

Married To My One Night Mistake

Chapter 31: The Secret Helper

"This information contains exact transaction IDs, dates, and offshore routing numbers. This is not a puzzle to solve; it was a fully loaded legal weapon" he finished.

"The Minol group's acquisition parameters are now legally compromised," the CEO continued. "But they will still attempt to force the vote at the meeting. He believes he can overwhelm me with his remaining institutional allies."

But not with these wire transfer records in your possession," she said, with a sharp and decisive tone.

The following day, in the boardroom at Vance foundation headquarters, the Mininil group's representative sat at the head of the glass table, his expression smug as he looked down at his watch.

"The hour is up, Selen," he said, leaning forward. "The Swiss buy back was an impressive stunt, but it does not change the underlying math. We still hold the institutional majority. The liquidation vote proceeds."

Selen walked to the head of the table, tossing her tablet onto the center of the glass. The screen broadcasted the Chairman's legal brief directly to the projector displays in the office.

"The math just changed, rep," Selen said coolly. "And your institutional allies are currently facing criminal indictments."

The three compromised board members sitting at the table stared at the screen. The explicit details of their offshore wire transfers were displayed in high-definition clarity

One of them immediately stood up, packing his briefcase with trembling hands, he knew what was coming next. While the other two refused to look the CEO in the eye. .

"This is unverified garbage," the representative said and hissed, his composure finally cracking.

"You can not prove a connection to the Mininil group, " he said to Selen.

"Well, here is the thing. I do not have to," Selen countered.

"An identical packet has just been lodged with the federal prosecutors and the European Antitrust Commission. As we speak, the Ministry of Commerce is freezing the Mininil group's domestic operating licenses pending a full fraud investigation." She said,

Right on cue, the double doors of the boardroom swung open. Two officers from the National Securities Market Commission stepped inside, followed by state attorneys.

The representative sank back into his chair, the confidence from earlier, completely disappearing from his face as his lawyers frantically began to whisper in his ear.

It was done. The hostile takeover was dead in the water. And it was all thanks to some people whom she did not know. The buyer and whoever leaked the information.

"... and then the officers from the National Securities Market Commission stepped inside, followed by state attorneys.

And they took them in for questioning. It turns out that the legal corner I thought they backed me on was not so legal after all.

They just cleaned up so well after themselves, they never expected anyone to find out about the real truth." Selen said.

"Woah," the children responded in amazement. She was telling the kids about her day and the takeover. "You see, that is one thing about the truth. No matter how well you try to hide it, sooner or later, it will surely resurface.

She noticed that Diane was looking tired by the time she was done with her story. "Are you tired, baby?" She asked her.

Diane responded with a small nod. "Okay, then. Eat a little bit more of your vegetables and we can all go to bed" she promised and everyone focused on what was left on their plates.

If she was not an ambassador who had the dignity of the position on her shoulders, she would have secretly probed more to find out the people responsible for her victory.

But just like what she told the kids, she hoped that truth would resurface eventually.

"How did it go?" A man asked his assistant. "It went well sir, nothing will be traced back to you" the assistant responded, making the man smile with pride.

Mummy, where are my- oh, Nevermind!" David yelled from above the staircase and ran back into his bedroom.

It was the morning of the following day and Selen was downstairs, picking up their projects for school and making sure none was forgotten.

And with the amount of screaming that was being done, it was safe to say that they had not fully adjusted to the new house.

In their old apartment, it was pretty normal to communicate by screaming to each other, especially on busy mornings. But that proved to be difficult in the new house.

At first Selen was happy that they would not have to, it was a good sign. But somehow, the boys had found a way to adjust their screaming to be loud enough to yell and be heard.

Their method was that instead of yelling from their rooms as they usually did, they would walk to the top of the stairwell and then yell.

Selen fought off the urge to yell back and scold him and instead waited till he descended down the stairs.

"What did I say about yelling, David?" she asked him as they walked out of the house and into the car. "Sorry, mummy" he responded, not particularly answering her question.

"And remember, when you get back home from school, you will all freshen up, have a nap, and then go to the park later" she reminded them as they drove out of the driveway and out the compound.

"But why do we have to go to the park, anyway?" David asked her. "So you do not have to ask questions like that" she said immediately.

"What?" David asked. She had answered in a mumble. "Uh, to socialise sweetie. We may have a playground at home, but you guys need to hang around more kids your age.

Also you can make new friends, meet new people and have good conversations" she said. That was better, she told herself.

"But I already have a friend, Daniel," he said. It was cute that he saw his brother as not just his brother but also a friend.

Chapter 32: To a date

Diane then looked at her mom, "and I have a friend too. It's you mummy," Diane said as well. Selen broke into a smile and looked back at them once again.

"And I will always be your friend. A friend to all of you. But I also want you to have more friends. As many as a hundred people!" she joked, causing them to giggle at her words.

She looked at the one more time and focused on the road. The truth was that she had gotten an update from their teachers.

The three were inseparable in school. They would only seat down if there were three empty seats in a row.

They only sat together during lunch and the boys were very protective of their sister. She loved how they looked out for each other, but she also wanted them to not be scared to extend a branch of friendship and familiarity with others.

Which was why even though they had a big space in their backyard, she instructed the nanny to take them to the neighbourhood park when they got back from school.

