

Nine Months Pregnant I left my husband

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Chapter 8

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I didn't stop Daniel from seeing our daughter, so he visited almost

every *day* to hold

her for a while. Toys kept arriving at our home, one after another. Then, on the day of Sunny's First Month Party, Daniel showed up excitedly, bringing a gold locket as a gift. He cradled our daughter, kissing her repeatedly, even shedding a few tears.

My mom, thrilled, leaned over and whispered, "Olivia, maybe you should give him more time. If he's truly sorry, you might want to forgive him for Sunny's sake."

I lowered my head and smirked. People don't change that quickly, do they?

As expected, Daniel's phone rang after only a few minutes. I glanced at the screen and saw the name 'My Carina' flashing. I couldn't help but sneer. Daniel looked at me, clearly embarrassed.

"Go ahead, answer it," I said. "It might be important."

The moment he picked up, Cara's panicked voice came through loud and clear. "Danny, where are you? I suddenly have stomach pains! I'm bleeding! Are we going to lose the baby?"

Daniel jumped into action, trying to calm her down. "Don't worry, Cara. Just sit tight. I'll be there soon."

Without even saying goodbye to our daughter, he rushed out the door in a panic. My mom started cursing him under her breath, but I felt nothing. I was calm, almost eerily so. I was waiting for the right moment and for the perfect time to strike back.

That moment came sooner than expected.

you.

A week later, I got a call from Cara, her voice dripping with arrogance. “Olivia, Daniel, and I are getting married. I guess I should thank you hadn’t pushed for the divorce, we wouldn’t be tying the knot so soon. So, consider this your official invitation to our wedding on Friday. You should come, have a drink, and celebrate with us. Thanks for making it all possible.”

I didn’t get angry. Instead, I replied slowly, “Cara, how’s your baby

10:23

If

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doing? Planning to carry it to term, or are you going for a ‘timely’ miscarriage after the wedding?”

There was stunned silence on the other end before she lashed out, “Olivia, what the hell are you talking about?!”

I said nothing and hung up, smiling to myself. Cara was never really pregnant. When I saw her at the cafe months ago, I noticed she had bought sanitary pads, not something you’d expect from a pregnant

woman.

Plus, what kind of woman in her first trimester wears high heels and crosses her legs so casually?

The whole thing didn’t add up. Once I had recovered, I reached out to my lawyer, sharing my suspicions. It didn’t take long for her to confirm what I had already figured out. Cara couldn’t be pregnant. It was all just a desperate scheme to lock Daniel down.

I packed up, took my mom and Sunny, and went back to my hometown. I turned off my phone, making sure Cara wouldn’t be able to find me. I wanted her to feel like there was a sword hanging over her head, every day filled with fear and uncertainty.

On the day of their wedding, I sent Daniel copies of Cara’s fake ultrasound report and a recording of her bribing an intern doctor. The documents arrived just in time, right before the ceremony at the town’s most prestigious hotel. In front of all their guests, Daniel slapped Cara **in** the face.

He ripped open her wedding dress and, in front of everyone, pulled out a wad of cotton she had stuffed under her gown to fake a baby bump. The room erupted with gasps. Cara, trying to cover herself, trembled as Daniel glared at her, seething with anger.

“Baby, let me explain,” she stammered. “I only lied because I love you so much. I couldn’t stand the thought of losing you. Please forgive me, Danny!”

Her shaking hand reached for his, but Daniel smacked it away. Through clenched teeth, he growled, “Forgive you? You destroyed my

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family!”

With that, he kicked her hard in the stomach. Cara screamed, doubling over in pain as Daniel kicked her again and again, cursing her with every blow. “You ruined everything!”

Horrified, the guest rushed to pull Daniel away. By then, Cara was barely conscious, blood soaking through her white wedding dress. What was supposed to be a wedding had turned into a nightmare. An ambulance arrived to take Cara away, and police escorted Daniel out in handcuffs. Guests who had recorded the entire scene uploaded the videos online, and within hours, they went viral.

Hashtags like #HomewreckerGetsWhatSheDeserves and #KarmaCatchesUpToCheaters were trending.

I watched the videos and let out a long, satisfied breath. I leaned down and kissed my daughter’s soft cheeks.

I’ve never been one to be easily bullied.