

Lost Our Pup After Domestic Abuse Chapter 02

To his family, Gerald was always seen as a well-mannered, good son. He was praised for respecting elders, loving the young and being gentle and courteous.

Yet, when he assaulted me, that facade shattered, leaving only a face twisted in rage.

“Reconciliation is possible, but he must divorce me!” My words left the hospital room in complete silence. “Since he already has another woman, why not let him have her?” I was speaking not only to myself, but also to Gerald’s family, relatives and friends.

One of Gerald’s closest friends was Jonah Smith. His family ran a real estate business and he had loved martial arts novels since childhood, fascinated by tales of justice and vengeance.

After his father passed away due to illness, his mother, Sandra, took over the business.

From what I remembered, Jonah’s mother, Sandra, was a charming woman in her fifties, still exuding elegance. She had always looked down on my humble family background.

When she found out about my relationship with Gerald, she vehemently opposed it. During my wedding, she even publicly humiliated my family, tearing us apart in front of everyone.

Jonah tried to persuade me with kind but patronizing words, “Clara, don’t worry. You know what Gerald’s personality is like. Aside from being impulsive and hot-tempered, he doesn’t have any major issues. How could Gerald ever have an affair?”

Even he looked down on my family. All of them made every effort to speak highly of Gerald.

About the divorce? They dismissed the idea outright. But reconciliation, they insisted on that.

“Fine!” I felt an unprecedented calm. Love was a feeling, intangible yet deeply sensed. It can bloom in an instant and vanish just as quickly.

From beginning to end, no one uttered a single word of concern for me. Every conversation revolved around Gerald.

His parents dragged me, against the hospital’s advice, out of the ward. Weakened and frail, I was forced to sign a reconciliation agreement at the police station.

In the mediation room, Gerald held my hand, solemnly promising, “Clara, I’m sorry. I lost control last night. I shouldn’t have gotten so angry with you! In front of your father, I’ll

write a formal guarantee that I won't lay a finger on you again. As for the baby, it's gone, but we can always have another."

His casual dismissal of our unborn child, our precious bond of love, disregarded the life that had been growing inside me.

"You two need to get along!" Gerald's friend, Jonah, offered his 'blessings' from the side.

The two of them exchanged knowing glances, understanding each other perfectly. I forced a smile.

Yes, Gerald would indeed never have another chance to touch me. I didn't cry or make a scene.

I quietly watched the two of them put on their charade, completely indifferent to the act they were playing. When I got home that day, I sat calmly on the couch and curiously asked, "Gerald, tell me, who is the woman? You've hidden her so well! Since things have come this far, why bother concealing it anymore?"

Gerald knew he had another woman and he knew that I was well aware.

We just hadn't broken through the final layer of pretense. But whenever I brought it up, it was like touching a taboo for him.