

Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M Chapter 26

Wanted dead I open my eyes to find myself in the living room, my hands tied to the back a chair.

“Ahh, you're awake. I was wondering how long it would take you to wake up, after all, I prefer having my victims conscious when I kill them” the man's voice sends chills down my spine.

He rounds the corner and I get to see him. At least parts of him since he had his face covered. He was a big and burly man. His arms alone, looked like they can crush a person's head. He screamed danger and not because I was currently his victim. There was just something menacing about him.

He takes a seat in front of me, with a glass of wine in his hand. My glass and my wine. He looked so comfortable, like this was his house.

I try to get free, but the ropes are tight.

“You can try all you want but you're not getting away from me this time” he chuckles. “You've caused me enough trouble and I don't like trouble” “Who are you and what do you want from me?” I ask him.

Maybe if I can get him to talk I can get something from him and buy myself some time. There is no way no one noticed someone breaking into my house, right?

“Let's just say I'm someone who really wants you dead” The urge to roll my eyes is strong. I mean, it's kind of obvious he wants me dead. That's why I'm.

currently tied to a chair in my own house.

“Are you one of the goons that are after my family? You got the wrong person if you think that killing me will mean anything to them” He laughs loudly. Full on belly laugh. As if I said the funniest thing in the world.

Fuck! I was hoping he would be part of the criminal gang that killed father. It would be so much easier to reason with him. To make him see that I don't mean a thing to Rowan or my family. If I'm wrong and it's not the gang after me, then it means I am totally screwed.

“No darling, I'm not part of any gang, but someone promised me a very good pay if I delivered the news of your untimely death” he tells me gruffly. 4 I stare at him with shock. “Someone is paying you to have me killed?” “I won't get paid till I get the job done and that's why I need you dead, you understand that right, darling” “Stop calling me darling!” I ground out.

My heart is beating wildly. I can't wrap my head around the fact that someone wants me dead so badly that he or she is offering payment if the job is done.

I mean, I'm not anyone important, so who the hell would want me dead? I have no enemies, well except for Emma, but Emma wouldn't go to that extent just to get me out of the way, right?

We're related by blood. Despite everything that has happened between us, she wouldn't want me dead. (2)

"Are you sure about that? People do crazy things in the name of love" my mind whispers.

Damn it! I was now beginning to doubt my own sister. How fucked up was that?

I'm pulled back to my thoughts when the sound of glass shattering hits my ears. I turn to the intruder.

"Oops, sorry" he mocks with a devious smirk on his face.

The bastard had broken my glass intentionally. He stands up and starts pacing but not nervously.

"Now, how to do it. There is so many ways to kill you" he turns to face me. "Do you have any preference on how you would like to die?" I cringe inside. I needed to leave. The man was clearly a psycho and I wasn't going to wait here hoping for Calvary to arrive. Besides, if my neighbors had seen anything, wouldn't the police already be here?

"No preference? I guess I'll just have to slit your throat. There is nothing more satisfying like watching the life of your victim leave their eyes" he says with an evil glint in his eyes.

He takes out a knife and starts flicking it up and down. I had only one chance to escape, so I better use it well.

I push myself backwards as hard as I can. I crash, my head hitting the floor hard. Pain radiates through my skull. Making the throb even worse.

I breathe in through the pain. Shit, the movies made this seem so easy. It wasn't.

215 "What the fuck?!" he growls in shock.

With the chair broken, I'm free. I don't give myself or him time to react. I get up quickly and start running towards the door while untying my hands.

I don't get far because he crashes into me. Making me collide with the wooden floor. He turns me so that I am facing him.

"Did you honestly think it will be that easy to escape me?" he taunts.

Bringing my legs up, I knee him in the balls, making him release a shout. I take off again not caring where I'm going. I just wanted to be away from him.

He recovers quickly, because soon after I feel a hand wrap around my ankle. He tugs and I fall with a thud again, hitting my chin against the floor. He's on me before I can recover.

"You bitch!" he shouts before slapping me hard across the face.

For a moment, I see stars and my vision blurs. Being hit by a man fucking hurts.

"Just because of making things hard for me, I'll have my fun with you before killing you" he says evilly.

I didn't need an interpreter to tell me what he meant. I feel his hands on my hips as he tries to drag my pajama pants down. Fear encases my bones. Is this how I was going to die? Raped then murdered in my own home.

I fight him, but he pins my hands to my side. I still don't stop.

"Please stop. If money is what you want then I can give it to you" I plead.

His hand was now inside my pants. His touch on my skin made me feel like retching. It felt like slimy worms were crawling on me.

