

## Hello, Husband, Goodbye - Mistreated Chapter 2

### Mistreated

The words she uttered struck me like a blow, causing me to involuntarily swallow my saliva. All I wanted was to show her respect as her daughter-in-law, but it seemed that she was the one who refused to extend any respect towards me.

"I apologize, Aunt," I said, my voice tinged with remorse.

"Call me Madam. You can only refer to me as 'mom' in front of Armand," she responded with an air of arrogance.

Armand, my father in-law, was the only one who treated me with kindness and accepted me as his own daughter. It was he who convinced Marcus to marry me. From the very beginning, I knew that our marriage was solely for the sake of our child and the desires of his father. I had no right to complain. What could I expect from a husband who was both arrogant and cold?

Despite the pain that coursed through me, I forced a smile and remained composed in her presence.

"I apologize once again, Madam," I said, my words laced with sincerity.

Suddenly, Marcus's voice broke the tension as he appeared near the doorway. Both Madam Stella and I turned our attention towards him.

"Mom, you're here!" Marcus exclaimed, a smile lighting up his face.

Madam Stella walked towards him, enveloping him in a warm embrace and placing gentle kisses on his cheeks. The bond between them was clearly visible to everyone around.

"I thought you were coming next week. Why didn't you inform me?" Marcus asked, a hint of confusion in his voice.

"I wanted to surprise you, son," Madam Stella replied.

"Well, you certainly succeeded in surprising me," Marcus chuckled.

"Anyway, why don't you offer my mom a cup of coffee or some drinks?" he turned to me, his brows furrowing.

"I just arrived home," I responded, my voice filled with exhaustion.

I noticed his forehead crease, a clear sign that he was growing angry with me once again.

"Where have you been?!" he demanded, his frown deepening.

With a surge of bravery, I extended my hand, offering the paper bag containing the replacement long sleeve. Before uttering a word, I took a deep breath, preparing myself for what was to come.

"Here," I began, my voice laced with sincerity, "the replacement for your long sleeve. I truly hope you find it to your liking. Once again, I deeply apologize," I said, mustering a smile as I conveyed my remorse.

He accepted the bag, his curiosity piqued. Without a moment's hesitation, he delved into the contents, examining the long sleeve for a fleeting second. Suddenly, in an unexpected, he flung it towards my face.

"20\$?!" he bellowed, his voice filled with indignation.

"You dare replace my 3000\$ long sleeve with this cheap excuse of a garment? Do I appear to be a hapless fool to you?!" he exclaimed, his anger palpable.

His words pierced through me, leaving me deeply wounded. It's hard to fathom that my husband could be so heartless and conceited. My efforts to please him went unappreciated, shattering my expectations.

Understanding him has become an uphill battle, and all I desire now is to escape this mansion. However, I am aware that leaving is not an option, as my son deserves a loving family. A family that should be filled with happiness, unlike the current state we find ourselves in. I yearned to make amends for my past mistakes, but instead, I was met with nothing but insults from him.

"What on earth did she do to your long sleeve, son?" Madam Stella inquired, her voice filled with anger.

"She ruined my beloved long sleeve with her foolishness while using that ridiculous iron!" he exclaimed passionately.

"What in the world! Don't you even know how to iron clothes? It's such a simple task!" his mother exclaimed.

"I didn't do it on purpose. The iron was just overheated," I explained, struggling to hold back my tears.

"If only you hadn't gotten pregnant, I wouldn't have a problem now!" he told me angrily.

I felt incomparable pain at that time. I don't know what sin I did to him to hurt me like this.

I also didn't want him to get me pregnant. No one would want to be with someone like him.

I want to slap him and make him see that I have a heart too. I'm not a stone and dumb to feel pain. I'm just a human, but why if he talks to me, I'm like an animal?

"Calm down, my dear. Don't waste your time on that woman," Madam Stella advised, her voice filled with concern.

"Come, I have something to tell you," she continued, leading Marcus towards the veranda. Left behind, I noticed Betty's sympathetic gaze towards me.

Curiosity got the better of me, and I couldn't resist following them discreetly. I needed to know what Madam Stella was going to say. There was an unexplainable urge pushing me towards them.

"You can file for a divorce now," Madam Stella revealed, her words hitting me like a thunderbolt. My body trembled with shock. Was Marcus really planning to divorce me?

"I've already started the paperwork without your father's knowledge. He mentioned that he'll be staying in the States permanently due to his current condition, so you don't need to worry," she assured him.

"I'll make sure she doesn't get a single share of Grande," she added, her tone filled with determination.

Did she really think I was after their wealth? Did she see me as a gold digger? I only married her son because of our child, not for their wealth.

Unable to bear their words any longer, I retreated to the living room. I sank into the sofa, clutching my stomach as pain surged through me. It felt as if I was going to vomit.

"Madam, are you alright?" Betty asked, concern evident in her voice. I rushed to the sink, unable to control the urge to vomit, and then everything went black as I lost consciousness. I have no recollection of what happened next.

The next thing I knew, I woke up in a cozy room. Marcus stood beside me, his face filled with worry, while the doctor appeared before us.

A mix of nervousness and worry consumed me as I waited for the doctor to speak. Marcus couldn't help but ask, "What's wrong with her, Doc?"

The doctor smiled reassuringly and said, "It's perfectly normal."

He inquired with curiosity, "What caused her sudden collapse?"

This was the second instance where he showed concern for me, especially after the near miscarriage of our son while I'm pregnant before.

"Your wife is pregnant," the doctor announced.

Both of us were taken aback by what we heard. Does this mean I am carrying our second child once again?

