

## Knowing My Ex-Wife After The Divorce Chapter 13

The big day had finally arrived. Romantic flower petals fell from above, and Yulisa was glowing with happiness. She couldn't help but sneak a glance at Natalie, who was sitting in the corner looking smug. Yulisa sneered inside, 'So what if she had married Tobias? And who cared that Tobias had defended her earlier? After all these years, she hadn't even had a real wedding-how can she compare with me?'

On the big screen, a bunch of romantic scenes were played, showing the joy of young couples in love. Quinn looked handsome, shaking off the awkwardness from earlier. Under the host's blessing, the two exchanged rings.

People had different reactions, but a fancy wedding like this made everyone think about romance.

Just then, the big screen suddenly went black, and heavy breathing sounds filled the room, along with a bunch of inappropriate images. The female lead in the video was a stranger, but the male lead was definitely today's groom-Quinn!

"Quinn. you don't have to marry her. What's so special about Yulisa anyway? She's just so full of herself." A dramatic voice came through the screen, making things feel way more flirtatious.

"Don't worry; once I marry her and get my hands on the Guzman family fortune, I'll leave her for you; Quinn said, showing half his face, looking sincere even as he blushed.

The crowd fell silent, their jaws dropping in shock. This was a bombshell-a huge revelation. The real reason behind the Shaw-Guzman alliance was to snag the Guzman fortune. While motives like these weren't uncommon in relationships. airing them out in front of everyone was beyond embarrassing

The faces of the Guzman family turned sour. Yulisa looked at Quinn, hurt in her eyes. "Quinn, in your eyes, I-"

At that moment, Quinn didn't seem to care about her at all. His face turned pale, panic washing over him as he shouted, "Who uploaded that video? Delete it! Get rid of it now!"

Chaos broke out in the venue. The Shaw family rushed to regain control of the screen, but the content just wouldn't go away. Even when they tried to shut down the computer, the images kept rolling-

"Quinn, be gentle. The baby isn't stable yet, and I don't want anything to happen to our child," a sultry voice cooed from the video.

“Don’t worry, I’ll take care. This is my baby, after all. When the time comes, I’ll raise them by my side, Quinn answered confidently

Suddenly, Tommy, Yulisa’s father, jumped out of his seat, trembling with rage. “You... you have another woman? And you’ve even had a child with her? And you dare to try and get the Guzman fortune!”

The atmosphere in the ballroom was thick with shock and disbelief. Quinn’s relatives looked completely stunned, and Yulisa had tears streaming down her face, her makeup running “Quinn! You said I was the first woman you loved! What’s going on with this other woman?”

Quinn was a mess, his calm act shattered. “This has to be a setup! Someone’s out to get me. Don’t believe what you see!” But his anxious expression gave him away; it was clear that the video was real.

Tommy was fuming. “Cancel the wedding! The Guzman family might not have as much money as the Shaw family, but I won’t let my daughter be humiliated like this!” He took Yulisa, who was heartbroken, and stormed out of the hall.

Tommy, please try to stay calm,” the Shaw family members begged, looking pale from shock. But the Guzman family wasn’t in the mood to listen. Cheating, plotting for their fortune, and even having a child outside marriage? They wouldn’t take it.

The wedding between the Guzmans and the Shaws was falling apart. What was supposed to be a beautiful day turned into chaos that no one could have predicted. Guests whispered to each other, shocked by the scandal.

“Find out who’s behind-this! Quinn shouted, his eyes blazing with anger.

The banquet quickly descended into chaos. Natalie felt satisfied; her plan had worked. She didn’t care about the Shaws anymore. The Guzman family had hoped to rise higher with this union, but that dream was gone.

She slipped into a corner and quietly pulled out a USB drive she’d hidden in her pocket, pleased with her work. Just as she turned to leave, she saw a couple of security guards from the Shaw family searching the crowd, and Quinn was scanning the area too. She turned and walked away, acting like she was totally calm.

