

## Rise Of The Ex-Convict Chapter 2

"Oh, c'mon, you twat! Cut the trap, not this again!"

Candace sat in silence, her gaze fixed on Nicholas , desperately mustering the courage to speak some words into his being. She knew the situation was incredibly messed up and Nicholas 's stubbornness was only making it worse, but she believed she could find a way to fix things. Isolde glanced at Candace and signaled her to go ahead with whatever she was going to say.

She sat up gently and cleared her throat before speaking, "Darling, everything comes with a price. Just name the amount you want, and it will all be yours," she said calmly, her fingers gently rubbing her temples. Seeing Nicholas 's ugly face, tattered cloth and unkempt hair 'was almost making her puke, but she didn't show it.

"Shut the hell up!" Nicholas thumped the table hard, his voice tinged with anger. But he didn't want to make a scene in the crowded cafeteria. All eyes were beginning to turn their way.

"Mr. Loughy, control yourself. This is Ms. Everdeen we're talking about. You can't speak to her as though she is a no body like you are. You don't even have the right to sit with her. So take the damn check and leave," Isolde threatened, her words barely audible as she leaned in closer to Nicholas .

"That's enough, Isolde. He's still my husband. The papers haven't been signed yet,"  
Candace

‘whispered, her voice filled with a mix of guilt and determination, her eyes fixated  
on

Nicholas who shook his head in disbelief.

"No, Ma'am! He needs to understand where he stands, we don't give men like this a  
chance.

This ex-convict is too damn arrogant for my liking. Does he even realize one  
phone call can

send him back to where he came from? I can't bear this embarrassment any longer.

Take the  
pen and..."

"I said that's enough, Isolde! Can't you read the room?" Candace cautioned, her  
voice cutting

through the tension as Isolde lowered her head, her anger still evident as she glared  
at

Nicholas . Isolde had always been someone who despised Nicholas for no specific  
reason,

even before he went to jail. Isolde believed Nicholas didn't worth Candace and she  
had

always wanted them to separate. This was like a dream come true for her and she  
was ready

to make sure the whole divorce thing goes smoothly.

"Is it true, Candace? Am I just too damn insignificant for you? Should I just get the  
hell out

of here and never come back? Is that what your damn secretary is trying to tell  
me?"

Nicholas 's voice wavered with a mix of hurt and frustration.

"Technically, we can still say it that way. So yeah! You see, If you weren't in  
prison,"

Candace began softly, "I would have done everything in my power to help you  
succeed. You

have always been the wretched, unfortunate, useless husband, who does nothing  
other than

the chores in the house. I am so sick of that, and each time these memories come to my head,

I feel totally embarrassed. I want a real husband for God's sake! The only choice I have

now... is to buy out our marriage.”

Nicholas let out a bitter chuckle, his voice dripping with irony. "Buy out our marriage?

Candace, if I weren't in prison, it would be you behind bars. You would never have achieved

the success you have now. And yet, you blame me for being imprisoned and you even have

that animal presumptuousness to label me an ex convict?"

Isolde, unable to contain her anger any longer, lashed out at Nicholas, not caring what

Candace would say. "You ungrateful, selfish man! You don't deserve Candace anymore. It

was your choice to take the blame, she never asked you to, did she? How dare you play the

victim now! Don't even try to act smart here, if you don't want to use six more years in

prison, because this is what I am capable of."

Nicholas's expression became wry as he glanced over at Candace. "Do you share the same

sentiment, Candace?" he asked, searching for an answer. But Candace remained silent, her

eyes downcast, her thoughts concealed.

A heavy silence hung in the air, each person lost in their own contemplation.

Nicholas let out

a hollow laugh before reaching for the pen, his voice laden with resignation. "If this is your

decision, then don't regret it," he warned Candace, his eyes filled with a strange mix of

frustration and disappointment.

Candace, her voice firm, denied any possibility of regret. "I have achieved my success through my own efforts. I will not regret this decision, just take the papers, sign it, and take the check, that, will change your lifestyle," she declared, her resolve resolute.

"I don't need any money from you, so you can have your check back," Nicholas responded, his voice laced with a mixture of shattered hope and acceptance. A faint smile tugged at the corners of his lips as he swiftly reached for the pen, taking it from Isolde's outstretched hand. 'Without a moment's hesitation, he signed his name on the divorce papers.

"Bob's your uncle," Nicholas declared, dropping the pen on the table. Isolde, overwhelmed with relief, eagerly snatched the now-signed document from Nicholas's hands, fearing that he might change his mind. "You're finally cooperating," she said, a hint of condescension in her tone. "If I were you, I'd let go of that arrogant poor man's ego. Take the alimony, reinvent yourself, and erase the memory of your failed marriage. You can marry whoever you want, but I doubt there's a woman out there looking for an ex convict to marry,"

Her words stung, but Candace remained resolute in her decision. A subtle ache weighed on her heart, an intangible sensation that silently wrapped itself around her being. But despite the emptiness she felt, she knew deep down that she had made the right choice.

Standing up, Candace glanced at Nicholas, his once warm demeanor now replaced by a

chilling detachment. She spoke softly, her words tinged with a tinge of sadness. "Take good care of yourself, Nicholas," she murmured. However, his response cut deeper than she anticipated.

"From now on, we are nothing more than strangers. If you happen to see me out there, please ignore me. Once you walk out that door, I'll forget you exist," he retorted, his voice icy and devoid of emotion. With those words hanging in the air, Candace's heart sank as she turned away, leaving with Isolde by her side. Nicholas remained seated, his eyes fixated on Candace's diminishing figure. He still couldn't fathom how their marriage had come to such an abrupt end.

Minutes later, as Nicholas sat alone in the cafeteria still thinking about everything that just happened, a fleet of luxurious cars, each adorned with the Royal Group emblem, pulled up.

The enigmatic presence of these powerful individuals filled the air with an undeniable aura of authority, drawing the attention of everyone present in the cafeteria as they wondered what was going.

Dressed in matching black suits, white shirts, and ties, the men exuded an air of confidence.

And amidst it all, a stunning young woman, her curves accentuated by her graceful movements, approached Nicholas. Her voice carried a respectful deference as she addressed him.

"Boss," she said, bowing slightly, her words laced with reverence. The other men in black suits followed suit, bowing respectfully before him.

