

Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M Chapter 107

Posted by



By

Foreboding
Rowan

It's been two days since the truth came out, and I still can't get over the kiss.

When I dipped my head to kiss Ava, I expected her to push me away. Worse, to slap me. I can't deny that I was surprised when she let me kiss her. That surprise soon turned into happiness and

joy.

I can't fucking believe that I went so long without her kisses. Her lips were soft, and her mouth is addictive. I could spend my entire life just kissing her, and I would be happy.

Again, I say, I was fucking foolish. Every time I denied Ava a kiss when we were married, I thought I was punishing her. I didn't realize what I was missing out on. For that, I will always be regretful because I missed out on so many things.

I'm currently in my office, and I can't focus for shit. I have business meetings in the next few days,

yet the only thing that played in my mind is that kiss.

I feel like a fucking teenager all over again. Kissing her and then having her reciprocate was similar to the thrill of getting a first kiss from a girl. It left me excited. I felt like I was on top of the

world

"What has you grinning like an idiot?" Gabe's voice interrupts me.

I look up just as he drops on the seat in front of my desk.

"Nothing" I say, clearing my throat.

“That’s definitely something. If I have to guess, then I think it’s something related to Ava

I don’t say anything, but we know that he is spot on.

“So what happened?” he asks curiously.

I debate whether to tell him. Finally I give in. He was my twin. What is the use of hiding it from

him?

“I kissed Ava and she fucking let me” I tell him proudly.

It felt so fucking good. Like I had achieved something miraculous. Those few minutes where she

•NOWR

Cabe guns at one with happens “That good progress

The “7 way then groan Wells was going well until she reminded something I told her and push

You see, the thing about bering someone is that when you try to make amends you fight against

TheInozes. You fight against the pain. You fight against the scars you inflicted.

That’s what happened with Ava yesterday. The memory of my words came back. That, along with

the pain that she must have felt when I flung these words at her

These two reminded her that I was the enemy. I was the one that hurt and caused her pain. Those

To sredsawaning. They warned her that trusting me could lead to more pain. So she did

what any same person would do in that situation she asked me to leave

What do you tell her?"

I don't want to repeat those words, but I did. I told Gabe everything, from how Emma lied and

manipulated me. To how I angrily went to Ava's house and told her those cruel words.

When I'm done. Gabe is staring at me with an unreadable expression

"Toute and schot and an asshole" he says, not mincing words.

I run my hands down my face. "Don't I know it"

Tim not even going to bother with telling you how wrong you were. The fact that you're beating

yourself up is enough"

I don't even know how she used to stand me. I can't stand myself every time I think about what I put Ave through. It makes me appreciate her more, knowing she tolerated me for all those years. Not a lot of women would have put up with my shit.

"On the bright side, she was receptive. That's got to mean something, right?" he asks after a while.

I was about to agree when something hits me

"What if it's just the hormones?" I ask in panic running my hand through my hair. "Due to the pregnancy hormones, most women go through an increase in libido. Maybe that is it. Fuck."

All the hope I had shrivels up and dies. Hell. Will I ever get a chance to make things right? Is it

even possible to win her back?

+15 BONUS

"I doubt that's the only thing. We both know Ava. If she didn't want it, she wouldn't have let you Hormones be damned," he tries to encourage me, but I'm not really feeling it right now.

My door opens, and Travis enters. He looks like hell. He crosses over and takes a seat next to Gabe.

“You look like shit” Gabe informs him.

Travis just sighs. “I know. I feel like it too.”

Things are a fucking mess after finding out that his precious sister has a child whom she has kept a secret for eight years.

“How are things?” I ask.

“Bad. I can’t stand being in the same room as Emma right now. Mom too. In fact, she gave Emma

an ultimatum. Either she builds a relationship with Gunner or she cuts her off from her life.”

Both Gabe and I stare at him in shock. Never have I ever imagined that Kate would threaten to

disown Emma.

Even when Ava and I messed up, she never disowned her. Sure, she and James gave her the cold

shoulder, but they never cut her off. 2

“Are you serious?” Gabe speaks.

“As serious as a heart attack,” he mutters before taking a deep breath.

“Anyway, I don’t want to

talk about that, let alone think about it. What were you talking about before I came in?” he asks,

changing the subject.

“Ava” Gabe answers.

“What about Ava?”

He has the tortured look he usually wears every time Ava is mentioned. I know he now feels even

worse after how he talked to her that day.

