

# The Wrong Woman

## Chapter 4

Nathan's gaze was frosty and calm. "What do you mean?"

Suzanne bravely met his eyes. "Let's get divorced."

She had been in love with him for three years. All she had wanted was a pure relationship. Now that their marriage had been tainted, she refused to keep things going like this.

Nathan's expression turned grim.

Behind him, Cole spoke up, displeased. "Suzanne York. 25 years old. From Phoenicia of Norvania. Has an alcoholic father prone to domestic violence and a mother and brother who are gamblers buried in debt."

Suzanne shot Cole an astonished look.

Unconcerned, Cole continued, "You dropped out in ninth grade and were scammed by men online before working as an escort in a karaoke bar.

"Then, at 20 years old, you married an 80-year-old man and became a widow less than two years later without inheriting anything."

Still, Cole had more to say. "You have, at best, had an elementary school education and have achieved nothing since then. You were also involved in prostitution and were caught in the act twice.

"Besides that, you've also had 15 cosmetic procedures, three STD treatments, and 32 boyfriends, up to five at once, along with countless other sex partners."

"You returned to Norvania three years ago and got close to Mrs. Morrison on purpose. Then, you did everything you could to marry into her wealthy family and become General Morrison's wife."

A cold sweat trickled down Suzanne's back as she listened to her disgusting past.

She was shocked.

After revealing her dirty history, Cole taunted, "General Morrison is already God's gift to a person like you. How are you shameless enough to bring up divorce?"

Suzanne felt like her clothes had been stripped away, leaving her with nothing but shame. She clenched her fists, her nails digging into her palms painfully.

Meanwhile, Nathan seemed completely unaffected. After all, he had only agreed to this marriage to satisfy his grandmother. It meant nothing to him.

With a bitter smile, Suzanne explained, "Mr. Morrison, I lost my memory three years ago. I've heard bits about my past, but I really can't remember anything."

Then, she continued, "I don't know why I made such terrible decisions, and I'm sorry you were forced to marry such a horrible person because of your grandmother.

"I'm not worthy of being your wife, so let's get a divorce."

Nathan slowly approached Suzanne. His imposing demeanor nearly suffocated her. Feeling nervous, she looked up and met his gaze.

Nathan sneered, "I'll let you know when I want a divorce."

What did that make her?

A toy to please his grandmother?

Suzanne's eyes teared up from frustration, and she said, "I don't know what kind of person I was before, but the current me won't settle for a loveless marriage, much less sacrifice my dignity for wealth."

Nathan scoffed. "How dare you bring up your dignity?"

Suzanne was dismayed by his response. Did she not deserve to protect her pride? How much did he despise her?

She retorted defiantly, "Mr. Morrison, if you don't want to divorce me, then please behave like a faithful husband. You should make sure there are no other women in your life besides me and live with me properly."

She continued, "If you can't do that, then I'll discuss things with your grandmother. I promise not to make things difficult for you."

Nathan's face immediately hardened. He scowled as he glared at her.

His sudden proximity made Suzanne stiffen against the headboard.

A tantalizing scent surrounded her, leaving her flustered, and her heart began pounding wildly. Her face also flushed, and her breathing became erratic.

“W-What are you doing?” she asked shakily.

## Chapter 5

The air around Nathan buzzed with danger. “Are you threatening me?”

Suzanne struggled to breathe, overwhelmed by his dominance. “Please don’t force me to do something I don’t want to.”

Nathan narrowed his eyes at her.

Her flawless, charming face reminded him of what Sally had looked like as a child.

In a daze, he gave her a meaningful smile. “I admit you’ve done a great job at making your face look like hers as a child. No wonder Grandma likes you so much.”

Hers as a child?

Suzanne wondered who he was referring to.

While she was distracted, Nathan calmly replied, “Alright, I agree.”

With that, he turned around and left with Cole.

Suzanne was dumbfounded by his reply. She didn’t understand what Nathan had agreed to.

Had he agreed to the divorce or to live together as husband and wife?

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Night fell, and a gentle breeze swept through the room.

Cole brought dinner to Suzanne’s room. After she finished eating, Suzanne found a book on military strategies and kept herself entertained until late at night.

When she finally felt tired, she decided to take a shower. When she finished half an hour later, she realized that she had no clean clothes to change into.

So she washed her dirty clothes and hung them along the bathroom window to dry before wrapping a towel around her body and stepping out.

She froze at the sight in front of her, her face burning instantly.

Nathan had just taken off his shirt, exposing his chiseled body. The faint scars on his body added to his masculinity.

Suzanne was surprised by the sudden sight and didn't know how to react.

Nathan furrowed his brows at her. Her visibly flushed cheeks and innocent eyes didn't seem like an act.

His eyes landed on her exposed shoulders before trailing down her smooth legs.

He was impressed by her doctor's skills. Despite her numerous cosmetic procedures, her figure and appearance still looked captivating, but in a natural way.

Averting his eyes, Nathan cleared his throat and fetched a set of casual sportswear from his closet before walking toward the bathroom.

When he reached her side, he stuffed the clothes into her arms.

Startled, she immediately clutched the clothes tightly.

She was confused by his actions until she heard his command. "Put them on."

Suzanne spun around and watched Nathan walk toward the bathroom. "What are you doing in my room, Mr. Morrison?"

With his back facing her, he retorted, "Who was the one who asked to live together as husband and wife?"

She was.

However, her intention had been to seek a divorce, not suffer through a loveless marriage with a mistress involved.

After Nathan entered the bathroom and closed the door, Suzanne exhaled deeply, as if she were releasing her pent-up frustration.

She held a hand over her pounding heart before touching her flushed face in confusion.

After 15 minutes, Nathan emerged from the bathroom in pajamas.

Suzanne stood up nervously. "Mr. Morrison, can we talk?"

Although she had been pining after him for three years, her rationality told her that keeping this marriage going would only bring her pain.

Nathan walked over to the closet and pulled out another blanket before walking over to her bed. "It's late. Let's talk tomorrow."

Suzanne was a nervous wreck. Her fingers clenched at the hem of her shirt as she stared at him with teary eyes. Softly, she asked, "Aren't we getting divorced?"

Nathan spread out his blanket and lay on one side of the bed, closing his eyes. "Not for now."

Feeling nervous, Suzanne replied, "Then, you better act the part."

"Okay." Nathan agreed without hesitation.

Suzanne hadn't expected such a direct answer. It left her feeling restless as she watched him lie down.

Carefully, she grabbed her blanket and pillow and laid them on the floor.

Since Nathan was in love with another woman, he most likely wouldn't want to sleep in the same bed as her.

So Suzanne had no choice but to sleep on the floor. After arranging her bedding, she turned the lights off and found her way back in the dim moonlight.

Seconds later, the lights switched back on.

Suzanne opened her eyes, only to see Nathan's stern face as he stood next to her.

Displeased, he demanded, "What are you doing?"

Suzanne was perplexed. She replied, "Sleeping, of course!"

Immediately, Nathan crouched down and picked her up, blanket and all. His shoulders were wide and strong.

Before she could react, Suzanne felt herself being thrown onto the bed. She bounced on the mattress, which made her head spin and her injuries hurt.

Just then, Nathan leaned in closer to her.

Startled, she unconsciously shoved at his chest. "You—"

He lowered himself onto the bed until he had trapped her with his body.

As soon as Suzanne came into contact with his sturdy chest, she yanked her hands back, feeling shy. With her hands now in front of her chest, she stared at him nervously.

Her heart raced, and her breathing became erratic. Her body had tensed from both fear and anticipation.

She didn't know what he was doing. Was he planning to do the deed with her?