

Valentine Disappointment

Author: Against the Flow

Chapter 1

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The doctor looked visibly startled when he saw me in the hospital room.

Not long ago, I had come to him for a prenatal checkup and asked how to ensure my baby's health.

"I'm sorry. Unfortunately, the child couldn't be saved," he said, his voice tinged with pity and sympathy.

"Should we inform the father? Strange, it's Valentine's Day, and he's not here with you. Was there something urgent?"

Oddly, I felt nothing. Just an eerie calm.

"The child's father is already dead," I replied.

"You'll need to stay a few days for observation. I'll arrange a room for you," he said gently.

I nodded softly.

The hospital room was suffocatingly silent. I placed my hand over my now-flat stomach. My body had changed so much during the pregnancy—stretch marks had begun to appear. I never found them unsightly; they were gifts from my beloved child.

But now, those marks felt like cruel reminders, stabbing at my heart. My child was gone, taken away by his own father.

Memories flooded back: the cold operating table, the numbing anesthesia, and beside me, my tiny baby.

I cradled the small black box in my arms. My child rested inside it.

He hadn't even seen the world.

I'd failed him. I couldn't protect him.

Staring at the stark white ceiling, tears silently rolled down my cheeks.

Then Mike Forest called.

Against all reason, a sliver of hope flickered in my heart. But his voice, cold and arrogant, shattered it.

"Where are you? Lucy needs a necklace for a banquet. I remember you wore that custom Valentine's piece today. Bring it over quickly."

A bitter laugh echoed in my chest, mingling with despair.

He killed our child for Lucy Wicker, and now he wanted to take my Valentine's necklace and give it to her?

"Do you even remember leaving me alone at the bridal studio?" I asked.

Caught off guard, Mike paused for a moment before replying curtly, "Are you seriously holding a grudge over that? Wedding photos can be taken any time. Why are you being so petty?"

"And don't act so difficult. You have more than one necklace. Stop wasting time and bring it over," he added.

I felt a wave of nausea rise, sickened to my core.

This wasn't the first time he had taken something of mine for Lucy. First, it was a bracelet for a banquet. Then a dress, earrings, a ring.

I never refused him, letting him take whatever he wanted to give her.

They kept pushing further, even demanding I hand over company projects.

"You're the eldest daughter of the Miller family. Losing a project won't matter to you. But if Lucy doesn't secure it, she'll lose her job," he had said.

He took my proposal and presented it as hers, then threw a lavish celebration in her honor.

Now she wanted my necklace too?

Everything they had taken from me was never returned.

And this time, they wouldn't return it either.

I knew the truth—what Lucy truly wanted wasn't the necklace. She wanted Mike. She wanted to take him from me completely.

Before I could respond, I heard her voice on the other end of the line.

"Does Ava not want to lend it to me? It's not her fault; it's mine for not preparing a suitable necklace in advance. I can go without one if I have to."

Mike's tone softened immediately, filled with careful reassurance. "Since you got pregnant, your figure's changed. You don't suit these things anymore. They'd look terrible on you."

I glanced at the necklace I had worn to the studio for the wedding photos we never took. My hands trembled with anger.

"Mike, our child..."

He cut me off. "When can you bring the necklace?"

Something inside me broke. Without another word, I hung up.

The phone screen lit up repeatedly, his messages flooding in.

"Bring the necklace within an hour, or our engagement is off. You wouldn't want our child to be born without a father, would you?"

Tears streamed down my face uncontrollably.

Child?

What child?

How dare he call himself a father?

Clutching the black box tightly, despair and grief consumed me.

I couldn't hold it in anymore. I broke down, sobbing in the hospital room.

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