

Ex Husband 171

Chapter 0171

My heart starts going haywire and panic begins setting

in.

I shake her and her body tips. I catch her before she falls to the ground. Twisting her, I make it so that she's laying on my lap. I whisper her name again, but she's still unresponsive.

With shaky hands and bones laden with fear, I check her pulse, afraid of not feeling anything. I sigh in relief when I feel it. It was a bit weak, but it was there. I breathe a sigh of relief. I don't know what I'd have

done if I hadn't found a pulse.

Tears start filling my eyes. We were stuck here. Emma was bleeding and weak. I was tired and aching and we were right in the middle of the enemy's camp.

I don't stop them when they fall. I was just fed up. Why was all this happening to me now? I wanted

nothing, but peace, but I am yet to achieve that. I hated this. Hated everything that was happening.

I keep my finger on Emma's pulse just to assure myself that she was okay. We will probably never be close, but that doesn't mean I want her to die.

"Look what we have here?" a mean voice says. "Tired of running? Or is your friend dead already?"

I look up to find a scary looking man staring at us with nothing but evil intent. For a moment I see my life flash before my eyes.

Remember when I said that I don't care if they find us? Well, I take those words back. I didn't mean any of them. I'm definitely not ready to die.

"Please" I beg him as I watch him raise his gun.

Part of me knew he wouldn't shoot me. For Reaper's plan to work, he needed both me and Emma alive. Still, that doesn't stop me from being afraid.

He cocks the gun and removes the safety latch.

"Boss doesn't want you dead" he says, confirming my suspicion. "But that doesn't mean I can't hurt you for the trouble you've caused us."

The evil glint in his eyes widens. Looking at him, I see the evil that resides in him. He didn't choose this kind of job because the money was good or because he had no other choice. He chose it because he was genuinely evil and he liked to hurt others.

I close my eyes when I realize there is no escaping him, Waiting for him to just get it over and done with.

I hear a shot, but I don't feel pain or the impact of the bullet. I frown and open my eyes. I am shocked to find Rowan standing before me like an avenging angel, with the man on the floor and a bullet hole in his

skull.

"Rowan" I whisper in relief, but then it quickly turns into dread when his eyes shift from me to Emma, who

was unconscious.

Damn it. I had forgotten about her.

I don't know which fate was worse. Facing Ronny or Rowan.

"We need an ambulance. She got shot and is bleeding. She lost consciousness a few minutes ago" I tell

him, my voice barely above whisper.

He doesn't answer. His face was stony, and that scared me more than anything. I was sure of one thing: Rowan was going to retaliate against me when Emma wakes up and tells him that she took a bullet that

was meant for me.

I look down at her before looking back up at him. He was pissed off. Really pissed off. As I watch the emotions play in his eyes, I can't but wonder if Emma had been right. Maybe we should have just stayed in the fucking room like she had suggested.