

Lost Our Pup After Domestic Abuse Chapter 09

“I really know I was wrong,” he pleaded. “Please don’t leave me!”

It was still the same old act. I watched Gerald’s performance with cold eyes.

Seeing that I remained silent, a look of panic I had never seen before appeared on his face.

Finally, I threw the prepared divorce agreement onto the bed and said, “Gerald, will you sign this yourself, or do I have to file for divorce in court? Are you masochistic or what? When I loved you deeply, you beat me mercilessly over a few words. Now, after I exposed your affair with Sandra to everyone and ruined your reputation, leaving you a broken man, you’re begging me?”

I shook my head and laughed at myself. Gerald’s lips twitched.

Whether his fear was real or his remorse genuine, I no longer cared. This man still owed me a life.

“Clara, what will it take for you to forgive me?” It was only now, at this point, that he realized he couldn’t bear to lose me.

I smiled and pointed at the window. “Jump out of there. Give me back my child’s life and maybe I’ll forgive you. Do you dare?”

Gerald stared blankly at the window.

“I’ve given you the divorce papers,” I said. “If you don’t sign by tomorrow, I’ll see you in court. I don’t want a penny from you, nor will I take anything else. Just give me back my freedom.”

I turned and left. Behind me, his parents were shouting and cursing.

In this family, my status had always been insignificant. When I once dreamed about a future with him, I could endure it.

But now that this man had vanished from my heart completely, he was no heavier to me than an ant on the roadside.

My parents supported my decision. They didn’t ask many questions, when they heard my resolve, they simply nodded quietly.

Over the years, they had endured so much in the Clarke Family because of me. “If it doesn’t work out, then just leave him,” my mother said with a smile.

This marriage had always been a compromise from one family to another. Seeing my parents' hair now tinged with gray, I felt a pang of bitterness. The love I once foolishly pursued when I was young.

Looking back now, how ridiculous is it? The consequences fell on my parents, who stood silently behind me, bearing it all.

The next day at the hospital, I discovered that the divorce agreement I had left for Gerald was nowhere to be found. I wasn't surprised.

"Clara, do you really have to be so heartless? I only made a mistake that any man could make," he insisted. "Why must you blow it out of proportion and refuse to let it go?" He tried to use his current misery to gain my sympathy.

In his mind, I was still the foolish woman who could be soothed with a few sweet words, the one who never cried or made a scene. His old tactics had always worked on me.

But now he realized that no matter what he said or did, nothing could sway me anymore.

"I won't divorce you," he declared resolutely.

I didn't say another word. I went to the courthouse alone and submitted a request for a forced divorce, handing over all the evidence of his infidelity, as well as the evidence of his infidelity, as well as the medical reports documenting the times he had beaten me until I was covered in bruises.