

## Ex Husband 251

### Chapter 0251

“What the hell, Ava?” Theo shouts back while helping Nora straighten. “Why would you push her like that?”

Ava doesn't say anything. She just grabs her head and begins to slowly shake it. I get a bad feeling about this. Something wasn't adding up. Why the hell wasn't she happy to see her parents?

I feel the answer deep inside me, but I block it. Refusing to acknowledge it. Call me delusional, or whatever the fuck you want, but I refuse to accept it. Ava was whole and well. That was the only truth I

was going to accept.

“Let's all just calm down,” the doctor begins. “I'm sure there's a perfectly good explanation for why Ava reacted the way she did. It's not good to agitate her.”

Ava looks up. Emotions war inside of her. Her eyes are tearing up, and that's when I realize that she

doesn't understand what the hell is going on. She is confused and on edge.

“No.” Theo growls. “I get she just woke up from a coma, but I want to know why the fuck she's being such

a brat.”

Ava, hearing the words, cowers. Cursing, I get up, sit on the bed, and bring her into my arms. She grabs onto me and holds on as if her life truly depended on it.

She faces Theo and Nora, tears running down her face. "I'm sorry. So sorry. But she came at me, and I didn't know who she was. She scared me."

My arms tighten around her as we stare at her in shock. God. Please let it be that I heard her wrong. That my fucking ears, for some unknown reason, weren't functioning well.

"Ava, dear," the nurse calls. "You know this two."

She shakes her head vigorously before wincing in pain.

"No, I don't, I don't know who they are," she cries. "Why does everyone think I know them? Should I know them?"

let go of her and ran a hand through my hair. Fuck. This wasn't what I was expecting when she woke up. thought things would fall into place, but this? None of us even thought that this would happen.

the sums to me. Who are they, Rowan?"

mpers me, yet she doesn't remember her parents. When she woke up and called my name

remembered me. Fuck, was I wrong.

"They're your parents," I whisper as I look at her face for reactions.

"What?" she all but screams. "No, they're not, Kate and James Sharp are my parents. You know this, Rowan; why are you saying otherwise?"

“He’s not lying. You’re our daughter, I’m Nora and this is Theo.” Tears fall down Nora’s face, and her voice

catches

Ava just shakes her head. “No, you’re not. I would know. I would remember something like that.”

Doctor Charles cuts in. “Clearly something is wrong, so let’s do a few tests.”

He comes straight to her and takes out a flash. He shines it in her eyes before switching it off. Next, he

asks her to open her mouth wide, and he checks her tongue.

“So far, everything seems pretty normal, so that’s good,” he tells us before focusing on Ava. “Do you

remember what happened to you?”

“No”

“Can you tell me what the last thing you remember is?”

She seemed hesitant at first. As if she is embarrassed or something. Finally, after a while, she speaks.

“I remember going to sleep. It was mine and Rowan’s anniversary, and he didn’t show up.”

Damn it. I missed all of our anniversaries just to spite her. She is a romantic at heart, so anniversaries were important. I knew this. That’s why I made sure to miss each one of them.

“Okay, and what day was that?”

“August, ninth, two thousand and nineteen,” she replies, as if it should be normal, but everyone else except her knows that it’s not

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Nora and the nurse gasp. While the rest of us just look at her in shock. I knew that things were bad, but I didn’t think that they would be this bad.

Her eyes scan our faces. “Why do I feel like that’s not the answer you were expecting?”

“Ava, we are in twenty, twenty–three” I gently tell her.

“Holy shit”

Exactly. Meaning that Ava didn’t remember the last four years of her life.

The doctor takes a note book and scribbles something on it. “I need to arrange some things. We need to do some scans. These kind of things happen, but we have to get our diagnosis right.

He rushes out of the room. Rosa follows

We are left staring at each other. No one knows how to react or what to think. This is something that

none of us were prepared for. We also didn’t see this coming. It is a shock.

“So you really don’t remember us?” Nora asks after a while.

I feel so fucking sorry for them. They have been through enough without adding this to their list.

“I’m sorry, but no, the last thing I remember is crying myself to sleep.”

Theo hugs his wife. I see how this hurts them. It’s painful for them to know that Ava doesn’t remember them.

