



Letting My Husband Go

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Description: I saw Coley Gabbs kissing his secretary at a pub in the seventh year of our marriage. He called me not long after I left. "It was just a kiss between friends!"

"What's with the attitude?" he said into the phone.

I could hear his friends in the background making fun of him and saying that I would be very jealous if he left me tonight, like he always does. Before he hung up, Coley told me that if I didn't say sorry, he wouldn't come home.

But I wasn't worried about his threat. I didn't mind if he chose to come home or get a divorce. Three minutes later, I tweeted on social media: "Put yourself first and give others the freedom they want."

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Coley Gabbs and his secretary were kissing when I opened the door to the private room. The audience around them cheered them on.

“Come on! Give us another!”

People cheered and clapped.

I remained in the doorway for a good five seconds before they finally let go of each other.

I could see the sneer on my husband’s face from a distance. His secretary, Cara Jaimi, shyly slapped the buddies who had egged them on.

“Stop it! Coley’s married! I wouldn’t have kissed him if I hadn’t lost the game,” she replied, turning back to Coley, who looked happy to hear her say that.

Cara eventually saw me standing there when she turned around again.

“Hey, Sydnee! When did you get here?” she said, her eyes getting bigger in shock.

Maybe what had just happened came to mind, and her face showed panic.

Under the table, Cara pulled on Coley’s sleeve. She hoped I wouldn’t see it, but the table was made of glass. I had seen it all.

Coley questioned, “What are you doing here?” His earlier smugness turned into annoyance as his friends looked at each other in a strange way. His pinched brows

made it plain that he was angry. As expected, he walked up to me when I didn't answer.

"Say something! I'm talking to you!" he yelled.

I could see the defiance in Cara's eyes over Coley's shoulder. It wasn't a shock. Everyone at work knew I had been after him for years.

We had never been on the same level in our relationship.

I felt tired for the first time when I saw the man I had loved since I was a child.

I answered quietly, "Grandpa wants us to go to his place."

Coley has been close with other women in front of me before. He appeared to enjoy seeing me fall apart, as if my anguish made him feel better.

This is the same pub where Coley called me last time.

At that time, his friends were making fun of me.

"Drink this bottle, Sydnee, and we'll let Coley go home!"

Coley had not said anything. He had just stood there and smiled at me, finding the whole thing funny.

He did it on purpose.

I wanted to leave, but Coley spoke up.

He said, "If you walk out that door, you'll never see me again."

I stopped moving. He knew I had gastritis.

But I grabbed up the bottle and started drinking in front of everyone.

The strong taste travelled across my lips, and soon after, the ache in my stomach came.

The pain was so bad that my heart felt like it was going to burst.

By the time I drank half the bottle, I was hardly awake. I was slumped on the floor and sweating from the pain.

Coley's buddies were starting to get alarmed. But he just stood there, looking at me with a frigid smile.

"Sad."

I was in a stupor as I watched Coley and his friends rush off to their next party.

I could still hear him on the phone with his helper. "Send her home," he murmured, and he didn't seem worried at all.

At that time, old memories came rushing back to me.

I didn't wait for Coley to answer when I came back to reality. I walked by him and out of the bar.

I had given him his grandfather's message. That was Coley's choice, whether he wanted to go or not.

I had never once ignored him. This was probably the first time since we got married.

I must have caught him off guard because he was still standing there, confused, when I left.

As soon as I got in the car, Coley called. “Why are you acting like that? It was just a friendly kiss!”

He started by complaining about how I acted before.

He must have felt bad about leaving without saying anything in front of his friends.

I felt a sharp pain in my chest.

It was usual for “friends” to be so close to each other. Did it mean Coley and I were just “friends” too?

I could barely hear his companions making fun of him on the other end of the queue.

“When Coley gets home, Sydnee will be crying and holding on to him again.”

“It’s funny that she has been begging him not to leave her since they started dating.”

“Shh, Coley is still on the phone.”

I remembered the phrase that you could tell whether someone really loved you by how their friends treated you.

I had always known it, but I had chosen to ignore it.

Coley told him to “come back and apologise to Cara. You made her feel bad.” “I’m not coming home if you don’t do that.”

I couldn't help but giggle at the threats he made.

“Whatever.”

Those remarks would have had power over me in the past since I loved him. But what about now? I didn't want to live this way anymore.

I looked at my phone when I hung up.

