



Married, Pregnant... and Betrayed

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Category: Horror, Historical Fiction

Description: After five childless years of marriage, I finally got pregnant on my 35th birthday. But instead of joy, my husband exploded in anger, accusing me of cheating. That's when I learned he had a mistress and wanted a "real" child with her.

A paternity test proved the baby was his. He apologized, acted like a changed man, and even threw a banquet to celebrate. But his mistress wasn't having it. She showed up with a gang, blocked me in the street, and beat me while I was pregnant.

"You shameless woman," she screamed. "How dare you carry my man's baby?"

Total Pages (Source): 11

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:18 am

Five years into my marriage with Marshall Lawson, everything seemed pretty normal between us. Despite our efforts, my stomach remained calm—no baby on the way.

Marshall always told me not to worry about it, but I could see the longing in his eyes every time he saw a happy family with a child.

I was beginning to believe that I couldn't have children, but on my 35th birthday, I discovered I was pregnant.

I double-checked with a hospital test before getting excited and telling Marshall the big news. "Honey, we're finally going to have a baby!"

Marshall stared at the test results, his face changing from shock to anger. "Who's the father?!" he demanded.

I froze. "What are you talking about, Marshall?"

In his rage, he tore up the test results and slapped me across the face. "How dare you play innocent?! We've been trying for ages with no luck. Then, I'm away for a month, and you're pregnant?!"

The slap sent me reeling, my hand shaking as I pointed at him, tears welling up. "Marshall... I can't believe the kind of man you are."

Marshall stormed out, slamming the door behind him, and his parting words cut deep. "If you don't get rid of that child, I'm not coming back."

I stood there, hand on my cheek, too stunned to move.

I understood his scepticism; after years of silence in my womb, its sudden awakening was bound to raise concerns.

I convinced myself to wait for him to calm down so we could talk about it that evening.

However, instead of Marshall returning, I received a call from my mother-in-law, who was ready to lay into me.

I didn't even have a chance to share my news before she lashed out, saying, "You useless woman! You can't even keep your man; you're no better than a hen that doesn't lay eggs!"

The call ended with her sending me a screenshot of Marshall's social media.

When I saw the photo, my heart stopped. There was my husband, arms wrapped around another woman as if she were the only one in the world.

I bit my tongue and waited six months for a paternity test. As soon as I received the results, I texted Marshall.

[Here's your kid. However, since you're now with someone else, I'll just take care of this at the hospital and call it quits. You can have each other.

Marshall called me suddenly, his voice sharp, saying, "Don't you dare do anything stupid!"

He then caught himself and switched to a softer tone. "Babe, don't be rash. I haven't cheated on you."

I did not say anything. I just sent him the screenshot that my mother-in-law sent me.

He rushed to explain. “I was just trying to get a rise out of you. Nothing happened; I swear. You have to believe me.” Don’t move a muscle! I am on my way to get you and our son!”

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:18 am

Marshall smiled brightly the next day as he booked a hotel and planned a lavish celebration.

He was ecstatic, telling anyone who would listen about his impending fatherhood.

I watched him, filled with joy, and decided to let bygones be bygones, hoping that was the beginning of our happily ever after.

However, after the party, his mistress discovered I was pregnant and identified me as the homewrecker.

It turned out that Marshall's other woman was a journalist.

I'd seen her on TV, grilling interviewees with her sharp wit, a stunning beauty with a strong will.

I followed her every move after discovering she was my husband's mistress.

I kept an eye on her whenever she was on air.

Her appearance and killer instincts had made her a celebrity in the news industry.

They dubbed her the Beauty Bullet online, referring to her ability to bring any story she touched into the spotlight.

The following night, she was the top story on the evening news.

“Viewers, after years of being a reporter, I never thought I’d be the one in front of the camera,” she said, her eyes red and puffy as if she had been crying, looking into the lens with a mix of anger and stubbornness.

“My boyfriend cheated on me with another woman, and she is now pregnant with his child! He claims that he must do what is best for the baby, which includes removing me from his life!

“I’ve always raised my voice against the unfairness in this world. Now, it’s time I do it for myself!”

She was adamant, vowing to seek justice for herself.

She promised to keep the audience updated and insisted that the person who had wronged her pay.

