

Ex Husband 291

Chapter 291

I was in the kitchen contemplating what to do about the Emma issue. Travis left a few hours ago after he basically begged the entire time. It was now four, and I expected Noah to come home anytime now. Rowan would be home at five or six, so I still had time to think.

Emma and I never really saw eye-to-eye. Mostly because I was jealous she had the guy I wanted. She used to mainly ignore me and behave like I didn't exist. The only time she was violent and hostile towards

me was after she found out Rowan and I slept together.

I don't blame her, though. I would have reacted in the same manner. So I've never really held a grudge for the way she treated me after she found out the truth. This new Emma, though, is different. I honestly don't understand if her heartbreak drove her to become this way or if something else happened along the way. 2

Travis, on the other hand, has always been hostile. His snide remarks and his angry and disgusted gazes,

not to mention how he would literally go out of his way to emotionally hurt me.

All these make me question whether I should help him or not. I mean, does he even have any right to ask

this of me? And would it be cruel or selfish of me if I didn't talk to Rowan on their behalf? It's not like I

owe them anything in any case.

A frustrated scream, followed by a loud bang, pulls me from my thoughts. I get down from the bar stool,

leaving my half-eaten bowl of ice cream, and rush to the living room.

I'm surprised to find Noah, who looked as if he was about to murder someone.

Throwing his bag pack angrily on the sofa, he lets out yet another growl filled with anger and frustration.

"What is it, my love?" I ask gently while approaching him cautiously. "What's got you so angry?"

He looks up at me. I see the fire burning behind grey eyes that are similar to his dad. Noah is chilled, and

nothing ever fazes the boy. So whatever made him angry must be pretty significant.

"It's that girl again!" he yells and starts pacing.

"What girl?"

"Sierral

He shouts her name as if it were something vile and disgusting. Like he couldn't even stand the taste of it on his lips.

The girl who left you a note?"

He nods his head.

"Okay so what did she did this time?" I ask curiously.

Whoever this girl is, I have to hand it to her. She was able to ruffle my boy's feather. That's an

accomplishment.

Pink taints his cheek as he mumbles some words.

“You’ve got to speak up, Noah. I didn’t get a word you said”

He inhales sharply before saying. “She said that one day she’s going to marry me and that we’ll have lots of babies.”

I swear I try to keep all seriousness and any amusement from reflecting on my face, but it’s a damn losing

battle.

“Mom!” He stares daggers at me. “This isn’t funny.”

“I’m sorry, Noah.” I pull him to me, but he resists my embrace.

“I’m guessing you don’t like her?”

“Of course not. I find her really annoying; in fact, I hate her,” he pauses. “If I ever marry someone, then it’ll be someone like you. Classy, elegant, and beautiful. Someone really smart. Not a girl who finds mud and

bugs interesting.”

I just stare at him, noticing the stubborn glint in his eyes. Noah was going to be a force to be reckoned with when he grows. I mean, damn, he’s only ten and already knows what he wants in life and his wife.

“Did you talk to her like I told you?”

“Yes, but she wouldn’t listen.”

I honestly didn’t know how to handle the situation. Aside from annoying him, Sierra didn’t seem like she was causing any harm.

“First of all, you shouldn’t hate on anybody...”.

But she...”

No, but, Noah” I scold him. “I’ve already told you this multiple times. Hating someone takes a lot of energy which would have been used in doing something productive.”

Reluctantly, he nods his head.

+15 BONUS

“Second of all, she probably just has a crush on you. It’s normal for both boys and girls to have crushes on each other; it shouldn’t worry you because crushes fade after some time, especially as you grow older, so don’t let it get to you. If it becomes too much, just talk to your teacher about it, okay?”

Well, I hope that I am right and that it’s just a stupid crush. If it’s something else, something like what I felt for Rowan at that age, then the girl will be in serious trouble. I know firsthand what unrequited love feels

like. It hurts like a motherfucking bitch.

“Qkay, Mom,” he says after a while. This time, more calmly.

