

Too Late for Regrets

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Chapter 1

On the day of my seventh wedding anniversary, my husband's lover gave my son a pet cat.

My pregnancy made me allergic to cat fur, and rashes appeared all over my body. Sensing that it might lead to a miscarriage, I told my son to return the cat.

"I'm keeping it!" my year-old son, Zachary, protested. He pushed me and said, "I hate having you as my mom! I want Aunt Lynn to be my mom!"

My husband, Quinton Locke, tore into me. "Why did you have to develop an allergy now, out of all times? Is your jealousy blinding you to the point where you won't even consider your son's feelings? You're being unreasonable!"

He took Zachary and left with the cat. They had eschewed me in favor of Lynn Shelbert, Quinton's lover, the apple of his eye.

I collapsed to the ground, watching blood begin to soak my pants. At that moment, I knew I had suffered a miscarriage.

I felt an unimaginable pain while I was in the hospital.

My husband and son traveled with Lynn, resembling a happy family of three.

Lynn sent me a message.

[Do you know why Quinton married you even though he's hopelessly in love with me? Well, I wanted a son and a daughter, but I didn't want to bear the risks that come with pregnancy. It's a shame you miscarried.]

Despair engulfed me that very instant.

I hired a lawyer to prepare the divorce papers to my hometown.

My sole wish was never to see Quinton and Zachary again. Yet, six years later, they showed up at my bakery.

They looked alike and turned customers' heads in the store, but my heart was in deep pain when I saw them.

After my miscarriage six years ago, the son I called was Quinton.

I was not expecting him to give up on his darling and return to me. All I wanted was to hear some words of comfort from him.

Quinton lamented, "What a pity. Lynn was looking forward to having a daughter."

I broke down and asked him, "Did you marry me so that I could become your baby factory?"

"I was only telling you that Lynn wanted a daughter. What did that have to do with making you my baby factory? For god's sake, quit throwing shade to my psychopathic lunatic, Mabel!"

Quinton hung up right away.

He dictated my emotions and loved power plays in our relationship. My life revolved around him because he had control over me. He would never lower himself to explain his words and actions to me, let alone offer comfort.

Back then, I was teetering on the brink of utter collapse. I phoned him repeatedly, but my calls went unanswered.

I then decided to call Zachary's smartwatch, which had a function that could receive calls.

"Zachary! Will you come with me if your dad and I get a divorce?"

Staying in such a troubled marriage was like walking on thin ice.

Zachary, in his shrill voice, said, "No! I want to be with Dad! And I don't want you coming to see me all the time after you're both divorced. Aunt Lynn won't like to have you around."

My husband only cared about his lover, and the boy who spent nine months in my womb prioritized his father's mistress instead of his mother.

At that moment, I had nothing to live for anymore.

"Ma'am? Ma'am! I want to order a chocolate cake, please!"

I finally snapped to my senses after one of my customers asked to order a cake.

Before I could say anything, Quinton said, "Get your cake somewhere else. From this day onward, her business is now closed."

After the customers left, Quinton hung up the Closed sign.

"Do you know how long Zachary and I have been looking for you? You've opened a bakery without my permission, but I'll let that slide. Please refrain from doing anything that brings down your status as Mrs. Locke. I despise it."

Quinton was still the same—a high and mighty man who made decisions for my life without considering my feelings.

Suppressing my anger, I said, "But I'm no longer Mrs. Locke. We divorced six years ago. My current family greatly supports my decision to open a bakery!"

Quinton frowned. "Lying is rather pointless, don't you think? Why would you marry someone else and have their children when you still care deeply about me and Zachary?"

His anger prompted Zachary to step in and say, "Mom, please don't argue with Dad. Come home with us. We didn't expect you to leave and disappear for six years. We've been searching a long time for you, and we miss you!"

Zachary looked at me with such an affectionate expression. There were no traces of his disgust toward me when he was

Alas, I could no longer love that son of mine. "I have a new family. Please don't bother me anymore!"

"More lies! When will it stop? Did you forget that you stayed with Zachary day in and day out after you gave birth to him? Why aren't you doing the same with your other child?" Quinton said impatiently.

"Meet me before three o'clock tomorrow afternoon. If you don't show up, your chance to re-assume your status as Mrs. Locke will be gone."