“I think that Rowan may have a chance of winning her.” Gabe answers.

Travis looks confused. It’s then that I realize he has no idea about my feelings towards Ava.

“Why? Are you pursuing her?” He looks puzzled. Like he’s trying to piece things together.

“Yes,” I growl. “You have a problem with that?”

3/4

+15 BONUS

“No,” he sighs “I’m guessing you have feelings for her, right? That’s okay. She deserves to be

happy and we all know that you were her dream.”

“You’re not angry with him?” Gabe looks at me before looking at Travis

I wanted to hear his answer. Not that it mattered. Even if he were pissed, it wouldn’t have changed a thing. If getting Ava means losing his friendship, then so be it.

“Why would I be angry?”

“Well, because of Emma. You were the biggest supporter of their relationship.”

“Yes, that’s before I realized that he may not love her anymore. When Emma came back, he acted differently. It was like the spark between them had died. It was pretty easy to see it, though he was fighting it. His actions just spoke louder than his words.” He pauses, then continues.

“It’s time we all let go of the past. All three of them—four if we count Calvin—have been suffering because of the love Rowan and Emma had when they were young. I see what neither of us saw

back then. That young love wasn't meant to be. Sooner or later. One way or another, it would have

died. My advice for you, my friend, is to seize the present. I've learned that life is unpredictable

and you never know what time you have left with your loved ones."

I'm quiet as I listen to him. There was an air of foreboding that filled the room at his words. I feel

the chill all the way down to my bones.

"When did you get so wise?" I chuckle as I try to clear the heavy atmosphere.

They both chuckle, but it's forced. I know they can both feel it in the air.

I don't know what it is, but I had this premonition that something bad would fucking happen.

Travis was right. I wasn't going to waste time because you never fucking know.

I'm going to go on this trip and the moment I get back, I'm going to tell Ava the truth. It was time I

confessed my feelings for her.

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Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M Chapter 108

Posted by



By

Another note
Ava

I haven't been able to get the freaking note out of my head. It's all I think about.

I wanted to believe that it was nothing but a prank, but I'm not so sure. Not when I get a bad

feeling every time I read it.

I've thought about reporting, but I don't want to make a big deal out of it. It was just one note. What

if Cal was right and it turned out that it was just a stupid prank?

My phone rings, making me jump. I put the mop down and pick it up. When I see Rowan's name

flashing, I almost hang up, but I don't.

"Hello." I force my voice to sound emotionless.

"Hey, how are you?" he asks, sounding a bit unsure.

I swear, I'll never get used to this version of Rowan. It was just so unlike him. It's like he woke up

one day and was a different person. If he has truly changed, then it's going to take some time to

get used to him.

"Did you need anything?"

"Yeah. I just want to let you know that I'll be going on a business trip for a few days," he informs

me, which makes me a bit confused.

"Oh, okay, so you wanted me to let Noah know?"

Noah was at school. He will be disappointed since he doesn't like Rowan going on trips, but he'll

understand nonetheless.

He pauses before answering. "He already knows, but I wanted you to know too."

I'm a bit stunned. Rowan never used to tell me when he went on business trips. He would leave in

the morning and not come back. It's as I set aside food for him that Noah would let me know that

Rowan wasn't coming back. He used to tell our son, but not me.

It was disrespectful. He never cared about that, though. He knew that it hurt me every time he did

it, and that's why he continued doing it.

+16 BONUS

"I really don't see how that's any of my business, Rowan I'm not your wife or your keeper "I try to

keep the snappy tone away, but it's hard.

Nowadays, he does something nice, and it just reminds me of the opposite action he took before.

It's hard to forget or move past the memories that are burned in my brain.

"I know, but I thought it was a simple courtesy to let you know," he says, slowly as if he were dealing with an unpredictable, rabid animal.

Against my better judgment, I snorted. "Courtesy? You sure lacked it when we were married, so I

don't see the need of it now."

We stay quiet after that for a while before I speak up again.

"You know what, It doesn't matter because I don't want to fight with you."

He sighs. "Neither do I," he pauses. "Look, my jet is ready, but when I get back, we need to talk.

There is something I have to tell you; it's important."

I immediately get curious. "Can't you tell me now?"

"No. It's something that I need to tell you face-to-face"

One thing about me is that I hate waiting. When you tell me something like that, then you make

me wait before you tell me what you want to say, it usually wreaks havoc inside me. I'll spend the

entire duration overthinking and coming up with scenarios that may not be true.

