

Give Me A Second Chance Chapter 1

Chapter 1: The Beginning of A Chance

After months of hard work, final exams in our senior year were over. We were no longer trapped within the four corners of the classroom that we often referred to as the hellhole. I couldn't contain all the excitement as I walked to where my husband, Kenneth, was, so I could tell him about the news that would change our lives forever.

Honestly, we had no specific plans for our future. At least not yet, since most of our time was devoted to studying for the exams. And although it might have been seen as if things went downhill, I still believed that we were blessed to have a baby. We just needed to be extra patient until we met the bundle of joy that would complete our little family.

I was seven weeks pregnant with a healthy baby. At first, I felt dizzy and nauseous, thinking that I was probably experiencing fatigue. I couldn't help but think that way, especially because I was feeling those symptoms until yesterday.

My heart continued to spring with joy at the thought of carrying my husband's child in my womb. I wanted to scream at the top of my lungs, 'I am officially his! We're going to welcome our baby with pride and joy!' Unfortunately, I was still walking through the school grounds, and I didn't want to scare the other students, so I just kept quiet.

I kept wondering, what would his reaction be?

I couldn't wait to see his face. What kind of expression would he be showing? I could imagine myself laughing at him while he stood frozen with his mouth wide open. Speechless and hesitant in believing whether what he just heard was true.

I felt like it would be a good idea if I would shoot a video of his reaction and keep it as a memory to reminisce in the future. It would be nice to show it to our baby when he or she grows up.

And, if he still stood like a statue, I would move closer to him and say, "Yes, it's true!" while pinching his cheeks slightly. Then I'd continue, "We're going to have a family of our own." as he moved even closer to hug me tightly in his arms. Then he would say that he was extremely delighted to have the baby.

I wondered, 'How would he react if he knew I was pregnant?'

I was certain that he'd carefully look into my eyes and say with an assuring smile, "Don't worry, everything will be alright. I'll be here for you, no matter what happens." He'd caress his fingers against my cheeks in his attempt to wipe my tears.

However, I always had this negative question in mind that bothered me. 'What if he's not happy with the news?'

I shook my head in denial. 'Nope, that's not gonna happen.' Kenneth couldn't be unhappy since he was so delighted when his sister, Rachel, had announced her pregnancy! He even explained how he'd take care of the baby and how he'd spoil him once he was born.

Rachel had revealed that her baby was a boy after confirming with the doctor.

I looked at my tummy and caressed it lovingly, "Don't you worry, my little sweetheart. I'm sure that your dad will take care of you." I honestly couldn't believe that I could be this attached to my baby in the span of a night. I felt ecstatic, knowing that this baby was made out of love.

Despite being overwhelmed because of my deep thoughts. I didn't fail to recognize my man's physique as I walked towards the parking area. He was whistling and spinning his car keys around his forefinger. No doubt, he'd be the sexiest dad ever. I grinned at my thoughts and continued adoring the beauty of my husband.

He looked dashing in his white T-shirt and black jeans. I looked at him with awe as he combed his hair a few times with his fingers. His face gleamed as he displayed a small smile. 'He's probably thinking of me.' I thought.

As always, he expected me to be in the parking lot. But today, I was a bit late. "Kenneth!" I called, but he did not hear me.

I ran as fast as I could towards him and ended up feeling sore that I could barely even walk. I stood in front of him while I tried to calm myself and catch my breath.

The moment he saw me, he smiled brightly and hugged me.

"How were your exams?" He asked me curiously.

"It was alright. How about yours?" I replied as I panted heavily.

He shrugged before he answered me. "It was fine. Just like the usual." I gave him a meaningful smile. He was always at the top of the class. For sure, the tests were a piece of cake for him.

This was the perfect time to tell him about my pregnancy. However, I suddenly felt nervous, so I started playing with my wedding ring. He seemed to notice it and asked me. "What's the matter, Raquel?"

I was extremely nervous, but I had to tell him about it. "I need to tell you something, Kenneth," I said, looking down at my hand, still fiddling with my wedding ring. He held my chin to raise it, leading me to lean in with his touch.

"I've got something to tell you too," he said, looking straight at me. My brows furrowed. 'What is he going to tell me?' I thought.

"Let's break up," he said, sudden but with conviction.