I informed Marshall of the shocking news and questioned why he had not resolved the situation.

“Marshall, I do not want our child to enter a world of drama!

“If you don’t clear this up, I’m considering divorce.”

Marshall was furious, denying everything: “I’ve promised we’d have a good life, so let’s just do it. Stop imagining things!”

His promise convinced me to wait a little longer.

Later that night, as I was walking around the block, the reporter’s car pulled up right beside me!

I was caught off guard when a crowd surrounded me!

Panicked, I yelled, “What is going on?!”

The camera focused on me as she shoved the microphone at me.

“Sasha! How long have you followed Marshall? Did you forget he has a wife, like me?!”

Her glare was chilling, and I felt like she was about to lash out at any moment.

I tried to clarify things: “What are you talking about? “Marshall is my husband.”

She swung at me with a painful slap, “Cheater!” You have the audacity to play the other woman and refuse to admit it. Trying to trap a guy by becoming pregnant? Shameless!”

A crowd of enraged fans pushed me down in an instant, and I instinctively shielded my stomach.

That only fuelled her rage; she pushed the burly cameraman’s hand, ensuring that the camera was pointed at my stomach.

“Look at her, everybody! This is the cheater who ruined my marriage and even made my husband want to divorce me. “Don’t believe for a second that Marshall would ever stoop to your level!

“I’m a reporter, and I’m fighting for more than just love here; I’m fighting for justice!”

Her lies, told under the guise of being a reporter, made me tremble with rage. “You’re

lying through your teeth! Marshall is my husband and not yours.”

Nina Warren paused and smirked, as if she had caught me in a slip-up. “Is Marshall your husband? “Prove it.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:18 am

“I...”

“Here is my marriage certificate to Marshall. Have you got anything like that?”

She took two certificates from her bag and displayed them for me and the camera to see.

I felt a chill run down my spine; how on earth did she have a marriage certificate with Marshall?

I attempted to stand, grab it, and see for myself, but she pushed me back down with a vengeance.

“What’s the matter?” Trying to rip the truth apart?”

She stepped on my hand, and I couldn’t stop crying. “I have been married to Marshall for years. We...”

I bit back the pain and reached for my phone to call Marshall.

However, her quick-handed accomplice snatched it and hurled it to the ground, where it shattered. “Do you think you can call for backup?” As if!”

Bystanders had already caught wind of the unfolding drama and rushed in to get a closer look.

Nina rattled off her accusations with unwavering confidence, and the audience began

to echo her sentiments.

“The world has gone mad! Nobody has any morals anymore!”

“She’s bold enough to pursue a reporter’s husband. Doesn’t she fear the consequences of public humiliation?!”

“Homewreckers should get what they deserve!”

“Take her down!” Take her down!”

Nina puffed up with pride as the crowd chanted in unison.

“Sasha, I have done my research on you. Your mother had you and your brother out of wedlock!

“Sure, Marshall’s loaded, but that doesn’t mean he’s your ATM! Are you hanging onto him just to milk him dry for your gambling brother?”

She aired my dirty laundry without regard for my privacy!

I tried to get up despite the pain in my hand, but Nina’s boot hit me again, sending me crashing into the curb!

Agony ripped through me. I clutched my stomach and looked down to see blood running down my legs.

“It hurts! My baby... My baby...”

I couldn’t bear the thought of losing the child I had worked so hard to conceive.

“Please, help me...” I begged, looking up from my anguish.

The onlookers also noticed the blood. Some pulled out their phones to call for assistance, while others attempted to reason with Nina. “She’s pregnant, for heaven’s sake. Whatever she did, the baby’s innocent.”

“Hey, if you go too far, you will have blood on your hands!”

“Sure, she’s in the wrong, but let’s not forget the guy’s the one who really messed up. It’s not all on her...” “She’s playing a dangerous game, pregnant and all, but what’s my crime for standing up to her?”

“She had the audacity to be the other woman, so why shouldn’t I fight for what’s right for me!”

“Does being the underdog always mean she’s right? If that’s the case, why bother determining who is correct or incorrect? Maybe we should all just play the weakling, huh?”

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:18 am

Nina's voice was filled with a fiery passion, and her eyes were red with a mix of anger and a fierce sense of justice, making it difficult to argue with her.