1 He chuckles. "I don't know who you're trying to fool but I know you don't have money. Not the kind of money I'm being offered, anyway" He goes back to his ministrations. Just when I think all hope is lost, I see the lamp I had dropped when he hit me on the head. I reach for it and smash it against his skull. 2 He lets out a roar and falls back. The knife he had planned to use to kill me falls from his pocket.

Not wasting any time, I take it and strike, plunging it in his thick thighs, right as my front door busts open.

3/5 We both freeze in shock. With a curse, he recovers, quickly stands up and runs. Leaving through my back door Drake comes rushing through my kitchen door with two other men, I don't recognize.

He's bleeding from the head and looks like he's about to collapse.

"You two get him. I want him caught at all cost" he tells them and they rush outside where the man escaped through.

Drake comes and helps me up just as we hear sirens. He leads me to the living room where he helps me take a seat, The police rush in, followed closely behind by Rowan and Ethan.

"Search the place" the chief officer commands and the police scramble to do his bidding, all except Ethan.

My head was killing me. My chin was throbbing and I could already tell that my face was beginning to swell.

“How the hell did you let this happen, Drake?” Rowan snarls coming to my side, while Ethan takes the other.

“I’m sorry boss, he ambushed me and hit me on the back of the head.” he answers looking down. He was disappointed in himself, you could tell.

“What’s going on?” I ask softly, rubbing my temples.

“Drake was supposed to be protecting you!” Rowan answers through clenched teeth.

“What?” “He was supposed to watch over you, make sure you weren’t harmed and he failed.” Rowan was angry and I just didn’t have time to deal with him.

If I hadn’t been attacked and I was more myself, I would have questioned why he had Drake tailing me and why he didn’t consult me first before making the decision. I was too tired though and I just wanted to sleep.

“Are you okay?” Ethan asks, his hand softly touching mine. Concern in his voice.

His question and actions draws Rowan’s attention to us. His jaw clenches even harder when he 4/5 “My head hurts” I whisper softly and tiredly. Fighting back the emotions that threatened to consume me.

I was almost raped and killed. I still couldn’t wrap my head around that.

I just wanted comfort. To lay my head on someone’s shoulder but I didn’t know whose it should be.

Rowan, the man I’ve known and loved all my life or Ethan the man that is slowly starting to mean something to me.

Instead of choosing either, I decide to lay my head on the back of the couch and close my eyes for a minute. It was now just starting to sink in that someone actually wanted me dead. That they had promised a huge amount of money if the man succeeded.

Question is, who the hell wanted me dead so badly?

Lucky woman Anonymous POV.

I am pissed off. That is an understatement. I am beyond pissed off, I was downright furious. Once again she managed to escape me. Once again she survived when she was supposed to be dead.

“Tell me how the hell she’s still alive?” I ask Ben.

“I swear I almost had her this time, I was this close to ending her but her bastard bodyguard arrived and saved her” he muttered.

Did the guy think that I was stupid? That I didn’t know what the hell happened. I have gotten nothing but excuses from him since this whole operation started. Three times he failed to deliver her dead body. The only thing that was positive about this, is that I haven’t paid him yet. Imagine if I had paid him and yet he hasn’t delivered.

He was going to get half a million dollars if he got the job done. That money should have motivated him enough to do his job and finish it within the time limit we agreed.

I take a swig of my whisky. Frustration clawing at me.

“Really? You almost had her, is that the reason why you are bleeding?” I clipped feeling angrier every minute I talked to the idiot.

“I promise I’ll get her next time. She won’t escape me again” he speaks, his eyes cast to the floor.

“She’s already escaped you thrice!” I boomed, feeling the need to end is pathetic life.

He doesn’t speak. Instead he continues staring at the ground like it was interesting.

He had set me back big time. This job was supposed to be done months ago and yet here we still are, with Ava alive and breathing.

I asked around and was told he was good at his job. That he would be able to deliver. So far I’ve gotten nothing from him except for empty promises.

“How is it that you’re unable to kill one fucking woman? How hard could it be to end her life?” It’s something that I’ve been wondering. How lucky can one be to escape death thrice? The third time is supposed to be the charm and yet she was still not dead. A bit banged up but that was all.

“I don’t fucking know” he snarls, frustration written all over his face. “Killing someone has never been this hard, I usually get the job done on the first try” I start pacing in agitation. This was supposed to be easy. She was in my way. The only thing that was standing between me and what I wanted. I had hatched this plan the moment I realized that to get what I wanted I needed her gone. @

At first I wanted to make it look an accident. The last thing I needed was to have cops on my back after I went through all that trouble to get her out of my way. An opportunity to cover my tracks presented itself in the form of Reapers’ Angels. Their involvement provided the perfect cover up.

