

The One That Got Away Chapter 11

Chapter Eleven – Begging

Blake POV

I did the most rational thing to do. I ran away and ran like I had a marathon. The feelings that started to creep inside of me started to feel something I can't even explain.

But what's on my mind right now is the way I treated her a few days ago and the way I said many hurtful words to her. I hurt her for no reason and more importantly we divorce.

"Oh no, sweetheart! It can't be! No... no... I need to see my wife! Yes, my wife! She can't leave me!" I said in realization. When I am almost in my car a hand stops me from getting in the driver seat.

"I'll drive you, I don't want you to get in an accident! You are drunk and confused!" Evan said to me. I nodded at him.

"But what about your wife?"

"Her friend is there! Come on hop on!" He went to the driver seat. I walked around my car and went to the passenger side.

"Where's my phone?" I said when I tried to grab it in my pocket but it's empty.

"I don't think you had your phone when we're in the bar. I didn't see you using it tonight! Do you want her? You can use mine!" He said as he tossed his phone.

I looked at his phone. It's much better than none right? Even if it's not my number, at least I can still call her. I called her phone number but no one answered.

Every ring brings heavy feelings on my chest. I heart pounding like crazy like I am a school guy who wants to call his long-time crush. Just when I tried to ring again for the third time, she answered in two rings.

"Sweetheart! Are you there? Where are you now?" I asked if I didn't let her even answer first.

"Sweetheart please talk to me?"

"Evan?" She asked in question.

"No! It's me Blake! Sweetheart, where are you? Are you in our house right now?"

“Yes???” She said more on the question. I know she’s confused about why I am calling her on Evan’s phone and calling her names.

“Oh thank God! Please don’t move ok? I will be there in no time! Please wait for me! I will explain to you everything. Please please don’t go! I know I messed up. Please wait for me to get there and I will make this right! Don’t ever think of leaving me!” I poured out my emotion while saying those words to her.

Just when she didn’t answer I talked to her again.

“Do you want me to get you something? Your favorite cake? An ice cream?” I asked her, I just really want to extend our call. I just want to hear her voice on the line. It’s an assurance for me that she’s still there, “Sweetheart?” I said again as I didn’t get an answer this time either.

“I need to hang up!” She said and I heard a sound, something like the sound of a zipper.

“What’s that?”

“Huh?” She asked.

“That sound you just made?”

“I just closed my bag!” She Said.

“What’s in the bag? What kind of bag is that? Are you going out tonight? It’s late at night and you can’t go out. Just wait for me, I will be there. Don’t go, I promise I will be there in no time!” Then I turned my attention to Evan who’s driving but I know he’s listening to everything.

“Evan hurry up! I want to go home fastly. I want to be with my wife now!” I said to him, “I am driving Blake as you can see! Just don’t make me do overtakes cause I don’t want to die tonight. I have a wife and daughter waiting for me to come home!” He said to make me remember something. I too have a family.

I remember my wife said she’s pregnant. Oh goodness! I am a dad now. Which means we are going to be a family. But then another memory flashed in me. The agreement that we had back when we signed the divorce paper.

No, no I can’t lose my wife and my child. I’ll go crazy if I lose them. I won’t let them leave me. I won’t let them leave me alone and lonely. I can’t, I just can’t. I love my wife so much. If I have to beg on my knees and she can hurt me physically if she wants but I am not letting her go.

I can’t live without them. I am such an idiot.

“Then, why did you stop driving my car? Stop the car and I will drop you. I want to drive fastly. I want to be with my wife soon. I miss her so much!”

“Now you miss her huh?” He only answered with that. I can see the teasing smile when he said that. But that’s not the right time for now. I want to get there as soon as possible.

“Sweetheart, please talk to me!” I said as I turned my attention back to the phone that I didn’t know I was holding. I bet she heard everything now.

“Sweetheart???” I said as I asked one time.

“Blake, I need to hang up!”

“No.....! Please don’t hang up. Just stay in the line. I want to hear your voice. I miss you so badly. Please don’t hang up!” I said as I don’t care I am begging now.

“Sweetheart, talk to me please.! You can do anything to me when I get there. Punch me, kick me, slap me, whatever you want. I accept it. Please just don’t even think of leaving me. Or leaving our house. I can’t live without you. You hear me? I can’t, please don’t ever let go of me. I love you, I love you so much. Don’t leave me sweetheart please?” I said as tears flowed on my face and sniffed.

