

Mr Ceo's Pregnant Ex-Wife Chapter 31 - 35

Fierce fear gripped through my heart, my air passage tightened and suspended my breath. My knuckles turned pale as my clutch tightened its pressure on the rectangular table, clinging to it for dear life. Impatiently, I waited for the doctor to erupt the news like a volcanic blast.

"Please Doc, tell me the truth. Am I dying?"

Striking brown eyes framed by thick eyelashes stared intently at me. Doc Tara, the stunning doctor of St. Luke's Hospital, said nothing. Her fingers nervously smoothened the curls of her gorgeous blonde hair as if buying some time to think how she would drop the news.

The silence that wrapped the air with suspense grew thicker. The deafening silence was making me anxious. I stared at the Doctor with wide, inquiring eyes, impatiently waiting to hear the news that I'm quite sure will turn my whole world upside down.

"Can I talk to your husband?" She said instead, making my pulse rate quicker. Is my condition that worst that the doctor needed my ex-husband's assistance?

Doctor Tara, who was considered a close family friend of the Greyson's was not informed about the divorce. Her husband worked in my ex-husband's company. It was surprising to learn that the heart-wrenching news did not reach her.

Not that she was to blame, few were aware that I was married to Ace Carter Greyson, and that includes my workmates who will never speak the truth in fear of endangering their lives. The handsome billionaire was no ordinary man, a snap of his fingers could destroy their entire lives....Just like what she did to me, I thought bitterly.

"You could just tell me straight away without him." I snapped irritably which I regretted instantly when the Doctor looked away, guilt flickering her eyes.

Her gaze lingered into the white vase longer than needed and I almost feared she had forgotten that I was there. Her expression provided me no clue to what she feels deep within. If only I can read someone's mind then she wouldn't have difficulty breaking the news.

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I have never been this scared before. I wished this was just a nightmare and soon I would wake up from inside my tiny room by the rattle of pans and plates as mom rushed to make breakfast for us before she left for work. If only that was the truth, instead of this horrifying ordeal I can never run away.

"I'm sorry but my ex-husband couldn't make it here," I whispered bravely. When I did not stutter I nearly applauded myself.

"It would be better if he was with you." She suggested.

Her eyes finally met mine. I saw how sobered she looked. Her tone was urgent as she spoke. I knew that moment that my condition was no joke.

"Please tell me now." I was desperate for answers. If pleading will make her tell the truth then I will beg until she tells me the news.

"I'm worried for you...." She said softly, concern were etched on her face.

I cleared my throat. "A-Ace c-couldn't possibly come here." I paused to swallow the trembling in my voice. "Today was his wedding day." The last words choked me painfully.

She was dumbfounded. For five straight minutes, she wasn't able to say a word. Her silence gave me the opportunity to continue.

"Ace and I were divorced... That was approximately four months ago. He moved on with wife number two. As I said, today was his wedding day." I added without breaking into tears. I even finished the words with flying colors. I made sure I filled in the crucial information she needed.

I stared out of the window and looked forward to a breath of fresh air. Inside the room, there were only the two of us but it felt crowded with the heavy atmosphere. I tried to ignore the dread I'm hiding but I couldn't just act like it didn't exist.

"I was not informed." Doctor Tara said when her composure was recovered. Her beautiful brown eyes couldn't deny how the astounding news appalled her.

I shifted my gaze back to her and smiled. "That's no surprise Doc. Ace and his whole family were busy with the wedding preparations."

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"I'm so sorry about your divorce." The good doctor offered her sympathy which I only smiled in return.

"I'm not sorry. It was a blessing in disguise." I replied, shocked by how I dealt with the situation with class and composure.

Doc Tara cleared her throat. I braced myself for the bad news when she finally retrieved the brown envelope from the drawer.

"Do you remember the day you begin to suffer from appetite loss, vomiting, tender breasts, and dizziness?" She began, forcing the words out in the calmest way possible and without tearing her gaze off me.

"Am I pregnant Doc?" My face sobered, the topic was no longer amusing. I stared at her with fearful eyes.

"There's worse than that Phoenix." For the first time since I arrived at her office, the doctor addressed my name.

"Dammit, Doc! Just tell me the result. I'm gonna die from a heart attack if you don't just spill the truth." I snapped when I couldn't bear the suspense anymore.