They were supposed to spend a few minutes there and return back, just in case it would be too overstimulating at the beginning.

Clancy was deliberating going legal with Selen about the kids. But the only thing stopping him was the feelings he had for her.

He did not want to get into a legal battle with the woman he loved. But she was not making things easy for him.

He had just finished supervising an ongoing building project when he decided to take a stroll within the area.

The sun was setting, and it did not look like it was going to rain. It was the perfect weather for a walk he thought as he walked around with no particular destination in mind.

He had owned land in the area for years and it was just one of the many properties he had in his name. Until he found out about his wife and kids being in the same country.

He had decided to begin building a home for them there. He was going to have his family with him one day in their home. It did not matter if Selen would want to return to England or not, he wanted them to have a home anywhere and everywhere.

He wandered into a park that was filled by children at that time of the day. They screamed and ran around, with some of their parents chasing behind them.

The others were either too tired to run after their wards, or they just trusted them enough to not stray off the park.

Why was he doing this to himself? Coming into a park with children when he did not even know what his children sounded like. He was no longer sure he even remembered their faces as much as he did before.

His breath quickened and he noticed his heart beating faster and his palms became sweaty.

He staggered back and looked for the nearest bench to take a seat. He bent his head down and placed it in between his palms. He was torturing himself.

"Are you crying?" A little voice asked him. Clancy looked up at the source of the question and was surprised to see a little girl that looked around the age of six.

"No, I am not crying," he said with a small laugh as he thought about why that was the first thought that crossed her mind.

"Are you sick too?" She asked him. Clancy thought she meant the case of the flu or something, but he said no either way.

"I am just going to sit here for a while if you do not mind. I am a bit tired" she told him.

Clancy looked around for an adult that was at least coming in their direction, but no one was. "Hey kid, are you here alone?" He asked her.

"No, I'm here with my nanny and baby brothers" she said to him.

Clancy nodded slowly at the little girl's answer. "So, why do you not tell them that you are tired, so you can all go home?" he asked her.

"Because they are having fun. And if I said that I was tired, we would all have to leave. And they would leave their fun halfway" she explained.

Clancy was impressed by the little girl's intelligence. But he also felt sad for her decision to sacrifice a chance to rest for an extended time of fun for her brothers.

"We do not have to talk if you do not want to," she stated. Clancy was taken back by her words. She really was confident and did not hesitate to speak her mind.

He could understand why she would say that. Some people think that because someone sits to them in a social space, they felt it was courtesy to at least strike up a conversation.

"Sometimes, the best conversations are done in silence," he said and looked at her. Her hair was weaved in two pigtails that made her look even younger.

She reminded him of his daughter. But the only photo he had of his daughter was of her in a high ponytail in a ball dress. Kids look alike, he told himself.

"What is in your heart?" She asked him. He was surprised by her question, "my daughter," he responded without hesitation.

"What happened to her?" She asked him, now interested in the conversation.

"Well, she does not even know that I exist. And even if she does, she does not even know what I look like. I could walk past my own child, and we would not recognise one another" he said with a heavy heart.

"Oh. She is alive, and I know that she knows you exist. Go to her and say sorry. My mummy always says that an apology goes a long way" she said.

He saw the genuineness in her eyes and went silent for a while.

Chapter 33: The Playdate

He did not want to be the one to break it to her that there were some things that an apology could not fix so he said nothing.

He simply nodded his head. He realised that he had never actually said he was sorry to Selen. Yes, he had changed and was still trying to speak to her, but he never said the words to her.

Whether she wanted to hear it or not. Whenever he imagined apologising to her, he imagined it would be a scenario where she would be calm and want to listen to him.

But what if that time never came? What if she would never agree to see him in a controlled environment? "I am sorry," he said out loud.

"See, that is it! Not so hard now is it?" Diane responded. Clancy looked at his watch, he had to go.

"I have to go, kiddo. I have one last meeting for the day" he said and got up to adjust his dress shirt.

"I knew that you looked too professional to just be hanging around the park" Diane said, sounding like his statement had just solved a puzzle she had been trying to get.

Clancy laughed a bit, "what is your name?" She asked him. "I thought that kids were not allowed to give their names out to strangers?" He asked her.

"I am not giving you my name, mister. I am asking for yours. I was hoping you would not find out until after I have gotten yours" she said in a defeated tone.

"Oh, is that so? Well now I am definitely not giving you my name" he said. She was so clever and it reminded him of himself as a child.

Well, what did he expect from a child who confidently struck up a conversation with an adult instead of other kids her age?

"Okay fine, let us just give the first initials of our names" she suggested. "I play a lot of scrabble," she added.

"Fine, I am C," he said. "C for Clement? Caleb?" She began to guess. Clancy laughed at her smooth attempt, she really was a smart one.

"I am D," she said. "D for Diamond, diddledoo?" Clancy joked, causing her to laugh very loudly.

"See you around," he said to her. "See you around, C" she responded and he walked away to exit the park.

"Diane, what are you still doing here? I have looked for you everywhere. I thought you said you were just going to sit for a while?" Their nanny asked, with the two boys by her sides.

"Miss Sandra, why did you not first start looking for me from the place I told you I was going?" She asked her nanny what seemed obvious to her as the solution.

