

## Chapter 3 Can't I Stand Up Anymore

"Elsie!" Anxiously, Keaton hurried over, supporting Elsie. "Are you alright? Were you injured?"

Joelle appeared uneasy. She had no intention of causing harm to Elsie. Her action was merely the instinctive reaction to the pain she endured.

"Keaton, am I paralyzed? Can't I stand up anymore? I don't want this." Elsie clutched Keaton's arm, tears streaming down her face.

Assisting her to lie down, Keaton reassured her patiently, "Don't overthink it. You'll be fine!"

"No, I'm disabled! Joelle informed me that my legs were injured and I couldn't stand up anymore." Elsie sobbed bitterly.

Wearing an angry expression, Keaton admonished, "Joelle, you know Elsie can't handle any stress right now. Why would you say that?"

Joelle covered her face, remaining silent.

She uttered those words out of intense anger, with no intention to upset Elsie.

Yet Elsie claimed she couldn't feel her legs. Was she genuinely paralyzed?

However, it dawned on Joelle that Elsie had purposely approached her car to concoct a scheme. It wasn't her fault at all.

Contemplating this, Joelle tightly bit her lower lip.

"Keaton, what am I supposed to do? I can't dance anymore. What's the point of living?" Elsie clung tightly to Keaton's sleeve, crying even louder.

"Don't worry. I'll find the best doctor to treat you!" Keaton consoled her, cradling her in his arms and gently patting her back.

Elsie simply wept, clutching Keaton's waist tightly, as if he were her only anchor.

Remaining silent, Joelle stood up and stumbled out.

Her heartache had reached a point of numbness.

Regardless of who held the mistress' position, she recognized her own lack of significance.

Staggering out of the room, her head pounding and her vision blurring, Joelle leaned against the wall. Despite her effort to resist, an overwhelming dizziness overcame her, causing her to collapse.

Someone rushed over and grabbed her just before everything went black.

Waking up, she realized that she was hooked up to an IV.

"Are you awake?" Tony Wall checked her forehead with the back of his hand. "Your fever has subsided. Are you feeling uncomfortable?"

Upon turning around and seeing Tony's caring expression, Joelle felt a lump in her throat, and her eyes welled up. She gratefully whispered, "Thank you."

"You're welcome. We were once neighbors, and now we're colleagues. It's only natural for me to do this."

After a brief pause, Tony inquired, "Joelle, is your husband mistreating you?"

Tony was Joelle's only trusted friend in the city. She didn't keep any secrets from him. He was well aware of her marital status and that her husband held the position of CEO at the Gordon Group.

It might sound remarkable, but in reality, Tony was well aware of how miserable her life had been in the past three years.

"It doesn't matter. We're heading for a divorce. His treatment doesn't concern me anymore," Joelle replied with a smile, wiping away her tears.

The moment she knew that Keaton didn't love her, she should have made the decision to divorce him, but she refrained from doing so.

Being married to someone she liked hadn't been easy. She had hoped to become a better wife and make Keaton fall in love with her.

However, her efforts were in vain.

It had cost her three years to know Keaton well enough. She just needed to cut her losses in time.

"Seriously?" Tony let out a sigh of relief. "It's great that you've thought it through! But... you're pregnant. Six weeks."