Now though, they had discovered that it was all a ploy. That the Reapers' weren't involved at all. Soon they would be after Ben and then me. I didn't go through all this trouble just to lose in the end.

"Fuck!" I boomed, throwing my glass and smashing it against the wall I was running out of time. Right now I was supposed to be enjoying the fruits of my labor. I was supposed to be living the life, but instead I was not anywhere close to my goals. In fact it seemed I was galaxies away from it.

"Give me one last chance" he pleads.

I sneer, "So you can fail again? I don't think so" What is it about the Ava that death doesn't seem to want to claim her? I don't believe in any deity, but by the looks of things it seems there is someone above looking after her. It's not normal for someone to survive three attempts on their life unless there is divine intervention.

She was the luckiest bitch I've ever met. Her luck was starting to get on my nerves. I've never lost before. I always get what I want, but Ava's death is proving to be difficult.

"I'd like to see you do better" he scoffs, interrupting my thoughts.

Hearing him mock me like that, my anger reaches its limit. Grabbing whatever I could get my hands on, I throw it in his direction. He doesn't get a chance to duck. The bottle of whiskey hits him straight on his arrogant face.

I smile when I see blood trickle down his eye. His pain eases my anger just a little bit.

"Do you want to repeat what you just said?" He closes his mouth and clenches his teeth. Looking at me with unconcealed anger, he shakes his head. At least he knows how to keep his mouth shut.

"There has to be a way to take her out quickly. I've already wasted enough time on her" I mutter more to myself.

If it wasn't for the fact that I needed her dead for my plan to work, I wouldn't have bothered. Ava was trouble and I was afraid that the more I tried killing her and she survived, the more I risked being caught. That can't happen, because it means losing everything I've worked hard for.

"Look, she has already proved that she isn't easy to kill. If we add the fact that now the cops were involved and she is receiving protection from her billionaire husband, then it makes my work a whole lot difficult" his voice brings me back to the present.

I clench my hands in bitterness at the mention of Rowan. I had already figured all that out. I didn't need him pointing it out for me, but I guess he wanted to make himself seem useful or something. 4)

I take a seat and think. If this was going to work then I needed a new plan. The old one definitely failed, so I needed to come up with something different. Something that will take her out once and for all.

So far I've been focusing on her alone, this time I don't care who I have to take out in the process.

If I have to bring down a whole building down just because she's inside, then that's what I'll do.

Provided she dies, i don't care who dies along with her.

A smile breaks free and my heart settles down. Feeling calm now that I had a solution or sort of a solution.

"You're smiling, have you come up with a plan" my eyes focus on Ben. He looks at me expectantly.

His blood was collected for DNA. I needed to deal with that before they match him. He has a criminal record so it won't be hard to connect him. I couldn't have that. 3 "As a matter of fact, yes" I smirk and stand up He smirks back. Satisfaction radiating on his face.

This time around, Ava was going to die. Even if I have to kill her myself.

Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M Chapter 27

Rushing to her Rowan "Boss?" Drake called, his voice unusually shaky.

I disengage from Emma, who was lying on my chest while we watched a movie. It had taken a lot to finally get her to forgive me. I didn't mean to hurt her more than I already have. I wanted things to go back to how they were when we were younger.

I was still confused as fuck and I didn't know what the hell I was doing. Kissing one sister while in a relationship and in love with another. I can still feel the taste of Ava's lips days after but just like with everything about her, I push her and the kiss to the back of my mind. 1 I've waited so long to be with Emma. I wasn't about to ruin my chances with her again. Whatever I was feeling for Ava was nothing. Apart from Noah, Emma was my world, she has always been. I wasn't going to let anything get in the way of that again.

"What?!" I ask him in irritation, pissed off that he interrupted my date night with Emma.

Today I was supposed to spend the night at her place. None of us wanted to go out, so we decided on a movie instead.

He hesitates for a moment, which was uncharacteristic of him.

“Spit it out Drake, I don’t have all fucking night” Emma looks at me in question, but I just shake my head at her. I stand up and move a few feet away and she goes back to watching the movie.

“An intruder broke into Ava’s house. I think it’s the same person that has been after her”
“What?” I snarl.

I don’t hear anything after that. My heart is beating wildly. Fear gripping me like a fucking vice. I start moving. Putting my shoes and coat on.

“Ro, what’s wrong?” Emma asks worriedly.

I see her mouth moving but her words don’t register or make any sense. I just had this need to leave. To go and make sure that Ava was safe. That she was okay.

