

A Man with Nerves of Steel #The steering 1 - Read A Man with Nerves of Steel The steering 1

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Lunar Flame

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Joseph Hart stared blankly at the three paternity test reports in front of him. The confirmation that he and his children shared no biological relationship stabbed at his eyes.

All three of his daughters were confirmed to have no blood relation to him. His eldest, Natalie Hart, was 15 years old. The second, Selena Hart, was 11, and the youngest, Kimberly Hart, was only 6. He'd raised them for so many years, and not one of them was his.

It was insane!

A chill ran through him. His fingers trembled even as he clenched them around the steering wheel, his heart twisted with pain and torment.

He and his wife, Cora Lowell, were the same age. They'd met when they were 24 years old, fallen in love, and gotten married. They'd shared 16 wonderful years together.

In that time, Cora had given birth to three daughters and had sacrificed a lot. Most women's figures went downhill after childbirth, but not hers. After three pregnancies, her body had somehow become even more mature and perfect.

She had curves in all the right places. She didn't have a single wrinkle on her face, and her skin was smooth and flawless. It was like she'd stayed frozen at 28 years old.

She came from a powerful family and was an only child. Five years ago, she'd inherited the family business and taken over as chairwoman of Lowell Group, instantly becoming the richest woman in

Jenton.

Cora was the very definition of rich and beautiful, and with their three angelic daughters as the cherries on top, Joseph had once been convinced he was the luckiest man in all of Jenton. But now...

He thought of his own background. He'd been born into a family of fishermen, so ordinary that he was nondescript. Five years ago, both his parents had passed away after battling illness, leaving him with no family to fall back on.

He was just a regular doctor in the inpatient department at Jenton University Hospital. He'd worked there for 18 years, yet he was still a nobody-just another attending physician.

All these years, maybe Cora had only ever seen him as a fool. Maybe she thought he was just a loyal, obedient dog she could order around however she wanted, while secretly betraying and humiliating him. Every bit of kindness and tolerance she'd shown

might've just been condescension from on high. 2

Even if he went home now and tore off her mask, what would happen? A wealthy, powerful woman like her could just toss him some money as hush money and breakup compensation, and that would be the

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end of it. He might not even get to know who the other man was.

And in the extreme case where she actually did tell him who her lover was, what could he possibly do about it? The more he thought about it, the more suffocated he felt.

So, instead of going home, Joseph chose to run from the situation. He went straight into a bar that he passed by. From the moment he slid into a booth, his hand never stopped filling up his glass.

He was a handsome man with a clean-cut face, looking especially refined in his crisp dress shirt. But the way he was knocking back his drinks practically screamed that he had a story, and it didn't take long for the bar's predatory women to pick up on that.

The first one to try her luck was a sultry, mature-looking woman in a tight pencil skirt and heavy smoky eye makeup. Unfortunately, she got cursed out the moment she opened her mouth. 1

After that spectacular crash-and-burn, the rest of the women in the bar decided to sit tight and bide their time instead. They all had the same idea-wait until he was fully wasted, then swoop in to take advantage of his state.

Joseph was oblivious to all of this, and he didn't care. Right now, all he wanted was to drink himself into oblivion. He wanted to wipe away the past, the present, and any future he might've had with Cora.

If he could drown himself in alcohol and sleep like the dead, maybe that would be enough of a funeral for his misspent youth, his ridiculous marriage, and his dumpster-fire of a life.

He had no idea how long he'd been drinking when the DJ switched tracks. A song about a washed-up man staggering through life blasted through the speakers.

As the singer crooned about smoking cigarettes and downing drinks one after another, Joseph drank even harder. Finally, after finishing that last glass, his vision swam. Everything went dark as he passed

out. 1

Amid the hazy blur, he vaguely felt someone hoisting him up. The person's shoulder was soft, and their grip was weak and unsteady. The way they swayed as they walked made it pretty clear it was a woman. However, he couldn't open his eyes to see who it was.

He was half-dragged into a car. The gentle rocking of the ride felt almost like a cradle. He actually felt comfortable. With great effort, he cracked his eyes open for a moment, watching streaks of light slide past the car window.

Then, he looked toward the driver. Her long hair cascaded over her shoulders, and his muddled brain instantly decided it was Cora.

Joseph demanded hoarsely, "Cora Lowell, why did you lie to me? Why did you betray me? Who's the man you're seeing behind my back?"

The woman didn't respond.

Joseph kept going. "Don't even try to deny it. I've got proof you cheated on me. The second I bring it out, you're done. Your reputation will be ruined."

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The woman remained silent.

He raised his voice, shouting, "Say something! I love you so damn much, and I gave you everything I had. Why did you lie to me? Everything you told me is a lie!"

That outburst used up the last of his strength. Once he finished venting, he slipped into unconsciousness again.

When the car finally stopped, someone helped him out. He barely managed to stay upright as he leaned heavily on "Cora". He forced his eyes open again and, through the blur, realized they were in an underground parking garage.

He assumed it was one of Cora's new properties and croaked, "You're finally showing your true colors. Did you buy all these new places to make it easier to rendezvous with your boyfriends? Is that it? Answer me! Why won't you say anything? You can cheat, but you can't own up to it?"

"Cora" said nothing. She helped him into the elevator and into the apartment. Neither of them had the strength to make it to the bedroom, so they both collapsed onto the living room carpet.

The alcohol took over fully. Joseph couldn't open his eyes at all now, and his mind was fogged over. He sprawled out on the floor, his limbs splayed in every direction.

Right before the last scrap of consciousness slipped away, he was absolutely certain of one thing—"Cora

was taking off his clothes.

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