

The Return of my First Love

Chapter 2

His expression shifted—like he was dealing with an unreasonable child

“Oh, this is about the group chat, isn’t it?”

He sighed, his tone light, like he was explaining something trivial,

“Emily, before we got married, we agreed this was just to keep our parents happy, right

“They’re happy with the way things are. I’m happy,”

“So what exactly are you unhappy about?”

Our marriage was never about love, just obligation.

The Harrison and Sinclair families had been close for generations.

But while our parents were practically family, Lucas and I barely knew each other.

I had studied abroad in high school while he stayed behind.

We never talked, never kept in touch.

Then, when I returned, our parents decided we were the perfect match.

They pulled every trick in the book—crying, threatening, guilt—tripping.

“This is the best decision for both of you!”

“We’ve paved the way for your future, and you’re telling me you’d rather struggle?”

“That boyfriend of yours? Forget it. Over my dead body.”

“Unless your father and I drop dead, this marriage is happening.”

They were relentless. They took our credit cards, confiscated our phones, even stationed bodyguards outside our doors.

Their only job? Making sure Lucas and I couldn’t escape.

In the end, I broke up with my boyfriend.

Gave in. Let them win.

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Right before we got our marriage license, Lucas had told me coldly, “Guess we’re in this together. Just play along, and don’t take it seriously.”

I knew his heart belonged to Scarlett.

But I never thought he’d be this blatant about it.

Cheating was one thing.

But secretly drugging me with birth control for three years—so I wouldn’t get in the way of his real love

life?

It was disgusting.

It was unforgivable.

I took a deep breath, then asked the question I already knew the answer to.

“So you’re keeping this baby?”

Scarlett wouldn’t have accepted all those wedding gifts if Lucas hadn’t given her the green light.

She wouldn’t set herself up like that unless she was absolutely sure.

Lucas clenched his jaw.

“Emily, I want a child.”

My hand moved before I could think.

The slap echoed through the room.

It was all so ridiculous.

I laughed—ugly, bitter laughter that mixed with my tears.

Then I turned and stormed into the bedroom.

The test results were still on the desk.

The lab report. The hospital's diagnosis.

I grabbed the papers and hurled them at him.

"Lucas, read it yourself."

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"The **folic** acid you gave me it was birth control, wasn't it?"

Lucas suddenly looked panicked, dutching both reports in **his** hands, **flipping** them back and forth.

His voice trembled.

"Emily..."

"You fed me birth control **for** three years, and now you're telling me you want a baby?"

"If you were so desperate to have a kid **with** Scarlett, you could've just told me."

"I would've helped you keep **it from** our parents."

"But instead, you disguised birth control as **vitamins** and tricked me into taking them."

"I can handle anything—except you hurting me like this."

Looking back on my five-year marriage to Lucas, it all feels... surreal

Most of the time, we were just polite roommates.

But there were moments—brief, fleeting moments—where it felt real

Sometimes, after he'd had a few drinks, he'd cling to me, whispering over and over:

"Baby, do you think we're happy? Cause I think we're happy."

Then he'd hold me tighter.

I'd go to the kitchen to make him coffee to sober up, but he'd pull me back.

"Nothing sobers me up better than you right here with me."

At first, I wasn't sure if he was imagining someone else when he held me.

But after a while, I stopped questioning it.

I let myself believe in those moments.

He knew how to play the part.

On holidays, he'd charm both sides of the family.

He'd wrap an arm around my waist and reassure my parents, "Don't worry, Emily's amazing."

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"Marrying her was the best decision I ever made."

And even though I knew he was just acting, sometimes I'd let myself believe that fate had already decided our future.

Maybe not as lovers, but at least as family.

But he was cruel.

Cruel enough to watch me take those pills for three years and say nothing,

If it weren't for Claire, I never would've found out.

His fingers shook as he held the report. His gaze was unfocused.

His voice came out strained, like the words were stuck in his throat.

"I just... I didn't want you to be upset."

"You don't have to take them anymore."

Two short sentences.

No apology. No remorse.

Just cowardice.

I let out a cold laugh.

So, were you worried about me being upset?

Or were you just scared that if you told me the truth, you wouldn't get what you wanted?

Lucas's selfishness, his deceit—it was all laid bare.

And it made me sick.

“Lucas, do you have any idea how much I blamed myself?”

“How much I tortured myself thinking something was wrong with me?”

I slowly took the hospital report from his hands, pointing at the results.

“The doctor said the hormones in my body are completely out of balance from all the birth control.”

“I might never be able to have kids now.”

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My voice cracked.

More tears fell.

My whole body shook **from** the weight of it all

“But it doesn’t matter.”

“Because there is no ‘us’ anymore, Lucas. I hate your

The moment I saw the test results, I made an appointment to see a doctor

I needed to know the **truth**.

And it was just as I feared—

I **couldn’t** escape the damage those pills had done **to my** body,

When the doctor told me that **my** chances of conceiving were slim, I started hating Lucas

Now, that hatred has reached its peak.

I will never forgive him.