Doc Tara took a deep long breath and broke the news like a bomb. "You're both pregnant...and in critical condition!!!"

Mr Ceo's Pregnant Ex-Wife Chapter 32

It was too late to brace myself from the blow, the truth erupted like a bomb, it shattered my whole being. Lying on the cold, hard floor was my life—it was broken, and beyond repair.

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I was too numb to even respond that I did nothing but stared at her with empty, hollow eyes, incapable of holding emotions. This was beyond any nightmare's description....this was the definition of hell. Hell which Ace should be suffering... Not me.

"What happened Doc? My initial blood pregnancy test was negative!"

The Doctor flinched, but she said nothing, and calmly watched my sudden outburst. She was prepared that I would retaliate with expected ferocity.

Frustrations made me want to burst into tears but it just won't flow, my eyes were as stagnant as my emotions. My fingers were so cold... too cold that I could no longer feel it.

"Please tell me doc, is my critical condition due to my weak heart?"

Doc Tara looked sighed deeply and nodded her head. She pulled herself together before she began. "I know you are aware that you have Dilated cardiomyopathy or also called idiopathic dilated cardiomyopathy."

"Yes, I'm well aware that I have a weak heart with the chambers enlarged. You told me that I was not allowed to have children." I replied rather bitterly. "But I was headstrong and obstinate enough not to listen to advice because I want to have another child."

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"Pregnancy is an issue for women with heart problems, Phoenix. Your life will be in peril if you continue with the pregnancy."

"Mom had a weak heart too but she took the risk and gave birth to me. I'm not going to abort my baby. I rather die than resort to abortion just to save my life." I have never been as determined as I did now. I will continue with my pregnancy even if someone will aim a shotgun at my head.

Doc Tara smiled, the glint barely reached her eyes, it was a smile filled with silent sympathy. "In the past, many women with conditions such as cardiomyopathy might have been told it is not safe for them to have babies but based on my personal opinion, you still have a chance to deliver your baby safely by receiving high-quality specialist care. Just have faith, you will overcome all this."

I nodded. Deep within I was grateful that a window of hope opened. That tiny flickering hope was more than enough for me to have faith for tomorrow.

I was strong enough to overcome all this. I told myself as I walked out of Doc Tara's office.

Mr Ceo's Pregnant Ex-Wife Chapter 33

Hunger had finally taken over me. Before I went straight home, I headed straight to the nearest fast-food restaurant for a quick meal to satisfy my cravings. I couldn't wait to arrive

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home and eat since I had nothing to eat inside my room, and if there was anything edible, it needed some cooking which would be tedious against my growling stomach.

My baby kicked from my womb and I can't help as tenderness swelled inside me, she too was hungry and couldn't wait to eat chop suey and ice cream which is a weird combination and hell would break loose if I can't eat what I wanted so badly. Pregnant women had weird cravings so it's no wonder why I crave those.

Yeah, my baby was a she. Instinctively, I knew that my baby was a girl, call it motherly instinct or something. I would bet all I have that she was a baby girl. It was difficult to explain in words, I just felt it.

"Hold on baby, mommy will order our lunch. Just be patient and wait for a little while." I said as I slowly caressed the swell on my stomach which was barely visible from the loose formal long sleeve I wore.

My pregnancy was not physically obvious despite it being four months because probably I was tall and thin, and I always wore loose tops which I'm comfortable with. If Doctor Tara hadn't told me I was four months pregnant I would not even believe it. For the past four years, I was desperate to have another baby but failed consecutively. Now that it was the last thing on my mind, I received it without even trying so hard.

I pushed the door open, the bell chimed indicating a new customer had arrived. The cold air from the aircon greeted my face. I shivered from the sudden embrace of the cold temperature wishing I didn't forget to bring my blazer with me but I was in a rush before I hurriedly left, and the blazer was the last thing on my mind.

It was almost lunch hour and a lot of dine-in customers were settled on the tables that are organized in rows, unmindful of the customers and staff going to and fro as they indulge in the abundance of their savory meals.

There was a long line-up in front of the counter. The agonizing sight was making me sigh in exasperation. My legs ache and I blame that for my pregnancy.

