

## Ex Husband 164

### Chapter 0164

“And you don’t have to open your mouth and talk. Can you just shut the fuck up?”

I

I continue to struggle on my chair. Hoping to loosen the ropes. There was no way I was going to stay here with her the entire time. Something ugly was bound to happen between us.

I

“There is nothing like a good cat fight between women. Should I untie you so you can settle whatever score you have against each other?” A man says as he walks towards us.

I’d been so occupied with Emma that I didn’t realize that the door had been opened. I curse myself

internally for that foolishness.

“Sure, why don’t you untie me and when I’m done with her, I’ll be coming for you next” I seethe, letting my

anger show.

The guy just laughs. Of course he finds it funny. He was a giant compared to me. To him, fighting me.

would be akin to fighting a child.

“I’d like to see

you try

I scoff at him. "Is this what you do during your spare time? Kidnap helpless defenseless woman? Does it make you feel more like a man drugging a woman into unconsciousness?"

"Shut up!" he shouts at me, his face contorting into something ugly.

He approaches me. His steps and movement menacing. Like a tiger that was about to pounce on its prey.

"Or what?"

"What the hell are you doing? Stop it" Emma whisper yells, her voice fearful. "Stop taunting him" 1

I ignore her and smirk. Looking directly at the huge man "They should cut off your dick. Any man that drugs two women is nothing but a pussy and isn't worthy of being called a man"

To be honest, I don't even know why I was pushing his buttons. I didn't want to feel helpless, so this was sort of a defense mechanism.

I don't see his hand move, but when he strikes I felt it all the way to my bones. I say this again, being hit by a man fucking hurts.

My vision blurs and for a while there is ringing in my ears. My mouth fills with blood, probably from biting my tongue.

When things right themselves, I look at him before spitting the blood on his shoes. He literally roode and

"What the hell is going on here?"

“Sorry boss

she got on my fucking nerves” the big guy says.

The man who he called boss walks to us until he becomes clear. He had tattoos, but he was gorgeous. Bright green eyes. Midnight black hair, high cheek bones, a jaw line to die for and the fullest lips you will

ever see on a man.

He oozed confidence and power. The guy could give Rowan a run for his money and that’s saying a lot because Rowan was damn good looking and has confidence the size of the universe. 1

I turn to Emma to find her gawking at the guy in awe. I guess I wasn’t the only one who was struck by his

looks. 1

\*I don’t care what she did, you’re not supposed to lay a fucking hand on any of them!”

The only way I can describe the sound coming out his mouth is to call it a snarl. His eyes turn cold and a certain danger fills the atmosphere. The kind that gives you chills down your spine. 2

The spell I was under breaks and I shake my head to clear the remaining cobwebs. Was the damn guy a kind of siren or something?

“Who the hell are you and what do you want with us?” I ask, making both men look at us.

The tattoo guy gives me a blinding smile.

“Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Ronny” He starts. “As for why you’re here it’s simple really, I want revenge against your ex–husband”

My heart starts beating wildly against my chest, but I don’t say a thing. I remain quiet as he continues to talk.

“He nearly destroyed my organization and now it’s payback time. I’m going to show him exactly what happens when you mess with me.”

It then hits me like a ton of bricks. Fear encases me as I utter the words. “You’re part of the Reapers”

He laughs. A deep and cold laugh that rises the hairs on my back.

“No babe, I’m not part of the Reapers. I am the Reaper

Fucking shit! Things just took a turn for the worst and it’s all Father’s fault. He should have minded his own damn business