

## **BRINGING UP DIVORCE**

“Divorce?” Jordan Callahan asks unbelievably as if he has heard the biggest joke of his lifetime and raises a brow.

Sitting across Jordan is a woman in her mid-forties or early fifties with a haughty and disdainful look on her face.

It appears as if she wants nothing more than to spit on Jordan’s face and tell him just how disgusting he looks and is.

This woman is Avery Caden, the mother-in-law of Jordan Callahan.

“Did I just hear you right, Avery?” Ignoring her haughty look cast at him, Jordan repeats, staring scrupulously at her.

“It’s either you are deaf or you just choose to be for asking me that question when I just finished speaking! Besides, who are you to question me? And wait, did you just address me by my maiden name and without no honorifics? Have you gone nuts?”

“Don’t you know your place anymore? And how dare a loser like you look at me that way and sound rude to me?”

“Have you lost your senses, or don’t you know who your elder is anymore?”

“Anyways,” she pauses and glares at him before taking a deep breath and saying, “I won’t waste my breath with you nor demand an explanation and apology.”

“After all, after now, both of us would have nothing to do with each other as it should have been a long time ago.

“With that said, I’ll cut to the chase. And in more detail this time. I just hope your dumb brain can catch up.

“As you know, my precious daughter, Isabella, your wife per se, has now become the CEO of Sun Glow Apparels, a very affluent company in this county as you might as well also know, and as such, there is no way in hell a punk like you, who has nothing to your name or any future is worthy of continuing being her spouse.

“For years now, we’ve been putting up with you and taking all the insults hurled at us because you are part of this family, but that can’t continue anymore. We’ve had enough!

“Besides, Isabella now needs a competent man who can lead the company with her and offer her as much help as she deserves, not some riffraff like you. I don’t intend to talk much, so in a nutshell, you guys are having a divorce!”

“Ok,” Jordan mouths calmly, not a bit itched by all she just said in any way. In fact, he is even slightly amused.

She said she wouldn’t talk much yet she babbled on and on as if a parrot. Yea, that’s Avery. He is not surprised.

“Hmm,” he takes a deep breath and rubs his jaw as he asks, “I just have one question; who wants us to divorce; you or my wife?”

“Hmph,” Avery snorts coldly. “Does it matter who wants the divorce? Is that such a big deal?” She glares at him and sneers, “I’m the one who calls the shots here and since I want you and my daughter divorced, it is settled! You better start worrying about where

you would live and how you would survive after the divorce, instead of asking me nonsense questions!”

Jordan’s face darkens and all of a sudden, he slams his hand on the table before them.

“Really?” He flares up. “You are saying this to me after everything I’ve done for this family? After all the sacrifices I’ve made? Is this how you repay me?” He clenches his fist.

Three years ago when he married Isabella Caden, the Caden family was just a middle-class family.

No one knew that much about them.

But after the moment he and Isabella exchanged vows, and through the 3 years they’ve been a couple, Sun Glow Apparels, the family business, boomed more than ever before and in no distant time became one of the top 10 companies in the city, almost taking a fourth or fifth position on the list, and now the Caden family is well known.

“That’s hilarious!” Avery bursts out laughing, tears trickling down her cheeks at how hard she is laughing.

“What is funny?! Do I look like a joke to you?!” Jordan scowls.

“Hmph, you look not just like a joke but a clown. I should actually thank you for telling me the biggest joke I’ve heard in a long time,” she guffaws and glares down at him condescendingly, jeering, “You, riffraff, sacrificed a lot for the family? Have you perhaps been living on dreams lately because the last time I remember, you worked here every single day and night, more like the family slave, so what damn sacrifices did you make?”

“I can see you’ve gotten so poor that it is now getting into your head. Now, you live in dreams. Bruh, I’m so embarrassed for you! You really need to think your life after your divorce with my daughter because... Ah!”

“I can’t be bothered to listen to you anymore,” Jordan is already seething so he doesn’t care about being respectful. “As far as I know, I’m married to Isabella, not you, so you can’t decide for us to divorce no matter what! If this is her decision, then she can come with her full chest, look me in the eyes and tell me that it is her decision. As for you, I’m not listening to anything you say!”

“Hahaha,” Avery chuckles and scoffs derisively at him. “You are being stubborn huh? Alright, let’s see just how long you can keep up with that!”

“What do-”

Jordan’s words are cut off as the entrance door opens and a young, tall, gorgeous, fair-skinned slender lady walks in as if she has been waiting for that moment.

She looks at Jordan peacefully and says calmly, “The divorce is my decision. Now you know, I hope you don’t have to argue it anymore and calmly follow through with me the due process. I know you might be angry so to make it up to you I’m willing to offer you a million dollars.”

‘Eh?’ Avery’s face darkens.

A Billionaire After Divorce Chapter 2

**TOO SLOW**

Jordan takes a deep breath and picks up the check, which is next to the divorce papers Isabella has just thrown to the table.

He had been stubborn about this whole divorce saga all this time because he thought Avery was the one trying to shove it down his and Isabella's throat but never did he think Isabella would willingly agree to it.

She actually even spoke like she was the one who told Avery to bring it to his notice. He can't doubt that because if it isn't the case how could she have prepared a one million check and divorce papers in advance? She actually wants to divorce him. His heart clenches and a depressing emotion surges through his veins. But not long, he curbs the feeling. There is no need to be overridden by such emotions.

All these years, he had endured the insults, berations, and all and stuck with Isabella because of the grave love he had for her.

But things have changed now. She has just drawn a line between them and as a respecter of gestures, he would respect her wish. He lets out a wry smile, takes out a pen, and bends as he begins signing the divorce papers, instantly sealing his divorce with Isabella Caden.

Seeing this move that looks like the greatest move that she has ever seen, a gigantic grin spreads across Avery's face, and her eyes light up like the sky on the 4th of July. Yes, this is all she wanted all along! Yes!

"Huh?!" Isabella is slightly awestruck as she watches Jordan scribbling his signature on the divorce papers. "Is that right?" She can't help feeling a little bit uncomfortable. This is not the picture she'd expected to see at all.

She doesn't know, but she thinks Jordan must be unreasonable for not begging her not to divorce him and instead going ahead to sign the papers. This is because for the past years,

she has thought Jordan a coward. Like, he relied on her to survive, so how could he agree without hesitation?

Or could it be because of the one million?

Jordan finishes signing his signature and calmly walks out the door without a single word to the mother and daughter.

He feels heartbroken, after all, he is human and genuinely loved Isabella, but he doesn't let it show on his face.

Meanwhile, as Jordan leaves, Avery hurriedly picks up her phone and begins typing away on it, the content of her text, discreet to the external eyes.

Seeing Jordan's silhouette vanishing slowly and slowly from her peripheral vision, Isabella can't help but suddenly feel like she is losing something important by letting Jordan leave. But as she remembers he didn't even beg her not to divorce him, she pushes the feeling to the back of her mind.