Her nanny shook her head at her smart mouth and motioned for her to stand up. It was time to leave.

Her brothers had managed to get sand everywhere in their body, and it was getting late as well.

When they got home, they hit the showers and had a snack as they waited for their mother to finish up with a special dinner she had insisted on making herself.

"So, how was everyone's day?" Selen asked them as they sat around the dining table. "It was great!" "Fun!" the boys said. "And Sandy," the nanny added, making them laugh at their inside joke.

"I made a new friend," Diane said in her usually low voice. Selen stopped her movement and looked at her daughter.

She did not want to be too dramatic, "really, sweetie? Who was it? Do you know their name, so we can invite them over for a play date? Miss Sandra, what's their name?" Selen asked all at once.

"Uh, no ma'am, as a matter of fact, I truthfully did not see her play with any child at the park," Miss Sandra, their nanny responded.

"That is because we were not playing. We were talking on the bench at the park" she said.

"So, was it a nice conversation?" Selen asked. Diane nodded, yes and continued to eat, clearly not seeing it as much of a big deal as it was to her mother.

"Okay, what's their name? Maybe we would invite them over for a play date" Selen said.

Diane began giggling uncontrollably at her mother's words, "a play date, mummy? I think C is too old for that" she said in between giggles.

"Is that so? Why?" Selen enquired. "Because he is old. And he has to work" she casually said.

Of course it was like her daughter to go to a park filled with other children her age, but decides to befriend an adult instead.

She wondered if it was because she, JK and Newton hung out with her a lot on days where she was sick.

And since she got sick often, it was a lot. Maybe she had found comfort in friendships with adults instead.

"So what did you guys talk about?" Selen asked her. Even the boys were interested in her conversation with the stranger.

"About his daughter. He misses her. She is not dead" she said. She felt like she had to add the last part for clarification. That was how she hoped the stranger had told her.

"Oh, okay. And how about you boys?" Selen turned her attention to the boys. "We did a lot of things! We..." They began to talk about their day with excitement.

She was happy to see that the park was a good idea. Her boys had fun doing everything and anything with other kids, her daughter was talking with other people who were not her, her sons, and her friends.

She'll take it as a win. She said to herself. "How was your day, mummy?" They asked her and she began to talk about work.

Clancy's conversation with Diane sparked a new part of him. He had spent his previous night after the evening at the park writing to Selen.

Chapter 34: The Mystery Friend

Clancy knew that the mail was going to have little to no damage control after everything that he had done to Selen but it was a step closer.

He hoped that it would ease a part of her conscience. He was not going to give up on her. He had spent seven years just looking for her, and he could spend more waiting for her.

Dear Selen,

I knew that I did not deserve your time from the first time I approached you after all these years, and I completely understand why you refused to listen to me.

Seeing the pain and justifiable anger in your eyes made me realize just how deeply my past actions cut.

You had every right to walk away. I am sending this message not to force an interaction you are not ready for, but because I owe you a debt of accountability that is seven years overdue.

Seven years ago, I got you involved in a marriage in the worst way possible. The way things ended between us was even worse and entirely my fault.

I was cowardly, selfish, and completely overwhelmed by anger, but none of those feelings excuse the wreckage I left behind.

Instead of standing by your side as a partner, a husband, and a father, I chose to punish you, I made you claim to never have spent the night with me.

And then I left you to carry the weight of that night and raise our children entirely on your own.

For seven years I had never stopped looking for you and the children. This is not a justification. But I wanted you to know that I did not just abandon the thought of you and pick it back up after all these years.

For seven years, I have lived with the heavy regret of knowing that I failed you when you needed me most. You deserved a partner who would protect, support, and cherish you.

Instead, I gave you chaos, pain and abandonment. I cannot begin to fathom the sleepless nights, the exhaustion, and the emotional pain you endured while navigating the earliest, hardest years of motherhood without any help from me.

You did the work of two people while building a name for yourself, and your strength is something I admire and deeply respect, even though my own failures are the reason you had to be that strong.

Our triplets are now seven years old, and it breaks my heart to realize that they have grown from babies into children without ever knowing who their father is. I missed their first steps, their first words, their laughter, and their tears.

Please know that I am writing this to apologize to them just as much as I am apologizing to you. As they grow older and begin to ask questions, I want it to be undeniably clear to them that their mother did absolutely nothing wrong.

If they ever wonder why I was not here, I want them to know the absolute truth. That it was entirely due to my own flaws, my own faults, and my own failures. They were, and are, completely innocent. They deserved a father who was present from day one, and I am deeply sorry to them for failing to be that man.

I am not writing to beg for your forgiveness, because I know forgiveness is earned, not requested. I am also not trying to manipulate my way back into your life, nor am I demanding a place in the lives of our children so soon.

I recognize that I have no right to just step back into the picture after seven years of silence and expect things to be okay. You have built a life and a sanctuary for yourself and the triplets, and the last thing I want to do is disrupt the peace you worked so hard to achieve.

My only goal in sending this is to take full, unconditional responsibility for the damage I caused. I want to look my past actions in the eye and admit to you that I was wrong. I want you to have this written proof that I acknowledge my guilt.

