

When Love Is A Lie

Chapter 1:

Should a woman always give her first time to someone she loves?

The moment the sharp pain ripped through her, Katherine Clarke realized that her chance for that was gone forever.

Faced with a stranger forcing himself on her, she cried so hard that her vision blurred. Her instincts screamed at her to run, but her weak, disoriented body couldn't move. All she could do was surrender to the nightmare and sink deeper into despair.

When she finally accepted that there was no escape, she clenched her jaw and tried to hide her fear. Her voice was dry and broken as she muttered, "At least use protection."

The man on top of her stopped for just a second, but he didn't say a word. Instead, his actions became even more violent.

She didn't know how much time had passed before it ended. Completely worn out, she lost consciousness.

The next morning, when she woke up, the suite was quiet and empty. The messy bed and the pain in her body made it clear—it hadn't been a nightmare. It had really happened.

It had all been planned. What was supposed to be a regular business dinner had turned into a trap. She'd been given drink after drink until she could barely stay awake, then sent to that room to be taken advantage of.

Last night, when she realized she'd been set up, in her half-conscious state, she had thought of Julian Nash—her husband—who had just returned from a business trip. She messaged him repeatedly, calling nonstop. When he finally answered, his voice was cold and distant. "I'm busy. Call the cops." Even now, his words echoed in her mind.

With just a few words, he had crushed all the love they had shared and whatever pride she had left.

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A bitter laugh slipped from her lips as the pain in her heart turned numb. She slowly pushed the blanket off and got out of bed.

Just then, a business card slid off the bed and fell to the floor.

She stopped in her tracks. Slowly, she bent down and picked it up. The second she saw the logo, her blood ran cold. It was from Nash Group.

