

Chapter 2

What Sophie didn't expect was that Luke reacted faster than her.

He shielded Helen and pushed her back with force.

Pain shot through her shoulder as she fell heavily to the ground.

Shock, disbelief, and despair overwhelmed her heart like sharp knives stabbing straight into it.

He valued that child so much that he actually pushed her for Helen...

Luke stared at his hand in shock, wanting to explain but unable to find the words.

Watching his helpless expression, Sophie suddenly laughed, tears mingling with her laughter.

"Luke, is this what you mean by you love me?"

Then she turned to Helen and asked, "And you, is this how you repay me?"

The repeated questioning left both Luke and Helen silent.

Sophie, her face pale, looked at Luke with lifeless eyes and asked one last question.

"If you say you didn't mean to betray me, then who do you choose—the child or me?"

Perhaps out of guilt, Luke didn't dare meet her gaze.

After a long pause, he answered with pain in his voice, "Sophie, stop making a scene. Once you calm down, I'll come home and explain things to you, but I must keep this child."

With that, he supported Helen and turned to leave.

Sophie's entire body trembled uncontrollably, unsure if it was the pain in her heart or the pain in her abdomen that was worse.

It wasn't until she felt a dampness below that she looked down at her white dress in alarm.

The sight of vivid red blood stung her eyes, and a wave of terror surged through her.

She managed to utter a weak cry. "Luke..."

She wanted to say more, to tell him that she was also pregnant, to beg him to save their child...

But the more she tried to speak, the more she couldn't make a sound. She could only gasp for air, trying to calm herself.

Hearing her faint voice, Luke hesitated and stopped in his tracks.

Just when she thought hope was within reach, he didn't turn back and disappeared around the corner instead.

Sophie was utterly devastated. She knew their marriage had reached its end as well.

Struggling, she forced herself to stand, clutching her abdomen as she made her way to the doctor's office.

Dr. Clinton was surprised to see her walk in.

"Sophie, didn't I tell you to rest early? The embryo had only just formed—you need to be careful."

But the moment the doctor noticed the blood on Sophie's dress, her expression turned to panic.

"Nurses, hurry and prepare for surgery!"

Two nurses immediately came over to help Sophie onto a bed.

Dr. Clinton held her hand, her eyes full of concern.

"What happened? You just managed to conceive... but with this amount of bleeding, the baby might..."

A suffocating pain gripped Sophie's chest. How was she supposed to tell the doctor that her husband had another child and had personally pushed her?

Tears fell uncontrollably like broken beads. She squeezed the doctor's hand tightly and struggled to speak. "Just do your best. If the child can't be saved, then it's my fate."

And so, Sophie was wheeled into the operating room.

She felt as though she dreamed for a long, long time, a dream that brought her back to the past.

Luke was only 23 years old then.

He held a bouquet of flowers and a ring, kneeling devoutly in front of her.

"Sophie, marry me. I swear I'll only love you in this lifetime. I'll never let you suffer, and I'll never let you be heartbroken."

For the first five years of their marriage, he kept that promise, treating her with unwavering kindness.

To the outside world, he was a husband that adored his wife, rarely drinking or socializing. Apart from work, he spent most of his time with her.

He always said he wanted a child as the ultimate symbol of their love.

So when they learned of his infertility, Sophie willingly endured the pain of multiple IVF attempts just to have a child of their own.

But why did he treat her like this? Why...