I do not expect a reply to this letter. You owe me nothing. But I owe you everything.

With deepest regret and sincerity,

Clancy

He clicked on the send button and watched it move to the "sent" part of his mails.

He could not help but imagine what she would do when she saw it. Would she even open it and read it or just delete it immediately?

And if she read it, would it make her angry or she would accept what he said in the letter as the truth.

He would have to wait to find out. That was if she ever responded to it.

Selen received a notification from an unknown email that carried a familiar name. A name that she had absolved herself of having anything to do with.

She surprised herself by opening it and not deleting it immediately. After she was done reading it, it did not change how she felt.

"Words were just words," she had thought as she deleted the email. If words could make everything okay then maybe she would have her mother by her side today.

And maybe she would not have gotten married to Clancy. Maybe her daughter would be healed and be a healthy little girl. But it was not so. Words were just words until it was made to mean something.

Well, it looks like it is true. Your name was inputted in the missing person database every month from the time you left" JK said.

Selen had told him about the letter and for some weird reason, she wanted to know if what he said was true about looking for her.

But it could be for various reasons. He could have been looking for her to make sure that she kept quiet about the abuse she endured while she was in his home.

Chapter 35: The Chance at Change

He could also have been looking for her so that could have been to haul her back to make her suffer some more. But a small part of her believed that maybe it was for a good reason.

"Oh, who am I kidding? Even if he did look for me for another reason besides trying to hurt me, it was obviously in the interest of my pregnancy, not myself.

He wanted his heirs and not me." she said. "Hm, so why does this letter seem to be more like he wants you now?" JK asked. He let his intrusive thoughts out.

Anyone who read the letter would feel the same way. But only JK could say it. He was the only other person who had read the letter for obvious reasons.

And Selen still did not know what to make of it. It looked like it was him trying to get in her good graces, but also like he was fine being away. But he also wanted to give her space. But not too much space. Just enough.

"Too bad he is not an artist, he would have made bank with this talent of putting various feelings on one paper. So much so that it causes confusion." JK joked.

Selen finally broke into a small smile. "And if you ever decide to respond to this, make sure that you tell him that you were surrounded by multiple father figures who did better than he ever would" he added.

"If I ever," she mumbled and dumped the letter in her junk drawer. If all it took to forgive him was a piece of paper, then it meant that she did not know what she went through because of him.

Selen continued her day as though nothing had happened. Because what she hated more than the feeling of confusion the letter brought, were the memories that came with it.

In fact, the only reason why the letter mattered for a while was because his apology reminded her of what he was apologising for and everyone responsible for it.

"What do you think we should do?" Clancy's mother asked Jimmy, her husband. "Keep me out of this woman, my only regret is keeping quiet for this long.

I have already given Clancy a piece of my mind months ago, and trust me, you do not want me to give you mine" he warned.

"Is that all you are saying about this? We have three grandkids that most likely do not know that we exist, Jimmy" She scolded.

"And who's fault is that? The only thing I can say is that you should try your best to apologise to her and her children.

Because when the time comes, I am willing to see them outside of this house if she decides to never forgive you" he said and rolled over to his side of the bed, leaving his wife to sit with her thoughts.

Her son was right, they were all being hypocrites. No one wanted to take full responsibility. They wanted to share it amongst themselves to make them feel better about their selfish selves.

Would anyone even regret what they had done if Selen was not pregnant? It looked like Katherine was the only one amongst them who felt real guilt.

All this time, she thought it was because Katherine believed that she had done worse than the rest of them.

But it wasn't. It was because she had seen Selen last. She saw the condition she had put Selen in, and she faced the consequences of her actions in real time.

"I have to apologise to her. Even if I know that I do not deserve her forgiveness. But where do I even start from?" His mother said to herself.

"Julian, talk to me, what's wrong? Why do you keep on tossing and turning? I am your wife, who else are you supposed to share your troubles with if not me." Julian's wife asked him.

He had spent the night tossing and turning, unable to sleep and making her unable to sleep as well. "I can not bring our child into this world of chaos" He said.

He sat upright on the bed, finally ready to talk about what was bothering him. "What are you talking about? Is this about Clancy again?" She asked, clearly pissed.

"This goes beyond my brother. This is about my family and how long it took me to realise what we were- a dysfunctional home where people do not express themselves but expect you to know what's on their mind.

One where a person who keeps silent at the sight of injustice makes themselves out to be better than the person who did the injustice.

But we are all the same. And if we continue like this, trust me when I say that it will no longer be just about Clancy when our child is born.

I need to make things right for the sake of my conscience, Clancy's children, and our baby as well" he said decisively.

He did not know what he was going to do yet, but he would begin by apologising and talking to his sister.

It was as thought Katherine had the same thought because the following morning, she called him very early.

They apologised about the mean but necessary way that had spoken to each other and tried to figure out a way to move forward in order to help their brother.

The last thing they wanted was for their brother to lose his family because they did not do their own part.

After Clancy's epiphany during the conversation he had with the little girl at the park, he visited it more often.

He made sure to stop by during his weekly supervision of the house. They had somehow bonded over talking about the most random and non personal things.

He honestly expected her to crack at some point and maybe give a little bit of information about herself, but the girl was smart.

