



His Ex Was the Wife

Author: *Markville*

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Description: For eight long years, I was entangled in an on-again, off-again relationship with a divorced man whose heart was never fully mine. We split and reconciled so often, I lost count—until I finally did. Ninety-four breakups. Five divorces. Each one chipped away at what little hope I had left.

The first time we broke up? I was losing my virginity to him when his ex-wife called, asking for bread. He got up and left. The fifth time? I was pregnant with his child. But when his ex-wife had complications with her pregnancy, he rushed to her side and left me alone on a highway. I ended up in a car accident and lost the baby. He arrived at the hospital looking like he hadn't come from an emergency room, but from her bed.

Still, I stayed. I forgave. I waited. Until our most recent divorce, his ex-wife needed to appear in a reality TV show as part of a perfect family unit, so he divorced me to play the role of the ideal ex-husband and father. When filming ended, he came back, ready to remarry. But this time, I'm done. I'm not going back. Because I've finally said yes to someone else—someone who chose me the first time, and every time after.

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“Helen, after we sign the divorce papers tomorrow, I’ll temporarily move in with Gianna. I promise, once the show finishes filming, we’ll remarry.”

I ignored him and continued to pack my suitcase.

His eyes flashed with worry. “Did you hear what I said?”

I answered with a cold “Yeah.”

“Then why are you packing?”

“Helen, I promise this is the last time. I won’t let her make you unhappy again, okay?”

I stopped what I was doing to meet his gaze.

“Nick, you know you’ve made me unhappy many times, right? Have you truly loved me all these years?”

He gently placed his hands on my shoulders, his thumbs forming small, soothing circles.

“I love you; I’ve loved you since I first saw you at that cafe seven years ago, and that will never change.

“However, Gianna is struggling as a single mother. I simply want to help her. When we got divorced, I promised to always treat her like family.”

I smiled bitterly; I'd heard these exact words countless times, and despite knowing the outcome, I wanted to give him one more chance.

But, inevitably, he let me down again.

I didn't continue the conversation and simply told him, "I found my birth parents." They want me to be with them for a while."

His eyes widened in surprise. "When did this happen?" Why haven't you told me? What are they like?"

I'd been an orphan since I was a child, having been kidnapped and abandoned before being placed in an orphanage.

After meeting Nick, he assisted me in searching for my parents, but we were unsuccessful.

Cole Harrington, a childhood orphanage friend, assisted me in locating my birth parents a year before.

Nick had divorced me yet again for his ex-wife Gianna Brookridge, so I had no desire to inform him.

Even after we remarried, I lost interest in discussing it with him.

I simply replied, "It doesn't matter. Go be with Gianna. I will leave on my own."

"How can it not matter?" he asked, his tone suddenly becoming anxious. They're also my in-laws. It's okay if they're not well-off. After we remarry, I'll buy them a condo near downtown and close to us, okay?"

I laughed coldly inside; I wanted to tell him that my parents were the wealthiest family in Westvale County and did not need his meagre offerings, but I couldn't bring myself to say anything else to him.

I grabbed my luggage and walked out the door.

He followed me and offered to drive me, but just as he got into the driver's seat, his phone rang.

I clearly saw the screen display: "Wife."

He looked at me awkwardly and said, "I changed it for the show. "Do not misunderstand."

"Oh, I called Uber. Answer it. "Do not keep her waiting."

He looked at me, surprised: "You've suddenly become so..."

I smiled. "So indifferent, right? I cared for seven years. Has it made any difference?"

With that, I got into the car I had ordered and drove out of the flat without looking back.

The next morning, at eight thirty, I arrived at the lawyer's office on time.

I waited for more than 30 minutes before he arrived.

Gianna got out of the car with him.

She apologised to me, saying, "I'm sorry, sweetie. You understand how difficult it is for a divorced woman with a child to break into the entertainment industry. This

show is extremely important to me and my child; I...”

I abruptly cut her off, “Enough, let’s not waste time.” “Let us go inside.”

