

Ex Husband 169

Chapter 0169

I get out and survey the place. We were in a junk yard. I smile at our luck. This meant there were a lot of places to hide from Reaper and his men.

“We have to find the exit. From there, I believe things will be easy” I tell Emma as we start moving.

She nods her head in agreement and walks beside me. We’re careful as we look for an out. Keeping ourselves hidden and making sure we don’t walk in the open.

“Where the hell is the exit?” Emma was exasperated. It was easy to tell.

We’ve been walking for a few minutes. Even though we haven’t come across any goons, we also haven’t come close to finding the exit.

“Maybe we should rest a little” I was beginning to get tired. My face was hurting, so were my hands and feet.

That thought is immediately shot to the ground when we here a blaring alarm. Its sound ringing loudly across the yard.

My heart starts pounding. Fuck. This was bad. I’m fucking sure that they’ve realized we have escaped.

“Go, go, go” I insist as I pull Emma forward. She had a look of total fear. Like she had just seen her life flash before her eyes.

We rush forward blindly. We didn't know where we were going. All we knew is that we couldn't get caught no matter what.

I kept looking behind me. Making sure that Emma wasn't out of sight. That was a big fucking mistake.

Colliding with a body, I stumble, but catch myself before I can fall. Terror squeezes my heart as I stare at the man that hit me earlier.

Shit! We were royally fucked.

"Did you honestly think it would be that fucking easy to escape?" he asks, taking out a gun and pointing it

at me.

I feel Emma gasp in fear. She was shaking and I could feel her trembling.

"Yes I tell him with a fake bravado.

He walks slowly towards me. His gun still pointed at me.

"I don't like you smart mouth or your sass. Maybe I should just kill you and save your ex-husband from having to choose"

I make a split decision. He was close enough and it could work. Using the defense techniques I was taught in defense class, I quickly knee him in the balls.

He falls down groaning and cussing. Without really thinking I take the gun he had dropped, remove the

safety lock and fire.

“That’s for hitting me” I shoot his right thigh. “And that is for how much it fucking hurt” I then shoot his

other thigh

He hollers in pain. His deep voice travelling through the space. I have never shot anyone, though I did

practice with Ethan a few times. Seeing the bastard bleed was oddly satisfying.

“It came from over there”

My satisfaction doesn’t last long when I hear the voice. Still with the gun in hand, I motion for a shaken Emma to move. We weren’t even that far away when they came across the shot goon.

“Fucking get them!” he shouts, his voice tinged with pain.

All hell breaks loose as they start to fire. I pull Emma behind a beat up car as bullets fly in all direction. Fuck. This was bad. This was worse than bad, it was fucking terrible.

“Fuck it Ava. I shouldn’t have listened to you.” She starts ranting, but I know it’s to cover her fear, “I swear Ava. If you get me killed, I’ll hunt your sorry ass”

I ignore her and focus. After a few minutes, the shooting stops. My breathing turns to as normal as it can. get. Standing up, I pull Emma up.

“Let’s go before they find us”

I had only taken a couple of steps when I felt a presence near us.

“Ava!” the scream drives fear inside me.

I'm shoved to the side and fall just as a single shot rings through the entire yard.