After I departed, Cara put something on her social media.

The picture featured a man's hand holding a wine glass and said, “He's always by my side.”

I knew Coley's hand right away because I had been with him for so long.

It was him.

He also had on his right hand the wedding ring from our marriage.

I thought I wouldn't feel anything anymore, yet my eyes still filled with tears when I saw her post. Coley liked the post.

I also liked it and wrote, “Congratulations and best wishes.”

The light hit the diamond ring on my finger, and I stared at it.

I took it off after thinking about it for a moment.

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It felt more like a trap than a sign of love because I had worn it for so long.

I put something fresh on my social media for the first time in three years.

“Put yourself first and give others the freedom they want.”

After that, I looked over my past posts. The last one was a photo from our wedding day.

I smiled brightly and my eyes were full of love for Coley, but I had no idea that his were angry.

I went to bed early that night.

I didn't call Coley this time, and I didn't leave a light on for him either.

When we initially got married, Coley was often working and coming home late.

I would make dinner and wait for him at the table.

I would run to welcome him as soon as I heard the door open, thinking he would brush my hair and tell me how good my dinner was, like a normal husband would.

Instead, Coley would stroll by me with a frown on his face and a frown on the food I had made.

“Do I have to deal with you after dealing with clients all day?” he once said.

His remarks shocked me. I never thought he would say it to me.

Even though I was sad, I preserved my smile.

“I just wanted to have dinner with you. I thought you’d be tired from working late.”

“Don’t assume,” he had said sharply.

I had never waited for Coley to come home before.

At the time, I believed he was just tired. Now that I think about it, I realise he just didn’t like me.

He thought it was unnecessary to leave even one lamp on for him in the living room.

Coley came home all of a sudden in the middle of the night.

He was on top of me before I could do anything. I could see the anger on his face in the thin moonlight.

Before I could even react, he started kissing me hard.

He snarled, “You did this on purpose, didn’t you?” “Are you so desperate to have my child that you used Grandpa to pressure me? Well, congratulations. You got what you wanted.”

I couldn’t get Coley off me no matter how hard I pushed. He was too strong.

That night, I felt like a puppet with no life, forced to do everything he said. His kisses and touches made my skin crawl.

He quickly broke the stillness, saying through gritted teeth, “Don’t you like it? Didn’t Grandpa make me come back for this exact moment? Why are you acting like you’re disgusted now?”

I put my face in the pillow to stop my tears.

I felt bad about everything.

Since we were kids, Coley had always been polite to me.

But as soon as my parents told the Gabbs that Coley and I should be together, he transformed.

He wasn’t the same person all of a sudden.

He never smiled at me, cared for me, or stroked my hair softly again.

He didn’t care about my gastritis and gave me a glass of red wine at his grandfather’s birthday party. He made me drink it all by pretending to toast Sam, his grandfather.

That night, Coley drank too much, and Sam urged me to take him home.

Outside, the lights were brilliant, but inside they weren’t. I could only see Coley’s shape in the dark.

“You really want to be with me?”

When Coley asked me that, my heart almost stopped. I didn’t even notice how frigid he sounded.

When I woke up the next morning, my whole body hurt.

The blanket lay on the floor, and the room was a mess. There wasn't even a sheet over me, and Coley was already gone. I was so ashamed that I hurled myself at him without thinking.

I was foolish to imagine that being married would make us what we used to be. I never thought he would hate me this much.

"Why can't we just be like other couples?" I asked in a quiet voice.

Coley stopped for a second and then laughed bitterly.

His quiet gave me all the answers I needed.

Coley wiped my face as I fell asleep, and when I woke up the next morning, there was a blanket over me. But he was nowhere to be seen.

Jessica, the housekeeper, stopped me as I was going downstairs.

"I went grocery shopping today, Mrs. Gabbs. What do you want to make for Mr. Gabbs's lunch? I can help you with the ingredients."

Coley was quite fussy about what he ate. He would rather go without food than touch anything he didn't like.

Since we got married, I had been making his lunch, but he constantly threw it away in disgust.

I had his aide bring him meals without informing him I had made them so that he would eat them.

When Jessica asked me something, I shook my head and stated, "I'm not going to do

that anymore.”

I couldn't stop thinking about what Coley said last night.

Sam wanted me to bring Coley back, but I hadn't even told him why. So, Coley thought I was using Grandpa to coerce him the same way I did when we got married.

