

Chapter 7

Clark stiffened abruptly, his expression darkening instantly. He tightened his grip on Nyla's chin before slowly releasing her and turning to face Damon.

Meeting Damon's amused gaze, Clark forced a smile. "No. Uncle Damon, did you need something?"

Damon smiled. "Your grandma sent me to call you both for dinner."

"Thank you, Uncle Damon."

"No trouble at all. But remember, this is the family home. Be mindful of your actions." As Damon spoke, he briefly glanced at the red mark on Nyla's chin, mockery evident in his gaze.

Seeing Damon's eyes linger on Nyla, Clark frowned and stepped in front of her. "I understand, Uncle Damon."

His tone and expression were not pleasant, and his gaze toward Damon betrayed a hint of wariness.

Damon smirked and casually looked away. "Alright, let's go eat."

After Damon left, Clark reached out for Nyla's hand, but she dodged him, walking away without a backward glance.

Clark quickly caught up, gripping her hand firmly. "Behave, or I'll talk to your father!"

Nyla's attempt to pull away halted, a wave of helplessness and anger washing over her. If she hadn't agreed to become a housewife back then, she wouldn't be under his control and threats now.

She needed to find a job quickly, earn enough to pay her father's medical bills, and free herself from Clark. Until then, arguing about divorce was pointless.

Having made up her mind, Nyla stopped struggling and let Clark lead her to the dining room.

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After dinner, everyone went home.

As Clark and Nyla arrived at their villa, Clark locked the car doors, making no move to get out.

Nyla frowned. "What are you doing?"

"We need to talk."

"If it's about the divorce, there's no need. I won't bring it up for now."

Clark's eyes narrowed dangerously. "For now?"

"Yes."

Seeing Nyla's indifferent expression, Clark pressed his lips into a thin line, his displeasure evident. He knew it would take time for her to accept his infidelity. As long as she didn't mention divorce, he believed he had a chance to win her back.

After a moment, he nodded. "Nyla, I'm glad you're giving me another chance."

Nyla ignored his words, staring at him blankly. "Can you unlock the car now? I'm tired and want to rest."

With a click, the doors unlocked.

Nyla immediately got out, heading into the villa without looking back.

By the time Clark reached the bedroom door, he found it locked from the inside. He sighed, a smile tugging at his lips.

In the early days of their marriage, she'd lock the door to show she was angry when he had been too rough in bed. She'd let him in after a few days.

His smile deepened. "Never mind," he thought, "I'll win her over slowly."

They had a lifetime together. As long as she stayed by his side and had feelings for him, she'd eventually forgive him.

Inside the bedroom, Nyla was choosing an outfit for her interview the next day. After picking a few options, she sent photos to Valarie, asking for her opinion.

Valarie called immediately. "Why are you suddenly job hunting? Have you sorted things out with Clark?"

Nyla's voice was calm. "Not yet. I need a job first. I have no income. Once I have enough money for my dad's medical bills and my living expenses, I'll discuss divorce."

"So you're going to live with him like nothing happened?"

"Of course not. I have some money saved. I'll find a place to move out after the interview tomorrow."

Nyla realized that divorce couldn't be rushed. Without a job or money, she couldn't afford a lawyer, let alone face the Sumner Group's legal team. She needed the best divorce lawyer she could find.

She had no intention of leaving with nothing. Clark was the one who betrayed their marriage. Why should she leave empty-handed? If she had the means, she'd make him leave with nothing instead.

As for her father's medical bills, she felt no guilt using Clark's money. Her research back then had earned Clark millions. Her father's medical expenses were a drop in the bucket.

"Which company are you interviewing with?"

"Park Pharmaceuticals."

"You're going back to drug research?"

"Yes. I've kept up with the field even though I haven't been working. It's what I know best."

"Why didn't you tell me sooner? Come work at my place. I can recommend you."

Nyla laughed. "You always complain about your boss. You've painted him as a tyrant. Are you sure you want me to join you?"

There was a brief silence on the other end of the line before a male voice chimed in. "Valarie, since when am I a tyrant?"

The voice was distant but laced with a dangerous edge.

Valarie laughed nervously. "Nyla, uh... I've got to go. Let me know how the interview goes. We'll have lunch."

Before Nyla could respond, Valarie hung up.

Noting the late hour, Nyla raised an eyebrow. Valarie was usually disciplined in her routine. Having someone over, especially her boss, at this hour was unusual. She'd have to dig for details the next day.

Nyla set her phone down and chose a modest light green dress, appropriate for the interview. She then put the other clothes away, grabbed her pajamas, and headed to the bathroom.

After the shower, she dried her hair, completed her skincare routine, and went to bed.

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Meanwhile, in the study.

Clark hesitated before anonymously posting online, asking for advice on winning back his wife after cheating. The responses urging him to divorce and let her go infuriated him, so he deleted the post.

As he was about to head to bed, his phone rang. It was a message from Jordyn.

Jordyn: [Clark, I'm pregnant.]