He should have, but he didn't, why should she feel that way? Besides, he also was so quick to pick up the one million.

It is no doubt that he must be a gigolo. For a new CEO, she wants a real husband not some gigolo like Jordan.

"I did the right thing, yes, I did," she whispers, seemingly comforting herself.

"Where do you think you are going?!" A haughty-looking young man walks up to Jordan who has just left the Caden Mansion and snarls, glaring coldly at him.

"Your sister just divorced me, what do you still have to do with me?" Jordan casts a hostile glare at him. This person is Gerald, Isabella's brother.

He is one of those who had made life in the Caden residence hell for him, so he has no good impression of him. In fact, he hates this person so much. He is just like Avery.

“Hmph, you are just a loser and bloody riffraff, do you think you are worthy of being stopped by I, Gerald Caden? Don’t you think you should be feeling grateful?” Gerald guffaws arrogantly, his shoulders raised as if they want to separate from his body.

Jordan scoffs, “If this is the nonsense you came here to spout then I can’t entertain you. Get out of my path now, you should know that I’ve been keeping up with you because of Isabella. Now that both of us are no longer a couple, don’t think I don’t dare hit you! Don’t say I didn’t warn you!”

Gerald’s face darkens. “You, loser, are you threatening me?” He barks, seemingly as if he wants to start a fight. But as if controlled by a sudden force, he retreats.

“Hmph, you are just frustrated that my sister divorced your ass and want to take out your anger on me, I’m too prestigious to entertain you. Anyways, I came here to take back that check my sister gave you! A loser like you who has contributed nothing to our family is not worthy of such a huge sum!

“Besides, you have been divorced and we don’t have any interest to continue feeding you as we’ve done for the past years! From now, you are on your own and your life and death are none of our business. You can’t reap what you did not sow. Give the check back now and I’ll let your poor ass leave!”

Gerald was not in the sitting room when Isabella offered Jordan that check, which means someone informed him of it.

Turns out Avery had not been actually typing away on her phone as she had quickly informed Gerald about everything that happened, including the check, and ordered him to hurry outside and snatch it back from Jordan before he left.

“And if I don’t give you the check, what would you do?” Jordan asks nonchalantly.

“Besides, as far as I can remember, this check was given to me by your sister, so what does it have to do with you?!”

“Punk, don’t get me started!” Gerald growls, turning red. “That is my family’s money, so it doesn’t matter who gave it to you! Hand that check back to me now. Don’t forget you are still outside the Cadens’ Mansion! If you don’t willingly cooperate, I can send for the family guards and make them force you to give up the check! The ball is in your court!”

Jordan sneers and takes out the check from his pocket. “Is this what you want?” He nonchalantly waves it in front of Gerald.

Gerald instantly stretches his hand and tries to grab it, but Jordan swiftly dodges.

“Too slow,” he jeers, and right in Gerald’s face, rips the check to pieces, adding nonchalantly with a sneer, “I never wanted it in the first place.”

A Billionaire After Divorce Chapter 3

**PRESIDENT!**

“No, you didn’t just tear the godforsaken check!” Gerald stomps his foot and yells furiously, eyes as dark as coal. He glances at the pieces of paper on the floor and feels a lump in his throat.



That was some heart-wrenching funds this fool just destroyed! Gosh!

“How dare you?!” He growls, quivering with overwhelming wrath. “That was one million dollars, punk! One fucking million dollars!”

“So what if it was one million dollars?” Jordan snorts indifferently and rolls his eyes.

“Even if it was ten million dollars, I would have still ripped it to dreads since I don’t need it. And what do you mean by “how dare I?” How dare I what exactly?”

“If I can recall correctly, the check was handed to me to do as I wished thus it is none of your business that I chose to use it by destroying it! But wait, why are you so stirred up? Didn’t you come to take the check from me so I wouldn’t cash it? So now that I’ve destroyed it, which is the same thing you want, shouldn’t you be happy?”

“Happy my foot!” Gerald grimaces and sucks his teeth, turning from red to green and from green to pale in the space of a few seconds. ‘Who said he wanted to take the check so it won’t be cashed? It might have been what Avery told him to do, but who said that it was what he wanted to do?’

His plan was to get that one million dollars and use it to get himself some nice new stuff. As a promising young lady, Isabella has always been the one in control of the family’s funds, and whatever amount she feels like giving him each time he asks for money is what he receives.

She doesn’t care if he was pleased or displeased. The last money she gave to him was a freaking one hundred thousand dollars while he requested five hundred!

That one million dollars was like the highest amount he would have been receiving from her and it would have gone a long way for him. But this ruffraff just ruined it.

“Ah!” He runs his hand through his hair, suddenly darts at Jordan and stretches his hand, aiming to grab him on the collar but before he can even successfully cover the remaining distance between him and Jordan, Jordan waves his hand, his palm flying through the air and smacks him so hard across the cheek, causing him to begin spinning around as if a ball.

In the past, Jordan had never treated Gerald like this as he had always put up with his insults because of his grave love for Isabella, but as he already told him earlier, he has been divorced so he wouldn't show him any mercy anymore.

He never shows mercy to idiots!

Meanwhile, after spinning more than five times, Gerald drops to the floor with a loud thud. “Argh!” He cries out in anguish, clutching his burning cheek and rubbing his aching ass. He'd landed on his ass.

On his fucking ass!

But that is not all, in his more than twenty years of age, no one has ever slapped him, but this punk did! He brazenly raised his fist at him. “You slapped me! How dare you punk slap me?!” He barks, panting.

“Why don't I dare slap you? Are you any better than everyone else? Besides, I warned you, but I guess idiots like you never listen. You should be happy it was only a slap,” Jordan hisses, and paying deaf to his other yellings, babbles, and insults, walks away.

In no time, he gets out of the street into a remote area, and at this moment, a luxurious Rolls Royce Phantom neatly pulls over in front of him. The next second, the driver's door opens and an elegant looking fair-skinned old man with white hair and beards alights

from the car and walks up to Jordan, his head bowed in reverence. Without saying a word, he walks to the back door and respectfully opens it for Jordan.

All through this process, Jordan keeps a straight face, seemingly not surprised to see the old man and a few seconds later, a subtle smile plays on his lips. Perhaps, he and the old man has an untold relationship.

He calmly gets into the car and the old man shuts the door, hurries, and gets into the car as well and shuts the door.

He glances at Jordan through the rearview mirror and takes a deep breath, seemingly calming his nerves before asking,

“Sire, I know you didn’t intend for the plan to be executed, but now that things have come to this, what are your thoughts? Perhaps, should the plan start now?”

Jordan lets out a sigh. “Yes.”

“How about your hostess’ company?”

At that question, Jordan’s face instantly turns cold and an acidic taste creeps into his tongue, his veins throbbing.

“After everything I did for her and her family, she asked me for a divorce, and as a respecter of wishes, I readily agreed. It can be said that she and I no longer have anything together so from now on, she would cease from being the hostess.”