I couldn't figure out why Coley, who was always so stubborn, suddenly agreed to our engagement. After that, he even married me.

My parents assured me that Coley would be the next Gabbs and that he would never go against Sam's wishes. He had to marry me since Sam had picked me.

A beep from my phone brought me back to reality.

I asked my lawyer to provide me the divorce agreement, and they did.

This kind of marriage should have ended a long time ago.

I had to go to the Gabbs' estate first.

In his study, Sam was frowning deeply.

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He started by saying, “Sydnee, you know I will stand up for you if someone has wronged you.” “But divorce isn’t a small thing. The Gabbs and Jacksons are very close.”

Every word Sam said felt like a hammer hitting my heart. I got what he was saying, but I couldn’t go on.

I said firmly, “Grandpa, I’ve made up my mind,” and my voice echoed through the study.

At that point, I wasn’t talking to him as his granddaughter-in-law anymore. I was looking him right in the eyes.

“Even though we’re getting a divorce, our families will still be close. The Jacksons are my only family, and they want me to be happy.”

I wasn’t asking Sam for permission to have a divorce; I was just being respectful because he was older than me.

Sam remained quiet for a long time. Then he said, “Sydnee, we did you wrong. I agree with the divorce. If you need anything, let me know.”

At that point, Coley’s viewpoint didn’t matter anymore.

Then, Sam wouldn’t take no for an answer when I said I couldn’t go to lunch with him.

My phone rang in the middle of the lunch.

“Why didn’t you make me lunch today?” Coley’s words caught me off guard.

It hit me right away. He had eaten my food. How could he not know that I was the one who made the lunches his helper brought?

Sam took my phone and put it on speaker before I could say anything.

I didn’t think Cara’s voice would be on the other end.

“Coley, I made lunch for you. Come on, give it a try. Didn’t you say you were sick of the food your assistant was bringing you?”

I kept my face cool after hearing Cara’s voice, but I couldn’t help but feel a little bitter.

So, he had been tired of my cooking the whole time.

“Just don’t eat if you’re sick of it!” “Who do you think you are to treat your wife like this?!” Sam yelled. If you play around with other women, you’ll get it from me! ”

Sam hung up and gave me the phone back without waiting for Coley to answer. He seemed sorry.

After all, Coley was his grandchild, so these gestures were merely surface level.

I could just barely hear Sam’s voice in the distance as I left the Gabbs estate.

“Ugh, Coley will regret this one day.”

That didn't worry me.

Coley probably couldn't wait for me to leave, as far as he was concerned.

That afternoon, I talked in great depth about the divorce with my lawyer, Jay Baywood, in the law office. After that, I took him to my favourite coffee shop for a cup of coffee.

A couple came in when I was drinking my coffee.

Coley and Cara were there.

I had seen Coley this cafe while we were still on good terms.

I had joked with him back then, "You can't bring other girls here."

He had grinned and nodded at me warmly while making fun of me for being possessive.

It made me uneasy to see Cara laugh and talk to Coley now.

"Ms. Jay brought me back to reality by saying, "Jackson, if everything looks good, I'll send you the new divorce agreement."

I nodded and got up to leave, but all of a sudden I felt dizzy.

Jay was quick enough to catch me before I fell back, which was a good thing.

Coley heard me bump against the table from across the room.

I could tell from a distance that his eyes were on Jay's hand, which was holding me

up.

Coley wasn't paying attention to Cara anymore.

He stepped right up to us and said, "What are you doing?"

Coley gripped Jay's wrist and turned to look at me with anger.

"You couldn't wait, could you?" "Grandpa told me everything at lunch," he said with a sneer. "And now you're already out on a date with someone else in the afternoon?" "

He then moved in close and said in my ear, "You went through all that bother to marry me, and now you're leaving me for another man?"

Before he could finish talking, I slapped him hard in the face.

Jay came forward to explain, but Coley, who was so angry that he couldn't see straight, slammed him to the ground. The divorce papers were all over the floor.

"Are you crazy?! He's the lawyer for me!" "I yelled, attempting to get between them, but Coley was too angry to listen.

All of a sudden, my stomach hurt a lot.

I noticed Coley's face go pale as he ran towards me, even though my vision was fuzzy.

"Sydnee, everything will be okay. I'll take you to the hospital. Don't worry!"

