

Divorced My Cheating Husband, Married A Billionaire

#Chapter 1: Pregnant - Read Divorced My Cheating Husband, Married A Billionaire Chapter 1: Pregnant

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What would happen if the legal wife confronted her husband's mistress?

Riley imagined she would remain composed. After all, she was in the right, and she had every reason to fight, but her body unknowingly shook from anger. It was challenging to contain the hatred she harbored for this woman before her.

"What are you doing here?" Claire Monet, the young mistress, asked.

Riley Allen Martin, twenty-seven, the legal wife and accomplished jewelry designer, responded fiercely, "I decided to fight for my marriage."

"But you've already agreed to the divorce," Claire reacted, her big blue eyes narrowing and her face darkening.

Ignoring Claire, Riley attempted to walk past her, but Claire grabbed her wrist and pointed out, "I'm pregnant with Brian's child."

Pulling her arm away, Riley curtly said, "I need to talk to—"

"Ahhh! Miss Riley? What did I do to you?" Before Riley knew it, Claire was sprawled on the floor, calling, "Brian, she pushed me! Help! Our baby!"

Stupefied, Riley was shocked by the girl's theatrics! Riley had seen such scenes in movies, where the mistress pretended to be mistreated by the legal wife, but she did not expect this from a twenty-year-old, innocent-looking girl.

Brian Martin, Riley's husband, rushed towards them with fury in his eyes. When Riley met his gaze, a firm slap hit her face, sending her gracelessly to the tiled floor.

"How could you, Riley? You knew Claire is pregnant! Why are you trying to take away the one thing you could not give me?!" Brian yelled while pointing a finger at Riley. "Why are you even here? Do you want to cause trouble? I know you are mad at me, but don't take it on Claire. She did not know I was married! She is innocent. I told you this many times!"

They were at the old Martins' mansion, the house of Riley's in-laws. She knew Brian would introduce his mistress to his family that day, but Riley had very important news to tell Brian, so she came uninvited, hoping to talk with her husband. Unfortunately for Riley, Claire was the one who opened the door.

"I did not push her! She fell by—" Riley couldn't finish her words because she felt pain in her abdomen. She was in so much agony she thought her hips were breaking! Gasping for air and clutching her stomach, she raised her upper body from the floor.

As Brian pulled his mistress closer to him, his mother, Beatrice Martin, raced in their direction and snapped at Riley, "If anything happens to my grandchild, Riley, I will never forgive you! You were married to Brian for four years, but you could not give us a grandchild! You are a barren woman!"

"I did not push her! Would you rather believe Claire? Was I not part of this family for four years? I am still your daughter-in-law!" Riley retorted.

"Not anymore! You lost that privilege when you could not give me a grandchild! You shouldn't have come here and caused any trouble! You already agreed to divorce my son!" Beatrice yelled at Riley. Then, she turned to her son and ordered, "Bring Claire to the hospital quickly. We need to make sure my grandchild is safe!"

Riley shot her husband a deadly stare. For a fleeting moment, she saw guilt in his eyes, but after Brian glanced at the weeping woman against his chest, he rushed out of the mansion with Claire in his arms. He did not care about Riley at all.

Divorce? Yes, Riley and Brian had already discussed the divorce two weeks ago.

Months prior, her husband of four years had turned cold towards Riley. His kisses were short and unfeeling. He no longer made love to her. He came home late every night, and made excuses, saying he attended to his family's investments, but in truth, he was spending time with his young mistress.

How did she discover her husband's betrayal? Two months ago, she received an anonymous email containing images of Brian and Claire entering a hotel and sharing late-night meals. In each picture, Riley couldn't help but notice the affection in Brian's eyes for the young woman, a gaze reminiscent of the one he once reserved solely for her.

Along with those photos was a copy of a sale deed to a condominium in Claire Monet's name. The email also suggested that Claire and her family were moving into the luxury residential home the next day.

Claire Monet had no money, and Claire's family certainly did not have any. She was a food attendant at a KTV bar. Only Brian could have purchased the condo for his mistress.

Riley barged into the condo the next day and caught Claire and her family as they moved their things. Naturally, her husband was also at the residential unit. He dropped a box of plates on the floor, shocked to come face to face with his wife.

Brian's betrayal caused Riley emotional trauma, but she could not easily discard four years of happy marriage. Thus, Riley and her husband have tried to work out their relationship. Brian even took Riley on vacation, attempting to relive their honeymoon stage. They aired out their sentiments and promised to get past his infidelity.

