

The Return of my First Love

Chapter 8

My lawyer told me my parents went straight to the Harrison estate and laid it all out in front of Lucas's parents.

Lucas's mom was so shocked she fainted on the spot.

Lucas dropped to his knees, begging, but his father had already grabbed a cane from the corner of the room and was beating him down until he collapsed on the floor.

Only then did they call an ambulance.

But my parents? They didn't fall for any of his pathetic sob stories.

My dad laid down the terms, his voice cold as steel:

"Lucas, you sign those divorce papers, and we keep this whole thing quiet."

"But if you don't..." My dad let the words linger.

"Then we'll go public."

"You used Emily for years."

"Even if you don't care about her, you could at least show some basic human decency."

"If you refuse, don't blame us for what comes next."

For the first time in my life, my parents were actually fighting for me.

For me.

A slow, satisfied smile crept onto my face.

My lawyer called again.

"Lucas caved. He wants to see you one last time."

I scoffed.

"Tell him to go to hell. We have nothing left to say."

Lucas signed the divorce papers in his hospital bed.

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When my parents showed up with the good news, I nearly jumped out of my seat,

My mom was practically glowing as she grinned at me,

“Guess what? We have another surprise for you,”

I narrowed my eyes. My parents were impossible to read.

“I give up,” I said.

My mom smirked. “Your dad and I have decided to retire and move in with you two!”

My heart nearly stopped.

I stared at her, frozen, my forced smile barely holding together.

The idea of them being in my space—controlling me all over again—made my skin crawl.

She burst out laughing.

“Relax, I’m kidding! Look at your face!”

“There’s no way your dad would abandon the company. We just came here for a vacation,” she said, before glancing at Jason.

“And to see what you’ve been up to.”

I threw my arms around her, practically shouting, “Mom, you’re the best!”

Meanwhile, the Harrison family was still drowning in scandal, their name dragged through the mud.

Ever since the divorce, Lucas spiraled.

He shut himself off from the world,
barely stepping outside, handing off most of his work to others.

And just like how Lucas used to wait outside my place for me, Scarlett now did the same for him—
lingering at the gates of the Harrison estate every day, begging him to marry her.

Paparazzi snapped pictures of him looking gaunt, exhausted, pushing Scarlett to the ground.

Yet somehow, not long after, the Harrison family announced their engagement.

My parents had been staying with us for two months, enjoying their time off.

But when they heard the news, they insisted on flying back just to attend the wedding.

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Before they left, they sat Jason and me down.

“We’re giving you both our blessing to get married,” my dad said.

“But Jason, you better make damn sure my daughter is happy.”

I had waited for this moment for so long.

The day after we sent my parents off, Jason and I went straight to get our marriage license.

With time and care, my body finally recovered.

Three years later, I gave birth to a baby girl.

She had big, round eyes—just like mine.

Jason pressed a kiss to my forehead. “She looks like you. Beautiful.”

Then, with the gentlest touch, he whispered, “You did amazing, babe.”

That same day, the Harrison family was back in the headlines.

Scarlett posted just one sentence on social media:

“What you don’t know is that years ago, Lucas emptied out the folic acid bottle and fed his wife, Emily, birth control for three years.”

I saw the news and simply shook my head.

The truth always finds its way out.

But no matter how the world reacted, I didn't care anymore.

I looked over at my daughter, happily playing in her crib.

And at my husband, standing at the counter, carefully preparing her formula.

I smiled.

"Honey, I'm craving steak rolls."

He nodded.

"Let me finish this, and I'll make them for you."

Finding my way back to Jason was the best decision I had ever made.