

## It's Too Late To Get A Divorce by Coreal White Chapter 68

Chapter 68

At that moment, when the door behind them burst open, Jaydon lifted his head in displeasure, irked by the intrusion.

It was Cecilia standing at the doorway, her gentle smile instantly evaporating as she witnessed the scene in the office. There sat Alita, perched upon Jaydon's lap, their lips entwined in a fervent kiss, a blow to Cecilia's composure as if a palm had struck her forehead.

"Cecilia, what brings you here?" Jaydon exclaimed in shock, attempting to nudge Alita aside.

Uncharacteristically, Alita clung to his neck, faring Cecilia boldly. "Please shut the door. Jaydon and I may be married, but I'm not used to one seeing us make out."

Cecilia clenched her fists, took a few steps inside, and closed the door behind her. Tears cascaded down her cheeks as she implored in distress, "Jaydon, don't you love me anymore? Why are you holding her?"

Jaydon, unable to withstand her tears, pleaded, "Right. You need to stop, okay?" He then grasped Alita's hand and coaxed. "Could you please go back for now?"

By this time, Alita's heart bled. "What the hell is this? Is(w)w.w.no1eℓwo©M.Com

Isn't this just a slap in my face? Seems like our love was nothing but smoke and mirrors, she thought bitterly. Despite the heartache, she didn't want to make it easy for them. "No." Alita responded with a soft smile.

"Don't go looking for trouble," Jaydon growled.

Trouble?" Alita lifted her voice as she caressed his face and kissed him seductively, her eyes reflecting broken pain. "Honey who just said I'm your husband, and I want you now?"

Jaydon found himself speechless, his anger simmering. He uttered ruthlessly, "Get out of here."

"You think you can command me at will? You'll pay the price." Alta countered. As her heart ran dry of blood, she felt no sorrow, only a yearning to grow talons and tear them both

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"Enough. Alita. Stop this nonsense. My patience has limits," Jaydon said, surprised by her sudden defiance.

"My patience has limits too. Why should I leave? I'm your wife, not a call girl you beckon at will. You have hurt me too much. You'll never be forgiven," Alita declared, releasing his neck. And then she added. Tm leaving because I want to."

Cecilia, amidst her tears, felt a surge of triumph. "Alita, how could you ever compare to me? she thought smugly. Out loud, Cecilia said, "Jaydon, now I know that you still love me. And then she said to Alita scornfully, "Such a pathetic clown!"

Cecilia's behavior pissed Alita off, while Jaydon was unsure how to respond.

Alita strode out with poise and grace, leaving Cecilia basking in pride and disdain. Just then, Alita slapped Cecilia hard and said fiercely, "No matter how glossy your role as a mistress, you're nothing but a f\*cking whore."

Stunned by the slap, Jaydon rushed to push Alita away, inadvertently causing her to fall and hit her forehead on a glass coffee table, blood streaming over her vision. Seeing this, Jaydon was thoroughly rattled. Concern etched in his voice, he called out, "Alita!"(w)w.w.no©ê1©ORm.c©n

Alita pressed a hand to her wound, pulling herself up from the floor, her eyes locking with Jaydon. "Thank you for that shove. It's cleared my head. You and your mistress aren't worth my tears."

Jaydon stood frozen, releasing Cecilia to turn toward Alita, his voice filled with fear. "Bebe..."

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"Don't play the concerned husband. It doesn't suit you. Enjoy your space with Cecilia, Alita snapped, striding away.

Jaydon moved to follow, but Cecilia clung to him, her voice tinged with pain. "Jaydon, my face hurts so much. Look what

Alita did

"Just stay here for a while, Jaydon said, peeling off her hands and heading out the door. Watching him go, Cecilia seethed with resentment. Something was going on in her head. "What I have missed, taken away, must get it back again," she thought with determination.

Jaydon immediately turned to chase after Alita, but the elevator floors had already shut. Undeterred, he rushed to the garage just as Alita's car sped off recklessly. The speed at which she drove made his heart race with fear.

That's it. I'm dead," he thought, smacking the steering wheel in frustration, What if she has an accident? Why did I have to be so impulsive?

Alita is bleeding so much, and she is so unstable.

From morning until night, members of the Lewis family were looking for Alita. Jaydon switched off his phone and searched everywhere Atalia might be while Mike summoned everyone in the family, instructing them to seek Alita,

At the same time, Alita was at the cemetery.

The cemetery was extra creepy at night. Shrouded in darkness and desolation, the dim crescent moon offered scant illumination for the path ahead.

Alita slumped against Bruce Thompson's tombstone, clutching a half-empty bottle of beer, the buzz of alcohol clouding her thoughts. She gradually began to talk confidentially about the state of her heart. "Dad, you were so clueless, thinking that a life of wealth meant happiness. Sometimes, I do hate you. But then, hating you makes me feel like the worst daughter when I think about your tragic death."

She sighed and added. "Well, I guess that is my life: Dad. I wish I could go back to being a kid, grow up innocent, and live an ordinary life. That would be so much better." With that thought, she drifted off into a serene sleep amidst the graves.

Out of the shadows, a tall figure approached. Samuel took off his coat and gently covered her with it. He then whispered in her ear. "I told you not to be so silly. Why won't you ever listen?" Samuel sighed, carrying Alita down the hill, and holding

her close.

Back at the Lewis family, Mike received news that Samuel had located Alita at Bruce's grave-a place where the man who had saved Mike's life lay at rest, a man deeply esteemed by the Lewis family.

"Mr. Lewis, Miss Alita has been found. Mr. Sameul is bringing her back." Edgar reported to Mike.

"Really? Where did Samuel find her?" Mike's voice trembled with excitement.

Edgar hesitated, then replied with a sigh, "At Mr. Thompson's grave."

Mike, reclining in bed, took a moment before letting out a deep sigh. "Alita's heart has been broken by our family. Edgar, did I make a mistake? I chose Jaydon to be my successor, thinking that pairing him with Alita would make her happy. But it's brought her nothing but pain over the years.

"Mr. Lewis, don't talk like that. You're not to blame. Mr. Jaydon and Miss Alita do care for each other, but they clash, that's all. Once they have kids and grow older, they'll understand your good intentions," Edgar reassured him, unwilling to see Mike burdened with guilt.

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"I hope you're right. Edgar, arrange a meeting with Mr. Pratt. I need to change my will," Mike instructed, eyes still closed.

"Yes, Mr. Lewis. I'll call him right away," Edgar said, masking his shock with calmness.

Jaydon had been searching until 9:00 PM without any luck. When he finally turned on his phone to check if Alita might have returned home, he was greeted by a barrage of missed calls He immediately guessed that news had spread.

Jaydon then called Shania for information. Before he could get a word in, Shania said, "Jaydon, where are you? What did you do to Alita? Your grandpa is pissed off. Get back here, now."

"Is Alita back?" Jaydon asked. That was all Jaydon wanted to know

"She is back. Samuel found her and just brought her into her room. The doctor is checking on her now. You better get back here and own up to your mistakes." Shania

responded.wℓr©.N0vℓw0℔(m).C.(m)

Jaydon hung up, feeling uncomfortable. 'Samuel has found her? Does he understand Alita better than I do?' said Jaydon to

himself.

Upon arriving home, Jaydon headed straight to Alita's room, only to be met with Kim's savage glances.

Samuel greeted Jaydon with a smile. "Back so soon?"

"Samuel, where did you find Alita?" Jaydon asked, his curiosity piqued.

At the cemetery. She missed her dad," said Samuel, quietly.

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