We stay in silence until the nurse comes back with a wheel chair. Nora and Theo decide to stay and make calls to deliver the news. I chose to go with Ava and Rosa.

We go to a bunch of rooms mostly seeing specialist. They conduct a bunch of tests including scans. By the time we are done, Ava looks exhausted. I wheel her back to her room. The doctor is supposed to come and see us once they have a clear diagnosis.

We get into her room and find it crowded. Everyone, except for my parents, Kate, Travis, and Emma, are there. Surprisingly, Noah is present too.

asked Letty to get him from school. School Isn’t over yet, but I think he deserves to be here right now, Thep tells me when he sees me looking at Noah.

we will never be buddies, but we put our differences aside for Ava’s and the children’s sake.

Ava looks overwhelmed as she stares at those in the room. Damn it. She doesn’t remember them of course she would be nervous.

“Mom, you’re awake!” Noah screams in happiness.

Her eyes turn to him and widen. “Oh my god, Noah?”

I help her on the bed. Once she’s settled, Noah gives her a hug that lasts a couple of minutes.

I've missed you so much, mom."

Man you're grown. I

"I've missed you too" she pulls away a little and stares at him with wide eyes. in are you this tall? The last time I saw you, you weren't this big"

Letty, Calvin and Corrine give each other weird looks. I guess no one had told them of the new development.

"You last saw me three months ago. I haven't changed much" he laughs. "Anyway, have you seen Iris yet?"

Shit. I completely forgot about Iris.

"Who's Iris?"

"Are you trying to be funny, Mom?" Noah chuckles. "Iris is my sister. We named her together."

Her shocked eyes turned to me. "Holy shit! We have a daughter?"

She's so surprised that she doesn't even realize that she cursed in front of Noah. Noah looks at her funny

while I try to come up with an answer.

How the hell am I supposed to tell her that Iris wasn't mine, but Ethan's, when she doesn't even remember

him?

Before I can say anything, the door opens and the specialist walks in.

“I’ve got the results of the tests back, and I’m sorry to say it isn’t all good news,” he begins.

My heart thumps in my chest, afraid of their findings. I already knew what’s wrong with her; I was just fucking scared of it being voiced out.

I’m sorry, but Ava seems to have selective amnesia.”

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I’ve read about selective amnesia. I came across it when I was researching brain injuries. I just never thought that it would affect Ava.

“Selective amnesia means that Ava has forgotten some events of her life, and that is the last four years. In some cases, she may remember all her memories, or some of them, or she won’t ever remember at all and will remain with an empty gap for the rest of her life,” he explains.

I watch everyone’s reaction. Noah and I were the only lucky ones. She remembered us but didn’t

remember them.

“So you’re telling us that she might never remember us?” Letty asks in a shaky voice.

She runs her hand through her hair, but it’s trembling a bit. I know how hard this must have hit her. They were best friends, yet Doctor Charles was telling her that Ava might not ever remember all the memories

they shared together.

“Is this why mom doesn’t know who Iris is?” His voice comes out confident and assured.

He was in a room full of adults and a doctor, yet he didn’t have trouble asking about his concerns. Noah

is shaping up to be a great CEO. While most kids would have trouble speaking their thoughts, Noah doesn’t. He’s my son, yet his confidence surprises me.

“Yes, Noah. That’s the reason.” The doctor faces him before turning to us. “We also noticed that she’s having trouble with some letters and numbers, given she’s a teacher, it’s advisable that she doesn’t return to work immediately.”

“But I love teaching.” Ava complains, sadness coating her voice.

“For now, it’s for the best. We have to figure out this is permanent or it’s fixable.”

She doesn’t like it, but she agrees.

“When will she be discharged?” I ask the doctor, eager to know his answer.

“I’d like to keep her overnight, but you can take her home tomorrow.”

Noah celebrates hearing this. It’s not a surprise given how much he has missed his mom. His joy at having her with him is immeasurable. He still hasn’t even let her go. I don’t think he’ll be doing that any time soon anyway.

“Can I have a private moment with all of you?” Charles asks us. “Noah can remain with his mom.”



He leaves, and we follow him. I get nervous. Is there something else that's wrong? Something he wasn't comfortable sharing with Ava.

"I'm going to ask you to refrain from trying to make her remember things from the past. This is common with families. They try to force the memories back. Doing this could lead to serious migraines or, worse, seizures."