The old man’s jaw drops and his eyes dilate, his eyeballs threatening to fall out of their sockets. His master has always been a protector of that lady. He would go to the ends of the world for her, but now, he is really severing all ties with her.

He sighs, surprisingly, not feeling sorry for Jordan, but for Isabella because she is ignorant of the man she just missed. A man who any lady would kill herself for. Guess people would always not know what they have until they lose it.

BEEP... BEEP...

At this moment, the old man's phone begins ringing. He takes a deep breath as he drops his gaze from the rearview mirror to the phone's screen to check the caller's ID.

At a glance, his heart skips a beat. Talking about the devil! It is Isabella, Jordan's ex-wife! He glances at Jordan about to say something, but Jordan already figuring out who the caller must be from the old's man reaction, looks away to the other side.

The old man sighs and not knowing what else to do, receives the call and puts it on loudspeaker. He can't afford to keep Jordan in the darkness.

"President!" Immediately that is done, Isabella's enthusiastic yet reverent voice reverberates from the other end.

A Billionaire After Divorce Chapter 4

## **DECLARING THE CONTRACT NULL**

Turns out the old man is none other than Arthur Smith, the President of World Apparels Galaxy, a new company that deals with garments, shoes, necklaces, and everything else.

Just like the name implies, it is a galaxy where almost anything wearable can be found, and only if a stock is out of the market can a customer enter the Galaxy and not come out with what he or she wants.

World Apparels Galaxy was founded three years ago, and in just these three years, it has managed to become one of the most affluent companies in the county, ranking second on the top ten companies list.

Surprisingly, the booming of Sun Glow Apparels is related to this company because three years ago after Isabella and Jordan got married, World Apparels Galaxy offered Sun Glow Apparels a long-term contract and that push was just what Sun Glow Apparels needed to grow.

This is due to the fact that the instant the contract was signed and the rumor spread like wildfire, the firms in the same line of business as Sun Glow Apparels that had previously disregarded them because they were just a growing firm, all began asking for partnership, causing the company to generate so much profits, skyrocketing its net worth and putting it where it is today.

This is the reason Isabella addresses the old man so respectfully. It is her own way of showing him just how grateful she is.

Arthur turns to look at Jordan who has an indifferent gaze in his eyes and swallows a lump of spittle. Jordan appears not to have anything to say but somehow, he understands Jordan's thought, and sways his gaze back to his phone, picking it up.

"President Smith, I called to-" At this moment, Isabella is cheekily babbling on and on when Arthur indifferently cuts her off...

"Mrs. Caden, I was just going to call you. I'd like to tell you that the cooperation between your company and World Apparels Galaxy is from this moment declared null. You would receive the termination contract from my attorney any moment from now," he blurts, not standing on ceremony with her at all.

“What?!” Isabella’s words catch in her throat and she shudders, almost losing her balance. “P... President Smith, w... What are you talking about?” She stutters, breathless.

She doesn’t understand what is happening at all. What did she do? Did she breach the contract? Obviously not!

This contract has been running for three years now and she has never done anything breach worthy, so how can she do it now?

Besides, when she spoke to Arthur Smith two days ago, he was respectful and cheerful to her, so how he could have just decided to cancel everything today?

Out of the blue?

She clenches her fist, seething. This is maltreatment! She did nothing wrong! She stomps her foot and bites down on her lower lip. And to top it off, Arthur didn’t even bother to answer her question and now, he has just dropped the call on her.

He dropped the fucking call on her ear without answering her question or explaining what she did wrong! How outrageous!

She picks up the flower vase in front of her, seemingly about to slam it against the wall, but freezes as her ears pick up the sound of some people crying outside.

“That foolish punk because he is older than you, he dared lay his hand on you, that hand he used would swell!”

“Dogs would rush him while he is walking on the road and tear him to dreads! Even a fragment of his body wouldn’t be found!”

“After I fed him for three years, he repaid me by slapping you! Such an ungrateful bastard! Karma would judge him!” The voices go on and on cursing and cursing.

These people are naturally Gerald and Avery. Not long ago, Gerald had told Avery how everything went down, including how Jordan slapped him to the floor.

Avery got so angry that she couldn't help but begin cursing and in no time, Gerald joined.

Isabella hisses and drops the flower vase in her hand down to its place before hurriedly making her way outside.

“Mum, Gerald,” as she sees it is her mum and brother, she frowns. “What happened? Why are you two disturbing everywhere?”

“Is it not your good-for-nothing ex-husband?!” Gerald snaps, glaring at her.

“What are you talking about?” Isabella furrows her brows.

“He slapped me! Your loser of a husband slapped me!” Gerald stomps his foot.

“Hahaha,” Isabella laughs half-heartedly. “If you are up to those games you play for money then you failed this time. Please spare me that nonsense. Jordan slapped you? Hah, what a joke!”

How could Jordan have slapped her brother when he couldn't even fight for their marriage? What a lie from the pit of hell. That punk is a coward!

He doesn't have the liver to pull off such. She doesn't believe it at all.

“But I'm saying the truth, he truly slapped me!” Gerald sucks his teeth. “I'm not acting up and this is no game for money!”

“Ok,” Isabella shrugs nonchalantly. “Just stop crying, you too mum, I have better things to worry about. My company is having a big crisis right now,” she sighs.

“What?!” Avery exclaims, wide-eyed. “What happened?”

“Well,” Isabella takes a deep breath and tells her everything.

“That’s outrageous! How could he treat us that way? Is it because he is more powerful than us and we can’t possibly do anything to him?!” Gerald grumbles contemptuously, seething.

Isabella lets out a dejected sigh and lowers her head without saying anything. What can she even say? It’s not like she is also not confused as to why Arthur Smith would just suddenly want to cancel everything when she has done nothing wrong.

“Well, since things have come to this, we can’t while away our time thinking about what we did lest the company crumbles before we are done thinking.

“What I’m trying to say is that we have to quickly move on and find a way to get things back in place,” she drops her gaze to Isabella adding, “I’ve considered all the odds we have and that man is the only one that can help us. A friend of mine informed me that he was invited to a charity event that would take place downtown. I’m hoping you can go meet with him.”

The glow in Isabella’s eyes dim and a taste of lemon creeps into her tongue. She is not new to the man Avery is talking about.

It mattered not that she didn’t mention his name. This is because she has gotten used to this man’s presence that each time anything about an external man, not Jordan is mentioned, she automatically knows it is him.



This particular man has been chasing after her for three years now, but she doesn't like him at all.

Naturally, she would never agree to meet up with him, but recalling her company's fate, she sighs and says begrudgingly, "Ok, I'll get in contact with him."

Avery instantly breaks out with a wide grin. This man is super rich! Hah, she can't help but begin imagining the goodies she would get from him once the link-up is successful.

"Sire, there is a charity event going on tonight, would you love to join?" In the car, Arthur asks, staring at Jordan through the rearview mirror while fiddling with the keys.

"Sure."

