

Chapter 12 Not A Wicked Woman

Keaton retrieved a handkerchief from his pocket and gently wiped away Elsie's tears. Speaking in a tender tone, he reassured, "I will stand by my promise. As long as I'm alive, I won't allow anyone to mistreat you. But keep in mind, refrain from taking any action against Joelle. She is my wife. If you wish to stay, you must ensure that she accepts your presence."

He maintained a clear distinction between the two women.

A chill crept into Elsie's heart, yet she remained steadfast. Obediently nodding, she uttered, "I understand, Keaton. I won't repeat my mistakes. Are you still angry with me? Do you see me as a wicked woman?"

Keaton furrowed his brow, taking his time before stating, "No, you almost died to save me. You are genuinely kind."

Recalling a past car accident where Elsie's timely intervention, using a stone to shatter the steering wheel, saved him from a potential explosion.

Elsie had granted him a second chance at life, and he was determined to safeguard her.

Elsie offered a shy smile, nestling against his chest, her eyes betraying a mix of complacency and malice.

Having underestimated the intelligence and resourcefulness of Joelle, she resolved to employ a more effective strategy against her in the future.

As Joelle emerged from the bathroom, she cast a brief glance at the pair before silently ascending the stairs, withholding any words.

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Joelle, in a fit of anger and pain, busied herself sorting out clothes on the bed. Her hands trembled with emotion.

Irritated, Keaton approached and seized her hand. "How much longer do you plan to sulk?"

Joelle, with a frown, shook off his grip. Rubbing her wrist, she adopted an indifferent tone. "I'm not sulking. I'm not like Elsie. You can go and spend

Joelle sneered, tears streaming down her face as she gazed at Keaton. "Are you under her spell? She feigned paralysis and shamed me. Do you believe I'm scheming just because I exposed her deceit?"

Joelle never envisioned herself as malicious, never foreseeing the day when someone would label her as "scheming."

"It's not right for her to conceal her recovery. However, she merely wished to surprise me. She has a childlike innocence and means no harm. Now, as for you, you once leveraged saving my father as a bargaining tool so that my father would coerce me into marrying you. Isn't that scheming?" Keaton remarked with a sneer.

"What? What are you saying? When did I ever engage in such behavior?" Joelle widened her eyes in disbelief.

No wonder he had exhibited such indifference since their marriage. It appeared he had always harbored such thoughts about her.

She rescued Archie due to her ethical stance as a doctor. How could Keaton misconstrue it as a ploy for personal gain?

He didn't seek her explanation but condemned and tormented her for three years.

"You're still in denial?" Keaton, anticipating her reluctance to admit it, sneered. "Then why do you think I chose to marry you?"

Filled with both anger and sorrow, Joelle snatched her phone, tremblingly unlocking it. "I'll call him right now, and he can confirm whether I did such a thing!"


Advancing, Keaton seized the phone from her grasp, reprimanding in a deep voice, "My father's health has deteriorated, and he's been mostly in a coma. Do you wish to cause him harm?"

Joelle's complexion turned pale, and her eyes became blurry. A cold sensation enveloped her from her heart to her body.

Keaton cared about Elsie and his father, but he felt no emotional connection with her.

Regardless of how much she suffered or how upset she was, it didn't affect him. What did he consider her to be?

Observing her pallid complexion, Keaton abruptly restrained the harsh words he intended to utter. Tossing the phone onto the bed, he stated in an exceedingly irritable tone, "My father opposes our divorce. You're forbidden to bring it up in his presence. With Elsie's recovery, you're no

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longer required to care for her. There's no need for you to feel aggrieved anymore!"

Subsequently, he flung the door open and briskly departed.



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