H

"So, what are we supposed to do?" Theo sounds like he's at a loss for words.

Charles turns to me. "I believe the two of you are divorced, right?"

I nod my head.

"She still thinks you are married, so you'll have to carry on like you are. You'll take her back to the house. you shared when you were together. Right now, it's important to surround her with things and people she

is used to and comfortable around."

I don't have a problem with that, but I feel like this will all blow up in my face. I can't go back to how things were between us during our marriage. I can't act like I don't have feelings for her.

And what happens when she gets her memories back? When she realizes we didn't tell her the truth.

"Won't that be lying to her? A lot of things have changed," Corrine asks.

I know you may feel that way, but this is the best course of action. The last thing we need is to overload her brain. It might lead to some serious consequences for her.”

I get what he was saying. I don't agree with lying to her, but I get that we have to reduce her stress levels. as much as we can. Overloading her with four years worth of information might just be too much for her to handle.

“And what are we supposed to do? Stay away from her?” Nora asks with pain lacing her voice.

“Build new memories with her. Don't try to make her remember you, but let her get to know you all over again.” Sympathy is written all over his face as he addresses the five of them. “Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to see my other patients.

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Once he leaves, the rest go back to Ava's room while I stay back for a little bit. I just needed time to breathe. Everything was happening so fast and so differently. I was having a hard time catching up.

I get back to her room after I'm sure that I'm more in control. I find Letty, Corrine, and Calvin introducing themselves.

“You're nerdy Cal,” Ava says with a smile. He gives her a glare, but there isn't any heat behind it. “It's such

a small world that our sons are now best friends.”

“it is,” he simply says.

No one mentions that Gunner is also Emma's son.

“So, mom, when are you going to see Iris?” Noah asks after the introductions are over.

“Can they bring her to me? I’m eager to see her.” her smile is radiant and beautiful. Something that I

haven’t seen in a long time. “I still can’t believe we have a daughter”

Damn it. How am I supposed to break this to her?

Seeing my dilemma, Nora picks up the phone from the side table and calls the nurse station. Requesting

for Nora to be brought.

It doesn’t take long before Mary arrives with the precious bundle.

“It’s good to see you up Ava, there’s someone who has waited long enough to see her mother” she smiles at her and places Iris in Ava’s arms.

She then leaves, and promises to come back later to pick her up.

“Oh dear Lord” Ava breathes. “She’s so beautiful”

“She looks just like you, mom” Noah, adds.

Iris didn’t fuss or anything like that. Probably because she was asleep. We all watch in awe as Ava falls in love with Iris. A daughter she doesn’t remember conceiving.

When Noah complains of hunger, Corrine and Letty offer to take him to buy something to eat while buying for the rest of us. Cal excuses himself. He had to go pick up Gunner from school.

Where is the rest of the family? Do they really don’t care about me?”

hed completely forgotten about them. They thought that Ava wouldn't be here now that she was

"They'll be here soon enough, but there is something you have to be prepared for" I tell her.

There were things that were just too big and too fucking important to hide. I was about to tell her about James being dead when a gasp leaves her mouth.

I turn her worriedly only to find her staring at Iris with shock and confusion.

"What is it, Ava"

"Why are her eyes blue? No one in your family has blue eyes and if what you're telling me it's true and mother and father are not my parents, then she shouldn't have blue eyes

This is the other thing I wasn't willing to lie to Ava about. Iris's real father. My eyes slide to her parents, but they also looked panicked. Looks like they won't be of any help.

"She got them from her dad" I take a deep breath.

"You're her dad"

"No, I'm not"

"Oh my God. Did I cheat you? Is that what happened?" she asks in panic while frantically trying to soothe

Iris who was now screaming her little lungs out.

I don't know if it's because Ava's panic spooked her, or because Ava was basically a stranger to her.

Taking Iris from her arms, I hold her close to me before kissing her cheek. She immediately settles down and goes back to sleep.

“It’s a long story and I’ll tell you one of these days, but you didn’t cheat on me”

You better”

Maybe by the time she demands answers, I will have come up with a reasonable explanation for her, as to why Iris had a different father without making her think that she cheated.

“So when am I going home” she’s a bit more calm as she asks.

