

# Honey, You Are My Lucky Star

## Chapter 2

"It's too late. If you can't take it, I'll give you an anesthetic. It'll make the pain go away."  
The doctor sighs.

My heart's filled with grief. A tear rolls down my face. "I see."

The doctor says that inducing labor is the equivalent of giving birth. I lose count of the number of contractions I have, and each time the pain is just killing me. The blood mixed with sweat is all over my body, and my hair sticks to the corners of my mouth, making me want to vomit.

"Harder! Harder! The child is coming out!" The doctor tells me anxiously.

I cry out and at the same time feel the baby sliding out with the blood. My child is gone forever.

After the surgery, I stumble up from the bed to check my dead child. His eyes are closed as if he's sleeping. When I see the lower part of his body, I can't help crying. He's a boy!

"Ultrasound is not always accurate," the doctor says apologetically. I can't say anything with tears.

God, are you kidding me? I killed my child who wasn't supposed to die. I stare at him in a daze, with tears all over my face.

I spend a week in the hospital before coming home. Callen opens the door for me, but he doesn't even let me enter. Instead, he just throws a suitcase out.

"It's all your stuff. When you're well enough, we'll go through the divorce. And don't tell anyone about our divorce. It's embarrassing, isn't it? Besides, I don't think your mom can take it."

He sounds like he's doing it for my own good, but he's actually warning me. He's afraid of being known as a cheater, who abandoned his wife and child.

I purse my lips and smile weakly. "Have you seen our child?"

Callen frowns and looks at me as if I'm mad. There's an undisguised disgust in his eyes.

"It's a boy," I said softly.

His eyes widen. I directly turn around to leave.

We're officially divorced a month later. Coming out of city hall, Callen suddenly stops me and asks tentatively, "Is our child really a boy?"

"Does it really matter?" I look at him mockingly.

His face changes, but in the end, he doesn't continue to ask. When I'm about to leave, he says, "Let me give you a ride."

"No need. We're no longer a couple. And don't you think we're not dressed for the same world?" I chuckle.

He frowns, not saying a word.

He's got a suit and tie, and I'm like a vegetable vendor.

We haven't had any contact since then, just like two people who have never met.

I live with my mom now. I didn't say anything about the induction or the affair. I tell my mom that I divorced Callen because our affection broke and we didn't keep the child.

My mom, who raised me alone after a divorce, becomes very ill because of it. Multiple blows make me even thinner.

People around me start to ask about the inside story of my divorce. They always lament that divorced women are hard to remarry because they are worthless.

My mom's illness cost us all our savings. To make ends meet, I get a job as a teacher in a chain kindergarten. My salary is not high but I have enough holidays to take care of my mom.

I think I'm gonna live like this forever.