I hug him. "Okay, now go change out of your uniform."

"Thank you, Mom," he says, kissing my cheek. "You always make me feel better."

With that, he takes his bag and runs upstairs, just as the door opens and Rowan walks in.

"What are you doing, kneeling on the floor?" He looks puzzled as he stares at me.

"You're home early."

"Yeah...I decided to come finish the rest of my work at home," he replies. "You still haven't answered my question."

"Oh, I was having a talk with Noah. Looks like there is a girl who has a crush on him and won't leave him alone, though according to him, he doesn't like her much."

I expected a lot of things from Rowan. What I didn't expect was him pulling me up from the ground and kissing the daylight out of me.

When he finally pulls away, he is grinning while I'm doing all I can to recover from the scorching kiss.

"It reminds me of us. How you were always up in my space and following me around. I used to hate it back then, and it drove me fucking insane, but now I can't get enough of you... Maybe our son has met his

soulmate."

I just smiled, not saying a word. He gives me a peck before telling me that he'll be in his office. He leaves,

and I'm left standing in the middle of the living room, my heart in a tight fist.

Rowan is right. This is how we began.

My only prayer is that, for Sierra's sake, what she feels is nothing more than a crush, because I couldn't

bear it if history repeated itself with our son and a girl was hurt in the process like I was.

Chapter 292

"Are you okay, baby?" -ask Noah as we have our dinner.

Rowan usually joins us for dinner, but not today. There was a business proposal he was going through. Not that he needs it, given that he has already accomplished so much for the company, but the

opportunity was too great to pass up.

He was on the verge of acquiring two of the top business companies in Paris. The merger, according to him, would take their company to new levels. That merger would see the Wood's company rise to the top

three most influential and successful companies in the world.

"Nothing, Mom, just thinking of how to deal with Sierra." Noah mumbles, pushing his food around on the

plate.

The matter has him stressed; it's clear to see. I just don't know how to help him. I don't want to get involved unless maybe Sierra crosses a limit, though my heart doubts she would. I also want Noah to learn to be independent. I don't want him to always rely on me or his father to solve his problems for him.

"Have you come up with anything so far?" I ask, pushing my empty plate.

"Not really," he sighs in defeat. "I guess I'll just have to avoid her as much as I can. It would be so much easier if, by some miracle, she got transferred to another class."

"I could always ask the principal to transfer you," I suggest.

I mean, if this bothered him this much, it's the least I could do. I wanted Noah to focus on his studies. Not to spend most of time trying to avoid a girl that seemed hell bent on attaching herself to him like an octopus.

I chuckle internally at that. Knowing very well that I couldn't blame. There was just something about these Wood men. Rowan completely hypnotized me when I was a kid. I think the same thing was happening to Sierra.

"No!" His voice is firm as he all but screams the words. "I don't want to leave my friends. Gunner is also in my class. I don't want to be separated from him."

I nod my head in understanding. "Okay"

When I learned about Gunner, I was stunned. I've yet to meet the boy, but I was shocked that Calvin's son was best friends with my son. Calvin and Rowan despised each other in high school. It's really a twist of fate that their sons ended up being the best of friends.

He doesn't call me mommy as much as he did when he was younger, but every time he does, it just melts my heart into a complete mush.

Seconds later, Teresa shows up and clears the table. I try to help, but the stubborn woman refuses.

"I'm going to sleep," Noah informs me.

"Okay, my love... I'll be there in a few, once I'm done checking on your sister."

He yawns and then nods his head before going upstairs. After making sure everything is okay and that

Teresa doesn't need help, I head on up.

I check on Iris only to find her soundly asleep. I'd feed her right before dinner, and she fell asleep

immediately. Quietly, I leave her room and head over to Noah's.

"Noah?" I call, but don't get an answer.

I was sprawled on top of the covers, completely out. I guess Sierra's antics not only pissed him off, but

also drained him.

Walking slowly further into his room, I get him under the covers. Once he is settled, I cover him with his Avenger's blanket.

