

Chapter 6

Nyla lifted her head to speak, but Clark grabbed her hand and smiled. "Grandma, we're working on it!"

Nyla tried to pull her hand away, but Clark's grip was too tight.

If he wouldn't let her be, she wouldn't make it easy for him either. She turned to Marie. "Grandma, I'm looking for a job right now, so having children might have to wait."

The room fell silent.

Clark's grip on Nyla's hand tightened painfully, and she winced.

Damon glanced at Clark's hand on Nyla, noticing the bulging veins, then looked away indifferently.

Clark's aunt, Anne Sumner, sneered. "Nyla, don't blame me for being blunt. You've been married for years. How can you not have a child yet? If it weren't for Clark insisting on marrying you, do you think your family could have ever married into the Summers?"

"You should be grateful. If you don't want to have Clark's child, there are plenty of women who do. If someone else steps in, you'll be the one looking foolish."

Besides, Anne thought, "Who knows if Nyla is fertile?"

She sounded like she meant well, but her gaze at Nyla was filled with an air of superiority.

Marie frowned at Anne, disapproving. "Anne, enough."

Anne pursed her lips but stayed silent.

Marie turned back to Nyla with a kind smile. "Nyla, you and Clark are still young. If you don't want children yet, that's fine. Just don't overwork yourself. Our family isn't short on money. You can work if you want, but take it easy."

Nyla nodded. "I understand, Grandma."

With that, the awkward moment passed, and the room returned to its previous warmth.

Seeing the attention shift away, Clark pulled Nyla out of the living room. Once they reached the gazebo in the backyard, he released her. "Nyla, have you lost your mind? Do you want everyone to know about our fight?"

Nyla rubbed her sore hand and said, "I was just being honest."

"Honest?" Clark scowled. "Should I call your father then?"

Harrison Jayston was ill and couldn't handle stress. Nyla planned to divorce Clark before breaking the news to him gently.

She glared at Clark. "You wouldn't dare! You were the one who cheated. What right do you have to be so self-righteous?"

Clark clenched his hands, a flicker of guilt crossing his face before it was replaced by impatience. "I promised it wouldn't happen again. If you don't want to see Jordyn, I'll fire her. What more do you want?"

Nyla felt like there was a communication breakdown between them and turned away. "I don't want to argue with you here."

When Clark saw her red-rimmed eyes, he softened. "Nyla, I truly know I was wrong. Just don't mention divorce, and I'll make it up to you. I love you. I can't let you go."

Nyla found it laughable. How could he claim to love her while being with another woman? Just thinking about him with someone else made her sick.

"I will never forgive you."

Betrayal was her bottom line. She couldn't pretend nothing had happened or reconcile with him.

Clark knew Nyla well enough to understand that he had to be patient. He believed she still had feelings for him. Otherwise, she would have made a bigger scene when she found out. As long as he refused to divorce her, she would eventually forgive him.

"Fine, we won't talk about it now. If you don't want kids yet, we'll postpone it to two years later. Since you want to work, I'll have my secretary find you a position at the Sumner Group."

Nyla laughed at his arrangement, a mocking look in her eyes. "Clark, do you see me as a puppet you can control?"

Hurt by her gaze, Clark frowned. "How am I controlling you? You don't want kids now, so I agreed to wait two years. You want to work, so I'll arrange it. What more do you want?"

"Stop pretending. I don't want kids because I want a divorce. I want to work to sever ties with you."

Clark looked at Nyla's stubborn face, displeased. Since their wedding, she had been like a canary in his cage. He couldn't let her go.

"As long as I don't agree, this marriage won't end. Even if you tell a lawyer I cheated, do you have proof?"

Clark's confident tone and controlling demeanor made Nyla step back, trembling with anger. She finally saw how selfish and disgusting he was. She had wasted eight years—the best years of her life, from 18 to 26—loving this man.

"You make me sick, Clark!"

Seeing the undisguised disgust in Nyla's eyes, Clark grabbed her chin to force her to look at him. "Nyla, I understand you're angry, but I don't want to hear those words again."

His Nyla should love him forever. He couldn't stand her looking at him with such contempt.

Nyla slapped his hand away. "Don't touch me! You're filthy."

"Filthy?" Clark snickered, stepping closer and pinning her against the gazebo's pillar, kissing her forcefully. If she didn't stop saying things he didn't like, he would shut her up another way.

Nyla turned her head away. Clark's warm lips landed on her cheek, making her skin crawl. "Let me go, Clark!"

"Fine, as long as you stop saying things that hurt me."

"Never!"

"Then, I'll have to silence you my way."

He grabbed her chin, kissing her fiercely. Just as his lips were about to meet hers, a soft cough interrupted from behind them.

"Clark, am I interrupting something?"