1/5 “I need to leave” I mumble and open her door.

I hear her calling my name but I ignore her. My mind and focus on getting to Ava as soon as possible. It’s like someone else was in control of my body.

I was on autopilot as I got down to the underground parking and get into my car. My heart breaking over and over again as I imagined the worst case scenario.

How the fuck did he get into her house? Where the hell was Drake? I was going to fire his sorry ass and beat the shit out of him if so much as Ava’s hair was harmed.

Breaking all the speed limits, I get to her house just as the cops do. I notice neighbors coming out of their homes, probably wondering why the cops were here at almost eleven o’clock at night.

I get into her house and my heart stops when I see her. She had a cut on her forehead, her lip was split and the left side of her face red, as if she had been hit.

Rage consumes me. It wasn’t that long she was in the hospital and now this. I was going to kill whoever did this to her and I was going to make it fucking painful.

I take a seat on her right and turn my eyes to Drake. My fury directed at him, the need to bury him. alive consuming. He was supposed to be watching over her. What the fuck was I paying him for if he couldn’t look after her?

“Are you okay?” the question draws my attention back to Ava.

Ethan was holding her hand tenderly. I wanted nothing more than to rip her hand from his. He had no right holding her like she was his.

“My head hurts” she replies softly.

I know Ava, and I know she was fighting back tears. I can't imagine what she felt when she was attacked. All alone in her house.

She closes her eyes and leans her head back against the couch.

"Hey, keep your eyes open, talk to me...tell me what happened" "I'm really tired and I just want to go to sleep, Rowan" her voice is small.

The vulnerability in her tone almost brings me down to my knees. I wanted nothing more than to pull her in my arms and hold her. Which was just weird because I've never felt anything like this towards Ava.

2/5 "I know but you have to wait for the paramedics. We have to make sure you're okay" I wanted to run my finger down her cheek but I stop myself. The action would just confuse the both of us further.

"Okay" she replied and opens her eyes.

Brian cuts in. "Don't worry, they'll be here any minute, meanwhile do you mind if I asked you a couple of questions?" Ava shakes her head and then winces.

Fuck! I run my hand through my hair. She was hurting and it was wreaking havoc inside me.

"Good. Can you describe to me what the man that attacked you look like?" Brian asks her.

1 She takes a deep breath. "He had a mask on, so I can't tell you how he looked. But he had shaggy brown hair, he was fairly tall, maybe around six foot tall and he was built like a tank" "Anything else?" "No...that's all" "Did he say anything? Like why he was after you?" "Yes, he said he wasn't part of any gang but that someone promised to pay him a huge amount of money if he killed me. He didn't mention a name or who he was working for though" her hand was shaking by the time she finished speaking.

The more I heard the fucking scared and angry I became. I didn't want to imagine that someone was after her, but here was the proof. Staring right at us.

"So, I was right after all. Her attacks have nothing to do with the threats that were made on both families. Which means someone else is after her" Brian says more to himself than us.

"But why would anyone be after her?" Ethan asks the question that's been running rampant in my head.

It didn't make any fucking sense. Ava didn't have enemies mainly because she kept to herself. Her life consisted of her work and our son. So why would someone want her dead? And who could the person be? (3)

“That’s what I can’t figure out for now” Brian answers frowning. “The fact that whoever it is, is will go to any length to make sure the job is done” I was about to speak when an officer interrupts us.

“Sir, we found blood on the kitchen floor” he says.

Brian turns to Ava. “Is the blood yours or your attacker?” “Probably his. I managed to hit him with a lamp and then stab him with his knife” For the first time since Ava’s case began, Brian smiles. “This is just perfect. Swipe the blood as evidence. We can run a DNA match on our systems and figure out who it belongs to” The cop quickly rushes back to do as he was told. Finally, maybe we can get this bastard and when we do, he won’t live long enough to get to his trial date. I’ll make sure of that.

Jim and Mike enter the room.

“We weren’t able to get him, boss” Jim informs me and Drake curses.

“How is it that a man that has been stabbed is able to escape you?” I asked in annoyance.

Mike gulps. “My guess is that he knows the area well, that he has been keeping in the shadows and watching her for some time. It’s probably the reason why we never noticed him” “That makes sense” Brian adds. “He might have even been watching her for months and used the Reapers’ involvement as the perfect cover up. ‘Reapers’ Angels is the criminal gang that had threatened us.

“They were probably hoping to kill her that first time and no one would have been the wiser. We would all have thought that the Reapers were responsible for her death” Ethan concludes.

