

When Love Is A Lie

Chapter 11:

The shift in the room was immediate.

Eloise stiffened, clearly shaken.

Get the cops involved? Not a chance. No matter how bad things got, Katherine was still Julian's wife, and if this scandal blew up, it would drag the entire Nash family through the mud.

In a panic, Eloise looked to Julian, hoping he'd bail her out.

But his gaze had already turned icy. "Go get your face looked at first," he said flatly.

He wasn't about to escalate things further. Eloise might be in the wrong, but she'd been slapped. That was punishment enough in his eyes.

To Katherine, his words hit harder than any blow. Her heart sank as a bitter emptiness settled in.

She should've expected this. Even if a random stranger had done this to her, Julian still wouldn't defend her. Honestly, he might've even been relieved it happened.

The room went quiet for a beat until Ivy's voice cut through.

"Julian, I'm to blame," she said, crying softly. "I didn't teach my daughter right. If you're upset, be upset with me. I'll go say sorry to Eloise, okay?"

Katherine didn't move. She was numb to this kind of shame by now.

Julian didn't even acknowledge Ivy. Instead, he looked straight at Katherine. "Come upstairs. My dad wants to see you."

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He was only here because his dad had told him to bring Katherine up. He hadn't signed up for this drama.

However, Katherine stood her ground. "We're getting divorced. What's the point in pretending anymore?"

Julian's reply was sharp. "The divorce hasn't been finalized. Whether you really mean it or not, you're still expected to follow through on what's required of you."

Ivy gave Katherine a nervous nudge, trying to get her to comply.

Seeing Katherine's clear resistance made Julian even more annoyed. "Don't test my patience," he said, his voice sharp and cold.

Katherine bit down hard and said nothing. She simply walked ahead without a word.

So this... this was what it felt like when love completely ran dry.

There was a time when just catching a glimpse of him felt like magic. Back then, even a single word from him could brighten her entire day. But now? She watched his lips move and felt nothing—no interest, no hope, not even pain.

They climbed the stairs side by side.

Julian stood next to her, his towering figure casting a shadow over hers, just like their marriage—empty, stifling, and devoid of light.

His scent, all too familiar, clung to the air, making it hard for her to breathe. She instinctively shifted away, trying to create some space.

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