My jaw dropped. This wasn't the scenario I had expected. "What?" I said unbelievably. I burst into laughter when I realized that this could be one of his silly pranks.

But it hit me. He would never use break-ups as a prank. Despite those thoughts, I playfully hit his shoulder. "Kenneth, what are you saying? I'm here to tell you good news, so stop fooling around."

I expected him to smile but instead, he crossed his arms against his chest and raised his eyebrows. "Does this look like some joke to you, Miss Harris?" His brows began to crease, and he looked at me with contempt.

My eyes widened, and I froze in shock. He called me by my surname, which was very unusual since he used to call me either "Babe" or "Wifey." I could sense that something was wrong. He wasn't playful like he always was. He became very serious.

Tears began to fall from my eyes. "Kenneth, please stop. It's not funny." I said, in between sniffles. What could I have possibly done to him? Did he enjoy toying me like this?

"Well, Miss Harris, everything that I say is true. I'm tired of pretending to be your good boyfriend. Oh, I mean, your perfect husband," he said as he continued to look at me with disgust. "To tell you frankly, I didn't want to get married. Let alone be tied down to someone like you," he said as he aggressively pointed at me.

I wanted to laugh at his remarks, but at the same time, I felt scared. Scared that everything he said was true.

I couldn't understand why. What did I do to make him feel this way towards me? "Why?" I asked.

He smirked at me. "Do you remember that day, January 2, 2012?" He asked me in a rude tone, which sent shivers down my spine. My heart pounded, and it felt like I was standing on the tip of an iceberg that was about to melt. Of course, I remembered that day. It was our first encounter, and that didn't end well.

His gaze darkened. "You humiliated me in front of everyone. You slapped me just because I kissed you once!" His voice became louder with every word. "That day, I promised myself one thing. I will make you mine, and I will destroy you." I could see his anger as his jaw clenched.

"But you were so conservative. You didn't allow me to touch your body which is why I had to marry you." I was shocked to hear this. I never knew that he thought of me this way. "This marriage means nothing to me. I just used it as a way to ruin you." I couldn't help but cry even more as every word he just said pierced right through my heart.

I was taken aback when he suddenly whispered to me. "What I needed was your body, not you," he said atrociously. This wasn't right. He couldn't be serious. He wasn't the Kenneth I knew. He was not my Kenneth, the one that I loved and cherished.

"And now that I have finally done my revenge, I'm tired of this drama," he said as he took an envelope from his pants' back pocket and tore it to pieces.

"Here. Take with you the only evidence of our marriage," he said as he shoved the pieces of paper to my face. I felt my heart sink with his gesture.

I thought he was done, but he suddenly spoke. "Oh, you had some good news to tell me, right?" I froze. I knew I wanted to speak up, but I couldn't. He looked at me with deadpan eyes and continued to speak. "I just hope it's not good news anymore." With that, he aggressively crashed his lips against mine. This was the first time I flinched and tried to break free from his kisses.

It was nothing like his usual kisses. It wasn't passionate at all. I could feel all the anger and hatred that he had for me.

He broke the kiss and glanced at me for the last time. "I'm leaving. Don't bother to look for me," he said abruptly as he walked over to his car and left the parking lot with a screeching sound from his tires. That was the indication that he had, indeed, left.

I couldn't believe he had left.

He left me all alone.

He left our child and me alone.

I stood there for almost an hour, silently crying. It never crossed my mind that after all these years, he was just pretending that he loved me. And what was his reason? That he did that out of bloody damn revenge?! How cruel could he be?!

When did I become so naive? I couldn't believe I hadn't caught him playing games. He did all these clean and neat, that I never dared to think that his love was fake. I genuinely thought he was true, but he proved me wrong.

I trusted him so much that I left my parents for him. I felt ashamed because I allowed myself to be someone's scratch paper. A paper that had been used and was full of filthiness.

Although I was furious with his actions, my heart refused to accept the fact that he had left me. I couldn't forget how sweet he was in my memory. Nonetheless, I doubt that he would still be a precious memory after everything he had done to me today.

My head throbbed even worse. It was so bad that I felt like it would burst. I began seeing black dots around me. The next thing I knew, I passed out and lost consciousness while I was thinking about my baby and me.

My baby doesn't deserve any of this. I would never let my child know.