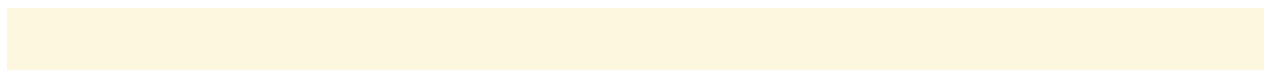
“Exactly” Brian agrees, snapping his fingers.

I feel Ava shaking beside me just as the siren’s for the medics are heard. Seconds later they rush in. Two of them head for Ava while one heads for Drake. Both Ethan and I move to give them space to check out Ava.

My phone rings and I pull it out of my pocket. I curse when I see Emma’s name flashing. Damn it! I had completely forgotten about her. I feel my frustration building up. Frustration at this situation with Ava and my relationship with Emma.

This time I’m not sure she’ll be an forgiving especially if she learns that I left her the moment i beard that Ava was attacked My reaction was was the problem. Even I can tell that my reaction was too strong especially for someone who claims to have no feelings towards his ex wife.

How the hell was I going to explain to Emma that Ava meant nothing to me when I rushed to het the minute I heard she was in danger? Fuck my life. Things had just gotten more complicated.



Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M Chapter 28

Lucky woman Anonymous POV.

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This time around, Ava was going to die. Even if I have to kill her myself.

Ex-Husband’s Regret by Evelyn M.M Chapter 29

A kiss Ava.

I am still recovering from my attack. I am mentally and physically battered and I just want all this to be over. Three times someone has tried to kill me. Three times I managed to survive. I just don’t know when my luck will run out because at this point whoever wants me dead seems hell-bent on making sure I don’t see Noah again.

I shiver when I remember how close to meeting my maker I had been. He had been right there in my house. He’d planned to rape me there before killing me. Tears fill my eyes and it takes everything in me not to let them fall.

I've cried enough this past few days. I was tired of it, but I just didn't understand why. Why would anyone want me dead? I haven't wronged anyone, well except for Emma. Even with her, she was now with Rowan so that should have absolved me of my sins. I didn't deserve what was happening to me.

My greatest fear was that they succeed. It would mean that I don't get to see my boy growing up.

That I would miss all the milestones in his life and it saddened me. The thought of that potential future broke my heart into a million different pieces.

"Are you okay miss?" someone asks me.

I look up to find an elderly woman staring at me with concern. Her kind eyes assessing my face. It was still a bit bruised but at least the swelling had gone down. Now I just had the healing lip, black eye and purple cheek.

"I'm okay, thank you" I try to smile, but I just don't feel like it.

I've been in a kind of funk since my attack happened. I'm just going through the motions. Nothing feels real, it all just feels like a bad dream. I was still waiting for myself to wake up. Deep down I know that this is real, but a part of me thinks if just pretend then it will all go away.

"You don't look okay...Do you want me to call someone for you?" she asks.

If only everyone was like this woman, then the world would be a better place. I'm a stranger to her, yet she approached me in the middle of an aisle in a store because she noticed that I was losing it.

"There is no need. I'm okay, just a bit overwhelmed" I assure her.

She looks at me skeptically. I force myself to smile. I was grateful for her concern, but I just wanted to be left alone.

She gets closer and squeezes my hand. "Things will get better. Always have faith" With that she gives me one final look before leaving. I heave a sigh of relief before going back to looking at the rows of soup containers.

"Wow, you look like hell" the annoying mocking voice cause me to turn sharply.

Damn it, I wasn't in any mood to deal with her.

I try to ignore her, but like always it seems like she wants to pick a fight.

"Did someone finally put your in place when you tried stealing her man too?" Christine, Rowan's secretary sneers.

I clench my hands in fists. She was baiting me and I knew it. Everyone in the city knew what happened to me. Someone had managed to leak the story and the media had been running wild with it. They had also managed to find out about the previous attempts on my life. So far Rowan.

was trying to find out who had leaked the story after he had buried the other two.

Christine has never liked me. She would always take any chance she got to put me down and tear me a part. Of course Rowan never believed me when I told him she was a bitch to me. He always took her side, claiming that I'm the one that probably provoked her first. 2 "I'm not sure what you're trying to achieve when I know you know full well exactly what happened to me" I tell her calmly.

"I'm not trying to achieve anything just stating facts. I wouldn't be surprised if whoever wanted you dead was a woman you tried stealing her man, after all, that's what you are good at. Stealing other women's men because you're a slut" 1 I run my eyes down her body then back up. She looked elegant and impeccable like always while I looked like I had gone a few rounds with a MMA fighter.

"All these years and you still tell me the same things, don't you ever come up with something new? It's tiring hearing the same shit over and over again" I mock.

