

Chapter 11

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Everything that I had been looking forward to disappeared. I was completely disappointed.

I felt that it was probably the feeling of being hopeless.

I held the phone and was at a loss for words for a long time.

There were some questions that I wanted to ask, but there was no point anymore.

It was obvious where Ryan had gone.

But he promised me that there wasn't going to be a next time.

Therefore, this was his choice.

The answer was obvious.

All Grownups knew that in order to gain something, they had to first give up something else.

I was probably the person he decided to sacrifice after careful consideration.

I subconsciously rubbed my stomach. I suddenly began to wonder if I really should keep the child.

If I decided to keep the child, then it would be very hard to cut off my connections with Ryan.

The custody of the child alone would be a big problem.



"Charlotte?" Ryan called my name on the other end of the line.

"Okay."

I didn't say anything else, or should I say I didn't want to say another word to him at that moment in time.

After breakfast, I drove to the hospital myself.

I wanted Ryan to come with me because I wanted to give him a surprise. ¹

There was no point in getting Brenda to come with him. I wasn't in the late stages of pregnancy.

I was probably too annoyed, so I didn't react in time when a car suddenly cut in front of me.

I then crashed into the car.

When I came back to my senses, I felt the whole world was spinning. I used all my remaining strength to call Ryan. ¹

He had been my emergency contact ever since the two of us got married.

I was very excited back then because Ryan had become my husband.

It was something that I had been happy about for ages. Back then, I really wanted to do something to show off our relationship. ³

However, after giving it some thought, setting him as my emergency contact was the only thing I could do. He didn't know about it either. ¹

I was the only person filled with joy.

The call rang for a long time but no one answered. 1

That was when my stomach began to ache. When I thought of the child in my womb, I began to panic.

'Come on, Ryan, pick up!'

When the call was finally answered, it wasn't Ryan's voice on the other end of the line. Jessica said in a soft voice, "What is it, Charlotte? I thought Ryan already told you that he doesn't have time for you today."

Her voice was like a sharp dagger stabbing into my heart and making it bleed.

I was finding it difficult to breathe. Tears streamed down my face and my fingers began to tremble.

I had never expected the love that I had for someone for so many years would turn into hate.

All my energy seemed to have been suddenly drained from me and I blacked out.

When I woke up again, all I could see was white.

A needle was inserted into the back of my hand for the IV.

Memories from before I blacked out came flooding back. I subconsciously touched my belly which was still aching.

'My child,' I whispered inwardly.

With that thought in mind, every passing second felt like an eternity. I quickly sat up, got out of bed, and tried to find a doctor.

"Charlotte!" The door to the ward was suddenly opened. Seeing what I was doing, Jane quickly rushed over and pushed me back down to the bed as she said desperately, "Don't move. You haven't finished your IV yet. Do you still want to keep your hand or not?"

I wasn't someone who liked to cry, but I just couldn't control myself when I thought of my child. When I raised my head and saw the concerned expression on Jane's face, tears began streaming down mine.

"Jane, my child..."

I began to regret hesitating whether I should keep the child or not when I went out of the house.

It was my child and I felt that I should feel very lucky to be the child's mother and not wonder if I should keep the child or not.

Jane wiped the tears from my face and pulled me into a tight embrace. She used a soft tone that she had never used in front of others. "Why are you crying? Your child's fine. He's very strong."

"Really?"

"Of course! You can ask the nurse if you don't believe me," said Jane.

The nurse had come into the ward with Jane. She smiled helplessly and said, "Don't just worry about the child. You were hit in the head and I've put bandages around your head where the cut is, but we didn't give you a CT scan because you're pregnant. How are you feeling now? Do you feel dizzy?"

"I'm fine..." I shook my head and realized that I was only a little dizzy.

"That's good to hear. You can head home after finishing this IV drop. Come back if you begin to feel any more discomfort." The nurse patted my shoulder and tried to comfort me. "Don't worry. Your child's fit and healthy. The most important thing you should do now is to take care of yourself."

With that said, the nurse left the room.

After hearing those words, I was finally able to relax. I hugged Jane and began sobbing.

It was as if I wanted to let all of my grievances out.

Jane only let go of me a while later, after I had calmed down. She pulled a chair over and sat beside my bed.

She had a worried look on her face. "You scared the hell out of me, you know that? I thought you were going to take Ryan to the graveyard. Why were you the only person in the car? Where's Ryan? If it weren't for the fact that I had contacted you when the hospital was trying to contact your emergency contact, you would have been alone in the hospital. No one would have known that you were involved in a car accident! I've checked the trip recorder, you had plenty of time to avoid the car in front of you, but you didn't. What were you thinking? Did you know you almost got yourself killed?"

The more Jane spoke, the more desperate she became. Her eyes had gone completely red. In the end, she turned away and wiped the tears from her eyes. It was obvious that she had been worried sick.

I wanted to tell her that there was nothing to be worried or scared about. I was perfectly fine. ¹

Commented [Ma1]:

However, in the end, I just said nonchalantly, "Jane, I've made up my mind."

"What is it?" Jane looked at me.

"I want a divorce." I let out a long sigh and suddenly felt more relieved than ever. "I want to leave Ryan."

Jane looked at me in disbelief. She then said after a long pause, "Are you sure about that?"

"Yes."

It had been seven years.

I was in love with Ryan for seven years, just because he bought lunch for me a couple of times.

However, I couldn't even make his heart race.

It was a little funny, but I was actually jealous of Jessica when Ryan lost his temper because of her.

It was truly insulting.

I finally realized that he would only ever care about Jessica.

If I hadn't realized such a fact that day, he would probably do so in the future.

If that was the case, then why should I embarrass myself? 1

Jane suddenly cocked her brows. "Looks like the car accident isn't all that bad. It seemed to have knocked some sense into you. If I had known that

Chapter 11

this would work, I would have let you crash your car a long time ago." 1

I was rendered speechless.

"What about the child? Does he know the existence of the child?" Jane began to plan my divorce for me.

"No, he doesn't."

I curved my lips into a bitter smile. "I was planning on telling him today."



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