

Wooing My Ex-wife Again Chapter 62

Julian

That was such a stupid thing to say. Anastasia was suffering already, she was worried sick about Lea and like a fool, I blurted out nonsense.

Anastasia's face looked pale as she worried at her lower lip. Goddess, that always made me want to make her stop doing that by capturing her lips in mine.

I had wronged her, hurt her, and made her run away when she needed me the most, when she needed me beside her.

I had missed so much already, I was not around when she birthed Lea, I was not beside her when she struggled to raise Lea, feed her and change the little child's diapers late at night. I was not there when she grappled with the difficulties of living in an unknown city, a human one where she could not reveal her true identity and also had to work and earn money to be able to look after Lea.

I could only imagine how hard it must have been for her, how chaotic. Spending just a few hours with Lea had told me what a lousy father I had been, and an even useless husband.

She did not know the complete truth, the reason I had to force her to leave me. And it looked like she was never going to forgive me for that.

I had no business making her feel guilty. I tore my gaze away from her so that I would not give in to the urge of capturing her lips in mine again.

That accidental brush of my lips on hers had awakened a hungry beast within me. I had wanted to just pull her in my arms and kiss her until she was breathless.

But even if wrenching myself apart from her had felt like cutting open my own skin, I had done that. And not soon after, I sensed something was off.

My wolf sensed it more than me and I set off in Lea's direction, in my daughter's direction without a second thought.

That was the first time I felt the fierce need to protect her, to protect my own child. Holding Lea in my arms, playing with her, and seeing her giggle and laugh had filled my cold heart with a certain warmth I never knew before.

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Lea might have taken her mother's looks, but her behavior was like mine. She was stubborn, sharp and her smile seemed mine.

I made her smile and laugh throughout the day just to see my face reflected in hers. That feeling was simply indelible.

But now, my precious daughter, my princess was hurt and lying on a bed, And that made me feel so powerless and angry

I felt hopeless for not being able to protect her, for not being able to live up to my promise to her mother and my wife that I would never let anything hurt her.

"I...I am sorry" I mumbled but Anastasia was quick to dismiss it.

"No, please don't be. Actually, I wanted to thank you" Anastasia replied and that got my attention.

I thought she would be angry that I had called her Ana nor Anastasia twice but she had either forgotten about it or just didn't mind it. I hoped it was the latter

"Uh, for?" I asked, my voice sounding stupid to my own ears.

"For making Lea smile and laugh, for sparing some time for her out of busy schedule, I never saw her so happy and cheerful before."

"I am just trying to make up for the days I wasn't there for her. It is going to take me a long time to do so but the earlier I start the better" I spoke and Anastasia's eyes widened.

She stared at me for a good minute, her lips partly open before she closed her mouth again.

I nudged her. "You want to say something?"

She fumbled and spoke, "Lea...she...she is my daughter."

I nodded in agreement. "Never denied that, I was just stating that she is my daughter too."

Anastasia's face shone with bright tears that she tried hard to swallow back She was not much of a crier. My girl would always fight and demand her rights rather than cower back and cry like a weakling

I had always liked that about her, loved her fighting spirit and determination.

I could see her throat bob up and down and her fingers clench and unclench

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+5 vouchers

as she fought that overwhelming emotion bubbling up inside her.

“Lea is my daughter alone.” She said at last though her voice cracked when she said that.

My feet automatically moved forward and I tried to reach for her hand but she pulled it away.

“You cannot deny it, Ana. I don’t even need to do a paternity test to prove my point. Just one look at Lea is enough for me to tell that she is my flesh and blood.”

Anastasia’s body shuddered at that and her face turned to the side as if she did not want me to see how this was affecting her.

But I was going to stay with her now. I was not going to let her suffer

anymore.

“You don’t know that for sure” Anastasia spoke and I took a step near, closing the distance between us.

Our feet were touching through our shoes and I slowly raised my hand to cup her face. She did not step back or push my hand away this time.

I gently turned her face in my direction and just stared at her. She was so beautiful, so damn precious and I had hurt her beyond measure.

I only wished my truth would earn me her forgiveness.

“I know you. I know how hard it is for you to let somebody grow close to you. I know you are not the typical girl who goes around dating men for fun. And I also know based on the way you reacted after our accidental kiss that you haven’t let anybody kiss you let alone touch you in these past five years.”

I said and her silence was in agreement to my words. Part of me had feared that she had started a new life with someone else, that there was another man in her life who she was kissing every day and waking up beside every morning.

In the past five years that she was gone, that thought would keep me wide awake at nights, cursing my rotten luck and my stupidity of not being able to handle things the right way.

And after hearing her voice for the first time in five years, I felt what a person lost in a desert would feel after finding an oasis.

"I...I have changed" Anastasia argued but her words lacked conviction.

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"But tam still the same, Ana: I never stopped loving you" I mumbled, my Voice strained

Yer you brought another woman into your life and my house" Her tone was bitter and rightfully so.

"Will you please let me explain? Will you hear me out just once?" I asked, half convinced that she would shut me out yet again.

But then she gave me a nod, a barely perceptible one and a sigh left my lips. "I never marked her, Ana. I never loved her and I most certainly never fucked her" I blurted out, making Ana stare at me with wide eyes.

"But you you brought her into our house as your mate...and...and..." Anastasia was struggling to get the words out and I knew how hard it must have been for her.

"Yes, I did. But the mate bond was not the reason for that" I spoke and Anastasia stared at me with an unbelievable expression.

Of course she would react like that. After all, I had made it look like that to her.

"She is not your mate?" Anastasia asked and I hated that we were discussing Angelica of all things right now but I had kept many things hidden from her for a long time. She had the right to know.

"It is complicated, Ana. Yes, Angelica is my fated mate and yes I gave into the pull of the mate bond once and I regret it wholeheartedly, I should have, been strong and lived up to my promise but I was weak and made a mistake. I...I touched her and kissed her once but I swear to Goddess, things never went beyond that."

I ran a hand through my hair, too embarrassed to admit it. But I had been forcing myself to get these words out ever since Anastasia returned and I feared after these 24 hours were over, I would never get a chance to talk to her again.

Again, I saw her eyes getting moist.

“I...I heard her...when you brought her home and introduced her to the rest of the pack. I went to my room and I...I heard your hurried footsteps followed by her...her moaning.”

My head hung in shame. I could not even imagine how it must have been for her.

“Yes, Anastasia. No words are enough to apologize to you for what I did, I know. I broke you when you needed me the most but my only saving grace is I touched her intimately just once that day. I...I had to...”

Her eyes flared with a hint of anger again.

“What do you mean you had to? This does not make any sense.”

Damn, Anastasia was already upset and I was making things more awkward and complicated for her. Maybe, I should have started from the beginning. But then, I did not know the complete truth myself.

“Your life was at stake, Anastasia. I had to drive you away to ensure your survival.”