A Billionaire After Divorce Chapter 5

### **SNAPPING HIS FINGER**

After driving for a few minutes, the Rolls Royce Phantom neatly pulls over in front of an extravagant tall building, exuding money and standard, and Arthur kills the engine.

The party is held in the hall on the last floor of the building.

"Mmm," Jordan lets out a breath and glances at the building with no difference in his expression as if the building is nothing to him, and calmly opens his door and alights. Arthur also opens his door and alights, seemingly about to walk with Jordan into the building.

After all, Jordan is his boss and it is his duty to tag along with him.

It has always been that way.

But that doesn't happen to be the case this time around as before he can take two more steps toward Jordan, Jordan shakes his head. "You can leave me alone now, Smith," he says calmly yet resolutely. "I don't want my identity revealed yet."

He pats him on the shoulder and resumes walking, paying no attention to the luxurious cars all around him and the people in extravagant attire showing off and in no time, he is inside the building...

In the heat of the party.

"Fuck!" A helpless sigh escapes his lips as the blaring music and shouts infiltrates his eardrums. He has never been a fan of places like this.

He loves being in a peaceful and serene environment because he just can't stand noise. It disturbs his ears and entire being.

He retracts his steps and moves to another segment of the room, to a secluded corner. The noise is less here and he can have his thoughts to himself.

A wave of satisfaction courses through his veins as he sidely leans into the cold wall and helps himself with some wine.

"Mmm," he moans, shuts his eyes, and crosses his leg, seemingly enjoying himself.

"Hey, handsome."

Jordan frowns. Whoever this is just had to cut off the peace he was enjoying.

Don't these ladies have anything else to do than try to flirt with any handsome man they see?! Like, don't they have any work?

He groans and begrudgingly opens his eyes to look at the lady in front of him.

She is a tall, enthralling lady with big boobies and an outrageous big ass and hips.

Wonder how she walks with those.

He doesn't pay them much attention anyway as his brows twist disconcertingly at her. He is not sure he has met her before so...

"So handsome, darling," his thoughts are cut off as the beautiful stranger whispers and flashes him a cute smile, steps up to him, and grabs his hand. "Why did you stay here alone instead of finding me?" She pouts.

Jordan furrows his brows. He doesn't know this lady so what is she babbling about?

"Uhm, what-" he tries to say but the beautiful stranger cuts him off.

"Help me," she whispers, her eyes pleading.

"Oh" Jordan mouths. It seems the beautiful stranger rushed up to him for help.

But then, he came to this secluded corner to relax and enjoy himself, not to help some random lady.

He attempts to push off her hand and get back with his business, but at this moment, his eyes catch sight of a middle-aged man briskly darting toward them.

And before he can even blink twice, the man arrives in front of them, a haughty aura round about him.

This man doesn't say anything as he takes in the sight in front of him, and the next second, as if controlled by an invisible force, he erupts like a volcano, his nose flaring.

"Who the hell is this?!" He barks, glaring at the beautiful stranger as if he owns her.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Nevertheless, the beautiful stranger merely smiles, seemingly not one bit moved by his outburst, and leans closer to Jordan. “He is my boyfriend!”

“Impossible,” the man scoffs as his eyes take in Jordan from his head to toe and the next second, he sneers, “You must have been in a hurry to get someone you can use to get me off your tail that you couldn’t even choose someone good enough.

“Open your eyes and take a good look at the punk you are clutching onto. Look at his clothes, they are so cheap. I’m sure they are not up to 50 bucks in total. So low! Look at his shoes too, ugh, this guy must be from the slums! So irritating!”

Jordan lets out a sigh and shakes his head. Why is it that everyone tends to judge people by their appearance?

Is it that they’ve not heard the adage; “Don’t judge a book by its cover?” Perhaps they have but chose to ignore it.

He calmly pushes the beautiful stranger away from him and asks somewhat sarcastically, “Since I’m a loser from the slums, you, who are you?”

“You see? You don’t even know me! That goes on to show you are a loser because who doesn’t know me in this county?” Not catching onto Jordan’s sarcasm as he is so filled with the vigor to ridicule him, the man retorts jeeringly and puffs his chest arrogantly, adding,

“I don’t like introducing myself because I’m a prominent man in this county and my fame does that for me, but since you are just a pauper who knows nothing, I’ll stoop to your wretched level and do that so I can enlighten your dumb brain; I am Henry Maguire, the heir of the Maguire family!”

“Really?!” Jordan raises his brows, pretending to be shocked and points behind him, asking half-heartedly, “Is that the Lord of your family sitting over there then?”

Henry furrows his brow. He can’t remember the Lord of his family mentioning that he would be coming here tonight.

But Jordan seems confident as if whoever it is must be the Lord of his family.

Although he doesn’t want to turn, he can’t help but do so just to satisfy his curiosity only to see no one particularly familiar.

“Punk, are you joking with me?!” He turns back to Jordan and snarls, breathing heavily, and his veins throbbing.

Jordan shrugs with a nonchalant smile on his face, “Well, don’t blame me, it’s just that the way you talked about your family made me think the Lord of your family would have been that big man sitting over there, who has conquered the numerous other big men with his act of benevolence, but turns out you must have exaggerated things and your family isn’t that much of a big deal after all.”

Henry flushes beet red. “You!” He snarls furiously, rolls up his sleeves, and makes to dart at Jordan, but before he can successfully take a step, Jordan beats him to it as he darts at him at an incomparable speed and snaps his fingers at his face.

Instantly, as if controlled by a sudden invincible force that was released by the snapping of Jordan’s fingers, Henry loses focus and falls into Jordan, who in turn holds him in place, his eyes half awake.

A Billionaire After Divorce Chapter 6

**THE BEAUTIFUL STRANGER**

The beautiful stranger's jaw drops, her eyes widening in disbelief as if a sudden jolt of electricity had just coursed through her veins, leaving her momentarily stunned.

When Jordan mocked Henry into getting furious just now, she'd assumed it was either he was stupid for doing such an outrageous thing or he didn't comprehend the kind of power Henry Maguire wields.

She was still yet to figure out just what it was and now he has done far worse! He attacked Henry Maguire!

Henry freaking Maguire!

No, she cannot believe it. For a man with the appearance of a pauper, she never thought he could be that bold. Her heart is whacking heavily against her chest.

And it is not just because Jordan turned out to be so daring, but also because he might not know what he is getting himself into.

No matter what, this is Henry Maguire, and not any Tom, Dick, or Harry can afford to provoke him, let alone cause him harm.

She sways her gaze to Jordan, seemingly about to talk sense into him and make him understand the thousand and one reasons he shouldn't be attacking Henry, only for her to see him whisper something into Henry's ear and the next second Henry is scampering away like a scared kitten without looking back for even a second.

Her blood runs cold, her feet quaking in her heels and her body as if a leaf. 'What did he do to Henry Maguire that could get him scampering away like that?' She gasps, almost running out of breath.

Why won't she?

This man, Henry, is the scion of the Maguire family, the top 5 family in the city! No one below their level can afford to provoke them, so what could Jordan have possibly told such a scion that got him scampering away as if he would die any second if he didn't?

