

The Formidable Son-In-Law: The Charismatic Lucas Gray

Chapter 11: Let's Get Divorced

Ignoring Lucas's expression, Karen continued to berate.

"Do you know how miserable Cheyenne was after you abandoned her and left? She was humiliated and mocked by others because even her incompetent husband left her. She went to the office every day even when she was pregnant and spent all her time slogging her guts out. Later on, she was so angered to the point of going into premature labor. When Amelia was born, she was as tiny as a kitten, and her life was in danger. Old Master took over the company afterward, and he still hasn't returned it to us yet! Did you know about all of this?"

"You ran away as you pleased, and now you want to come back? No way! You have nothing to your name now. What makes you have the cheek to stay?"

Karen was rattling on and on like a machine gun while pointing at Lucas.

As her saliva splattered all over him, he felt extremely uncomfortable.

Back then, he left with the intention to make a name for himself so that people would stop mocking Cheyenne for having a wastrel husband. However, he didn't know that she was already pregnant with his child at the time, and that she even went through a dangerous labor and painstakingly raised their daughter.

Cheyenne covered her mouth as tears flowed down her eyes. The mere thought about the things that happened back then was agonizing for her. However, she clenched her jaw and stayed silent. She merely shivered a little as she tried to bear with it.

A strong sense of guilt overwhelmed Lucas.

He dropped to his knees and knelt in front of Cheyenne's parents.

He, the God of War, the mighty and esteemed captain of Falcon Regiment, actually knelt on the ground!

"What are you doing?" Karen was stunned as she moved her body on the chair uneasily.

"I've indeed let Cheyenne down over all these years. I failed to fulfill my duty as her husband, and it's only right that you're upset with me," Lucas said in a deep voice. "The two of you raised Cheyenne painstakingly and let her marry me. You also went through great efforts to take care of Amelia. I will remember your kindness forever.

"I know it's useless to say anything now. But I hope that I can try my best to make it up to you guys, Cheyenne, and Amelia so that they will no longer suffer in the future."

Lucas bent forward, and his head hit the ground!

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Bang!

There was a loud sound from the ground, which was evidence of how hard the hit was!

"What are you doing?!" Cheyenne yelled to stop him, anxious and exasperated. *Why did he hit the ground so hard? What if he suffers brain damage?!*

Lucas raised his red and swollen forehead and smiled at the beautiful lady squatting down beside him with a worried expression. He gazed at Cheyenne longingly, as though he wanted to keep her etched in his heart forever.

When he was drugged and ended up becoming intimate with her back then, he pitied her for what happened and was stunned by her ravishing beauty. He also admired her virtuous nature.

Her excellence made him develop an inferiority complex, as he was ashamed that he had nothing to his name.

In the few years that he had spent in the campground, he would think of Cheyenne, and her face would appear in his mind whenever he was fighting a tough battle or was overwhelmed with fatigue. He would then grit his teeth and bear with it time and time again.

She was Lucas's motivation and the person he unknowingly and deeply fell in love with.

However, he decided to let her go if all he brought her was endless misery and pain.

Deep love and complicated emotions surged in his eyes, but he simply gazed at her and said gently, "Let's get divorced."

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Cheyenne looked at him in disbelief. Immediately afterward, she slapped him hard on his face.

Smack!

"You came back after so many years, and all you have to say is to ask me for a divorce?"

"Yes, we didn't have any feelings for each other back then, so you could leave for so many years without hesitation. I can't blame you. I can only blame myself for my bad luck.

"But what about Amelia? Our daughter grew up without a father, and all the children at the kindergarten call her an illegitimate child every day, calling her names and saying that her father doesn't want her. She comes home crying all the time, and I coax her by telling her that her father is a hero who's busy all day and will be back soon.

"She finally got to see you, but what about you?! You want to get a divorce? Sure, let's go ahead! Get lost! Scram as far as you can!"

Cheyenne finally cried out in pain and punched Lucas on his chest as she bawled her heart out, as if she was trying to vent all the grievances she had been holding in during the past few years.

Lucas was greatly distressed.

Without concern for anything else, he pulled the weeping Cheyenne into his arms. Although he had only ever shed blood and not tears, he was now teary-eyed.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to make you cry. I’m sorry.” Lucas gently caressed Cheyenne’s shuddering spine and promised, “I won’t leave. I’ll treat you two very well from now on!”

“No!”

Although they had gotten a great shock when Lucas’s head hit the ground, Cheyenne’s parents were still glad to hear him initiate a divorce. *That’s more like it. How can a good-for-nothing be worthy of my daughter?*

However, they never expected their daughter to be the one to disagree to the divorce.

Seeing that the two of them were hugging each other and seemed to be reconciling soon, Karen panicked and tried to push Cheyenne away. “Are you a fool? Let him get lost!”

William pushed Lucas far away too. “Get lost! Hurry up and get lost! You’re not welcome in this house!”

Lucas sighed and had no choice but to leave first.