The priority lane caught my attention, the last elderly couple was done with their orders and are now settled into their seats. The priority lane was now empty. Relief washed over my face and I immediately walked towards the counter. The accommodating staff, after eyeing

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my palms protectively caressing my stomach simply asked for my order. She must have recognized the maternal gesture which a pregnant woman possesses.

I sat on my seat and eagerly waited for my order to be served. When it finally arrived, my mouth watered from the sight. I attacked the food as if it was my last meal. I couldn't eat so gracefully when I was this hungry.

The sound of low voices conversing, quick hurried steps of fast-food staff going to and from, and the sound of the large tv screen flashing a shampoo commercial was the noise that I could hear all at the same time. I did my best to ignore them as I finished my food.

I requested a glass of water and a staff was kind enough to return so quickly with a glass of water in hand. I mumbled a thank you before he left.

I was preparing to leave when the commercial ended and the show returned. I paid no attention as I slowly made my way to the aisle when suddenly I froze when I heard my ex-husband's name.

I turned away from the view, the sight of the couple standing in front of the altar was sore in the eyes.

"Will you have this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife, to live together in holy marriage?"

I did not hear my ex-husband's response. I hurriedly walked out of the place before the last of my self-control snaps, and hurled the glass at the tv screen.

Mr Ceo's Pregnant Ex-Wife Chapter 34

I would be lying if I told myself that I don't love Ace. Of course, I do. If I don't love him that much we will not last for five long years. I admit, I'd been desperate for his unattainable love which made me hold on to our marriage for so long but my devotion finally stopped into an abrupt end when the harsh truth slapped me, suddenly my sensibilities returned, realization hit me—Ace was not the man meant for me.

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I guess, I never got tired of loving him but I got tired of the man he has become. That's why I set him free and give him the freedom he asks for but it doesn't mean that I could not get hurt seeing him marry Angela—the mistress turned to a legal wife. I am a person and not a wall that couldn't feel emotion.

Seeing him say I do, breaks my heart into shards. Yet, I could not do anything because he wasn't mine—well he never was.

I'm not made of stone nor I made of cement, of course, I'm fragile as glass and I break so easily. I am a woman of emotion. I am sensitive to pain that I cry so easily over things that hurt me. But despite my weakness, I have come to discover how strong I was and how strong I could be.

My name is Phoenix, it was the name mom gave me because my eyes were phoenix-shaped. Aside from that, the name was unique, beautiful, and it possessed a deep meaning. The bird Phoenix was said to rise from its ashes, spread its wings beautifully, and soar high into the sky. Maybe at the right time and the perfect moment, I could become as bright and as free as a bird too.

As I sat there in the park, I was able to tame the emotions that had overtaken me a while ago and now I was as calm as the soft billowing hair that played with my hair.

Instead of going back home, I decided to spend my time with nature where I could chill and relax while I pretend my problems don't exist. I was thankful that my plans worked and I felt so better now.

The bench shaded by an old tree was a perfect spot for me. As I sat there and weighed things out I realized that things were better this way. I reminded myself that I was better alone and this was for my good. I still have a long way to go, it's not the end of the world...only the beginning. I could not see positive results now but one day I would shine as bright as the stars.

I walked around the plaza when I got tired of sitting and watched as the children played on the playground with my eyes gleaming with satisfaction. They are so adorable, words wouldn't be enough to describe them. Their high-pitched laughter filled my heart with glee.

I was engrossed watching them play while softly caressing the swell on my stomach. I hope someday my daughter will have the same blissful childhood as those children.

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Faith. That is what I decided to name my daughter. Like those five-letter words, I have faith for the future. She will be born so beautifully as the future that awaits her.

The sky was growing darker, soon the rain would pour again. The last thing I wanted was to make my health worse by catching a cold. It's okay if I would be the only one to suffer but I don't want my baby to feel ill as well.

I hailed a cab, climbed inside, and tell the driver my destination. The car sped and I leaned comfortably on the backseat while my hands automatically flew to my stomach, caressing my womb where my baby was peacefully asleep.

Five minutes later, I safely reached my apartment. I paid the driver and clambered out of the car. Shocked wasn't enough to describe how I feel when I saw Ace standing in front of the apartment while desperately rattling the gates and calling my name.

