

Wooing My Ex-wife Again Chapter 61

Anastasia

I vaguely remembered agreeing to Julian's insistence, letting him carefully lift Lea from my arms and place her in the backseat of the car. Exhaustion was weighing me down, but there was a small, flickering sense of relief that Lea was safe with him. For the past five years, I'd been doing it all on my own, and now, having Julian here felt like a fragile lifeline.

Julian was being super careful as he adjusted Lea in the car. I watched, my heart twisting with an odd mix of gratitude and guilt. He rummaged through the car, searching for a blanket for her. When he didn't find one, he shrugged off his coat and draped it gently over her. The sight of him taking such care of Lea made me feel a pang of remorse for how I'd treated him. "Get seated," he said softly, his voice carrying a weariness that mirrored my own. I nodded and climbed into the passenger seat, sinking into the worn leather, Julian started the engine, and we pulled away from the scene of devastation.

The drive was quiet, filled with a heavy, awkward silence. I leaned my head back against the seat, trying to ignore the disquiet in my mind. My eyelids grew heavy, and despite my attempts to stay awake, I drifted into a fitful sleep. All the adrenaline pumping through me while looking for Lea was now replaced with exhaustion.

Her quiet breathing told me she was fine, just a little shocked maybe. That allowed me to finally sigh and relief and rest a little.

The sound of the car slowing and coming to a stop woke me after what felt like only a few minutes, though it must have been twenty or so.

I rubbed my eyes and looked around, disoriented. Instead of the familiar sight of home, we were in a different place.

I had not even bothered to ask Julian where exactly we were heading but he would not drive me and Lea in the middle of nowhere when he could have left us to die in the explosion.

"Got some sleep?" He asked me softly and I nodded.

"Great, within five minutes, you will be sleeping in a nice, comfortable bed with Lea," Julian added and again I nodded while observing the

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surroundings.

The car was parked in front of a grand mansion that was surrounded by dense trees and bushes, their dark silhouettes casting eerie shadows in the moonlight.

I knew this place.

I had visited this mansion with him once or twice when we were still

together. This was one of his father’s properties a little away from his territory.

Julian used to come here when he wanted a break from pack duties and just clear his head. He had shown me this mansion for the first time with a lot of admiration and fondness.

It held a special place in Julian’s heart.

And it looked just like it was five years ago. The ivy was climbing its old stone walls and large windows gleamed softly from within.

Julian carefully lifted Lea from the backseat and began walking towards the mansion. I hesitated for a moment, then followed him up the gravel path. The entrance was flanked by large, ornate columns, and the massive wooden doors creaked open as we approached.

Inside, the mansion exuded an old, rustic charm. The walls were adorned with dark wooden paneling, and the floor was polished marble that reflected the soft glow of antique chandeliers hanging from the high ceiling. The air was cool and musty, carrying a faint scent of old books and polished wood. The grand foyer was vast, with a sweeping staircase that led up to the second floor.

Julian guided us up the marble staircase, his steps echoing softly. His face was set in a determined yet weary expression. At the top of the stairs, he led us down a long, dimly lit hallway to a beautifully furnished bedroom. The room had a large, four–poster bed draped with heavy curtains and an old–fashioned fireplace that added a cozy warmth to the space.

He gently placed Lea on the bed, arranging her with the utmost care. As he did so, a middle–aged lady hurried in. Her face was lined with concern, and there were one or two grays in her hair but she had a warm, reassuring presence. She bowed deeply to both Julian and me, her movements graceful and practiced.

“This is Mrs. Elwood, the head maid,” Julian said, his voice carrying a note of

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Ste 1 loot the La Shell be fine.

Mm. Elwood gave the assuring and bereres sening with empathy

Dan't worry, Lama Wellake good care of her

Than word made me feel quest but did not correct her. Why bad Datum asked her to refer to me as Lume I was not a member of his gack ner bis catfficial Lun...

A Immp formed in my throat

Julian then eased himself and walked out of the room leaving me with my sleeping daughter. I sat beside Lex my hand gendy caressing her head She looked so fragile, her face still screamed with tears and guilt goed a my bean. I bad let Julian down in so many ways and now as I looked at Les. I felt an overwintering sense of responsibility and regret

"Ma. Ewood' I said softly, my voice trembling Please, uke good care of Ben I need to talk to Julia

She nodded her expression bind and understanding. Of course, Luna. I'll make sure she's comfortable and cared for?

I wished she would stop calling me that

I stood up, giving one last. Fingering look at Lea before heading out of the room. My steps feir heavy as I walked down the hallway, searching for Julian My feet automatically moved in a certain direction, knowing where I would. find him

I climbed one of the short flight of stairs that opened up to a large balcony that overlooked the lush green forest below.

Julian was standing with his back facing me, his hands resting on the railing as he looked ahead.

I resisted the urge to go and hug him from behind, just like I used to do whenever I saw him upset. Sometimes, my body acted on memory rather than obeying my brain's commands.

1 fidgeted with my fingers, wondering what to say to him. Maybe he needed peace and quiet now.

I was about to turn around when his voice reached me.

“don’t go. Stay?”

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+5 vouchers

My feet felt as if they were suddenly made of lead. He had said three very simple words. Yet I could feel the pain and hurt in them.

He had not left me and Lea to fend for ourselves so it would be beyond selfish to walk away right now.

“Jules,” I said, my voice barely more than a whisper, and then I realized what I had just said.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to-”

But he closed his eyes and I saw his shoulders sag.

*Jules. It is so nice to hear you call me that.”

I gulped, unsure what to reply to that. A moment of silence passed before he spoke in a choked voice.

“Would you say that again?”

I blinked. “I’m sorry, I didn’t...”

But this time he turned around and looked me in the eye.

“Jules” He whispered and my breath hitched. His voice sounded so raw and he looked so distraught.

I opened my mouth to say something but closed again.

He took that as my rejection and shrugged, “Yeah, I forgot that you hate

me.

I could not look him in the eye anymore so my gaze automatically travelled downward. And that is when I spotted something red shining on the floor beside his feet.

I looked up at him again and noticed only now that he was covered in cuts and bruises too. He had tended to my injuries while I had passed out in the school with Lea and then transported us here safely but he had ignored his own wounds.

I bit my lower lip when I saw his cuts and bruises that were now staring at me. The top two buttons of his shirt were open and I could see red glistening on his chest too.

The head maid changed? I thought you loved Mrs. Harper” I blurted out a stupid line instead of saying something sensible.

Julian gave me a weary smile. “I loved a lot of people who walked away from me, she is one of them.”

That line hit me all over again.