

# When It All Fell Apart Chapter 01

After hanging up the phone, I took a picture of the beautifully prepared dinner and the cake I had baked for our sixth anniversary and sent it to my husband, Ashton Martinez.

His reply came back quickly.

[Is it your birthday? I'm flying out, so I can't make it home tonight. Just celebrate on your own.]

I chuckled bitterly and tossed the cake into the trash.

Whether it was my birthday or our anniversary, it did not matter because Ashton never remembered those things. However, when it came to Ruby Lowe, he had an entire notebook dedicated to her. He had been keeping notes of her life since high school.

I glanced at the pregnancy test results on the table and quietly put them away. I had planned to surprise Ashton with them over dinner tonight, but now, it seemed pointless.

We had been married for six years without any kids. I had gone through three rounds of IVF, each one more painful than the last, and they all failed. I had almost given up hope this time when, to my shock, I found out I was pregnant.

Yet, before I could even be happy about it, I saw Ruby's post on social media. For all I knew, she might have done her IVF on the same day, using my husband's sperm, and here I was, the fool, kept in the dark, oblivious to everything.

I pulled the food toward me, even though I had no appetite. For the sake of the baby, I forced myself to take a few bites. However, the moment the smell of the meaty steak hit me, I doubled over, violently nauseous.

Best restaurants near me

The retching would not stop, and with each heave, the pain in my lower abdomen grew sharper. Suddenly, I felt a warm, wet sensation between my legs. Glancing down, I saw small spots of blood seeping through my pants.

Panic gripped me. Could that be a sign of a miscarriage?

No matter how disappointed I was in Ashton, the baby was something I had fought so hard for. I could not lose it now!

I grabbed my phone and tried to head downstairs to drive myself to the hospital, but as soon as I opened the door, the pain in my abdomen became unbearable. My legs gave out, and I slid down the wall.

I had been feeling unwell all morning and had spent most of the day at the hospital for tests. After that, I rushed back, convinced Ashton would come home to celebrate our anniversary, and spent all my energy preparing dinner and the cake.

Thinking maybe I could be having low blood sugar, I desperately reached for my phone to call 911, but my vision started to blur. I even felt too weak to press the buttons.

Just then, I heard the sound of a door opening. My neighbor stepped out and, seeing my condition, rushed over in shock.

“What happened?” he asked, supporting me.

Relief washed over me as I requested him to take me to the hospital.

After the tests, the doctor confirmed it—I was showing signs of a miscarriage. He prescribed a bunch of medications and spoke to me in a serious tone.

“You really need to take care of yourself. This pregnancy isn’t stable yet, so you can’t afford to be too stressed or overworked.”

Seeing the worried expression on my neighbor’s face, I explained to the doctor, “He’s not my husband.

“My husband’s away... on a business trip,” I added.

The doctor nodded and went over some other precautions. “Make sure you share all this with your husband. He needs to start learning how to take care of a pregnant woman.”

I gave a bitter smile.

Oh, I was sure Ashton was good at taking care of someone. It was just a pity it was not me.