Riley earnestly thought she could save her marriage, but two weeks ago, her husband did not return home one evening. Brian came back the next afternoon, telling her that Claire was two months

pregnant and that he needed to take responsibility.

She could not forget those painful words that left his lips, the way he looked into her eyes filled with regret. Back then, Brian said, "I love you, Riley. I do. You will always have a special place in my heart, but I realize now that Claire holds more weight. I love her too, and she is pregnant with my child. It's the one thing you cannot give me. You know that I have always wanted to have a child. I'm sorry, Riley. I have decided to file for a divorce. I will marry Claire. I hope one day, you will find someone willing to accept you the way you are."

It was a slap on Riley's face indeed because it was true. Riley was diagnosed with a congenital fallopian tube blockage, which prevented her from getting pregnant. She received surgery a year ago, and she and Brian have been trying to conceive since.

So, that was her story. That was how Riley ended up in this tragic love story. Her husband, her lover and friend of seven years total, chose to abandon her for a woman he just met five months ago... because Claire was pregnant with his child.

"Riley, you need to leave," Brian's father, Darwin Martin, offered his hand. After he helped Riley up on her feet, he said, "Have pride in yourself, Riley. I respect those times you have been a good daughter-in-law, but we will not tolerate your actions today. That child in Claire's womb is innocent -"

Riley's eyes rounded in anger. She maintained, "Father, no -"

"Oh, stop it!" Beatrice interrupted. "Why can't you just leave this family with dignity? Can't you accept that Brian is now in love with Claire? Just get out of here! We will call you when the divorce papers are ready!"

The mansion's caretaker quickly grabbed Riley and dragged her out the door. It was so humiliating for Riley. She gathered all her courage to be there, only to be hurt. No one was on her side, not her husband, not her in-laws, not the maids, and most certainly not the heavens.

Riley felt her cheek burning from Brian's slap, and her abdomen was in terrible discomfort. Despite this, she forced herself to drive out of the Martins' estate in her

BMW. However, as she continued down the road, the pain in her stomach grew more severe.

"Why did I even go there?" She scolded herself as tears rolled down her cheeks.
"Stupid, Riley! Stupid!"

Riley sensed something trickle down her legs, and when she looked, she saw blood! Fear crept into her heart, and she cried, "No. No." Placing a hand on her belly, she said, "My baby!"

It was ironic.

Brian wanted to divorce Riley because she could not give him a child, but earlier that day, she discovered that she was five weeks pregnant.

Riley pulled over on the side of the road. She rolled down her windows and called for help, "Anyone, please! Help me! I need to go to the hospital!"

As she waited for help, Riley continued to cry, her tears blurring her vision. All her misery came rushing back—her husband's betrayal, her in-laws' treatment, and the deception behind Claire's innocent face!

"Ahhh!" She shouted with clenched fists, "Why, Brian? Why?"

The door to her car suddenly opened, and a man's strong arms carried her frame.

Chapter 2: Adrian King

"My baby!" Riley woke up with her hand on her belly, her heart beating wildly. "My baby _"

"Riley, calm down—" Riley turned to a man who was calling her name. She was shocked by his presence and initially could not grasp what he was saying.

Next to her hospital bed was Adrian King, the first son of the wealthiest family in the city of Halliport. Though there was a noticeable change in him, Riley immediately recognized him. He was a figure from her past, someone who had become a stranger to both her and her husband.

On a normal and happy day, Riley was like a ray of sunshine. She possessed long, wavy blonde hair, a heart-shaped face, and dazzling green eyes. However, that day, Riley did not have to look in the mirror to know she was a mess. Hours earlier, she had been crying her heart out in her car, only to be saved by a stranger. After undergoing medical evaluations and treatments, she passed out due to emotional stress. And now, she found herself back in her miserable state, panicking in an unfamiliar hospital room.

"Riley, the baby is—" Adrian's voice was barely audible as he attempted to explain.

Riley was still bewildered at seeing Adrian, but after he spoke, she faintly asked, "What? What is it, Adrian?"

Adrian heaved a sigh, shook his head, and said in an unhappy tone, "You lost the baby, Riley. I'm sorry."

At first, Riley just sat there. The words he said rang in her head, 'You lost the baby, Riley. I'm sorry.'

Tears stung her eyes before she uttered, "No... No. No!"

"I'm sorry," Adrian said.

"No! It can't be!" She screamed. "I wanted this so bad—for so many years!"

"I don't care about Brian; I just want my child! Adrian, please tell me it's not true," Riley exclaimed. She recalled all her efforts in trying to conceive: the hospital visits, the surgery, the injections, and all the supplements she had to take.