When I woke up, I knew I was in the hospital.

As soon as Coley realised that I was awake, he ran over and took my hand.

“Are you okay? If you’re not, let me know straight immediately.

For a second, I was shocked. I thought the old Coley, who used to be good to me, was back.

But Cara’s words pulled me back to reality: this wasn’t the man I used to know.

“Don’t take it seriously, Sydnee, Coley, and I were just messing around last time,” Cara replied gently. I don’t want to get in the way of your relationship.

She had spotted the divorce papers that had fallen on the floor. I had seen the flash of joy on her face, even if it was only for a second.

“Was your post on social media also a joke?” I asked directly.

Cara didn’t think I would approach her in front of Coley. She was shocked and then forced a timid smile.

She said, “It was someone else,” in a low voice.

Coley scowled right away when he heard that.

The three of us knew the truth all too well.

I took my hand out of Coley’s and looked him in the eye.

“Let’s break up,” I said.

To my amazement, Coley grinned and brushed my hair softly.

“I don’t agree with that. You are now pregnant. The infant needs a dad.

I couldn’t believe what I heard.

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I put my palm on my tummy without thinking about it. This was the child I had wanted for so long, yet it couldn't have arrived at a worse moment.

I whispered softly, "You're still the baby's father even if we get divorced."

Cara, who was standing on the side, couldn't hold back her excitement any more.

"Coley, maybe you should let Sydnee think about this for a while—"

"Think about what?" "Get back to the office first," Coley said, cutting her short and pointing to the door. "I'm staying here to look after my wife."

Cara looked like she was going to cry. She wanted to say something, but Coley's stare scared her away. She left the room quickly, looking very sad.

She had been looking forward to this divorce, but now since Coley was against it, she was devastated.

"One month, please. After that, you may decide if you still want the divorce, okay?" Coley said.

I didn't get it.

Shouldn't this be what he always wanted? Was he saying this merely because of the baby?

"That's not going to help, Coley." I said, "A baby isn't going to change anything

between us.”

Coley then moved in closer to me.

“Do you think it’s fair that you get to choose when our relationship starts and ends? ” he said in a low voice, his eyes burning.

Even after Coley left, I couldn’t stop thinking about what he said.

He felt like a whole new person overnight, and it was all my fault.

Coley liked someone in his class back then—Cara.

After Coley launched his firm, Cara automatically became a part of it.

My folks had gone to see Sam just as he was about to tell her how he felt.

“That gal isn’t good for you. The Gabbs don’t care about your business. If your business goes under, do you think Cara would still be there for you? ”

Coley told me that Sam could destroy his business in a heartbeat if he chose to.

He had buried his feelings for Cara deep inside him, and I was the one Coley blamed for his failed romance.

I couldn’t help but find it both humorous and sad when Coley told me all of this.

Coley took the divorce agreement off the table and departed before I could even say anything.

Coley never came to see me in the hospital again after that day.

I spotted a familiar face in the kitchen when I got home after being released.

The smell of burning food filled the air.

Coley hurried out of the kitchen with the spatula in his hand as he heard the door close behind him.

“You’re back!” He said, “I made your favourite fish and chips.”

He came over to help me with my suitcase, but I told him, “I don’t want to eat,” so I avoided him. You can take it.

I saw Coley standing there with a look of sadness on his face as I went upstairs.

That was such an ironic thing to watch.

Coley must be upset, right? But this was the first time he had to deal with it, while I had to deal with it several times because of him.

Later, before I went to bed, Coley came into my room.

“Sydnee, I put a glass of milk in the microwave for you. “Drink it before you go to bed.”

I watched as he walked slowly towards me, but the scent of the milk made me sick. Coley hurriedly put the milk down and came over to soothe me.

“Jeni told me you drink milk before bed every night, so I thought you’d want some tonight too...” “I’m sorry,” he whispered as he gently patted my back.

Without thinking, I pushed his hand away.

Jeni was another servant in our house, and she was right: I had been drinking milk every night because I couldn't sleep.

I had heard that milk helped people sleep, so I made myself drink it even though it made me feel ill.

I couldn't help but hate milk anymore because I was pregnant.

"I recall how much you liked drinking milk when you were in school. Why has your taste altered so much since you got pregnant?" Coley enquired.

I didn't say anything in response to what he said.

