

Nine Months Pregnant I left my husband

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Daniel didn't come home that night. Instead, he only sent a text:

'Hey Olivia, I'm working late tonight and crashing into the office. It's getting cold and rainy, so don't forget to close the window before bed. Love you always, your husband.'

I read the message without feeling anything. In the past, I would have worried, replied, or waited for Daniel. Now, I didn't even bother to respond. I used to think I was the happiest woman in the world because I had the best husband. But reality hit me hard. It had all been a ridiculous facade. People's hearts are hidden behind their ribs, and their lies are scribbled on paper.

A few days later, I received the divorce papers my lawyer had drafted. I printed them out, signed my name, and started packing up my things to move back to my mom's place. Just as I was getting ready to leave, my phone rang with an unknown number.

It was Cara.

We met at a café downstairs. Cara arrived with an air of confidence, sitting across from me with a smug smile, a supermarket shopping bag by her side. Three months pregnant and balancing on thin high heels, she looked at me as if she had already won.

"I thought you wouldn't come," she said, a smug lilt in her voice. "After all, you never replied to my messages."

I smiled calmly. My heart was steady, not a flicker of emotion breaking through. "Why wouldn't I come? I haven't done anything shameful that I need to hide." I leaned back, still smiling. "Besides, Daniel and I are legally married, so I have nothing to hide. Unlike some people who, no matter how hard they try, will always be the hidden third." "You!" she snapped, but I cut her off again.

"Oh, and thank you, by the way," I said, my voice steady. "For sending me all the evidence of your little affair with Daniel. Collecting all that would've been much harder on my own."

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I smiled, this time more dismissively. "So, this coffee's on me."

I placed some cash under my cup, stood up slowly, and rested my hand on my belly.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked through clenched teeth as she grabbed my arm

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"It means I don't want him anymore, I replied, pulling my arm free. "If you want him, he's all yours."

Her eyes narrowed, and she threw my arm aside angrily. "What game are you playing now? Don't think I'm buying this for a second!"

The force of her shove sent me stumbling backward, and I fell to the floor. At that moment, it felt like a knife had ripped through my belly. Pain shot through me, and I felt my body convulsed.

Blood poured from between my legs, and I screamed in terror, "Save my baby!"

I barely registered Cara fleeing in panic. Forcing myself to stay calm, I asked the café staff to call an ambulance. By the time they lifted me into the ambulance, my dress was drenched in blood.

As my consciousness began to slip away, I heard a nurse asking for my phone password. I unlocked it for her, and they called my emergency contact, my husband, six times.

Finally, he picked up on the last call.

"Olivia, there's an emergency at work," Daniel's sharp and impatient voice said. We're in the middle of a critical meeting. I'll call you later, okay? Be good."

The line went dead. But I could hear Cara's voice clearly in the background.

back

I turned away from the nurse's pitiful eyes and wiped the blood from my hands with my dress. My fingers shook as I took the phone and dialed my mom.

I had to sound calm.

"Mom, I... I'm going into labor." I swallowed hard, fighting through the

10:23

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pain..

My mom replied, "Don't panic, okay? Just listen. Go to my place, grab my ID and the hospital bag, and take a cab to Riverside General. Whatever the doctors tell you to do, do it."

"I'm fine, Mom, really. Don't worry about me." I reassured her before quickly hanging up.

Right then, the contractions hit me like a tidal wave, and I screamed.

Cold sweat poured down my face, my whole body shaking

uncontrollably. As I drifted in and out of consciousness, I used the last bit of strength I had to grab the doctor's hand.

"Please, save my baby!" I gasped.

I couldn't lose my baby. Not again.