

Lost Our Pup After Domestic Abuse Chapter 03

Sometimes, I could sense that Gerald wasn't doing all this to protect the other person, but to protect himself.

Gerald suddenly lifted his head, his gaze at me fierce and threatening. He never allowed me to bring up these matters in front of him.

He snapped. "Your skin's itching for a beating again?"

The moment he said this, he quickly shut his mouth.

He realized his mistake, remembering that he'd just gotten out of the police station not even a day ago. "Your skin's itching for a beating again." At first, this was a playful tease he used on me.

But it evolved into a threat and now it signaled that he was about to get violent. I had fought back before.

But in front of a strong, muscular man, especially one who didn't love me, a woman was simply too powerless. His phone rang, I thought he would avoid me to take the call. But this time, he openly answered it right in front of

A worried voice came from the other end, "Gerald, are you okay?" The voice was soft, warm and sweet.

Now, Gerald couldn't even be bothered to pretend in front of me. He responded with a gentle tone I hadn't heard in a long time, "Don't worry, I'm fine."

He still cared to save a shred of my dignity, ending the call after a brief conversation.

Then he waved his phone at me and said, "It's just a friend."

I remembered the first time I caught him late at night, locked in the bathroom, having a long conversation with her. I had screamed hysterically and tried to snatch his phone.

He had thrown me to the ground and kicked me in the stomach. The excruciating pain had overwhelmed me. Afterward, when I occasionally saw him on the phone, I would coldly tell him, "Just avoid me a bit." And now, I faced it all with indifference.

What woman, upon learning her husband was openly cheating, could stand there, unaffected? It took countless tearful arguments and waves of hopelessness to reach this point of numbness.

"I'm going to sleep." Gerald pushed open the bedroom door and went inside.

I knew he was just changing locations to flirt and talk sweetly without restraint.

Sure enough, within minutes, hushed conversation drifted from the bedroom, reaching my ears. He was discussing his upcoming birthday.

“Birthday gift,” “surprise,” “can’t wait to meet,” “don’t tell Jonah!” Key phrases reached me in fragments. I was stunned. A horrifying thought took root in my mind, was Gerald’s affair partner ... are his best friend Jonah’s mother? I remembered how he often visited Jonah’s house under the pretense of checking in on him. On the day of his birthday, Gerald dressed carefully in the early morning and told me he had an important meeting at the office.

He said he’d be busy all night and might even stay at the company until morning.

I nodded lightly, “Alright.”

He didn’t know that I had a tracking app on my phone linked to his location. At first, I installed it because he’d come home drunk every night and I worried he’d get into trouble.

A woman’s wild imagination made me worry each night. Would he drink himself to death? Would he pass out drunk by the roadside and get run over? Or would he collapse somewhere, with no one there to take care of him?

But now, the tracker served a different purpose, to see which hotel he visited or which bar he was frequenting for his indulgent escapades.