

It's Too Late To Get A Divorce by Coreal White Chapter 62

Chapter 62

Alita's sarcasm and mockery made Jaydon feel embarrassed. "Honey, that's enough," he said. "No one asked you to sit here. You can leave," Alita retorted coldly, focusing on her meal and ignoring him. Everyone around watched as Jaydon, trying to contain his anger, had some salad,

These vegetables might be sprayed with a lot of pesticides. Eating them might poison you." Alita looked up and saw him eating the vegetables, feeling it was quite out of character for him.

Jaydon smiled charmingly. "If I die from poisoning, you can bury me right here."

"No way. If I bury a bad person like you here, I'm afraid nothing will grow ever again. I can't pollute the environment, Alita mockingly retorted.

Jaydon remained silent, his eyes filled with rage. "Can I at least eat the meat? You seem to be enjoying it so much," he said, picking up a piece and putting it in his mouth:

This chicken was raised with hormones. Do you even know what hormones are? They're like birth control pills. Eat more, and you'll turn into a woman, reducing your harm to society," Alita said, placing a few pieces on his plate.

His face darkened. It seemed she didn't want to show him any mercy.

The owner and the other customers thought rich people were indeed different from them.

"Can I at least have some soup?" Jaydon smiled at her, thinking he came to take her home, wanting to hold back his anger.

"You want some soup? Please, go ahead," Alita said generously, making an inviting gesture.

Jaydon spooned some soup and drank it, saying, "It tastes good!"

not to argue

argue with her, and

"Of course it does. It's seasoned with one of the most delicious ingredients in the world. Do you know what it is?" Alita looked at him with a wicked smile. "It's the sweat that rolls down from the owner. Salty and sour," she said, knowing Jaydon was always particular about food. Today, for some reason, he ended up at this place, eating dishes he would never touch under normal circumstances.

Hearing this, Jaydon felt a surge of nausea. He took out a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his lips.

"Disgusting, isn't it? You've tasted everything here. If you want more, just ask. I'll order for you," Alita said generously, though her eyes remained cold.

Jaydon knew she was saying it on purpose. However, his lack of appetite was genuine, especially in this terrible

environment.

"You eat. When you're done, we're going home," Jaydon said calmly.

Alita was shaken by his words. The sentence "When you're done, we're going home" left her feeling a mix of emotions. 'Did he realize he had gone too far today? Did he know how much he hurt me?' she wondered

She continued to eat, but its taste was nothing like before. It was sour and bitter like tears.

"Alita, I'm sorry about what happened in the office today," Jaydon mustered the courage to say softly.

"Humph, it's unbelievable. You know how to apologize? Am I dreaming?" Alita looked at him in disbelief, her smile full of sorrow. "But not every apology can be met with forgiveness."

The hurt he caused couldn't be erased with a simple apology, even though it was shocking enough to hear him say sorry,

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Jaydon was losing patience. He had already apologized, so what did she want?

"Whether you forgive or not is up to you. Regardless, you are my wife, and that's a fact that won't change. Hurry up and eat. When you're done, we're going home. Don't test my patience," Jaydon said.

"You're showing your true colors quickly. I thought you had changed. Get away from me. I don't want to go home tonight." Alita confronted him.

"Alita, I'm running out of patience!" Jaydon's expression was noticeably displeased. She was being this stubborn for the first

time.

"Come on. Hit me if you can, Jaydon. You may not be good at many things, but when it comes to using violence, you're an expert. Don't hold back. Show me what you've got," Alita fearlessly taunted.

The owner and the customers watched with great interest, wondering if this handsome man would actually lose his temper, feeling as if they were watching a drama.

Jaydon's eyes turned sharp. He wanted to strangle this woman. It seemed like she was ready to confront him head-on today.

"Alita!" He slammed the table.

"What's wrong, Honey?" Alita faced his anger with an unusually gentle smile. Since he was angry, she wanted to make him

suffer.

