

Chapter 2

It wasn't until three days after I was hospitalized that Tyler finally arrived from his film set.

The severe burns I suffered left permanent damage, including to my uterus. Tyler stayed to take care of me for a week before returning to his production schedule.

Overwhelmed with guilt, Rachel moved back to her rural hometown.

For the next two years, every time I gently hinted at trying for another child, Tyler brushed me off, claiming he was too tired.

I knew the truth.

He was repulsed by the scars on my stomach. So, he found comfort with other women.

Tyler's earlier words played in my mind. His denial of me as his wife felt like a sharp bone lodged in my throat.

Before I realized it, tears silently spilled from the corners of my eyes.

Just then, my phone buzzed with a text.

It was from Tyler.

[I couldn't find you, so I left first.

[I've got a surprise waiting at home. Don't be mad, okay?

[Oh, and Mom says she misses us. Let's visit her when we get the chance.]

A knock at the door snapped me out of my thoughts. Wiping away my tears, I straightened myself and stepped out.

I'd tried confronting Tyler about his affairs before, catching him red-handed, yelling, and crying. However, it never worked. He kept doing what he wanted, refusing to divorce me.

Even my parents sided with him, insisting that a man's infidelity was normal.

With pressure coming from all sides, I eventually gave up.

Today, though, Tyler had crossed a line.

I called my lawyer to discuss filing for divorce, forwarding all the evidence I'd gathered of his infidelity.

This time, the proof was undeniable. The lawyer agreed to take the case immediately.

However, he reminded me about the mandatory ten-day cooling-off period which I could reconsider about divorcing.

Ten days? What's ten days compared to the years I've already endured?

The lawyer assured me I could cancel the proceedings at any time if I changed my mind.

As memories of our marriage played in my mind, I couldn't help but sneer.

"Regret? Why would I regret this?"

For now, all I had to do was wait for those ten days to pass.

That evening, when I returned home from work, I found the house transformed.

Roses filled every corner. Candles, arranged in the shape of a heart, flickered in the middle of the living room.

The sofa was a mess, with petals littering the floor. The candles had clearly been burning for a while.

Tyler leaned halfway over the upstairs railing when he saw me enter.

"You're home early! I was planning to pick you up."

"It's nearly ten," I replied flatly.

He didn't seem upset about our earlier argument. Instead, he smiled, walking down the stairs to take my hand and guide me into the center of the candlelit heart.

Dropping to one knee, he pulled out a ring.

"Sarah, I want to make it up to you. Let me put this on your finger."

I was taken aback.

When we first got married, there wasn't even a proper wedding, let alone a ring. As a handsome actor, Tyler's manager had insisted he maintain a single, unattached image for his career.

For all these years, both of our ring fingers had remained bare.

I accepted the overdue gesture of affection.

Tyler had already put his own ring on at some point. Rising to his feet, he pulled me into a warm embrace and whispered softly against my ear.

"When this film wraps, let's do IVF. We'll have our own baby.

"No divorce, okay?"

It was clear he had already heard from his lawyer.