

When Love Is A Lie

Chapter 2:

The room had been dark, and she never saw the man's face. But out of all the things she could've imagined, she never thought the man from last night would be connected to Julian's company.

Could Julian have had something to do with this?

When Katherine got back home, she saw a pair of shoes she knew all too well—Julian was back. She paused, took a breath, and headed upstairs.

Julian came out of the bathroom, wearing a clean bathrobe. Even in something so simple, his natural confidence and sharp looks stood out. His hair was damp, his features sharp, and he carried himself with that usual cool distance. His gaze landed on Katherine, and a faint frown formed between his brows. The look in his eyes was cold and distant. Maybe even filled with scorn. "What is it?" he asked flatly.

Katherine just looked at him.

They never should've ended up together. Their worlds had always been miles apart. Three years ago, when Julian's father had been dying, she had been the bone marrow donor who

saved him. In exchange, he promised to grant her one wish. She used that wish to marry Julian.

Back then, she had been young and foolish. She thought she could make it work—that even a man who was emotionally closed off could be opened up over time.

But to Julian, she was nothing more than an opportunist.

He resented her. For three years, he expected her to wait on him and care for him, all the while never truly seeing her as his wife.

And Katherine had taken it all without complaint.

After her family fell apart, holding on to Julian hadn't just been about needing a roof—it was about love. She wanted him to love her. So, no matter how cold he was, she kept finding ways to convince herself it was okay.

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But after last night, she had nothing left to give.

She still didn't know if Julian had anything to do with what happened. But she had a feeling that it had something to do with his family. She had walked into this house ready to confront him, but just standing here, looking at him, she already knew. This would only end with her pride in pieces.

Her voice came out rough, strained from everything she'd been through. "Julian..." But he didn't even glance at her. He walked straight to the closet, reaching for the shirt and tie Katherine had prepared for him, as if it were just another morning.

With his back to her, his tone was cold and careless. "Stop standing there. Go make breakfast. I'm heading out in half an hour."

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