

Chapter 2

"The emergency call was made by a kind passerby," someone murmured.

"Seriously? Must've been one hell of a ride if they passed out from sheer intensity," another voice chuckled.

"Did you see the marks on that woman? It seemed like they went really hard at it," someone else added, the tone dripping with mockery.

"But doing it in a car on the street? Have they no shame?"

The surrounding chatter pricked my ears like sharp needles, every word slicing through my chest. My legs trembled as I tried to stand upright, but my back felt as if a thousand-pound weight pressed down on it. My whole body shivered uncontrollably.

Ian...

How could he? Out there, with another woman?

And so recklessly that it landed them in a hospital?

The realization was like a blow to the gut. My breath hitched painfully, and I clung to the wall for support.

Why did I have to find out like this—while carrying his child?

Why did he have to betray me, especially today, of all days?

Valentine's Day.

Suddenly, a sharp, stabbing pain gripped my belly. I bent over, barely able to stay on my feet, while the voices around me continued unabated.

"Word is, that guy's married," someone whispered.

"What? Seriously? Married and pulling stunts like this?"

"Bold, huh? I've seen his car shaking like crazy out there for the past week."

"A week? Try a month! And the women are always different. He's completely out of control."

There was a collective gasp from the crowd.

"That poor wife of his. She has no idea what kind of scumbag she's married to," someone said, pity evident in their tone.

"Yeah, apparently, he just drives home after each 'session,' tells his wife he's been working Uber shifts. How would she ever suspect anything?"

"She's really unlucky to have married a guy like that..."

The pain in my heart outweighed the agony in my body. My hands clenched into fists, and I shut my eyes tightly, willing myself not to break apart. But I couldn't stop the tears from welling up.

"Mrs. Farren! Why are you here running around?" a nurse called out, rushing toward me. She grabbed my arm and helped me back toward the maternity ward.

"Your test results are out. You should come take a look."

Her expression was odd, her tone laced with hesitation as she sighed. "Maybe... maybe you should call your family. Let them know what's going on. From the looks of it, the results aren't great..."

The room spun, a wave of dizziness washing over me. I thought I might pass out, but somehow, I managed to hold myself together and sank into the chair opposite the doctor.

"You should have your family here," the doctor urged gently.

"No need." My face was pale, but my voice carried a quiet determination. "Just tell me. I can handle it."

The doctor hesitated briefly before nodding. He placed the test results on the desk and began to explain.

The words felt like distant echoes. In simple terms, the baby couldn't be saved.

"You're quite far along," the doctor said with a sigh, "The fetus has formed, but based on the results, keeping it won't be good for you—or the baby."

Tears blurred my vision as I stared at the sheet of paper in my hands. It detailed everything in cold, clinical terms: the baby had congenital disabilities. Even if born, survival was unlikely.

But that wasn't all. My own health indicators were dangerously poor. Termination would be safer, for both my body and my future.

And then there was Ian. The man who fathered this child was out there, tangled in a shameful display that made my stomach turn.

My hands trembled violently as I gripped the paper tightly. My voice, weak yet unwavering, pushed its way out of my throat.

"I choose termination. Please arrange the surgery."

This was the only choice that made sense—for everyone.

And after this, I would pour every ounce of my energy into confronting Ian. He would bear the blame for everything. He would pay for what he had done.

And for my child...

He would pay with his life.