

## Chapter 5

Dean:

My heart raced as I looked at the pictures of Iris, the beautiful flower who I have killed, as she walked toward her car, looking as confident as she was on the first day that I married her.

I had to admit, it was her beauty and confidence that had me first accepting to marry her. It just killed me inside to know that I didn't listen to her when she begged me to, and instead, I chose to take revenge on something that I knew she wouldn't do. It was something that her mother wanted her doing, and has fought her for, but she wasn't that kind of woman. I just chose not to see it.

I ran my finger over her cheek involuntarily as if believing that she would feel my gentle touch. I had to admit it, I was breaking over the fact that I knew that she did her best to win me over. She has tried every single way of doing so, and though I have barely touched her a few times over the years that the two of us were married, she never did complain.

"Where?" I asked, shaking my head in question. Maybe if I found her, I would be able to speak to her, maybe she would allow me to apologize, maybe explain myself to her. It would make the fire that was in my chest cool down a bit, just a little bit would make things better. And if she had her same genuine personality, I knew that she would listen. But it has been five years, and these five years were not as kind to her when it came to the media, and that was something that could end up backfiring on me as a person. I knew that for fact.

It was a bit too late for that, I knew it for fact. But that didn't

mean that I couldn't try. I knew that one try would be enough for me, and that is something that the two of us needed to be open for. The risk that I knew I would be taking was one that worried me.

I knew that my parents were both against the divorce and my marriage to Mariana. I hated to admit it, but my marriage to her was, and still is, the biggest mistake that I made. It was something that I couldn't deny.

The woman who I shared a bed with, Iris, was never one to cause me unnecessary problems. She was often quiet, tending to her responsibilities, and taking care of her home. She was beautiful, and often took care of herself without the need of makeup or extravagant outfits that often weren't even fit to be considered as home clothes. The idea of her wearing extremely expensive clothes that were all designer, or customized was not something that I could ignore. The woman went above her budget in less than a year of our marriage, and that was something that had the two of us getting into an argument.

Whereas when I was married to Iris, the woman barely got what she needed when it came to clothes. She often knew how to make an outfit look unique whether or not it was new, and by new, I meant an outfit that she never wore before. Mariana often wore one dress to either keep it in the closet, or throw it away without using it again. Iris didn't do that, if anything, she was spotted more than once wearing the same dress, and would often be complimented about the touches that she made on the dress to add a little different touch.

It was something that I expected from Mariana more than I expected it from Iris, but it didn't take me too long to realize that both women were different. One grew up with more riches

than anyone could count. Despite everything, she grew up like a princess and bride, someone prepared to marry into another rich family. Mariana was a nouveau riche, someone who didn't grow in wealth and now simply believed that they could buy their way with money. It was something that I grew to hate, and as much as I hated admitting it, it didn't take me too long to realize that mom was right about her judgment.

"She was seen heading to the hospital in this picture." My train of thoughts was broken and I frowned as I processed what the woman just told me. The fact that she had disappeared completely, trying to hide, only to come here to go to a hospital worried me, especially since I knew very well that she HATED hospitals. The number of times that I got home to find her dead tired and sick and yet refusing to go and get treated were endless, and that was why I was worried sick about her now.

"The hospital? Why? What's going on?" I asked, shaking my head in question. I knew for fact that Iris hated hospitals, and considering the fact that she wasn't seen for years, I was surprised to know that she barely went out to go to a hospital. It was something that I couldn't understand, and though I knew that Iris wasn't practically locked inside the house, I was still surprised.

"We didn't know, the men couldn't follow her any longer. But that is not the only part that I think you would want to know, boss." She said, and I frowned. I tried to understand the woman, wanting to know what she was saying; however, she stayed completely quiet for a few seconds as her hands shook.

My heart raced against my chest as I tried thinking straight, but I couldn't find myself doing so. I hated to admit it, but the fear

that I suddenly felt at the idea of something happening to her was not something that I wanted to think of. If anything, I was more than just scared of her harming herself or being harmed because of me. It was something that I didn't want to think of.

She handed me a picture, making my heart drop as I looked at it. It was Iris, her hair was tied in a ponytail, much like she mostly did when she had to tend to something quickly. She wasn't out to impress anyone, it was something that I could read in her expression. The way she was looking as she walked wasn't all serious either.

She had lost weight, it was something that I realized. But that wasn't what stopped me.

It was the blonde little girl who walked by her side. The girl was looking up as if she were her hero, something that broke my heart, because I knew that she would be the child's hero, if anything, she would do her best to protect, love, and cherish the little girl.

Iris held her hand, holding her close as she looked down at her. Both of them seemed to be talking and laughing. My heart ached as I saw that vision. The idea of her moving on with someone else was not something that I wanted to imagine or picture. Plus, with this child, it seemed to me like she would be at least three or four; therefore, if it happened directly after our divorce, I couldn't help but break at the idea.

It was something that I did to her, I knew that, and as selfish as it was, I couldn't imagine seeing her with another man. The woman, regardless of all that happened, had a special place in my heart.

It just killed me to think that I lost her for good, even though I

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knew that I would have deserved it if that happened.

“The men found her taking the girl to a school earlier this morning...”



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