

Knowing My Ex-Wife After The Divorce Chapter 32

Natalie shrugged. "Sorry, but if I'd known you were going to be so reasonable, I would've told you this sooner."

Tobias gave a slight smirk, his voice laced with a hint of self-deprecation. "What do think of me?"

you really

Natalie thought he was trying to provoke her. "Does it even matter? It's all in the past." In the past, she might have taken time to reflect and try to understand him better, but now, it didn't feel necessary.

Tobias caught the meaning behind her words, and the coldness in his gaze deepened.

Just then, Jack hurried over, looking a bit flustered. "Mr. Reese, Ms. Lightman..."

"Where is she?" Tobias asked flatly, ready to go for her.

Natalie couldn't help but chuckle softly. 'He's clearly busy,' she thought. Still, she was curious -if Tobias was worried about Elle, why was he acting so against her? The curiosity bubbled up, and she ended up asking.

Tobias shot her a glance, his voice steady. "She made a mistake, and there needs to be consequences."

Natalie nodded, understanding. "Must be pretty serious, then." Knowing Tobias, she knew he wouldn't hold a grudge against Elle unless it was significant.

As soon as she spoke, she felt several eyes on her. Tobias's bodyguards and Jack were watching her with complicated looks. It made her feel a little uneasy. 'Did I do something wrong, or is there something wrong with my dress?' she wondered.

Tobias, still as cool as a cucumber, added, "She really stepped over the line."

Natalie raised an eyebrow, as if everything suddenly clicked into place. "Well, you should really talk to her about it. I won't get in your way any longer." With that, she gave a polite nod, turned on her heel, and walked away.

Once she was out of sight, Jack cleared his throat. "Mr. Reese, won't you tell her what's going on?"

"It's not necessary," Tobias replied casually. "I won't be confronting Elle this time. Just let her know I'm aware of her secret partnership with Howard." He paused. "There are lines I don't mind crossing, but... Natalie can't be involved."

Natalie pulled up to her home, ready to catch some sleep before she had to collect her daughter from school. As she stepped through the door, her phone buzzed. Yulisa was on the line.

“When did you start taking piano lessons?” Yulisa got straight to the point, clearly having heard about the gathering that afternoon.

Natalie rolled her eyes. She knew Yulisa lacked any real musical talent and had barely any piano skills, so she didn’t go to the gathering. It was obvious this call was just a confrontation.

“Let me guess,” Yulisa continued, just as Natalie expected. “You’re trying to impress Tobias by learning the piano, right?”

Natalie smirked. “And what if I am?”

Yulisa’s voice dripped with arrogance. “Some people just don’t know their place and try to climb higher than they deserve. I’m here to set you straight. Don’t you think you’re special just because you learned the piano.”

Natalie shot back, “I never said learning the piano made me special.”

“Please! Your showing up at that gathering was obviously to make a splash. Face it, Natalie- you’ll always be living in my shadow,” Yulisa said.

Natalie yawned, too tired to continue the conversation. “Is there anything else? If not, I’m hanging up.” She wasn’t in the mood to deal with the Guzman family. It wasn’t the time yet.

Yulisa seemed to think for a moment before saying, “Oh, and Mom and Dad said you’re too idle. They want you to come work at the family company. At least that’ll keep you busy.”

“Got it,” Natalie replied, sounding indifferent.

“Make sure you appreciate this chance. Other companies wouldn’t even consider someone with your elementary school education,” Yulisa added smugly before abruptly ending the call.

Natalie was amused by her sister’s over-the-top attitude. The Guzman family sure knew how to create chaos. Just as she settled back, her phone rang again. This time, it was the kindergarten, letting her know that Yara had been involved in a fight at school.

Natalie's smile slipped away, replaced by confusion. Sure, her daughter could be a little headstrong, but she'd never get into a fight.

When Natalie arrived at the kindergarten office, she could hear her daughter yelling inside. "I'm going to fight that mean kid! I can't stand him!"

Pushing the door open, she found Yara face-to-face with a familiar boy, both of them glaring at each other like they were ready to explode. If the teacher hadn't been holding them back, they might have already started to throw punches. Natalie sighed, rubbing her temples in frustration.

"Mommy!" Yara exclaimed, rushing over to hug her.

Natalie crouched to check Yara for injuries. "You're not hurt, are you?"

Yara shook her head fiercely. "I'm fine! That kid couldn't hurt me even if he tried!" She punctuated her words by clenching her little fists in defiance.

The teacher stepped forward, looking at Natalie. "You must be Yara's parent."

"Yes, that's me," Natalie replied.

Just then, another voice piped up. "Mommy!" Ryan barreled in, grabbing hold of Natalie's other hand. "Mommy!"

Natalie blinked in surprise.

The teacher was confused. "Are you also Ryan's parent?"

Natalie cleared her throat, trying to stay calm. "Uh, not really..."

"No, you are!" Ryan insisted, holding onto her hand.

"Hey! Let go of my mom!" Yara shouted, trying to pull him away but clearly struggling against Ryan's grip.

"I'm not letting go of Mommy!" Ryan clung tighter, his little face determined.

Natalie could easily have separated them, but just as she was about to, she noticed Ryan's eyes brimming with tears. Instantly, her heart softened. She looked over at the teacher, seeking help. "Can you please explain what happened here?"

The teacher looked a bit awkward as she explained, "During recess, the two kids got into a fight in the hallway. No matter how hard we tried to break it up, they wouldn't stop, so we had to call in the parents."

Strangely enough, the kids seemed fine. After all that fuss, they hadn't actually hurt each other at all. It could have been way worse otherwise.

Natalie glanced down at Yara, who was clinging to her leg like a determined little warrior. "Alright, my little fighter, what were you two arguing about?"

"Because he wants to steal Mommy, but Mommy is mine!" Yara declared, wrapping her arms around Natalie's leg even tighter.

Ryan quickly chimed in, holding onto her other leg. "Mommy is mine!"

Natalie was left speechless.

The teacher cleared her throat, looking slightly awkward. "Um, Yara's mom... you're also Ryan's mom, right? Maybe you could take the kids back and help them sort this out?"

"I'm not his mom," Natalie replied.

The moment she said it, Ryan's eyes filled with tears, making him look heartbroken. That really tugged at Natalie's heartstrings. 'Why do I feel sorry for Elle's kid?' she wondered.

The teacher sighed again. "Look, I know it's tough to juggle things after a divorce, but kids need their parents' love. Just because couples split doesn't mean they should forget about their kids." She continued, "Ryan really wants his mom. Every day after school, he watches other kids get picked up by their moms and just stands there, wishing it was the same for him. The only people who come for him are his dad, a random driver, or someone claiming to be his aunt. His mom never shows up."

Natalie was shocked, thinking, 'I can't believe Elle doesn't care about her own kid. Even if he was conceived through IVF, she should still care about his feelings.'