Those who had been on my side became silent, sighing and muttering that I should not have done what I did.

The pain was so intense that I couldn't find the words to defend myself, leaving me feeling completely helpless.

The audience was eager to support Nina, their voices rising and falling in unison as they agreed with her.

I looked at their faces, already judging and condemning me, and it appeared that my only option was to cry out in terror.

I couldn't deny that my family wasn't wealthy; Nina didn't lie about it.

My mother was duped by a man when she was younger, and this is how my brother and I came into the world.

She had a moment of clarity, grabbed us, and left, determined to make it on her own and raise both of us.

My mother said that when I married Marshall, our family's fortunes would finally change for the better, but I was only able to support my brother until he started college.

My brother was always determined to stand on his own two feet, and once he started college, he said he was old enough to work and earn his own way, insisting that I no longer needed to support him.

Marrying Marshall was motivated by love rather than financial considerations.

Nina towered over me, her voice piercing as she grilled me: “Sasha, why so quiet? How long have you had my man Marshall? How long have you been a home wrecker?”

“Is that child even Marshall’s, or did you go around with another guy and are now attempting to pass the child off as Marshall’s in order to get a share of his family fortune?”

“Did you look into my past and discover I can’t have children? Is this why you believe you can ignore me?”

“You don’t have a job, and Marshall provided everything you eat, wear and drink. Marshall also paid for your brother’s motorbike and phone! As his wife, half of that money is mine. Don’t you get that?”

Her eyes appeared to be filled with rage, and if words were knives, she would have already cut me to ribbons.

At that point, her motivation was crystal clear.

She was attempting to rile me up with her words, hoping that I would become so upset that I would lose the baby!

Such a cruel heart!

I reminded myself that I needed to keep the baby safe no matter what. I concentrated on controlling my breathing while waiting for the ambulance to arrive.

However, the wait felt endless, and as the crowd grew, the air seemed to thin.

I barely held on when I heard the ambulance siren. I lost my strength and passed out.

When I awoke, I was in the hospital.

My first thought was to check on my stomach. “My baby... My baby...”

The oxygen mask muffled my fragile voice. The nurse, who was adjusting my IV, heard me stir and dashed off to find the doctor.

Minutes later, the doctor arrived. He let out a deep sigh and gently broke the news, “Ms. Brooks, I’m sorry, but you’ve lost your child.”

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:18 am

I stared blankly at the ceiling, engulfed by despair that went beyond physical pain.

Deep down, I knew.

My once-rounded belly was now flat, and I could no longer feel my baby's presence.

"This was my first pregnancy—"

"Ms. Brooks, try to stay calm. A miscarriage, especially one this late, takes a toll on your body. If you want to heal—"

"Will I be able to have another baby?" I asked the doctor, my eyes filled with sadness.

The doctor refused to meet my gaze, and I lost it.

My sobs pierced the silence of the hospital ward as I attempted to get out of bed to find Nina.

The nurse tried to stop me, and the doctor pleaded with me to think about my health.

However, what's the point if I can't be a mother anymore?

How did things go so wrong?

Just two hours ago, I was fine, and I had a maternity photo shoot scheduled for tomorrow to capture my glow. However, in an instant, my world had turned upside

down.

It was Marshall's fault!

He promised to take care of everything!

I desperately searched for my phone, only to remember that snake Nina had taken it.

Furious, I demanded that the nurse call the cops. "I'm going to make whoever did this to my baby pay!"

The nurse, clueless but seeing my outburst, simply nodded and called the cops.

Then, unexpectedly, Nina's voice rang out from another nurse's phone.

"See, she's too scared to go home for proof! She has no proof!"

The background chatter also burst through.

The nurse's face turned bright red as she fumbled with the phone and accidentally turned up the volume. "Hand it over!"

I grabbed the phone.

Just as I predicted, the video of Nina ambushing me went viral, rocketing to the top of the trending charts.

The comments were unrelenting, digging up dirt and casting shade.

One caught my eye.

[Oh, look at the blood. I bet she hid a blood pack between her thighs. Mistresses certainly play a deep game.

I couldn't help but laugh.

Marshall burst in, clinging to the door with bulging eyes and gasping for air.