She was finally pregnant, but she lost her child. Why was the world so unfair?

"It can't be true. It can't!" Her nose flared, and she threw her pillow out of anger. Riley didn't care that she was unknowingly aiming at Adrian King. Right now, all she cared about was her grief.

"Calm down, Riley," Adrian suggested.

"No!" Riley's tears clouded her sight. She exclaimed, "I can't calm down! I can't—"

Riley did not know when or how it happened, but the next thing she knew, Adrian's arms were tightly wrapped around her frame. He ordered, "Calm down, I said! Calm. Down."

"I hate Brian! I hate him! This is all his fault!" Riley expressed. She cried even more, so much that her tears stained Adrian's expensive suit.

Out of nowhere, she recalled her hopes after getting the surgery. She carelessly spoke her mind as her tears continued to flow down her delicate face, "I—I was going to take care of my baby, sing him a song, put him to sleep, bring him to school—this—this was finally my moment."

Riley was inconsolable. Her body shook with each bitter word that left her lips, and her cries echoed with raw emotion. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were swollen from the torrent of tears.

While Riley continued to pour out her heart, she felt Adrian's embrace tightening around her waist and back. Despite not understanding why he was there and offering her support, she didn't object. At that moment, Riley was open to accepting comfort from anyone.

Riley also strengthened her hold around Adrian. She cried and cried until her tears ran dry. She did not know how long she remained in his arms until she fell silent. Her hold loosened around Adrian, and he pulled away. Her arms gently landed on her lap, her eyes looking distant.

There were a good few minutes of silence with Riley just thinking about her pregnancy. She didn't utter a word, and neither did the man before her.

When she finally looked at Adrian, she wiped her face carelessly with her hands and asked, "Did - did they try everything to save my baby?"

"Of course," he replied confidently. "But—"

Adrian gulped and spoke in a deep yet soft voice, "I should let the doctor explain this to you."

With his strong arms, he maneuvered himself from the bed and settled into his wheelchair. It took a moment, but eventually, Riley reacted, frowning. She thought, 'Wait, what? Adrian King is still in a wheelchair?'

Riley remembered how Adrian King was in a skiing accident many years ago, which led to his inability to walk without support. However, she certainly did not expect Adrian to be in a wheelchair until this day.

"I'll go get the doctor," Adrian said before moving his motorized wheelchair out the door. "Doctor Martin? Zia? She is awake! Come here immediately! Talk to her. I can't—I can't with the baby."

'Zia?' Riley winced at the name. 'Zia Martin?'

The last thing she needed right now was to see another Martin, but could Zia be someone she could confide in? Yes, Zia is a Martin, but a distant cousin of Brian, an obstetrician-gynecologist.

Shortly, Zia walked into the hospital room. Guilt reflected on her face as she slowly paced toward Riley. Before Riley could say anything, Zia embraced her tightly, crying for Riley. "I'm sorry about the baby, Riley. I'm sorry about my stupid cousin! I will never forgive him for hurting you like this."

Unable to hold back her emotions, Riley cried again.

"Usually, miscarriages before thirteen weeks do not require hospitalization, but you were bleeding more than expected, so I wanted to keep you here for at least two days to ensure there are no complications," Zia cautiously explained to Riley. "I suspect it wasn't just the fall. You were emotionally stressed, and that wasn't healthy."

It had been more than an hour since she learned of the miscarriage, but Riley still did not want Zia to leave her side. So, as her doctor, Zia explained everything that had happened to her.

Holding Riley's hand, Zia said, "There is a reason for everything, Ri. Just believe. I pray that someday you will have another child with the right man. Obviously, Brian isn't the right man for you. You deserve better."

With a sad expression painted on her face, Riley gazed at Zia and weakly responded, "Thank you, Zia."

Just then, Riley turned to the door and saw Adrian staring at her through the small opening. Riley was so consumed by her sadness that she did not notice Adrian had been outside the door the whole time. And, of course, the door was left ajar.

"Adrian—why is he here?" Barely a whisper, Riley asked.

Zia looked perplexed. She turned to the door before looking back at Riley. She reluctantly replied, "It was Mister King who brought you to the hospital—well, his assistant carried you to the Emergency

Room."

"Oh," Riley weakly responded.. With a downward glance, she murmured, "I should thank him."

Zia looked out the door and suggested, "Well, let me give you a chance to do that. I also need to attend to other patients, but I'll be back."

After Zia excused herself, Adrian entered. Riley felt the temperature in the room drop like the man brought Antarctica with him. Her throat was paper dry at that point, but she managed to say, "Thank you for bringing me here."