"You don't need to worry your head so much lest you get a headache. I got no Aspirin here. Anyways, he is merely hypnotized and would be fully awake in the next thirty minutes. And be rest assured that no harm would come to him in his course of fleeing as he still has some self-awareness left in him," Jordan calmly explains, seemingly knowing what she is thinking.

"Really?" The beautiful stranger gasps, utterly flabbergasted. "Wait," she raises a curious brow at him and nibbles on her lower lip. "A... Are you perhaps a magician?"

Jordan merely smiles without saying anything. He just doesn't see the need to affirm or deny. After all, he would not be having anything to do with her after now, and also didn't like talking about himself.

But little did he know that not saying anything had just made the beautiful stranger so intrigued that she wants nothing more than to know all about him.

Her curiosity is suddenly at its zenith!

"So," she clears her throat, so ready to start bombarding him with personal questions, but at this moment, another voice is heard a few steps away from them, cutting her off.

It is a familiar voice. Isabella! Jordan frowns. Is she trailing him now?

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

The sound of heels whacking against the tiled floor chimes as Isabella walks up to them. “Jordan,” she frowns.

“I knew it was you at first glance because my eyes can not deceive me, but seeing that it is really you, I can’t help but wonder what you are doing here and how you got in.

“As far as I can remember, only big shots like me are allowed entrance in here, so tell me, how did a pauper like you get in, did you perhaps sneak in?” Her brows crinkle in disgust and mockery.

“Y-” Jordan is about to respond when the beautiful stranger seductively places a finger on his lips, shutting him up. Simultaneously, she grabs his hand, holding it firmly in hers, and asks with a subtle smile, “Who is this stranger? Is she your friend?” After which she removes her finger from his lips to let him speak.

Isabella’s eyes dim. She doesn’t know why she would be feeling this way, somewhat angry, but she can’t help it. She only just divorced Jordan a few minutes ago, how could another lady be acting all that lovey-dovey with him already? She knows it’s none of her business, but she just can’t help being pricked. Was he cheating on her?

Jordan casts a cold glance at the beautiful stranger, retorting, “She is my ex-wife!”

“Oh,” the beautiful stranger mouths, seemingly surprised to hear that. If Jordan didn’t say it, she wouldn’t have known he was a divorcee. It is quite shocking.

And from the look of things, it appears he wasn’t the one who initiated the divorce.

‘Wow!’ She is even more flabbergasted at that realization. Like what manner of woman would divorce such a man like him? Obviously this one before her!



She sways her gaze to Isabella and says with a bitter smile, “You had such an amazing man but you divorced him. Is it that you are dumb or something? Like, how could you have done such a thing?”

“Gosh, if you were my sister, I would never have forgiven you! Anyways, I should thank you because you have just thrown him into my arms! I’m so grateful!”

Isabella looks at the girl from head to toe and feels a pang of jealousy wash over her. This girl is more younger and beautiful than her. To top it off, she has all the right things in the right places. She can’t hold a candle to her at all. How can Jordan be that lucky?

She scoffs at the girl and sneers, “I don’t know the lies he must have fed you, but that dude you are clutching on only has his good looks and nothing else. You can’t settle for such a loser, can you?”

The beautiful stranger smiles and retorts derisively, “What do you know? Do you think money is everything? Anyways, I don’t even care if he is rich or not because I am!”

A Billionaire After Divorce Chapter 7

### **WHAT HAPPENED, MR. MAGUIRE?!**

Isabella’s cheeks burn and her eyes dart everywhere but at the beautiful stranger, an intense wave of jealousy, greater than the last, coursing through her veins.

But why is she feeling this way? Tears sting her eyes. She lived with Jordan for three years and she really didn’t see anything extraordinary about him...

So how can this stranger be claiming that he is such an amazing man that even though he doesn't have money, she is willing to still be with him? Did she really make a grave mistake by divorcing him?

“No,” she says flatly to herself and shakes her head. Since this lady appears to be so into Jordan, she is probably saying all this to make her feel bad and regretful.

Hmph, Jordan is just like every other pauper out there! “I didn't make a mistake! Yes, I didn't! The divorce was the best decision! I think the best I've ever made! Yes!”

Mumbling these words of affirmation to herself, she manages to hide her jealousy, pretending to be calm, and says somewhat jeeringly, “Jordan, no matter what, you are just a pauper, a penniless man, so you shouldn't be here! This is a party for the rich folks as I said earlier! I'm so confident you shouldn't be here!”

The beautiful stranger giggles and retorts derisively with an eye roll, “Riches? You think you're rich? But the Channel dress you are decked in is not even a limited edition...”

Isabella nibbles on her lower lip, her toes curling up in her heels, fidgeting.

“When talking about riches, you ain't even worthy to talk while I'm standing here! My family controls the makeup and fashion industries in this city, and your company, Sun Glow whatever is nothing to us!” Not giving Isabella a single breather, the beautiful stranger continues.

Isabella's face darkens and her fists clench into tight balls. How dare she?! Her nose flares and she opens her mouth to snap back at the beautiful stranger...

But seemingly expecting that, the beautiful stranger waves her off and says with a shrug of her shoulder, “I'm not showing off. I was only making you feel just what Jordan felt when you were babbling about him being poor and not qualified to be here.”

“Was she really that harsh to him?” Isabella feels a pang in her chest as a wave of regret shoots through her. Seems she was truly harsh on Jordan. Tears well up in her eyes.

She could still vividly recall that when she and Jordan got married, her family wasn't all that well to do and she treated Jordan right, but the moment they became rich, she started looking down on him and felt he didn't reach her current status and is not worthy of her—the same man that stood with her through thick and thin.

She lets out a despondent sigh and shakes her head. She indeed didn't try at all, but then the deed has already been done.

She looks up to push back her tears and rubs her chest to calm her nerves, forcing herself to be peaceful, and gazes at the beautiful stranger as she says, “I don't want to argue with you guys anymore, I never intended to in the first place. In case you two don't know, I came to this party today for business,” she sways her gaze to Jordan, adding, “So if you are a real man, Jordan, then don't hide behind a girl!”

Jordan smirks inwardly. She claims that they might not know that she came here for business, but that could be said to be the case for the stranger girl, but not for him.

This is obviously because he knows how things work. Not long ago, he had Arthur Smith cancel the contract between World Apparels Galaxy and Sun Glow Apparels.

Since World Apparels Galaxy can be said to be Sun Glow Apparels' backbone, there was definitely no how the company would survive easily, so the moment he saw Isabella here, he already figured out that she must be here for some deal.

Perhaps, she is even here to sign a new contract with a new company that would become her company's new backbone.

He was the one who put Sun Glow Apparels in this fate, so Jordan doesn't see any need to speak and as such he keeps mute. He just can't be bothered about Isabella. She is already his past, and no matter what she does, that is where she will remain.

But seeing Jordan in silence, Isabella not knowing what's up, sneers inside. He is still that coward of earlier. She is not surprised.