I lied and told him I loved milk so I could spend more time with him. He used to bring me breakfast every day, and I would take the milk he didn't want. Even though it made me sick, I would make myself drink it.

Coley would laugh and joke with me, saying, "The Jacksons are so rich, but they can't even give you a good breakfast."

I now see that I was stupid to do that.

Voices downstairs woke me up the next morning.

My dad and Sam were here.

My mum mocked me when she spotted me getting out of bed, saying, "You're going to be a mother soon." Why are you still sleeping like a kid? "

"Let Sydnee sleep as much as she wants," Coley said, obviously wanting to make my mum happy.

A rush of rage sprang from deep inside me.

Coley was putting me in a tough spot.

Coley had told me I could take a month to determine what to do with our relationship, but he had already told the elders about my pregnancy. I pulled him aside and my face darkened right once.

“What do you mean by this? Why did you tell them I was pregnant? Coley, are you attempting to make me be with you? “I stood up to him.

Coley, on the other hand, behaved like he hadn’t heard me. Instead, he picked up a serviette and wiped the sweat off my face.

“Why are you sweating?” Is it warm here? ”

He kept bothering me even after I asked him to stop.

I was so mad that I pushed past him and went to the door.

He grabbed my wrist and said, “I just want to be with you like other couples, like you said that night.”

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His words made my heart race.

I might have stayed with Coley if he had said that a little sooner. But now I'm too tired to keep going. I threw his hand away, and it hit the wall with such force that blood started to pour right away. "Sydnee, help Coley with his wound!" I didn't even notice when my mother came up behind me. "It's fine, Mom," she said. Coley said, "Sydnee is pregnant and can't handle the smell of blood." He was trying to make things better, but every word he uttered made my heart hurt. He only said that because of the baby; he never really cared about me.

Coley couldn't take the thought of me, pregnant, seeing even a drop of blood. But he didn't mind that I drank red wine in a pub till I ended up in the hospital with gastritis.

How could I possibly not remember that?

I looked at his wound and then left to eat breakfast by myself. It had been so long since I'd eaten a meal this peacefully. It felt great.

I saw that Jay had sent me the official divorce document as he said he would when I got back to my room.

Coley said I had a month to decide, but I hadn't agreed to anything.

My mum came in softly while I was looking over the document on my phone.

"Sydnee, you made the choice to end your marriage to Coley, right? I wasn't ready for her direct question.

She came up and softly stroked my face, just like she used to do when I was a kid.

“You’ve always been hard-headed. Your dad and I wanted you to learn how to play the piano, but you went out and learnt how to paint instead. You even put together your own art show. I recall thinking, “What if Sydnee is this stubborn when it comes to love?”

My mom cried, yet she was still smiling.

“Mom, I—”

“Don’t worry, Sydnee. Your father and I will always be there for you. It’s just a child, and we Jacksons can afford to raise one, right?”

My mom smiled at my dad when we came down. Seeing how well they worked together made me even more determined.

I didn’t know that my parents had always known why Coley married me.

My father added, “If he had treated you well, both families could have been friends for life.” “But we never thought Coley would be so cruel.”

Marriage alliances for familial ties were prevalent among the rich, although couples usually treated each other with respect.

But Coley and I were not the same. We were different.

Coley turned to me and took my hand after they left.

“Are you here to deal with me now that my parents are gone?”

Coley's eyes had a trace of sadness in them.

I attempted to draw my hand away, but he only held on harder. He didn't let go until I acted like I was in pain.

He came back five minutes later with a share transfer agreement. I gazed at him, not sure what to think.

Then, to my astonishment, Coley knelt down in front of me and took my hand.

"These shares make up all of my holdings in the company. I'm giving them all to you. Will you take them?"

Coley's eyes were full of optimism when he glanced at me. He seemed to be waiting for me to forgive him, hug him, and forget everything he had done to me in the three years we had been married.

"Not at all."

Coley's smile went away right away as he heard what I said, and he held my hand tighter.

"Please tell me what I can do to make you forgive me."

"Fire Cara," I said right away.

Honestly, I didn't care about Coley's shares or his money. Also, telling him to dismiss Cara was just a spur-of-the-moment thing.

But I saw that Coley stiffened up for a moment when I said that.

“Can’t we do something else?” he begged. “I can give you anything, like stocks or money.”

He sounded so desperate that it seemed like he would do anything to keep Cara.