"Can't you just tell me? I hate waiting.

"I know, but this will have to wait." He pauses, and I hear other voices on his end. "I have to go.

Take care; we'll talk when I get back."

Before I can say anything more, the line goes dead. I groan in frustration. Damn it. What the hell

does he want to talk about?

"Ava," the shout, brings me out of my musing.

I sigh in defeat. Now I was going to be in a weird state until Rowan tells me what he wanted us to

talk about.

"In the kitchen," I shout back.

I hear his footsteps before he walks into the kitchen. I don't know if it's just me, but Cal looks out

214

+15 BONUS

“What is it? You’re yelling my name like it’s the end of the world.” I tell him once I realize he still

hasn’t said a word.

His eyes were wide as if he just discovered something huge. I stare at him. He has a sweat shirt and sweat pants. At first I’m confused why he wasn’t at work, but then I remember that today is

day off.

“Cal?” I call

He shakes his head. “Oh sorry. I don’t know if this is too soon, but I wanted to ask you something”

First Rowan wanted to talk about something, and now Cal wants to ask me something. With how

he was fidgeting, I just knew that I probably wouldn’t like what he said.

“Okay, go ahead.”

He’s quiet for a while before he takes a deep breath.

“I want to ask you out on a date.” 5

“What?” I stammer, staring at him wide-eyed.

Did I hear him right? It can’t be. There is just no way he would ask me that. We were just friends.

“Will you go out with me on a date?” He asks, this time with his a clearer voice. “I know it’s

probably too early, but I think this is for the best. We could help each other get over our past

hurts. It would be easy since we understand each other.”

I continue staring at him. My mind refuses to function. Surely he could see that his idea was

absurd, and I'm not thinking this to be mean or anything. He was basically suggesting that we

should be each other's rebound. Rebounds never really end well.

"Say something, please, Ava," he begs once he realizes that I haven't spoken a word.

I look to the floor before looking at him as I try to find a suitable and reasonable answer that won't

hurt him.

"You're a really great man, Calvin and any woman would be lucky to date you..." I begin.

"But?" he prompts.

"But I don't think this is a great idea." I sigh. "First of all, we've both come out of situations that

3/4

16 BONUS

isady to date The one and only time I did after my diveter From Rowan, I ended up pregnant by #

man who was playing me while he tried to have me killed Lastly, although you're angry with

Emma, I can tell that you still love her 1 fell in love with a man who loved Emma, and Rowan

nearly dezuoyed me in the end I'm not about to make that mistake again"

He deflates and stays quiet. I feel bad for bursting his bubble, but getting involved with him while he was still in love with Emma was bound to end in disaster. I need peace. What I don't need is

falling for yet another man who is in love with Emma.

"You're right. I'm sorry," he says quietly before he turns and leaves through the backdoor.

“Calvin,” I call him, but he doesn’t answer.

I follow him only to find he has already crossed the threshold to his side of the yard. I sigh and get back in the house, just as my doorbell rings.

I get out of the kitchen and move to the hallway, all the while feeling a sense of de ja vu.

When I open the door, there is no one there. Just another not.

I pick it up and open it. It was smeared in what I think is blood, but the words were clear.

TIME IS TICKING AVA. HAVE YOU SAID GOODBYE TO YOUR LOVED ONES?

I drop the note in horror and look at it, willing it to disappear. I was now sure that this wasn’t a prank. Someone was targeting me again; the only question is who and why.

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Posted by



By

Seeking help
“What’s up, Ava?”

+15 BONUS

We rarely talk. Most of the time, it’s just a message here and there. All of them consist of him

letting me know he has sent a package and me thanking him for it.

I know it's dangerous, but he's the only one I can think of to help me right now. I won't lie. The

second note has totally scared the crap out of me.

"I need your help, Reaper," I simply state. There was no need for small talk. Plus, from what I've

learned about him, he doesn't like them.

It took some time before I finally had the courage to call him. I've been debating whether I should

go to the police or him. Finally, reason won over. The last time I was in danger, the police weren't

able to help. Reaper knew what was happening the whole time.

I reasoned that maybe he would be able to help me catch whoever was after me.

"Okay, what is it?" he asks curiously. Probably because I've never asked him for anything.

"Someone seems to be after."

"Oh, is it about the notes you've been getting?"

