

Marrying My Twin's CEO Daddy

CH 3: Good Bye, My Angel Baby

Piper's POV

The spoon I was holding fell to the floor. Mom, who was fixing my clothes, rushed over to the nurse. She touched both of her arms, shaking her body as she asked to confirm the truth of the news, "Is it true what you said? It might not be my grandkids. Take us there right now."

With a pained look on her face, and trembling hands and knees, she said, "I'm sorry, ma'am. But this news is true. Come with me to the baby's room."

I sat in silence and couldn't say anything else. I felt like something was stabbing me and I felt pain and sadness in my heart. My mind tried to recall when two nurses showed me, my twins, right in front of me. There was nothing wrong with them. So, what happened?

Suddenly, I stood up without realizing that the stitches in my vagina were still fresh and wet. I winced in pain until my eyes filled with tears. "Mom."

The nurse and mom rushed me to the bed and asked me to lie down for a while until the pain went away.

However, the pain in my vagina was nothing compared to the pain in my heart from losing the child I had just given birth to. My life during this time was indeed a lot different from the life I lived when I was still living in the mansion and received a living allowance from my grandma every month, and I worked at the Smith Company as my grandma's assistant so I never felt deprived.

But, after we were kicked out of the mansion, my life changed by one hundred and eighty degrees and I had to struggle hard to make ends meet for the two of us even though we were lucky enough not to have to pay for expensive apartment rent. However, the heavy burden of life didn't mean that I didn't want my baby twins. I could raise them even without a husband, and that meant I had to work extra hard. But why did one of them have to leave me forever? What was the meaning of all this?

“Miss, what exactly happened to one of my grandchildren? Which one of my grandchildren died?” mom asked as she touched the nurse’s hand. I just lay quietly on the bed, lamenting my fate.

If possible, I wanted one of my baby twins back alive, even though I knew it was impossible. Why did she leave me before I could hug her? Why did life treat me so cruelly?

“The doctor is examining her. And regarding the second question, it was your granddaughter who died. I’m so sorry,” the nurse replied.

Mom stood next to me. “Piper, are you feeling better? If not, let me go to the baby’s room and find out about this.”

“Help me up, mom. Let’s go to the baby’s room. I want to see my baby,” I replied.

Then, the nurse and mom helped me up. After that, we went straight to the baby room at the end of the hall. I saw several nurses coming in and out of the baby room while carrying something. Their faces looked panicked.

“Ouch,” I grimaced again in pain as I tried to walk faster.

“Take it slow or before you get there, you might not walk anymore if you push yourself. Hold my hand tighter, we’ll be there soon,” mom said.

With much struggle, we finally reached the baby room. “Mom, I’m going inside now.”

I pushed the door of the baby room and I frantically walked past several nurses, ignoring their presence. I just wanted to see my babies right away. There were cribs with my name on it. With trembling hands, I held and read each name on the sign hanging in front of the cribs.

I finally found them. God’s gift to me. My first baby was wearing a blue blanket, while the other was wearing a pink one.

With my face wet with tears, I saw with my own eyes that one of my two babies was not moving. Her face was pale. She was wearing a pink blanket.

No! Why did it have to be my baby? Why did I have to feel this loss?

My hands covered my face as I fell to the floor. I mourned the loss of my little angel. I hadn't even kissed her yet, and she was already gone before us.

I faintly heard my mom and a few other people approaching. They knelt in front of me, then mom hugged me as she cried so hard that I could feel her body trembling.

After a while, she stopped crying and said, "Piper, the doctor said your daughter died from lack of oxygen. The hospital promised to investigate this case. We will get through this together. Now stand up and it's time for you to breastfeed. Your son needs you."

Mom was right. I couldn't continue to drown my sorrows because I had to fight and take care of my baby boy. He needs me. But I will never forget you, my daughter. I have reserved a special place for you in my heart that anything will never replace.

Three days later, my two best friends, Lisa and Max, came to visit me at the hospital. They helped mom take care of my discharge. After everything was done, the five of us headed to the Valdirra City public cemetery. Max had reserved a plot of land that would be the grave of my baby girl, who hadn't even been named yet, as well as a small coffin. I finally named her Daisy Smith, while her baby brother was named Jensen Smith.

The taxi I took with my mom stopped right in front of the cemetery doors. Mom carried the sleeping Jensen, while I carried Daisy's stiff body.

Max opened the coffin, which had been decorated with flowers, a white cloth, and a doll. I laid Daisy on the white cloth and covered her body with a thick blanket. Then the undertaker closed the coffin and lowered the coffin slowly into the ground.

Mom and Lisa hugged me from behind. We cried together. After it was all over, we walked back to the car.

"Daisy, don't worry. Mommy will visit you often. I love you."

Six years later,

"Mom, wake up or you'll be late for work," Jensen said from behind the door.

"Yeah," I replied as I turned off the alarm that kept ringing.

I opened my eyes slowly, trying to adjust my vision to the morning sunlight coming through the crack in the window.

I hurriedly got up and sat on the edge of the bed while checking my emails and messages on my phone.

“What a shitty Monday,” I muttered, as Monday was the busiest day at the office where I worked with the myriad of work that my manager delegated to each of his men.

“Mom,” Jensen exclaimed from behind the door.

“Yeah, I’ll be out in a few minutes,” I replied.

Long story short, after finishing breakfast, Jensen hurried to get on the school bus, while I had to get to the office before it was too late.

“Mom, I’m leaving now,” I called from the apartment entrance.

“Yes, have a nice day,” she said from the kitchen.

“You too.”

Luckily, I got a taxi on a busy morning. In less than twenty minutes, I arrived at the office and was in the queue to punch in.

And just as I walked into my office, put down my bag, and was about to sit down on the chair, Marta, the manager’s assistant, knocked on my door.

“Come in,” I answered.

“Piper, Mr. Brown has requested that all employees gather in the meeting room. It’s important,” Marta said.