

The Return of my First Love

Chapter 1

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I had been trying for a baby with my husband for three years—with zero luck.

Then, one day, I took a prenatal vitamin in front of my bestie, who's a doctor.

She grabbed the pill bottle, frowned, and crushed one into powder between her fingers.

"This isn't a prenatal. It's birth control."

Her words sent a chill down my spine.

I immediately sent the pills for lab testing.

Turns out, I had been taking birth control for the past three years.

Pills that Lucas Harrison gave me.

Every single time before we were together, he'd coax me into swallowing one.

I was about to confront him with the test results when a message popped up in our mutual friends' group

chat—sent by Scarlett Bennett.

The photo?

A pregnancy test, bold and bright, with two dark pink lines.

[Babe, wanna make a bet?]

[Do you think we're having a little Lucas or a little Scarlett?]

[I'm betting on a little Lucas.]

Two minutes later, she pretended to be flustered.

[Oops, sorry, guys. Sent that to the wrong chat.]

[Can't unsend it now, so just... pretend you didn't see anything.]

I let out a bitter laugh, my last shred of guilt vanishing in an instant.

I finally replied to the one that got away—the man I should have never left.

[One month. I'll come with you.]

11.42

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The group chat went dead silent

Then, someone finally broke the ice.

[Well well...congrats, I guest?]

[When did you guys get married?]

[You didn't even tell us! We should've been there to celebrate.]

Someone sent a money transfer labeled as a wedding gift.

Others followed suit

Scarlett played coy, adding two blushing emojis.

[**Aww**, thanks, guys. But **don't** make a big deal out of it, okay? Just pretend you never saw it.]

[Come on, we can't ignore it. Even if we didn't get invited to the wedding, we're still friends.]

[Exactly. You two finally got together—we have to give you our blessings.]

This group was **full** of Lucas' college buddies.

After we got married, he had added me, saying, "These are my close friends."

"You should get to know them."

When **they** asked who I was, all he said was:

[A friend.]

[A friend? Then introduce her! Maybe one of the single guys here would be interested.]

Lucas stayed silent.

So did L

I had been a silent observer in this group ever since.

Back then, Scarlett had even scolded them.

[Don't act so desperate just because a girl joins the chat.]

[If you want a girlfriend, go get one yourself]

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The Harrison and Sinclair families were both old money,

Our families had been planning a grand wedding for us, but Lucas had brushed it off

"I'm at a critical stage in my career," he had said.

"I barely have time for a simple wedding, let alone a grand one"

"Let's talk about it later."

Later never came.

Five years passed.

I had long given up on the idea of a big wedding.

If it happened, great.

If not, whatever.

Lucas' friends had no idea he was married.

Let alone the fact that he hadn't married Scarlett—the girl everyone thought was his perfect match.

The chat kept buzzing.

My phone screen stayed lit in my grip.

I stared at it, cold and numb, as tears rolled down my cheeks, my soul breaking with every drop.

For a fleeting moment, I hoped Lucas would say it was all a lie.

That it wasn't what it looked like.

But despite all the notifications, the man at the center of it all—who was being tagged over and over—never said a word.

Scarlett accepted the money transfers.

[Thanks, everyone! Consider this a little gift for the baby.]

[Once the baby is born, we'll throw a party and invite you all!]

[You all better show up! Baby says thanks in advance~]

Scarlett had made her decision—they were having the baby.

11:42

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A suffocating weight settled on my chest.

I pushed open the window, desperate for air.

Standing on the balcony, I took deep, shaky breaths, but my heart still felt like it was being squeezed.

The cold wind numbed my face, and after a while, I finally calmed down.

I took screenshots of the group chat, then quietly left the group.

I was still sitting in the corner of the balcony, lost in thought, when Lucas did something unusual—he

came home early.

He pulled me up from the ground and shut the window.

“It’s freezing. Sitting by an open window in the middle of winter—you trying to get sick?”

I stared at him.

He was adjusting my clothes like he actually cared, but something about him felt... off.

Like a stranger.

Was it guilt? Did he feel even a little bit guilty for what he’d done?

I flinched away from his touch.

“Don’t touch”

He hesitated, then finally met my eyes.