I am shocked, but not at the same time. See? This is why I thought he would be the best person to

help me. He was a step ahead of me.

"Yes," I answer. "Do you know who's behind it, and how do you even know about them?"

I crossed my fingers, hoping that he knew. It would be even better if he was in the process of

taking care of the problem for me. After all, didn't he promise me his protection?

“I have my sources... I don't know who's behind them, but my source tells me that the person who leaves them usually wears a mask and a long black coat. From what he gathered, he thinks it's a woman.”

I try to think about which woman would want to harm me, but I come up short. This past few months, I've offended a lot of people, with Emma being the most recent. It was just hard to tell who could hold such a big resentment that they would threaten me.

“Why didn't he stop whoever the person is?” I ask.

+15 BONUS

I mean, it's reasonable. If you see a strange person leaving such notes, you stop them

“He didn't think much of it until the second note. That's when he started getting suspicious”

I can't really blame him. I didn't think too much into it until the second note, too

“What do the notes contain?”

“Give me a second. Let me send you a picture.”

I snap a picture of them side by side and then send it to him. He's quiet while he's studying them.

I can't help but think of how I could get into trouble if the police ever found out.

Reaper was still in hiding, and the police were still on his case. I took a risk with him. A risk that could put me in prison for being his accomplice and hiding his whereabouts.

In my defense, I don't really know where he's hiding, and we rarely communicate, but I don't think that would be enough to convince the jury of my innocence.

“Looks like whoever it is has a grudge and wants to hurt you,” he finally says.

“Gee thanks Sherlock” I tell him sarcastically. “I’ve already gathered that...you know, with the whole say goodbye to your loved ones thing”

I didn’t want to be snappy, but I was on edge. It’s scary to know someone is planning my death. It’s even scarier because I’m pregnant. If I die, my baby dies, too. I can’t have that.

“There’s not much I can gather except that,” he sighs. “Who have you offended in recent months? Who do you think could be angry enough to want revenge? Let’s start there.”

“I honestly don’t know, Reaper. You seem to know everything that goes on around me, so you know that I’ve made a lot of people angry these past few months.”

“Okay then. Just send me a list of those you’ve crossed, and I’ll see what I can do. Okay?” he asks.

I nod my head before realizing he can’t see me. “Okay”

“Don’t worry, Ava. We’ll catch this bastard. There is no way I’ll allow him o

+15 BONUS

I don’t get up from my spot on the couch There were a million things to do in the house, yet! didn’t have any energy left in me. Plus, with all my thoughts and fears, I couldn’t focus, even if I wanted to

I don’t know how long I was there before I heard keys juggle and then my front door open. I turn around when I hear footsteps. Mom and dad walk hand in hand.

I smile at them. Those two were so in love that they were always joined at the hip most of the time. It was really cute.

“Hey,” I greet them as I sit up right.

Mom takes a seat next to me while dad takes the one on the opposite.

“Hey too, baby,” dad says.

“Hi, my love,” mom greets back.

I will never get used to the look of love in their eyes. It was everything for me. With them, I didn't have to wonder or guess. It was written all over their faces.

"What do I owe the pleasure of your visit...Not that I don't like having you guys here or anything

like that."

They give each other a look before Mom turns to fully face me.

"Well, there are a few things we would like to discuss," she says, and I nod my head.

"First of all, I just want to thank you, my darling." She begins with teary eyes.

"Ethan called us yesterday. I know he has done awful things to you, but you don't know how good it felt talking to him. He told us that you're the one that pushed him to get in touch with us and after thinking

about it, he realized he couldn't do without family and we are his family."

I smile at her. Ethan and I mainly communicate through letters. Only once in a while does he call.

I haven't gone to see him since that first time, but I know that will change once the baby is born.

He or she deserves to know their father.

"It's nothing, mom."

"No. It's something," she insists. "Thank you so much because I had missed my son."

I cringe at that. It's still weird hearing her call him that, given that I've slept with the man. I will

never get used to that.

3/4

+15 BONUS

I hug her and peck her cheeks. "Anything for you guys."

We hug for a while before we let each other go. Dad waits until Mom dries her tears

“What is the other thing you wanted to talk to me about?”

He clears his throat. “Right. We want to introduce you to society as our daughter and heir.”

I knew this was coming somehow, but that doesn’t stop my mouth from hanging open.

“Are you sure?” I stammer.

