

Lost Our Pup After Domestic Abuse Chapter 04

Gerald didn't go to the office. His location had been moving around a shopping mall all morning.

Men generally don't spend time there unless they're accompanying a woman.

Aren't you all convinced that Gerald was a well-behaved, dutiful child? Today, I will show you his true colors.

I also wanted to see, after all these years, who this woman was that haunted his dreams and captivated him so deeply.

A crazy plan for revenge began forming in my mind. Before our divorce, I wanted to see him utterly ruined and condemned by everyone.

He had dragged me down into the abyss, so why should he remain untouched? I would pull him down too, make him feel the torment of absolute despair.

By around nine in the evening, his location stopped at the Hilton Hotel.

I made call after call, "Hello, Mom! Tonight is Gerald's birthday. I want to invite all of you to come and celebrate with him."

The first call was to Gerald's mother. Her reaction was both surprised and puzzled. Was this really the Clara who had been hospitalized just days ago, beaten so severely by her son that she miscarried, demanding a divorce?

Maybe out of fear that my emotions would erupt again, Gerald's mother agreed, albeit reluctantly. She said, "Clara, I'm glad you've come to terms with everything. Quarrels and scuffles are normal between couples. Seeing you gather everyone to celebrate his birthday tonight will surely make Gerald very happy."

I smiled, replying calmly, "Don't worry, Mom. I guarantee this birthday will be unforgettable for Gerald. Make sure to bring all the relatives along." Over the phone, his mother eagerly agreed.

I then called several of Gerald's friends and close buddies, including Jonah. If the woman Gerald was having an affair with really was Jonah's mother, Sandra, I couldn't wait to see the expression on Jonah's face when he found them together in bed.

Everyone from Gerald's social circle, whether they were close friends or mere acquaintances, if I could reach them, I invited them all.

To ruin someone's reputation, you don't need to let the entire world know. You only need to ensure he is utterly disgraced in his own circle.

Outside the Hilton Hotel, I spotted the giant cake Jonah had arranged. Everyone looked at me with complex expressions.

I caught a hint of guilt in Jonah's eyes, he couldn't even meet my gaze. This rich playboy had already been through four marriages and divorces, living a life of wild indulgence.

"Clara, aren't we supposed to be celebrating Gerald's birthday? Why did we end up at the Hilton Hotel?" They all asked curiously.

I smiled and explained, "It's because Gerald and I planned it this way. It's hard to clean up at home and given my physical condition ..." I left the sentence hanging and everyone quickly understood, tactfully not asking further questions.

"Alright, alright, let's head upstairs now, so Gerald doesn't have to wait too long." Gerald's parents, a whole host of relatives, about a dozen people, all smiled and followed behind Jonah, who was pushing the three-tier cake. They couldn't wait to see the surprised expression on Gerald's face.

I didn't know the exact room number. So, I approached the front desk, asking for Gerald's room number, saying that I was there to celebrate my husband's birthday.

Normally, hotels don't disclose guests' information. But after I explained my purpose, with the impressive crowd behind me and the eye-catching massive cake, The receptionist believed me completely and gave me the room number.

"I can't wait to see him so moved he cries tears of joy."

"He has always been such a sensible child. The last time we celebrated his birthday together was before his wedding." Everyone was chatting excitedly.

For the grand occasion of her son's birthday, Gerald's mother had dressed up in her finest, elegantly prepared for the event.

Every single person there took this birthday party very seriously. After all, the Clarke Family was wealthy and influential.

Following the room number provided by the hotel staff, the group of thirty or forty people crowded outside Gerald's room, taking up half of the hallway.

Just as I was about to swipe the key card to open the door, someone stopped me. "Wait!" Gerald's mother suddenly stopped me. Everyone turned to her in surprise.

With a wide smile, she pulled out her phone and started a live stream. "I want to share this unforgettable moment with everyone online!"

Others, not wanting to be outdone, raised seven or eight smartphones, aiming their live-streaming cameras at the door, ready to record what was about to unfold.

“When we go in, remember to shout ‘Happy Birthday’ all together!” Gerald’s father reminded the group.

At that moment, I swiped open the door and led the crowd in. The whole group streamed in, a wave of people flooding into the luxurious suite.