“Where's my baby? My baby?!”

In my hospital gown, with my face ghostly white, I fixed him with a piercing stare.

Despite his busy schedule, he made it a point to come home every day since I became pregnant. His softness towards me was mostly due to the baby bump.

Marshall dashed to feel my stomach, only to discover it was hollow.

He jumped up. “My son?! Where's my son?!”

“What do you think?”

I watched him, a bitter laugh slipping out with each breath, tearing at my stitches.

However, the sting was nothing compared to the ache in my heart!

Marshall's fists balled up, his face storming as he prepared to speak.

Then Nina walked in.

Nina, ever the reporter, entered with her recorder pen. She gave me a quick look before questioning the doctor. “Doctor, how is she?”

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:18 am

The doctor, recognising her after a beat, replied quietly, “Ms. Brooks had a miscarriage; it will be difficult for her to become pregnant again.”

Nina’s eyes returned to mine, filled with scorn. “Such a shame; you can’t play the other woman with a baby anymore.”

I was drained. My eyes were filled with rage as I stared at Marshall. “Marshall, tell her, what am I to you?”

Marshall appeared devastated, as if he hadn’t fully processed the miscarriage.

However, Nina mistook his silence for my final joke, sauntering to loop her arm through Marshall’s. “Marshall, she’s lost the baby. She won’t bother you now. Tell her to let go. What are we to each other?”

Marshall snapped awake the moment Nina touched him, his hand flying out and sending her stumbling back.

“You killed my son! You monster!”

The entire room froze. The doctors and nurses, sensing the tension, quickly dispersed.

I felt no pleasure as I watched Nina with her hand on her cheek and her eyes wide with shock.

Slapping her a thousand times would not restore the baby I had lost.

“You dare to hit me?” Nina staggered forward, grabbing Marshall’s collar in a rage, tears streaming down her cheeks. “Marshall, you hit me for the other woman?”

Marshall had been looking away, trying to control his emotions, but he snapped when she called me the other woman. He grabbed her hand and pushed her backward. “Who are you calling the other woman? Sasha is my wife. She was the one I married.”

Marshall moved to stand beside me, his hand resting on my shoulder. “Nina, enough with the drama, okay?”

It was reassuring to hear him defend me, but the way he scolded Nina while trying to contain his rage left me with the impression that he was taking sides.

He suddenly seemed like a stranger to me. Maybe our love was just a mirage, a sweet phase that every couple goes through at first.

“What did you just say?” Nina was more surprised by Marshall’s statement than by the slap. Her eyes were huge as she pointed at me, and her voice shook. “You say she’s your wife? Then what am I? We’re married!”

Marshall simply frowned, silent. I overheard him murmur: “If you hadn’t been so persistent, I never would’ve gone through with the registration back in your hometown”

Nina’s face blanched as she turned to face me, realising her grave error.

However, I knew all along.

The video of her interview with me went viral, accusing me of being the other woman. It backfired spectacularly. As a reporter, she should have checked her facts

before jumping to conclusions and misleading her audience.

What's with the irony? She played a role in the story as well.

The cops then arrived, knocking on the door and entering. "Hi, we're officers from Capetown. Who called for help?"

I raised my hand, struggling to keep it together, and pointed directly at Nina. "That would be me. She's the reason my baby's gone, and she's been spreading lies that I'm a homewrecker. Officers, please arrest her."

Nina was a mess; all of her confidence had vanished. She clung to Marshall desperately.

"Marshall, please, you have to help me!"

Marshall stared at her, his eyes hard and angry, but he did not push her away.

"Officers, this is a family issue. We'll handle it ourselves, if you don't mind."

Marshall pulled out Nina's video, attempting to prove she had not touched me and suggesting they consult a doctor who could back him up.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:18 am

I couldn't believe he was attempting to cover for Nina. I was about to confront him about it when tears streamed down my face.

"How can you? Are you even human, and are you still my husband?"

"Your mistress murdered your son. I can't even have children anymore. And you're still on her side?"

"Marshall, have you ever really loved me?"

Marshall clutched my hand, looking torn as he begged me in hushed tones, "Sasha, I'm not taking her side. We can't let this get out, or my bigamy will be exposed, and Nina's career as a reporter will be over."

