

# Become the Richest Woman After Divorce ( Stacy And Sophia )

## Chapter 3

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#### Chapter 3 The Same Gift

Sandra said after a pause, "Good to hear that. If you were to bear it, I'd look down on you!"

Then she walked over to help Sophia pack her things briskly.

It was silent for a moment.

Sandra turned around and held Sophia soothingly.

"Great to have you back. Stop loving that bastard."

Sophia's eyes suddenly turned red.

She was blinded by love and wasted too much time on Pierce.

"I will," Sophia promised to Sandra and herself.

She took a deep breath and repressed all her emotions.

The next day, the sky was cloudy.

The air was sultry.

Sophia stopped being Pierce's dignified and decent wife and chose an off-the-shoulder long green dress she hadn't worn in three years, which made her look attractive with fair skin.

Sandra drove Sophia to the courthouse, and the two waited in the car at the door.

However, Pierce didn't come.

Sophia called Pierce three consecutive times, but he didn't answer.

Looking at the rejected calls, she dialed the number of a reporter who had a good relationship with the Clement Group.

Sophia calmly smiled without preamble, "I have photos of Pierce's infidelity. Do you want them for free?"

The reporter was taken aback. Then he said some perfunctory words in response and hung up.

Sandra gave Sophia a thumbs up.

Sophia ran her fingers through her hair.

She casually said to Sandra, "Wait a moment. He'll come soon. By the way, what's new lately?"

Sandra thought for a moment and smiled.

"The Cruise Group launched a world-shaking bionic technology last month and dominated the market all over the world. Everyone said that your family seemed low-key, but you were fabulously wealthy!"

Hardly had Sandra's voice faded away, Sophia received a call from Pierce.

She sneered. Sure enough, only this way would work.

Sophia calmly answered the phone and heard Pierce's cold, angry voice.

"Sophia, don't overestimate yourself. Even if you have got something on my family, who dares to release it?"

Sophia knew that no reporters could afford to offend the powerful Clement Group.

But she couldn't end her marriage and leave if she didn't do this.

She chuckled, her voice indifferent.

"Mr. Clement, I've been waiting for you at the courthouse. I had no choice because you didn't show up."

Pierce fell silent for a moment.

He said in a frigid voice, "I don't have time to play this game with you. You'd better come to work on time, or I'll fire all the useless people under your command."

Then he hung up the phone.

Sophia stiffened. Pierce implicated the innocent employees because he didn't like her.

She asked Sandra to go back, then took a taxi to the Clement Group.

The people in the group were surprised to see Sophia. They didn't expect her to come back so soon, and she looked more radiant than before.

Sophia took the prepared divorce agreement and resignation letter to Pierce's office.

All she wanted was to leave in the shortest possible time.

Sophia pushed the door open without knocking on it.

She was stunned by what she saw.

Emelia, who looked slender and pitiful, sat next to Pierce.

The two of them were discussing something in a document with their heads down, appearing very close and intimate.

Sophia's face darkened. She didn't expect to see Emelia there.

But on second thought, they already had a son, so it wasn't surprising that Emelia could come.

Sophia's arrival ruined their moment.

She spoke with haughty disdain.

"I planned to complete the divorce procedures before resigning, but it seems that I need to resign now."

Pierce looked up at Sophia with a hint of indifference and estrangement in his eyes. His shirt was perfectly ironed, and he looked cold.

"Aren't you afraid that I'll fire all your people given what you did?"

Pierce knew that the people in the Secretary Department were all trained by Sophia, and Sophia was on good terms with them.

Sophia sneered, "I'll take them away with me."

The moment turned sour.

Hearing this, Emelia withdrew her gaze. With a faint smile, she took out a gift box from the drawer and gave it to Sophia.

"Ms. Cruise, are you still angry about what happened yesterday?"

"I'm really sorry. I heard that yesterday was your third wedding anniversary. Pierce was so busy taking care of me and our son that he forgot about it.

“This is the gift we chose for you. I hope you like it.”

Emelia walked over and whispered in Sophia’s ear, “Well.

“I have the same necklace.”

She deliberately provoked Sophia. Her voice dripped sarcasm as she stared at Sophia’s face.

Pierce and his mistress prepared a gift for Sophia.

And the necklace was the same as his mistress’!

It was simply ridiculous!

Sophia couldn’t describe how she felt. It was like she stepped in shit, making her stomach turn over.

She glared coldly at Emelia.

Suddenly, she raised her hand and knocked over the box in Emelia’s hand.

“Save your breath. Don’t be hypocritical.”

Emelia’s face turned pale as she looked pitifully at Sophia.

“I know you’re angry with me, but Luke is innocent. Can you accept him?”

As she spoke, tears streamed down her face.

“What are you doing?”

Pierce barked at Sophia and stood up with a gloomy face.

He was angry to see Emelia crying and the box thrown on the ground.

How dare Sophia bully Emelia in front of him?

Emelia, with tears in her eyes, pitifully grabbed Pierce’s arm.

“It’s understandable that Ms. Cruise gets angry. It’s okay if she doesn’t like the gift I chose. I just want her to treat Luke well. I don’t want to ruin your marriage.”

Pierce frowned at Sophia.

There was a wild look in his deep eyes.

Sophia stared at Emelia, who acted well as a professional actress.

And she smiled indifferently.

Sophia began icily, "You already have a son as a mistress. Stop pretending to be innocent. Don't you think it's ridiculous?"

Emelia turned pale. She leaned weakly against Pierce, shedding tears of grievance.

Pierce was the picture of nonchalance.

"Watch your mouth, Sophia. She's not a mistress. You'd better show her some respect."

Seeing that Pierce stuck up for Emelia and couldn't bear to see her suffer, Sophia felt like a villain who broke up two lovers.

Pierce said Emelia wasn't a mistress. How about Sophia?

Sophia narrowed her eyes at Emelia expressionlessly.

She jibed, "Who does she think she is? Why should I respect her? She doesn't deserve it!"

Sophia held back her nausea and glanced coldly at Pierce.

Sophia's calm face gave Pierce a strange feeling.

But he bottled it up soon.

Emelia's pitiful weep upset Pierce.

His face was a cold blank mask as he looked at Sophia.

"Apologize to Emelia!"

"What?"

Sophia stiffened and glared defiantly back at Pierce.

Emelia bit her lower lip, took a cup of coffee from the desk, and walked over gently and carefully.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Cruise. I should apologize to you."

Then she handed the coffee to Sophia.

When Emelia was about to spill the coffee on Sophia, Sophia's reason was defeated by her rage.

She dodged backward and slapped Emelia in the face fiercely.

Crack!

The slap and the sound of the broken cup were heard simultaneously.

Sophia thrashed her slightly numb hand satisfactorily.

The air was still.

Shocked, Emelia weakly covered her swollen cheek, with tears of fear in her eyes.

Pierce looked at Sophia in disbelief. Ignoring his sorry state, he protected Emelia behind him, his eyes flashing with coldness.

"Sophia, are you out of your mind?"