I don’t hear anything on the other line. She hung up on me. The anxiousness I feel while traveling down to our house is excruciating. I feel that every single second that I am away from her it’s like a year for me. How I wish I could fly and go there as fast as I can.

The One That Got Away Chapter 12

Chapter Twelve – Goodbye

Lila POV

After the call, I hurriedly packed my things. I definitely don’t want him to catch on me. I don’t know what happened to him or what made him change his words to me. But the fact that we are already divorce I don’t think I have the reason to be here in his house.

I grabbed my bag and hurriedly went downstairs. I already called an Uber and it contacted me that the driver is waiting outside now.

As I twisted the doorknob I looked back once again. I smile sadly as I can still remember all the beautiful memories we shared in this house. I remember back how badly he wants to have this house because I told him about my dream house.

The house is exactly my dream house actually. It’s located far in the city- and you can pass by a long drive and the sea breeze welcomes you. I always wanted to have a

beach house. Where I can freely walk in the sand and think. It's like a constant reminder to me that I am free.

But I guess, I am not! because I am going back to the place where I came from. It's the place where I tried to avoid at all costs. Because there's nothing in there that makes my world.

I want freedom, a life that I can tend to choose to do whatever things that will work for me. Like, mingling in a grocery store where you shop and select things for you. Simple things that constantly remind me that I am a person and I have freedom to choose what I want in life.

I wiped the last drop of my tears as I twisted the door open. I can feel the heavy pain each time I take a step away from the place I called home for four years.

"Goodbye house! Thank you for the beautiful memories!" I softly mumble to myself.

I forcibly dragged myself out and went outside. I spotted the car and went inside.

"Where to mam?" The driver asked me.

"To the airport please!" I said to him, As the car drove away, I didn't hold my tears and it just flowed out.

In the four years we've been together, this is the first time that he hurted me badly.

Blake has always been the sweetest and loving husband. When he had practice he always woke up early, he left the house while I was still sleeping and when he came back I was still in bed sleeping.

"Hey you sleepyhead!" He whispered to me. Just when he can't get a response. He will join me again with me in the bed.

When I woke up late at noon. I found myself alone in bed. But I didn't have to guess where my husband was.

I went to the shower then put on a bathrobe. I went downstairs only to find my husband looking so sexy wearing only boxers while cooking our meal. That's how sweet my husband is.

And when we fight over silly things most specifically about his weird assumption of jealousy. Yes! That's what always gets him, his jealousy.

The reason why I stopped working as a teacher is because we always argue about why I came home late, who I am with. Those irrational thoughts that always get him jealous.

I have been vocally expressing everything to him that I love him and it's always been him, no one will come to that. But no matter what, he still gets jealous over small things.

And when his parents expressed disagreement between our union it didn't stop us from loving each other.

They've been telling him to think again since I am kind of mysterious. Where did I come from? What kind of family do I have?

I came to see how important status is to them. That they want him to marry someone just like them, rich and powerful.

Blake didn't agree with any single words that his parents threw at me. He said that money and power is not important to him. As long as he loves me and I love him back that's all that matters.

When we got married I told him to rethink. It's not something we can redo again. He said that he already saw this a long time ago and that he wants me to be his wife forever. wife forever.

For two years since we married his parents never accepted me. They just can't stomach the idea that their only son just married a mere teacher who doesn't have family to introduce to them.

I really don't care about it. How they think of me and how they think I should be. They said since I am Blake's wife I should attend important parties and dinner which I don't really like.

My goodness if only they knew how much I hated this kind of thing. That made me leave my own house and start my own life.

I can't stand how people smile at each other if I know that deep down they just want to tear each other's throat. How conniving and deceiving they are trying to portray a perfect, glamorous and respectable person. I hate that kind of environment. I would never ever come to love it.

Sometimes when his mother called. I can hear them arguing something and I don't have to guess what since I know I am the main reason for that.

Throughout the years we have been together, never once I have been treated well by his parents.

I started to lose hope after two years of marriage but still they can't accept me. His parents often told him that I didn't make some moves just to make them like me.

I mean how am I supposed to do that? When they already judge me within knowing me at first? For me no matter what I do, if they think of me like that I can never change their mind. It's their perspective of me and I don't have the power to change it but only them. If they can accept me for who I am then be it.