I wasn’t really sure myself, but I’ve been postponing it for so long. They’ve wanted to announce our relationship for so long, but I’ve been dragging my feet. I wasn’t ashamed of being their daughter; I just didn’t want the scrutiny that came with being their daughter.

“Yes. It’s time, and I want the whole world to know that you’re our child.” Mom says. “It’s a

blessing that we were able to find you. I just want us to share that with the world.”

I think about it for a while. What was the use of denying them? There were already rumors, given

that Noah and I have been seen with them on numerous occasions.

“Alright then,” I finally give them my answer.

Mom squeals and literally launches herself at me. “Thank you so much. I’ll start the preparation.

Maybe we can go old school and hold a ball in your honor.”

I just smile at her. We talk for a little while. It mostly consisted of her telling dad and me the ideas

she has for the ball.

I want to be happy and excited, but I can’t. Not when I still don’t know who the new threat is.

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Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M Chapter 110

Posted by



By

His confession
+15 BONUS

I've been obsessing for the last few days over the note. I just wanted to nail whoever this person is so

that I could move on peacefully with my life.

I hated that I was now jumpy and scared all the damn time. Noah has even noticed that I haven't been

myself. Every time he asks, I just tell him that I am okay when I am clearly not.

My life was so simple back when I was married to Rowan as compared to now. The only thing I worried

about was whether or not he would come for dinner or if he would ever love me. I know I used to be in

constant pain, but I'd pick that over dying any day.

I haven't had a moment of peace since I divorced Rowan. An attempt on my life was made three times.

My car was blown up, my house burned down, and I was kidnapped twice. After I agreed to Reaper being

in my life, I thought that things would settle down, but no... Now someone was after me. Again.

“Mom, can I go over at Gunner’s?” Noah asks, scaring the crap out of me.

I try to calm my heart down. See what I mean when I say I’m jumpy?

He looks at me funny, but I ignore it and force my lips into a semblance of a smile.

“Sure, use the back door, though, okay?”

He nods his head, and I stand up. I wanted to make sure that he crossed over to Calvin’s side safely and

that he got inside his house.

“Today we are going to play games. Last time I won, this time Gunner hopes that he wins,” he tells me as

we walk.

“That’s good”

I haven’t seen Calvin since that day in my kitchen. He has been avoiding me as much as he can. I’m not

sure if it’s because he’s embarrassed or because he was hurt by my rejection. Maybe it is both.

Anyway, I’ve been giving him space because I didn’t want things to be even more awkward than they

already were.

“See you later, mom,” Noah says as he crosses over to Cal’s.

After I’ve made sure he is in their house, I turn back and head into ours.

I get inside, and not even a minute later, there is a knock on my door. I approach it with trepidation. I was

hoping it wasn’t another note.

I open the door and find Rowan Fuck I’d forgotten that we were supposed to talk. With everything that

has happened, the talk was the least of my worries.

“Hey,” he asks, shoving his hands inside his pocket.

He looked really nervous. Again, this was something I wasn't used to when it came to him.

“Come in,” I tell him while scanning the area.

The last thing I needed was a note arriving while he was here with me.

He gives me a look.

“What?” I ask.

“I thought you would put up a fight.”

“Do you want to come in or not?” I ask in irritation.

He gives me one last look before he enters my house. Without waiting too long, I close the door afraid

that someone is watching me.

I've become so paranoid over the past few days that sometimes it terrifies me. The sooner we deal with

this issue the better for my mental state.

I take a seat in my recliner. I bought it a few weeks ago because it helped relieve my back pain. I even had

to change my mattress because it made my back pain worse.

“So, what did you want to talk to me about?” I stare into his eyes. “It sounded pretty important. Is it about

Noah?”

He takes a deep breath before releasing. “No. It's about us.”

I stare at him, confused, wondering if he had truly lost his mind. What the hell was he even talking about, for goodness sake?

“There is no us, Rowan. You seem to be forgetting that a lot lately.”

I didn't want to do this with him. Not when I had so much going on.

“Just listen to me, please,” he pleads, his voice soft.

Something about the desperation in his voice stops me. I don't know what it is, but I don't want to put too much thought into it. Instead, I shut my mouth and focus on him.

He doesn't talk for a while, as if he were struggling to find the right words. The more he takes his time, the

+15 BONUS

I love you, he finally says.

My mouth drops open, and I gape at him like a fish out of water. He wasn't seated that far from me, so I

reach out and feel his forehead for a fever.