"You have just lost a child. You can't afford to lose your husband either, can you?"

"The baby was my son too. I swear to you, I'll get you justice. But first, we've got to deal with the cops."

His true colours were revealed, and they were ugly.

My heart was in pieces.

I couldn't find the words to express how revolting he was.

He noticed that I was not moving. His eyes narrowed, and he inhaled deeply. "Your brother's been working his tail off. He hasn't even got a car or a house. I can cover

that. And your mom's old house. You know, the one you've been wanting to fix up? I'll foot the bill! Oh, and there's more--"

"Are you trying to buy me off?" I interrupted him, seeing right through him. "I can't have children anymore; how much do you think that is worth?"

"You let that homewrecker into our lives, ruined my reputation, and denied me the opportunity to be a mother. Marshall, how much do you think can make up for that?"

Marshall looked me over, his expression darkening, and his grip on my hand relaxed.

"The baby is gone, and you aren't taking some of the blame?"

"What do you do all day besides chores? You don't care about your appearance, and you don't understand the grind of the working world. I'm too ashamed to show you off, and I can't even think of anything to talk about with you!"

"Sasha, even if you could no longer have children, I never said I wanted a divorce. What else do you want?"

He twisted the story in a few sentences, blaming me and warning me not to push too hard while he still had some feelings, or I would be left with nothing.

The cop approached with a solemn expression. "Ms. Brooks, we looked into what happened before you lost your baby. Ms. Warren did not touch you, and the doctor found no evidence of an attack on you. However, your miscarriage is undoubtedly related to Ms. Warren's interview. We recommend that you take this to court.

Nina's lips twisted into a smug smile, relieved she had not given in to the urge to hit me and had instead messed with my head. The part where she tripped me, causing my fall, was not captured on camera, so there was no evidence.

Then she let loose: “Officer, I, too, am a victim.” I didn’t even realise she was Marshall’s wife, so how could I spread rumours? As a reporter, I’m constantly exposing injustices. I just want to stand up for my rights.”

She was slick, I will admit.

She managed to avoid the accusation of spreading rumours that I levelled at her.

The cop gave Marshall a piece of his mind, his expression stern.

Then he was gone.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:18 am

Marshall was not arrested, but he was clearly embarrassed.

He wasn't used to being chewed out that way, especially as a big boss.

"Just rest up, I'll come back later," he told himself.

Once the cop was out of sight, he yanked Nina out of the room, leaving me with only the sight of their backs as they walked away.

I would not let Nina get away with that.

Or Marshall!

Nina became cocky because he had gone and made it official with her, hiding me away, and she thought she was on the right side of things!

My brother heard the news and rushed over; I clung to him as tears streamed down my cheeks, telling him I would divorce Marshall.

"Sasha, think about it," he said. "Won't divorcing him just make things easier for that reporter?"

I looked at my brother, my eyes searching for his. "You don't want me to go through with the divorce?"

He shook his head, his eyes steady: "Whatever you decide, I fully support you. Just be sure you've thought it through, okay?"

He passed a house contract and a cheque across the table to me.

“Your husband gave them to me.” Now they are yours.”

I couldn't help but snort; Marshall knew how to move quickly.

Once the honeymoon glow faded, his niceness seemed to shrink down to nothing more than a husband's duty. Sure, he was on time with the monthly checks, but when I asked him for a favour, he was always too busy to do it.

Then, to get me to drop the Nina issue, he followed through on his promises faster than a rabbit on a racecourse.

I weighed the heavy bribe in my hands and looked at my brother: “Can you really let this go?””

He smiled that reassuring grin that always put me at ease, saying, “I now have a job. I can care for myself. And soon, I'll be able to care for both you and Mom.”

That was the only thing that gave me any comfort, so I nodded, my heart swelling with gratitude. “Just don't tell Mom yet, okay?””

If she discovered I had lost Marshall, my so-called rock, she would be devastated.

After a night in the hospital, I was ready to go to the lawyer's office right away to charge Marshall with bigamy. But who would have guessed that Marshall would send a nanny to babysit me? She called it a caring act, but she was clearly there to keep an eye on me, even trying to vet my phone calls.

