

The Return of my First Love

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I locked myself in the bedroom just as my laptop screen lit up.

It was another email from Jason.

He's been waiting for me overseas.

Ever since our breakup, he's sent me an email every week without fail.

And just like clockwork, another one had arrived.

I wiped my tears, took a deep breath, and opened it.

Attached was a blurry photo of a black hole.

"Observed another collapsing star today."

"Emily, how have you been? I miss you."

"When I retire, I swear I won't turn into a black hole of sadness—
I'll come back to be with you."

"But for now, you're still too far away."

"And I miss you so much it hurts."

Jason grew up abroad, always mixing in his dry humor with everything he said.

Over the past five years, his messages have piled up, filling my inbox.

The photos he sent, the words he wrote—
I saved them all in a separate folder, afraid they'd disappear

with time.

But I never responded.

Not once.

Because unlike Lucas, I knew what it meant to be married.

I thought if enough time passed, Jason would let me go.

But he never did.

I scrolled through our old emails, my thoughts running wild.

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For just one fleeting moment, I hesitated.

Then, my phone buzzed.

Lucas had transferred a million dollars to my account.

“I messed up. This is my way of making it up to you.”

But as I stared at that seven figure number, I realized—
no amount of money could make this anger go

away.

I finally understood.

I needed to live for myself.

Excitement bubbled up in my chest.

I typed a response to Jason.

“I won’t be far for long. Give me a month. I’ll come to you.”

Ever since that fight, Lucas and I had silently agreed to sleep in separate rooms.

I took the master bedroom. He moved into the guest room.

But

every

time I got up at night, the guest room door was always open, the bed empty.

He was probably staying at Scarlett's place.

Not that I cared anymore.

Slowly, I packed up my things, shipping them overseas.

Jason would be there to receive them.

Then one day, Lucas came home with a gift.

It was a crown—a vintage piece I had stared at for a long time in a jewelry store.

He even brought out his most expensive bottle of wine and cooked me dinner.

“Emily, Grandpa's birthday is coming up.”

“Can we just... not *do* this right now?”

Another performance for the sake of appearances.

11:12

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We were used to playing this game.

I nodded.

“Sure.”

For the past few years, Grandpa's birthdays had always been grand affairs.

This time, we booked out the best restaurant in the city.

Our families, business partners, and friends filled the entire space.

Before we walked in, Lucas reached for my hand.

As usual, I let him take it.

But this time, he pried my fingers open—locking our hands together, fingers entwined.

I tried to pull away, but he tightened his grip until my knuckles ached.

Only when I gave up did he finally smile, looking satisfied, and led me inside.

Scarlett was there, helping out the Harrison family.

The moment Lucas saw her, his smile disappeared.

A flicker of unease flashed across his face.

Then, as expected, the dreaded topic came up.

“You two have been married five years now, and still no baby?”

“Have you even checked to see if everything’s okay?”

“That’s it. Tomorrow, you’re both getting tested.”

My smile froze.

Tears threatened to spill over again.

I tilted my head down, wiping away a tear with my pinky.

Then I forced a smile, raised my glass, and said, “Tonight’s about Grandpa.”

“Let’s not talk about this. Cheers to many more happy years!”

Before I could drink, *my* mother in law took my glass away.

No drinking, Emily, You’re still trying for a baby”

Lucas, you too.”

Then Scarlett placed a hand on her stomach and smirked.

“Oh, **but** Mrs. Harrison—I’m pregnant.”

The whole table fell silent

She glanced at me and added, “I just meant... you’re definitely getting a grandchild.”

“Maybe even two.”

“Lucas **is in** great shape, after all. No need to **worry**.”

I glanced at Lucas. Just a moment ago, his brows were furrowed in frustration, but as soon as he looked at Scarlett, they smoothed out

His eyes softened with love.

Scarlett poured me a drink.

“Emily, that must’ve been a shock”

She sighed dramatically. “Ugh, **my** bad. I really need a filter sometimes.”

‘Hope you don’t take it personally.”

She raised her glass.

“I owe you an apology.”

“I mean, you guys have been trying for three years with no luck—one drink won’t hurt, right?”

I didn’t look at her.

Didn’t acknowledge her.

She just stood there, holding up the glass, waiting

Lucas snatched it from her hand.

“Scarlett, you’re pregnant. What the hell are you doing drinking?”

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Then he turned to me

“Emily, she’s trying to *www wends*. You and drinking would be kinda rude, don’t you think

His mom looked like she wanted to say something, but faces cut her off

“Mom, stop treating her like she’s so fragile

“A daughter in law of the Harrison family should at least have some manners.”

“And Scarlett’s *right*. We’ve been trying for three years, and nothing’s happened.”

“What’s one drink gonna do?”

I had no idea how Lucas had the audacity to bring that up.

My hands trembled with rage.

I dug my nails into my *thigh*, grounding myself so I wouldn't lose control.

It didn't matter. This was the last night I had to endure.

Just a few more hours, and I'd be free.

I forced a smile at Scarlett,

"I don't blame you," I said.

"Even if the baby is Lucas's, I still don't blame you."

Then I raised my glass and downed the drink in one go.

Scarlett's face stiffened.

The dinner finally ended. Lucas left to take Scarlett home.

I went straight back to the house, grabbed my passport, and called for a cab to the airport.

All I left behind was a signed divorce agreement.

Before my flight took off, I dropped one last message into the family group chat:

Scarlett is pregnant with Lucas's baby.

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I'm divorcing him.