

Nine Months Pregnant I left my husband

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Chapter 6

By evening, Daniel finally showed up. He burst into the hospital room, panic written all over his face.

“Olivia, how are you feeling?” he asked, kneeling beside the bed and slapping himself hard across the face. “I’m such an idiot! I wasn’t there for you when you gave birth! You can hit me, scream at me, whatever you want. There really was an emergency at work, and then my phone died. It just turned off, I swear.”

I watched his little performance unfold with cold eyes, already fed up with the theatrics.

Without waiting for him to finish, I cut him off. “Let’s get a divorce, Daniel.”

“Divorce? Why? Olivia, come on, listen to me.” His voice rose in

desperation. “There really was an issue at the company last night, I-

I didn’t have the patience for any more of his excuses. I got straight to the point. “Cara Walker. Twenty-nine years old. She lives in

Maplewood Estates. Three months pregnant. Last night, you were with her at the hospital for a check-up.”

I looked at him dead in the eye. “Daniel, you cheated on me. You’re disgusting.”

His face went pale as he stared at me in shock. Panicking, he grabbed my hand. “Olivia, I was confused! It was a mistake! I never wanted this to happen. I was going to end things with her, but then she said she was pregnant. What was I supposed to do? It’s a baby! Please, Olivia, you have to believe me! I’ve always loved you!”

Just then, my mom came back into the room, holding my daughter after her blood test.

Daniel’s eyes lit up like she was his lifeline. “Olivia, we have a child. now. Please forgive me this time for the sake of our daughter.”

Without missing a beat, my mom avoided his outstretched arms and carefully placed the baby beside me. She didn't say a word but walked

Chapter 6

straight to the corner, picked up a stool, and swung it at Daniel's head.

He barely jumped back in time, the stool slamming into his shoulder with a loud thud. Without flinching, my mom raised the stool again. Daniel threw his hands over his head, yelling as he bolted for the door. The stool flew after him, crashing into the door with a loud bang.

As the days followed, Daniel lurked outside the hospital room, sometimes peeking through the glass, trying to catch a glimpse of our daughter. After my mom hurled a thermos at him, I sent her outside with the baby for some fresh air and reluctantly allowed Daniel into the room.

He looked terrible. His cheeks were sunken, and his eyes were filled with desperation. "Olivia, please forgive me for our daughter's sake. I swear I'll never hurt you again. Please, believe me. Someday, when we're old, this will be nothing but a tiny bump in our long life together."

By now, I was healing and able to sit up in bed. I stared at Daniel, disgusted by his self-satisfied tone as if he still thought he had a

chance.

Slowly, I spoke. "Daniel, I have evidence of your affair—bank transfers, electronic statements. If you don't agree to the divorce, we'll settle this in court."

His smug expression crumbled instantly. Desperately, he grabbed my hand again. "Olivia, I'm a horrible person. I cheated, and I deserve whatever comes my way! But our daughter needs her father. You can't let her grow up without me. Please give me another chance. I swear I'll change."

I pulled my hand away calmly, my voice firm. "There are no more chances. I find you repulsive."

Before he could utter another excuse, I raised my hand to stop him. "And if I'm not mistaken, you're up for the regional manager position, right? If this divorce gets messy, what do you think the company will think of that?"

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Chapter 6

The man who once took such pride in his image collapsed before me. Daniel dropped to his knees, sobbing loudly.

The sound of him slapping his face echoed through the room, but I remained calm. "I've already signed the divorce papers. They're in the study room. Sign them. Mom will be back soon, and you know how she is. If you don't want another beating, I suggest you leave."

In the following days, I focused on resting and recovering. After being discharged, I moved into a postpartum care center. The center was a refuge as strict visitor policies and burly security guards ensured Daniel couldn't force his way in.

Finally, I found some peace. But that peace was interrupted one day when I received a package.