

Nine Months Pregnant I left my husband

Chapter 1

Posted by October 4, 2024

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When I was nine months pregnant, I received an email with an electronic bank statement. My husband, Daniel Hart, had been transferring \$30,000 to the same woman every month without fail. The first payment was dated back two years, right around the time we lost our first child.

Then, as if on cue, my phone chimed with a messenger notification. from her.

It was a friend request, along with a note that read:-

“The happy woman who gets \$30,000 in pocket money every month.’ I felt an eerie calm wash over me, almost unnatural. As I stroked my belly, I clicked ‘accept.’

Immediately, a message popped up:

‘Did you get the bank statement?’

Ignoring it, I went straight to her account profile. The earliest post was from two years ago, on April 21. In the photo, she leaned gently on a man’s shoulder, her hand resting on him, showcasing a massive diamond ring.

The caption read:

“Thank you for the birthday gift, love!”

Although only the man’s back was visible, I recognized him instantly. It was Daniel. My husband. He was wearing the shirt I had bought him. during a business trip, the one with intricate embroidery on the

collar.

Two years ago, April 21, was the day I lost our first child. While I lay in the cold, sterile operating room, undergoing a D&C procedure, my ‘on-a-business-trip’ husband was celebrating another woman’s birthday.

The irony was almost suffocating.

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My hands trembled as I scrolled further through her posts. Since that day, she had been flaunting all kinds of luxury items, each one identical to things I owned, except for one.

A jasmine-scented perfume.

Then I saw her most recent post, pinned at the top. It was an ultrasound image. She was pregnant.

I dropped my phone, my heart pounding, and frantically searched through the dirty laundry basket. I found the shirt Daniel had worn the night before. Lifting it to my nose, the unmistakable scent of jasmine hit me.

I never wear perfume.

When I didn't respond to the message, the person on the other end grew impatient. My phone buzzed again and again as photos and videos came flooding in. Clutching my belly, I sank onto the couch, struggling to breathe.

I forced myself to look at the undeniable evidence of Daniel's betrayal. The woman in the photos was young and beautiful, her ponytail bouncing with life. There were pictures of her and Daniel.

He was rowing on a lake, playing in the snow, and tucking a maple leaf into her hair. It was as though each season, spring, summer, fall, and winter, was captured in their little love story.

Taking a deep breath, I shakily opened one of the videos. In it, Daniel stood by the ocean, tenderly calling her 'My Carina.'

She softly asked, "Do you love me?"

This was my husband of seven years, the father of the baby growing inside me, replying with a warmth I hadn't seen in years.

'I'll always love you, Cara.'

I replayed the video over and over, tears streaming down my face. As dusk fell, the room around me grew dim.

Daniel finally came home. His voice was gentle as he lightly scolded me, "Olivia, why didn't you turn on the lights? It's so dark! What if you

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fall?”

He flipped the light switch, and the room lit up. I quickly covered my tear-streaked face as he knelt in front of me and took my hand.

“Why are you crying? Who made my precious wife and our little one so sad?” he asked, his voice soft as he kissed my belly.

As he leaned closer, I smelled the same sweet jasmine fragrance. Struggling to keep calm, I asked, “Where were you?”

“I was working late at the office. What’s wrong, honey?” Daniel replied casually, as though nothing was out of the ordinary..

‘You’re lying, Daniel. You were with Cara! She had a craving for those famous dumplings from the east side of the city, and since there was no delivery, you drove over an hour from the west side to get them for her. She even live-streamed the whole thing!’

Feigning nonchalance, I smiled, gently squeezing his hand. “Honey, I suddenly have a craving for those dumplings from the east side, too,” I said, resting my hands on my belly.

As if sensing my pain, the baby kicked hard. “Can you get some for me?”

Annoyance flickered across Daniel’s face as he pulled his hand away, frustration creeping into his expression. “Those dumplings aren’t anything special. Besides, you’re pretty far along. You should watch what you eat.” Standing up, he added, “For the sake of our son, just bear with it a little longer, okay?”

Without waiting for a response, he muttered, “I’m going to take a shower. I’m exhausted. Why don’t you call Mom and ask her to make you something?”

The bathroom door clicked shut.

Swallowing my sobs, I gently stroked my belly and whispered, “Oh, sweetheart, you and I are about to fight a tough battle together.”