I’ve met Gianna Brookridge several times over the last seven years, and she’s not as innocent or pitiable as she appears; how could a woman who has been in the entertainment industry for ten years be so simple?

So I couldn’t be bothered watching her performance and walked right in.

To my surprise, she followed me inside.

When I saw her eyes fixated on the divorce agreement, I realised she was here to supervise.

In our previous divorces, Nick had always written that he would leave with nothing to give me peace of mind.

But this time, it stated that I would leave with nothing.

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Nick informed me that any changes to his assets would have an impact on his company's upcoming IPO.

I signed not because I believed him, but because I didn't have the energy to argue with him.

After receiving the certificate, I stood at the entrance, waiting for a taxi.

Nick came over and grabbed my hand, "How long will you be with your parents? Give me your address and I'll pay you a visit with some gifts."

I replied coldly, "That's unnecessary."

He sensed that I was truly different this time, and his grip on my hand tightened unconsciously.

He enquired hesitantly, "Helen, you will remarry me, right?"

Gianna walked over, looking concerned, "Nick, my son has a fever." What shall I do?"

I drew my hand away and told them, "I hope your filming goes well."

Then I got in the taxi.

As the car began to move, my tears flowed uncontrollably.

Looking at the familiar divorce certificate in my hand, my heart felt like it was being pierced with needles.

Back then, I had jumped headfirst into the whirlpool of his love, with no way out.

My college roommate had warned me, “Remarrying a divorced man isn’t always reliable. Don’t be so foolish to believe everything.”

But I strongly defended him, saying, “My Nick is different from the others. “He genuinely loves me.”

“I know you’re going to say that a successful man like him must be surrounded by women. It’s okay; I’m prepared. I’ve told him that I’ll understand if he has casual flings outside, as long as I’m in his heart, I’ll forgive him. I’m committed to him for the rest of my life!”

Unexpectedly, I spent seven years of my youth only to end up with a broken heart.

After exiting the taxi, I walked straight into my parents’ luxurious villa.

As soon as I opened the gate, my mother smiled and asked me to close my eyes.

I closed my eyes and allowed her to lead me forward.

“Okay, you can open them now.”

A Ferrari stood in front of me, flanked by my good friend Cole and my father.

Dad gave a grin and stated, “My dear daughter, I was going to give you this gift, but Cole insisted on surprising you himself, so I got you this instead.”

He took out a sapphire necklace from behind his back, as if performing a magic trick.

I saw this necklace in the news just two days ago, and it was said to have been purchased by a mysterious person for an astronomical sum of more than \$100 million.

I never expected my dad to surprise me.

My eyes welled up with tears again. Looking at the three people smiling at me, I felt an indescribable pain in my heart. Perhaps everything was arranged by fate. As I lost love, family and friendship filled the void in my broken heart.

We ate lunch together before Cole returned to his company for some business.

Mom sat with me on the sofa for a private conversation.

“My dear, Cole seems to be paying close attention to you. Your father claims to have good character and his own career. Why don’t you consider him now that you’re divorced?”

I laughed out loud: “Mom, stop trying to play matchmaker. “He is not straight.”

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My mother gave a mysterious smile and said nothing else.

The following day, I drove my new car, overcome with emotion.

When I first met Nick, his company was still in its early stages and not particularly large.

Understanding his struggles, I never allowed him to buy me expensive gifts or spend money on me.

After graduating from college, I married him and went straight to work for his company, assisting him with everything from client meetings to being his assistant and meeting all of his needs.

He once offered to buy me a car, but I declined without even thinking about it. As I learnt more about his struggles, I became less willing to spend money on myself.

Later, when his company grew and he made a lot of money, he never mentioned buying me a car again.

Looking back now, if he truly loved me, how could he have ignored my needs?

Today, I was going to Nick's company to resign.

As I pulled into the parking lot, I noticed the film crew preparing for a shoot.

Nick was impeccably dressed, standing beside Gianna and her son Damian, and the

three of them appeared to be a natural, happy family.

When my car arrived, it immediately drew everyone's attention.

