

When Love Is A Lie

Chapter 4:

He had never treated her kindly. And for years, she had endured it without saying a word. But today was different. Today, she asked for a divorce and vanished without another word.

Sometime after noon, Julian's assistant, Cayson Price, stepped into the office carrying lunch.

Julian glanced briefly at the lunchbox.

It didn't take long for him to realize that Katherine hadn't made it.

He frowned, but with barely any time to rest, he didn't bother complaining. He ate a few bites just to fill his stomach.

Honestly, after three years of being used to Katherine's cooking, nothing else tasted right anymore.

The bad lunch had already put him in a mood, but things got worse when he walked back into his office and saw the divorce papers waiting on his desk. Catching the look on his face, Cayson paused and asked cautiously, “Sir, you didn’t tell your wife it was you last night, did you?”

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Julian’s thoughts immediately jumped back to the night before. His expression turned cold.

He had only gone to find Katherine to avoid a public mess. The last thing he wanted was a scene tied to his name. But he hadn’t expected the version of Katherine he saw—drunk, vulnerable, clinging to him like he was the only thing keeping her steady. She kept whispering his name, crying as though she was breaking from the inside.

And somewhere in that moment, he snapped.

Maybe it was her softness. Maybe it was just pent-up frustration. But when desire took over, he stopped thinking. His restraint disappeared. And what followed lasted until long after midnight.

To him, it was a slip-up. Not something he needed to explain, especially not to someone like Katherine. She was driven and greedy. He’d make it up with money. That should do. As for those divorce papers...

Julian stared at the documents and let out a cold, humorless laugh. He signed without hesitation.

Then he flung the folder toward Cayson. “Send them to her.”

As Cayson turned to leave, Julian’s voice rang out again, low and sharp. “Find out who arranged for her to be at that hotel last night.”

Katherine spent nearly the entire day at the hospital.

Her twin brother, Austin Clarke, had been born with a neurological disorder. He was twenty-four now, but his mind had never developed beyond that of a small child.

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