Jaydon felt so frustrated that he didn't know how to deal with her. They say one shouldn't act impulsively, and his anger, contrasted with her calm, made him feel disoriented.

"Alita, don't think I won't do anything to you," he warned.

"What have I done? Why are you so angry? Looks like you're the one with the problem." Alita continued to eat her food.

Suddenly, her chin was lifted, and the next moment, his dominant lips covered hers. He's insane! There are so many people here!" she yelled inwardly.

Alita pushed him away, but his large hand firmly held the back of her head. With a table in between, she was unable to move. His tongue intruded into her mouth, swirling around her tongue, nibbling at her tender lips.

The customers at the roadside stall put down their forks and stared at them. They thought it was so romantic.

In the distance, a silver sports car slowly drove past the roadside leaving no trace.

Jaydon kissed Alita until she was almost breathless, pressed his forehead against hers, and asked in a deep voice. "Are you coming home or not?"

"No!" Alita replied firmly.

"Fine, then let's do it again, Jaydon answered even more resolutely than her and kissed her again.

Alita struggled vigorously as they kissed.

After another passionate kiss, Jaydon let her go, and her lips were swollen.

"Are you coming home or not?" he asked again.

Alita didn't dare to refuse, fearing he would kiss her again.

"Not speaking means refusal. Let's do it again, Jaydon said, his lips about to press down on hers again.

"I'll come home!

I come home. Alita surrendered, feeling defeated by his despicable methods.

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Jaydon finally let go, sat-back in his seat, and smirked victoriously. He then took out his wallet, pulled out a gold card, and said, "Check, please."

The owner, looking at the shiny gold card, felt like crying. 'Sir, do you have cash?"

"No." Jaydon replied. He thought cash was dirty.

"Well, how about you come back tomorrow to pay? It's 50 dollars The owner believed that a person like him wouldn't dodge the bill.

Alita sneered. "I never expected that you couldn't even pay 50 dollars, Mr. Lewis. What a joke! Well, let me do you a favor." She took out 50 dollars from her purse, handed it to the boss, stood up, and walked away.

Jaydon's face turned livid as he put the gold card back in his wallet. 'Damn 50 dollars!" he cursed in his mind. He stood up, caught up with her, grabbed her hand, and shoved her into the sports car parked on the roadside.

Throughout the journey, Alita kept her back to him.wNovelworm.com

"Today we didn't do anything. How am I going to explain this when we get back?" Jaydon reminded her.

Alita rolled down the car window, sticking her head outside. Startled, Jaydon quickly stopped the car and pulled her back. "It's very dangerous, you know?" he said.

"Death is no big deal," Alita replied somewhat bluntly. The most dangerous thing in the world is falling in love with a demon like you!" she said inwardly.wNovelworm.com

Jaydon sighed. "Okay, okay, my bad. I'm sorry, It won't happen again, okay?" He was genuinely afraid of her behavior, which seemed on the edge of despair.

It was the first time in his life that he had apologized to someone in such a humble manner. Alita felt a surge of bitterness in her heart, and tears rolled down her cheeks. "What's the use of apologizing now?"

Seeing her tearful, Jaydon felt panicked. He didn't know whether to comfort her or command her to stop crying. "Please don't cry. This isn't your style," he said. He then handed her some tissues and wiped her tears.

"How about we get a divorce? You let me go, and I'll give you your freedom." Alita grabbed his hand. She was exhausted an didn't want to fight anymore.

Jaydon was furious. "If you have the guts, say those words to my grandfather and your late father. Neither of us has the right to decide. Give up on that idea." Divorce had never crossed his mind before, but hearing it from her twice recently had filled him with panic.

Alita sighed with a bitter smile and lowered her hand. "Yes, it's just my wishful thinking."

She turned away, feeling remorseful toward her father. "Dad, I'm sorry for speaking nonsense again. I should have persevered."wNovelworm.com

Seeing that she seemed to have let go of the idea, Jaydon felt more at ease. He knew that if it weren't for the agreement between his grandfather and her father, she probably would have left him long ago.

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