“Wait! Natalie, is that you? Stop!” Quinn shouted, finally locking eyes with her.

Natalie clicked her tongue, realizing she’d been spotted. But whatever. The damage was done; she wouldn’t let herself be a punching bag now. Ignoring Quinn, she sprinted down the hallway, heading straight to the stairwell and making a beeline for the underground parking lot.

Footsteps pounded behind her. Quinn's voice sounded. "It's you, isn't it? You're in on this with Tobias! You didn't want the Guzmans and the Shaws to team up!"

Natalie didn't bother replying. It was typical for Quinn to think this way; everything Tobias did today for her just made the look guiltier. Frustrated by his chase, she spotted a car with the window down and jumped right inside.

She quickly rolled the window up, holding her breath and trying to stay calm.

Quinn, leading a group of men, stormed around the area, his face dark and dangerous. That has to be her! D\*\*n it! If I catch her, she's done for!"

Natalie's heart raced as she heard his angry threats. But for now, she had escaped.

Quinn had been searching for a while when a couple of bodyguards approached him. They informed him that his father. was looking for him and needed him to clean up the mess left behind.

From the shadows, Natalie watched him leave with a smirk. She rolled down the car window, planning to make her escape, but then she heard a familiar voice from the back seat. "You didn't even say thank you after using my help?"

Natalie froze. Turning her head, she saw Tobias sitting upright in the backseat, looking sharp and composed. "What are you doing here?" she asked, utterly shocked.

Tobias replied c\*\*y. "Waiting for the driver. He was in the back seat, so that made sense since the front seat was empty. "Why is the window down?"

Tobias gave her a confused look. "You should ask the driver."

Natalie was at a loss for words. "Well, I'll just be on my way then. She didn't want to stay with him; sitting in the same car as her ex-husband felt really awkward. "Oh, and thanks," she added quickly, secretly grateful for his help in getting out of a tough spot

Tobias looked at her with cold indifference. "After everything I did for you today, that's all I get? Just a 'thank you?'"

Natalie frowned slightly. After being with Tobias for so many years, she knew exactly what kind of person he was. It seemed like she had something he wanted again. "So, Mr. Reese, what do you want?"

Tobias glanced at her as if he was thinking about how to deal with her.

Natalie quickly went on, Let me be clear: while you did help me today, you also caused trouble for both the Shaw family and the Guzman family, right? And all that chaos back there was just a coincidence."

Tobias simply replied, "But I made sure the person who could ruin the union between the Shaw Natalie took a deep breath, left speechless. Finally, she said, "Okay, just tell me what you want." Tobias stared at her, pausing for what felt like forever before he slowly began to speak, "I..."

## **Knowing My Ex-Wife After The Divorce Chapter 14**

Natalie stared at Tobias, waiting for him to say something. After a few seconds of silence, he finally spoke up. "Let's eat"

Natalie blinked, surprised. "Eat?" His tone sounded playful, totally unlike him.

Her shock was clear, and Tobias let out a soft chuckle. "You crashed the wedding, and you can't even treat me to a meal? I have a meeting later, you know, I can't go on an empty stomach

Natalie couldn't argue with that. She remembered how much he hated being hungry. When they were married, she often cooked for him. As those memories came flooding back, Tobias opened the car door, hopped in the driver's seat, and pressed the gas pedal.

Natalie snapped back to reality, eyeing Tobias suspiciously. "Didn't you say we had a driver?"

"The driver said it would take some time," he replied casually.

Natalie stopped asking questions. She knew he never lied.

Tobias glanced over her face, his eyes lingering a little longer on her cheeks and eyes. "Are you thinking about what happened after we got married?"

"Kind of It just feels like you've changed, but at the same time, you haven't changed that much," Natalie admitted. She honestly felt that the man sitting next to her was more complicated than before.