Chapter 36: The Mystery Friend 2

Maybe it was because she spoke slower than children her age, this giving her time to think before speaking.

So far, all he knew about her was that her mom was a busy but present single mom, that she had three baby brothers, and that she lived in the estate.

He had not even met the nanny, which made him worried about the girl's safety.

"How come I have never seen your caretaker before? Is this how she leaves you alone?" He asked with concern.

"That is because we both come here around the same time. Normal children can play for hours but I have to take a break for double the time I play. If I play thirty minutes, I take a break for an hour or more." She stated.

That made sense. "And you think that no one is watching me but look over there," she said pointing to his right.

"That is our driver. He splits the chore of watching us with Nanny Sandra. When I go to rest, I come here and he watches me from over there. And he is very alert.

In fact, the only reason why we are still friends is because I told my mummy about you" she said. Clancy was impressed by the information he had gathered.

Although he hated the feeling of being watched, it was nice to know that the little girl had people looking out for her.

He looked at the security guard for a long time, obviously accessing him. He was a good choice. He looked like someone he would hire for himself.

Her mother must be someone of importance to have such security detail around her children. Not enough security to stop them from socialising, but enough to have their movement watched.

He wondered who it was... someone of influence, but not a great influence. "What does your mom do?" He asked, finally cracking the shell of questions in his head.

"She is an artist," she casually said. What? Was life playing a trick on him? Why was this young girl who made him miss his own children so alike?

He looked closely at her, trying to get a resemblance. But there were so many factors against him. The first was that she looked too small to be seven.

The second was that children around that age looked alike. Millions of kids looked alike. Even there in the park, he could mistake at least ten sets of kids for siblings.

Was he so immersed in his world that he did not even look at her long enough? He looked at her closely.

At the exhibition, he had not seen what the girl looked like, and none of their photos were uploaded on the Internet.

She had done a good job in keeping them out of the limelight. Everyone respected that as well.

"What is your mummy's name?" He asked her. "Diane, it's time to go!" The nanny yelled from across them.

"Diane?" No way. It could not be. Although their photos were private. Their names were out for the public to know.

He clearly remembered the article from the day after the exhibition. "... alongside her children and hopeful heir, Diane, Daniel and David Carrero." it read.

He felt his heart beating faster than ever. "Are- are you one of triplets? Are you the oldest? Is that why you call them your baby brothers?" He asked her.

Diane looked shocked. Has she given out too much information already? Was she going to be in trouble? She did not know what she had just helped him discover.

She hurriedly ran away after whispering a small, "goodbye, C" and ran toward the nanny.

No way! Was this a joke? Was his life an entertainment channel?! How could he be around his daughter for so long and not realise it?

This time he placed his face in his hand and actually cried. Just as she thought he did when they first met.

How had he missed this? His last intel on Selen showed an address that was far from this place. He did not know that they had moved, or that they were in the same estate as the home he was building for them.

He had sat with his child for about one hour every week for the two weeks and did not realise it.

He managed to clean his tears without drawing everyone's attention to the man crying alone on the bench at the corner of the park.

In the past few months, he was doing things he had never done in his life. He was feeling things he had not felt in a while.

He went back home and like he did for the past few days since he sent the letter to Selen, he checked all of his inbox to see if she had written back.

But just like the last few days, there was nothing from her. He was sure that she had seen it. He had seen the hard copy of it being handed over to the secretary himself.

His assistant who had flown in to meet his boss, walked in, with a pitiful expression on his face.

"Sir, our people from Kuwait called, some of the shares you sold have been bought by another party" he said.

Clancy nodded yes and said nothing to him. The secretary asked him what had been on his mind for a while now.

"Why don't you tell her about the bulk buy out and the data you went through great lengths to find for her?" he asked Clancy.

"Maybe she will listen to you then," he added. He did not understand why they had to keep what they were doing a secret.

It was not going to harm her, he had helped her. And maybe even saved her entire career.

"Because when I did what I did to help her with the takeover. She needed help, I knew that I could help so I did just that.

I did not do it as a favour to get one in return from her. She does not have to know about who was really behind stopping the takeover. he said.

Chapter 37: Being there

"Sir, the art works you got from the exhibition had arrived. Where should we place it?" A worker asked Newton immediately as he walked into his home.

He had bought some of the art works from Selen's last exhibit to show support.

"You really did not have to, Newton" she had said when she saw his name appear thrice when she wrote receipts for the art works.

She confronted him for being sneaky and still buying three art works after she had insisted that his presence was more than enough support to her.

"Maybe I liked the art works," he had tried to defend himself. "It was obviously a random selection. You just picked three pieces of art that hung on one wall" she responded.

"Maybe they resonated with me," he still argued. "They were three very similar art works, Newton" she stated.

"Maybe I just like the wall, have you maybe thought about that?" He said stupidly, causing Selej to laugh out loudly.

"Or maybe I just do not want anyone having similar art work as me" he said, redeeming himself from the silly excuse he had just given.

Selen laughed at his defence points, "fine, you win" she said in surrender. "You win, Newton. The art works are yours. Thank you for supporting us, Mr Newton" she had said.

Newton looked at the frames that were placed at a corner of his large entrance, waiting for their time to be hung.