Tomorrow

Sereat, I can’t wait to be back home.”

stare at her as a small smile forms on my lips. I know I wasn’t willing to lie to her when the doctor

ested we hide the truth, but maybe this is my second chance with her. This is my chance to bring her love for me because I can’t fucking live with

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Ava.

I didn’t sleep at all. My mind was all over the place. Everything still seems to be so unreal. I’ve heard about amnesia. I know about amnesia. I just never thought I would be one of the people suffering from it.

It feels so weird that there is this huge gap in my memory. I remember nothing after I woke up. Nothing of

the people who claim to be my parents. Nothing of the people who claim to be my friends. I remember nothing of Iris or the man who got me pregnant.

Also, why would I sleep with another man? And why did it seem like Rowan had no problem with it? Scratch that; he isn't mad because he doesn't care. But why are we still married if I slept with someone else and even got pregnant? And where the hell is my wedding ring?

I feel like I have missed out a lot. In my memory, Noah is five. Yet the reality is that he's way past that. It feels like I've missed him growing up. He shared all these memories he has with me, but they don't ring a bell to me at all.

Looking out the window, I continue to brush my hair mindlessly. It was now evening, and I was waiting for Rowan and Noah to come and pick me and Iris up.

That's the other thing that concerns me. Rowan is so different from how I know him. He's behaving so differently that I keep wondering if I woke up in a different universe, because damn it, it's like an alien has taken over his body or something.

The hugs. The kisses. The holding my hand all the freaking time. It is just something that I'm not used to. The last we time we talked, he told me that he hated me and that he would never forgive me.

Could something have changed in the course of time?

I finish up, just as Mary walks into the door with Iris in her arms.

"Are you ready to try again with Iris?" Mary asks as she puts my daughter in my arms.

Yesterday, we tried getting Iris to latch on, but it was difficult. It's like she was so used to the bottle that she found the idea of my breast foreign. To be honest, I am just glad that I had milk, I didn't mind trying until she got used to me.

Yes, please

Releasing my boob, I try to get her to latch. I sigh in relief when she finally does and begins to suck.

kat her. She looks like look Week

It feels so nice to have her feed from me. I know that I've only known her for a day, but I already feel my bond with her. The same bond I have with Noah. My mind may not remember when I carried her in my womb, but my heart knows she's mine.

"Are you excited about going home?" she asks as she packs Iris's stuff.

Yesterday she filled me on everything concerning Iris. I am so grateful that she survived despite being a premature baby. So glad that they took good care of her.

"I am." I chuckle a little. "Like I said, I'm dying to sleep on my bed. It's way more comfortable"

She laughs, but otherwise remains quiet. When she finishes, she excuses herself. Iris had fallen asleep, but I continue holding her. It's insane how much I don't want to be separated from her or Noah.

I almost died according to everyone. Actually, I fucking died because my heart stopped twice for a few

seconds. It's sad to know that I would have been separated from my kids.

I push those thoughts away just as Rowan and Noah walk into my room.

"Hi mom" Noah comes straight to me and gives me a hug.

"Hey, my love" I kiss his cheeks, feeling happy and joyous.

Rowan waits until we are done before he approaches me.

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Rowan smile at me. "Flowers for a beautiful lady"

He then surprises me when he bends down and kisses my cheek. I stare at his throat in shock. See what I mean when I say he's different?

The Rowan I know, wouldn't be caught dead kissing me even if it's just a peck on the cheek. So this was at new development. One I wasn't sure I was ready.

"Thank you," I shake my head to clear out the confusion.

"Are you ready to leave?"

Noah gently takes Iris from my hands. He stares at her so adoringly. Like she lit up his world. While he whispers sweet nothings, Iris wakes up. Surprisingly, she doesn't cry. Just stares at her brother in

fascination. I guess she is used to him.

"Yes. Everything's packed"

"Great, we'll make it home in time for dinner"

He helps me out of the bed. Then he picks up our bags and we leave the room that has been my home for

the past three months.



Before leaving, I say goodbye to the doctors and nurses. Most of them were so teary. It touched my heart. to see them happy because I was finally leaving. They'd thought I wouldn't wake up. For them, this is a

freaking miracle.

"What about the bills? I pull Rowan's sleeves to catch his attention.

"Don't worry about that. It's already been taken care of that"

He then takes my hand and we follow Noah who was walking ahead of us. I stare at our joined hands,

completely mesmerized.

