

Hello, Husband, Goodbye - Second child Chapter 3

Second child

"Unbelievable!" Marcus exclaimed.

The Doctor and I were taken aback by his reaction, as I had expected him to be thrilled about having another child. But things were only getting worse at that moment.

"I think you two need to talk. I'll leave you to it, Mr. Johnson," the doctor bid us farewell.

"How is it possible that you're pregnant?!" he asked, his face contorted in a frown.

Once again, I heard hurtful words from him. I wasn't surprised anymore, but it still stung. It was clear that he didn't truly care about my feelings. I reminded him of the last time we had sex. He was drunk and forced himself on me. I had no choice but to bear the responsibility as his wife. And now, I was the one being blamed.

"Don't act like you've forgotten the last time when you were the one who got drunk and demanded sex from me, and now you're blaming me?" I asked him, my voice filled with emotion.

"You're taking advantage of the situation," he accused me.

"What?!" I frowned at him, fighting back tears.

What on earth had my life become with this man?!

"Perhaps you orchestrated this scheme to ensnare me within the confines of this marriage," he accused, his words piercing through my heart like a thousand daggers.

In that very instant, a surge of animosity surged within me, compelling me to yearn for nothing more than to vanish from his sight.

"Why are you forcing yourself, Camilla? How long are you going to force yourself on me?!" he asked with a frown.

"Marcus, I'm begging you, that's enough," I begged him.

"How can I stop if I see your face every day?" he asked firmly.

"Wait, aren't you the one who asked me to marry you? Why am I always wrong?!" I asked emphatically.

"I just have no choice. I get you fucking pregnant and dad wants me to marry you!" he answered firmly.

“Despite this news, I want a file a divorce against you, and don’t dare to tell dad about it or else you will never know what I can do to you!” he threatened.

My chest was very tight and I could barely breathe at that time. I wouldn't have pushed myself if he hadn't gotten me pregnant. But I can't afford to regret my son, Marco's coming into my life.

As I pleaded with him, I asked, "Can you please consider staying in this marriage for the sake of our child, if not for me?"

But instead of understanding my plea, he lashed out, shouting, "Stop using the child as an excuse, woman!"

With that, he stormed out of the room, leaving me feeling helpless.

Taking a deep breath, I tried to calm myself down. I couldn't let my emotions affect the child growing inside me. It was important to protect the baby from any negativity.

At that moment, I noticed Betty peering at me from behind the doors. Her eyes were filled with pity, as if she understood the pain I was going through.

Trying to lighten the mood, Betty offered me some cupcakes she had made.

"You better taste the cupcakes I made, Madam," she said with a warm smile, hoping to bring some joy into my life.

Appreciating her kindness, I simply smiled and thanked her for her effort and care. Betty had always been there for me, offering comfort and support whenever my husband mistreated me.

Curiosity got the better of me, and I asked, "Do you know how to make cupcakes?"

With a smile, Betty replied, "Of course. I've studied the art of making desserts so that I can offer you a homemade snack whenever you have guests. You don't need to buy anything."

Grateful for her thoughtfulness, I expressed my gratitude, saying, "Thank you so much, Betty."

As I took a bite of the cupcake, a smile spread across my face. The taste was divine, and it seemed like I had discovered a new favorite food.

"Did you enjoy it?" she asked, a smile lighting up her face.

"Isn't it obvious?" I replied, returning her smile.

Her smile grew wider at my response, and we spent a pleasant time talking. Eventually, our conversation shifted towards her family. I couldn't help but feel a pang of envy towards her loving relationship with her husband. She was truly fortunate to have such a complete and happy family. I couldn't help but wish for the same in my own life.

Unbeknownst to me, tears began to stream down my face as I listened to her. Betty noticed and immediately apologized, thinking she had said something wrong.

"Did I say something offensive, madam?" she asked, her confusion evident.

"No, Betty. I was simply overwhelmed with happiness while listening to your story," I reassured her, a smile still on my face.

"But why are you crying?" she inquired.

"Perhaps I am just an emotional person. The bond you share with your husband is truly admirable. I hope that one day, I too will have a family as blissful as yours," I replied, forcing a smile.

"It will happen, Madam," she said, her smile radiating warmth.

"Do you think we will ever learn to love each other?" I asked, my voice filled with uncertainty.

"The real question is, how long can you endure his mistreatment towards you?" Betty asked genuine concern in her eyes.

I didn't know how to respond. All I knew was that I would endure anything for the sake of our child. But her question lingered in my mind. How long would I have to endure until I saw a change in him?

"I have no choice, even if he continues to mistreat me, Betty. I don't want my child to experience the same pain. I want to give them a complete family," I said, my emotions pouring out.

"I am truly amazed by your sacrifice, madam," she replied, her voice filled with admiration.

As evening fell, we finally returned home from the grand mansion. My body was exhausted, and desperately in need of rest. I could no longer bear the strain.

"Where have you been?" Madam Stella asked me sarcastically.

"I simply needed some rest, Madam," I told her.

"You're just using your pregnancy as an excuse to avoid your responsibilities here!" he accused.

"I don't wish to argue with you, but the doctor advised me to rest, please," I pleaded.

My heart sank as I listened to her threat. It was clear that my feelings didn't matter to them, not even the child growing inside me.

Despite the hurt, I bid her farewell and made my way to the room. Each step up the stairs was taken with caution, mindful of the precious life I carried.

Entering the room, I settled onto the bed and contemplated heading out to the Veranda. From there, I could gaze upon the garden below, taking in the refreshing air. Lost in my thoughts, Betty approached me, cradling our son, Marco. I gently caressed my belly, speaking softly to my son.

"Darling, you're going to have a little brother or sister soon," I whispered with a smile, my hand gliding over my stomach.

"Please take care of yourself during this pregnancy, madam. Avoid stress and ignore Madam Stella," Betty advised, concern etched on her face.

Taking a deep breath, I tried to muster a smile as I looked down at my growing belly. I would endure anything for the sake of my children, as long as I could bear it.

Suddenly, the door swung open, causing both Betty and I shocked. Marcus stood there, his expression serious and stern as he gazed at us.

