

Scars Of A Broken Bond Chapter 1 Their Baby by Calv Momose

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"Ma'am, our examination indicates that your uterine wall is unusually thin, making the fetus's position precarious. It's essential to exercise caution with your diet and physical activities," the doctor explained, holding out a piece of paper to Sabrina Chavez. "Here, take this. Go get the medicine."

"Understood, doctor," Sabrina responded, carefully taking the prescription from the doctor.

The doctor emphasized, "Make sure to take good care of yourself. This is a serious matter." A thin uterine wall can increase the risk of miscarriage. It is unfortunate that many women who experience a miscarriage face difficulties conceiving again.

"Thank you, doctor. I'll take care of myself," Sabrina assured him, a resolute smile playing on her lips.

Having been married for three years, she had eagerly anticipated this baby for the same duration, and she was determined to do everything in her power to protect it.

Leaving the doctor's office, Sabrina picked up her medicine and headed back to her car.

The driver initiated the car's engine and glanced at her through the rearview mirror. "Ma'am, Mr. Blakely's flight is scheduled to arrive at three o'clock in the afternoon. We still have twenty minutes remaining. Should we proceed to the airport now?"

"Yes, let's do that."

The thought of reuniting with her husband in just a few minutes warmed Sabrina's heart, prompting a smile.

Her husband, Tyrone Blakely, had been away on business for nearly a month. She missed him very much.

During the drive, she found herself repeatedly reviewing the pregnancy report, her hand gently resting on her belly.

In just eight months, she and Tyrone would welcome their precious baby into the world.

She was eager to share the joyous news with him immediately.

Once they reached the airport, the driver strategically parked the car. "Are you going to call Mr. Blakely now?"

Checking her watch, Sabrina tried calling Tyrone, but the call went unanswered.

"His flight must be delayed. Let's wait a bit longer," Sabrina suggested.

Despite a lengthy wait, Tyrone was nowhere to be seen.

Another call, another attempt, but again, no response.

"Let's keep waiting."

Flight delays were a common occurrence, sometimes even stretching to a couple of hours.

Two hours later, Sabrina called Tyrone again. The phone was quickly picked up. "Tyrone, have you landed?"

There was an unexpected silence, followed by an unfamiliar female voice. "I'm sorry. Tyrone is in the restroom. He will call you back later."

Before Sabrina could reply, the call was abruptly ended.

She stared at her phone in confusion.

As far as she knew, Tyrone didn't have a female assistant with him on this trip.

Staring at the blank screen, Sabrina anxiously awaited Tyrone's call.

Soon, ten minutes elapsed.

Tyrone didn't call her back.

Five minutes later, Sabrina called him again.

After a lengthy wait, the phone was finally answered, and a familiar male voice greeted her. "Sabrina?"

"Tyrone, where are you? We are waiting for you at the airport."

There was a pause on the line. "Sorry, I forgot to switch on my phone after landing. I've already left the airport."

Sabrina's joy faded instantly. "Then...I'll wait for you at home. There's something I need to discuss with you."

"Same here. I have something to discuss too."

"I'll ask the cook to prepare your favorite dishes for dinner."

"Eat without me. I have some other commitments. I'll be home later."

Trying to hide her disappointment, Sabrina agreed. "Alright."

As she was about to end the call, the woman's voice could be heard again. "Tyrone, I'm sorry. I forgot to inform you that Sabrina called."

Sabrina's heart skipped a beat, and a frown creased her forehead. Just as she was about to ask Tyrone about the woman on the phone, the call abruptly ended.

Gazing at the phone screen, Sabrina pursed her lips in disappointment. She turned to the driver and said, "Let's head back home."

The driver, sensing her distress, drove her back home.

Despite the turmoil, Sabrina forced herself to eat for the sake of her unborn baby.

The TV was on in the living room.

She sat on the sofa with a cushion in her arms and looked at her watch frequently. She was not in the mood to watch what was on TV at all.

By ten o'clock, fatigue had overtaken her, and she drifted off to sleep.

Suddenly, she felt herself being lifted.

Half-awake, Sabrina detected a familiar scent mixed with a hint of alcohol. "Tyrone?" she murmured.