Somebody exclaimed, "Mr. Ashford, your company is extremely wealthy if its employees drive such nice cars to work!"

All eyes turned toward me.

I calmly exited the car and approached the three of them.

Gianna's eyes were full of jealousy.

Nick's expression changed as he lowered his voice and asked me, "Why are you here? The film crew is still present. Can't it wait until they leave?"

I smiled and exclaimed loudly, "Mr. Ashford, I am here to resign."

Nick was stunned, and before he could respond, Gianna exclaimed beside him.

"Oh, why are you wearing the same necklace as me?"

That's when I noticed she was wearing a sapphire necklace, just like the one my father had given me.

Someone immediately asked, "Isn't this necklace meant to be one-of-a-kind?"

"Yes, didn't Gianna mention it was a surprise gift from Mr. Ashford for their wedding anniversary?"

I wasn't flustered because I knew mine was genuine.

Gianna knew she was in the wrong, and she burst into tears as she leaned against Nick.

Crying for the cameras, she said, “Helen, I know you like my husband and have always fantasised about replacing me as his girlfriend, but you can’t be this obsessed with him.

“You found out my husband gave me a one-of-a-kind necklace, so you bought a fake one pretending he gave it to you. This isn’t the first time you’ve done something like this. Please stop. Don’t ruin my family, okay?”

I was very impressed by her acting abilities. If I hadn’t known the truth, I might have believed her.

At that point, someone pointed to the car and said, “I bet that car is also rented; she’s just pretending to be rich to hook Mr. Ashford.”

Angered, I took the car registration out of my bag and held it up for them to see, “This car is mine; please don’t make false accusations.”

Another voice rang out.

“So you’re not only trying to seduce my sister’s husband as a mistress, but you’re also stealing company money!”

I turned to face the company’s financial director, Nathan Brookridge, Gianna’s younger brother. She begged Nick to give her brother a job back then.

I had objected, believing that the finance department should be staffed with trustworthy individuals.

But Nick had stated that as Gianna's brother, he was considered one of their own.

I never expected him to suddenly turn against me like this.

When I started at the company, Nick never publicly announced our relationship, claiming he was afraid people would call it a family business and criticise it.

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But, if others don't know, how could Nathan not? He was obviously lying through his teeth.

Before I could defend myself, several cameras were trained on my face.

"Don't worry, Gianna. I hate homewreckers the most. We'll help expose her! How shameless!"

I looked at Nick with disbelief. He struggled to speak for a while and eventually said, "Let's talk about this later."

I shook my head with disappointment, "Nick, you're such a loser!"

I turned to leave, but Nathan called out again, "Nick, I just checked the accounts today, and the company is missing several hundred thousand dollars. She transferred the money out; her signature is right there.

"She must have bought that car with that money!"

To my surprise, Nick grabbed my arm and angrily demanded, "Why are you doing this? You have really disappointed me!"

My heart turned cold, and I yanked my arm away, tears streaming down my cheeks.

"You would rather believe the lies of these two con artists than someone who has stood by your side for seven years?"

“Nick, you are unbelievable! I don’t want to see you again!”

I got into my car, cried, and drove away.

I went to a bar alone, pouring bottle after bottle down my throat as my tears streamed down.

Cole found me when I was nearly unconscious from drinking.

“Why were you drinking so much?”

I clung to his arm and sobbed uncontrollably.

“I’ve already decided to give up; why does it still hurt so much?”

He gently stroked my hair and said, “Helen, don’t look back.” Look forward; perhaps happiness is waiting for you there.”

I looked up and punched him.

“Looking forward, I see you, but you don’t like women. You can’t be with me, so what’s the point?”

“You silly girl, did you really think I didn’t like women? If you’re willing, I’ll marry you and spend my entire life with you, never divorcing!”

I punched him again, slurring my words: “That’s the spirit! I will marry you! We’ll get together and show those bastards!”

When I awoke the next morning with a splitting headache, I realised I had blacked out the night before and had no idea who had brought me home.

