

Ex Husband 134

chapter 0134

I stare at the piece of paper on my table, not really sure what to do about it.

I was now at home. I had gotten back like an hour ago. The whole time, I spent it debating whether I should open it or tear it to pieces.

m Still

The paper had been burning a hole in my purse the entire time I drove back home. Now, here I am, staring at it.

A part of me was curious about its contents. The other didn't much care about what was written. The man who wrote it hated me. What good could come out of reading a letter written by him?

I pick it up, about to tear it, but a voice stops me.

'Just read the damn thing. What's the worst that could happen?' my inner voice whispers.

I cringe at the words.

Famous last words. I think to myself.

The worst thing that could happen is he hurts me.

Words were dangerous. They cause more damage than any weapon can. I still remember some of the

harsh words my so-called parents said to me over the years. The wounds their words inflicted have never

truly healed.

'Just open it!' the voice screams.

Not giving myself a second to back out, I unfold the letter.

[Dear Ava,

If you're reading this then it's because I didn't make it out of surgery. Truth be told, I don't think I will.

They're trying to save me not knowing that their efforts are futile. I am too far gone and I can already see

you grandparents calling me to come join them. It may be the imagination of a dying man or not, but I

believe I have a special place in hell for how I treated you.

You were such a sweet girl when Winnie left you with us, but we destroyed that. We destroyed your light

and I will forever regret that I did that to you my sweet girl.

I remember when she still had you. I used to play with you and Emma. You were so innocent and you lit

up the room whenever you were around. My favorite thing was coming home in the evening and playing

with you, Travis and Emma]

+15 BONUS I pause reading the letter. My mind confused. None of what he said was making any sense. If he used to like being around me when Winnie was still alive, then what the hell changed?

Looking down at the piece of paper, I continue reading.

[I don't know what happened. I don't know why I turned out to be such a monster to you, but when Winnie died and she asked us to take you in, something just shifted inside me. Inside all of us.

I am not using this as an excuse because nothing can make how we treated you right. It was downright disgusting and uncalled for.

I know that this is my punishment. Karma is really a vengeful bitch. I am getting exactly what I deserve for how I treated you my darling Ava.

Before I leave this world, I want to tell you how sorry I am. For everything I did to you. It will never be enough to make up for what I did and said, but it's all I have. I'm so sorry for being a fool. Sorry for being the worst father. Sorry for being the monster in your fairytale.

I won't ask for forgiveness because I don't deserve it. What I deserve is to burn in the pits of hell. All I ask. Sis

that you be there for your mother. She'll need you. She has a good heart and once she realizes her mistakes towards you, she'll break.

Always remember that I love you. I may not have showed it to you, but I do.

Goodbye my darling sweet girl.]

I fold the paper and shove it back in my bag feeling angry for some reason.

I don't know why the letter affected me so much when mother's tears didn't. May be it's because this was

the last thing he wrote before died. Correct that, he wrote it while dying

I stand up abruptly and leave for my bedroom. I push every thought away.

I don't want to think about them. I don't want to think about the pain they caused me. I just don't want to

think about anything. I block them because I know that if I allow them to run rampant in my head, then I

would drown.