

When Love Is A Lie

Chapter 12:

Julian noticed. He glanced at her sideways, his memory still fresh with how biting her words had been moments ago.

She hadn't always been like this. From the start, she'd played the role of the obedient wife.

But to him, it had always felt fake. She was exactly the type of woman he despised—someone who knew how to charm her way into power, who smiled sweetly while quietly scheming behind the scenes.

And when she'd used his father to corner him into marriage? That had sealed it for him. Disgust didn't even begin to cover it.

As they reached the second floor, Julian suddenly reached out and took her hand.

The warmth of his palm caught Katherine off guard for a moment. "It's just for show," he said in a flat tone. "Don't read too much into it."

She stayed quiet.

They'd pretended to be a loving couple before—awkward and unconvincing—but it always involved a bit of physical contact.

Katherine took a deep breath and tried to stay composed.

Then Julian added a warning, “Don’t say a single word about what happened with the Lewis Group’s CEO. You know who’ll suffer if this gets out.” Every word he said made her feel sick.

She tried to pull her hand free, but he held on tight. In a burst of frustration, she dug her nails into his palm.

He flinched slightly. The sting faded fast, but the fury it sparked didn’t.

She snapped back, “Relax. I’m not about to run to your dad and spill everything. It was just one night, right? I got paid, had my fun—no big deal.”

Hearing that, Julian went still.

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Had fun?

Julian certainly had enjoyed himself that night, hadn't he?

But Katherine? Hadn't she been reduced to broken sobs, shaking as if he'd stripped away her dignity, even desperately pleading with him to use protection? And afterward, hadn't tears spilled endlessly down her cheeks, each drop a silent echo of devastation and despair?

Exactly which part of that nightmare could ever be called "fun"?

Julian's eyes lingered on Katherine's delicate profile, piercing effortlessly through her feeble facade as memories of her flushed cheeks and trembling softness from that night stirred vividly within him.

A faint smirk curved his lips. "Congratulations. After three years of abstinence, you finally got laid."

Katherine's lashes quivered faintly. She swallowed back the sharp bitterness rising in her throat, determined not to crumble under his scornful gaze.

Laurence Nash's health had long since declined, and he seldom stepped outside anymore. Still, under the family's watchful care, he didn't look especially fragile—his features retained their familiar warmth and gentle ease. He had turned the reins of the family business over to his son Julian years ago and had never shown anything but kindness to Katherine. She, in turn, had always treated him with steady, respectful deference.

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