

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband (Cornelia Stewart)

Chapter 1371

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“You’re not my Jeremy! No! You’re not!” Cornelia pushed Jeremy’s hand away with all her might, struggling to escape his embrace. Her Jeremy would never leave her, do anything to upset her, or hurt her! Yet, this man in front of her had done everything to hurt her.

No matter how much Cornelia struggled, Jeremy held her tightly, refusing to let go. “Cornelia, it’s me! Don’t move now, save your strength, I’ll take you to the hospital.”

Intense pain kept assaulting Cornelia, her struggle growing weaker, “You’re not my Jeremy, no, you’re not.”

Her voice faded, her face turned pale, and her forehead was covered in cold sweat. “It hurts, it hurts so much.” Cornelia whispered. Not just physically, but emotionally too.

“Cornelia, I know it hurts. Hang in there a little longer. We’ll see the doctor soon.” Jeremy knew everything. His hand that was supporting her lower body was already soaked. He knew what it was, he wished he could bear the pain for her, but he couldn’t.

What he could do now was to comfort Cornelia with his words as much as possible. “It seems our baby can’t wait to be born. Hang in there a bit longer, there’s an ambulance downstairs, and we’ll be at the hospital soon.”

Although Cornelia was still about a month away from her due date, he was prepared for any ‘just in case’ situations. Cornelia was drenched in sweat from the pain, but her first thought was of the baby in her belly. She had been carrying the baby for so many months; that was her pillar of strength.

You must make sure the doctors bring my baby safely into this world, even if something happens to me, I don't want anything to happen **to** my baby." Cornelia said.

"Cornelia, stop talking! You listen to me, nothing will happen to you or the baby." Jeremy was almost going mad when he heard Cornelia say she might be in danger. He quickly carried Cornelia to the first floor, where an ambulance and medical staff were waiting. "My wife's water might have broken, you guys need **to** act fast. Listen, nothing can happen to her or the baby!"

The doctors and nurses knew how important Cornelia was to Jeremy, and they had prepared a stretcher.

"Mr. Artis, please put Mrs. Artis on the bed." The doctor said.

Jeremy did as told, but Cornelia clung to his arm tightly. She was afraid that if he let go, everything would turn into a dream again.

He understood Cornelia, comforting her immediately, "Cornelia, don't be afraid. I won't leave you again, not you, not our baby. Lay on the stretcher and let the **doctors** check on you."

Jeremy had lost Cornelia's trust, and no matter what he said, Cornelia, who was sweating profusely from the pain, still held onto his hand tightly.

Jeremy immediately lifted her into the ambulance, "I'll hold her, you guys check on her."

The crowd was abuzz, someone said, "We can still check on her when you hold her. We are just worried her dirt might get on and affect you."

That comment ignited Jeremy's rage. He glared coldly at the speaker, "What the hell are you talking about? My wife is risking her life to give birth, if I cared about that, would I even be human?"

As long as Jeremy didn't care, no one else would.

The doctor quickly examined Cornelia, “Mr. Artis, Mrs. Artis’s water has broken, the amniotic fluid is reduced, and there are no regular contractions yet.”