

Chapter 3: Paying the Price - Punished by His Love

That night, I stayed at the hospital.

Outside the intensive care unit, it felt like when I was a child, sitting here with my father while waiting for my mother.

But this time was different; that time, my mother didn't make it.

I only hoped that this time, my father would pull through.

Audrey Moore arrived when the sun had risen.

As my sister and also the CEO of the company, she asked, "Did your husband agree?"

I shook my head.

"Go and plead with him again! After all, you've been married for three years. Five hundred million is nothing to him now!" Audrey urged anxiously.

"But he..."

"The company is our father's lifelong work. he gives you everything you want since you were little!" Audrey's impatience escalated. "Are you going to watch the company go bankrupt? Find a solution!"

This time, instead of going home, I went to Dwayne's company, Fioren Group Building.

The building was incredibly magnificent, with a futuristic and modern design.

It was newly constructed, and I had been there on the opening day. Back then, Dwayne had his arm around my waist in front of the media, a gentle and considerate man, making me feel like I was on cloud nine.

But as soon as the cameras were gone, he treated me like a dirty object, tossing me aside.

Dwayne's office was on the top floor. I went in without any hindrance, only to be stopped by the beautiful female secretary at the door. She said, "Madam, the chairman is not in."

I sat outside the door and waited.

After about two hours, the president's elevator "dinged" open.

Dwayne was holding Isabelle, looking affectionately at her.

They had just finished discussing something, and the woman was giggling.

I watched them pass by me, and I quickly stood up, "Honey!"

Dwayne halted for a moment, slightly tilting his head.

I couldn't see his expression, only through this posture could I tell he was listening.

"I want to talk to you privately." I didn't dare to be direct about my purpose and took a roundabout way, "It's about divorce..."

"Get lost!"

His tone was irritable and disgusted.

"I mean, I'm willing to divorce you!" I thought he misunderstood my intentions, and seeing him start to walk again, I quickly increased my pace, "Dwayne, I know you married me reluctantly. Now I'm willing..."

Dwayne suddenly pushed away the woman in his arms.

The woman screamed and fell to the ground, and I was so scared that my heart trembled. I involuntarily took two steps back, but my cheek was suddenly struck with a severe pain.

It was Dwayne; he had grabbed my chin.

The force was so great that it not only sealed my voice but also almost shattered my jawbone.

"You're willing?" His pupils seemed to be coated with frost, his tone ferocious, "Didn't you say you loved me forever? Huh? How long has it been, and you can't bear it anymore?"

I struggled to open my mouth, but no words came out.

"Let me tell you, I won't invest a single penny, and I won't divorce you either." He lowered his head slightly, his nose touching mine, his voice lowered, but the hatred didn't diminish, "Nicole Moore, the game has just begun. Everything you owe me, I will make you pay, one by one."

With that, he flung me to the ground and walked into his office with Isabelle.

After a long while, I finally regained my strength. I stood up, my vision blurred with stars.

My arm was supported by someone; it was Dwayne's female secretary.

"Madam," she looked concerned and pointed to the passage to the left of the elevator, "The restroom is over there."

I thanked her, dragging my heavy left leg into the restroom, taking out several wet tissues, and sat on the toilet.