

Chapter 2 He Loved His Biological Daughter Or Not

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Once Andrew was gone, I left the place with Yuna in my arms as well.

Yuna clung to my neck, her innocent eyes wide with curiosity. "Mommy, where are we going?" she asked softly.

The timing of my rebirth had been fortunate. Although Yuna's mental illnesses were severe at this point, they weren't beyond help.

I stroked her head and smiled gently. "I'm taking you somewhere fun. From now on, I'll make sure you're happy every day, and no one will make you sad again. How does that sound?"

Yuna's face lit up, and she nodded eagerly.

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While carrying her in my arms, I hailed a cab and headed to one of the city's top psychological care centers.

"Could you please arrange for your best therapist to see us?" I asked the receptionist.

The receptionist acted quickly, and luck was on our side. The center's highly-regarded therapist, Henry Bacon, happened to be available today.

The moment Yuna saw him, she took an immediate liking to him.

"Mommy," she whispered in my ear. "I like this man. His eyes twinkle when he looks at me."

Henry approached us with a warm smile. "Shall we play some games?"

Yuna was normally shy around strangers, but there was something magical about his gaze. Without hesitation, she reached out for him and did not resist as he carried her away.

Watching as Henry gently guided her through the psychological assessments, I felt the weight that had been pressing down on me since my rebirth began to ease slightly.

Just then, I received a Twitter message from Wendy.

It was a photo. In it, Andrew was holding Tonya, gently coaxing her to sleep. Wendy rested against his shoulder, nestled close to him.

It was such a warm and tender scene. Who wouldn't assume they were the picture-perfect family of three?

Along with the photo, Wendy had sent a message.

'Andrew is surprisingly skilled at putting Tonya to sleep. He must be such a good dad at home and always helps out with putting your daughter to sleep, right?'

A good dad? I couldn't help but let out a derisive laugh.

Before Wendy reappeared in Andrew's life after her divorce, the idea of him being a 'good dad' was nothing more than a joke.

I only got pregnant with Yuna because of an accident with our birth control.

When I first found out about my pregnancy, Andrew didn't hesitate to make his stance clear; he didn't like kids, and even if I went through with the pregnancy, he didn't know how to be a good father.

Simply put, he wanted me to abort the baby.

But how could I? That baby was already a part of me, and I couldn't bring myself to let her go.

I insisted on keeping Yuna, and for months, Andrew held a grudge over my decision. It wasn't until much later that he reluctantly gave in. Yet, when she was born, he stayed true to his words. He took no responsibility as a father.

Whether it was helping during my recovery, caring for the baby, or even the smallest gestures of support, he always had an excuse. He'd say his work was too demanding or that his schedule was too packed. I was left to handle everything alone.

Yuna grew up in an environment where fatherly love was practically non-existent. Only when she grew older, stopped crying as much, and became easier to manage did he begin treating her with a shred of warmth.

I often tried to comfort myself with the thought that he simply wasn't someone who liked children and that I couldn't force it.

But eventually, I realized that wasn't the truth at all. It wasn't that he didn't like children, he just didn't like the child I gave birth to.

The day Wendy announced her divorce, Andrew didn't come home that night.

Later on, I saw a video she had posted on her Twitter feed. It showed him frantically coaxing a new-born baby.

"Andrew says he doesn't know how to coax a baby," said Wendy to the camera, followed by a playful laugh. "But he's willing to learn. Hahaha. I'm so excited!"

This was the same man who, years ago, would frown in irritation at the mere sound of Yuna's cries when he returned home. Now, there he was, smiling so broadly that his eyes crinkled, utterly unbothered by the wails of someone else's child.

The child wasn't his. She was born to Wendy and her ex-husband.

Yet, he adored that child as though she were his own, loving her with a depth that reached his very soul. He gave her every ounce of love and care he had to offer.

And my dear Yuna? She was left with nothing.

I didn't respond to Wendy's brazen provocations. What passed between us couldn't even be called a conversation. It was always her calculated taunts, and I never replied to them.

In the past, I was so heartbroken that I dared not respond. But now, I was completely indifferent, taking a step back to bide my time and wait for the right moment to strike.

I smiled faintly as I pulled a debit card from my pocket. The signature on the corner bore Andrew's name.

Then, I snapped a picture of the card and sent it to Wendy.

She was silent and didn't send another message.

But I knew that this was just the calm before the storm. After all, patience was never her virtue.