But I would never change myself for them, just make them accept me.

The One That Got Away Chapter 13

Chapter Thirteen – She Left

Blake POV

It feels like an eternity on the journey to my way home. I keep complaining to Evan to run the car faster since I can feel that something is not right.

I know I don't have the right to say this. The reason that everything messed up is because of me.

I know I am such an idiot for believing only the pictures. That only measures what kind of husband I am. But I need to make things right and that will start to amend my mistakes for her.

I don't care if I have to beg on my knees or if she is going to punch me, hurt me physically, I don't care. As long as I still get to see her and be close to her, it's enough for me.

What I don't want to happen is that she will walk out the door and will never forgive me for being such an idiot.

How am I going to let her stay after everything? I don't know but one thing for sure I will do anything, everything just to have her love and trust again.

I didn't wait for Evan to park the car properly. I just jumped out and quickly ran out to get inside our house.

When I opened the door, silence greeted me. I looked around and looked for her but I saw nothing. So I went upstairs to our room but there was no shadow of my dear wife there.

I looked in our closet, hoping that her belongings were still there. I was overjoyed to see that most of her things are still there. But then, I realized something, the things that are here are the things I bought for her. But her belongings that she personally bought are all gone.

I opened the drawer one by one and I saw a small book. I can say it's a pregnancy book because of the cover. I opened it and I saw ultrasound pictures. My heart melted looking at the tiny black dot.

Without thinking I held it close to me, hugging it in process. I swear I will keep this or even put this in my locker room.

"I just hope mommy will forgive daddy! But don't worry, daddy will do anything in order for mommy to forgive daddy!" If someone can witness me, they will think I am crazy. Talking to a picture can be considered craziness right?

"Blake, do you see your L?" Evan said once he submerged in the room. He looked around to find my wife but I saw disappointment in them too, just like me.

"No! She's not here!"

"But her things are all here, look!" He said as he pointed to the closets.

"Yeah! She left behind all the things I bought for her! She only takes the things she bought by herself!" I answered him.

"Oh, did you say something to her? I mean why did she not take all of this? Look at the jewelries and the signature clothes, shoes and bags. She can earn a lot from this!" He said while pointing at the things that I bought for my wife.

"I did say something hurtful to her being a gold digger, that she's after my money and everything!" I said. His eyes turned wide as he couldn't believe what I said.

"You said that?" He said still shocked and confused.

"Hmmm!" I nodded.

"If she's a gold digger she would have taken all of this. As what I see in your wife she's far from it. Even though you showered her with lavish and flashy things I didn't see her wearing this extravagantly, she always prefers the simple clothes and accessories to wear!" He said and I can agree with him.

My wife she's more into simple things. She would always complain about how I spent too much of my money from buying unnecessary things. When I bought these things, she would say what are you thinking? Do you know how many people are in need of money, those people that are suffering from poverty? And you are just wasting it for this? It's not like we are going to die without this!" She would rant about it and repeat it again and again till I promise her that I will not buy anything expensive again.

But of course I did not listen at all. I mean if you only have one wife. There's nothing wrong spoiling her, right?

“Yeah, she’s a very simple person!”

“Then why did you say something like that to her?”

“I was blinded by my jealousy and hurt. I only focus on the pain I feel when I see the pictures. I am such an idiot for believing something like that!”

“No, you’re not just an idiot but more than an idiot. That’s why I keep telling you to rethink again. Don’t do something stupid that you might regret in the end. As married couples, it’s normal to have a fight. But don’t ever believe anything about anyone. You need to see it with your own eyes! Judging from the looks of your wife, she doesn’t even do social things much more than flirting?” He said and I looked back at all the things that happened.

It’s true that my wife never does social things. My parents have been complaining to me about it, how much they invited her and that she just turned it down. Because she doesn’t like to go to parties or any social gathering. She always prefers to stay at home. Doing home chores or writing something!

And as a husband, I am happy about it. It makes me feel safe in our relationship. Even my parents are against us. I just let them be, I told them that I won’t change my wife because you don’t like her. If she likes the way she is, then be it.

Social gatherings are not my thing too. After the game, I always wanted to go home as quickly as possible. My manager would often complain about it. I just told him that I am not some kind of celebrity. I am just a normal person outside the field. So once the game is over then the fame and glamor stop.

The One That Got Away Chapter 14

Chapter Fourteen – New Beginning

Lila POV

Three years later...

