

When Love Is A Lie

Chapter 9:

Hearing that, Katherine was hit with all kinds of emotions, but she didn't show any of it.

Because her mother cared? Really?

No—it wasn't about her at all. It was about chasing the Nash family's money and power.

Not wanting to cause a fuss in someone else's house, Katherine helped her mom up and said, "Come on. Let's go. And don't come back here again."

Right then, Eloise threw the door open and sneered, "Leaving already? Don't stop the show now. My dad's a softie—he falls for pity parties. If you cry a little harder, maybe he'll persuade Julian to let you keep mooching off us like a leech."

Katherine's face went ice-cold.

During her three years of marriage to Julian, she had never taken anything that wasn't hers. Still, Eloise never stopped picking at her. And Katherine had kept quiet every time—for the sake of peace.

But all that tolerance had just invited more humiliation.

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Now, she refused to endure the humiliation in silence.

Standing protectively in front of her mom, Katherine looked straight at Eloise. With a calm but cutting smile, she said, "Tell me something. What exactly did I do to you? As my sister-in-law, why are you always trying to mess things up between me and Julian? Do you have some kind of hidden agenda or what?"

Eloise's face twisted with irritation. "Sister-in-law? Please. Don't flatter yourself."

Katherine tilted...

Her head tilted and she replied, "Oh? That hit a nerve? What's really eating at you? That deep down, you wish you were the one married to Julian?"

Eloise's face went pale and then red with anger. "You're insane! Who do you think you are, talking to me like that?"

Katherine gave her a small, knowing smile. "If I'm wrong, prove it."

Eloise had no words. How was she even supposed to prove she didn't have feelings for her own brother?

She told herself Katherine was just playing mind games, trying to cause a rift between her and Julian.

She never thought Katherine, who was usually so quiet, could be this sharp.

Furious, she raised her hand to slap her, but Katherine grabbed her wrist mid-swing and held it tight.

Eloise yelped in pain, not used to anyone grabbing her like that. "Let go of me, you bitch!" she snapped.

Katherine stared into her furious eyes, but her mind was stuck on that awful night—how she'd been forced to drink and then violated by a stranger.