"One should be in my bedroom, another in my study and the third one in the sitting area" he instructed and walked up the stairs.

Selen returned to work with a small feeling of happiness in her. Has she found another friend like JK? Someone who was always there for her whenever she asked for help.

Maybe it was too early to tell. But she felt a certain ease around him, like she could freely talk without being judged or questioned.

Even when she told him about a little part of her past, he did not ask more questions and she was grateful for that.

"So, how are things going with the kids? How is Diane?" He asked her. Selen let out a breath and left what she was working on.

"Well, we have one more year to find a match for her. I hope that we will have it by the time it is needed. But until then, the drugs and treatments seem to be doing fine" She said honestly.

"What can I do to help?" Newton asked her. "Do not worry about this, Newton. At least not yet. The doctors and hospitals are on it. We are just waiting for the good news" she responded.

"I am just happy that she can go to school with other kids and her brothers. She has the opportunity to make friends and I am very grateful for that" she added.

"And how are you?" He asked her. This time, Selen took an even deeper breath. She was holding up, but she did not know if her body was just waiting for the right moment to break.

They both talked for a few more minutes before he left her to continue with her work. The kids were asleep so she wanted to spend at least one more hour awake before going to bed.

And Newton was not going to be the reason she would stay up longer than she was supposed to. "You need your mind and body well rested for the following day" he usually said.

"You are so disciplined, sometimes I wonder why you never had kids or got married up until now" she said, letting her internal thoughts come out before she could control it.

"Oh my, I am so sorry. I have no idea why I said that out loud" she said. "No, it's fine. And the truth is that I almost did" he said.

"Almost did what?" She asked him. "Almost had a family," he said.

"We were both in the same MBA class. We wanted to get married. The week I was going to propose was when my parents died.

I was distraught, not wanting to think about a future when my present was being ripped away. She said that she could not wait. She left me a week after I buried my parents" he said.

He had never told anyone about it in over ten years, and yet there he was, telling it to Selen.

Selen felt bad for him as she heard this, but she knew that a person in that situation did not need pity. "Well, she is one unlucky girl! Being impatient like that made her lose out on the best thing that came her way," Selen said.

"I am pretty handsome, aren't I?" Newton joked and they both laughed at his statement.

"But yeah, I am glad I got to see that side of her before it was too late" He said, with gratefulness evident in his tone.

That night, Newton went to bed with a particular thought clouding his mind. Not one of his exes, or his parents. But about Selen.

He knew that he had a little crush on her, it was what happens when a person begins to have so much admiration for a person.

But he never took it seriously. But for some reason that particular night, he imagined it being something more one day.

"No, Selen is a good friend. Feelings like that could ruin our friendship." He said to himself.

"Maybe I just need to meet more women and date more" he said, dismissing the "silly," thoughts he was having about him and Selen.

Meanwhile, Selen packed up for the night and went to bed with a warm feeling in her heart.

This was the most Newton had told her about his past and she knew that their talk that night was a big deal, not just to him, but to her as well.

She knew that he was handsome, it was undeniable. He was also wealthy, a giver, he was nice to her and good with kids.

"Any woman would be lucky to have him in their lives" she said. And she suddenly wished that she had told him that on the call as she drifted to sleep.

Married To My One Night Mistake

Chapter 38: The Visit

"I met our daughter. Now before you get angry, I did not know who she was at first.

We began by her approaching me at the park and for an hour every week, we hung out.

We did not do a lot of talking, just a little small talk here and there. I think we both just enjoyed watching others from the benches.

You're right, again not the point. I am trying to let you know clearly that I have intentions of being in their lives and yours as well. Ugh!"

Clancy had been trying to figure out a way to talk to Selen about their relationship and that of his kids. But nothing he was saying sounded right to him.

"I love you. And I have been in love with you for a long time now. Please give me a chance. Give us a chance" he said.

Those were the words on his mind. But he could not just say them to her like that. He was the one in love, but he also saw how crazy that would sound to Selen.

His fists tightened as he thought about the man he had seen her with weeks ago.

He had looked them up but all he could find was gossip by little bloggers who claimed that they were together.

Although he had thought of the news site to be small and unreliable, he still felt jealous.

An email popped up with an invite to The Minister's ball. It was an event that they had been trying to make him show up to.

But he was in the mood to see millionaire's show off their toys. Very few people of his calibre attended this event.

Other billionaire's like himself showed up for it, just not him and a few others. Which was what made him a name of heavy weight till date.

He was exclusive and not seen everywhere. Some people even thought of him as a myth and not a real person.

A thought popped in his head, this event also invites people from the art world as well. It was either to acknowledge the point of the ball or to affirm the originality of their art.

He searched to see if Selen attended the event and was not surprised when he saw articles talking about her rejecting the invite.

Others claimed that she never got an invite and was trying to feign relevance by making them think that she had rejected them.

He shook his head at how misleading the news was these days all thanks to writers that do not do research before publication.

He knew that a person of her principles would not attend it. These things always had people doing behind the scene deals during the event.

He made a decision to speak to her face to face the following day. How long was he going to continue being in the shadows?

Especially now after he had already met his daughter. It hurt him that he did not know his own children and he was going to change that.

What was the use of moving all the way here if he was just going to be on the sidelines, watching another man play the role of a father to his kids.