Ahint of self-mockery flickered in T\*\*'s eyes. "And how much have you changed?"

Natalie chuckled lightly. "It feels like ages ago, Mr. Reese. You've had a decade of my youth, and now you want to throw that in my face?" Even though there were reasons for being with Tobias, she felt she hadn't done anything wrong. During her time as Mrs. Reese, she had done her part.

To\*\*'s gaze darkened a bit, a cold glint in his eyes.

Natalie expected him to take her to a nice restaurant, but instead, he drove them to their old villa

“You’re cooking,” he said, tossing the order over his shoulder as he headed upstairs.

Natalie frowned but didn’t argue. She walked into the kitchen and quickly got to work. Everything looked the same—well-kept, no new furniture, almost like it had six years ago. After finishing the meal, she noticed Tobias still hadn’t come downstairs. Just like old times. Giving in, she headed upstairs to find him.

The study door was slightly open. Through the gap, she spotted Tobias on a video call..

When he saw her, he waved and pointed to an empty cup next to him.

Natalie’s lips twitched with annoyance, but before she could think, she moved in. She grabbed the cup, filled it with water, and set it back down

T\*\*s expression softened a little as he lifted the cup to his lips for a sip.

Thinking she could slip away now, Natalie turned to leave, but suddenly, she felt his hand on her wrist.

With a gentle tug, Tobias pulled her into his arms. Natalie gasped, her protest stuck in her throat, but he pressed a finger to her lips, urging her to look at the screen.

When she glanced over, she realized he was on a video call. The other person had their camera on while Tobias had his off, keeping a professional front. The guy across from him sat up straight, discussing plans with Tobias, who responded smoothly as if nothing unusual was going on, Natalie took a deep breath, left speechless. Finally, she said, “Okay, just tell me what you want.”

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Memories rushed back to Natalie, and she felt overwhelmed. She wasn't shy, but being with Tobias always felt different. He had this cool, distant vibe. Still, she knew he was secretly playful and mischievous. They had shared intimate moments everywhere in the living room, at the dining table, even on the floor.

Tobias just had a way of getting close to her, and she had loved every second. But now, it was different. "Let go!" Natalie whispered urgently, pushing against him.

Tobias didn't move, seeming to ignore her. His hand drifted to a place it shouldn't have.

Her face burned. After all those years sharing a bed, they knew each other too well; it was tough to push him away. She stifled a moan that threatened to escape her lips. When she glanced at Tobias again, he was still discussing business, his face calm, almost teasing her.

Natalie was furious. Finally understanding his teasing, she leaned in closer and lowered her voice. "Don't push it too far, or don't blame me if I speak up. If she did, the guy on the other end would definitely laugh at Tobias for ages."

Looking down at her, Tobias pinched her cheek playfully, finally acknowledging her. "It's fine. You can call him out."

Natalie was stunned. She shouldn't have come back with him. Who would've thought that after six years, he'd still think like this? "Tobias, does Elle not satisfy you? Why do you keep teasing me? Is your ex-wife really that special?" She emphasized the word 'ex-wife, making her feelings clear.

Tobias had clearly lost interest, which meant the teasing was over. He let go of her, and his expression turned cold. "Let's go. I'll be ready in a minute."

Natalie quickly left the study and stepped out of the villa she used to call home. The heat on her face faded as she muttered insults under her breath, calling him a jerk before heading away.

Just then, her phone buzzed. It was Yulisa. "This is your fault, isn't it? You ruined my happiness!" Yulisa's voice was filled with anger.



Natalie shrugged, "With Quinn acting like that, do you really think he's a good match for you? You should thank me for stepping in."

I already knew about all that! Did I need you to spell it out? I had a plan to deal with that woman myself. Why did you have to mess things up? You did this on purpose!" Yulisa snapped, frustration bubbling over.