Maybe this is all a dream. Because what in the twilight zone is this? Why does he keep holding my hand?

Before I can think of pulling my hand from his, we get outside to the parking lot. The car wasn't that far. Noah gets in while still talking to his sister. Her eyes were fixed on him. It is as if she is actually listening

to him.

Where did Herbert go?" I ask Rowan after noticing the new driver.

"He took an early retirement, so we got someone else" he answers as he ushers me into the car.

The moment we get in, the driver begins driving.

The drive is silent. Well except for Noah who was still talking to his Iris. It's like we don't exist in his and Iris's world as he told her stories of all the things he has done and all they will do together once she's old

enough.

I'm lost in thought as the drive flies by. Without even realizing it, we get home. It takes Rowan nudging me, for me to come back to myself.

"We're here" he says as he opens the door.

Iris chooses that moment to start screaming her lungs out. I take her from Noah, but she still doesn't

keep stop.

"Maybe she's hungry" I tell no one in particular.

"Just go on inside. I'll bring in the bags"

I nod my head and step outside the door. I slowly start walking towards the huge mansion. It looks the same as always, but I can't help feeling like this wasn't my home anymore.

I don't understand why I felt that way all over a sudden.

When I get inside, things are different. The painting. The décor. Everything. I stop dead in my tracks. As

survey the entire place. Something feels different, and not just because the house looks unrecognizable.

It lacked a certain warmth. A kind of warmth that it had yesterday (or what my brain now considers to be

yesterday)

I continue taking hesitant steps. The feeling of being somewhere foreign intensifies. My mind told me this is my home though it's different, but my heart and soul didn't recognize it.

Another bout of screaming from Iris pulls me from the weirdness I felt. I walk quickly till I get to the extra bedroom that was downstairs.

What matters right now is feeding Iris. I can always figure out why something feels wrong later on.

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"There is something I want to show you," Rowan tells me as he walks into the guest bedroom.

I

I was already done feeding Iris, and now she was fast asleep. Quickly but gently, I pull my nipple from her

mouth and cover up. Rowan is my husband. He has seen me naked hundreds of times, yet this felt

different for some reason, especially with his eyes trained on my breast.

"They're darker than I remember," he mumbles, almost to himself.

"What?"

"You're nipples"

I chuckle nervously, but don't say a word. This is the first time Rowan has ever said anything about my body. I don't know what to say or how to react to that.

Even on the rare occasion when we had sex, he managed to detach himself completely from the process. You see in the romance novels where the male lead worships the female lead's body? Or where he is

really verbal about how sexy her body is? I never got that after Rowan and I got married.

It wasn't bad, and at least I got off, even if it wasn't earth-shattering, but I just always wanted more, you know? With Rowan, it is more like 'wham bam, thank you, ma'am. As if that wasn't bad enough, he would

jump in the shower the minute he pulled out of me. It's like he couldn't wait to get my scent from his skin. After the shower, he would either go to the office to work or leave the house entirely.

There were no cuddles. No kisses. No soft touches or caresses. No sweet or dirty talk. Our sex was just

that: sex. Swift, formulaic, and completely unromantic.

The only time I got what novels always talk about was when we first slept together and he thought I was

I

Emma. That was a long time ago. And over the years, he has proven that he isn't a bad sexual partner; it's

just me he didn't want.

"Are you ready to see what I have to show?" he asks.

I shake my head, pulling myself away from the memories. I mean, it's probably been months since we last slept together.

“Yes, sure”

I

I didn't want to leave Iris in the guest room, so I carry her with me.

He leads us out of the room and towards the stairs.

wanted to ask where my ring is.” I ask.

It was cheap, but it was still mine. When we got married, there weren't any rings. Rowan didn't see a reason for them. I did though. I was a married woman and people needed to know that. I got myself a cheap one from a store and wore it since. Rowan never wanted one so he didn't wear one.

“They took it off when you arrived at the hospital, but it got lost somewhere in their storage.”

I don't say a thing. I mean, it's a normal occurrence. I will just get another one later.

“Here we are,” he says, stopping outside one of the many bedrooms.

He slowly opens the room, and I gasp.

“I know you would probably prefer if Iris sleeps in the master bedroom, but I thought it wouldn't hurt to have one of her own.”

