

# THE ULTIMATE TRILLIONAIRE BOSS

## C 4

### THE LAST GOODBYE

The morning sky over Brookhaven was dull and gray, hanging so low it almost pressed against the rooftops.

Ethan Ward stood inside his bedroom, folding his shirts with slow, deliberate movements. He wasn't stalling. He simply wanted to feel these last moments in this house—the house where he once believed he belonged. He exhaled quietly. “This place was supposed to be home,” he murmured to himself. “How foolish I was to give out the last of my patents all in the name of love.” The suitcase clicked shut. Ethan sat on the bed, staring at the glowing TV screen. He hadn't turned it off. He didn't have the energy. A reporter's bright, cheerful voice filled the room. “Breaking News: Senator Adrian Cole announced as the primary investor in Blake Fashion Empire—Yvonne Blake's brand jumps to number 2 nationwide!” Ethan blinked. “...Of course,” he whispered. The anchor continued: “Senator Cole's fifteen-million-dollar investment and influence in the luxury retail sector have pushed Blake Fashion to new heights. The brand is predicted to challenge the number 1 spot soon.” Then a smiling image of Yvonne appeared. “Known for winning Miss Westaria three times...” Ethan grabbed the remote and lowered the volume. “Enough,” he muttered. “I've heard enough.” He stood and rolled his suitcase toward the door, whispering, “You chose your world, Yvonne... and you didn't choose me.” The announcer continued: “Part of her fame stems from winning the Miss Westaria crown not once, not twice, but three times. Her beauty and elegance continue to attract powerful investors...” Ethan closed his eyes slowly. He didn't need the rest of that sentence. He already knew what they would say. Beauty attracts power. Power attracts money. Money attracts ambition. Yvonne had all three—and she wanted more. He had sacrificed patents worth millions for her, trusted her, believed in her, fought for her dreams... but in return, she had become a stranger fueled by greed and attention. He exhaled slowly. The pain was real. Heavy. Sharp. But beneath that pain... something else had grown. Clarity. He grabbed his bag and headed out of the room. He had to get to the airport soon—the private jet, the steward, the grandfather he didn't trust—all of it waited for him. Whatever destiny was calling him to Verdanis, it was bigger than this house and bigger than Yvonne's betrayal. When he stepped into the living room, he halted. Yvonne stood there waiting—perfectly dressed, arms crossed. Margaret Blake stood beside her with a satisfied smirk. Her brother held documents. Yvonne's uncle leaned against the wall like he was enjoying a show. Ethan's brows drew together. “What is this?” Margaret lifted her chin. “Finally. He's here.” Yvonne's brother stepped forward and slammed the papers into Yvonne's hand. “Let's get this over with,” he said. Yvonne took a breath and held the documents out to Ethan. “Ethan,” she said flatly, “these are divorce papers.” He froze. “...Divorce?” “Yes.” She didn't blink. “I want it done today.” Ethan's chest tightened. “Why the hurry? Why like this?” Before Yvonne could speak, Margaret cut in with a sharp laugh. “Why? Because

we're tired! Because you've become a burden! Because you bring nothing but misfortune and disrepute to my daughter!" Her brother muttered, "The earlier you sign, the better." Ethan looked at Yvonne again. "Yvonne... is this really what you want?" She folded her arms, eyes icy. "I can't keep carrying a husband who has nothing left to offer. My brand is rising. I need someone who matches my level." "Someone like Adrian?" Ethan asked quietly. A flicker of guilt crossed her eyes—just for a moment. "This has nothing to do with him." Ethan knew that was a lie. Her uncle scoffed. "Young man, sign the papers. Don't embarrass yourself." Ethan slowly took the folder. His voice remained calm. "Let me read it." Margaret snapped, "Just sign! You should be grateful we even put compensation in there!" He skimmed the pages. A bitter smile touched his lips. "Five million dollars alimony? For my patents now worth over forty million dollars?" Her uncle shrugged. "Five million is more than enough for someone like you." "And if I refuse?" Ethan asked. Margaret stepped closer. "You won't." "You don't have the power. You don't have the money. You don't have the influence." "You're nothing without this family." Ethan slowly lifted his gaze. "You keep calling me nothing. Yet everything you boast about came from my sacrifice." Yvonne snapped, "Don't start that again!" "No," Ethan said calmly. "Let's talk. For once." He pointed at the document. "This marriage died long before this paper arrived. You stopped caring long before my company fell. Funny enough, I thought you would change if I just proved to you that you meant a lot to me, but I guess I am wrong now." He shook his head. "You chose a new life, Yvonne. You didn't even look back." She didn't reply. He held the pen. "Fine. I'll sign it." Everyone leaned forward. "However," Ethan said, "the compensation meant for me, I want it to go into charity." Margaret blinked. "What?" "Send it all to Bright Horizons Education Fund," Ethan said. "And Saint Mercy Hospital." Yvonne frowned. "Why would you—?" "Because I don't want a cent from you," Ethan replied. "I won't rebuild my life using money soaked in betrayal." A stunned silence filled the room. Margaret finally snapped. "Are you insane?!" Yvonne whispered, "Ethan... what happened to you?" He looked at her calmly. "I finally woke up." He signed. The pen glided smoothly. It felt like chains falling from his soul. He handed the folder to Yvonne. "Congratulations," he said softly. "You're free." As he picked up his suitcase to leave, Yvonne suddenly spoke: "Ethan." He stopped and turned. "With these documents signed," she said coldly, "you are no longer welcome anywhere near the Blake estate. Or anything related to the Blake family." He nodded slowly. "I understand." Her uncle added, smirking, "Good. Now she can marry someone worthy of her personality and status." Her brother laughed. "What a relief." But Ethan didn't respond. "Goodbye," he said simply, and walked toward the exit. Behind him, Margaret muttered loudly: "Finally! That curse is out of our lives." As Ethan approached the mansion gates, they swung open. A convoy of luxury cars entered—decorated with ribbons, flowers, and gold ornaments. A staff member spoke excitedly to another. "Young Master Adrian Cole is preparing for his marriage ritual today." Ethan froze mid-step upon hearing that. "Marriage... ritual?" Of course. Of course that was the urgency. He swallowed hard, eyes burning, and looked down at his vibrating phone. Steward James Leonard: "Master Ethan, are you already at the airport?" Ethan looked again at the cars, the flowers, the celebration that wasn't his. Then he whispered, "...No. But I'm on my way." With his suitcase in hand, he stepped forward.

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