Mom pushed open the door with warm honey water in her hand, and when she saw my haggard appearance, she shed tears of concern.

“Helen, it is entirely our fault. We lost you back then. If you had grown up with us, we would not have allowed you to be with that jerk.

I put on a cheerful face. “It’s all in the past. Don’t blame yourselves. Besides, Nick treated me decently over the years.” “Decently? What nonsense! Look at this!”

She angrily handed me her phone to show me the contents.

It was photos of me and them at the filming location yesterday.

The headline read: [Gold Digger’s Hypocritical Mask Torn Off by Legitimate Wife; Fans Heartbroken Over Actress Gianna Brookridge’s Ordeal].

Throughout the article, I was portrayed as a cruel mistress who duped Nick while fantasising about taking Gianna’s place.

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I couldn't even finish reading it because it portrayed me in such a negative light.

Many people threatened to cyberbully and dox me in order to avenge their idol.

They even included a close-up of my Ferrari, claiming it was purchased with stolen company funds and that the vehicle would be repossessed.

This fabricated news made me laugh in outrage.

"Mom, don't be upset. It's okay, I'll handle it myself."

"How can you handle it when they're smearing a young woman like you with such filth? Your father said he wants to take care of that Nick."

Right then, my phone rang. It was Nick calling.

After I answered, his voice was filled with anger, "Helen, where are you? Come to the company right now and explain about that five hundred thousand!"

I responded immediately: "I will come to the company, but that money has nothing to do with me. I can't explain it to you. I'm only coming to resign. Please have HR prepare the paperwork. I'll be there to sign the termination agreement."

"You! Helen, are you doing this on purpose? You know my company is about to go public; are you creating this scandal to sabotage me?"

"I understand you are upset, but didn't I promise to make it up to you? And it's the

last time. Why are you pulling this stunt?

“Considering all the years you’ve been with me, I’ll give you time to come up with a reason. Whatever it is, as long as you explain it clearly, I can keep this from going public. I don’t want this matter to reach the police.

“And, since that car was purchased with company funds, you should return it.

“I will be waiting for you at the company.

After hearing his machine-gun-like speech, I couldn’t help but laugh.

“Nick, I have known you for many years. I never imagined you could be this stupid!

“If I’d known it would be like this, all the feelings I’ve invested would have been better off thrown to the dogs!”

Nick sighed on the other end.

“Helen, don’t say things out of anger. As long as you’re willing to return the car and apologise to me and Gianna, I’ll treat you the same as before.”

I exclaimed in surprise, “What? Who does she think she is? Why should I apologise to her?”

“Helen, please stop making trouble, okay? Do you know how embarrassed she was when you suddenly showed up yesterday? If she hadn’t quickly made up that story, the fact that you and I were married would have been revealed, and she would have been criticised for breaking up someone’s family. Do you know how important a celebrity’s reputation is?”

“Your behaviour yesterday made Damian cry. You need to take responsibility. Be good and come apologize to them.” Furious, I shouted into the phone, “She’s afraid of being accused of breaking up someone’s family, but it doesn’t matter that I’m being cursed by everyone?”

Nick continued to defend himself, “You two are different. You’re not a public figure. Nobody will care. You do not have to show your face in public in the future. I will take care of you. “But she is a public figure.”

I was so angry that I hung up the phone and yelled repeatedly to let out my emotions.

I slapped myself hard in the face.

“Mom, I am such an idiot! How could I love such a despicable man so much?”

Mom held me with concern, “My dear, don’t act like this. It breaks my heart to see you like this.’

After calming down, I quickly got out of bed to prepare to confront him in person at the company.

Mom was concerned about me. As I walked out the door, Cole was already waiting beside my car.

“I’ll go with you.”

My parent’s advice was, “You’re too emotional right now. I’m afraid something might happen. I’ll feel better if Cole goes with you.”

I nodded and told Mom, “Mom, tell Dad he doesn’t need to get involved in this. Nick isn’t worth it!”

He said, “That’s right, Auntie. I’ll handle it. Don’t worry.”

