

Goodbye, My Wretched Love

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Chapter 1 A Bolt From The Blue

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A searing pain shot through her arm. It was unbearable.

Claire Williams licked her chapped lips and tried to open her eyes but couldn't.

Her eyelids felt hot and heavy. She heard a muffled voice as she stirred on the bed. Sometimes the voice sounded loud and clear and at times it softened, confusing her.

"Gosh, poor thing! The girl's family refused to give her anesthesia. I wonder why they hate her so much."

"Yes. She has thirty stitches on her arm. I feel the pain just by looking at it."

After a long while, Claire slowly opened her eyes and found herself lying in a hospital bed. Her eyes widened in horror when she saw the IV drip pinching her skin. She soon realized what had happened.

Sierra Brooks had asked her to go shopping with her. But she had brought her only to carry the shopping bags for her.

Sierra often ordered Claire to do her chores, and the latter always obeyed her. That was the case even now.

On the way back, Sierra drove the car and Claire was sitting in the back seat. The next moment, the car crashed.

The car accident flashed in her mind. Claire's heart was drumming in her chest. She broke into a cold sweat. The fear wracked her nerves.

Her body trembled. She frantically looked around and realized no one else was in the ward.

Just as she was about to sit up, she heard sound of footsteps outside the ward.

Claire turned around and saw a tall figure. Her heart fluttered as she realized it was the person whom she had missed a lot.

"Darren!" she cried with joy.

Darren Sampson was her husband. They had been married for three years. She liked him even though they barely saw each other.

Claire thought he had come to visit her after knowing about the car accident. She knew it. He cared about her.

But the next second, the man hurried away, not bothering to even look at her.

Claire's smile vanished in an instant.

She immediately pulled the needle out of her arm and ran after him.

"Darren..."

Thinking he hadn't heard her, Claire shouted his name and ran after him all the way to the next ward.

However, she stopped short the next moment.

Sierra, the woman who always pretended to be weak in front of Darren, was lying on the bed. Her left wrist was wrapped with gauze; tears streamed down her face. Her eyes were purple and bloodshot; she looked pitiful.

Darren's elder sister, Bonita Sampson, and his mother Elora Sampson were also present in the ward. The three of them surrounded Sierra and looked after her, ignoring Claire.

Claire was visibly startled when she saw them.

She had stupidly believed Darren was here to visit her.

The four of them unanimously turned to look at Claire. Her well-dressed mother-in-law stood up first. "Claire, you're just in time," she said haughtily. "Turn yourself in to the police and tell them you caused the accident."

"That's right. Take the blame for Sierra," Bonita chimed in.

"What?" Claire recoiled in shock.

Anger surged through her veins.

She took a deep breath and pointed at Sierra. "She hit someone! She caused the accident! Why should I take the blame?"

The Sampson family always treated her as a maid, and she had been used to it.

Sierra always made things difficult for Claire by joining hands with the Sampson family.

However, Claire endured all the pain and suffering to retain her marriage with Darren. After all, she had married into the Sampson family to win Darren's heart.

But these people had crossed all their limits today. She couldn't believe they would ask her to take the blame for the pretentious woman.

"I'm so sorry. It's all my fault. I didn't expect to cause such an accident."

Sierra covered her face and burst into tears. "I'm willing to go to jail to atone for my sins. If the victim's family members don't forgive me, I'm ready to pay for it with my life. But..."

She snickered loudly and stroked her belly. "... I'm pregnant with Darren's child," she said, looking at him tenderly. "I can't let my child suffer because of me."

Claire's heart leaped to her throat.

Sierra's words were like a bolt from the blue.

Claire couldn't believe it. How could she be pregnant with Darren's child?