

Hello, Husband, Goodbye - The Divorce Chapter 4

The Divorce

"Samantha, follow me. You have something to do," Marcus said coldly, his voice devoid of warmth.

Despite feeling weighed down, I obediently followed him downstairs. I didn't want him to become angry with me again, even though I had been mistreated by him.

As I went downstairs, I noticed an elegant older woman, around 40 years old, dressed in a blazer and skirt. She was engaged in conversation with another woman who exuded an air of expense and elegance with Madam Stella.

"Attorney, here is Samantha. We are ready to sign the divorce papers," Marcus announced.

I furrowed my brows upon hearing his words, disagreeing with what he had just said.

"Divorce? Are you planning to divorce me?" I asked, fighting back tears.

I had already suspected it when I overheard his mother discussing it with him. However, I wasn't ready to face the reality of it. I felt hurt, as my dream of providing a complete family for our son had been shattered. Did he not care about our child and the one growing inside me?

"Indeed, divorce her. You two are not a suitable match. Look at how cheap she is," his mother's friend mocked me.

"You are a perfect match to be Sofia's husband," she added with a smile.

"My daughter would love to see you again,"

Those words pierced my heart like a knife. I confirmed that this woman was Sofia's mother, his ex-girlfriend.

"I can't wait to see her again, Aunt," Marcus smiled, a smile I had never seen before.

In that moment, I wished I could disappear. I realized that I had already fallen in love with him, but this love had to be forgotten. I meant nothing to him, just a wife on a piece of paper.

"Sign these papers now," Marcus demanded, his voice dripping with coldness as he slid a stack of documents across the table towards me.

Confusion furrowed my brows as I looked at him. "Marcus, are you serious about this?"

A humorless laugh escaped Marcus's lips. "Do you really need to ask? Our marriage was nothing more than a meaningless piece of paper. We both know that."

"You're just my biggest mistake. That night ruined my life," he spat out bitterly.

His words ignited a surge of anger within me. I knew the truth, but why did he have to insult me? Nevertheless, I chose to endure it.

"Aren't you happy to have a son?"

"I never wanted a foolish and destitute mother for my child," he sneered.

"And yet, Sofia and I had plans to get married. She's the one I truly want as my wife," he added.

The agony that consumed me resembled the relentless thrust of a dagger into my heart, repeating its cruel punctures a hundredfold. And now, to add to my anguish, she, the woman who had impregnated me for the second time, was about to marry another woman.

"Sign the divorce papers immediately!" he barked, his tone commanding.

Impatiently, he urged, "Don't keep us waiting!"

I stood before them, my tears held at bay, a facade of strength masking my shattered soul.

"Fear not, for you may remain here to take care of our son," Marcus continued, his words oozing with contempt.

Suddenly, a sweet voice of a woman speaks behind us at the entrance of the mansion greeted everyone.

"Hello Everyone!"

When both look at her and I was stunned by her beautiful face and sexy look. I can't help but look at her from head to toe and compared myself.

"Sofia, "Marcus uttered with joy.

He immediately approached her and hugged her. I saw everyone were really happy to see. I confirmed that she is sofia, Marcus ex-girlfriend.

"You surprise me a lot. I miss you," Marcus said and it makes my heart stabbed.

"I miss you too,sweetheart. Anyway, what's going on here?"Sofia asked.

"I filed a divorce right now and we are signing it for us to be able to get married, "Marcus said.

“Really? Will you marry me?” Sofia asked, smiling.

“Of course I do. I told you before that I will make it happen,” he said.

I don’t even know how I could be able to handle this kind of pain.

I remain standing as I tried to be strong not to cry in front of them.

I saw Sofia look at badly and she notice that I still did not sign the document.

“Is she your wife?” she asked, sarcastically as she looked at me from head to toe.

“How cheap you are, Marcus,” she mocked.

“No! Only in paper. You are the only want I want to be my wife,” Marcus said.

Due to the mixed of anger and pain at what he said. I took a deep breath and immediately get the document to sign.

“Done,” I said as I fight my emotions to prevail.

I witnessed his smile, and in that moment, I swiftly snatched the divorce papers away from me.

"Well, it seems we won't encounter any problem, sweetheart," he grinned at Sofia.

Without hesitation, I turned my back on them and hurriedly ascended the stairs. My tears were uncontrollable.

I entered my son's room to find Betty caring for my son, Marco.

I hastily wiped away my tears, but before I could, she caught sight of it.

The tears continued to flow, and I embraced Betty. I could tell she was taken aback by my actions, but in that moment, my heart was burdened with such pain that I couldn't bear it any longer.

After releasing my grip on Betty, I immediately approached my son. What about my hopes and dreams for him?

"Mommy tried, my dear. But I can't force myself to stay with your father," I said through tears.

"But as long as I can, I will fight, I'll endure everything," I added.

"What on earth happened, Madam?" Betty inquired with a mix of curiosity and genuine concern.

"He shockingly filed for a divorce, all so he could marry Sofia," I replied, my voice tinged with a hint of sadness.

"What?! Do you mean you are leaving here?" Betty said worriedly.

"Are you telling me that you're actually leaving, Madam?" Betty exclaimed, her voice filled with concern.

