

## Chapter 10

Dean:

My heart dropped to my stomach as I tried processing Iris's words.

I looked down at the little girl who was in her arms, noticing how much she looked like her. The fear that I saw in the girl made me force myself to stay quiet for a few seconds, trying to gulp down the lump that formed in my throat.

The way she said it so casually made my chest ache, especially since she knew that I was not even aware of the pregnancy to begin with. Nevertheless, it meant that the two of us got the divorce while she was pregnant, and that fact alone felt like a stab in the gut.

"You're being serious right now?" I asked, taking a step back, trying to keep in mind that we were at the school and that there was a child in front of me. The idea of scaring her was not something that I wanted, and the fact that there were other kids and their parents coming to pick them up was something that made me bite my tongue.

"Dean..."

"Mommy, who is he?" The child asked, her voice as soft as an angel. I felt like fire was being poured on my chest, and I couldn't help but frown when her eyes met mine. The little girl frowned and hid her face on Iris's neck, avoiding my eyes. Iris gently ran her finger over the little girl's hair, cooing her to be calm.

Iris stayed quiet for a few seconds, her eyes fixed on mine before she looked at the blonde girl in her arms. Iris put her down from her arms before getting down on one knee in front of her. She cupped her cheeks and kissed her forehead, letting her lips linger there for a few seconds before pulling away to look her in the eye. The gentleness of her touch told me that it was how she was used to treating the little girl. I didn't expect any less from her anyway. She was genuinely a gentle woman, she didn't like being aggressed, and I knew that she wouldn't be aggressive toward her own daughter

"Princess, can you please go to class with your classmates? I know that you just left the class but I want to speak to..."

"Do you want us to take you to the office with us, little one?" I said,

stopping her. Iris looked down at her feet, avoiding my eyes. My chest felt like it was on fire, but I knew that the child had nothing to do with what her mother did, if it were true at least. Iris could easily be lying to fumble me up right now, and if that was proven to be true, then things were going to get complicated. Iris stood to face me, her eyes showing more pain than I ever remember seeing before, but I knew that it wasn't going to be the end of this. If she was telling the truth, then this was going to be a massive change.

The child held her mother's hand for dear life, wanting to hide behind her back as if to protect her. Little did she know that her mother was throwing a bomb like no other, and that was something that I was beginning to hate. It was something that I hated even about myself, and it pained me to admit that I didn't even know how things were going to go from here. If anything, I was scared for my life about the consequences of her actions.

"I don't want her to be in the office while the two of us talk, Dean." Iris said, and I raised an eyebrow as she stood. I crossed my arms over my chest, waiting to hear her reason, but she stayed quiet, giving me none. She knew that this time, she had no reason or right to think of trying to object. She was lucky enough that I was quiet right now. Any other man would have been yelling or turning this hallway upside down in rage.

"There is a secluded area in the office where she can see you and watch TV. I think that it would be fair for her considering that most of the kids already left." I said, and she looked away from me. She looked down at the little girl for a few seconds before nodding. The little girl smiled as she looked at her, somewhat feeling more comfortable seeing that her mom was being calm and collected about this.

We walked toward my office as Iris held the girl's hand for a few seconds before we entered the room. The room had a meeting room and my main office. There were two secretaries who were going to be there as well to ensure that she was fine and nothing happened.

"Boss?"

"The child is under your care. Turn on the TV and have her watch cartoons while I speak to her mother." I said, nodding at the woman whose eyes met the little girl's. Iris looked at her daughter and gave her an encouraging smile before letting her go toward the secretary. She

was on that all the kids knew as she was in charge of taking care of them entering classes during the day if they were out or in the bathroom. Therefore, I knew that the little one wouldn't be as frightened.

I nodded at her to follow me and the two of us entered the office as I fought to find the right words to the situation. Never in my life did I think that I would be put in such a situation, especially not with Iris who was the 'angel' who did nothing of this. If anything, she was always envied for the way she acted because she was always straightforward.

"You expect me to believe that you came back five years later with a girl, claiming that she is mine and that I would believe you?" I asked, not bothering to turn to face her. I knew that it was something that she hated when we spoke and she felt like she was being scolded, but I also knew that she would hate seeing my angered expression right now.

"I found out about her pregnancy a while before I accepted the divorce." She said, and I chuckled, shaking my head at her. She didn't exactly expect me to believe a word that she was saying right now, right? She could think that I was that stupid.

"And who was the bastard that you had fucking you to make her? Is that why you accepted the divorce with no fuss? Because you wanted to start your life with him? Did he dump you, is that why you came running back to me like the gold digger that you've always been?"

"I am thankful to inform you that despite your scandalous relationship, your affair, and you having her sleep on MY bed as you fucked her that I did not stoop as low as you." She said, hitting me with the past that we shared. "I was a good wife, a patient and loving one, and I was sure to rise from the ashes for my daughter. If you don't wish to believe me, then you can have your DNA scan, but I know for fact that you are well aware that I wasn't the type to cheat on you no matter the circumstances."

"And what is the guarantee to that? You could have changed, you could have had different ways in life. You suddenly choosing to accept the divorce was odd enough as it was, and now you come to tell me that you had a child..."

"You can check her DNA and get your results. I believe that you know for fact that she is your daughter. However, if you are refusing to believe it that much, then it is no problem, go on ahead, and I will be sure that we do not appear in front of you again." She said, wanting to turn to leave. I turned to face her and wrapped my hand around her arm, stopping her from moving.

One doesn't just drop an atomic bomb like this one only to leave. She was going to be paying for this, one way or the other, I was going to make sure that she pays for keeping my daughter away from me through all this time.

"We are going to have a DNA test, and if she isn't my daughter, then I will guarantee that I make you regret breathing the same air as me." I said, and she raised an eyebrow before pulling her hand from mine.

"And if she is?"

"She gets all her rights as my daughter and you your rights as a mother who has supported her on her own for years." I said, and she raised an eyebrow.

"She gets her rights, but what I did, I do not need a man like you to pay me for it. She is my daughter and I did what I have because of that and that alone." She said, taking a step back as she turned to the door. She looked at me over her shoulder, and I could swear that her heart was racing and that her hand was shaking. "Choose the hospital that you want the tests to be taken at. We can do them at a suitable time that doesn't interfere with her schedule..."



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