

Legacy Of The Hidden Heir Chapter 1

"Divorce agreement..."

Mlynar scanned the document and couldn't believe what he was reading. He raised his head and stared at the secretary, Ms. Riley, who looked at him as if he weren't there.

"What's this?" he mumbled.

But Ms. Riley, his wife's secretary, only gave him a contemptuous look.

Mlynar was astounded, the secretary who used to treat him with respect, had suddenly changed.

She became condescending, tapping the papers with her fingernails in disgust

"This is a divorce agreement from Cynthia. She wants a divorce, is this hard for you to understand?"

Before Mlynar could react, the secretary's rebuke came like a storm. You have nothing to do at home every day, and it would be a humiliation to have you attend any business occasion. The board of directors uses you to attack Cynthia every time, so you still want to stay by her side?"

"You are not fit for Ms. Cynthia and the success of this company. Sign and get some compensation, or watch your life crumble".

"Is this what she wants to say?" Mlynar chuckled in disbelief.

Nothing to do? So what does it mean that he is constantly cooking, washing, and taking care

of Cynthia's daily life at home? Can't attend a business occasion? But she, Cynthia, had

never invited him to those business occasions.

As for the board of directors, even the start-up capital of the company was given to Cynthia

by Mlynar, not to mention his secret support for the company with his own property.

"Yeah, just like that. Kindly sign it, please," Ms. Riley snapped.

Mlynar looked up at the ceiling. Hanging above was a strange and complete crystal lamp.

He still remembered that three years ago, when Mlynar had just bought this office for

Cynthia, the crystal lamp had a defect. He asked the seller to replace it, but the happy

Cynthia just held him and spun around in this place.

His wife Cynthia once told him her vision for the future here.

But... just three years later, the crystal lamp was replaced with a new one, and Cynthia didn't

even want to see him before the divorce.

"I won't sign unless I see her in person."

Thinking of the past, Mlynar still didn't want to believe that Cynthia would choose to

divorce him for those ridiculous reasons mentioned by the secretary.

Ms. Riley slammed her hand on the table, "why are you so annoying, this is the problem

with low-life people; they find it hard to understand a simple thing just because the situation

is against them."

Mlynar frowned, "What gives you the audacity to talk to me like that?"

Ms. Riley laughed out loud, "who do you think You Are?, To say you are trash abandoned by

our boss is insulting trash. Because at least garbage won't suck our blood."

"I can't wait for the boss and Mr. Ferdinand to be together."

His brows furrowed, "Ferdinand Coonley?"

"Yes, and for your information, they're already seeing each other. It's just you who will be cut out of the picture."

Ferdinand Coonley is the heir to the Coonley Group, a large and the number five Lothric company.

The secretary wanted to say something else, but was stopped by the sound of the office door opening behind her. Looking at the woman walking out of the door, Mlynar subconsciously 'wanted to stand up and greet her.

But Mlynar finally controlled himself. He sat on the sofa and watched Cynthia, The president of vortex group sit down in front of him.

Mlynar trembled and asked one word: "Why?"

He had expected Cynthia to explain it to him, or at least speak to him in a loving voice. But what he waited for was only a cold and impatient rhetorical question: "Didn't my secretary tell you?"

"Ferdinand is someone I need, someone that will push my ambition up, and make me higher than this".

"Cynthia," he mutters.

"you have no power, so weak, and you are poor, I can't be with you... I have to build a future

for myself, I see no future in you".

Mlynar totally gets it.

She didn't even bother to explain to him.

He picked up the pen that had been prepared on the table and signed the pages of the divorce agreement. Every time he signed a word, he felt a crack in his heart.

After Mlynar finished signing everything, the secretary eagerly picked up the divorce agreement and checked Mlynar's signature carefully. But Cynthia just coldly pushed over an additional compensation agreement.

"Sign it, you deserve it. From now on, we won't owe each other anything."

A surge of anger burst from his heart. He took the compensation agreement in his hand, and then slowly but resolutely tore the agreement apart from both directions.

He tossed the four shards on the table.

"I don't need it."

"Then what do you want?"

"I just want my mother's relics." Mlynar pointed to his neck. Cynthia subconsciously touched her neck and touched a rough rope.

"Silver cross..." Cynthia hesitated when she grabbed the silver cross, but in the end, she took down the silver cross that was given to her by Mlynar's mother before she died.

"My mother really gave it to the wrong person."

After Mlynar took back the Silver Cross from Cynthia, he left Cynthia without hesitation.

Looking at Mlynar's leaving figure, Cynthia wished he could turn around and look at her.

But she knew that was not what Mlynar would do.

There were countless things she wanted to say in her heart, but in the end, it was just a sigh.

Her eyes gradually became firmer, and now she no longer had any worries.

She said to herself: "Ferdinand, do you think I don't know that you just want to annex my company?"

"After I deal with Ferdinand, Mlynar... I will definitely remarry you."