It wasn't just any hospital; it was the best in Halliport, The King's Medical Center, a facility owned by Adrian's family.

"We happened to pass by your car, and I noticed that you were in distress. Of course, I had to help," Adrian spoke calmly, his eyes staring straight at her.

"You must have missed a very important appointment," Riley remarked, scanning the room. When her eyes fell on the wall clock, she was stunned to see that it was already past ten in the evening. It was noon when she left the Martins' mansion, which meant that Adrian had spent ten hours helping her!

Riley's lips parted, but she struggled to find the words. It took another moment for her gaze to return to Adrian. "One day, I will return the favor. I hope you will let me."

Adrian raised his chin, his expression determined. "Remember your words, Riley Allen, because I will collect. For now, you take your rest. Eat well. I will be back."

A heavy silence filled the room as Adrian left, lingering for a good minute.

When Riley was all alone, she gulped, her heart racing a little. She wondered what Adrian meant. "He will collect?"

Chapter 3: Save That Child

In another hospital, Brian Martin held his mistress' hand. Claire was crying in bed, assuming her situation had gotten worse.

"Brian, I might lose our baby. Your wife, she—she tried to kill our baby," Claire's tear-streaked face bore a look of anguish as she said.

"I should have just left the city and raised this baby on my own! I'd rather my baby live a peaceful life than be hated by your wife," Claire added. "Why did you have to make me a mistress, Brian? Why?"

"I'm sorry, Claire. This was my fault." Brian embraced Claire tightly. He stayed by her side until she cried herself to sleep. Seconds turned into minutes, and Brian continued to stroke her back until he lay her flat on the bed.

Brian wiped the tear stains on his lover's face, feeling helpless. He thought back to the time when he first met Claire.

A few months ago, Brian had a business meeting with a VIP client named Mr. Leopard in a high-end KTV bar. They rented a private room, and Claire walked in as the main food attendant. Immediately, Brian was smitten by her beauty. She had the face of an angel, with big blue eyes, an amiable smile, and light brown hair. Of course, at twenty years old, she had that smoking hot, slender body.

Mr. Leopard tried to make a pass at her, but Brian interfered. That was how it all began. Brian lost a client, but he gained a young lover.

Despite being seven years older than Claire, Brian captured her heart. After all, he was a good-looking man with blue eyes, a well-built physique, and dark blond hair.

When Brian secretly pursued Claire, he lied about his marital status. At first, Brian thought it was merely an infatuation. He took Claire on a few dates, but after their first intimate night, he became obsessed with her. The more time Brian spent with Claire, making love to her, the deeper his love for her grew.

To Brian, Claire and his child were innocent. Thus, he couldn't accept what Riley had done. He knew he was to blame for all of this, but still, it was wrong for Riley to hurt an unborn child.

"It isn't your fault, Son. You have been married for four years, but Riley could not give you a child. Your meeting with Claire was fate," Beatrice, his mother, suggested. "Now, we just need to do everything we can to save your child. When we get through this, we will make sure Riley no longer has any connection with us or your company."

Beatrice had been standing behind Brian the whole time. She had arrived at the hospital an hour ago to see Claire's condition. After consoling Brian, she said, "Son, why don't we ask for Zia's help?"

At the mention of Zia, Brian nodded. His distant cousin, Zia Martin, was one of the best new gynecologists in town. She was so good that The King's Medical Center had absorbed her since her residency.

Moments later, Brian stepped out of Claire's room. He was about to call Zia when Riley's number came up first on his mobile screen. His brows drew together, and he could not help but be angered. He called Riley first and gave her a piece of his mind.

"What do you want, Bri—" Riley's words were cut off.

"Are you happy now, Riley? My child is in danger. Is this your form of revenge?" Brian said. "Because of what you did, I have fully decided to erase you from my heart. Even if Claire has a miscarriage, I will still marry her, and we will have another child!"

"Children," Brian repeated. "It's something you will never have the privilege of experiencing, but Claire and I will. We will have many."

"You have no idea what you are talking about, Brian. If you only knew what I have been through," Riley said. "I—"

"I know! I cheated on you and hurt you, but it's nothing compared to what you have done, Riley. You tried to hurt a pregnant woman. You knew very well that Claire was innocent in all of this!" Brian pointed out.

He could hear Riley breathing deeply on the other line. She tried to reason, "You just -"

"Enough! I don't want to hear it!" Brian yelled before ending the call. He released all his anger in one corner of the hospital hallway before finally calling his cousin.

