

Nine Months Pregnant I left my husband

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The gift box was beautifully wrapped. When I accepted it, I assumed it was a gift from my friend for my daughter. I carefully unwrapped the packaging, untied the pink ribbon, and peeled away layer after layer of wrapping paper.

But as soon as I lifted the lid, a sharp, metallic smell of blood hit me." Behind me, the nanny screamed, and then I heard my daughter's frightened cries. I kept my composure, calmly telling the nanny to take my daughter out of the room.

It wasn't until I heard the door close that I let out a shaky breath, my entire body trembling. I gritted my teeth as I stared at the contents of the box. Inside was a baby rabbit. It was dead, and its once snow-white fur was soaked in blood and stained an eerie red.

Fighting back nausea, I grabbed my phone and called Daniel. He arrived quickly, cautiously stepping into the room.

"Olivia, you've finally agreed to see me," he started. "I-

I raised my the table.

hand to cut him off, then gestured toward the gift box on

The silence stretched out between us until he finally spoke, his voice dark and tense. "Who sent this?"

"Who else? Your little home wrecker, of course," I said coldly. "Daniel, my daughter has been in this world for only sixteen days, and she's already received this kind of vicious threat. You're her father. You don't. have to love her, but you'd better not bring disaster into her life."

My voice was firm as I added, "I expect the signed divorce papers by this afternoon. If not, I'll be in court tomorrow filing a lawsuit."

I looked at the man I had once loved, the man I thought I would grow old with. In the end, he betrayed me in the worst possible way. The marriage I once cherished was now n

othing but ruins. But I had to give credit to Cara. Unintentionally, she had given me all the leverage I needed to push Daniel furt her away.

The days that followed were finally peaceful. I followed Mom's advice,

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and focused on resting and recovering. On sunny days, I would sit on the balcony with my daughter, letting the warmth of the sun wash over us. Then, one afternoon, a though t came to me as the sunlight streamed in.

I decided to name my daughter 'Sunny,' short for 'Sunshine,'

symbolizing light.

Sunshine Brooks.

I wanted my daughter to be like the first ray of sunlight. Warm, steady, and full of courag e to begin again.

My eyes lit up as I shared the name with Mom.

"Sunny, Sunny... what a beautiful name!" she said, beaming as she cradled her grandd aughter. "Oh, my little sunshine, be like the sun and always stay by your mother's side."

I noticed my mom discreetly wiping away a tear as she turned her head. She had always worried about me, knowing I had endured far- more than I should have.

Trying to comfort her, I spoke softly, "Mom, I feel so much better now. When I first found out about Daniel's affair, it was like my whole world collapsed. I could barely breathe, a nd the pain in my chest was constant. I spent countless nights lying awake, wondering what I did. wrong. I kept thinking I must have been the one who failed. But then, I realize d it wasn't me. Some people are just selfish. They'll never be content with what they hav e, no matter how good their life is."

I continued, "I used to believe Daniel was honest and loved me, but that was only becau se he never had the chance to cheat. Once he became successful, it was inevitable. At l east I found out now, while Sunny is still too young to understand, rather than later."

Feeling lighter, I stood up and opened my arms, wrapping both my mom and my daught er in a warm hug.

“Now that I have you both with me,” I sighed, “every day feels joyful.” The next day, I received Daniel’s signed divorce papers. The property division had been amended, and he gave me all the real estate.

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Without hesitation, I signed my name.