

Chapter 3

I snapped back to reality and looked at Tyler.

“I’m hungry,” I said, avoiding giving him a direct answer.

Tyler seemed to take my response as agreement.

After dinner, we began packing for our trip to his mother’s home in the countryside.

“Don’t forget to bring motion sickness pills.”

Everyone knew I got carsick easily.

Tyler nodded along, promising he’d remember.

However, halfway through packing, he claimed he had an urgent matter with the production team and left early.

I was used to this by now.

At the door, as I saw him off, I noticed a pile of birthday decorations in the corner.

Tyler said casually while putting on his coat, “Oh, Mindy had a birthday, so I decorated the house for her. Since you came back, I figured you could enjoy it, too.”

It finally clicked. The beautiful roses filling the house weren’t for me. I’d just been a convenient afterthought.

After he left, I sat alone on the couch, watching the heart-shaped candles burn down. It was then I realized how absurd it all was.

I was so done.

I removed the ring Tyler had slipped onto my finger earlier and let it sit on the table. Staring at the half-packed luggage, I suddenly felt there was no point anymore.

Then my phone rang. It was the hospital, calling to say a pregnant woman’s water had broken, and they needed an emergency delivery.

I pushed aside my emotions, got dressed, and rushed to the hospital.

“Dr. Graham, the patient is already prepped in the operating room,” a nurse informed me as she hurriedly helped me into my scrubs.

“Where’s the family? Do we know what caused the emergency?” I asked.

“Right here.” Tyler walked into view.

Our eyes met, and I struggled to hide my shock.

“Didn’t you say you had work to do with the crew?”

He averted his gaze. Before he could respond, a nurse called out urgently.

“Dr. Graham, the patient’s condition is worsening!”

There was no time to dwell on Tyler’s lies. I quickly disinfected my hands, donned my surgical gown, and entered the operating room.

After an intense hour, we managed to stabilize Mindy and save the baby.

Outside the recovery room, Tyler watched Mindy teasing her child.

Since the baby was born prematurely, it needed to be kept under observation in the incubator.

I stepped closer and looked at Tyler.

“Don’t you think you owe me an explanation?”

Tyler exhaled deeply. “Fine. I lied to you, okay? But it was only because I didn’t want you to get upset.”

“And you thought lying wouldn’t make me upset?”

“Why do you have to be so petty all the time?” His tone was growing impatient.

I scoffed bitterly. “Petty? Or are you just feeling guilty? You tell me, Tyler.”

Our voices rose, echoing through the hallway. Heads turned as the entire floor glanced curiously in our direction.

From inside the recovery room, Mindy called out sweetly, “Tyler, I think I might have leaked again. Could you come in and help me change my diaper?”

Her request sent my mind reeling.

“Are we not even pretending anymore?”

I stared at Tyler, hoping he would respect my presence and decline.

However, without hesitation, he turned and walked into her room, pulling the privacy curtain closed behind him.