

Ex Husband 170

Chapter 0170

“Fuck, it hurts” Emma screams in agony, making me come out of my shock just in time to see the man raise his pistol.

I scramble to take the gun that I had dropped and immediately fire. He drops to the ground. I get up rush to Emma, who was writhing on the ground.

and

I don't even check if the man was alive or dead. Right now, it didn't fucking matter to me. Not when I'm pumped full of adrenaline and Emma was bleeding on the ground.

“I'm dying aren't I?” she asks with tears filling her eyes.

I could have told her to stop being a cry baby, but I don't. Not when she's the one that shoved me and took a bullet that was meant to be mine.

“No, you are not” I respond as I examine her.

She'd been shot in the shoulder, and it was bleeding a lot. I was worried. First of all, she might just bleed to death, and second, we were still in danger. Someone was bound to find us eventually.

“You're lying!” she hisses when I put pressure on the wound. “If I'm not dying then why the hell does it feel like I am?”

I don't answer. Choosing instead to focus on stopping the bleeding. As teachers, we are required to know basic first aid. The bullet was still lodged inside, so I couldn't remove it. Not without knowing the extent of the damage. Instead, I rip the hem of my dress and tie it tightly around her shoulder.

"Damn it, I should have just stayed in that fucking room" she grumbles, glaring at me. Her eyes showed the pain that she was trying to hide.

"Come on. We have to keep moving" I say as I slowly help her up and we start moving.

Fuck. Rowan was going to kill me. Not only did I put Emma in danger by dragging her into my escape plan, but I also got her shot. I didn't know how to face him when we manage to get free.

Sure, others might reason that it was Emma's decision to take the bullet for me. That I didn't ask her to do it, but Rowan might not see it that way. He will take one look at his bleeding precious Emma and blame me.

Sighing, I pull her up straight. I was currently supporting her weight. She was leaning into me as her right hand hung helplessly by her side. I honestly don't know how long before we were found. At the pace we were going I estimate that it won't be long.

I don't know for how long we were walking. Maybe an hour or a few minutes, I couldn't tell, because it felt like an eternity. I was starting to get tired from carrying both our weights. My legs were aching, my hands were shaking and my head was pounding. Emma had now almost slumped all the way forward and she was weakening from the blood loss.

"Maybe we should rest" I pant.

"Yesss. That's a goood idea" she slurs, tipping forward, almost tripping both of us.

I look for a hidden place, before gently lowering her down. I then sit next to her and lean my head against

the old car.

This place was like a fucking maze. It felt like we have just been going round in circles from the moment we escaped that room. I was so tired and hungry that I didn't care if they found us. I just wanted some pain meds, food and a nap.

"Emma, I'm not sure we can escape" I tell her but receive no answer.

I face her. Her eyes were closed and her mouth slightly open.

"Emma?" I call again, but she still doesn't answer.