Are you high? Running a fever? Or maybe I just didn't hear you, right?”

He glares at me, but within seconds, his features soften. He grabs my hand, turns it, and kisses my palm in a really gentle kiss.

“I don't know when I fell in love with you or how, all I know is that I love you, Ava. I didn't see it back then. I was so overcome with bitterness and anger that I didn't realize what a true gem I had married. In the last few months, it's been hard to be without you. Seeing you in pain or hurt destroys me every time. It has taken me time to realize that I'm in love with you, but here I am, begging you to give me a chance to show you the love you deserved from me but never got o

I watch completely stunned, as he gets out of the chair and kneels before me. This all seems like a dream. It's like I am in a completely different world right now.

“Oh, Rowan,” I start, trying to make my brain function. “You don't love me. You've never loved me. Emma is your one and only love. She's the one that has your heart, remember?”

Pain and regret flash in his eyes. I feel bad for him, but I know that maybe he's just confused about things.

It just doesn't make sense. How can he be in love with me when he hates me so much?

"You're not listening to me Ava" he says as the pain changes to frustration.

"I am; you're the one that's confused, Rowan. How can you be in love with me now? You've hated me up until a few months ago. You have proven over and over again how little you care for me. You have hurt me more times than I can count, all in the name of punishing me for ruining your relationship with Emma. You held on to her for years, and now all of a sudden, you want me to believe that you love me?"

The familiar pain creeps back up, but I force it down. I have no time or energy to feel the constant

heartache.

know, and you'll never know how much I regret hurting you, but if you could only give me a chance, I

promise I'll never hurt you again and that I'll heal the wounds I caused." He whispers brokenly, his eyes

staring at me.

"You have to realize that just because you say you love me doesn't make it true, Rowan. You had nine years with me, but not once did you give me a chance. I loved you with everything I was, yet you broke me with everything you had. How do you expect me to overcome that? Why would I give you a chance when

you never gave me one?"

+15 BONUS

I shift my eyes away from his. I didn't want to see his pain. I didn't want to see the regret and guilt. It was

too much.

“Please”

“Why now, Rowan? Answer me that. If you’re being truthful, what has made you love me now and not

years ago?” I ask him.

He stares at me for a while before looking at the floor. He couldn’t answer me because he had no answer

that would make sense.

I sigh. “You have to see just how unbelievable all this sounds. I’m sorry, but no. You can’t expect me to believe you love me when, for nine years, all you saw was Emma. You lived and breathed her; it’s hard to

believe that in a few months that has changed.” 4

I watch as his shoulders slump. If it wasn’t for the fact that my ankles were killing me, I would be pacing

all over the floor.

It only takes a minute for the heartbroken look in his eyes to turn into determination. He leans forwards

and cups my cheek.

“I know this is a lot to take in, and I understand why you don’t believe me, but I am not giving up.

to

you that I love you, Ava, even if it takes me a fucking lifetime to do it. I won’t stop until you’re convinced that what I feel for you is true.” His voice takes on a deep tone as he vows to me.

I’ll

prove

He bends soon after and gives me a quick kiss before he stands up and leaves. I stay rooted in my chair,

still unable to understand all that just happened.

He said he loved me, could it be true? And should I believe him or am I setting myself up for more

disappointment and heartache?

Whether I believe him or not, something told me that my choice would soon be taken away from me

concerning that matter.

Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M Chapter 111

Posted by



By

Cold darkness

THREE STRIKES AND YOU'RE OUT, AVA.

I read and re-read the note. My heart was beating so hard that I thought it would punch a hole through my chest. I was scared shitless and I didn't know what to do. This was the third note I was getting.

I had just come from dropping Noah off at school when I found it in front of my door. When I first saw the box wrapped in a red bow, I thought that it was a gift. That is until I opened it and found a dead rat and

the note next to it.

I was now panicking because the threats seemed to be getting worse.

I dump the box and the rat in the trash bin before I take my phone and call Reaper. I prayed that he would have answers for me. That by some miracle he had found out who was behind all this.

He answered after the second ring and I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Ava" he answered roughly. He sounded like he had been smoking.

"Please tell me that you have something for me" I plead desperately.

I know it is rude not even greet him, but I am scared. I am constantly worried and looking over my shoulder. I've become so paranoid that anyone I accidentally bump into in the street or store,

immediately becomes a suspect.