As soon as Zia answered, he asked, "Zia, I need your help. You might already know that—there's a woman—"

"Who is pregnant with your child, and she is not your wife," Zia finished for him.

"Zia!" Brian said angrily. "Don't speak that way to the mother of my child. I love her. Claire is pregnant, and I will take responsibility. Riley and I are getting a divorce."

"Do you even know what's going on with Riley, Brian?" Zia asked.

"I don't care about Riley right now! I only care about my child!" Brian snapped. "Zia, I don't have a lot of time. I need your help. I might lose my child! Riley pushed her! Can you please see my girlfriend?"

"First of all, Brian, I can't treat anyone outside the King's Medical Center. I have a contract," Zia replied. "Second, you actually believe your mistress?"

Brian gasped. As much as he wanted to bring Claire to the King's Medical Center, he couldn't. He had a beef with Adrian King, one of the hospital's owners. Moreover, it was farther away compared to the one Claire was currently admitted to.

"Zia, I saw everything with my own eyes. Riley pushed Claire," Brian insisted. "Please, Zia. Help me -"

"You saw it? Are you sure?" Zia asked.

Before Brian could respond, his phone died. "Fuck."

Back at the King's Medical Center, Adrian King's assistant had arrived to fetch him. Adrian was about to leave when he overheard Zia's conversation with Brian Martin.

Brian's name made Adrian's blood boil, and his hands clenched into fists as he stared at Zia's back. He coldly asked, "What did he want?"

Zia abruptly turned to him, nearly dropping her phone. "Goodness, Mister King. You startled me," she gasped, then continued, "It's my cousin. He wants me to treat his mistress. He said that he might lose his baby—"

"Go to him," Adrian instructed.

Zia's mouth fell on the floor. She cleared her throat and clarified, "What? Did you just say—"

"Go to wherever he is and help treat his woman," Adrian replied. "You must do everything in your capability to save the child. Do you understand me? I give you permission."

"Wh—What? Why?" Zia asked in frustration.

Adrian could tell Zia was completely bemused, but he wasn't about to tell her. He took a deep breath, concealed all of his emotions, and lazily replied, "There is a reason for everything I do. Endorse Riley's care to Doctor Hernandez and go to Brian first thing in the morning. Remember, you must save the child's life."

"Make sure that Riley gets everything she needs," Adrian added. "I'll be back to see her tomorrow afternoon."

Because Zia was still standing there in utter shock, Adrian strengthened his voice, "Zia? Doctor Martin? Am I clear?"

"Ye - Yes, Mister King," Zia acknowledged before bowing in his presence.

While Adrian controlled his wheelchair, moving toward the lift, his assistant followed behind him. He heard Zia say, "Mister King? Adrian? Can I just say you are one strange man?"

Adrian stopped his wheelchair, and his assistant halted with him. His expression was nonchalant as he glanced sideways and said, "I'm not strange. I just -"

He gulped and decided to keep his thoughts to himself. Instead, he reminded the doctor, "Remember what I said, Zia."

Chapter 4: Beef Cubes Vs. Steak

"At six in the morning, Zia came to see Riley first. She reported, "Brian asked me to help check on his... on his..."

Zia's words were cut off because Riley resumed, "Claire? He asked you to check on Claire?"

Riley frowned, thinking about how Brian blamed her last night. He wouldn't even listen to her. Then she softly replied, "You should help in any way."

"I hate him, and I hate that innocent-looking lover of his even more, but it doesn't mean an unborn child should be deprived of the best medical help. I know you are one of the best new doctors right now, Zia," Riley said. "So, you should. At least he would get off my back, I hope."

Riley saw Zia's complicated expression. Zia sighed and replied, "You really are a good person, Riley. My cousin doesn't deserve you."

Zia took a few steps back and said, "I better go."

"Zia?" Riley asked.

Looking down, Riley paused and pondered. Then she decided, "I don't want to have anything to do with Brian anymore. I—I don't think you need to tell him about the miscarriage. He—he doesn't care."

The thought of her husband's words the other night brought tears to Riley's eyes. "They wanted me to leave the family without troubling Claire and Brian, so I will."

"Are—are you sure, Riley?" Zia asked.

Riley nodded. She said, "I don't want Brian to come looking back for me, be confused, or feel guilty. I want him out of my life, so I also don't want him to know that I had a miscarriage."

"Maybe in the future, I will tell him. I don't know," Riley muttered. "For now, I don't want to be bothered by him and his family anymore."

Zia's reluctantly replied, "Okay. I understand. I'll try to hold back."

"It's nice to meet you, Doctor Zia," Claire Monet greeted. She had such doe eyes; anyone would think she was blameless.