With that, we drove my Ferrari straight to Nick’s company.

I felt a lot better after the drive.

I asked Cole to park the car in a visible location in the parking lot and then called Nick.

He came down quickly, his eyes brightening when he saw my car.

Despite having made a lot of money over the years, he couldn’t bring himself to buy such an expensive car.

Seeing Cole was also there, Nick first nodded to him.

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I had introduced Cole to Nick when we first met.

Cole had been adopted by a wealthy family when he was young, so when Nick met him, he was already running his family's business.

Nick's company would not have reached its current size without Cole's unwavering support on all projects. Nick then told me, "This is between us; why did you have to bother Mr. Harrington?"

I snorted coldly, "I was afraid you'd throw more dirt on my head. What's wrong with bringing someone from my side?"

Just then, we heard a car door close, followed by a child's clear voice.

"Daddy!"

My heart skips a beat. I turned to see who it was: Gianna and Damian.

However, Nick had informed me that Damian was Gianna's child with another husband following their divorce. Damian referred to Nick as "Uncle" in front of me.

Could Damian be his child from Gianna, born after he married me?

I had been deceived for so long!

Comments

My fists clenched involuntarily again.

Gianna approached with a smile to greet me.

“What a coincidence that Helen is here too. I brought my son to discuss the filming content with Nick.” Damian clung to Nick’s leg, looking at me timidly, “Daddy, I’m scared of this lady. Can you make her leave?”

Nick coughed awkwardly and told me, “He only calls me that because of the show’s requirements. Do not misunderstand.

“By the way, while Gianna and her son are both present, why don’t you apologise to them?”

I glared at him with a cold smile: “I won’t! She’s the one who continues to seduce my husband. If anyone needs to apologise, it’s her!

Nick looked annoyed, “Do you have to make everything so complicated?”

Unexpectedly, Gianna grabbed Nick’s arm, “It’s okay. If she doesn’t want to apologize, it’s not a big deal.”

Then she walked to my car and began stroking it admiringly.

“Nick, you know about your loving husband image in the media. Could I borrow this car? We could tell the media it’s a gift from you. It would be good for your public image and help boost your company’s reputation.”

Nick nodded, “Yes, you need a car more often. You take it.”

I opened my eyes in amazement. “Did either of you get permission from me, the

owner? You've got everything all planned out. Even daydreaming should have its limits!"

Nick yelled furiously: "This car was bought with company funds that you stole! Come with me to transfer the ownership, and I'll help keep this matter quiet!"

"Nick, you're nothing but an ungrateful snake! All these years I've been with you, did I ever spend a penny of your money? When you were struggling at first, have you forgotten who stood by your side through it all?"

"You claim I stole money from the company?" Fine! Call Nathan down here and confront me!"

Soon, Nathan came down with a stack of printed documents.

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“Look, this money transfer has your signature. And this withdrawal form clearly shows that you requested cash!”

I took the papers, examined them carefully, and couldn’t help but laugh.

“Nick, you want to contact the police, correct? Let me help you with that.”

I took out my phone and was about to dial 110 when Nick stopped me, “Helen, I don’t want things to turn ugly. This way we’ll both have regrets. How can we live together in the future?”

I laughed coldly: “I have no regrets because that is not my signature!”

“Nathan, while this signature is nearly identical to my handwriting, I added a hidden mark to my signature years ago specifically to avoid this type of situation. Unless I specifically point it out, others will miss it.

“If you don’t believe me, you can pull up my previous signatures and have the police compare them.”

When I finished speaking, Gianna’s face flushed with panic, but she pretended to be calm as she stepped forward to persuade Nick.

“Let it go. She’s just upset because I keep causing trouble and affecting your relationship. Don’t pursue this matter. I don’t want the car anymore. Besides, Helen has been with you for so many years and sacrificed so much. What’s wrong with spending five hundred thousand to buy her a gift?”

If I hadn't noticed Nathan's trembling hands after this speech, I might have thought she was a truly good person.

