

Wooing My Ex-wife Again Chapter 63

Julian

“Yes, your life was in danger, Anastasia. I was worried about your well-being and...and when I could not find a good way to save you, I chose the coward's way instead.”

I added, the words forming lumps in my throat, refusing to get out yet I kept pushing them out either way.

I had been living with this heavy weight on my chest for a long time and it was agonizing to not be able to share it. Anastasia was the one I always shared my joys and worries with. She was my best friend first and wife later. I would always empty my heart out to her, and she would listen to me carefully, providing a pillar to lean on and all her attention to my plight. Most of the time, the worries would reduce greatly just after I did that. However, for the past five years, I have been living with that guilt and suffering in misery alone. I needed my Anastasia to listen to me, to stand beside me.

“Who was going to hurt me? You were the strongest alpha at that time. Who would even dare hurt your wife? We had an army of soldiers at our disposal. I don't understand why someone threatening my life would make you take such an extreme step.”

She bombarded me with a slew of questions. Those were valid points and I did not have a proper answer to all of them. But I was relieved that she was willing to listen. That she did not call it a big lie and walked off without giving me a chance to explain.

That was a thing I deeply admired and respected about her. She never turned a deaf ear to anybody, even her cheating cowardly husband.

“The people threatening you were not werewolves, Ana. They are the Keldriths.”

Anastasia furrowed her eyebrows. “Is that a new pack? Haven't heard of them before.”

I shook my head. “They aren't werewolves. They are an ancient tribe living deep in the jungle, far away from werewolves that stay closer to humans.

And they have a grudge against my family or the females of my family to be

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precise.”

My explanation seemed to baffle her even more.

“I am not sure I follow you”

+5 vouchers

“I have no idea why they are after my family but I know that they are the reason my mother, Vivian, is slowly dying.”

Anastasia looked utterly horrified and placed a hand on her slightly parted mouth.

“No, that cannot be the case. Your mother, Vivian...she will live.”

A lump formed in my throat at the mention of my mother.

“Ever since you left she has been slowly inching closer towards death. And for the past five years, she fought whatever was happening to her...alone. I tried to hire the best doctors and healthcare experts for her from far and wide but none of them could figure out what is wrong with her.”

Anastasia looked devastated. I knew she and my mother got along really well and that they would often gang up against me in any discussion. I never had an issue with that.

“What happened to her exactly? And how is this tribe related to her sickness?” She asked.

“Those are the questions I don’t have the answer to. Not completely. I can only guess that my mother did something that invoked their fury. I have spent the last five years studying all about ancient tribes that I could find. If... if you want, I can show you some of the stuff I researched.”

I suggested and Anastasia did not immediately agree.

“I am sorry, I know you are worried about Lea. Maybe, you should go and stay beside her...”

I began but she interrupted me.

“No, I did check her pulse before coming here. She just seems shocked but she should be fine. I...I want to know what is happening to Vivian,”

I gave her a small smile but held myself from running towards her and pulling her in a hug. I had to ensure she did not think of me as an opportunist.

I wanted to have a real and honest conversation with her,

“Well then, come along, I have something to show you in my room.” I

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gestured for her to follow me and she fell in steps beside me easily.

+5 vouchers

It was comforting to have her around me, to have her dress brush my hand every once in a while. I was dying to touch her but I would survive on this closeness for now.

Until I told her whatever I knew. Then it was her decision if she wanted to forgive me or not.

I slowly led her through the floors and knowingly took the long route instead of the shorter one, just so I could savor this small walk together with her.

The countdown of 24 hours had already started in the morning and now it was almost night. I wanted to make every second count.

Anastasia did not say anything as we walked through the large hallways. The doors to most of the rooms were closed but a few passageways had huge windows that spilled the moonlight inside, illuminating our path on the way. After we walked in silence for five minutes, she asked, “Did you change your room?”

I tried to not bite my lip. Of course, she remembered what room I used to work in and sleep at times. We were heading in the exact opposite direction.

“Uh no, I thought we should just check on Lea before going to my office” I lied on the spot. Thankfully, Anastasia did not say anything to that.

She slowly pushed the door to LEa’s room open and we saw that Lea was sleeping peacefully while one of the maids was knitting beside her, giving her company,

The maid hastily got up to bow to us but Anastasia signaled to her to relax and the maid nodded.

After seeing that Lea was okay, we headed straight to my office instead of loitering around anymore.

I spent most of my time at the packhouse and office but this was a place that reminded me of my father so I sometimes came here when I was feeling low,

The doors to my office were slightly ajar so I pushed it open and walked inside. “So now, this is what I have been doing...”

I began but realized that Anastasia wasn't beside me. So I turned around to see her hovering near the doorframe.

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She was staring with wide eyes again. Only now did I realize why that was the case.

I had filled the room with maps, news clippings and everything I could find about the tribe through my research.

There was little to no furniture except desks, chairs, books and more books scattered all around the room.

But that was not where her gaze was fixated on.

She was staring straight ahead at the desk with the only photo frame amidst a myriad of books and tomes.

It was a photo frame of me and her kissing each other as the moonlight spilled on us on the terrace of this very mansion five plus years ago when I had first brought her here and shown her a big piece of my heart.

And she had said she wanted to make it even more special and then pulled me into a surprise hug, crashing her lips on mine.