I dialled Marshall while she hovered over me. “What is this about, Marshall? Are you keeping me imprisoned now?”

“Don’t make it sound too bad. “I’m just making sure you’re taken care of,” he explained.

I bit back my rage. “And how long do you think you can keep this up? A day? One month? Forever?” I told him plainly, “Marshall, I’m divorcing you.”

“Sasha...” His voice trailed off, but I’d already made my decision.

“I’m holding all the checks for my brother’s house,” I cut him off. “If you don’t want to split up, don’t run away. Let’s have a real conversation.”

I finished my statement and ended the call.

That evening, Marshall showed up.

He wasn’t alone; he brought my mother along.

“Sasha.” I hadn’t seen her in half a year, and her hair was greyer, and her back bent slightly more.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:18 am

When she saw me, she ran over and hugged me tightly, her heart aching.

“My dear girl, how could you go through such a problem without informing me?!”

I gave Marshall a glare and kept my mouth shut.

“Mom, I lost my head,” Marshall admitted, bowing deeply as he began his act.

He smacked himself twice, looking genuinely sorry: “I got everything wrong. I thought Sasha’s baby wasn’t mine. I got carried away and wound up with Nina.

“She had done me a favour before, exposing a rival’s dirty secrets and getting their boss locked up; I owed her. She promised not to mess with my family, but she flipped on me!

“I... I couldn’t bear the thought of losing Sasha or our home. I never thought the mess would cost us our son!

“Mom, I’m sorry. However, I truly don’t want to divorce Sasha. I want to make things right. Please, put in a good word for me.”

My mother looked at me, her expression a mixture of sadness and resignation. “Sasha, people make mistakes sometimes. Marshall knows he’s in the wrong now. Why don’t we give him another chance?”

I paused for a beat and nodded. “Okay, but only if Nina gets what she deserves.”

Marshall agreed without hesitation.

I told him I didn't want a nanny hovering around. I wanted him to care for me himself.

Marshall paused for a second before nodding in agreement.

I was counting the days until I was able to leave the hospital. Marshall was gathering my clothes when Nina rushed in, yelling my name like a battle cry.

When she saw Marshall, she paused briefly before launching herself at him, fists and feet flying.

“Marshall! You scumbag! How could you get me fired from the TV station? What right do you have?!”

Marshall pushed her away without sympathy and drew me into his arms. “I’ve told you a million times to stop bothering me; I’m not leaving Sasha. You wouldn’t listen, so I had to get you out of the TV station!

“And if you don’t back off, I’ll make sure you can’t even stick around in this town.”

Nina’s hair was a tangled mess, and the dark bruise under her eye made her look even more worn out.

She had clearly been put through a lot over the last few days, and it wasn’t just because of Marshall.

“Marshall, are you accusing me of pestering you? You are the one who married me, remember? Do you think I won’t sue you for marrying two women at once?!” Nina was on edge, her voice sharp with rage; the more she used to care for Marshall, the

more she despised him.

The irony wasn't lost on me: I was the other woman she cursed, and there she was, the true side chick.

"Go ahead, try!" Marshall shot back, his stare icy, "You won't be able to handle the fallout!"

Nina was speechless.

Marshall turned to me, his voice suddenly gentle: "Sasha, see where my heart is; no one matters more than you."

I pushed him away, my voice still frosty as I asked, "Is that so? She's out of work. What about me? "I lost a child—your child."

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:18 am

Marshall's face tightened, and he turned to Nina, snatching her bag from her grasp. Give me my things!"

Marshall yanked the car keys from her bag and took a few bank cards from her wallet.

"These are all I have given her, Sasha. Her problems are no longer mine. Will you forgive me?" Marshall pressed the items into my hands, trying to prove his faithfulness. "I'll get her to confess on camera that she is the other woman, to clear your name. Is this good enough?"

I knew it was Marshall's last-ditch attempt to avoid a bigger scene; if I pushed any harder, he would snap.

He only stayed after learning that I couldn't have children to save face and protect his valuable company; abandoning one's wife for a mistress was strictly prohibited.

In today's world, a tweetstorm would destroy him, and he couldn't afford to do so.

I locked eyes with Marshall and said, "You better keep your word."

Marshall was practically bouncing with relief, nodding furiously. "Absolutely!" Absolutely!"