It was a baby girl's haven. The room was adorned with soft shades of pink and lilac. The walls were at gentle pink blush, and different Disney princesses adorned them. Delicate lilac curtains swayed in the

evening breeze, and plush, rosy carpet covered the floor.

The crib sat in the middle and was draped in pastel bedding in hues of lavender, with a charming ceiling mobile dangling above. Next to it was a comfortable-looking rocking chair. To the far left was a white changing table with different animated cartoons drawn on it, and next to it was a baby pink wardrobe.

There were also shelves adorned with adorable stuffed animals and storybooks, and on the floor were all

manner of toys.

“Do you like it?”

“Oh my god, this is so beautiful. Thank you so much”

I

Mindful of Iris, and without really thinking, I hug him. I expected him to push me away like he normally would, but I’m surprised when he reciprocates the hug.

I don’t know how and why he would do all this for another man’s child when he hated me so much, but I am thankfully none the less.

I let go of him and step away. “When did you arrange this?”

“A few weeks ago. I wanted to help Noah take his mind off you and Iris being in the hospital, so I came up with the idea to prepare a room for Iris.”

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I walk inside. The carpet feels so plush. It's like you're walking on clouds.

I gently put Iris in her crib before picking up the baby monitor.

Thank you. This means a lot."

He smiles. Rowan is really good-looking, but when he smiles or laughs, it takes his hotness to a whole

other level.

I stare at him, completely mesmerized. He has never smiled at me, and right now I just want to soak this

up.

"Come, I think it's time for dinner. I'm sure you've missed home-cooked food," he gives me his hand I hesitantly place mine on his.

I

I feel a spark just from touching him. A kind of thrill goes down my spine, and I can't say that I hate it.

We get downstairs and find Noah already there. He was digging into his meal at the dining table. I take my seat and begin serving. Rowan was about to do the same when his phone rings. He stares at his phone before picking it up.

"Excuse me," he tells us before standing up to leave.

Before he walks out of the room, I hear him saying someone's name. The name Reaper doesn't ring a bell at all. Maybe it was one of his business partners. If it is, why would someone even name their child Reaper?

I usually don't interfere with his work, but for some odd reason, I make a mental note to ask him of this Reaper person.

\*So, did you like Iris's room?" Noah asks after swallowing.

"I love it, baby," I say. "It's so pretty. You and your dad did an amazing job."

A woman I've never seen walks out of the kitchen. She places some fruits on the table before introducing herself.

I'm Teresa, ma'am. If you need anything at all, just let me know." I nod my head, and she swiftly leaves.

"Who's that woman, Noah?"

She looked to be in her forties.

Oh, she's Teresa. She cooks and cleans," Noah says with a frown.

+15 BONUS

guess he didn't hear Teresa introducing herself. And why would Rowan need a housekeeper? He knows! take care of everything around the house, including cooking. Maybe he hired her when I was in the

hospital, right?

I turn to Noah to ask him when Teresa was hired, only to find him still frowning.



I

“Hey, what is it?” I ask. “Why do you look upset?”

He’s quiet for a while, as if debating whether or not to tell me what was troubling him. Finally, he speaks.

“I found a note in my bag from a girl in our class. She joined school around the time you were taken to the hospital.”

“What did the note say?”

“Just that she’s happy that you’re okay.”

I frown, not really understanding what the problem with that was.

“Isn’t that a good thing? She’s being nice,” I ask him because I don’t get why that would make him angry.

“It is, but Sierra is a complete pain in the butt,” his voice hardens as he says his name.

This makes me curious. Noah is a pretty chilled boy and is pretty friendly and open. I’ve never seen him like this.

“That’s not a really nice thing to say about someone.”

He groans in frustration. “You don’t get it, mom; Sierra just won’t leave me alone. She keeps following me everywhere and wants to do everything I do. It’s very frustrating.”

I smile when I realize what is going on. It seemed like whoever this girl was had a crush on Noah. Only problem is that she's being pushy. She kind of reminded me of myself when I was younger and was obsessed with Rowan.

"You don't like her? Seems like she wants to be your friend"

I think it's too early for me to tell him what is actually going on.

"Absolutely not. She's too loud and too pushy. She's always covered in scraps and mud or dirt, plus she doesn't act her age. She still, wears mickey Mouse-printed stockings.

