

## Chapter 3

On Nyla's way back, she hesitated for a long time before finally messaging Damon, someone whose contact she had had for three years but had never contacted.

Nyla: [Uncle Damon... Can we pretend tonight never happened? I was really drunk and went to the wrong room.]

She waited for a long time, but there was no response from Damon. Frowning, she sent another message.

Nyla: [?]

As soon as she sent it, a red exclamation mark appeared: [You are no longer friends with this user. Please send a friend request to continue chatting.]

Nyla bit her lip. Damon had deleted her. He must not want to bring this up again. Relieved, she finally felt a bit of peace.

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When Nyla got home, it was already past 6:00 a.m.

As soon as she opened the door, she saw Clark sitting on the sofa. He turned sharply at the sound of the door, his eyes bloodshot from a sleepless night.

"Where were you last night? I called you dozens of times. Why didn't you answer?"

Clark stood up and walked quickly toward her, reaching out to grab her hand, but she pulled away.

He froze, about to speak, but she spoke first, her tone icy. "You can stay out all night, but I can't?"

Nyla had always been gentle. In their eight years together, they had hardly ever argued. This was the first time she had spoken to him so coldly.

Clark sensed something was wrong and noticed her red, swollen eyes. His expression changed, and his hand clenched at his side. "You know, don't you?"

His voice was calm, without a trace of guilt or panic, as if he had expected this day to come.

Upon seeing his unapologetic demeanor, Nyla's long-suppressed emotions finally exploded. She swung her bag at him, her eyes red with fury, like a madwoman.

All the good times they had shared, all the happy moments, were shattered the moment she saw him in bed with another woman. They could never be pieced together again.

"Clark Sumner, how could you do something so disgusting?! If you didn't love me anymore, you could have divorced me. Why did you have to hurt me like this?"

Nyla had assumed that no third party could ever come between them. Unfortunately, reality gave her a harsh slap, waking her from the lies he had woven and turning her love for him into a joke.

Seeing her red, tear-filled eyes, Clark felt a pang in his chest. He grabbed her hand and pulled her into his arms. "Nyla, I'm sorry..."

Nyla shoved him away, wanting to laugh but only tears came. "Don't touch me with your filthy hands!

"Is it that hard to stay faithful?"

"Since we got married, I've met many excellent men, and some have shown interest in me. But I've never crossed the line. If I can do it, why can't you?!"

Clark clenched his fists when he saw the disappointment and anger in her eyes.

"Nyla, you're the only one I love... It was just an accident with her..."

His explanation sounded so weak that Nyla found it both laughable and nauseating.

"So you're saying I could sleep with another man and then tell you it was an accident? That I may have betrayed you physically, but my heart still belongs to you?"

A flash of ruthlessness crossed Clark's eyes. "If you dare, I'll kill you and that man together in bed."

Seeing his icy gaze, Nyla felt a chill in her heart. If he knew betrayal was unforgivable, why would he still betray her?

She took a deep breath and spoke slowly. "Do you remember what I told you when you proposed?"

She had said that if he ever betrayed her, she would not forgive him but leave him.

Clark's expression changed. "I will not let you leave!"

Nyla wiped her tears, her expression a mixture of ridicule and hatred. "Whether you agree or not, I've made up my mind. I'm divorcing you. You don't deserve my forgiveness."

With that, she ignored his reaction and went upstairs.

Clark stared at her back, his gaze dark.

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Back in the bedroom, Nyla went straight to the bathroom to shower, unable to stand the smell of alcohol on herself. While applying body wash, she noticed red marks on her chest and paused.

The image of Damon's hands roaming her body flashed through her mind, making her frown. She scrubbed the marks hard until the skin around them turned red, trying to erase his touch.

After her shower, she saw Clark sitting on the bed with his head down, lost in thought. She frowned and decided to ignore him. They would be divorced soon anyway.

Clark looked up and saw Nyla coming out in just a towel. Her damp hair dripped water, her freshly washed face flushed like a blooming rose with an enticing fragrance. The towel barely covered her hips, revealing her long, fair legs. His breath hitched, his gaze glued on her.

Nyla didn't notice Clark's reaction. She walked to the wardrobe to grab her pajamas when a pair of arms suddenly wrapped around her from behind.

"Nyla..." Clark's voice was husky, filled with undisguised desire.

Clark had been thinking about how to win her back downstairs after she left. The only way he could think of was to have a child with her. He had come upstairs to discuss this with her, planning to take it slow. However, he lost control upon seeing her just out of the shower.

In the past, such behavior would have stirred Nyla's feelings, but all she felt now was disgust. She turned and pushed him away, her gaze full of revulsion. "Don't touch me. I feel dirty."

Hurt flashed in Clark's eyes. He grabbed her hands, his expression earnest. "Didn't you always want a child? Let's have one now, okay?"

Nyla shook him off at his matter-of-fact attitude. "That was before. I might have a child in the future, but it won't be yours."

Her words enraged Clark. He grabbed her and threw her onto the bed, pinning her down. "Say that again!"

His eyes were full of anger, but Nyla didn't care. "It doesn't matter how many times I say it. I'm disgusted by you. I'd rather die than have your child."

As soon as she finished speaking, Clark kissed her fiercely.