

# My Villainess Ex Won't Leave Me Alone

## #Chapter 1.1 Prologue - Read My Villainess Ex Won't Leave Me Alone Chapter 1.1 Prologue

### *Chapter 1: 1.1 Prologue*

You know the old saying 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth'? Well, what if there were beings that enforced that saying?

Long ago, ancestors swore oaths to gods in exchange for power. The god's side of the bargain was fulfilled, but the humans didn't follow through.

Now, they are coming to collect their end of the bargain, and their descendants must pay the price.

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A little boy got on his tiptoes as he tried to reach the door handle to his mother's room.  
"..."

He couldn't reach it, so he started to jump. After a few jumps, he finally got hold of it and pushed the door open.

"...!!" He quickly picked the bouquet of wild flowers from the ground, then carefully snuck inside. "Mom...?" he called.

He had a pair of bright golden eyes that lit up at the sight of the woman lying on the bed.

"Lucian, did you bring me flowers again?" she asked, sighing helplessly at the sight of her son's knees covered in dirt and his green-stained hands.

The boy nodded, placing the flowers on the woman's lap. She raised her head, but the boy stopped her by tiptoeing, offering his head to her instead.

"Thank you. I love them," she fondly kissed his blonde locks.

"Mom, if Dad sees you kissing me, he will get jealous," the boy muttered, "I don't want to be sent outside again."

She laughed and ruffled his hair with the tip of her nose, "But you are so cute that I want to kiss you again! Can I?"

"...Just one more time." The boy pouted, closing his eyes as his mother planted another kiss on his head. "Are you really feeling better? You are not lying for my sake, are you?" he asked.

"Are you doubting your mom?"

"Last time you said you were better, you got worse instead," the boy explained, his little eyebrows creasing into a frown. He tried to climb up the bed, but a man stopped him, lifting him into the air and throwing him up.

"What's this? Little rascal wants to steal the attention of your mother from me? Get in line!" the man said playfully and placed Lucian behind him on the ground, "I'm her number one man!" he huffed and then climbed on the bed to kiss the woman's cheek.

The boy peeked from behind his father's back, interrupting their sweet moment with what he deemed a more important matter, "Mom, I can sell your flowers for more money if you are still sick...I will tell the customers that they are blessed by an angel and-"

"Lucian!" his father called, his voice carrying a reprimand. "Why are you going on about tricking people again?"

"But it's true that Mom is an angel," the little boy protested, his cheeks puffing out, "I'm not tricking anyone."

His father sighed and crouched down beside him, "I know that you are worried, but your mother has a good heart, and God will listen to our prayers. Have faith, and trust in Him, okay?"

"...Okay," the boy agreed reluctantly, looking down at his old shoes that were getting a bit too tight for his feet. His father reached to ruffle his hair, making the boy lean closer, enjoying the gentle touch.

"Now go outside, I need to talk to your mother," his father said, his smile turning mischievous.

"I won't bother you," the boy offered while holding onto his father's leg, blinking innocently at his parents, "You can pretend I'm not here."

His father nudged him away with his leg, "Shoo, shoo, find your own wife to play with."

"I will!" Lucian couldn't wait to get his own little wife, so he no longer had to fight his father for his mom's attention!

The father and son duo started to push each other away, making the woman on the bed laugh at their silliness. "Don't bully our son, or you will end up getting punished again."

His father smiled at him, and Lucian grinned back in triumph. Mission accomplished. Make Mom laugh, success!

His mother winced as she shifted her body, causing the smiles to fade from everyone's faces. His father immediately helped her lie comfortably again.

She looked at the little one and waved her hand weakly in an attempt to soothe his panicked expression, "Our little Lucian is growing up so fast, isn't he?"

"Like a weed! I can't wait to uproot him!" his father forced a joke, earning a glare from his wife. "Alright, alright. Let's leave your mother to rest." He picked their child up and carried him outside, "We will earn money the good and honest way, okay?"

"...Okay," the little boy agreed, waving goodbye to his mother before the door closed behind them.

They went to his father's workshop, where his father handed him a scrap of wood, a knife, and a hammer, letting him work alongside him.

"Dad, how much do you think I can sell it for?" Little Lucian asked, absorbed in his little project, his tongue peeking out of his mouth, "Will it be worth a lot of money?"

His father glanced over at him, "What is it?"

"It's a cat!" Lucian exclaimed, holding the carving up for his father to see. "I'll call it 'a stray cat in search of a home'."

"Lucian!" his father scolded, "Don't try to scam customers again!"

"I'm not scamming them, I'm selling them a story! A good one at that!" Lucian insisted, holding the wooden cat closer to his chest, covering its uneven ears as if not letting his father's words hurt it, "Mom always tells me stories when I go to bed, and I like it a lot, so I'm sure they'll like it too!"

"..." His father sighed and shook his head. "Where do you even get these ideas?"

Lucian paused for a moment, then pointed at his head. "From here."

*'Lucian, your mother is running out of time and you are wasting your time making wooden figurines?' a voice whispered from within his head, 'She will die, and you will be all alone, just like this wooden cat.'*