

# The Wrong Woman

## Chapter 6

Nathan asked sternly, "Who are you trying to insult by sleeping on the floor?"

Suzanne was enveloped in his masculine scent. She felt like she was about to suffocate.

Her mind was in disarray as she stuttered, "I-I just thought that i-it wouldn't be appropriate for us to s- sleep together when you're in love with s-someone else."

Nathan raised an eyebrow and smirked. "I have no feelings for you, so even if you were dancing naked in front of me, I wouldn't spare you a second glance, let alone touch you."

His words stung the most vulnerable part of her, crushing her.

She wanted to say something back in retort but choked up, afraid to reveal her feelings. She could only bite her lip in silence as her eyes grew misty.

Nathan was momentarily dazed as he gazed into her beautiful, teary eyes.

However, he swiftly laid back on the bed the next second and ordered, "Turn the lights off and sleep."

Immediately, the voice-activated system in the room turned off the lights.

Suzanne couldn't help but feel disappointed as she stared into the darkness. Still, she quickly repositioned herself and laid down.

The bed was wide, so even though they both occupied one end each, there was still a large gap between them.

Suzanne struggled to fall asleep.

She finally succumbed to fatigue in the late hours of the night.

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The next morning, the sound of a phone ringing woke her up.

She opened her eyes groggily and saw Nathan dressed handsomely in a black combat suit.

Perhaps it was because she was blinded by love, but he seemed to sparkle, no matter where he went.

Nathan picked up the phone and answered softly, "Good morning, Sally. What's up?"

Suzanne couldn't hear the other woman's reply, but she could hear Nathan's worried response. "You caught a cold? I'll head over right now."

Suzanne sat up, feeling a pang of jealousy after hearing Sally's name.

As she rubbed the sleep out of her eyes, Nathan ended the call and turned around to face her. "I need to head out for a moment."

Suzanne reined in her temper and said, "You promised me you would be a loyal husband. Being faithful is the most important aspect of a marriage."

Nathan hesitated before replying, "Our families are close, and Sally's my childhood friend. We're just friends, so this doesn't affect our marriage."

How could normal friends love each other to the point of sticking close to each other every day?

Suzanne felt her eyes burning and her chest tightening.

As Nathan turned around to leave, she cried out, "Nathan Morrison, can't you stay?"

Nathan froze in his tracks.

It had been a long time since anyone called him by his full name.

Gazing at his strong back, Suzanne practically begged, "You're a married man. Can't you consider my feelings? Please just send a doctor over instead."

Nathan paused for a few seconds. Then, he ignored her pleas and walked out of the room, closing the door behind him.

Suzanne collapsed onto the bed and shut her eyes tight, refusing to let her tears fall. She gripped her blanket tightly as her hands trembled in anger.

To hell with his promise! It was nothing but a trick to stop her from getting a divorce. In reality, he was still deeply in love with Sally Hoffis. The truth was too painful for Suzanne.

She made up her mind to end this marriage.

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Meanwhile, Nathan walked out of the dormitory building and was greeted by his subordinate guarding the door. "Good morning, General Morrison."

Nathan's confident steps faltered for a second as he recalled his promise to Suzanne.

In the end, he turned to his subordinate and said, "Arrange for a doctor to visit Ms. Hoffis."