

Ex Husband 172

Chapter 0172

Rowan.

I can't explain the fear I felt when I saw the bastard pointing a gun at her head. She was shaking, and tears were falling down her face. I heard as she pleaded with him to spare her, but I knew he wouldn't.

When she closed her eyes. As if accepting her fate. It nearly brought me to my fucking knees. If it wasn't

for the fact that I knew she was tired, I would have spared the man just so I could give him my own

personal version of torture.

"She needs a doctor, Rowan" she says in a small voice as I kneel down before her.

I had already texted Gabe. The ambulance would be here in minutes. It's not that I didn't care for Emma; I did. I just cared for Ava more.

I take her face gently into my hands. Her cheek was swollen, and so was her eye. It had already bruised, and her lip was split.

My face hardened at the thought of someone laying their hands on her.

"Who hit you? Was it Ronny" I ask through clenched teeth.

She winces when I run my hand down her bruised cheek. Fuck! Her pain made my heart constrict. I wanted nothing more than to kill the bastard who hurt her.

"It doesn't matter... We need to get Emma to a hospital" she says as she begins to stand up.

I push her down gently and continue to inspect her. Totally ignoring what she said. Her wrists were bleeding, and her ankles were swollen and bruised.

The more I took in her wounds, the angrier I got. She shouldn't have to go through this. Especially not when she was fucking pregnant.

"Rowan, are you not listening to me" Her tone is exasperated, and I know if it weren't for the fact that she

s tired and hurt, she would have thrown a few choice words at me.

"I'm listening, and the ambulance will be here." I answer. "Now tell me who hurt you."

She lets out a deep long breath. Sagging in relief against the car

"It was one of Ronny's men. He hit me when I talked back at him" she tells me tiredly.

"Give me a facial description."

I was going to find the bastard. No one. I mean, no one gets away with hurting Ava. He was going to regret the day he was fucking

I

gborn.

"It doesn't matter. When I escaped, he found us first. I kneed him in the balls, then shot both his thighs"

I can't help the small smile that forms on my lips. I liked this side of Ava. Loved that she was no longer

willing to take crap from anyone.

Before I could ask why she thought escaping was a good idea, we heard the sirens, shouts, and shots. Gabe, Travis, and the paramedic reach us moments later.

The paramedics take Emma from Ava's lap before placing her on a stretcher.

"What happened?" one of them asks.

I see Ava hesitate a little before answering.

"She got shot while we were trying to escape. I tried to stop the bleeding as best as I could, but she weakened as time went by and finally lost consciousness." Her eyes were trained on Emma's form. "Is she going to be alright?" she asked, her voice full of fear.

This is one of the things I've come to love about her. Emma has been nothing but horrible to her, but that didn't stop her from worrying about her. She was a fucking angel, and I curse myself that it has taken me this long to figure that out.

"Yes. Her pulse is a bit weak, but she'll be okay once we get her to a hospital"

They wheel her away.

"Are you okay, Ava?" Travis asks her. The concern in his eyes was clear.

"Yes" Her answer comes out in a low voice as she struggles to get up. "Go, be with Emma. I'm okay and she needs you more"

He nods his head before bending down to kiss her cheeks. I know it's from the fact that she's worn out that she doesn't push him away. Otherwise, her reception would have been entirely different.

He leaves, and I give Gabe the signal to follow him.

“Need help?” I question after watching her struggle to get up.