But Nick was deeply moved.

He looked at Gianna with tender eyes and said, "Gianna, you're still so kind. Helen, since Gianna is pleading for you, I'll let it go this time. Consider the car my gift to you. You've worked hard all these years."

"But don't do these little tricks again, okay?" "I'll be really angry the next time."

Gianna knew how to play her cards well, and now that the person who lost the money was not pursuing the case, I had no reason to call the cops.

I didn't want to argue anymore, so I went upstairs, had Nick process my resignation paperwork, and then left with Cole.

On the way, Cole asked, "Do you want me to end all of our collaborations with them?"

I shook my head and said, "Help me investigate Damian and Nick's biological relationship. If they are not related, I will consider it my final act of mercy to him. If they are, then wait for my signal."

"Okay."

"By the way, do you still stand behind what you said last night?"

I looked at him suspiciously. "What? What have I said?"

"You really don't remember anything?"

Seeing my completely confused expression, his face turned melancholy, but he didn't say anything more.

Cole came to me three days later with a report.

Despite having mentally prepared myself, my hands trembled as I opened it.

When I saw the confirmed father-son relationship, my eyes welled up with tears.

Gianna had become pregnant with Damian while I was two months pregnant.

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All these years, I had suspected they might have maintained a connection, but I always told myself that unless I saw it with my own eyes, it was just my imagination.

I never imagined that he would have another child with his ex-wife while I was pregnant.

It's no surprise he was so anxious to find Gianna, who was also pregnant, after abandoning me on the highway.

I'd never understood why he was so concerned about her pregnancy when the child belonged to someone else.

Now I knew—because that child was his!

I was so angry that my teeth chattered and I trembled with rage.

Cole quickly drew me into his arms, comforting me.

“Helen, do not cry. You still have me and your parents. We all love you very much. We will undoubtedly assist you in exacting your revenge.

It took me a long time to pull away from his embrace.

Noticing that my tears had soaked his shirt, I laughed and punched him playfully, “Your shoulder is very comfortable to lean on. If only you liked women, I might have ended up with you if you pursued me, and I wouldn't have been hurt this way.”

After joking around, I relaxed.

Cole's phone suddenly rang; it was Nick calling.

After responding, Nick spoke politely, "Mr. Harrington, I heard you've obtained development rights for another parcel of land. I'm wondering if we'll still collaborate on this project."

Cole looked at me, and I quickly mouthed the word "agree."

Despite his apparent confusion, he did as I asked.

"Yes, we can." "Please come to my company's project department tomorrow to discuss the details."

After we hung up, he said, "If we give this project to them, they'll reach a new level, and going public will become easier."

I snorted coldly, "That's exactly why we want to speed up his progress. Give him as many projects as possible without causing you to lose money. I also have information on other clients who work with his company. See if you can let them know."

"Why would you want to do this?"

"Heh, because the higher they climb, the harder they fall."

"He no longer deserves one last chance from me."

In the days that followed, Nick and Gianna's reality show filming went smoothly, and the public's interest grew, propelling Gianna into the spotlight.

Much of this was my fault; I spent a lot of money on trending topics for her and had the media hype them up because I wanted to see what would happen if they both collapsed.

Two months later, Nick's company was just one step away from going public, so he bought various trending topics to build excitement.

Gianna's reality show was about to air, and a trailer had already been released.

That day, I booked a private room at a high-end restaurant, and Cole accompanied my parents.

My father enquired suspiciously, "What are you two up to, being so mysterious?"

I smiled cheerfully, "Mom, Dad, we want you to enjoy lobster while watching a good show."

I switched on the TV in the room and cast from my phone.

Then I selected the top trending topic.

[The Real Homewrecker is Gianna! Shocking twist!]

I personally edited the content, which included certificates for all five divorces and remarriages between Nick and me, as well as every divorce agreement we had signed.

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It also included Nick and Damian's paternity test results, as well as a timeline comparison that proved he had cheated on me with his ex-wife while I was pregnant.