**BOOM!**

“Hey, what is going on?”

“Do I know?”

At this moment, there is a sudden burst of confusion, people moving hither thither, and seemingly out of the blue, someone yells, “What happened, Mr. Maguire?!”

A Billionaire After Divorce Chapter 8

**SNEERING CONTEMPTUOUSLY**

Hearing someone mention Mr. Maguire in such a heart-wrenching yell, Isabella feels a heart-stopping adrenaline rush through her veins, all the way to her bone marrow and her mouth slightly pats open in surprise.

What could have possibly happened to Mr. Maguire at this crucial moment?

Her heart momentarily stops beating as she briskly makes her way to the young lady a few steps away, asking exasperatedly, “What happened to Mr. Maguire?”

“How can I know when I’m just coming in? Please get off my back, I hate people infiltrating my personal space,” the young lady is quite rude and saucy as she snaps at Isabella with reckless abandon, even hissing thereafter and crinkling her nose as if Isabella was some piece of garbage.

Isabella’s eyes dim, “You b-” She is about to lash out at the young lady but for the sake of figuring out what is going on, she swallows back her words and merely glares at her before moving to the next lady close by, repeating the same question.

On a natural day, Isabella wouldn’t be this curious, eager, and exasperated to find out what is going on with some man, but this is happening because this particular man is not just any man, but Henry Maguire!

And who is Henry Maguire to her? Well, turns out Henry Maguire is the man she came to this party for...

Yes, the man she wanted to rely on and her suitor for years now.

She possibly couldn’t stand idly without at least finding out what happened to her soon-to-be benefactor.

Meanwhile, back at the secluded corner, Jordan can’t help but frown.

This is because the hypnotism on Henry would be interrupted if someone forcefully tried to wake him up.

Ah! He’d thought all this time that Henry went back home, little did he think that he wouldn’t leave but choose to stay back here.

His gaze follows the gaze of others as they look toward where the yell came from, and right there in a secluded corner like the one Jordan is in, is a lady with heavy makeup and

a tiny short gown, barely covering her ass cheeks, trying to get some advantage from Henry Maguire.

Henry Maguire is an infamous womanizer, everyone knows that, and so does the heavy makeup lady, who has been his customer a few times in the past. Just a while ago, she'd been striding through the corner when she happened to catch sight of Henry, and she didn't waste a second to rush up to him.

That was how she found out that Henry was acting abnormally because even after three minutes, Henry wasn't responding to her touches, the Henry she knew would have been banging her with reckless abandon in just two minutes. Because of this, she tried to get him into her by tapping and yelling and ended up interrupting the hypnotism.

Henry's brow twist disconcertingly as he tries to figure out how he got here and what he is doing here. As far as he can remember, a few minutes ago, he was trying to hook up with the beautiful stranger but that punk suddenly challenged him and they were about to get into a brawl when everything went blank and now here he is.

Wait, everything suddenly went blank! It must be the trick of that punk!

His eyebrows scrunch together and his fists clenches into balls, his muscles stretching. "You!" He snarls furiously, unceremoniously shoves the heavy makeup lady off him, and darts toward Jordan, his breathing erratic.

But if he is the one Henry is darting towards, Jordan doesn't even raise a brow, let alone tense up. In the face of Henry's anger, he remains calm and as cool as ice.

He has over nine ways to make Henry quiet, so why would he be bothered? In fact, he has to do something. He makes to move, but at this moment, Isabella hurries over to Henry and stands in his front, deterring his path, and stopping him from moving further.

‘Isabella?’ Henry raises a brow, and in the blink of an eye, all the anger on his face fades, and he puts up a fake smile, pretending to be gentle.

Jordan sneers. He knows Henry’s type so well to know that he is only pretending to be a gentleman, so he could leave a good impression on Isabella. Silly man.

Henry nods at Isabella in what he deems a subtle greeting and a sign that he is not up to anything drastic and gently moves her out of the way before making his way to Jordan.

“Punk, what did you do to me? You better tell the truth because I’ll sure call the cops to check if you harmed me in any way!” Without further ado, he snaps at Jordan.

‘What?’ Isabella’s heartbeat quickens and she begins picking on her dress, seemingly nervous. “Uhm,” she swallows a lump of spittle and walks up to Henry, saying almost breathlessly, “I apologize for whatever it is he did to you. Please for my sake, can you just let it go?”

Henry’s eyes dilate and his mouth slightly parts open. First of all, it was this beautiful stranger saying Jordan was her boyfriend, and now Isabella is apologizing on his behalf and asking for her sake that he forget everything. Who is this punk really?

He looks over at Isabella, asking somewhat coldly, “Why would someone like you be apologizing for that punk?”

“Uhm,” Isabella nibbles on her lower lip and lowers her gaze to the floor. “It... It is because that punk is my ex-husband!”

“Oh, my, really?” Henry is utterly flabbergasted. But that doesn’t last long as he soon bursts out laughing and after a while stops and casts a condescending gaze at Jordan, jeering, “Who could have thought you are Isabella’s ex-husband?”

“Hahaha, well I’m not surprised, a loser like you could have been nothing but a live-in-son-in-law! Bro, I’ve heard so much about you from Avery!

“And from all she told me, it is safe to say that you are just as useless as a pointless peephole! Hah, I am so ashamed on your behalf!” He sways his gaze to the beautiful stranger, adding,

“This is the man you actually chose as your lovey-dovey thingy? Girl, you really suck at choosing men! I feel so sorry for you because you have been cheated! That punk is nothing! Nothing at all!”

If he had intended to make the beautiful stranger feel bad and regretful, that doesn’t work at all as she merely smiles and retorts derisively, “Fancy you running your mouth at him, do you really have what it takes to do that? At least think about your life before going about cursing and mocking others.

“To be honest, compared to Jordan, I think you are the one that is good for nothing, a nothing in fact!

“At least it is no secret to everyone in the top families that you are just a playboy and as a result, no lady in those families is willing to marry you. Thinking about it, that should be the reason you could only find a girl like Isabella, who turns out to be Jordan’s ex-wife, right?

“You bitch!” Henry snarls cold-bloodedly, seemingly about to pick a fight, but at this moment, an approaching movement is heard, causing him to halt and look to know who the intruder might be.

It is an old man. And he has a frown on his face, seemingly because of the mess, and is briskly walking towards them.



Catching a thorough glance at this old man, Henry laughs and sneers contemptuously, “Now this punk would be kicked out!”

A Billionaire After Divorce Chapter 9

### **WHY THEN DID IT HAPPEN?**

After a few more strides, the old man finally arrives in front of Henry, his brows still creased and a powerful aura round about him. Oh, Henry can’t help but break out in a wide grin, shuddering with so much enthusiasm.

He has so much been expectantly waiting for the old man and now he is finally here!

A sharp glint flashes in his eyes. “Yes, that punk will be kicked out now! Yes, he surely will!” He babbles hysterically, almost jumping up and down in utmost bliss.