He arrived early at her office and waited for her. The receptionist had stared at him and the magazine on her desk multiple times.

It was one of the business magazines that had him on their cover. She stuttered as she asked how she could help him.

When he was informed that Selen had not turned in yet, he just glanced at his watch and announced that he would wait for her in the lobby.

That way, he would see her from the moment she walked in. He had a meeting in a few hours and was certain that he would be done by then.

When she finally walked in, he used the first few seconds to admire her beauty.

"Selen," a familiar voice sounded behind Selen the moment she stepped into the lobby the following day.

She had walked up to the receptionist as she usually did to receive messages from the down floor that may have been missed by her secretary.

She felt it was more efficient that way than depending on one person for information that could be time sensitive.

"Good morning, ma'am. He has been here all morning and insists on speaking to you himself" the receptionist said to her.

The receptionist had a blush and shy smile as she looked at Clancy who had now gotten up from the chair he was sitting on.

She forgot how much charm he had when he wanted to be. He had managed to use it on the receptionist to let him wait.

Plus, she knew that the innocent lady did not have a way to send out a billionaire like himself out of their establishment.

"Clancy," she said. He felt a tingling feeling as she heard him say his name. "Selen," he said back.

She felt it. She believed it was the usual nervousness from an unexpected conversation like this.

"Uh, how may I help you Mr Ivanov?" She asked him, trying to sound professional.

"With your time. I wanted us to talk" he said.

Selen looked around and knew that this was not a time to be chaotic. It was her place of work.

"I am sorry that I came here. But this was the only place that I was sure I could see you" he said, not caring that they were in a lobby.

Not Selen though, she still felt awkward in the empty lobby. So she had no choice but to usher him to her office.

"My office?" She asked as she motioned for the elevator. "Sure," he said and followed behind her as she led them to the elevator.

The elevator felt unusually long and silent. With Clancy making sure that everything that he wanted to say sounded as genuine as he felt.

And Selen who was mentally preparing herself for any way the conversation could go. Their eyes met and at the exact moment, the elevator doors opened up.

Married To My One Night Mistake

Chapter 39: The Talk...

Chapter 39: The Talk...

Selen could not tell why exactly she was going on with this. Or maybe she did, but she was not ready to accept it yet.

She closed her office door, feeling the heavy silence settle between them. She did not want him here, but a part of her was too tired to keep running.

"I met our daughter," he said as soon as they walked into her office.

Her heart began beating very fast and she turned around in anger.

"Excuse you? Have you been stalking me? Following my children?!" She yelled at him.

"I did no such thing, as a matter of fact, I did not even know that she was my child until yesterday," Clancy said in defence.

Selen was very confused. She stared at him, trying to figure out if he was lying, but his expression looked completely serious.

"I came here so we could have a conversation like civilised adults," he said, raising his hands to show he was not trying to argue.

"No yelling. Just a genuine conversation. It does not even have to be a conversation, you could just hear me out," he said.

He seemed like he genuinely wanted to talk. Selen obliged and went to her seat. She sat down behind her desk, using the furniture as a barrier between them.

She was angry at him but she was not going to be the person who always let her emotions take over. She needed to stay calm to protect her family.

"I met her in a park where she went with her siblings. But she was the only one I got familiar with..." he began to explain.

He told her about how he ran into the girl by accident, and how he had not thought about the possibility of her being his child, and then what made everything click into place.

"Wait, you're the C she's been talking about?" Selen asked in surprise.

She did not know why she had imagined C to be an old grandpa who took daily walks to the park.

"I know that you are angry at what I and my family made you go through," Clancy continued, taking a step toward the desk.

"But you should not let the kids suffer for it as well. I also want to be a part of their lives. I know that I am seven years late but I am trying to be here, to avoid spending more time apart."

Selen kept her face blank, refusing to let him see how much his words were affecting her.

Clancy took a seat on the chair across her and continued to speak,

"Like I said in my letter, I did not spend the last seven years just existing and not thinking about you and the kids.

I tried to look for you everywhere. And it is so stupid that with my wealth and influence, it was an internet video that helped me find you. But I am here now, Selen."

He looked at her, waiting for a reaction, but she remained quiet.

"Please, give me a chance to be a father to our kids. And maybe somewhere along the line, a partner to you as well" he added.

"That night between us did happen, and I know that I went along it the wrong way.

And maybe this is far-fetched but I believe that the fact that you let me in here to speak means that a part of you might still be open to forgiving me," he finished.

That is where he was wrong- forgiveness.

"That is the thing, Clancy. You think that I am doing all these things- me not wanting to speak to you, me not letting you be a part of the children's life, because I hate you.

But that is where you are wrong. As hard as it was, I have forgiven you. But that does not mean that I am going to forget everything as well.

The reason why I do not want you in I and the children's life is because I do not want this life that we have built to be contaminated by the past.

I just genuinely do not want the kids to go through any of that. Right now, all they know is their mom and her friends who have been there since they were born and that's it.

I do not want you in our lives, so please stop trying" she said.

Besides how calm she sounded as she said what she did like it was not breaking his heart into pieces, he was also in shock at what she was saying.

So it did not matter if he wrote a thousand letters, her heart was set. And that was what he believed.