Zia stood before Claire in a hospital room at Halliport's General Hospital, and she could not help but think, 'She is so young—a child! Brian has become a sugar daddy!'

"Hello, Claire. I'm here to check on you," Zia responded.

Before a resident doctor, Brian and Beatrice Martin, Zia reviewed Claire's medical chart. After half an hour, she gave her instructions, "I will prescribe dydrogesterone and progesterone gels, together with her prenatal vitamins, to thicken the lining of her uterus. It will keep the baby safe. She must be on complete bed rest for one month in the hospital with a twenty-four-hour nurse to watch over her, and she will need regular ultrasounds to monitor the baby and the condition of her uterus."

"Is—is that necessary?" Claire weakly asked. "I want to go home."

"You want the baby to live, right?" Zia asked Claire.

Claire nodded shyly and said, "Yes, yes, of course."

"Then, do everything I say," Zia responded.

The truth was that Zia thought the baby was out of danger. However, Adrian King's instructions were clear: this child in Claire's womb must live. Thus, she might have exaggerated her doctor's orders.

Also, noticing how emotionally distraught the girl was over the false trauma she had created, Zia turned to Brian. She suggested, "Brian, you must be with her to support her emotionally. If this baby is important, you must give your time. She is not allowed to feel depressed or sad."

"My son will make time," Beatrice said. She looked at Brian and confirmed, "Right, Son?"

Zia faked a smile, saying, "I will coordinate Claire's progress with the resident."

"Make sure to eat healthy, Claire," Zia addressed Brian's mistress before reminding her cousin. "Make sure she gets all the nutrition she needs."

"I will. Thank you, Zia, for coming to see Claire," Brian said.

Zia exited the room with the resident doctor when Brian chased after her. He said, "Zia, thank you very much."

"I didn't want to, Brian, but -" Zia paused. She suddenly remembered what Riley had told her about keeping the miscarriage from Brian.

She sighed angrily and said, "I don't get you, Brian. Why are you replacing Riley with this child? You've been married to her for four years and have known her since college. Is it because she's young? Is it the sex? Claire hasn't even finished college, while Riley is an accomplished jewelry designer! How can you choose beef cubes when you have a steak at home?"

"Stop it!" Brian said angrily. "Be careful what you say. Claire has more potential than you think. She just didn't have the same opportunities as Riley."

"Claire is innocent," Brian insisted. "She didn't want to be part of this, but she got pregnant. She needs my support, so I have to take responsibility. Moreover, Riley couldn't give me a child, so stop questioning me and just support me—"

"You don't know what you—" Zia stopped herself, recalling her promise to Riley. Was there a point in telling Brian that he had just killed his son? "I swear to god, Brian, you will regret—"

"Mr. Martin?" Zia was this close to telling Brian the truth about Riley's miscarriage, but someone interrupted their heated exchange.

A resident doctor approached Brian and reported, "Mister Martin, Miss Allen is awake. What should I tell her?"

Brian froze. He gulped and answered, "You need to call Riley—"

"Renee is awake?" Beatrice Martin stepped out of the room, having heard the conversation. "Finally! We have spent too much money on her!"

Zia did not get to speak to Brian anymore because her aunt, Beatrice, had pulled Brian aside, and they debated on something clearly important. Whatever it was they were talking about, Zia saw a hint of malice in her aunt's eyes.

'Miss Allen? Renee Allen?' Zia's recollection dawned as she remembered that this was Riley's mother.

Renee Allen had been involved in a car accident five months prior and had remained in a coma ever since. This was why Riley had been preoccupied. Maybe she was too busy visiting her mother and attending to Miss Allen's needs, and Riley didn't notice signs of Brian's betrayal.

At the King's Medical Center, Riley ate her hospital food with no enthusiasm. She had coleslaw and beef steak. Although the food looked enticing, it seemed so bland to her. Her heart was still aching from everything that was happening in her life.

Riley's phone rang suddenly. She picked it up, and upon seeing the name, she panicked. It was her mother's doctor!

"Hello, Doctor Wilson? How is my mom?" Riley asked on the phone.

"Mrs. Martin, your mother woke up from her coma earlier today. She has been asking for you. You must see her. Her recovery depends on it. Please, Misses Martin, this is important," the doctor said.

Riley immediately cried upon hearing the news. Her marriage may have failed, but at least her mom was now awake. She replied, "Thank you! Thank you! That's good news. Thank you for calling me Doctor Wilson."

"You are welcome, Mrs. Martin. There is just one problem, though," The doctor revealed.