Nina stumbled towards me and grabbed my arm, realising Marshall didn't care about their past. "Sasha, I made a mistake. I apologise. Please let me off the hook! I was being stupid! It was entirely my fault!"

“I got played by Marshall, too. I’m a victim! Please, let me go, will you? I’ll leave town and never come back!”

Marshall clamped his hand over her mouth and yanked her to her feet.

I did not say anything the entire time.

I decided to let Marshall be the bad guy and stomp on Nina’s heart. That would sting far more than anything I could do.

There was no need to delve into their past to discover how cosy they had been or the sweet nothings Marshall whispered to her. Marshall, on the other hand, dumped her without hesitation in order to save himself.

Nina was about to discover how cheap her choices were, and how deep her mistakes went.

I never expected her to have a major epiphany and change her ways.

All I wanted was for her to be absolutely miserable.

I had no idea what Marshall had done to Nina, but on the way home, he promised me a big reveal on the evening news.

He effortlessly assumed the role of the ideal husband, even inviting my mother and brother over to celebrate my return home. We had a feast to celebrate my release from the hospital, and Marshall turned on the television.

Nina appeared on the screen. She lacked the fierce beauty that had earned her the nickname “the Beauty Bullet.”

She resembled a bird after a losing battle; her eyes appeared lifeless.

The segment began with my viral interview, during which I was referred to as “the other woman.” Nina then apologised publicly, albeit with obvious reluctance.

“I was wrong. I had falsely accused Ms. Brooks. The real homewrecker...was me...” Nina confessed, her eyes welling up with frustration. However, a second later, the screen went black.

Marshall turned to face me, turned off the TV, and said, “See? I kept my promise.

“She’ll be gone soon, out of our lives for good.” He took my hand, his expression full of devotion.

I nodded with a weak smile and served him food.

I wanted him to believe I was done talking about divorce and that whatever was bothering him had been resolved.

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:18 am

Marshall beams as he serves me more food, endearingly calling me his dear with each helping.

Later, my brother eagerly took on dish duty, while my mother disappeared into the kitchen.

Marshall led me to the backyard for a breather.

I had to ask how he did it.

Marshall responded with a dismissive chuckle, “It doesn’t matter. “What matters is that you’re no longer upset, Sasha.”

He spoke as if Nina was a minor detail that could be easily overlooked.

Or as if the pain I was experiencing was a fleeting cloud that could be dispelled with a single, calm breath.

“Marshall, I won’t be able to have children in the future, and with your company growing so large, you’ll need someone to pass it on to.

“That’s okay, we can adopt. We’ll love them just like they’re our own.”

“However, will you cheat again?”

Marshall froze, his smile fading before deepening. “No, I won’t repeat my mistake with Nina.”

I remained silent as Marshall pulled me into his arms.

The next day, I had my brother drive me to the lawyer's office. I gave Nina's marriage certificate and the recordings of Marshall's words to my attorney.

I packed my belongings and moved out. I returned to the old family home with my mother.

Marshall got the divorce papers and pursued me, demanding to know why I had broken my word.

While pruning my mother's plants, I said calmly, "I've known for a while that you don't love me; I thought maybe your love for the kids was genuine, but I was mistaken; you've only ever loved yourself.

"I did some digging. Nina made up stories to defeat your opponents! You blackmailed her with that. Why else would she confess to being the other woman and jeopardise her future?

"If you can do that to Nina, who helped you, you could do even worse to me, who couldn't help you and couldn't have children.

"Should I endure more heartache if I did not divorce you?"

"You!" Marshall was furious, looking like he wanted to strangle me. "Have you been playing me the whole time?!"

"Marshall, I am just claiming what is mine. If you don't like it, I have no problem leaving you with nothing." I watched his rage with an unsettling calm.

Deep down, I knew he wasn't worth any more of my tears.

When the subject of money came up, Marshall became more relaxed.

He gave me one of those intense looks that could cut right through me, then he hit the road.

After a few days, my lawyer called to tell me that Marshall was ready to sign the papers.

I let out a huge sigh of relief; from now on, it would be all about me, living my life on my own terms.

I bet even my little angel, who was taken far too soon, would be smiling down at me.