"I just can't understand why he would choose to marry the very woman who left him penniless when he was already struggling before on money" she grumbled, clearly irritated.

"Marcus love her so much," I replied.

"But how about you and his son and the baby on your womb?" Betty asked with concern.

I'm utterly clueless about what my life will become now that we're divorced. How on earth can I take the courage to be in the same roof with them? Is it possible for us to still share a room and sleep together? Should I leave ? or stay and endure all the pain for sake of my child?

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Escape while pregnant

"Let's go, Sofia. Leave that awful woman," Marcus whispered, gripping my hand tightly. The pain radiating from his touch was unbearable, both physically and emotionally.

I couldn't take it any longer. The agony was suffocating me, consuming every part of my being. I knew I had to escape, and I had to do it now.

The following morning, we arrived at the grand mansion after being discharged from the hospital.

As I looked around, the opulence that once enchanted me now felt like a prison. The walls seemed to close in on me, the extravagant decor mocking my misery. How could I have endured the mistreatment from my ex-husband for so long? I couldn't believe I had been so blind.

My son, Marco, was the only reason I had managed to survive this long. I had endured so much at the hands of Marcus and now with Sofia.

"Oh, you're already here!" Madam Stella, Marcus' mother, approached me with surprise evident in her voice.

"How are you feeling now?" she asked, catching me off guard.

"I'm feeling better, Madam," I replied, trying to hide my disappointment.

I had thought she genuinely cared about me.

"Good. Then you should help Mary prepare the food for the guests coming tonight," she instructed, her tone leaving no room for argument. My face fell, realizing that her concern for me was merely a facade.

Betty immediately volunteered to assist Mary, but Madam Stella dismissed her.

"No. I want Samantha to do it. You can leave and focus on taking care of my grandson!" she declared firmly.

I had no choice but to comply. I didn't want to argue anymore, especially since I needed to be cautious for the sake of my pregnancy.

Around 6pm, the elegant dinner in the garden began and our guests started to arrive. Mary and I rushed to serve water to everyone. However, in the midst of pouring water into a glass, I suddenly lost my sight and accidentally spilled it on the man sitting next to Sofia.

Sofia immediately stood up and scolded me, exclaiming, "What the hell did you do?!"

Surprisingly, the man remained calm and reassured Sofia that it was alright. He displayed such kindness and patience in that moment.

"It's okay, sister. Calm down," he said calmly.

But Sofia was not willing to let it go. She turned to everyone and declared, "No. This woman must be held accountable for her actions. She's trying to ruin this evening simply because she can't accept that Marcus leave her to marry me!"

As I looked around, I saw everyone laughing at me, mocking me based on what they had heard from Sofia.

Embarrassment washed over me, causing my knees to shake. I wanted to cry, but my anger towards Sofia overpowered any tears that threatened to fall.

"You're not his wife yet, so don't act like you are married to him!" I mustered up the courage to insult her.

"How dare you?!" Sofia attempted to slap me, but the man shielded me from her wrath.

"That's enough, Sofia!" he scolded her.

I couldn't believe that Marcus allowed me to be insulted and mocked by his fiancée, while Sofia's own brother defended me.

"Let's go inside, madam," Betty convinced me.

"How much longer will you endure their mistreatment?" Betty asked, concerned.

"I don't know, I'm so very tired" I replied, tears streaming down my face.

Once we were inside the mansion, Betty suddenly spoke, surprising me with her words.

"You can leave her, Madam. Save your child in your womb. The longer you stay here, the more your child's life is at risk," Betty advised.

"But what about Marco, Betty?" I asked, knowing that I couldn't provide for us to survive on our own.

"I will take care of him. They will never abandon your son. It's not just about him anymore, but also the safety of your second child," Betty reassured me.

In that moment, I realized that it wasn't just about Marco anymore. I needed to protect my baby, and that meant I had to escape. Even if it meant leaving my son behind.

My heart feels heavy as I make the difficult decision for my two sons. With a small bag packed and my limited savings, I know it won't be easy, but I have to try. I can't stay here and let them continue to be abused.

Before leaving, I take one last look at my peacefully sleeping son in his crib. I gently kiss his forehead and whisper a promise that I will come back for him. Tears stream down my face as I say, "Son, I promise I'll return, okay? I need to do this for your sibling's safety. I love you so much, my son."

With determination, I quietly slip out of the mansion under the cover of darkness. I know I must be cautious to avoid being caught. I need to escape, and I need to do it now.

As the days pass, I learn to survive in a small apartment and provide for myself. With the help of Betty, who secretly allows me to see Marco, I find the inspiration to work hard. I manage to find a job as a sales lady, even though it's not physically demanding.

But one day, as I walk along the road, I suddenly feel dizzy and unable to continue. I close my eyes, hoping for some relief from the pain and exhaustion. That's the last thing I remember.

When I finally wake up, I find myself in a beautiful, cozy room. I'm lying on a soft bed, covered in a warm blanket. Confusion fills me as I look around, wondering where I am and how I ended up here.

A bearded man sitting in a wheelchair looks at me with a mix of joy and concern in his eyes.

"I'm so glad you're awake, my daughter!"

The words he uttered left me utterly astonished, and I found myself in a state of perplexity, trying to make sense of what happened.