"What is it?" Riley asked, still sobbing.

"Your mother needs a refill on her medications, but your—your husband, Mr. Martin? He has not paid for your mother's medical fees for three months now, and he said that he won't. He said he wants to talk to you first," the doctor resumed, shocking Riley.

Riley's lips trembled upon hearing this. She thought, 'Brian had not paid for three months? How could Brian do this?'

"Mrs. Martin?" The Doctor repeated.

"How come you never told me this, Doctor?" Riley asked.

"Mr. Martin always promised to pay and specifically instructed not to tell you, except until today when I met him," the doctor replied.

Riley felt her heart constricting again. What in the world was Brian doing with the money allocated for her mother's hospital fees?

She and Brian had a company together. Well, technically, it was his money, but Riley co-managed the business. Together, they created Brey Jewelry & Apparel Co. Brian was the CEO, while Riley was the design director. Brian had given her shares of the company, and as a couple, they had agreed to pay the hospital with Riley's profit shares. So, where had the money gone?

Her heart pounded violently as she replied, "Doctor, let me call Brian first because he should have made those payments."

"Okay, Mrs. Martin. I'll wait for your feedback. More than anything, your mother needs you for her own healing," the doctor on the other line suggested.

Riley nodded. She responded, "I understand. I'll be there."

After ending the call, Riley contacted her husband, Brian. When he answered, Riley curtly asked, "Why didn't you pay my mom's hospital bill?"

"I was going to pay, but I got occupied," Brian replied. "I will pay it right away as long as you sign the divorce papers today. Our lawyers are bringing the documents to me. Where are you?"

Chapter 5: The Favor

Riley knew Zia would oppose her leaving, but her mother's life was at stake. The nurses mentioned that Zia was still due to report for work in eight hours. Riley could not wait. So, Riley decided to sign a discharge waiver against medical advice.

After leaving the hospital, Riley went to her mother's house to freshen up and change. Later, she arrived at the Halliport General Hospital.

"I'm in the lobby. Where are you?" Riley asked Brian over the phone.

"In the ICU floor," Brian replied coldly. "Hurry."

In the four years of her marriage to Brian, Riley had earned a lot while leading their company's design team. However, she had also spent lavishly on her mother.

Renee Allen was a single mother who had made many sacrifices to raise Riley. When Riley began earning decent money, she bought her mother a house, car, jewelry, and other luxuries. Riley also had her own investments. Asset-wise, she could cover the hospital bills herself, but she lacked liquid funds, making Brian paying the bill the quickest solution.

When Riley arrived at the ICU, she saw Brian and his mother standing in the waiting area. She shook her head and walked toward them.

Thankfully, no one was nearby. Brian immediately handed her the divorce papers. "Sign this, and I'll pay your mother's hospital bill."

Riley felt Brian's curious gaze on her while his mother, Beatrice, was evidently glaring. Riley took the document, found a seat, and read the terms. She was shocked by his decision—he was taking back all her shares!

Riley's brows met. She clarified, "You are taking back my shares?"

"I funded the company," Brian explained. "I gave you the shares so I can take them back. As part of the divorce settlement, you'll receive five million dollars, and I'll cover your mother's hospital bill up to the current date."

Riley took a deep breath. Sure, she had no monetary investment in the company, but she had put in a lot of blood, sweat, and tears. She reacted, "That may be true, but you can't deny how I contributed to the company's success."

"Says who? You are a mere jewelry designer. My son can readily hire another one. You only got the director position because you are Brian's wife!" Beatrice Martin said in a harsh tone.

Beatrice's dislike for Riley stemmed from Brian's investment choices. She had always wanted him to invest in movies and real estate, not jewelry. However, Riley had always dreamed of becoming a jewelry designer, so Brian created the jewelry company for her.

Since Riley and her mother-in-law were not necessarily on good terms, it no longer surprised her that the older Mrs. Martin sided with Brian's mistress.

Riley read through the other terms in the contract. When she did, she grimaced and said, "You want me to give up all claims to my previous designs? Despite them being my designs?"

"The company's designs, Riley. As an employee, all your work belongs to the company," Brian corrected. "And aside from that, you'll need to be dismissed, Riley."

"We both know it will never work in our situation," he described. "The next part of the agreement will include a hundred-thousand-dollar compensation for your dismissal."

"Think about it, Riley. We won't have anything to do with each other after this," Brian concluded. "I'll move on with my life, and so should you."

'It still hurts,' Riley mused. No matter how much Riley thought about it, the pain lingered in her heart. However, she acknowledged Brian was right. Even though she felt she wasn't paid enough for her jewelry designs, she wanted this. This was an opportunity to have no more connections with Brian and his family.

