

Chapter 4

For a second, I felt dizzy. Ella's hand on mine felt uncomfortable, and I wanted to push her away.

Ella did not let go of me as I expected; she yanked me hard instead.

Before I knew it, we both tumbled down the stairs.

My right leg throbbed with a sharp pain, and Ella, lying next to me, was bleeding. I had a bad feeling about that.

Soon, we were rushed to the hospital.

I had a broken right leg, and Ella lost her baby.

I spent days in the hospital bed, and Calvin never visited me once.

However, he was there for Ella.

She was pregnant with his baby, after all.

Me? I was just a woman he had been putting up with for far too long.

I did not even want to see them, but Ella, pretending to care, came to my room with Calvin.

I watched them calmly as Calvin held Ella's hand and asked, "How's Ms. Rogers doing?"

Calvin looked at me, disappointed. "The baby's gone. Wasn't that what you wanted? How could you even ask?"

"You think I did this on purpose?" I could not believe what I was hearing.

"Stop pretending, Josephine. Do you really think I don't know how controlling and overbearing you are?" Calvin sneered. "Seven years of marriage, and you still refuse to have kids. Fine, it's not like you're the only woman with a uterus. Now, it seems like you want to end my family line."

Ella, pretending to be friendly, spoke up for me. "I fell on my own and hurt Ms. Campbell too."

Calvin comforted her, then turned to me as if offering a truce. "Ella's worried about you even though she's hurt. Stop going after her."

I swallowed the pain in my heart and managed a small smile. "Calvin, you don't have to worry about what I'll do to her. Let's get a divorce."

A smile of relief spread across Ella's face.

Calvin frowned at me. "You seem to forget you need me for everything now, Josephine. Are you really brave enough to leave?"

He did not think I would go through with a divorce. "Think it over. Don't just do it because you're mad," he said, then he was gone.

With a smug smile, Ella stayed behind, pretending to care about me. "So, you've thought it through? No more Mrs. Lawson or Ms. Campbell. Should I just call you Josephine?" she asked.

"You might want to think about it too. If there's a new Mrs. Lawson, there'll be another one after her," I said, giving her a piercing stare.

Ella whispered, "The baby was never going to make it. Its heartbeat was gone. Mr. Lawson didn't know."

That explained her strange behavior; she would not risk so much if the baby were gone.

"You're telling me this because you think I won't tell Calvin?" I asked.

"Try it. See if he believes you," she said.

"Do whatever you want." I closed my eyes, feeling a bit tired. "I should thank you for making me realize that being Mrs. Lawson is just a cheap title. If you want it that badly, it's all yours," I told her.

"You!" Ella did not expect me to be so tough. She could not get the better of me with words, so she just hurried and walked away.

Later, I saw Ella's new photos. She was showing off, taking my place next to Calvin at a fancy party.

She wore a stunning designer dress and looked every bit the wealthy lady, nothing like the college girl she once was.

She was even wearing the expensive jewelry I had liked, the set Calvin bought her after she lost the baby.

I could not help but smile sadly. Calvin could have given me fancy gifts if he wanted to. However, I let him off easy once, and he got the idea that he did not need to spend money to make me happy.

It was true that a woman should not have lowered her worth for something as worthless as feelings.

My talk of divorce affected Calvin because he took the time to explain things to me. "You hurt your leg, so you don't have to go to the party. I'll have someone else go with me this time."

However, I knew there would not be a next time, or any time after that when I would be by his side.

I put my phone down and stopped checking my messages.

None of it mattered to me anymore.

I would show Calvin I was not being impulsive or talking big.

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