

The Return of my First Love

Chapter 5

They forced me into a marriage I never wanted, and now they were siding with the Harri
sons to drag me

back?

I shouldn't have been surprised.

"I'm safe," I said coldly. "That's all you need to know."

"Lucas and I are done. I've already hired a lawyer back home to handle the divorce."

She sniffled, "Lucas's father is furious. He made him kneel outside all night after you left
."

"He said if Lucas doesn't bring you back, he'll kick him out of the family."

"And as for Scarlett's baby... the Harrisons have already said they won't acknowledge it
, no matter what."

"Emily, our two families have been partners for years. Don't make this worse than it has
to be."

Ah. There it was.

The guilt trip. The emotional blackmail.

I should have felt something.

But all I felt was exhaustion.

They wanted me to care about Lucas's punishment?

To pity him?

After everything?

I clenched my jaw, swallowing the lump in my throat.

"He's the one who screwed up, not me."

"If family reputation matters more to you than I do, then fine—
stop considering me a Sinclair."

“That way, you won’t have to feel embarrassed because of me.”

“And while you’re at it, tell the Harrisons to accept Scarlett’s baby, because I sure as hell I am never giving

them one.”

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Before she could respond, I ended the call.

Blocked the family group chat. Blocked all of them.

They had pushed me to this.

And I was done.

It didn’t take long for the media to catch on.

Soon, someone dug up Lucas’s identity—CEO of the Harrison Group,

Our wedding photos started circulating online.

The whole thing exploded, both on international news and back home.

People had a field day with it.

“Biggest scandal of the year—billionaire’s wife runs away with another man!”

“Damn, even money couldn’t keep her around?”

The comments section was a mess—full of sarcastic jokes and brutal takes.

I didn’t bother responding.

By the time Lucas’s plane landed in Sydney, his business partners were already there to pick him up.

Meanwhile, I was trapped inside, avoiding the media frenzy.

The news had spread like wildfire, and stepping outside felt like putting a target on my back.

Lucas found me on a rainy afternoon.

Jason and I had just finished grocery shopping.

We were walking back, sharing an umbrella, barely paying attention to anything around us.

The rain blurred our vision, making everything hazy.

But Lucas? He had no trouble spotting us. He stormed up, knocked our umbrella aside, and punched Jason square in the face.

Jason staggered back, blood mixing with the rain, trickling down his chin.

I shoved Lucas.

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“What the hell is wrong with you? You wanna get arrested?”

He wasn’t even carrying an umbrella.

His hair was plastered to his forehead, his clothes completely soaked.

Rain dripped down his face as he wiped it away with the back of his hand, his voice raw with anger.

“Emily, are you seriously threatening me with the cops?”

“Like the whole world doesn’t already know you’re my wife?”

He let out a bitter laugh.

“You ran halfway across the globe for another man, and I’m the one in the wrong?”

His voice rose, hoarse with frustration.

“Do you even know what the hell I’ve been through these past few days?”

I tilted my head, giving him a smirk.

Yeah, I knew.

Lucas landed in Sydney to a warm welcome, probably wined and dined by his business contacts, living in five-star comfort.

Meanwhile, I was getting dragged through the mud online, branded as a cheating wife by both American and international media.

People called me every name in the book.

Some even wished me dead.

I had to disguise myself just to step outside, like I was some fugitive.

And yet, here he was, acting like the victim.

I let out a dry chuckle.

“Lucas, Scarlett’s pregnant. That’s what you should be worrying about.”

“Maybe focus on the mess you actually made instead of harassing people who have nothing to do with you.”

His face darkened. He grabbed my shoulders, his grip tight and desperate.

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“Emily, do you even hear yourself right now?”

Jason shoved him off me, stepping between us protectively.

Lucas barely hesitated before throwing another punch.

But Jason wasn’t just some bookish astrophysicist with a weak frame. He caught Lucas’ fist mid-air and, in a swift move, landed a solid hit of his own.

Lucas stumbled, stunned.

“Who the hell do you think you are?”

They scuffled, rolling through the mud,

ain soaking through their clothes.

I stood there, arms crossed, watching it unfold.

Lucas wasn’t winning this fight—not even close.

Still, I didn’t want this turning into an even bigger spectacle.

Just as I stepped forward to break it up, Lucas swung wildly—his fist connected with my temple, sending me reeling.

I hit the ground hard, pain shooting through

1. me.

My vision blurred.

“Emily—”

Lucas’s voice cracked, suddenly stripped of all its

His expression shifted from fury to panic.

rage.

He reached for me, but Jason shoved him away again.

I took a deep breath, fighting through the dizziness.

“You keep acting like I ran off to cheat on you,” I said, my voice sharp.

“But I left you after I handed you divorce papers. You were the one who refused to sign.”

“So tell me, Lucas—
why was it okay for you to go crawling back to your ex while we were still married, but when I try to move on, suddenly it’s a crime?”

His jaw tightened.

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Rain dripped from his lashes as he stared at me, silent.

Cheer