Riley took a deep breath. She shut her eyes and focused on her anger. Brian had caused her emotional stress and pushed her to the floor for his mistress. He had caused her miscarriage.

When Riley opened her eyes, a tear fell down her face. Looking straight at Brian's eyes, she said with conviction, "I regret everything. I regret loving you and marrying you. You are right. I don't want anything to do with you. I hate you. It's better this way."

Riley noticed the shock on Brian's face. However, she did not give him a chance to react. She signed her name and the other copies of the agreement.

Brian later awkwardly gave her the check, which Riley stuffed in her purse. She rose from her seat and demanded, "Now, pay the hospital fees, Brian. From this day onwards, we are strangers."

After leaving Brian and Beatrice, Riley went straight to the ICU. Her chest was congesting, still pained from seeing her husband. However, the second she saw her mother, she felt a sense of relief. She cried. Indeed, her mother was awake, and she was no longer connected to the ventilator.

Renee had her hands raised, reaching out to Riley.

"Ri—" Renee attempted to speak, but no words came out.

"Stay still, Mom. Stay still." Riley said before embracing her mother. "I'm here. I'm here. I'm not leaving you. You are going to get better soon. We will be together again."

Behind Riley, the doctor explained, "Since we had just removed her from the ventilator, it will take a few days for her voice to come back."

"We had already explained to her what happened. So far, she is responsive, nodding, and crying. So, she understands her situation. She simply needs more time to recover her strength," the doctor added. Content © provided

Riley remained to hold her mother. At that point, she thought it was okay. She lost her husband and her baby, but she had her mother back. She supposed it was heaven's way of giving her something she had lost, and her mother was more than enough.

While tears continued to flow down her cheeks, Riley said, "Thank you! Thank you for my mother's recovery."

A few hours later.

"Mrs. Martin-

"Please, stop calling me that. Brian and I have already divorced," Riley explained to Doctor Wilson.

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that," the doctor responded.

From outside the ICU rooms, Doctor Wilson discussed Renee's treatment plan, "We will start your mother with a soft diet: water and gel-based food, but most of her nutrition will still be delivered through IV. It's the rehabilitation that I am very concerned about. While we offer basic rehabilitation, our hospital is not fully equipped. We highly recommend moving your mother's care to the King's Medical Center. They have the best doctors and high-end facilities."

With the doctor's suggestion, Riley replied, "I think that's a good idea too."

When the doctor left, Riley received a call from Zia. She said, "Riley, how could you do this to me? Do you not realize I could get fired for leaving the hospital?"

"Zia, you won't get fired. I signed a waiver," Riley responded. "I texted you all the details. My mom is awake. She needs me."

"No, that's not it! The boss will fire me! You were my responsibility!" Zia said before making a fake cry over the phone.

"Boss?" Riley inquired. "You mean Adrian King? Don't be silly, Zia. Why would he?"

"He - he," On the other line, Riley could hear a man's voice talking to Zia, and she assumed it was Adrian. When Zia came back on the phone, she said, "Mister King said he came back to the hospital to collect a favor you promised."

'A favor?' Riley thought. Then, she remembered how they had this discussion last night.

"Oh, I see." Riley gulped. "I'm not running away. I just needed to see my mom. Right now, she is all that I have left, Zia."

Before Riley knew it, Adrian was talking to her on the phone. His voice was deep as he said, "Meet me at the Plaza Hotel in half an hour. It is important."

Half an hour later, Riley was sitting across the table from Adrian King.

As usual, Adrian looked like a force to reckon with despite sitting in a wheelchair. He was incredibly handsome. His face was very symmetrical, with sharp jawlines, a long and pointed nose, and piercing grey eyes.

However, despite being blessed with good looks, he had such an authoritative aura. His gaze was intense and unwavering, reflecting the strength of his character.

He heard everything that had happened to her that day: the divorce signing, her mother waking up, and potentially moving her to another hospital. He answered, "I will let my assistant arrange your mother's move to The King's Medical Center as soon as possible."

"It doesn't have to be soon. My mother won't be ready for rehabilitation in a few days," Riley said. "But I am very thankful for your help. I will surely repay you for your kindness."

"I only need one favor from you," Adrian said. He looked impassive at that moment, giving no hint of his inner thoughts.

"Yes, what is it? Anything," Riley willingly offered.

Adrian stared into Riley's eyes and declared, "After your divorce is finalized, marry me."

Riley's mouth fell on the floor, and her eyes rounded in shock. "W-what?"