He appears so confident that Jordan will be kicked out now that the old man is here because this old man is the most powerful in the city and if he found out that Jordan sneaked in, Jordan would be in big trouble and would undoubtedly be kicked out in the end. He just can’t wait for the drama to unfold! Yes, he bares his teeth.

But once again, in the face of this supposed misfortune that is about to befall him, Jordan remains calm, not panicking at all.

This is because this time the old man Henry is so enthusiastic about is none other than the President, Arthur Smith, who pays reverence to him as his boss!

Arthur came here solely because he noticed there were some arguments going on and had to

come handle it before it skyrocketed. With one glance, his gaze sweeps through the individuals before him but as it lands on a particular person, his eyes dilate.

That's Jordan Callahan, his boss, he is here too! His breathing quickens and he makes to hurry over and ask what happened...

But Jordan discreetly shakes his head and hints at him with his eyes to keep away. Obviously, Arthur rushing to him would reveal his identity and that is something he doesn't want to happen

yet.

Arthur takes a deep breath. For someone who has spent enough time with Jordan, he sure understands some of his signs, so as such, he doesn't waste a second as he shifts his gaze away from Jordan to nowhere in particular and asks, "What happened here?"

His question was directed to no one in particular, so Henry seeing that as the opportunity to execute his plan and get Jordan kicked out, hastily grabs onto it as he says, "Mr. Smith, the invites regarding this charity event that were sent out were only given to the top families and big shots in the city, as such, it is safe to say that only the rich like us are allowed entrance but this punk here

snuck in!"

He casts a condescending glance at Jordan, a proud smile on his face, and sneers, "You would be

kicked out now!"

Arthur tenses up, almost losing his cool. If his boss is a punk, then what does that make him? He breaks out in a cold sweat, so pushed to bark at Henry, but as he recalls Jordan hinting him not to reveal his identity, he manages to control himself before calmly looking at Henry and saying gloomily,

“What nonsense **are** you spouting? That young man was personally invited by me, so how could he have snuck **in**? You should better know what you say before you bring yourself and your entire

**family to jeopardy!**

“**It’s** enough that **you** are already **a** disgrace to them, don’t be their doom as well! **In** case **you** don’t know, this young man you are calling a punk is the grandson of my **old** friend!”

“What?!” Isabella and Henry’s jaw drop, and their pupils dilate, their eyeballs threatening to pop out of their sockets.

The beautiful stranger is not left out too. When Henry accused Jordan of sneaking in, she’d wanted to explain to Arthur that Jordan came in with her, only for Arthur to drop this jaw–dropping bomb. Right now, she can’t help the wave of curiosity shooting through her.

‘Who is Jordan really?’ She appears more curious than she was earlier, to the extent that she is almost running out of breath.

“I’ll forgive you, Henry, because you acted ignorantly, and also because the main party hasn’t started yet, but the main party is about to start and I won’t take it likely with you if you make a mess again.

“The same goes for all of you,” he casts a cold gaze at Isabella in particular before shifting his gaze to Jordan and saying somewhat resolutely, “Come with me.”

Jordan shrugs his shoulder. “Ok.”

Isabella's mouth is wide open to the point that an egg can fit in. Jordan, a grandson of President

Arthur Smith's old friend?

Ah! It is so unbelievable, but then, Arthur said it, how can it not be true?

She sucks her teeth, her fists clenching and unclenching. Since Arthur and Jordan are close and she divorced Jordan, it must have been him that destroyed the relationship between her and Arthur, and that's why she lost the contract and all the orders involved!

Seeing Isabella's angry face and knowing what she must be thinking, Henry grabs her hand and smiles comfortingly at her, saying soothingly, "So what if he is Mr. Smith's old friend's grandson? Does that change who he is? Besides, I'm sure Mr. Smith despises him too, which is why he took

him away.

"After all, he is still a pauper no matter what and the only relationship between them is that Mr. Smith is friends with his grandfather! His relatives are still poor."

Hearing Henry's words and feeling it was just what she needed to hear even though he didn't really get the main reason she was angry, Isabella gradually calms down.

She feels Henry is right! Jordan is still a pauper no matter what and as such there is no how he could destroy the cooperation between her and Arthur. But even after filling herself with these thoughts, she can't help but wonder why then did it happen?

A Billionaire After Divorce Chapter 10

**MY ENEMY SINCE 10 YEARS AGO**

While Isabella is overwhelmed with these confusing thoughts, the beautiful stranger can't help but start getting worried about Jordan. It's not like she wants to believe what Henry just said, but then again, she doesn't know that much about Jordan, and from what Arthur said, he is only the grandson of his old friend.

That doesn't necessarily mean they are close and as such, Henry might be right when he said Arthur possibly despises Jordan, which is why he took him away.

*up to*

Her chest clenches tightly as a tide of guilt shoots through her. If only she didn't walk Jordan, all these wouldn't have happened and he wouldn't be in the midst of whatever it is he is facing over there right now.

Her eyes sting with tears. If something happens to him, she really doesn't think she would ever be able to forgive herself.

However, things are unlike what the beautiful stranger thinks it is because, in a luxurious private room in the uppermost part of the building, Jordan is sitting nonchalantly on a caramel-colored couch, his leg crossed while Arthur is standing a step away, his back drenched in sweat even though the room is so cold, almost freezing.

Arthur appears extremely nervous as for an old man, he keeps picking on the hem of his suit as if a teen, and his gaze is darting everywhere but on Jordan.

This is clearly because since they walked into this room, and Jordan settled down, he hasn't said a thing. It makes him feel that maybe he is offended.

Like, the mere thought that he might have offended Jordan is killing him.

But at this moment, Jordan looks over at him and asks indifferently, “Who was that stranger girl standing beside me at the party hall? She helped me a lot!”

He finally spoke! Arthur lets out a deep breath and says with a smile, “She is Miss Daisy, the little princess of the Kane family, Sire. Surprisingly, her family controls the makeup and fashion industries in the city.”

“Interesting,” Jordan mouths with a subtle smile. He never thought that Daisy was telling the truth when she said the same thing to Isabella earlier.

It’s always been a natural thing for most girls to lie through their teeth and claim what they aren’t to win a feud. “Perhaps, her family could be of a big help to us,” he abruptly blurts, a faraway glance in his eyes.

Arthur’s brows furrow. What could he be talking about? But then, he doesn’t worry much about it. Jordan has always been right and he is not one to make mistakes as he carefully examines the pros and cons of any of his steps before taking them.

This can be said to be the case because in the past years, he has always had brilliant thoughts, and that was why their company could become top 3 in the city in just a few years. He is a real business talent.

At the heart of the party, Henry and Isabella are sitting together, their bodies brushing against

each other’s at intervals.

After the incident just now, Isabella had taken her time to tell Henry about the fate of her company, and how they are at risk of closure. From the looks of things, she appears to be finishing as there are fragments of unshed tears in her eyes.

