

## Ex Husband 168

### Chapter 0168

"I can't believe you just said that about daddy!"

"Lucky for me because I don't really give a fuck what you think" I snap.

Can't she just keep quiet and let me concentrate? With each moment that passes that I am not free, my anxiety rises even more.

She glares at me, but keeps quiet. I heave a breath of relief. Now I can focus on getting my hands free. If I

do that, then everything else will be a breeze. I hope.

can

I don't know how long it was when I gave up. My hands were shaking. My wrist were burning and I could.

tell that they were bleeding. It's like the more I tried to free them, the deeper the rope dug into my skin.

I let out a heavy breath. I hate to do this, but I had no other option. At this point it was either that or risk being the one that got killed.

"I have a plan that might work" I turn to Emma and tell her grudgingly. It felt like a blow to my ego, but considering what's at risk, my pride can go to hell.

“Now you need my help? Didn’t you just tell me that I should shut the fuck up and that you didn’t really care what I think?” she asks smugly.

The need to lash out at her is great, but I hold back. I’m not stupid enough to antagonize her when I clearly need her help.

“Are you going to help or not?” I ask instead, not willing to admit that I might have gone a little overboard.

She stays quiet and just stares at me. Blue eyes clash with brown. She’s assessing the situation. Assessing whether it’s wise to assist her mortal enemy. I almost take back my request when she finally speaks.

“What do you need me to do?”

I sag in relief. Maybe there was hope for us after all.

“I can’t untie myself, but maybe you can.” I begin. “If we can turn our chairs so that our backs are facing each other and we get cloc

enough, maybe we can untie each other”

I hope to God it works because I have run out of ideas.

“Fine” she says before she starts twisting her chair.

I had thought of just hoping up and down on it, but Emma’s approach was better. It produced minimal

It takes a couple of tries and we almost fall over a few times, but we finally manage to get in the right position.

“Please hurry up” I plead as I do my best to untie her too.

Some time had passed and with each second, I was afraid that Ronny would walk in at any time and declare that Rowan had chosen Emma so I would have to be killed.

We finally get the ropes untied. My body relaxes but not completely. I won't be able to relax all the way

until I am out of this place.

Hurrying up, I untie my legs. When I stand up, I almost fall over. The ropes had cut off blood supply so my

legs were a bit numb.

“What do we do next?” comes Emma's question tinted with a bit of nervousness.

ve go.

I didn't really have a plan. So I was just going to make it as we

“Now we escape

I start to walk towards the door when I realize that she wasn't following me.

“Are you coming?” I ask without turning my whole body towards her.

“I'm not sure. What if Rowan comes and doesn't find us? What then?”

Just because we helped each other get untied, doesn't mean we are friends or anything. She has to stop relying on others to save her.

"Look, what do you think will happen when they find out I've escaped? They'll take the option from Rowan and just kill you instead. You can stay and risk it or we can go together, either way I'm leaving" with that I turn and resume my walk towards the door.

Slowly opening it, I peep out just to make sure there weren't any guards. There weren't. I open the door further to step out just as I feel Emma behind me.