She looks at me shocked, Probably because I talked back. It's something I've never done. Always afraid of fighting back and getting on Rowan's bad side. This time though, I had nothing to lose.

2/5 She recovers quickly and gives me an evil smile. "How does it feel to lose Rowan? Does it hurt knowing that he's with your sister right now?" Of course it hurts, sometimes, but I'm slowly starting to let go of him. I'm slowly starting to kill the love I have for him. It also helps that Ethan distracts me from thoughts of my ex-husband.

"Christine, you did everything to get me out of the way thinking Rowan will notice you. Even when we were married, you tried your best to seduce him but he never reciprocated. Sure, he didn't love me but I was his wife while you were nothing but a mere secretary one he had no interest in. So, I pose the same question back, how does it feel to know you will never be his woman? That he will never see you as anything other than his secretary. How does it feel to know that he doesn't consider you woman enough? That he preferred to fuck me even though he hated me rather than take you as his mistress? And how does it feel to know that you won't stand a chance now that Emma was back?" I smirk, feeling happy that I finally spoke up.

"You ugly bitch!" she snarls before lunging at me.

I manage to side step her in time and she trips on her extremely high and expensive heels.

Getting up quickly she comes at me. I don't think when I take the carton of milk in my cart and throw it at her.

I watch as it drenches her dress. Both of us staring in shock. With what I can only describe as a war cry, she comes at me. Seething and screaming like a banshee. I take whatever I can get my hands on and throw it at her.

We attract a small crowd and one or two of them had their phones out. It was a damn mess. Just as she was about to slap me, someone grabs her by the waist. Another on grabs me and pulls me in the opposite direction.

“Let me go!” I scream.

They don’t listen. Not until I’m pushed outside the store. The other guy soon arrives with Christine, who was kicking and screaming.

“You two are banned from this store. If I so much as see you near it, I will call the cops on you” a man who I assume is the manager seethes before he walks back inside the store.

“This is all you damn fault” Christine screams.

“My fault? I’m not the one who attacked first. I was just defending myself from a deranged woman who wanted to harm me” 3/5 “I swear you’ll pay for this Ava. Mark my words” with that she turns and stomps away.

I sigh and head towards my beat up car. I get up and drive home with mixed feelings. Happy that I had finally put Christine in her place and angry that I had let her taunts get to me.

It’s not a secret that she’d always wanted Rowan. Rowan never noticed her and her desire though, so she took out his rejection out on me. I push those thoughts away and focus on driving.

For the first time since this day started, I feel happiness when I pull into my driveway and see Ethan seated on the steps to my house. I park my car and get out.

“Where were you?” he asks standing up. “I was worried when I called you and you didn’t pick up” “Sorry! I forgot it at home when I went to the store to buy some groceries” I answer him as I open the door.

I usher him inside and lead him to the kitchen.

“Really? So where are the groceries?” I look at him sheepishly. “I got into a fight with someone and I got kicked out of the store. In fact they banned me from ever stepping a foot there” “What?!” he snarls.

“I know it was foolish of me but Christine has been bitch to me for as long as I can remember. I was just tired of putting up with her” I answer in a low voice.

I waited for him to berate me for my actions. It's something that Rowan would do. He would tell me to stop acting like a child and to grow up. To stop seeking attention by getting into fights with his secretary.

To my surprise, Ethan pulls me into his arms. His hand resting on my hip. He tips my chin up so that I'm staring at his hypnotizing blue eyes.

"I'm glad you are okay, that she didn't hurt you" he begins. "You should never feel bad for defending yourself, Ava. Whether it's mentally or physically. I'm proud of you, proud that you finally put her in her place" I'm mesmerized by him. His eyes, his strong jawline, his lips. It's like he cast a spell on me. I watch in a trance as his head lowers. My heart beating wildly in my chest. His lips connect with mine, his tongue tangles with mine, sealing our mouths together.

Hurting my baby Are you sure about what you're doing Ava" Letty asks me in concern was getting ready to go to Noah's achool Today was the parent teacher meeting that was held online and was supposed to meet Roman there hey had called to know if we could hang out since we haven't seen each other in a while When!

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She sighs as if she's dealing with a stubborn child. "I just want you to be sure you're dating him for the right reasons. Using one guy to get over another never works. It just makes shit complicated." "I hear you" I tell her dismissively. "Now, I have to hang up since I'm about to leave" "Fine. We're still on for Wednesday, right?" "Definitely" After saying goodbye, I hang up. I check the time and it was one in the afternoon. I was still irritated with this meeting. I mean, who holds a parent/teacher meeting on Saturday. As if that wasn't bad enough, they schedule it for afternoon?

