

The Return of my First Love

Chapter 7

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Lucas was on one knee, grinning ear to ear.

That same Valentine's Day, he told me he was away on a business trip.

He even felt "guilty" for not making it home, so he wired me a ton of money.

In our family group chat, he messaged both sides of the family:

"I'm swamped with work and can't be there for Emily."

"Mom, Dad, please take good care of her for me."

He gave my parents a hefty sum, telling them to take me on vacation.

Money had never been an issue for him—he was always generous with it.

My parents refused the money and sent it back, but they were still amused by his efforts.

"Don't worry, Lucas! Just focus on work. We'll take great care of Emily."

Now I finally understood.

Why, even after he betrayed me first, my parents still told me to "think of the bigger picture."

Lucas had been perfect in every way—except for loving me.

And because of family reputation, because of everything he'd done for my parents over the years, even if

it was all just for show, I wasn't about to go out there and ruin his name.

Meanwhile, Scarlett was busy venting online.

"Why is it always the new girl who wins?"

"Lucas and I have been together since college."

"But ever since Emily came back, everything changed."

“She stole him from me. I can’t accept it, and I won’t give up on Lucas.”

“I’m carrying his child.”

“I don’t think I’m the one in the wrong, but I don’t understand why Lucas refuses to keep the baby.”

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“Lucas, you’re heartless.”

Her comment section was flooded.

And just like that, public opinion flipped in my favor.

“I thought Lucas was this devoted, loving guy. Almost fell for it.”

“So you were the other woman all along?”

“A cheating jerk and his side chick. Perfect match.”

The Harrison Group took a major hit.

Reporters swarmed the company’s headquarters.

Even my family’s business got dragged into the mess.

My dad and Mr. Harrison—two men who were usually only seen in business news—were now being

chased down for gossip.

Journalists bombarded them with personal questions, ignoring all boundaries.

They both rejected every interview, their faces dark with frustration.

Lucas was immediately recalled to handle the PR disaster.

My parents caught the first flight to Australia that night, ready to drag me back home if they had to.

I dropped to my knees, tears streaming down my face.

“Dad, Mom—Lucas is the one who screwed up! Why are you still so stubborn?”

My dad was shaking with rage.

“Even if it’s not Lucas, it sure as hell won’t be him.”

He pointed at Jason.

“If you have to be with someone, at least find someone who’s your equal,” he said, his eyes scanning the

apartment.

“Not someone who keeps you locked up in a shoebox like this.”

Jason’s place was anything but small.

5.8%

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It was a nice high-rise in the heart of the city,

But to my dad—who’d spent his life in sprawling mansions—anything less than a gated estate was beneath

him.

I knew exactly what he thought of Jason.

To him, Jason was just some nobody with no future.

But my dad was the kind of man who saw everything in black and white, and honestly, I was too exhausted to argue.

Jason wasn’t just successful—he was brilliant.

He was doing something truly meaningful.

His name was already recognized in his industry, his work earning major awards.

But my dad? He’d never understand any of it.

I let out a cold laugh.

“Let’s not pretend this is about me, Dad.”

‘You just want to use me to secure some business deal.’

“Don’t sugarcoat it. Say it for what it is—you don’t care about me.”

‘You just care about your damn company.’

He slapped me across the face so hard I saw stars.

The sting burned through my cheek, and my vision blurred with tears.

I choked on my own breath before screaming, “Lucas didn’t just cheat—he fed me birth control for three years!”

“I might never be able to have kids again! Is that what you wanted?”

My dad’s expression darkened.

“What the hell are you talking about?”

I spat the words out, each one sharp as a blade.

“Lucas swapped out my prenatal vitamins. That’s what I’m saying.”

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6.0%

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“If you don’t believe me, ask Lucas. Ask the damn doctors.”

“I have medical records at the hospital.”

My mom burst into tears, clutching me like I was slipping away from her.

After a long, heavy silence, she and my dad exchanged a look—one I’d never seen before.

Then, without another word, they turned and walked away.

They didn’t drag me home.

Instead, they called my lawyer.