

Chapter 5 I Won't Ask For Anything

Keaton stood still, stunned into silence.

"Joelle, we need to stop the bleeding!" Tony tightly pressed the wound on the back of Joelle's hand, paying no heed to the pain in his cheek.

Keaton intervened, shoving Tony aside. Seizing Joelle's hand, he forcefully pulled her away, stating, "This doesn't concern you!"

Tony initially considered following them, but Joelle signaled with a glance, causing him to halt. His frustration was evident in his furrowed brow.

It made sense why Joelle was determined to divorce Keaton. She was even willing to part with her child. A man as cold-blooded and ruthless as Keaton wasn't fit to be a husband or father.

Joelle faltered, nearly falling multiple times, yet Keaton steadied her each time.

At the corridor's end, Joelle clutched the railing with one hand and detached herself from Keaton. In an indifferent tone, she addressed him, "Mr. Gordon, numerous people frequent this area. Show some decorum, please!"

Keaton took a step back, observing Joelle's cold and pale countenance with more surprise than anger.

In his memory, throughout their three years of marriage, Joelle had consistently been obedient. She never dared to raise her voice in his presence, yet on that particular day, she exhibited an unexpected assertiveness.

Perhaps she believed there was no need for pretense now that divorce was imminent.

"I've clarified the situation just now. Naturally, you won't believe me, but I don't care." Rubbing her wrist, Joelle calmly gazed at Keaton. "When you have some free time, we can go to the court for a divorce. I won't ask for anything."

Keaton felt an unexplained sense of irritability, as if he were on the verge of losing something significant. Sneering, he remarked, "You drugged me into sleeping with you, and now you intend to abandon me? What do you consider me to be? Just something you can obtain and discard?"

"I won't explain the past events to you anymore because, in any case, you won't trust me. Since we've grown weary of each other, it's preferable to part ways and attain freedom."

Exhausted, Joelle lifted her head and sarcastically added, "Mr. Gordon, did you fall in love with me? Is that why you're reluctant to let me go?"

Keaton's gaze turned even colder, emanating a dangerous aura.

Filled with fear, Joelle took a step back, regretting her earlier audacious remarks.

Realizing she wasn't even considered a worthy substitute, Joelle questioned how Keaton could ever fall in love with her.

Wearing an enigmatic expression, Keaton declared, "You can't leave."

Joelle stood in astonishment.

"You harmed Elsie," Keaton accused as he drew her closer. "You must face the consequences."

Joelle, infuriated, seized his wrist and forcefully released it. "I would never harm her. She ran to my car herself! If you choose to believe her, it's your decision. I have no obligations to her!"

"Joelle!" Keaton called with a tone of finality. "Enough is enough. Elsie isn't that type of person."

"So, I am?" Joelle retorted indignantly. "Keaton, do you lack compassion, or are you simply blind?"

Elsie's sobbing echoed nearby. After casting a cold glance at Joelle, Keaton turned on his heel and walked away.

Joelle's chest rose and fell with intensity. It wasn't until Keaton vanished from sight that tears streamed down her face.

Convinced that Joelle had harmed Elsie, Keaton desired to subject her to torment and humiliation to avenge Elsie. He wasn't inclined to release her easily.

Contemplating the future in which she had to witness them together made her feel stifled.

No, she refused to endure such humiliation. This marriage must come to an end.