“Luna,. please stop giving her too many toys!” I said as I complained.

My sister Luna can only laugh at me. She will never ever listen to anyone. When did it happen? She would do anything she wanted.

“What, there’s nothing wrong in spoiling my only niece L?” She said and she sat next to me.

“Nothing? You are spoiling her!”

“Oh come on? She’s only like two years old? Right baby?” She said and smiled at my daughter.

“You can’t blame us sis! You came home lonely and so down then you announced to us that you are pregnant. Imagine having a baby in the palace is such a big thing to us. At least we have our way to relieve the stress from work and everything!” My elder sister Lara said to me.

I know you are damn curious right now. Where am I? Whose these people I am talking to? Why am I talking about a palace?

I told you I come from a place where I don’t have much freedom, a place where people can’t usually voice out since they have standards and regulations to follow.

Actually I am a princess from the country of Denmark. During my childhood I was always on the side looking at the two of my sisters who’s very comfortable and placed in this place.

I always wanted to be free and have my own version of life. I mean I have life here, but you know the thing in here. You don’t get to choose what you want, or anything. You have to follow certain rules and before you do something you need to ask for advice or whatsoever, which I can’t stomach, really!.

So yeah, one day I got up and said to myself,

Enough! I need to stand up and be myself. My world should not stop revolving here. It would be a waste of time and energy to spend it here. So I packed my clothes and decided to take a detour of my life.

I told my mom, who was shocked after everything I said and I am so grateful that I have such a very kind, caring and understanding mom who always believes in her daughters.

My mom actually raised us alone without a father. My dad? The king? He just went off with his long time lover and just said to my mom that he can’t do it anymore, pretending that they love each other.

I can’t take all the blame on my father actually. My mom never hides anything from us. She told us the deep secret between their union. She said that what hurts is that the three of us are being risked and dragged to their mess.

My parents married not because of love. Ever since they are young, they are already paired and promise to be married by both parents. Mom and Dad originally are best friends, they have each other’s back and know both secrets.

My father, who also came from a monarchy family, just like my mom. The difference is that my mom is the only child of her parents meaning she will be the next queen of the

country. But of course, you can't be one unless you have a king on your side. That's why my grandparents arranged for them to marry.

My father's family couldn't be happier with the idea. They said the fact that New Beginning that both families are already close and both of them are best friends then it should not be a problem.

Yes! That's what they think. What they didn't know was that my father had been in love with someone. She's just a normal girl with a normal world and has a normal job.

He met her during his school days and my father, who's what my mom describes, likes to go out in a normal place with no guards. He actually sneaks out from school just to avoid his bodyguards. Which is totally wrong but sometimes he just wants to be free and be normal.

I guess you can say that I got those habits and attitudes from my dad. That's why mom doesn't wonder why I am this vocal in being independent and wanting freedom.

Well back to my dad's story....

Then one day he met Sarah, the girl he fell in love with at first sight, Sarah, according to my mom, is witty, energetic and beautiful. That's what my mom described about her.

So then, after months of courting Sarah finally said yes to my dad. They often date in the forest where no people can see them. Sarah knows my father after several days being together, he told her the truth about him.

But they didn't expect that his parents would know about his relationship with Sarah. As a result, they got married more quickly than they expected.

During their marriage, mom said he never once said bad words to her. He would still confide to her about everything, especially how he was hurt that Sarah broke up with him before they got married.

For the three years that they've been together mom said, my dad has been a good king and tried his best to be a good father to us. I don't have any recollection or memories of my dad but one thing I know. Both my parents are products of unwanted marriage.

How the hell did they end up with three children? Then I guess I need to tell it to you in the next chapter.

"Mama!" My attention shifted to my little girl who bounces happily as she skips steps while her hands wiggle at the thing on her hands. For sure she's going to show me what her two Aunts bought her this time. Not to mention my mom. I can't describe how chaotic her play room is. She's only two years old but she now has too many toys to play with.

Hope you love the story, please don't forget to vote, comment and follow me.
Thank you..

The One That Got Away Chapter 15

Chapter Fifteen – The Young Me

This is a continuation to the last chapter. So, here it is! Thank you for waiting patiently for the update. Love you so much...

Lila POV

“What the?”

“No cussing in front of your own daughter Liliana!” Of course my mom would intervene and always lecture me about proper values.