After taking what I need, I lock up and leave. I get into my car and drive off.

As I drove, I couldn't help but think about what Letty said. She was right, I had no experience with the dating scene. I didn't know what Ethan wanted or expected. Did he want a relationship or just a fuck buddy?

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He makes me forget about Rowan and my love for him. I'm afraid that's the main reason I'm drawn to him.

I drive to the parking lot, turn the ignition off and get out. I survey the expensive cars lining the lot. I begin walking and notice some of the parents sneering at me. Of course my car wasn't expensive and I wasn't dressed head to toe in Gucci.

This is one of the things I hated about this world. These people placed social status and the size of your bank account above everything else. They look down on people who they view as poor and they don't even bother hiding their disdain for them.

I've grown up around wealth but I swore from a young age never to be like them. Never to place money above the value of another person.

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I check my watch. It was already three and Rowan wasn't here yet.

Taking out my phone, I call him. It goes straight to voice mail. With each second that passes, I feel my anger rise. Two hours later, I've had enough so I call Gabe.

"Hello?" he answers gruffly.

"Hi, Gabriel, it's me, Ava..." he cuts me off before I can finish.

"I know it's you, Ava, I have your number" I'm quiet for a while. Surprised that he had my number given he used to blame me for ruining his brother's life and destroying his chance at happiness with Emma.

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The entire time Mrs. Smith talks about Noah’s excellent and stellar performance in school, my anger rises up. Noah was sad and his face showed. I hated seeing him like this.

By the time we’re done, I was beyond furious.

I force a smile and thank Noah’s teacher before leaving the classroom.

“Why didn’t he come mommy? He promised me he would. I wanted him to hear what a good student I was. That I was top of my class” he says sadly, tears filling his eyes.

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He doesn’t answer. Just continues staring into nothing with silent tears running down his face. He looks so lost. When he doesn’t move or say anything, Joyce tells me that they’ll look after him before ending the call.

I stomp out of the school and head towards the parking lot. Most cars were already gone.

I was just about to get into my own when I see Rowan’s black Mercedes drives in. He parks, gets out and rushes to me.

“I’m so fucking sorry I’m late...is the meeting over?” he was dressed casually, something that is very rare for him.

“Obviously, given it’s almost six thirty four fucking hours after you were supposed to be here” I shouted on murder “I know you’re angry, but...” “Angry doesn’t begin to cover what I fucking feel right now Rowan” “Ava...” “No! Do you know I had to call Gabe? Imagine my shock when I learned you were out with Emma. I don’t even fucking care that you were with her.

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A teacher walks past us. She gives us a small wave before climbing into her car. I tried mastering a smile but I just couldn’t.

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He looks taken aback by my outburst and threat. He stares at me like he didn’t know who I was. I ignore that look.

Ex-Husband’s Regret by Evelyn M.M Chapter 30

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He looks taken aback by my outburst and threat. He stares at me like he didn’t know who I was. I ignore that look.

I don’t like her Rowan.

I stare at my hands. My mom speaks softly to me. “I’m sorry Ro, but he refuses to come to talk to you” I’ve never been this hurt. Not even when Emma broke up with me and left. Noah is angry with me and has refused to answer my calls. Ava was right, Noah should come first and yet I let him down.

I’d decided to take Emma out on my yacht. It was to afford us privacy to talk. She wasn’t very happy after she learned that I had left her to rush to Ava’s side. It was my way of making it up to her. Unfortunately I’d lost complete track of time and my phone’s battery died.

I’ve never seen Ava angry, and yesterday she took me by surprise. The fact that she stood up for Noah and called me out on my behavior left me feeling sort of proud of her. She had a backbone.

after all. It was nice to see that.

“Rowan?” my mom calls out. “I’m going to hang up now” “No, please bring him to the phone. I want to apologize to him” Never has Noah ever refused to talk to me. It was crushing me to know that I had let him down. That I had broken my promise to him.

Mom sighs. “You hurt him, Rowan. He was so excited yesterday. He was looking forward to you hearing all his accomplishments.

He cried while he was talking to Ava after the meeting. Noah never cries and yet you managed to bring forth tears from him” I stare at the wall feeling like the worst scum of the world. I didn’t have a fucking excuse. I should have been in school like I had promised. Instead I was enticing Emma into forgiving me yet again.

“I know that...I heave a breath out, feeling defeated.