I haven't told my family or friends because I don't want to worry them. If this continues though, I'll have to tell them and also report it to the police. The more people who are looking into this, the better the

chances of finding this bastard.

"I'm sorry, Ava, but I have nothing. No one seems to know anything and all the leads we had turned out to

be dead ends" he says remorsefully.

I want to scream and shout. I want to curse the whole damn world, but what would be the use of it? I

need this person found, because I couldn't shake this gut feeling that everything is about to go horribly

wrong.

"How can there be nothing? I just got another note and it was attached to a dead rat. I'm afraid, Reaper.

So fucking afraid"

I try holding back the tears, but they fall anyway. They stream down my face like waterfall, soaking the top of my dress in the process.

I'm sorry, Ava, but I am doing all that I can"

+15 BONUS

I don't know what about his words triggered me, but they just did. I feel anger and frustration bubble up

and burst throughout my entire body.

Then try harder!" I scream, my voice echoing through the walls.

“Ava” he calls through clenched and I freeze before sagging in defeat.

I’m sorry. I’m so sorry, Reaper. I’m just frustrated and I took it out on you” I apologize when I realize how

rude and bratty I sounded.

He sighs, “I know and I get you, but you don’t have to worry about a thing. I won’t let anything bad happen

to you, okay?”

I don’t answer him. How can I when everything inside me tells me that nothing is going to be okay? That

something really bad will happen.

“Let me call a few of my contacts then I’ll let you know what I find” he adds when I don’t say anything

more.

“Okay”

Without waiting for another word, I hang up.

I sit there on the kitchen stool as I stare at the dustbin. Thought after thought invade my head. I couldn’t find peace or a moment of respite. I was tired and worn out. I haven’t been able to sleep this past few weeks. I’m suffering from a case of insomnia.

When I do sleep, my dreams are filled with nothing but nightmares. All of them consist of me and my

baby dying.

Between thoughts of this new threat and Rowan’s confession a couple of days, I haven’t gotten a time where my mind is still. If I’m not thinking about the notes, then I’m thinking about Rowan’s unexpected

confession of love.

Feeling jittery, I stand up and begin pacing. I needed a distraction or else I was going to go absolutely

insane.

After a few minutes of pacing I grab my phone and call Letty. It rings, but she doesn't pick up. I try again, the same thing happens. Maybe/she was in a meeting or something.

I then dial Corrine's number. She picks after the third ring.

"Hey, love. How are you?" she asks, though she sounded a bit distracted.

I'm good. I was wondering if you would like to go shopping with me?"

+15 BONUS

was desperate. I had enough things for me and my kids, but if it was the only way to distract my mind,

then so be it.

"I'm sorry, hun, but I have so much work, I don't think today will be possible. How about Thursday? I'll

make time for you"

I am disappointed, but I get her. She has a business to run after all.

"It's okay. I totally understand"

"Thanks. I'll see you on Thursday, okay?"

"Sure"

Once we hang up, I stare at my kitchen, I couldn't stay here until Noah came back from school. I had

nothing to do and the last thing I want is to be left alone with my thoughts. That was probably going to

end in disaster.

Taking my car keys and the purse I usually store my cards and money, I leave the house. I was going to go

to my favorite ice cream shop. Ice cream cures everything.

I get there quickly. Time really flies when your head is preoccupied.

I park across the street and walk to the shop. When I get there I order a big bowl of ice cream. If I couldn't stop thinking so much, then I was going to give myself a brain freeze. Maybe that will help with stilling my

running thoughts.

I take my time as I eat my blueberry swirl and vanilla ice cream. It made me feel better for a while. As I focused on enjoying the flavor, I didn't think that much. Plus the shop also had free books, so you can

enjoy your ice cream as you read.

By the time I was done, I felt so much better.

I'd been there for like two hours and I thought it was time for me to go home. Since I was more relaxed,

maybe I could get some shut eye before Noah come back from school.

When I go to pay, I get this strange feeling. Like warning bells were ringing in my head and soul.

Something inside me told me to stay inside. For some reason my heart felt heavy. Like I had this dark

cloud that had suddenly attached itself to me.

Against my better judgement, I pay and leave.

I should have listened to my instincts. I should have stayed in the fucking shop.

+15 BONUS

I was about to cross the road to the parking lot when I heard a screech of tires, followed by shots.

The last thing I remember is people's horrified screams and this intense pain right before cold darkness

embraced me.