I groaned in protest as I watched my sister Luna sticking her tongue on me. Even at the age of 22, my sister is still very childish! I glared at her back and made her throw a sly smirk on me.

“Mom, she keeps giving my daughter material things. I told you it's enough already. I don't want her to grow up spoiled, ok?” I said as I scrunched down to my daughter's level and I scoop her in my arms.

“Hey, Amari, why don't we put all this in your playroom. It's time for your nap now!” I said to her,

My daughter is now two years old. She's very energetic and witty for a two years old baby. Sometimes she would throw tantrums as she doesn't want to sleep yet since she still wants to play. Blame it to my family who's constantly buying her anything. At the age of two, she already had a collection of Barbie dolls.

“No!!!!” She gave me her pouted and annoyed face. Making her look more like her father.

Amari is an exact reflection of her father. She doesn't get anything from me. Sometimes I thought to myself, Is the world playing with me? How am I supposed to move on when each time I see my daughter's face, I see his face, it's like taunting me.

“Mari, don't be like that? What did Mommy tell you about?”

“Listen!” She said as she looked at me.

“Good! Now that you remembered. Let’s go upstairs and go to bed!” I said to her, “Mommy, don’t want, I want to play!” She said as she still can’t speak clearly but of course it still made sense anyway.

“Baby? Didn’t I tell you to listen to Mommy?” I said as I hoisted her up and carried her. But she wiggled and giggled her eyes looking at the back of my shoulder.

“Luna, I swear you are stopping her from wanting her nap time!”

“Come on Sis, she doesn’t want to take a nap yet. No need to get mad about it. I wouldn’t wonder why she got that attitude. When we were young we used to snuck out when Mom thought we were already sleeping and yet when she turned to leave we laughed!” She said reminiscing about the past we had been.

“Yeah, yeah! But she needs to take her nap. She will throw tantrums when she skips her nap during the afternoon and I can’t risk that happening!”

“Oh,... Then let her stay in my room! I won’t mind at all! She can go all out on me! You know how much I love my little niece!” She said as she tickled her on her side earning a heartfelt giggles by my daughter who adores her two Aunts.

“Mommy please?” She said as she looked at me in her puppy-like eyes.

Where did she learn this? Oh, I don’t have to answer. Of course! My sister taught her and she mastered it well cause I can’t say no to that when she’s looking so adorable and cute like that.

“Fine but if you feel sleepy, tell you Aunt and she will let you sleep, ok?”

“Yehey.... Thank you Mommy!” She said with a bright smile that made my gloomy world light.

She’s the only reason why I stayed strong after everything I’ve been through. She keeps my sanity intact and I am thankful to God for giving my daughter to me. She’s everything and all I have.

I put her down as I can’t risk her falling out from my hold. She laughed at my sister who’s clapping her hand when I put my daughter down. Luna opened her arms and my daughter went to her.

My daughter is closer to Luna than Laura. The fact that my sister is always spoiling her and making her whatever she want it’s like a bunos.

My mom who's watching the whole scene smiled at us. I turned to her as I shook my head looking at the figure of my daughter and my sister skipping steps away from us. I bet they will be playing in my sister's room. I just hope my daughter won't forget her nap time.

My mom walked closer to me and stood beside me.

"Gone those days, where I always shouted at the two of you for being too playful at the palace. Now, I would ever think that Luna and Amira would be this close. I think Luna found someone she's fond of and always wanted to be. I am happy that Amira is adding life and colors to the palace!" My mom said to me, still looking at my daughter and sister.

"Yeah, it feels like yesterday! We ran here and there then you kept yelling to us to be careful! I remembered I even slipped in the kitchen where me and Luna were baking cookies and then we turned it into a chaotic mess!" I laughed as I recalled the memories of the past.

Me and Luna have always been close. Luna is pretty serious and always does her proper etiquette. I remembered when we were younger me and Luna often skipped etiquette class and ditch it. Instead we rampage the kitchen and do cooking or baking. Both of us have a thing for culinary.

That's why it doesn't confuse me why Luna applied in Culinary school while I went to Education course as I want to teach and be with people on a daily basis.

I still remembered when I asked my mom permission to go on my own. At first she hesitated since she couldn't just trust me on my own. How will I survive on my own? Who will look out for me and everything.

I told her that I am fine on my own. I just want to explore things and be free from the wall of the palace. I want to know what it's like outside. What do people do during their break?