

When Love Is A Lie

Chapter 15:

The cup in Katherine's hand almost slipped from her grip. Her entire body went still.

Julian noticed her stunned face and gave a bitter chuckle. He wasn't about to help her. This was her problem to deal with. He kept his mouth shut, leaving all the weight of it on her.

"Make me proud, Kathy," Laurence added, hopeful and firm.

Katherine stayed quiet. It didn't matter what she said—either way, she was cornered. So she gave a tight nod, just to keep things moving.

Laurence looked both thrilled and restless. The moment tired him out, and he finally retired to his room.

Once Katherine and Julian left the study, both of them let their fake smiles fall away.

With how broken things were between them, all that baby talk wasn't funny—it just felt ironic.

Katherine could tell Julian saw her as manipulative all over again. One look at his cold face was enough to confirm it.

Then, out of nowhere, he turned to her.

His eyes were sharp, and his voice came out flat. “Funny how much it bothers you that I never laid a hand on you.”

Katherine kept her cool. “Not really. We’ve been married for three years and have never been intimate. I just feel that what I told Laurence makes sense.”

“So now I’m impotent? Is that it?” he snapped.

“How would I know? Maybe call your mistress and let her break the news to your dad,” she shot back.

Julian laughed bitterly. “Wow. That mouth of yours—too bad it stayed shut for the last three years.”

He regretted showing mercy on her that night—he should’ve gone all the way until she passed out.

Katherine looked down, clearly done arguing.

“You can’t hide the divorce forever,” she said softly. “He’ll find out eventually, so you might as well tell him now.”

“Katherine, you’re the one who nodded and agreed, right in front of him,” Julian reminded her. “I just—”

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Julian didn’t let her finish. “You jumped at the chance—what, backing out already?” His voice dripped with sarcasm. “I’ve got to hand it to you, though. Your methods? Way sharper than your mother’s. You really know how to use your value to your advantage.”

The insult landed hard. She understood exactly what he was implying—that she was using the baby talk to manipulate Laurence.

Her jaw tightened as she fired back, keeping her voice low. “Isn’t it your call whether or not I even get pregnant? You play the perfect son in front of him, but behind his back, I’m suddenly the villain? What did I do, exactly? Did I ever throw myself at you and beg you to get me pregnant?”

