

Chapter 3

When Sophie woke up again, she was already lying in a hospital bed.

Dr. Clinton's eyes were slightly red, filled with regret. "I'm sorry. I couldn't save the baby. But you'll definitely be pregnant with another child..."

For years, Dr. Clinton had been following Sophie's case, so no one understood better how much Sophie had endured.

After the surgery, Dr. Clinton overheard some nurses gossiping and learned about what had happened outside the office.

She felt deeply upset on Sophie's behalf, but as a doctor, there were things she couldn't say. All she could do was offer her powerless comfort.

Sophie stared blankly at the ceiling and murmured softly, "No, there won't be a next time..."

Dr. Clinton sighed, reminded her to rest well, and then left the room.

Once the room was empty, Sophie pulled the blanket over her face and cried uncontrollably.

She had once been so overjoyed, eagerly looking forward to the arrival of this child, and now she felt equally devastated.

Her heart felt as though it was being torn apart, the pain so intense she could barely breathe, as if she would die in the next moment.

She bit her lip hard and silently screamed in her heart. "Luke, how could you be so cruel..."

It wasn't until she cried herself into exhaustion that she finally fell into a deep sleep.

When she woke up the next day, Sophie had come to terms with reality.

The person she trusted most had easily destroyed the dream she worked so hard to achieve.

Now that the dream was shattered, it was time for her to wake up.

She took out her phone and sent a message to her mentor.

"Prof. Brown, I'm willing to go with you to study abroad. Please make the arrangements."

Prof. Brown quickly replied, "Alright, the visa will be ready in about a week. Make sure to talk to your husband about it, as this trip might take a year."

'Talk to my husband about it? He soon won't be my husband anymore,' thought Sophie.

After a brief hesitation, Sophie quickly replied, "Okay."

She stayed in the hospital for five days, during which Luke sent her messages every day, just as he always had, detailing his schedule.

"Sophie, I'm staying late at the office today, working overtime with the team. I'm so exhausted—I just want to be with you."

"Sophie, without you here, even my favorite roast chicken go uneaten."

"Sophie, are you still mad? Can you come home now? I miss you so much..."

Every word was filled with affection, but Sophie didn't reply to a single message.

Because on Helen's social media, she saw a completely different side of him.

"Mr. Shaw is so thoughtful, he even came with me to buy clothes for the baby."

"Mr. Shaw's cooking is amazing. These are the best roast chicken I've ever had."

"This is the baby's room Mr. Shaw personally prepared for the baby. We'll be able to live here together soon."

Sophie knew Helen posted this on purpose to provoke her.

Helen had already won once, taking Luke away from her.

Now she wanted even more, and Sophie understood that.

What she couldn't understand or accept was how the man she had shared a bed with for five years could act so convincingly.

On one hand, he expressed his love for her, while on the other, he cared for another woman and even fathered her child.

Sophie felt she was on the brink of collapse. She couldn't tell which version of Luke was real anymore.

Did the Luke who once loved her and only her even exist?

Finally, Sophie calmly opened the recording app and captured every post on Helen's social media.

When she packed her things and was discharged from the hospital, only Dr. Clinton was there to hail a taxi for her and offer her careful reminders.

"Even after leaving the hospital, you must take good care of yourself. No matter what happens, your health is most important."

Sophie's eyes were filled with tears, and she nodded firmly.

During the hardest period of her life, it was this angel who warmed her heart.

Yet the man who had vowed to love her for a lifetime was pathetically busy caring for another woman.

From that moment on, she knew she would never need him again.