

It's Too Late To Get A Divorce by Coreal White Chapter 25

Chapter 25

Alita stopped in her tracks, calmly turned around, and said, "Is this your first time acting like this in front of me? I'm not into arguing, not into feeling down, and definitely not into shedding tears." She smiled gracefully. "So, enjoy your coffee, Mr. Lewis." *w w (w). n d v e l w r R M . c O M*

He could hurt her, but she wouldn't let herself look so pathetic. She'd rather silently bear all the pain on her own.

Jaydon, infuriated by her nonchalant attitude, was boiling with rage. "Hold on."

Alita, about to leave, stopped once again, turned around patiently, and asked, "Anything else, Mr. Lewis?"

"Alita, from now on, you stand there until I say you can leave. Got it?" Jaydon said coldly

"Yeah, Mr. Lewis," Alita calmly responded.

'Unmoved, huh? Well, Alita, I've got plenty of things that can get a reaction out of you. I don't believe you're totally stone-cold, Jaydon thought. *w w w . n d v e l w r R M . c O M*

"Go, tidy up my lounge, wash the clothes I changed out of, and make the bed. Oh, by the way, the bedsheets got dirty last night. Wash those too. And remember, handwash them," Jaydon said with a sinister smile.

Alita's breath caught, something blocking her throat. "Sure thing. Mr Lewis I'll do it right away

A nauseating smell pervaded the entire room when she entered. So, Jaydon left me alone at home last night

while he was here with Cecilia, she thought.

Standing by the bed, she could even picture what they might have done last night. She took a deep breath, and her heart suddenly ached like a knife cutting through. She couldn't even stand steadily *w w w . n d v e l w r R M . c O M*

'However strong you are, Alita, you have to admit you're a loser. You'll never find happiness Why do you choose

to live like this?' she said inwardly. *w w w . n o v e l w o r m . c o m*

She didn't know how she managed to tidy up the room, only that after everything was done, her mind was in

chaos.

"Everything's done," she reported softly to Jaydon, then walked out blankly.

"So fast? You must have cut corners. Hey, I'm talking to you, Alita. What's with this attitude? Stop right there, come back, do you hear me?" Jaydon shouted, slamming the table.

Alita ignored him and returned to her workspace. As soon as she touched the sofa, she fainted.

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The phone on the office desk rang incessantly. It was Jaydon's call.

'Damn, she even ignores the phone. Quite audacious, Jaydon thought. He slammed down the phone, stood up, and walked out of the office. The receptionist secretary on the side quickly stood up. "Mr. Lewis"

"Did Alita go back to her office?" Jaydon asked with a cold expression.

The secretary nodded hurriedly. "Yes, I saw her go in."

Jaydon headed to Alita's office, pushing the door open with a "clang." He was about to shout when he saw Alita lying sideways on the sofa, and his heart tightened.

Closing the door behind him, he walked over. "Hey, don't play dead. Is cleaning the room really that exhausting? Open your eyes, stop pretending."

He was so loud that even if Alita had lost consciousness, it still forced her to wake up. When she saw Jaydon, a bitter feeling surged within her.

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