Natalie wasn't surprised. In their wealthy family, everything was connected like a puzzle, and everyone was pretending they didn't know the truth. There were unspoken rules; as long as nothing was said outright, everything could be handled quietly. But with her around, those secrets would come to light—a fact she found entertaining.

Natalie tightened her grip on her purse, a slight smile creeping onto her lips. She still had a big surprise planned for the Guzman family. As for Tobias, once she sorted out her own issues, she would deal with him too. He thought he could mess with her? Ugh, what a jerk!

At the DKing Restaurant, Natalie sat elegantly at a table, enjoying her lunch, while across from her sat a miniature version of herself—her daughter, Yara—who was fidgeting in her seat.

"Mommy, I'm full! Can I go shop for a bit?" Yara pouted sweetly,

"Sure, go ahead," Natalie stifled a yawn. She knew her daughter's playful side was kicking in. It was fine; they were in a safe place, and Yara wouldn't get lost.

Outside the restaurant, a line of fancy cars pulled up. A well-dressed crowd surrounded a man in a sharp suit. "Mr. Reese, this restaurant is the most famous one in Jonton. I reserved the whole place for you as a sign of our sincerity!"

Tobias seemed unimpressed, his demeanor calm, but the enthusiasm of those around him didn't fade.

Just as they were about to enter, a waiter stepped in their path with a polite smile. "I'm sorry, but the restaurant is closed to outside guests today. You'll need to turn back."

The group froze in shock, especially Kenneth Buckley, the leader, who couldn't believe it. "I'm a VIP member! I reserved this place for the day. Am I really considered an outside guest?"

## **Knowing My Ex-Wife After The Divorce Chapter 15**

"Yes, the whole restaurant is booked today. Even if you had a reservation, it's been canceled, the waiter said politely. "Mr. Buckley, you can check the restaurant's VIP rules. They state that all reservations will be canceled for important guests, and the full



amount will be refunded. I know it seems unfair, but that's the policy. Thank you for understanding."

It might seem unreasonable, but that was the reality. Anyone who had been to DKing Restaurant knew this rule. Many people were unhappy about it, but the high-quality food and service only made the place feel more exclusive, attracting even more guests.

There were rumors that the restaurant's manager was a big shot in Jonton, someone ordinary people shouldn't mess with- otherwise, how could they enforce such a policy?

Of course, these were just rumors. No "important guests" had ever shown up before, and orders were rarely canceled, so most people just thought it was a marketing trick. But today, they learned the hard way that it was real.

Kenneth was feeling the pressure. "Can't we make an exception? I've booked the whole place, and we're already here!"

The waiter kept his warm smile. "I'm sorry, but that's not possible. If you're not happy, the restaurant will provide compensation later." In short, they weren't getting in.

Grinding his teeth, Kenneth pointed a finger at Tobias and lowered his voice to threaten. "You better remember who this is. This is Mr. Reese! You really think you can turn him away? Don't you worry about your restaurant going out of business?"

The waiter remained unfazed, still smiling brightly.

Tobias looked at the restaurant, not particularly eager to go in, but he found the rule interesting. That "important guest" was quite the mystery

Just then, a sweet young voice rang out in the restaurant. "Uncle! Long time no see!" A little girl in shiny shoes ran forward, her small arms hugging Tobias's leg playfully. "Did you miss me?"

Tobias looked down at the adorable girl.

Before he could answer, the waiter instantly shifted to a defensive stance, watching Tobias and his group carefully. But as soon as he looked at Yara, his expression softened. "Yara, you can't run around like that. Come back here." she urged, her tone completely different.

Kenneth was taken aback. "Whose daughter is this? I've never seen her before. Is she the manager's daughter?" He was shocked; the girl looked completely unfamiliar to him.

The waiter nodded quickly, trying to escort Yara away. But the little girl clung tight to Tobias's leg, refusing to budge. "No! I finally get to see my handsome uncle! I don't want to leave! Uncle, can you come with me?"

