

Chapter 3

Author: Hammer Titan 2024-12-20 20:55:02

It was the first time I realized that when you're utterly disgusted by someone, the nausea can be so intense it makes you want to vomit. I rushed to the trash can and retched uncontrollably.

Beverly and Xander were walking in my direction. Panicking, I hid behind the trash can.

I heard Beverly whining to Xander, "How can you be so sure the baby in my womb is a boy? What if it's a girl?"

Xander chuckled softly. "I'd love a girl too. A daughter who's gentle, sweet, and understanding like you? I'd be the happiest man alive."

Beverly giggled coquettishly. "You're such a smooth talker. But... I'm scared. What if you won't have time for me and our baby anymore after she gives birth?"

Xander said, "Don't worry. I've already planned it out. Tomorrow, Finn will help you move to Phoenix. I'll make it a point to come up with a reason to travel for work every month and spend half the month living with you there."

Beverly did a little cheer, and the two of them left together, laughing and chatting as they got into the car.

I stood up, trembling, my vision blurred by tears. The prenatal checkup report in my hand was crumpled into a ball. For the first time, I felt grateful—grateful that I had decided to go to the hospital alone out of concern for his busy schedule.

If I hadn't, I wouldn't have stumbled upon this. I'd probably still be foolishly letting him manipulate me, utterly clueless.

'But, Xander, if you love her so much, why did you try to win me back? Why won't you divorce me?'

I returned home very late. During that time, Xander called me dozens of times, but I didn't answer.

The moment I walked through the door, he rushed over to hug me, his eyes full of worry.

"Sweetheart, where have you been? Do you know I've been losing my mind looking for you?"

"I went to the hospital."

Xander instantly tensed up. He looked at me nervously, cautiously asking, "When did you go? Which hospital? Why didn't you call me?"

"Archangel Medical Centre. Knowing how busy you are, I didn't want to disturb you."

Xander let out a sigh of relief. They had gone to the Royal Women and Children's Hospital. He asked, "What did the doctor say? Judging by the expression on your face... is it bad news?"

"Yeah," I replied. "The doctor said it might not survive." As I spoke, I kept my eyes fixed on him, watching for his reaction.

Xander looked a little surprised, but there wasn't much grief in his eyes. He held me close and said, "It's okay, love. You're what's most important to me."

My heart ached so deeply that I wanted to tear him apart. He genuinely didn't care about this child. Despite knowing it might not make it, he wasn't particularly upset. After all, he already had a child he was eagerly awaiting.

At that thought, I couldn't keep up the act. Pushing him away, I said I was tired and locked myself in the bedroom.

Not long after, Xander called me to come out for dinner. I had no desire to see him, so I pretended to be asleep.

Xander eventually left the room. Shortly after, I heard him answer a call, and then leave in a hurry.

I immediately got up and quietly followed him. First, Xander stopped by a florist and bought a bouquet. Then he picked up a package from the mall and bought some dessert from a bakery. Finally, he arrived at his destination—our marital home.

My hands gripped the steering wheel, shaking uncontrollably. That suffocating feeling, the overwhelming nausea, and the urge to vomit returned with a vengeance.

I couldn't believe it. Xander had moved his mistress into our marital home. That house wasn't just any place. It was the home I had bought with the proceeds from selling my parents' old house, combined with the money I earned from working tirelessly on marketing projects. It was my wedding gift to him, our first home together.

Even though it was small and the neighborhood was merely average, it held immeasurable significance. Even after Xander became a wealthy entrepreneur with numerous properties in Fort Rainier, this house remained untouched. He had said it wasn't just a house but a testament to my wholehearted love for him.

However, now he let another woman move in with his child, shamelessly trampling on the woman who had once loved him with all her heart...

At that moment, I finally felt completely disillusioned. I didn't want this man anymore.

I sat in my car outside the building all night, as if punishing myself for my naivety. I could finally break free from this relationship only by witnessing him settle in with her and making a home in that house.

The next morning, Xander walked out of the building, looking refreshed with Beverly by his side. She stood on tiptoes to lovingly adjust his tie while speaking softly to him. He gazed at her tenderly, leaning forward slightly to spare her the effort. At the same time, he was texting on his phone.

My phone buzzed. I glanced at it and saw that it was a message from him: "There's an urgent contract issue at work. I've been busy all night and might not be home until later tonight. Take care of yourself and eat on time. Love, your dearest husband."