

Chapter 3

The doctor scheduled my procedure for the day after tomorrow.

I called my parents to tell them about the situation, including the fact that Ian had cheated on me.

On the other end of the line, my parents broke down into uncontrollable sobs. They immediately booked plane tickets to come and be with me.

"I'll have your uncle come to stay with you for now," my mother said, her voice brimming with anger. "At the very least, Ian deserves to have his skin peeled off!"

I nodded, doing my best to reassure them not to worry about me. I had already lost all hope for Ian, so my emotions would no longer be swayed by his actions.

After hanging up the call, I slowly pushed open the door to the hospital room.

The moment I stepped inside, my eyes locked with Ian's. He was grimacing in pain, struggling to get out of bed, but the instant he saw me, he froze as if his soul had fled his body.

"H-Honey," he stammered, panic spilling from his voice. "W-why are y-you here?"

I ignored his question, dragged a chair over, and sat down opposite him. Slowly, I placed my hand over my stomach, stroking it absentmindedly.

He fidgeted nervously under my gaze, then tried to ingratiate himself by handing me a glass of water.

"You wouldn't believe what happened," he began, launching into his performance with astonishing ease. "Last night, I was driving when some lunatic started making trouble. We ended up flying off the road and into a ditch, just like that! And to top it all off, I had a passenger in the car. Talk about bad luck."

I stayed silent, unmoved. Undeterred, he leaned closer, his voice suddenly soft. "Honey, when did you get here?"

I raised my head slowly and, without warning, slapped him across the face.

"Who was the woman?" I asked.

He clutched his cheek, his expression shifting to one of feigned confusion. "What do you mean?"

I pressed further. "Or should I ask—how often do you change them?"

Ian's gaze darted around the room, his attempt to feign ignorance faltering. "I—I don't know what you're talking about," he muttered.

I stood up abruptly, my face devoid of emotion, and looked down at him. "I seem to recall there are street cameras in this area," I said, my tone calm but piercing. "If it was just an accident, the footage should be clear. I think I'll pay the police a visit, get the video, and upload it online. Let's see what the public has to say about who's the lunatic here."

My words made the blood drain from his face. Cold sweat broke out on his forehead as he fumbled with his hands, unable to form a coherent response.

The sight of him like this reignited the rage simmering inside me. My thoughts turned to my child, and in an instant, hatred surged through me. Grabbing a nearby chair, I swung it at him with all my might.

He barely managed to dodge, but the chair still caught his side, making him yelp in pain.

"Casey!" he shouted, incredulous. "What the hell are you doing? Are you trying to kill me?"

"Yes!" I screamed back, my voice raw with fury. "Right now, I'd love nothing more than to kill you!"

In all the years we'd been together—three years dating, four years married—I had never raised my voice at him. I had always been gentle, patient, and accommodating. He, stunned by this unfamiliar side of me, seemed momentarily at a loss. But then, his own anger flared.

"All this fuss over me sleeping with someone else?" he spat, his tone incredulous. "It's not like I brought her home. Do you really need to blow this out of proportion?"

His words hit me like a slap, each one more absurd than the last.

His gaze drifted down to my stomach, and he sneered. "And let's be honest here—this is your fault. If you weren't pregnant and could still satisfy me, I wouldn't have had to look elsewhere."

For a moment, the world around me seemed to collapse. Ian had the audacity to blame me for his infidelity.

He reclined against the bed as if he were some kind of king, his face full of self-righteousness. "Now that you know, there's no point hiding it. Yes, I cheated. But what choice did I have? What was I supposed to do, stay celibate just because you're pregnant?"

My ears buzzed, drowning out everything else. This was the first time I truly saw him for who he was.

"Look, I swear," he said, his tone softening as he reached out to grab my hand. "I won't fool around anymore, I promise. From now on, I'll stay home, take care of you, and wait for the baby to be born."

His hand moved to my stomach, his voice suddenly laced with false sincerity. "No matter how angry you are, you don't want our child to grow up without a father, do you?"