“Do you? You’re not the one who had to watch him cry and console him. I’m happy that Emma is back so you can stop hurting and I understand you two are trying to work things out but that doesn’t mean you neglect your responsibilities. You have a son Rowan, he should always come first “You don’t have to tell me that, Ava already chewed my ear off yesterday” I ran my hand through “As she should. She’s a mother and we mothers will do anything for our child even if it means going up against their dad” she finishes, shocking me completely.

Never and I mean never has my mother ever taken Ava’s side. If there was someone who was against Ava from the start, it’s my mother.

“I get it, but can you please try and coerce him into talking to me?” I beg her, something I’m not used to.

She pauses for a while before agreeing. I stay on the phone. Minutes pass and I almost hang up in surrender.

“Hello” comes Noah’s soft voice.

“Hey bud” I begin not really sure what to tell him. “I’m so sorry I didn’t make it to your school yesterday. I got held up somewhere and lost track of time, but I was told that...” He cuts me off before I can finish my sentence.

“It’s because of her isn’t it? Mommy’s sister. She’s the reason why you didn’t go to my teacher’s meeting” his words catch me off guard.

I can’t help the anger that I feel slowly rising. Did Ava tell him about Emma? Was it a way for her to spite me?

“Who told you this, is it your mother?” I ask trying to force the anger down “I’m eight not stupid dad, mommy didn’t tell me anything” I hear a change in his voice and frown.

“What do you mean?” “I saw her in your house that day I called. What was she doing there at night if she’s not your girlfriend? I asked mommy and she told me that I should talk about it with you” he answers leaving me shocked yet again.

Emma has been to my home twice, I didn’t know that during one of those times, Noah had seen her I thought that I would have time before I tell him everything “Buddy “Just know that I don’t like her, I will never accept her if you marry her.” He states firmly Fuck, why the hell did I think that Noah would accept her? He was loyal to Ava. Sometimes I think he loves her more. 2 “Is it because she’s not your mother?” maybe he just had a problem with Emma because she wasn’t his mother. Maybe he just feels like she’s taking his mother’s place.

“I just don’t like. Plus she’s mommy’s sister, that’s just wrong dad” he says as a matter of fact. 2 Is it a coincidence that Noah shares the same dislike Ava has for Emma? Could it be that she has been poisoning our son against Emma? I wouldn’t be surprised if she was. 2 “Listen, Noah, I’m dating Emma and I expect you to treat her with respect. One day I’ll probably marry her and

she'll be your step mother. You'll have to get used to seeing her around" I needed to nip whatever was growing inside him. Noah had to understand that Emma wasn't going anywhere.

"Never" he shouts defiantly through the phone.

"Noah..." "If you like her then fine but just know I will never accept her. I will never like her and she will never be any kind of mother to me." He all but growls.

Before I can say anything else, he hangs up the phone. I immediately call again but it's switched off. I stare at my phone dumbfounded. Not understanding what the hell had gotten into him.

He has never been hateful towards anyone, but for some reason he hates Emma even though he doesn't even know. 3 I feel like I've just made everything worse. That he was now even more pissed at me.

I don't get the time to dwell on those thoughts. The door to my mansion opens and Emma walks in smiling. I had given her a key a few weeks back.

I look at her beautiful face. We were finally together after such a long fucking time. I thought that things would fall into place and yet the opposite seemed to be happening. Everything seemed to be working against us.

"Rowan?" she calls me "What Emma?" I was frustrated by Noah's behavior and his reaction towards Emma.

How could I be with her if son is against it? What the fuck was I supposed to do.

"Talk to me Ro, you know I'm here for you" she pleads.

Her broken voice makes me look at her. Her eyes were pleading. Like she truly wanted to share in what was weighing me down.

I ran my hand through my hair and release a sigh.

"I got into a disagreement with Noah" I confess.

A frown mars her beautiful face. "Is it about yesterday?" "Part of it, but majority is that he saw you here one day. He doesn't like it and apparently he doesn't like you. How am I supposed to deal with this? I love you both and I will never choose. So how am I supposed to be with you when my son doesn't like you?" I ask. Noah had placed me in a hard place. @

She's quiet for a while. She stares into nothing before her blue eyes come back to mine.

"Is this the reason why you've been distant? I've been back for a couple of months and you're yet to kiss me or touch me. Is Noah's reluctance to accept me holding you back?" What could I

fucking say? Every time I want to kiss her or she wants to kiss me, something hold me back. Instead I find myself pushing her away or pecking her cheek or forehead but never her mouth.

Is something wrong with because I just didn't understand. I've pinning for this woman since I was twenty one and now that I have her, I can't even bring myself to kiss her.

"Yes" I lie to her. There was no need to hurt her more than I already have.

We stay quiet. My mind reeling from my thoughts.

