

He Stole Me From My Deadbeat Husband

Chapter 16 - Chapter 16

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Kate paused for a moment. Her heart was aching not because she loved Matt, but because of his casual tone. He made it seem as if cheating was an ordinary thing and that Kate shouldn't be upset about it.

What made it worse was the way he tried to assure Kate that she would still be his "Official Wife."

As if he thought it was what she wanted.

Kate didn't turn around to confront him, she did not want Matt to see how much grief and pain his words gave her. So she simply continued packing her dresses and shoes inside her luggage and stayed silent, acting like she hadn't heard a single word coming out of his filthy mouth.

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Matt clicked his tongue, "Why are you throwing a tantrum like this? You know well enough that I'm not sleeping with Erin by choice, right? This is all because of you, it's your fault, because you are barren and barely a woman!? You've failed to fulfill your responsibility, it's natural for me to find another woman to have a child with."

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Kate clenched one of her dresses as she continued to ignore him. She knew that she'd get even more upset if she responded.

Matt's patience started to thin. He had been kind enough to explain their situation, and he thought that Kate should have at least understood his position.

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Matt marched up behind her and grabbed her arm. He stopped her from finishing packing her things, "You know there is a lot of pressure from my mom. She wants to have a grandchild, and you can't give her that one simple

request. Besides, Erin is your sister, right? She's the best candidate for me to have a child with, being sisters, you both naturally look similar and share the same genes. You shouldn't be upset about this, at least I chose her amongst dozen of women who want me."

Kate finally turned around and glared at Matt with her eyes red from holding back her tears.

Matt was startled when he saw the tears in the corner of her eyes. He thought that Kate was unaffected by the whole thing because she always looked cold and distant towards him in the entirety of their marriage.

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But it seemed that he was wrong.

Kate tried to swallow her grief because she had already told herself plenty of times not to cry for this bastard.

"It doesn't matter whether it's my sister or a random hooker on the street. You still cheated. There is no justification in that," she replied with a hoarse voice.

"I am justified in all of this, had it not been because of your infertility, we wouldn't have come to this situation," Matt insisted.

"Oh yeah? What if you're the one who's infertile. We've never been medically tested because you always refused to do so!"

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Matt's lips thinned, "You know it's your fault. When a married couple can't get pregnant, it's usually the woman's fault. Even everyone in our families is blaming you because you can't get pregnant."

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"Kate, you should compensate me for your inability to conceive by allowing me to sleep with some woman outside. It's the least you could do—."

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"THE LEAST?!" Kate raised her voice. But she quickly toned it down, knowing that getting angry at this ignorant man would be a waste of her time and energy.

She pushed Matt away from her and said, "So we are going traditional shit now? Then compensate me for your inability to get money! You haven't earned a dime since last year!"

Matt's eyes darkened, "You know that I've been trying my best. Acting gigs are hard to get in LA. There are so many new actors with connections, and they're making the competition more and more difficult for me. You're nitpicking at this point."

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Usually, Kate would shut up after Matt mentioned that he had already tried his best. The excuse for why he failed was that the competition was fierce, or he didn't have any connections, or that the role was given to someone more popular, there was always an excuse.

But then she remembered the mysterious man from last night.

He was effortlessly handsome, unreal even, charming, and a total show-stealer even when he was already half drunk. That man reminded Kate that Matt was not on par in any aspect, and the probability of him succeeding in the entertainment industry was close to zero.

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While Matt was handsome in the traditional sense, he lacked the charisma that mysterious man had, and that was absolutely necessary when you were in the acting industry.

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Thus, Kate toughened her heart and finally answered back, "You know that you've failed to break through the industry, yet you refused to find another job. You forced me to work my ass off, and I did. I wanted to be a good wife for you, Matt. But it's not enough, right?"

Kate returned to her luggage and zipped it. All she needed was in her bag. She didn't care about most of her clothes because she could always buy new ones.

Among the clothes she kept, however, were her dresses and evening gowns. Things that she wore only when she thought she could to impress her husband when they were having a night out and in bed.

But it wasn't enough to keep him interested, it seemed.

"So be it, I will just leave this apartment and we will live separate lives. If you want to fuck Erin—or whatever hooker you may find, then do it. But I will not tolerate your bullshit, I'll begin to process the divorce. My lawyer will be in touch."

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