

Chapter 5

Natalia lifted his jaw with her fingers and whispered in his ears, "You are such a good boy."

Then they met for the second time. During a game, Natalia had to feed Harold wine with her mouth but he refused.

She leaned on his shoulder and gave him a coy smile, "If you refuse, I have to find another man to dance with me. A lap dance is the punishment for my losing the game. Are you okay with that?"

Then Harold agreed to be fed with wine.

Gradually, they exchanged numbers. Natalia often invited him to have fun with her after his work, and if Harold turned her down, she would beg him by texting sweet words to him.

Anyway, he would say yes to her in the end.

On the tenth day after they knew each other, they got drunk and slept together.

Harold went back home the next morning and admitted he made a mistake. After knowing that, I was nailed to the ground as if struck by lightning.

I cried and questioned him over and over again, "How could you betray me? How could you?"

He knelt in front of me and apologized, hugging my leg. He said it was just a drunken thing and that he would not make the same mistake again.

"Please, Quinn. Forgive me this time," he begged me.

I had never seen him crying so sadly before so I comforted myself that it might be an accident.

I forgave him. Harold deleted all Natalia's contact information , promising he would never see her again.

Just a month after his so-called apology, he went to see Natalia again.

The reason was that Natalia used someone else's phone and sent Harold a photo of her hugging a man, adding words, "If you still don't come to me, I will be with others."

Harold was burning with anger and turned so jealous that he went to that bar immediately.

That night, he didn't come back home.

I went to his company to find him the next day.

I ached so much with sadness. I wanted an explanation and I couldn't stand this anymore.

He apologized to me instantly at the sight of me, "Quinn, I'm sorry. I think I've fallen in love with Natalia. Let's have a divorce."

That was the first time he had mentioned 'divorce' to me. Hearing that, I felt so scared.

The dread stirred again. I had never imagined that Harold would ask for a divorce.

I forgot why I was here, forgot it was not my fault at all, and rushed to hug him, "No, I won't have a divorce. I won't,

Harold."

I knew I was losing my dignity. I was a shame to all the women in the world. But I had no choice. I want to keep my marriage and my husband. I couldn't afford to lose him.

During the three years after this talk, divorce was the most frequent word in my conversation with Harold. He always asked for a divorce and I refused every time.

While Natalia and Harold went to all kinds of places together as a couple, I cried and went crazy at home.

Harold even ignored my parents' feelings and seldom to visit them on holidays or vacations. My parents suggested I have a divorce but I told them I wouldn't.

Harold's parents also persuaded him to return to the family but he turned a deaf ear to them. He even moved to Natalia's place and lived with her.

I lost contact with Harold. I called his number but he never picked the phone up; I texted him but he never texted back. I had no idea of his whereabouts.

However, his assistant contacted me every few days, asking me if I agreed to have a divorce.

It was fair to say that if I couldn't find Harold, just go to find Natalia who could contact him.

The humiliation turned to numbness. I didn't know why I wanted to keep this marriage so eagerly. A marriage like this should end already.

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Probably it was because I couldn't accept that I would lose to a woman like Natalia.

Harold and I had known each other for more than two decades but he chose Natalia over me.

"Does he really stop loving me? Am I not a good woman?" I asked myself but got no answer.