I included video clips from that day at the filming location, when they falsely accused me of wearing a fake sapphire necklace and purchasing the car with stolen company funds.

I've also attached the payment proof from the auction where my father purchased the sapphire necklace for me.

There was also video footage of our later confrontation, in which they attempted to take possession of my car for no reason.

The article was lengthy, detailing how, over the years, he abandoned me ninety-nine times for ridiculous reasons involving Gianna.

It sparked outrage, and Gianna's fans began to unfollow and turn against her.

The reality show was suspended, and all of her previous TV dramas were removed.

Then a second trending topic emerged.

[Ashford Group's Public Offering is in jeopardy, CEO Nick Ashford loses clients' trust, all projects demand contract termination, face massive compensation payments.]

Another trending topic quickly emerged: [Ashford Group's Financial Director

Embezzles Large Sums for Illegal Gambling; How Will the Company Overcome This Crisis?].

Cole's phone rang suddenly, just as we were enjoying the spectacle.

He turned it on speaker.

Nick's anxious voice rang out immediately, "Mr. Harrington, did Helen suddenly tell you to stop all of our collaborations? Do not listen to her nonsense. There is nothing between us. I was planning to remarry her."

Cole responded indifferently: "Oh, I'll ask her about it later."

"Mr. Harrington, what's with all these penalty fees? How did our building materials suddenly become non-compliant? We've been using the same standards for years. How are they not meeting the requirements now?"

"Oh, the government has set new standards for construction safety. Perhaps you've been too preoccupied reuniting with your ex-wife to notice the news?"

"Mr. Harrington!"

Nick tried to continue, but Cole cut him off.

"That is enough. If you have any other questions, please contact my assistant. I need to leave now."

He hung up without any courtesy.

My phone rang shortly after, and I knew it was him without looking.

I did not respond and blocked all of his contact information.

Seeing this, my father couldn't help but give me a thumbs up.

“As expected of my daughter, you inherited my excellent genes.”

My mother gave him a side-eye and said, “Mine, too.”

My father apologised and smiled, “Yes, yes, mostly from my precious wife's superior genes, and a small part from mine.”

Looking at our happy family scene, the dark cloud in my heart lifted completely.

“Dad, for the final act, it's your turn to make an appearance.”

“Great! How could such an interesting game not include me!”

Three days later, my father held a grand banquet to reveal my identity to the community.

The event was attended by prominent figures from a variety of fields, including members of the mainstream media.

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Aside from these guests, Officer Jack was present—he had never stopped assisting my parents in their search for me over the years.

My parents were surrounded by people, and they couldn't stop smiling.

Just as everyone was about to offer congratulations, a discordant voice rose from the crowd.

It was Nick.

Normally, someone of his modest means would be unable to attend such a gathering, but I had purposefully arranged for an invitation to be sold to him.

I could tell he was desperate now, and connecting with Westvale City's wealthiest family would be his last resort. With a forced smile, he raised his glass to my parents and said, "Congratulations, congratulations." My father frowned and asked, "Who are you? Where's security? How do they let in just any random person?"

Nick's face flushed, but he kept smiling, "Hello, I'm Nick Ashford from Ashford Group. I just wanted to share in your joy. Pardon my intrusion, but I have a risk-free business opportunity that might interest you."

My dad turned to him and said, "You really have no sense of timing. What kind of CEO are you? No emotional intelligence whatsoever. This is a celebration of finding my daughter, and you're talking business with me? I don't need your peanuts."

Everyone looked at my father with contempt after his verbal humiliation.

I entered just as his embarrassment was at its peak.

I was led down the stairs like a queen, wearing an exquisite custom gown, with Cole holding my hand.

Everyone present let out a gasp.

“So this is your precious daughter! She’s beautiful!”

Under countless camera flashes, I maintained a graceful, appropriate smile.

Nick stood frozen, rubbing his eyes until they turned red, finally believing that the person before him was me.

He rushed forward recklessly, attempting to grab my hand.

Cole immediately blocked him.

“Helen! It’s me! I’m your beloved husband Nick!”

