

Ex Husband 135

Chapter 0135

I can't afford to be weak right now. It would cost me more than I'm willing to bargain. I had already reached my breaking point. I wasn't going to risk going back to the darkness that almost claimed

my soul.

I get on my bed and lie down. Refusing to let the tears flow. I've cried enough for these people. I wasn't going to waste my tears on people that didn't deserve anything from me.

Soon tiredness catches up to me. The fatigue, both emotional and physical weighs me down and I fall

into a dreamless sleep.

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When I wake up it's around eleven o'clock.

Shit! I scramble from my bed, falling down in the process. I was supposed to pick Noah up at nine since

Rowan had to fly out for a business meeting.

I scramble to take a shower and get ready. Doing it in less than ten minutes. Once I'm done I rush down the stairs, praying I don't trip and break my neck in the process.

I stop in my tracks when I notice Rowan and Noah in the kitchen having breakfast. He was wearing a suit and was making pancakes. It was so weird given I've never seen him cook.

“Mommy, you’re finally awake” Noah screams with his mouth full. I wanted to wake you up, but dad told me to let you sleep”

“What’s going on here?” I ask in confusion.

“I’m making breakfast. Take a seat and eat something. I want to finish these before I leave” Rowan replies while flipping the pancakes.

“Aren’t you already late for your meeting? You should have woken me up”

“Fuck the meeting. You looked like you needed the sleep, so I let you sleep” he says as if it were that simple.

He was so out of character that I don’t know what to think. This was a side of him I didn’t know existed. I don’t want to see it because I don’t want to think of him as the good guy. I don’t want to see this caring and kind version of him because I wasn’t ready to forgive him for the pain he caused me.

He places some eggs and toast on my plate almost robotically. Still not sure what the hell had gotten into

“When is your next doctor’s appointment?” he asks me out of the blue.

I look up and stare into his eyes. Trying to figure out what kind of game he was trying to play.

“Next Friday. Why?” I narrow my eyes into slits, completely suspicious

“Nothing. I just wanted to know”

He turns off the stove once the last pancake is cooked and turns.

“I have to leave.” He checks his watch before looking up again.

Moving around the kitchen island, he comes and bends down giving Noah a kiss to the cheek. He turns to me and I hold my breath as I see the indecision in his eyes.

I still and pray+

he walks away. I didn't want him near me. His presence was already suffocating me,

making it hard for me to breathe.

"I'll see you two when I get back" he says and I breathe a sigh of relief when he backs away.

"Okay dad. Remember to bring me a present" Noah tells him and I just nod my head instead of answering.

He gives me one last look. Like he's debating on telling me something, but thinks otherwise. His face shuts down. The cold and indifferent Rowan I was used to, now back in place. Turning around without

another word, he stomps out and leaves.

I continue staring at the place he was. Still trying to figure out what was wrong with him. Why the hell was

he behaving as if he actually cared about me?

Laughing humorlessly, I push a piece of pancake in my mouth. Rowan didn't care about me. He was just playing along for the sake of Noah. He was keeping up pretense. Just like we always do. That was it.

There was nothing more to it, right?