

Valentine's Betrayal

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Chapter 1

Today was Valentine's Day, and I wanted my husband to take a day off.

"Stay home with me," I said.

"Valentine's Day is the best time to make money," he replied, turning away. As he stepped out the door, he casually reminded me, "Call me if anything happens."

I had planned to wait for him to come back, but at some point, I drifted off to sleep. When I woke, it wasn't to the sound of him returning—it was the pain that pulled me out of my daze. Cold sweat soaked my face as I gasped for air.

"Honey..." My voice trembled. "My stomach hurts. Can you turn on the light?"

No answer came. It hit me then—he was still out driving for Uber.

The pain grew sharper, and I couldn't bring myself to dwell on why he was still out so late. I fumbled for my phone, relying on instinct to dial for an ambulance. Then I lay flat on the bed, taking slow, deep breaths, trying to dull the agony in any way I could.

But the more it hurt, the sadder I felt. Other women had husbands who stayed by their side during pregnancy, attentive and caring. Yet here I was, pregnant, barely seeing mine.

He was too proud to accept help, even from my parents, who had raised me and would've gladly supported us. I couldn't change his mind, so I let him run himself ragged every day.

But as I lay there, clutching my stomach, I silently vowed that I wouldn't let him take these night shifts anymore. He needed to be with me at night—no exceptions.

Thankfully, our home wasn't far from the hospital, and the ambulance arrived quickly. I wanted to get up to meet them, but the pain pinned me down. The nurses had to lift me onto the stretcher and rush me toward the hospital.

Even in the middle of the night, the maternity ward was busy. Every expectant mother I saw had someone by her side—at least one person, if not an entire family, hovering over her with care.

"Where are your family members?" the doctor asked as he handed me a form. "Have them queue up for your tests. You can rest in the chair for now."

I took the form and forced a weak smile. "There's no need. I came alone. Just tell me where to queue."

The doctor hesitated, his expression faltering for a moment before he nodded. He called over a nurse and asked her to accompany me.

The nurse, noticing my pale face and the way I clutched my stomach, quickly fetched a wheelchair and helped me into it. She pushed me to the line, and as I waited, I pulled out my phone to call Ian.

I wanted to tell him to come to the hospital immediately. But the phone rang and rang—no one answered.

I frowned, tightening my grip on the phone. I wanted to try calling again, but it was already my turn to be seen.

After the tests, I couldn't stop thinking about those unanswered calls. I dialed his number again, and once more, no one picked up.

But this time, I heard a familiar ringtone nearby.

I turned my head, following the sound, and saw a group of nurses rushing a stretcher toward the emergency room. The ringtone was coming from the stretcher.

In that instant, my heart sank like a stone. Ignoring my own pain, I leapt to my feet and ran after them.

As I sprinted, worst-case scenarios flooded my mind, and tears welled up in my eyes.

I reached the stretcher, ready to call out his name, but the words froze on my lips when I saw the scene before me.

For the first time, I understood what it truly meant to feel chilled to the bone.

Ian lay there, in his birthday suits, clutching a woman tightly in his arms. The woman wore nothing but a flimsy, disheveled piece of lingerie.