Henry smiles. He has been chasing Isabella for three years now, but she resolutely refused to give him a chance each time, but now, fate seems to have given him another chance. He is so over the moon.

They say desperate moments call for desperate measures. And right now, Isabella appears vulnerable, so he is certain he could get to sleep with her if he helps her.

For a man she has met several times in the past, Isabella knows Henry's thoughts. On a normal day, she would have excused herself as she didn't want to have any relationship with him but things are different since she needed his help, so she can only remain sitting while faking a smile and waiting for him to come up with a solution for her.

"I know just what can help your company get through this predicament," Henry blurts.

Isabella's eyes sparkle. "What?"

Henry draws closer to her and whispers some words into her ear. This is a secret that he couldn't let another ear in on so he had to whisper. It is a thing about his family negotiating cooperation with the top 1 company in the city, which will bring them a big amount of profit, and how he

could help Isabella to get some business in the project.

A gigantic grin spreads across Isabella's face. From what she knew, the Top 1 company in the City that Henry just spoke about is controlled by the richest family in the country!

Gosh, if she could get even a few orders from them, her company will certainly be even better than before!

Meanwhile, in the private room, Jordan uncrosses his leg, looks over at Arthur, a dark glint in his eyes, and says in a dangerously low tone, “The plan against StarWood Apparels will begin in a month. Get ready.”

Arthur falls silent as several thoughts rush through his mind and after a while, asks somewhat nervously, “Are you sure about this, Sire? I really can’t help but remind you that this company belongs to your family.”

Jordan sneers and says unemotional, “That family is not my family anymore, they have been my enemy since 10 years ago.”

## EXCHANGING CONTACTS

The party has just ended. Although Jordan didn’t really participate in it as he had been with Arthur throughout, he can’t help but feel that the outing was just what he needed to get some things out of his head.

He casts a glance at Arthur, seemingly bidding him goodbye, and stands, about to walk out, but Arthur suddenly clears his throat, supposedly having something to say but still doesn’t say anything.

“Say whatever it is you want to say, Smith, I don’t have all night here with you.”

Jordan’s voice is calm yet so chilling that Arthur breaks out in a cold sweat.

“Uhm,” he gulps, scratching his hair. “I just want to ask if I could drive you back home. After all, I brought you here and you possibly don’t have any car to go back.”



“There are Uber services, so what if I have no car here, can’t I grab an Uber home? Anyways, you can always do that as long as you do it discreetly. My identity kept secret till I want it revealed is better than your life, so don’t think I won’t dare do anything to you if you mistakenly cause it to leak/

Arthur shudders hysterically and unconsciously takes two steps backward, petrified. For a man who is willing to take on his family, he doesn’t doubt one bit that Jordan could really do what he just said.

A mistake anyone would ever make would be underestimating the young man.

Jordan doesn’t care about Arthur’s thoughts. What people think has never been of any bother to him and as such, he doesn’t wait any longer and walks out the door, getting into the elevator, and inputting in the number of the last floor.

At this moment, the hall is practically empty without no soul in it except for one lady standing in a corner with sadness clouding her expression. She should have left by now but she couldn’t bring herself to, not when Jordan hasn’t returned to the hall.

She caused all this. The least she could do was at least wait to see if he was safe. There are traces

of tears on her cheeks. Guess she had gotten so bothered that she couldn’t help her tears.

DING!

The elevator chimes as it reaches the last floor and the door opens, revealing Jordan, who calmly walks out with his head held high and makes his way to the hall.

The elevator is at a discreet corner a few steps away from the hall. Only the architect and contractor of the building can tell the reason they decided to make it that way.

As Jordan gets into the hall, his gaze, with one glance, sweeps across the entire room and his brow slightly rises when he catches sight of a familiar figure. It's the beautiful stranger, Daisy.

She didn't leave even though everyone else already did.

Daisy sighs. Won't he be coming? She raises her gaze to look at where Jordan walked away **from to** see if he is coming, only for her eyes to dilate at the sight of him.

"Jordan!" She doesn't know when she exclaims, her voice resonating all **over**, and darts over to

him, throwing herself into his body, her big boobies pressing against his chiseled chest. Jordan stiffens, a surge of blood rushing down his loins in ripples. What is she doing? How can she be pressing her soft body against him? Does she want to give him fucking blue balls?

"I'm sorry," as if realizing how improper her action is, Daisy whispers and pulls away from his body. "I was... I was..." she trails off, flushing beet red. She has been with guys in the past, guys she had a thing for and repeatedly hugged, but none felt like hugging Jordan. The churning in her stomach and spasming of her pussy walls are new. What could be happening to her?

"You didn't leave, why? It's already late."

She snaps out of her reverie and lets out a sigh. "You were taken away by Mr. Smith, and Henry claimed he must hate you, which was why he took you away. I don't know you that much so I could only accept that could be the case. And as such I couldn't leave without knowing you are safe. I was really worried. But now, I'm so relieved.

She didn't leave because she felt worried about him, but the lady he spent three years with left without looking back. What a life.

He smiles at Daisy, mouthing, "Thank you. As you can see, I'm perfectly fine. You don't have to worry any longer. It's late, you should head home now. Hope you have a way to."

"Sure," Daisy mouths. "My chauffeur is waiting outside. You could join me if you want. We could drop you home."

Arthur is probably waiting for him somewhere right now.

Although he doesn't want to reject her kind gesture, he can't help but do. "Sorry, I'll pass. You go along. I'll be fine on my own."

"Ok," Daisy nods and turns to leave but nibbles on her lower lip and turns back, flushed once again. "Uhm," she begins picking on her dress. "Can we at least exchange contacts? And don't you even want to know my name?"

"You didn't offer to tell me, why would I suddenly ask?" Jordan shrugs nonchalantly.

"Anyways, I'm Jordan Callahan."

Daisy smiles. "I'm Daisy Kane, it's a pleasure to cross paths with you, Jordan."

"The pleasure is all mine. If you don't mind, can I have your phone so I can input my heavenly number?"

Daisy chuckles and rolls her eyes. "Here," she fishes out an iPhone, unlocks it, and passes it to him. "Can I have yours too?"

"No need," as Jordan takes her phone and inputs his number, he retorts nonchalantly.

"You can always give me a beep and I'll have your number. It's a simple thing. Here you go," he stretches her phone back to her.

Daisy accepts the phone and instantly dials the number. She doesn't trust Jordan one bit. For a man who doesn't take anything seriously, she doesn't doubt that he could give **her** a wrong number just to get her on her way and off his back.

But what Daisy doesn't know is that if Jordan didn't want to give her his contact, he wouldn't have asked for her phone.

Besides, he would be needing her family for something and the least he could do is get to know her. There's no crime in doing so.

Beep! Beep!

Jordan's phone after a few seconds, beeps in his pocket, and only after then does Daisy smile

brightly.

"There, you have my number, do well to save it. Bye," she gets on her toes and kisses Jordan just beside his lips. "Bye!" Flushed, she yells again and skids away, leaving Jordan momentarily stunned.