He says it with disgust in his voice. As if that's something totally horrific.

didn't raise you to talk about others that way. All humor flees from me. "She may be different, but that en't a bad thing and let me never ever find out that you said anything mean to her. There are ways you

distance yourself without hurting her feelings, okay?"

Noah is strong willed like his father. Once he dislikes something or someone, it's hard to change their feelings about it or them.

"I just wish she'd stop and stay away from me," he says, sagging in his chair.

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Then tell her to, but do it in a kind manner, okay?"

"Okay"

He goes back to eating, and soon he's done. He leaves the table and tells me he's going to have his bath

before he sleeps.

A few minutes later, I'm done with my dinner. I'm exhausted, and I just want to sleep. I get up, just as

Rowan comes back.

"You're done?" he asks, sitting down.

"Yes...I wanted to check on Iris first, then go to sleep."

"I'll be up in a few."

I nod my head and make my way to the master bedroom. It's right next to Iris's room. After making sure

that she's asleep, I head to my bedroom.

Deciding to soak my tired body first, I run myself a bath. I get in and just let my mind wander. Everything

has been so confusing since I woke up. I want to believe that things changed, but I can't help but feel that

something isn't right.

Rowan's behavior is on top of the things I feel aren't right. Like, when did he change? And can I trust this

new change in him, or am I bound to be more heartbroken than I already am?

The way he's behaving right now is how I've always wanted him to be, so why can't I trust him?

I get out of the tub when the water gets cold. Wrapping my body in a towel, I go in search of something to

wear. The closet and drawers are filled with clothes. Only problem is that they're all brand new. I

recognize none of them.

I take a red nightgown and put it on. After that, I go and check on both Iris and Noah. They were all

asleep. I pass a clock in the hallway and realize that it's nine. I honestly didn't know that I stayed in the

tub that long.

I freeze when I go back to the room and find Rowan there. Forcing myself to unfreeze, I steadily walk

towards the bed, pull the covers and get in. His eyes are on me the entire time.

"Why are all my clothes new?" I ask him.

"When you got pregnant, your old clothes obviously didn't fit, so you gave them away to charity. After

them away and bought you new ones," he says. "I only bought a few to tide you over. You can buy more.

later on

nod my head. That made sense.

“And about my pregnancy, you said you’d explain why I have a baby with another man.”

Something passes in his eyes, but it’s gone before I can decipher it.

“Can we talk about it some other time? I’m tired and I just want to sleep

and worn out. Like he

I wanted to argue, but the way he looked caught my attention. He did look tired and worn hasn’t slept in days or weeks.

I nod my head in acceptance and wait for him to leave. Only he doesn’t. Instead he begins taking off his clothes. I watch unable to speak as he takes everything off until the only stitch of clothing remaining is

his boxer.

He starts walking towards the bed, and my mind unfreezes.

“Uh, what are you doing?” I ask nervously.

He gets inside the bed. “Sleeping”

“What? Here? in this bed?” I stammer.

yes, is that a

problem?”

I gulp. “We’ve never slept in the same bed”

And it was true, Like I said, we would have sex, then he'd leave. We had separate bedrooms. So this is a first.

Using the remote control, he turns off the lights.

"Well that's going to change. You're my wife. We should be sharing a bed"

"But..."

He shushes me by turning me around and spooning me. My ass is right over his crotch, and his arm is wrapped tightly around my waist. It's not uncomfortable, but it's new, so I'm tense.

"Will you just relax and sleep?" he whispers against the back of my neck, making me shiver.

I force myself to relax. Within minutes, he's out. I stay awake for hours, but eventually I fall asleep.

Nothing was definitely going on because the Rowan I know would never sleep in the same bed as me,

alone hold me like he is

Just need to figure out what I'm missing and what changed. The key to figuring that out lay in my

Jumbled mind. I have to get my memories back

Chapter 0260

I wake up sprawled on top of Rowan. His arm was wrapped tight around my waist, and half my body was

on top of his

Slowly, I lift my head from his chest. This was another new thing for us. The intimacy our position

projected, you would think that we're in love. Only I knew the truth. There was love in our marriage yes,

but it was one sided.