I believed his acts wouldn’t bother me anymore, but when I saw how he reacted, my heart sank.

“Then sign the divorce agreement,” I urged, bringing the new document out of my suitcase and putting it in front of him.

Coley grabbed it, ripped it up, and threw the fragments away.

I looked squarely at the man who was still my husband and said, “Coley, even if I owed you something, I’ve paid it back over the past three years.” “You can do it on your own now. After the divorce, you can be with anyone you want. Isn’t that a good thing?”

But he said the same thing I did a few minutes earlier.

“No.”

Coley would come home to check on me whenever he had free time after that day.

He’d cook me breakfast in the morning and even contact Jeni to see how I was doing and if I was eating well.

I felt worse the more he performed these things.

I sometimes thought, “If I weren’t pregnant, would I already be free from this marriage?”

I realised that there was no use in dragging this out any longer since Coley clearly wasn't going to sign the divorce papers. I called my lawyer to begin the process of getting a divorce that was not agreed upon.

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My phone rang all of a sudden. I got a call from Coley, but I chose to ignore it.

Jeni came to me with her phone three minutes later.

It looked like Coley had called her when I didn't answer. I was annoyed, but I didn't want to make Jeni feel bad, so I grudgingly answered the phone.

Coley stated, "I can't have dinner with you tonight because I have a meeting at work." "Look after yourself, and if you want to eat something—"

I hung up before he could finish and gave the phone back to Jeni.

"From now on, you don't have to bring me his calls," I remarked. "Please also pack my bags. I'm going home for a while."

I got a message from an unknown number while I was halfway through packing. It was a picture.

The people in the image were people I knew quite well. Coley had his arms around Cara, and her face was clear in the shot.

A second message came after that: "I heard you're getting a divorce, so thanks in advance."

When I saw the message, I almost laughed out loud.

Did Cara even realise that Coley was the one who didn't want to get divorced?

I asked her, “Would you have time to do this if he really wanted to marry you?”

But she didn’t answer me.

Perhaps she didn’t know what to say. I should thank her since I wouldn’t have known the truth about Coley’s so-called business meetings if it weren’t for her.

That afternoon, someone came to see me who I didn’t expect.

Jeni allowed Cara in when she heard that the guest was looking for me. She then left to perform errands.

When I left my room, I ran into Cara.

I asked, “What are you doing here?”

Cara grinned with happiness as she walked around the house, as if she were looking at her future home.

“It’s so pretty! Everything is just like I always thought my dream house would be.”

When Cara saw my blank face, her mood changed.

She pointed at me and said, “I’m the one who should be living here! The decor and the inside are everything I love! Coley and I love each other, and if it weren’t for you, we would have never been apart!”

I remember the time before we got married. I had hinted to Coley that I didn’t like how the house looked.

“My parents said there’s going to be a new property launch soon. It’s close to both

your office and my art studio, so maybe we could—”

Coley had said, “This house was never meant for you from the start.”

I used to think he just didn’t like me. But now I know that it was all for Cara. I couldn’t help but giggle at how silly I was. He must have been so upset that he didn’t want to pick between firing her and getting a divorce.

I answered, “So what?” in a calm voice. “You still haven’t moved in yet, have you?”

Cara was shocked for a second because my reply was clearly not what she had expected.

Maybe I would have broken down and cried in front of her, exactly like she wanted, if I hadn’t previously known about her history with Coley.

She asked, “Do you know everything now?” “That’s why you won’t get a divorce and even have Coley fire me, right?”

I was shocked. I didn’t think Coley would really bring up that talk with her. But I didn’t have to explain anything to Cara.

As she cautiously walked towards the stairs, Cara remarked, “Were you looking for Jeni? She’s not here; it’s just the two of us.”

I started to feel uneasy. I wanted to pick up my phone and call someone, but I had left it in the other room.

Cara lunged at me before I could turn around. I turned pale with fright when she moved so quickly.

She looked quite happy with how I reacted. She even smiled when she said, “If it weren’t for your pregnancy, Coley wouldn’t be treating me this way. If your baby wasn’t around—”

“You’re not even his lover. Coley wouldn’t be with you if you didn’t have the baby.”

I panicked when she talked about my child and cut her off, holding my stomach in a way that felt natural.

The next thing I heard was the front door creaking open. Coley came back, and when he spotted Cara and me at the top of the steps, he got angry.

