It's Too Late To Get A Divorce by Coreal White Chapter 17

Chapter 17

Alita wa *ww*w.nove①Wôrm.com

was already feeling dizzy from the heat, and Jaydon's slap knocked her hard to the side. Her head hit the wall with a loud "thud," and for a moment, everything went blurry as dizziness set in.

"Get up." Jaydon, still furious, didn't notice her condition. He grabbed her by the hair, dragging her into the bathroom and throwing her to the floor. He loosened his tie, hands on hips, and then pointed at her face. "I asked you to clean the toilets, but what have you done? Do you think I don't know? Look at the surveillance camera on your head. I've been watching your every move."

Alita lifted her head and casually looked upward. Forehead bruised, she weakly smiled. "Why bother? Think about what happened between you and Cecilia. You're no better than me." w $\mathcal{W}w$.Nove/Wo $\prime \sim \textcircled{m}$.(c)om

"What did you say?" Jaydon was now like an enraged beast with bloodshot eyes. Over the years, he knew she had someone in her heart, but she always restrained herself. Nothing like today had ever happened before.

Seeing Kim kissing her drove him insane, and he even wanted to break through the screen to tear them apart.

"Wanna hit me again? I can sue you for domestic violence." Alita, with her head held high, chuckled. It was not that she was unafraid, but she'd grown accustomed and numb to it.

Jaydon squinted, and his anger gradually subsided. "Alita, don't think I can't do anything to you just

because you're not afraid of death. I have a thousand ways to make you suffer, and there's bound to be one that'll make you wish for death."

"Whatever you want." Alita stood up from the floor, legs going weak, and fell again. Her head was spinning.

up, tell me

"You..." Jaydon's heart clenched. He took two steps forward but hesitated. "Quit acting helpless. Get up,

you're okay." ww W.Nove ()w(r)m.c $\hat{o}\mathcal{M}$

A glimmer passed through Alita's eyes. She reached out her hand to him, weakly calling. "Jaydon, my head hurts. Can you help me up?"

Jaydon was skeptical. "Don't play tricks."

Lowering her eyes, she coldly laughed. 'Looks like not everyone gets his sympathy by playing the victim. But why does my heart still ache when I know the result?' she thought.

"Oh, bummer. Hought I could trick you." Alita gritted her teeth, struggling against the dizziness. "Mr. Lewis, on back. I gotta get back to work."

"I knew it, you won't go down so easily, you lowlife. Do your job well. Don't bail until you're done." Jaydon

Bo

Chapter 17

sneered, turning to leave the bathroom.

The moment he disappeared, Alita collapsed on the floor.

Jaydon returned to his office, keeping his eyes on the computer. Since she went downstairs in the morning, he closely monitored her every move. He intentionally turned off the air conditioning, figuring that a simple task like cleaning wouldn't get to her.

Getting hungry, he checked the time and realized it was already noon. His gaze immediately shifted to the screen, staring at the bathroom door. He frowned deeply. 'A woman so cheap deserves to starve to death. But thinking so only added to his frustration.

After a short break on the floor, Alita got up, using all her strength. 'Uh–oh, did hitting my head on the wall give me a concussion?" she wondered. $\mathbf{W}w\hat{W}.\mathfrak{m}ve/\mathcal{W}\hat{o}\mathcal{R}\mathbf{M}.c\mathbf{o}(m)$

SEND GIFT