I get up slowly. I didn't want to wake him up. I needed time to myself. Time to try and catch on to

whatever the hell was happening. I feel like my life has been turned upside down since I woke up from

that coma.

It has been two days, but those two days have been a rollercoaster of events. Now I was reeling from the

rush. Not really sure if I should trust my eyes or my heart.

I spot the bottle of milk on his bedside table.

Iris woke up like three times. The first two times, I fed her. The last time I remember him telling me to go

back to sleep. That he would take care of her. I was tired so I didn't argue at al

all.

Putting on my bathrobe, I tip toe out of the room. I check on Iris and Noah before going downstairs. It was

fairly early in the morning and given it was on a Saturday, Noah didn't have school today.

I get to the kitchen only to find Teresa.

"Good morning, Madam" she greets with a smile while cleaning the counter top.

I give her what I hope is a gentle smile "Good morning too Teresa, and please call me Ava. Madam is too formal"

"Did you need something?" she stops and focuses on me, ready to do anything I asked her,

"No, but if I'm not imposing, I'd like to make breakfast for my family"

Her smiles turns blinding and she nods her head.

"Not at all. I'm sure Noah will be ecstatic. He kept complaining that I don't make his pancakes the mom does" she winks at me.

way his

I just chuckle, because I can totally see Noah saying that. My smile slips off my face when I think of how hard it must have been for him when I was in a coma.

Teresa excuses herself and I start working on making breakfast. For some weird reason it felt so strange



1/3

+15 BONUS

Rowan rarely ate anything I cooked. He used to miss breakfast and dinner. The only time he would eat something I made was when Noah insisted we have a meal together. Even then he would take a few spoons and then declare that he was full.

It used to hurt a lot. Knowing that he didn't want anything from me. It was like anything from me was poison. I soon got over it. It hurt, but I learned to live with it for the sake of Noah.

I tried my hardest to shield Noah from the disrespect and disregard Rowan showed me. Noah thought we

were happy and I would do anything to make sure he was. Including faking marital bliss.

I

Pushing those thoughts away, I focus on making breakfast.

Who knows, maybe witnessing my almost death changed something inside Rowan. I love Rowan despite

everything he has done to me and maybe this was our second chance at happiness.

Minutes later, I fling the flour to the side in frustration as I feel my eyes begin to tear. Why was this so

goddamn hard?

"Hey, what's wrong?" Rowan's voice comes from behind me.

His arm wrap around my waist and he brings me to his chest. With his other hand he pushes my hair away.

and lays his chin on my shoulder.

I would have surprises at this tender action if I weren't frustrated.

"I used to know how to make the kind of pancakes Noah likes like the back of my hand. Now I can't

remember a damn thing! I can't remember the secret ingredient I used" I cry and hold on to the counter

afraid that I'd break down if I let go.

"It's okay, don't worry too much about it" he tries to calm me, but it's doesn't work.

"You don't get it" I wrench myself from his arms. "It's not just that. I can't read the measurement either. Neither can I remember the how you like your coffee! Damn it! Even some words are a bit difficult for me

read"

I can stop myself from crying. I feel so useless. The things that used to be easy for me, now aren't. I find it harder to read numbers. Every time I tried looking at the measurement for the past thirty minutes, my mind becomes jumbled.

It's like my brain can't comprehend what the hell I'm seeing.

"Shss, it's okay Ava. Everything is going to be okay" he reassures me. "Don't be too hard on yourself"

He turns me around to face him. He is shirtless, wearing only a pair of sweatpants that hang low on his

+16 BONUS

I swallow as a different kind of frustration starts humming inside me. I rip my eyes from his body and focus on his eyes.

watch silently, unable to move as he bends his head. My breath hitches as his lips connect with mine.

I gasp at the intensity of his kiss. That gives him the opportunity to slip his tongue inside. I get lost as our mouths mesh and our tongues tangle.

One of his hands holds my waist while the other my neck. I hold on to his waist in a desperate attempt to

stand up straight.

I get lost in the kiss. Get lost in his scent. Get lost in all that is Rowan wood. The moment was perfect and

I thought nothing could ruin it. That is until I hear a strangled cry from behind us.

I reluctantly stop kissing Rowan and turn around. My eyes clash with the teary ones of a woman I thought

I'd never see again.

Emma

What the hell was she doing in my house?