Then he turned to my father and announced, “Father-in-law, I’m Helen’s husband!”

I told you firmly, “Stop with the nonsense. We’ve been divorced for a long time. Now that you see I’m wealthy, you suddenly remember to call me wife? Where was this when you were cheating with your ex-wife? You really disgust me!”

My father stood beside me and addressed the audience, “This bastard bullied my daughter terribly; I don’t care what you all think, but within my power, I will not allow someone with such low morals to continue operating in our business community.”

Others offered their opinions: “I’ve seen his news. He’s truly a disgrace to our business world. We should completely blacklist him.” “Agreed!” “Agreed!”

Suddenly Officer Jack tapped him on the shoulder. “Oh, It’s you. Your ex-wife, Gianna something, and her brother have been arrested by my colleagues for embezzling huge sums from your company. Your child from that affair now has no one to care for him. How do you still have the heart to cause trouble here? Shouldn’t you be checking on your son? Or don’t you even have that basic humanity?”

My father gave Nick no more time to speak before calling security to throw him out.

The following day, I received a call from an unknown number on my phone.

When I answered, I discovered that Nick was calling from a new phone number.

“Helen, we had an agreement to remarry after the show finished. I promise to live properly with you from now on. Will you come remarry me?”

“Nick, please stop bothering me.”

“I’ve already married Cole.”

We’d just left the courthouse after receiving our marriage licence.

Cole told me what I said when I blacked out from drinking last night.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:16 am

“Cole, why did you lie to me about not being interested in women?”

“Because that was the only way I could stay by your side and protect you. If I had told you I’d had feelings for you since we were children, while you were so in love with Nick, you would have certainly cut ties with me.”

“So you waited for me all these years, and let me misunderstand you for so long?”
my eyes welled up.

“It must have been so painful for you to watch me being affectionate with Nick all that time.”

I completely understand that bitter feeling, having walked a similar path myself.

I suddenly remembered when I arrived at the orphanage as a child. Cole was ten years old, and I was only five.

I suffered from PTSD, nightmares, and was afraid to sleep at night. He was always there to comfort me. He taught me to draw, braided my hair beautifully, and gradually guided me through my trauma.

Even after he was adopted by a wealthy family, he continued to visit me on a regular basis, spending his own allowance on pizza and ice cream and purchasing me pretty dresses. He even paid for my education.

However, after I started college, I fell in love with Nick. I remember when I told Cole about my excitement, he said nothing.

The following day, he was admitted to the hospital with a bleeding ulcer caused by excessive alcohol consumption.

He then told me that as a good friend, he was not interested in women and that I could share anything with him. And I really believed him.

Nick's lies ended up hurting me, whereas Cole's lies only hurt him.

This time, I took the initiative to kiss him.

That night, I pinned him to the bed and said, "Do you dare sign an agreement with me – whoever asks for a divorce has to commit suicide!"

"I dare!" he said without hesitation.

Later, my father planned an extremely lavish wedding for us. Our happy wedding photos ran on a three-day loop on digital billboards throughout downtown.

The day after the wedding, Cole drove me to the orphanage where we were raised.

It was now the best children's home in Westvale County. Cole had made significant contributions to the place over time.

When we walked hand in hand to the director's office, we noticed Nick.

He was signing documents with his head down, and Damian stood beside him.

I grabbed the paper from under his hand, looked at it, and angrily confronted him, "You're truly heartless!"

The director asked, perplexed, "What's wrong? This gentleman is assisting with the child's admission paperwork."

“Director, this is fraud! He is this child’s biological father!”

“Nick, you’re even abandoning your own child? Are you still human? I’m thankful I didn’t waste more years on you.”

Nick cried as he prostrated himself before me. “I was wrong, but what can I do? My company has collapsed, I’m buried in massive debt, I don’t even have a flat anymore. How can I take care of a child!”

I called the police without saying anything else.

As the officers took him away, he turned to me in tears and said, “Helen, I really did love you. I’m sorry, and I wish you both happiness.