

The Return of my First Love

Chapter 6

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"We were never in love." I coughed

"We were just comfortable. We got used to each other, and that was it."

I pushed myself up, my leg **throtting** where I landed **hard** Jason helped me to my feet .

"Go home, Lucas Sign the damn papers"

"**And** stop chasing after me."

He suddenly dropped to his knees in the mud, dinging to my leg. His voice broke.

"Emily, I was wrong, Please, come back with me."

"I'll cut **things off** with Scarlett. If you leave Jason, we can start over."

I limped forward, **dragging my** leg out of his grasp. He didn't stop.

"I'll give up the baby, too. I don't care about anything else—I just want you."

I didn't stop walking

Lucas's pleas faded behind **me**, swallowed by the sound of the rain.

I looked down at him, and saw the cloudiness in his eyes, unsure whether it was rain or tears on his face.

It was the first time I saw him drop the cold facade, like a real person with emotions.

It was also the first time I saw him give up his pride, begging me in such a vulnerable way.

His eyes were complicated, maybe with a hint of sincerity.

But we couldn't go back—

not after he tricked me into taking birth control pills, pretending they were folic

acid.

This time, it was me pushing him away, letting him kneel in the rain.

I turned and walked off without looking back.

Jason took me to the hospital.

My leg had been seriously injured, and they diagnosed it with a fracture.

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The doctor fixed me up and told me to stay home and rest.

Whenever I was bored, I'd look out the window and see a figure kneeling downstairs.

People would walk by, snap pictures, and post them online.

Another wave of gossip stirred up.

I still went down to see him.

His stiff expression softened into a slight surprise when he saw me, and he got up to hug me.

He held me tightly.

"Babe, I knew you wouldn't leave me."

"We've been together for so many years, it's not something you can just break."

"Anyone who says we don't have feelings for each other is just lying to themselves."

I pushed him away with all my strength and forced a bitter smile.

"So, you're the one lying to yourself?"

It was just a sarcastic remark. I didn't expect an answer.

But he nodded seriously, gripping my shoulders.

"Yeah, I admit it."

"Emily, I love you."

“The reason I’ve been lying to myself about not having feelings for you is because I feel guilty about

Scarlett.”

“Now I see it clearly—nothing is more important than you.”

“Without you, my world’s turned dark.”

“I’ve never felt this miserable before, not even in the past.”

My parents broke me and Jason apart.

Lucas’s parents broke him and Scarlett apart.

But I have to admit, Scarlett is smart—
always going out of her way to win over the Harrison family.

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They didn’t want Lucas to be with her, but they didn’t dislike her either.

That’s why she was so bold at Grandpa’s birthday party.

As for my Jason, he stayed in Australia for work.

I was trapped at home by my parents, and there was nothing I could do.

Lucas said he felt guilty toward Scarlett, and I believe him.

But when he says he loves me, I don’t believe it at all.

Love is something you can feel.

This time, I was the one begging him.

“Lucas, please stop.”

“You’ve dragged me into this mess long enough.”

“I’m begging you to stop.”

“If you really love me, just divorce me and let me go.”

“Otherwise, you saying you love me? That’s gotta be the funniest joke I’ve ever heard.”

Right then, Lucas's phone rang.

He frowned in frustration, but the guilty look in his eyes gave him away.

I didn't even need to think—I knew exactly who was calling.

Lucas held up his phone. "Babe, I'll prove it to you right now."

He answered, and a soft, delicate voice came through the speaker.

"Lucas, our baby's kicking."

"Do you even care about us anymore? When are you coming back?"

"I know you only went to see her because of your family ties, but if that bitch doesn't know her place, just forget about it."

"You two are getting divorced anyway."

Lucas's entire expression darkened.

His voice came out sharp and furious, making me flinch.

"Scarlett, I suggest you watch your mouth."

"Emily is my wife. If anyone's a bitch here, it's you."

"Let me make this clear—
I'll have someone take you to the hospital to get rid of the baby."

"Emily and I are not getting divorced, so keep dreaming."

He was seething as he hung up, immediately calling his assistant.

"Take Scarlett to the clinic."

"If it doesn't happen today, don't bother showing up to work tomorrow."

So that was Lucas's version of love—cheap and disposable.

Even for a woman he once cared about, he could turn his back on her in an instant.

He was even more terrifying than I had imagined.

The moment he slammed his phone against the ground, shattering it to pieces, I made up my mind.

I went home and never spoke another useless word to him again.

That very night, Scarlett went to the media, claiming she was pregnant with Lucas's child but was being forced to get an abortion.

To make sure her story stuck, she even sacrificed her own reputation—releasing audio recordings of them

in bed.

And photos.

Valentine's Day, he took her on a romantic getaway.

A private cruise.

In the pictures, Scarlett was holding a bouquet of flowers, surrounded by expensive jewelry Lucas had given her.