"So, what you're saying is that you never want me to be a part of my children's lives?" He asked with a baffled expression.

He tried to remain calm as he tapped his foot on the floor instead.

"You stopped being their father even before they were born all those years ago." she stated with an unfazed expression.

"Selen, come on, be for real. Do you really think that I would just take that as an answer and walk out?

Do you think I spent all this time looking for you guys to walk away?" He asked her as he began to pace around his own side of the table.

" All this time I was in Spain after I found you. I thought, hey, maybe if I gave her space, then she would see that I am being genuine. Maybe she would see my true intentions.

But no, this entire time, these weeks that have gone by that seemed like forever to me were just casual days for you. Oh my-" he said and stopped pacing.

"I do not want to do this Selen because I care for you dearly.

Not just as the mother of my children but also as the girl I spent the best night of my life with" he said.

The sentence carried a tone that sounded like genuine concern but at the same time, it also sounded like a warning of what could be.

Chapter 40: The divorce

"The same night that brought about the best things that ever happened to me. Selen, do not make this a court issue.

Because I would do anything to be a father in my children's life. Even if that means giving up on the dream of all of us being together again" he said.

"I would advise that you do not try that, Clancy." Selen said, feeling threatened and angry that he said that to her.

I am your ex wife whom you got married to without appearing in court and divorced without appearing in the hospital as well," she said.

"Even this country will bear witness to your absence," she added.

Her tone was less firm than it was before. She was weakening.

"Correction, you are MY wife whom I never sent divorce papers to. And I know that you gave birth to the kids in England before you came here.

Even the entire country of England can bear witness to you being my wife, you signing papers that I did not know while I was away, and you having my children while I was busy putting your name and photos in every database trying to find you" he said.

Selen was quiet, and for the first time since their conversation began, it was out of shock.

What did he mean by she was his wife? They were divorced. Was he trying to play mind games with her?

His sister had brought those divorce papers to her herself, and whether Clancy knew or not, she did not expect that there was a chance that he did not sign it.

"Stop playing games, Clancy. Please, just leave. Go back to Kent and continue living your life as you have been for the past seven years" she managed to say amidst the shock.

"How have I been living?" He said and scoffed.

"Do you want to know how I have been living? I have spent every single morning of every fucking day checking my texts and emails.

Checking to see if one of the multitude of the people I had looking for you had found something, a clue even.

I almost lost one of my companies because I was spending more time with the police than signing documents.

I cut off my entire family! I spoke to no one. Not even my own brother or my father. Every single day I woke up with the regret of not being there.

I wonder what would have happened if I had come back earlier after I found out what I did.

Or if I had not hurt you so much from the beginning that you could not tell me that you were pregnant. Or how I encouraged my family to do even worse with you.

I became a shadow of myself. I lived every day with only one purpose, keeping me going-finding you and the kids one day. Reuniting with you all one day," he said.

"What I was doing in Kent" He quoted her, followed by a dry laugh. He was in pain.

Selen opened her mouth to speak when there was a knock on the door.

Her secretary walked in, "good day, ma'am. Your meeting starts in fifteen minutes" she said to her and excused herself.

Anyone who walked in could sense the tension in the room. There were a lot of things that were still unsaid. So much grief and anger.

"It is time for you to leave," Selen said to him. "What?" He asked in confusion.

"You heard my secretary. I have a meeting to attend to" she said, totally dismissing their unfinished conversation.

Clancy looked at his watch. He had a meeting across town in two hours, and he had to leave soon to beat the traffic at that time of the day.

"Of course. We will talk better soon. I believe we could find somewhere besides your office to talk about personal issues" he said.

"Sure," she said in a dead tone. She was not planning on it.

Clancy walked out of the office with mixed emotions just as he came. But this time, it was laced with a small feeling of hope.

Hope that she had not meant what she said when she went back. Hope that she could one day smile and laugh with him as he had seen her do at the exhibition with that man.

Selen sat for about five more minutes in the silence, processing what had happened.

At some point, it felt unreal. Like Clancy had not just stood there and gave her a recap of the last few years in a way that was the opposite of what she had expected.

She shook off the jitters and left the office to head for the boardroom. "One thing at a time," she said and walked into the room that had everyone else in it as they waited for her.

As she got home that night, she asked Diane about what Clancy had said.

"Sweetie, could you please tell me more about your friend, C?" She asked as she tucked her in for bed.

"Like what mummy? I tell you about him every time I see him in the park" Diane answered innocently.

"I know, baby. But I wanted to know more about him. Like how old he is, his height, what he looks like" she said.

"I always imagined him as an old grandpa you know?" She added, hoping that it would help Diane figure out what she was looking out for.

"C is not an old grandpa, mummy. He is just like uncle JK . He always wears a suit like the people you work with" she began to say.

By the time Diane was done with her descriptions, she knew for a fact that it was Clancy.

"Okay, goodnight," she said. "Oh, and there is something else," Diane said, turning to the door where Selen stood.

"What is it, baby?" She asked. "I accidentally gave too much information about myself when nanny Sandra called me at the park. Also, I think he knows you, mummy" she said.

"He sure does," Selen said internally. "It's fine, sweetie. Go to sleep now" she said and kissed her forehead before walking out of the bedroom.