

THE WRONG WOMAN

Chapter 1

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On the border of Norvania, Suzanne York was shocked to learn that her brother had sold her off for 100 thousand dollars to cover his gambling debts.

Technive was a high-tech area that was a hotbed of criminal activity. It was known for scams, human trafficking, organ trading, and violence. People there didn't care about human life.

Suzanne's beauty had caught the eye of criminals, who tried to force her to sell her body.

Suzanne fought back with all her might, only to receive relentless beatings in return, leaving her clothes torn and her body bruised.

Overwhelmed by pain, she finally thought of her husband, Nathan Morrison.

"Please don't touch me. I can get my husband to give you as much money as you want. Please!" Suzanne sobbed as she refused for the last time.

One of the criminals' jobs was to demand ransoms.

The leader of the group, Ken, halted his men's attacks. He grabbed a phone and handed it to Suzanne. "Tell your husband to bring 20 million dollars. Anything less than that, and you'll have to serve all of us before selling your body for us."

A shiver ran down her spine as she shook from terror.

She had admired Nathan from afar for three years before they had finally gotten married a month ago.

Would a man who had never spent any time with her be willing to sacrifice 20 million dollars for her?

“Okay,” she replied weakly. At this point, Nathan was her last hope.

She called Nathan. Soon, the call connected, but a woman’s voice answered instead. “Hello? Who’s this?”

Suzanne’s heart immediately sank.

She sat up painfully and pleaded urgently, “I’m Suzanne, Nathan Morrison’s wife. Can you please let me talk to him?”

The other woman drawled, “Nate’s taking a nap right now. You can just talk to me.”

Suzanne felt a sharp pang in her chest. “Please pass the phone to Nathan right now.”

The other woman changed the subject angrily. “Suzanne, don’t think that marrying Nate actually gives you a right to act like his wife.

“I know you used his grandmother to force him to marry you. I’m the one he loves, yet you broke us apart.”

The woman hissed, “Nate would never pay attention to a shameless whore like you. You deserve to live a lonely life.”

Suzanne turned pale, feeling as though her heart had been crushed.

Just then, she faintly heard Nathan’s gentle voice. “Who is it, Sally?”

“A scam call.” Sally Hoffis ended the call hurriedly.

Immediately, laughter rang out among the men surrounding Suzanne.

“Your husband already has someone else. Forget sending money to rescue you; I doubt he even cares about you.”

Suzanne hadn't known that Nathan was in love with someone else. She had foolishly pined after him for three years.

She'd had no idea that Nathan's grandmother had lied about him marrying her out of love. It turned out that she had broken a couple apart.

Suzanne slowly closed her eyes, and tears trickled down her pale cheeks.

The physical pain she felt was nothing compared to how her heart was aching.

Suddenly, one of the men asked nervously, “Say, about the name she said earlier. Her husband can't be the leader of the Norvanian military, can he?”

Everyone in Norvania knew who Nathan Morrison was.

During the fiercest time in the Middle Eastern conflict, he had led his army to rescue innocent civilians who had been left homeless by the onslaught and destroyed every enemy who had stood in his way.