Price—aka Fred—had clearly blabbed about her resurrection to the entire world.

Towel draped over her damp hair, she reached for her phone—only for it to ring again.

The caller ID flashed; it was her father.

Her chest tightened. Two years of silence, and now he called?

She'd left Alerith City due to a situation involving her mother, and neither had she reached out to her father nor had he contacted her—until now.

After a pause, she answered coolly. "Hello."

Silence.

Freya, never one for patience, was about to hang up when Hugh Briggs' raspy voice cut through. "Mina."

That name clawed at buried memories.

"What do you want?" she asked flatly.

Hugh hesitated, guilt threading his words. "Frederick told me you reached out. Said you were digging into Kristian. Need help?"

"No." Freya had no interest in his involvement.

A beat passed before Hugh ventured, "What's your relationship with him?"

"A couple." She let the word hang. "About to divorce."

Hugh's

breath hitched. She was married?

"You—" he started.

"If that's all, I'm done." Freya didn't want to waste any more breath on him.

"Wait!" he rushed.

She held her tongue.

The line crackled with tension.

Finally, he muttered, "When are you coming back? That woman's gone."

Then, hastily, he added, "Your mom's belongings are untouched."

Her fingers tightened around the phone. For a flicker, emotion crossed her face—then vanished. "Noted."

She hung up before he could protest.

Hugh stared at the dead line, frustration curdling in his chest. He hadn't even asked about her marriage.

Freya didn't spare him another thought. She flicked her phone to airplane mode, towel-dried her hair, and collapsed into bed.

The night passed without dreams.

By eight the next morning, she was up—dressed and breakfasted.

Today, she'd taken care with her makeup. Her skin glowed; her lips, naturally full, needed no enhancement. But her eyes—sharp, luminous—were the real weapon.

Her smile was bright, bringing a warmth that could instantly lift anyone's spirits.

When Kristian arrived, she was already waiting on the sofa. Her shoulder-length hair was pinned back, bangs swept up under a black beret.

At the sight of him, she rose gracefully, reaching for a coat and draping it over her shoulder.

"Let's go." She grabbed her purse, her tone composed and unbothered.

Kristian didn't move. His tailored suit emphasized his height as he said, "Not today."

Freya stilled.

"I have other commitments." His voice was indifferent. His gaze lingered—too long—on her face. "Tomorrow."

"Kristian Shaw." Her tone was a warning.

He disliked it instantly.

"I put on makeup today," she said, her voice deceptively calm but carrying an unmistakable edge. "If you want our divorce to go smoothly on Monday, push aside whatever plans you have. I don't deal with people who break their promises."

Kristian's eyes narrowed.

After a silent calculation, he stepped out to make a call. Fragments floated back—Ashley... hospital... follow-up.

Freya's grip on her purse turned white-knuckled. Inside, she seethed. Even now, Ashley occupied his thoughts completely.

Kristian missed Freya's fury. All he saw was how she shone today—vibrant, untamed. Nothing like the subdued woman he knew.

After hanging up, he inquired where she wanted to shop. Freya mentioned the largest luxury mall in town.

This wasn't shopping. This was a spree. By 10 AM, the four bodyguards trailed behind her like pack mules—arms stacked with watches, jewels, designer bags.

Kristian's phone chimed nonstop with alerts.

As Freya strode into yet another jewelry boutique, his jaw hardened. This wasn't retail therapy; she was intentionally trying to irritate him. ☺