He was still wearing the tuxedo he wore at the wedding ceremony. It took me a great amount of self-control not to march towards his direction and punched him hard on the face until his senses returned.

It was his wedding day. How could he march here after his wedding? Don't he have enough sensitivity with him?

"Phoenix! I know you're there. Please talk to me." He shouted. His fingers were wrapped into the closed gates, forcing it open. It was locked and only a key would make it open. So he just stood there, impatiently rattled the gates.

Soon the rain began to pour, I hid under a tree for protection. I was standing a meter away from him and it would be impossible that he would spot me there since his car blocked the view.

"I'm sorry, Ace," I mumbled and turned in the opposite direction, unmindful of the rain. Escaping was the only thing in my mind.

Before I could move further, a hard object landed on my head, almost breaking my skull, throbbing pain followed. I heard a loud thud on the ground—it was my body.

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Blood... There was blood flowing out of my broken skull, terror filled my spine with chill. Before I could understand what's happening, darkness swallowed me up. I have no strength left in me to fight so I allowed darkness to take me in.

Mr Ceo's Pregnant Ex-Wife Chapter 35

My eyes fluttered open. It was the dimly lit condo unit, located on the third floor of a huge building owned by my ex-husband which I found myself in.

The wound had stopped bleeding but the stain left a lasting mark on my white long sleeve that even zonrox couldn't erase. The wound in my head throbbed badly. I ignored the pain and fought the dizziness. I shifted my attention into the room.

Fierce fear gripped my heart when I saw Angela—still in her white virginal wedding gown—her white-gloved fingers were stained with fresh blood. She sat on the bed with elegance as if a photographer was just about to capture her preup photos. But instead of holding a fresh bouquet, it was a gun she clutched tightly around her fingers.

After she learned that her captive was awake, her lips stretched into a sadistic grin that sent shivers crawling into my skin. The gun she was holding was loaded and it made me feel so terribly scared for my life. Angela was a devil in disguise, she wouldn't think twice spluttering my brains on the flawless white floor using the gun.

If I would be able to jump off the window, it would be subject to a miracle if I could survive the fatal fall. It was dark outside. There's zero possibility that someone would spot me right away after jumping off the third floor of a building.

If I swam to the surface, I would run out of air before I could reach my destination....I will die from drowning.

"You're awake," Angela got up from the bed and I was left no time to think of another way of escaping. My eyes were now focused on her movements.

She toyed the gun with her fingers letting it bounce back and forth on her palms, unafraid that she might accidentally fire the gun.

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Anger made my eyes red. If looks could kill, she should be dead the moment my eyes shot her with daggers. Angela was the heartless culprit who hit me hard in the head using a baseball bat.

She wasn't content taking my ex-husband alone. She obviously wants to take my life too.

"Probably you're wondering why you're here right? And by now you probably knew why Phoenix!" She smiles again. It makes me want to rip that smile off her face using my fingernails.

"I wish you would rot in hell after you dispatch me. You can never hide the truth. You! You can remodel your body but you can't change your rotten attitude!" I spat and watched as her face twisted into an ugly mask of rage.

Smack!

My lips bled from the blow after the gun hit my lips. I swear, I never wanted to kill anyone the way I wanted to kill her now.

"Don't you dare insult me!" She screamed, flailing her arms in anger. "You must learn how to respect me

"You don't deserve an ounce of my respect," I screamed with equal ferocity, my teeth gritted with fury. "Respect is earned not given. A home-wrecker like you with no self-respect was not entitled to one!"

Smack!

I was hit twice but I no longer could feel the pain. The bubbling fury wanting to erupt from inside me was anesthesia that numbed me from pain. I badly want to escape from the ropes and smash Angela's face to the wall. If only I could escape, I will attack her like a wild animal just to get even.

"Stop your foul mouth or else, I would pull the trigger, you piece of trash, and throw your body into the dumpsite where you belong!"

My strong urge to remain alive was enough to silence me. I was carrying a child, if I die, she will die too. I can never let that happen. Never!!

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I cast her a look filled with both disgust and loathing in which she just smiled. "Before I kill you, I want to torture you first." Hysterical laughter filled the room. I doubt Angela's sanity in between gritted teeth and scrunched eyebrows.

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