



My Husband's Regret after My Reincarnation

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Chapter 1 A Chance to Rewrite My Life

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I never thought I would be reborn.

The image of Yuna dying in my arms still felt so vivid.

In my previous life, I had died miserably.

Yuna only had one wish as she took her last breath, which was to see her father, whom she hadn't seen for over a month.

But I couldn't bear to tell her the truth that I couldn't reach Andrew Kettler at all. No matter how many messages I sent or how many times I begged him, it would always fall on deaf ears.

Then, I caught sight of a post on Wendy Seyfert's social media. It turned out Andrew had been spending New Year's Eve with her and her daughter, Tonya, lighting fireworks together.

"Tonya was very happy to have someone to accompany her on New Year's Eve this year."

Despair, fury, and bitterness overwhelmed me. My emotions, raw and uncontained, could not be controlled. Yuna was such a young child, yet she noticed everything.

"Mommy, Daddy's not coming back to see me, is he?" she asked.

I held her tightly and tried my best to apologize to her. I could feel her small body growing colder and stiffer as the last spark of life left her.

Outside the window, the New Year's Eve fireworks painted the night sky with brilliance and color while my daughter drew her last breath, leaving me with eternal regret as she departed.

With her passing, I lost the last shred of hope I had for living.

After burying Yuna in silence, I went to the hospital rooftop without any second thoughts. I followed her into despair, jumping to end it all.

When my soul hovered above my lifeless body, I saw someone I never expected. It was Andrew.

He came running toward my corpse, tears streaming down his face, begging the doctors to save me.

But my head was nearly shattered, so how could they possibly bring me back?

My soul screamed madly at him, wanting him to stay away from my body as the very sight of him disgusted me. If I could, I would have slapped him silly.

But I was powerless.

What I didn't expect, however, was to be reborn.

No one could ever understand the sheer thrill of realizing I had another chance at life. No one could fathom the amount of self-control it took for me not to break down in sobs when I saw Yuna, alive and standing in front of me once more.

I had the opportunity to start over again, so this time, I vowed to rewrite our story. To change the ending of our story!

As for Andrew? He deserved nothing less than hell.

Now, standing before me, Andrew wore an apologetic expression. He gently patted Yuna's head and said, "Sweetie, I'm sorry. I have something really important to take care of, but I promise I'll be back soon."

"Mariah, this is the last time. Tonya is sick and really needs me right now..."

Yuna was reluctant, but as always, she never opposed her father's decisions.

She was so thoughtful and considerate that it broke my heart.

I glared at his face. Just looking at him filled me with disgust, and I couldn't hold back any longer. My one hand covered Yuna's eyes while the other slapped him hard across the face.

Smack!

The sharp sound echoed loudly in the room.

"Is taking care of your lover's kid with some other man more important than being there for your own sick daughter? Or is it more important to rush over late at night to help her fix her pipes while she's barely dressed?" I questioned fiercely.

Andrew froze, stunned. He held his cheek, staring at me in disbelief before his face suddenly twisted with anger. Pointing at me, he spat through gritted teeth, "Mariah Kettler, your mind is filthy!"

"Wendy is a single mother without any family here. Is it wrong for me to help her out? How could you twist things and make it sound so vile?"

I didn't bother responding. I picked up Yuna and started walking toward the door. Andrew, still not finished, followed closely behind, throwing his so-called logic at me. I didn't even look back. I just opened the door, turned around, and said coldly, "Get out of my sight."

That shut him up instantly.

My indifference left him speechless. He stood there for a long time before finally stepping out.

In the past, every time he stepped out of the house without hesitation, it tore me apart. I would exhaust myself over it, driving myself into depression. Worse, I neglected Yuna because of it.

If I had to do it again, I would not let history repeat itself.

Men like him only deserved to die.