

Rise Of The Ex-Convict Chapter 1

Candace wept, her tears flowing unchecked as she sat on the edge of their bed, her heart heavy with regret. In the dimly lit room, the weight of her mistake pressed upon her, threatening to crush her spirit completely. Nicholas, her husband, knelt before her, his eyes filled with concern, he was finding it hard to get the grasp of reality but he knew the deed has been done and there seemed to be : nothing they could do about it. Gently, he reached out and wiped away her tears, his touch a comfort against her troubled | soul.

"Of course Candy, I believe you."

"I'm so sorry, Nicholas," Candace whispered through choked sobs, her voice quivering with emotion. "I never meant for any of this to happen. Please, don't let them take me. I don't 'wanna go to prison, Nicholas."

Nicholas's voice was tender as he spoke, his gaze unwavering. "Babe, we all make mistakes. What matters is how we deal with them. I have decided on what to do, I will take all the guilt upon myself if it means sparing you from the pain. Everyone knows we're partners, so they'll believe me."

Shocked by Nicholas's words, Candace looked into his eyes, her heart breaking at the selflessness in his voice. Candace was completely taken aback by Nicholas's decision, but

the other part of her was glad that her career won't end here. If Nicholas was going to take this blame, then she doesn't have a lot to worry about. Especially not her future, she thought 'while she sobbed, "But why, Nicholas ? Why do you want to go serve a jail time for me?" Nicholas 's voice was filled with love and understanding.

"Because, my dear, love is not about perfection or the absence of mistakes. It is about standing by each other through thick and thin, accepting one another's flaws and growing stronger together. I love you so much, Candy, and I always will. A lot is going to change if you leave, but my absence will only make a little difference,"

"I don't want you to go," Candance continued to weep on Nicholas 's chest, unable to control herself.

"Listen to me, it's just going to be a little jail time, I will return. If you go now, the company will crumble."

Candance threw herself into Nicholas 's arms and wept uncontrollably.

Time passed, and three years later found Nicholas sitting in a quiet cafeteria, his emotions held tightly in check, though anger brewed within him.

His hands trembled slightly as he watched a stack of papers being placed before him. The stark words "Divorce Agreement" burned into his vision like a harsh punch to the gut. His

throat was constricted, making it difficult to speak, but he managed to force the words out.

"Oh, wait, is this some kind of welcome-back-from-prison prank? I know my Candy can never do this to me, she told me we would meet here today," Nicholas chuckled expressionlessly, hoping it was a prank like he had imagined.

Isolde, Candace's secretary and confidante, sat across from Nicholas, her expression cold and detached.

"Does this look like a prank to you? Stop being possessive, because this Candace you're talking about is no longer yours. This is where your marriage ends, Mr. Loughty." she spoke with a voice lacking any hint of warmth or compassion, "How would you expect a reputable CEO to accept an Ex-Convict back to her life? You really wanna taint her reputation like you did yours?"

"Oh wow! An ex convict?" Nicholas smiled bitterly, "Is that what I really am to her now?"

"We could put it that way, afterall, you were still a convict three days ago," Isolde said nonchalantly while she sipped her coffee.

"Why, Candy?" Nicholas's voice came out hoarse, his tone a mix of sorrow and disbelief.

"After spending three years in prison for you, all I receive is a divorce agreement?"

"Actually, My boss has decided to compensate you, Mr. Loughty for everything you did for

her, with one million dollars. Having an ex-prisoner as her husband would tarnish her image

and ruin her fame. The woman of today is totally different from the one you knew three

years ago. She's now one of the most successful women in Launceston, bagging different

endorsements, partnership with the best groups and exclusive contracts.

The room seemed to spin for Nicholas, his vision blurred by a mix of confusion and anger.

He couldn't comprehend the motivations behind Candace's actions. His laugh escaped him involuntarily, harsh and bitter. His bloodshot eyes locked onto Isolde's, rage simmering beneath the surface.

"So, this is why Candace didn't show up since I returned from prison? Just to even check up on me, she can't do that?" Nicholas's voice dripped with sarcasm. "To protect her precious fame? Is that all I meant to her now? An Ex-Convict like you said?"

Isolde, misunderstanding the situation, took offense at Nicholas's words, her tone growing colder.

"Will you just shut the fuck up and sit your ass down! How much do you want? I will talk to her and I promise, she will increase it. Only a few people can earn one million dollars in three years, Mr. Loughty. You should be grateful for this compensation, because if I were Ms. Candace, I wouldn't drop a dime. Just sign the divorce papers once and for all and let's get out of here." She said, her voice cold and withdrawn. Nicholas's heart sank further, hurt coursing through his veins. All through his stay in the prison, Candace only visited him twice, but he didn't expect her to have lost feelings for him completely. It was then that Candace arrived, her guilt evident in her eyes as she

interrupted Isolde.

Nicholas couldn't believe his eyes as he caught the sight of his woman. Gone was the tired and worn-down woman he had left behind. In her place stood a radiant and radiantly beautiful woman. She wore a simple yet elegant dress, her hair was styled in an elegant updo, and her makeup was perfectly applied. She was like a breath of fresh air, and Nicholas felt as if he were seeing her for the first time.

"Stop, Isolde," Candace pleaded, her voice laced with remorse. She approached Nicholas cautiously, her body language betraying a mix of guilt and genuine regret. "Nicholas, I must admit this, I am genuinely sorry. I am truly sorry for just showing up now. But I've made my decision and I believe Isolde would have explained everything to you,"

The room fell into an uneasy silence as Nicholas stared at Candace, his disbelief etched upon his face. He longed for the woman he had once known, the woman who had promised to stand by his side through thick and thin. Slowly, he mustered his voice, disappointment mingling with his hurt. "Three years ago, I sacrificed myself for you, Candace. My reputation and dignity, and this is how you wanna repay me? I paid for your sin, Candace," Nicholas said, his voice filled with a sense of resignation. "I thought our love could overcome owt. But it seems that everything has changed. Yes, you have become the famous Miss Everdeen, isn't it?"

Candace's eyes filled with unshed tears, her voice quivering. "Nicholas , please understand.

Now, my company has merged with Royal Group and if we do well, my company will be the

top in Launceston. We are entering a different world, a world where our marriage no longer

fits. How do you want people to see me, having an ex-convict by my side and calling you

my husband? I never wanted it to be this way, but I believe you can understand."

Nicholas remained silent, his gaze piercing into Candace's soul. Words failed him as the

weight of their shattered dreams settled upon his shoulders. Was their love truly so disposable, so easily traded for fame and fortune?

"Ex convict, right!" Nicholas nodded gently with a wry smile.

"Just sign the divorce papers, I will give you two million dollars more. That should be

enough, we will both go our separate ways. You should know we've never been compatible,

so why are you trying to make a big deal out of this?" Candace said placidly, already |

getting irritated by Nicholas's reluctance. |

"So, everything now has a price to you? And even our love, Candy?" |