Coley enquired hesitantly, “Cara, what are you doing here?” “Come down and talk to me if you need something. Sydnee needs to sleep.”

He reached out his hand to Cara, but she didn’t appear to hear him. Instead, she turned to me and pulled me hard.

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As Cara and I fell down the steps together, I felt a sensation of weightlessness rush over me.

“Sydnee!”

The following minute, Coley’s horrified scream could be heard.

I curled up because I felt a sharp, painful pain in my stomach.

Before I passed out, I saw Coley running towards me.

I had a weird dream.

In the dream, a tiny girl waved at me, but when I got close, she fled away. I rushed after her like crazy, but all I could see was her back.

“Sydnee... Sydnee...”

As I gently opened my eyes, I heard someone calling my name. There were a lot of people in the room, and Coley was standing across from me. My mother was the one who called my name.

I instantly felt for my belly as soon as I woke up. When she saw it, my mom’s eyes turned red.

“Is the baby... gone?” I questioned, my voice shaking.

No one replied me, but after a long wait, Coley eventually nodded.

“We can still have, Sydnee.”

Smack!

My father slapped Coley, and Sam, who was standing nearby, didn't stop him at all.

My heart felt like it had been ripped apart when the baby was gone.

I looked at Coley and said in a voice that was barely above a whisper.

“Mom, Dad, I want to talk to Coley by myself.”

My mom gave me the divorce papers as they were leaving. Coley's eyes were glued on the papers in my hand.

Finally, when we were alone, he moved forward, took my hand, and begged me to forgive him.

“I'm sorry. I'm really sorry, Sydnee. It's all my fault. I should have kept you and our kid safe! ”

Then he hit himself hard over and over again.

I looked at him coldly and didn't draw my hand away.

Coley lied to me that day. He hadn't been at a business meeting. He had met Cara by the lake, where they used to go.

He had told her there, “Let's forget about the past.” Sydnee is currently pregnant.

But Cara had gotten it wrong.

“You don’t even care about her. You only married her because your family wanted you to, right? That’s fine with me, Coley. You know how much I care about you.

Coley had always understood how Cara felt about him, which is why he never stopped her from openly teasing me before. But this time, he pushed her away.

He told Cara, “I love her and want to be with her.”

Hearing Coley tell the story made me laugh.

“I don’t want your cheap love.” “Just give it to someone else.”

Coley wanted to say more, but I stopped him.

“Would you believe me if I said I just found out about you and Cara?” ”

His face changed from confusion to something else right away. He couldn’t have imagined it, but it didn’t matter anymore.

“I thought I owed you something,” I said, looking him in the eye. “But I don’t.” You stopped caring about Cara. You gave up on a love that never even got off the ground. You also wasted my love for three years. “Now a life is lost,”

I couldn’t speak because I was crying, and I swatted his hand away when he tried to wipe my tears.

“If you really do love me, sign the divorce papers.”

Coley didn’t move. It felt like ages until he finally signed the papers.

“I don’t want to divorce you, but I hope this can be a fresh start for us,” he stated.

It was so ironic to hear that.

Coley came to see me at the hospital every day after that, but my family always kicked him out.

The last time we saw each other was when we signed the divorce papers.

“Cara’s been sentenced,” Coley stated as he looked at my face, but I didn’t show any emotion.

I bought a plane ticket to go to another country that night.

I had almost entirely given up on my passions while I was with Coley.

The day after I got to the other country, my mum called me.

“Coley spent the whole night kneeling outside our house, and now he’s in the hospital.” “After he found out you weren’t coming back, he begged us to tell him where you went,” she said. “We didn’t tell him anything, so he kept kneeling until he fell over.”

I snorted gently and kept painting.

My mother said, “We’re going to slowly move our business overseas.” “We can’t leave you alone.”

She made me realise how much I had ignored my family because of Coley. Still, they had always been there for me.

My family came to see me overseas two weeks later.

Our housekeeper called us numerous times to let us know that Coley still came over every day. He wouldn't believe us when we told him we had gone to another country. He even tried to break in after being stopped at the door, but he was arrested.

Sam was so angry that his blood pressure went up to a dangerous level, and he had to go to the hospital.

He soon said that the Gabbs had more than one child.

Coley's stepmother also had a child, which put Coley's place in the family in a lot of danger.

But none of that mattered to me now.

I had my whole life ahead of me.