

Chapter 2 Vicious

Keaton abruptly halted and turned around, sporting a somewhat fierce expression. "Repeat that! What did you just say?"

"I said I want a divorce." Leaning on the wall, Joelle rose, attempting to compose herself. "You never cared for me, and the one you truly love has returned. I don't wish to endure this any longer."

Their marriage had been a mistake from the start. It was time for it to conclude. She was genuinely weary and harbored no illusions about it anymore.

Fixing his gaze on Joelle, Keaton inquired, "Do you believe the decision is yours to make?"

He had consistently treated her with cold indifference, neglecting her emotions and preferring not to see her. However, a perplexing expression appeared in his eyes as he regarded her now.

"Why not?" With a pallid complexion, Joelle endeavored to suppress her tears. "No one is aware of our marriage. After divorce, you can pursue your path, and I will find mine. It won't have any repercussions for us. What's there to concern yourself with? Don't you desire a formal relationship with Miss Rowe? Do you want her perceived as the mistress in your life?"

A resounding slap echoed as Keaton struck Joelle across the face, leaving her disoriented.

Keaton sneered. "So, you intend to evade your responsibilities and depart? Not happening! I explicitly stated that you must attend to Elsie until her recovery."

He swiftly turned away and departed.

Leaning against the wall, Joelle collapsed to the floor, tears flowing freely.

He didn't love her and was unwilling to release her. What exactly did Keaton expect from her?

Did he desire for her to witness him loving someone else while still being his wife?

Following Elsie's emergence from the resuscitation room, Joelle rose and assisted the doctor in transporting her back to the ward. Elsie remained unconscious with a pale face, appearing fragile and pitiable.

Joelle, nonetheless, was aware of the true nature of this malicious and despicable woman.

This morning, as Joelle was preparing to head to work, Elsie intercepted her and delivered the most cutting words in the gentlest tone.

"Joelle, you're nothing more than an infertile woman. After three years of marriage and no pregnancy, you should release Keaton. Keaton harbors no affection for you, and he only loves me. Leave him immediately. You shameless woman!"

Joelle seethed with anger and desired to retaliate, yet she acknowledged the truth in some of Elsie's words. Silently, she entered the car without offering a response.

Unyielding, Elsie persisted in berating her. She wasn't as feeble, pure, and benevolent as her outward demeanor suggested.

Despite being abused, Joelle remained silent and drove out of the villa.

It was at that moment that Elsie hurried to the front of Joelle's car. Caught on guard, Joelle didn't have time to react and hit her.

As Elsie gradually regained consciousness, her vision remained blurry. Spotting a figure standing by the bed, she uttered in a raspy voice, "Keaton..."

Wearing a stoic expression, Joelle declared, "It's me. Keaton is handling the necessary procedures on your behalf."

"Oh," Elsie responded, maintaining a semblance of fragility and kindness. Expressing gratitude, she added, "Thank you, Joelle. I'm alright. You should rest."

She saw the slap mark on Joelle's face, clearly from Keaton. Well, Joelle had it coming. Keaton's love and trust were reserved for her alone. How could Joelle even attempt to compete with her?

Staring at her icily, Joelle asserted, "Keaton isn't present. There's no need to feign kindness. Miss Rowe, I didn't anticipate you being so ruthless with yourself. To frame me, you were willing to jeopardize your own life. Truly admirable!"

Elsie's eyes harbored malice. Under the quilt, she forcefully pinched her thigh, causing her eyes to redden from pain. Clutching Joelle's hand, she protested, "Why would you say such things, Joelle? If you hadn't deliberately hit me with your car, how would I be unable to feel my legs now? What have I done to incur your intense hatred?"

Joelle winced as Elsie's long nails dug into the back of her hand. Frowning, she shook her hand and retorted, "Can't you feel your legs? That's unbelievable! Ask the doctor to conduct another examination for you. Elsie, release your grip!"

As Elsie witnessed Keaton's entrance, a scheme flickered in her eyes. She let out a scream and deliberately collapsed to the floor.