

Tyrant In Love: The Doctor Wife's Dilemma

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Chapter 1 I Want A Divorce

Outside the resuscitation room at Grace Hospital in Eleyrith, Keaton Gordon seized Joelle Lambert's neck and pushed her against the wall. "Why are you so ruthless? How could you harm Elsie?"

Joelle gasped for air, her eyes reflecting both pain and disillusionment. She fought to justify herself. "I didn't. Keaton, believe me. Miss Rowe came out of nowhere. I couldn't stop in time."

Disappointment etched on his face, Keaton retorted, "You're still lying! Eyewitnesses saw you hitting her. What more can you possibly claim?"

"They've been influenced. She framed me!" Joelle asserted in a tremulous voice.

"Absurd!" Keaton's gaze turned frigid and stern. "Why would Elsie jeopardize her life to frame you? How can you even compare yourself to her? Don't overestimate your importance!"

A pallor washed over Joelle's face, and her entire frame trembled.

Even though she was aware that, in Keaton's eyes, she paled in comparison to Elsie, his words still brought a sense of sadness to her.

Back then, while attending to her cancer-stricken father at the hospital, she encountered Archie Gordon, who was unwell and had fainted. After providing initial medical assistance, she escorted Archie for examination and treatment. Subsequently, Archie ended up sharing the same hospital ward with her father due to liver disease. It was only at this point that she crossed paths with Keaton again, a high school acquaintance who had graduated two years ahead of her.

Exhausting her savings in vain attempts to save her ailing father, Joelle found herself ousted from her home by her stepmother and her stepmother's paramour. It was on the roadside that she encountered Keaton.

Keaton expressed his desire to marry her, proposing the immediate registration for marriage if she consented.

Overwhelmed with joy, she agreed. In that moment, ecstasy enveloped her. This was the boy she had harbored feelings for since high school.

She assumed his desire to marry indicated he must harbor feelings for her as well.

However, after they got married in the city hall, he insisted that they keep their marriage a secret.

He said his father compelled him to marry her, though he harbored no genuine desire to do so and held a secret affection for someone else. The only offer he could provide her was a life of a mere substitute.

From that moment onward, all her aspirations for a future married life lay in ruins. She shouldn't have overlooked the fact that, in his eyes, she was, at best, a mere substitute.

Why would the emotions of a substitute hold any significance for him?

Six months ago, when Elsie Rowe returned, she understood that, being her replacement, she should depart.

She had no desire to linger, and Elsie didn't need to harm herself to frame her.

Keaton compelled her to kneel, commanding, "Just stay in this position. Only when she's out of danger can you stand up!"

Struggling to contain her tears, Joelle endured the pain as best she could.

On a previous occasion, Keaton dismissed her tears as valueless, claiming they nauseated him.

The door to the resuscitation room swung open, and the doctor emerged, wearing a grave expression.

Keaton promptly approached him, anxiety etched on his face as he inquired, "Doctor, how is she?"

The doctor examined him briefly before stating, "She's no longer in immediate danger, but her lower back sustained a severe injury, and there's a possibility of paralysis."

A shift in Keaton's expression occurred. Abruptly turning, he seized Joelle, who remained kneeling. His eyes glared with fury. "You've rendered Elsie incapable of standing. She's a dancer. Do you comprehend the cruelty of your actions?"

"No, I didn't harm her. I..." Joelle shook her head, fear evident in her eyes.

The doctor intervened, urging, "Sir, please compose yourself. The patient's paralysis is merely one of the possibilities. With a successful recovery, there's still a chance she may regain the ability to stand."

With a shake of his head, the doctor turned away and departed.

Clenching his teeth, Keaton cast Joelle onto the floor. Wearing a somber expression, he declared, "Starting today, your duty is to ensure her well-being until she makes a complete recovery. Should she fail to stand again, you'll forfeit the use of your legs!"

He then turned on his heel, poised to depart.

Quivering with despair, Joelle expressed her disappointment and calmly uttered, "Keaton, I want a divorce."