

He Laughed at My Divorce—Now He Begs at My Door

Chapter 1



Gemma Kelestine never imagined the day she'd come face-to-face with her husband's mistress would be in her role as an attending physician.

The patient list was just another series of names—until she saw HIS. For a moment, she dismissed it as coincidence.

But as she approached the hospital room, voices within froze her steps.

"Maya, this family photo is perfect. I want to hang it in our home," said a child's voice, laced with excitement.

Mabel Johnson's weak response was almost a coo. "You're such a good boy."

And then, the familiar baritone of Marcus Wilson, her husband, sealed her fate. "Ali, don't bother Ms. Mabel. She needs rest."

Gemma gripped the clipboard tighter. According to the chart, Marcus and their son, Alijah, had suffered minor injuries in a car accident. But Mabel Johnson? A fractured wrist would keep her hospitalized for at least a week.

A junior doctor passing by had marveled, "Mr. Wilson arranged for two extra beds in her private room. Must be love. Rumor has it, Mabel's his first love, and that little boy... well, he's hers. Marcus waited six years for her. It's like a movie romance."

A movie where Gemma was cast as the tragic extra.

She had been his wife for six years, living in the shadows, their marriage hidden, without a ring or ceremony. She had cooked, cleaned, and sacrificed her career for them.

In the end, her reward was learning her husband had "waited" six years for another woman.

She leaned against the wall, listening to the voices inside.

"Mom's no fun. She makes me do all this boring stuff. You're the best, Maya. I wish you were my mom!"

"Ali, you shouldn't say that," Mabel said softly, a smile evident in her tone. "Max, don't just sit there and listen."

Marcus's voice was unreadable. "Kids say the darndest things. I can't control his heart, only his mouth."

The double meaning in his words stung, but it also woke Gemma from her daze.

Taking a deep breath, she opened the door, silently accepting the truth that she'd lost her husband and son in that moment.

Her son Alijah stood near the bed, clutching a framed photo.

In the photo, it was Mabel Johnson who stood beside her husband and cradled her son.

A portrait of a "perfect family".

"Gemma."

Marcus's expression immediately hardened, his tone frigid. "What are you doing here?"

Alijah took a step forward, shielding Mabel. "Mom, what do you want?"

The way they looked at her like she's the intruder here.

Fine, she's the evil dragon in the Wonderland.

Her chest felt like it had been ripped open, the pain so visceral she could taste blood in every breath.

So, this is what it feels like to sever years of love and family ties.

"I'm your attending physician."

She forced herself to tamp down every turbulent emotion, clinging to reason by a thread.

Marcus's wariness didn't waver. His tone, cold and dismissive.

"I'll request a different doctor."

Then, as if struck by an afterthought, his brows furrowed, and he added.

"Don't make a scene. I'm just worried you're too busy to get home and cook for Ali."

Since being promoted to attending, her workload had doubled. Late-night surgeries and constant overtime were her new norm.

Sometimes, she'd come home to find Mabel had already brought food—takeout drenched in oil and salt.

But Marcus and Alijah loved it.

"Mom, even dog food tastes better than your cooking," Alijah had once declared.

That had been the breaking point after a grueling 10-hour surgery that ended in a patient's death. On the verge of collapse, her emotions unraveled in a full-blown outburst.

Mabel, with her saccharine tears, had been quick to deflect blame. "It's all my fault. I just thought Gemma was too busy, so I brought dinner. I didn't mean for her to misunderstand. I'm so sorry, I really am."

The fallout? Her husband and son had scolded her and whisked Mabel off on a little outing to "clear their minds."

Gemma's heart had frozen solid that day. Now, she spoke with a quiet detachment. "Alright, request it soon. Otherwise, I'll need to issue medical orders."

Her composure threw Marcus off. A flicker of surprise crossed his face, followed by unease.

Alijah, too young to catch the undertones, clutched the family photo tighter to his chest.

"Mom, you're not allowed to touch my picture. I'm putting it up at home!"

Mabel chimed in, her voice breezy. "Gemma, don't misunderstand. That's just a picture from the amusement park—something the staff took randomly."

Alijah, mistrustful even of her, clutched the frame as though his life depended on it.

Gemma's face was pale, but her voice remained steady. "Alright."

"If you don't let me hang it, I'll—"

Alijah stopped mid-sentence, stunned by her sudden acquiescence. His little face froze in confusion before breaking into pure, unrestrained joy.

"You mean it? You won't go back on your word?"

She nodded. "Don't worry. I promise."

The shift in her demeanor set Marcus on edge. As if sensing an impending storm, he opened his mouth to speak, but she glanced at her watch and cut him off. "I'm finishing my shift. Please file that doctor change request as soon as possible."

She paused, then met Marcus's gaze. "Are you coming home tonight? I need to discuss something with you."

Marcus almost said yes but then reconsidered, suspicious of her unnerving calmness. "We'll see."

She was unfazed. "I'll wait for you at home until 10 p.m."

Before he could respond, she turned on her heel and left.

Behind her, Marcus spoke in a tone that was almost condescending. "The driver's in the parking lot; he can take you home."

"No need. I've got my bike."

As she closed the door, Mabel's unapologetic voice drifted out.

"It's all my fault. Gemma must've misunderstood. Max, you should go comfort her."

"Don't bother. She'll be fine by tomorrow," Marcus replied casually.

A faint bitterness tugged at Gemma's heart. Yes, over the years, her anger had never lasted more than three hours.

But this time, it wasn't anger. It was resolution.

Back home, Gemma packed her belongings. Her marriage to Marcus had been a transaction—she was a "good luck charm" to his ailing health, their relationship solidified by a drunken night that resulted in Alijah.

She had once believed she'd melted his icy heart, but now she saw the truth.

Now that the dream has shattered, all that's left is utter disgrace.

The divorce papers were placed neatly on the dining table. At 10 p.m., suitcase in hand, she left the house.

When Marcus and Alijah returned hours later, they were too tired and went straight to bed.

In the darkness, Marcus did not even notice that a person was missing from the bed.

By morning, when Marcus finally emerged from his room, the aroma of breakfast greeted him.

Smirking, he thought, "She's back to normal."

After washing up, Marcus came downstairs and saw the dishes neatly arranged on the dining table. Without a second thought, he glanced toward the kitchen and casually instructed, "Prepare an extra portion. I'll take it to Mabel."

But as he sat down to eat, the housekeeper Gina peeked out from the kitchen. "Sorry, Mr. Wilson. If I'd known you needed an extra portion for Miss Mabel, I'd have made more."