

Chased by my Ex Husband

Chapter 4 A Stranger

Grace

The beeping noise of the machines attached to my body wakes me up from the slumber. I blink numerous times, trying to remember what happened and how I came here.

The hate on Ethan's face when he left with Lily is the first thing I recall. Instantly, I shoot up in my bed and touch my stomach.

Something is wrong.

I can feel it.

My Baby!

“ What...What happened to my Baby?! ” I scream.

Nurses rush in. My shoulders are pushed down in an attempt to lay me down. Doctors follow suit. They are saying something but my mind is stuck in a few words.

“ You had a miscarriage... ”

“ You were lucky to survive. ”

A violent force takes over me as I struggle and thrash and find the will to destroy the world.

It hurts. It hurts so much.

I can't see anymore. I just want to turn back time and save my Baby.

Heart-wrenching screams and sobs leave my mouth. I don't recognize this woman, this wild, tortured soul who feels broken and defeated.

To suppress my anguish, someone gives me an injection. I remember the moment I start to lose consciousness and slip into a dreamland.

In my dreams, I see myself with a family. The Baby, a small, beautiful boy with green eyes runs around me.

His gentle laughter fills my ears and the world appears bright. Ethan is closely behind, his eyes soft on me like they used to be.

This is my life. My Baby. My Husband.

Before Lily came. And took everything.

When I wake up again, it's gone. Everything is gone.

I stare blankly at the ceiling. My mind seems to be numb and cold. I don't have the energy to feel anything anymore.

The man I loved and the father of my child pushed me and caused a miscarriage, and instead of choosing to save me, he saved Lily.

If he had chosen me, maybe they could have saved the child. We tried for three years for it. I still remember how excited I was when the pregnancy test came back positive.

I took Ethan out for dinner to tell him about the good news. Our family was going to be complete.

Me, Ethan, and our Baby.

But Lily came to the restaurant that day and the trajectory of my life changed. Ethan forgot I wanted to tell him something and rushed to make Lily have dinner with us instead.

I was shocked and hurt. He should have gotten angry. He should have blamed her for leaving. Instead, he acted as if he was relieved that she was back in his life.

Now I understand it more clearly. It's not even about love.

Ethan Calder is just a heartless man. He doesn't care about anything as long as he gets what he wants.

"Feeling any better?" A deep voice asks from some corner of the hospital room.

Startled, I blink my eyes and direct my gaze to the wing chair to my right. There sits a stranger, clad in an expensive, tailored black suit. His light brown hair shines under the sunlight and his blue eyes appear as deep as an ocean. He looks familiar but I don't know where I saw him before but he does look like he walked out of a magazine just now.

"Who...are you?" I whisper.

I can no longer register the pain in my body. Doctors say I am lucky to survive with just a concussion and unfortunate to lose the child.

"You were hit by my car." The stranger says in a bored tone.

My ears perk up. "You—"

“ It was not the driver’s fault. You came out of nowhere. ” The arrogant man regards me coolly.

There is a regal air around him. He appears dark, like a villain with his snake-like eyes staring in my soul.

I sigh. “ what are you doing here then, Mister? ”

“ Tristin Roberto. ” He answers, resting back in the chair.

I blink in confusion. “ why are you here, Mr. Roberto? ”

“ You would have bled out. No one was coming to save you. ” He waves his hand as if explaining the weather.

I try to feel pain in my heart but instead, anger burns. I grit my jaw and avert my eyes away from the handsome stranger.

“ You saved me then? ” I whisper.

“ You caused quite a commotion. ” Tristin drawls.

My throat clogs when I think about what I did a few hours ago. “ were you here all along? ”

“ You owe me. ” Tristin says instead of answering.

So, he saw everything. I must have looked like a crazy girl who wanted to kill herself.

“ Thank you, Mr. Roberto. ” I face him and say softly.

It’s indeed fortunate that I survived and didn’t die with my unfortunate Baby because I will make them pay. Those who ruined me will beg for mercy and I won’t settle until they cry tears of blood.

“ Your eyes are dangerous. ” Tristin smirks, his voice lowering and taking on a husky note. “ I like that. ”

My heart misses a beat. “ What? ”

“ I don’t want your gratitude. When I say you owe me... ” He stands to his height, towering over me. The room suddenly appears small because a six-foot-something man is standing so close to me. “ It means I will collect a favor. ”

“ How? ” My hands shake by my side.

Tristin ends the distance between us and places his hand on my pillow before leaning in. “ You, Ms. Whitlock will have to do something for me. ”

He looks like he is ready to ask for my soul. That thought makes my mouth dry. His expensive, masculine cologne perfumes the air, drowning the smell of disinfectants and providing momentary relief.

“ W...What? ” I stutter, my heartbeat quickening.

He smirks, a small dimple appearing on his left cheek but there is nothing innocent about that gesture. I suck in a sharp breath as he leans closer.

Before he can speak, the door to the hospital room slips open and a man growls. “ what’s happening here?!”

Tristin’s lips twitch and his eyes darken. He leans away, fixing his coat with the ease of a predator.

I turn to glare at Ethan and scream back. “ What do you think you are doing here?!”