

Ex Husband 187

Chapter 0187

Rowan.

I stare at the door, wondering what the hell I was doing here. I should give Ava her space, but fuck it. I can't seem to stay away from her. I'm drawn to her in a way I can't fucking explain.

Knocking, I wait rather impatiently for the door to be opened. A minute later, the door opens revealing

Noah.

"Dad" he throws himself at him and I catch him. "I thought I would have to wait till Saturday to see you"

I hug him close to me. Feeling myself relax and melt. "Hey buddy"

How could I ever have hated Ava? I wonder. She gave me the best gift when she gave birth to Noah. I should have appreciated her then instead of punishing her. The night I thought was the worst night of my

life, brought about the best gift I could have gotten.

I didn't see it then because I had my head so up my ass I couldn't see straight. My eyes are opened now. I see it so fucking clearly. Ava was right. I used to regret that night not realizing that without that night.

happening, there wouldn't be Noah and no matter what, I would never regret my son.

"Come in. Mom is in the shower. She said she needed to soak her tired, aching bones." He informs me. I'm having my dinner and there is enough. You can have some if you haven't eaten dinner yet"

He leads me into the kitchen. He gets on the stool and resumes eating after pointing to the food. I

shamelessly take a plate and pile food on it.

I didn't appreciate it when we were married. Taking the small things for granted. I admit that I've missed

her cooking.

"So...Mom is a real catch" Noah begins making, me turn to him.

"Yes" I agree, not really sure where he was going with this.

"A lot of good looking guys want her...just a few days ago there was a man here who'd come to visit her.
I

wonder who'll get her as his wife" he says it so casually, but I see the smirk he is trying to hide.

"What man?"

I try to contain the jealousy, but it's fucking hard. The need to scream that Ava is mine is intense.

I don't remember his name, but mom said that he was her new friend" the smirk is still in place as he
say

that. He was scary looking but I liked him, now I don't know who I like better for mom. Him or Uncle Cal.

I glare at him, but he just chuckles

Fuck it. I know he was trying to make me jealous and I should let it go, but I can't. I have never liked my

son less than I did at that moment.

“Noah, who was at the door?” her voice comes from the other room, interrupting me before I can say

anything

She walks into the kitchen in a robe. Her hair is wet and her face is free from makeup. She looks so damn beautiful that I can't put it into words. The robe leaves nothing to the imagination and I want nothing but

to tear it from her body.

“Rowan? What are you doing here?” she ask, her face changing into an indifference mask.

I hate that too. She used to be so expressive, now I barely know what she's feeling or thinking.

“Rowan?” she calls again.

I don't know what to fucking tell her. How am I supposed to tell her that I missed her? That I just wanted

to see her.

“I'm out of here. Don't forget to tell me when you're leaving, dad” Noah breaks through the tense

atmosphere.

He doesn't wait for us to say anything before he flees the room. Within seconds we are left alone.

“Who is the man Noah was talking about?” I ask standing up and getting close to her.

“What man?” she tries backing away from me, but there is nowhere to go.

“The one among your many suitors” my voice turns hard. I was jealous and pissed off because I wanted her to my fucking self.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about or what he was talking about.” She sasses. “Could you just leave? It’s late at night and you shouldn’t be here

“And why is that? Is it so you can entertain one of the many men who Noah seems to think are interested in becoming your new husband” I growl.

I was pushing it. Pushing her, but I just didn’t care. Not when envy was boiling in my blood. Or bitterness was clouding my brain cells.

“What is wrong with you? I don’t entertain any man” she whisper-shouts at me.

It doesn’t faze me as I walk closer to her.

Wrapping my hands around her waist, I bring her closer to me. I feel every inch of her body. Her belly and her breast are pressed close to my chest and abs. I harden when I feel the hardened peaks of her breast.