Tobias wasn't really interested at first, but there was something about her big, beautiful eyes that made him surprisingly patient "Okay"

Yara's face lit up with a bright smile. She was utterly radiant.

As she beamed up at him, Tobias couldn't help but wonder about her family.

"But we still can't get in..." Kenneth murmured weakly. Inside, he thought, 'Doesn't Mr. Reese see that this restaurant is clearly closed to guests today? Offending me might not matter much, but disrespecting Tobias could ruin our chances of working together!

Before Kenneth could express his worries, the waiter said, politely but firmly, "Yara, you can't do t Yara puffed out her cheeks. But I want to be with him! I promised him I would!"

This. The was at a loss.

Tobias glanced at the waiter, his tone cool and steady. "I want this restaurant," he said plainly, his voice calm and hard to ignore. He had every right to say it.

The waiter smirked, a hint of sarcasm in his voice, "Mr. Reese, this restaurant isn't just yours to claim."

Tobias's expression turned serious, a cold light in his eyes. Powerful people always noticed when their authority was challenged, and he felt a rush of determination. "Where's the manager? Bring her out,"

Kenneth timidly spoke up, "Mr. Reese, why not just let this go? Its just dinner.

"I want to see who can turn me away." Tobias replied. He had never faced rejection before, and today wouldn't be any different.

Yara blinked her big eyes, confused yet excited. "Is it time to see Mommy? I'll go get her! Let her meet you!" With that, she dashed inside the restaurant.

Inside. Natalie was enjoying a cup of coffee. The restaurant's design fit her tastes perfectly, letting her reflect on things. Six years ago, before her divorce, she often came here when she was feeling down. It was her rule to avoid any interruptions.

"Mommy! Handsome Uncle is waiting outside! He wants to see you!" Yara rushed over, excitement lighting up her little face. Natalie, however, was less interested, "Oh.

Yara leaned over the table, her curious little head peeking up as she blinked her big eyes. "Mom! It's that handsome uncle you met last time!"

"Oh, Natalie replied, only half paying attention.

Honestly, Yara had met a bunch of “handsome uncles” over the years, and most of them were overseas. A few had come back home, but it was no big deal.

Natalie felt lazy, while Yara bounced with excitement. “What if I go get him to come over?”

“Do whatever you want, just don’t bring him over to bug me, Natalie said casually. As long as it wasn’t Tobias, she didn’t mind. Just thinking about him complicated things. If he found out she had a child... well, that could lead to all sorts of headaches

Natalie liked to think she knew Tobias well enough. If he found out she had a kid, he would probably dig into who the father was. After all, Yara and Tobias’s son were close in age. It couldn’t be a coincidence, and she doubted Tobias would care about some child.

While she thought about this, she spotted a figure in the distance. The moment she recognized him, she froze and quickly ducked under the table. She exclaimed in her heart, “Why do my fears always come true?”

“Hey? Where’s my mom? She was just here,” Yara’s confused voice rang out from above.

Natalie winced, regretting her earlier decision to let Yara approach him. But it was too late now.

Luckily, the tablecloth was long enough to cover her somewhat. The sound of footsteps got closer, and she spotted shiny shoes that she immediately recognized as Tobias’s favorite brand. Her breath caught in her throat.

“Uncle, that’s weird! Where did my mom go all of a sudden?” Yara chirped.

Tobias looked down at the table, noticing the snacks and half-finished coffee. “She might have stepped away for a moment,” he replied calmly.

Yara nodded seriously. “I need to find her!”

“No need,” he said, glancing back. “I have some things to take care of Kenneth and the others were waiting a little further away: their project wasn’t finished yet.

Natalie let out a sigh of relief when she heard that. Next time, she’d definitely ask Yara what she meant. Just then, the footsteps began to fade, and she was about to crawl out from under the table when suddenly, the tablecloth was lifted, and she found herself staring straight into Tobias’s piercing eyes. “Natalie?” he called out.