

Hello, Husband, Goodbye - Escape while pregnant

Chapter 5

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 abused me.

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.