He was a superhero fan, but then again, which boy his age isn't?

I leave his room after kissing his forehead and making sure he's well tucked in.

The house is so damn quiet now. While Teresa was finishing up before heading to her quarters, I decided to take a bath. The issue of Emma was still on my mind. I was still unable to decide what to do about it.

I thought the shower would clear my head, but it was in vain. By the time I'm done, I'm still as confused as I was after Travis begged me for help.

I put on my sleeping gown, then my robe. Since Rowan wasn't here yet, I decide to check whether he was almost done with work.

"I'll be leaving now, Ava," Teresa tells me as I pass by the kitchen.

Chapter 293

"Has Rowan eaten?"

"Not yet; he told me that he would eat after he was done and that I shouldn't trouble myself."

I nod my head. "Okay, then, have a goodnight."

"Goodnight too"

After she leaves, I make a plate for Rowan. Who knows how long it would be before he finished up. He couldn't run on an empty stomach. Once I'm done, I take the plate and head to his office.

The door was open, but I still knocked.

He looks up from the papers he was going through. Though he looked tired, probably from lack of sleep,

he still looked so fucking hot.

“You know you don’t have to knock, Ava,” he says as he leans back against his chair.

I want to remind him that it wasn’t like that before, but I refrain from it. In the past, he wouldn’t even allow

me anywhere near his office. Especially when he was inside it.

“I brought you dinner,” I tell him, trying to push the past away.

Crossing the room, I place the plate of food in front of him. I was about to round the desk and sit on one of the chairs, but he stops me.

He grasps my hand and pulls me towards him, making me sit on his lap. Not that I minded one bit.

“Hmm, I’ve missed you... I can’t wait for this deal to be sealed so I can spend quality time with you” he murmurs, his voice pulling me into a seductive web.

Unconsciously, I shift around in his lap drawing a groan from him. His arm tightens around my waist as he runs his nose along my neck, sending shivers down my spine.

“You smell divine.”

“It’s my body wash,” I mumble unintelligently.

Damn it. I need to be laid. I wanted sex so bad, but I didn’t know how to ask him for it or how to approach him about it. He was always the one who initiated sex before. I tried once, and he rejected me. I’ve never tried again. I always waited for him to come to me, so that’s what I’m still doing.

“You need to eat, Rowan,” I tell him, breaking the spell.

It would be so easy to take advantage of his tired state. All I had to do was straddle him, open his zip, and push my panties aside. Given how wet I was, he would slide inside me easily, and we would both get what

we wanted.

I can't do that, though. This merger was important to him. I couldn't jeopardize that for sex. Maybe when his head isn't occupied, I'll try seducing him, but not right now.

He sighs, but doesn't say anything. After a while, he begins to eat. I try to get up, but he refuses to let me

go.

“Can I ask you for a favor?” I ask after a while.

He nods.

“Can you please let Emma go?” I plead gently.

This was the right thing to do. I couldn't teach Noah about hatred while I harbored hatred in my heart. It

wouldn't do me any good. I didn't want to hold grudges. I had Rowan. My focus was on building my marriage with him.

The spoon drops from his hand. “Absolutely no”

“Please? What she did was wrong, but I don’t want to hold on to bitterness and anger. I don’t want her punished because I believe that karma is real. I’m doing this for me, Rowan, not her or Travis. I want to heal and move forward and I can only do that by letting go of the past.”

“But she hurt you,” he sighs, refusing to let the issue go.

“Yes, and according to what Travis told me, for two weeks she’s been paying for that mistake. She’s probably learned her lesson.”

He is stubborn, and I can see the reluctance in his eyes. He was fighting the truth of my words.

“Please?” I plead sweetly, cupping his cheek gently.

His eyes focus on mine, and the moment they do, they soften. Love takes over.

I watch as this fierce man melts in front of me. It’s a sight to behold, and I cherish each second I get to see it.

“Fine,” he agrees. “But on one condition.”

“What’s that?” I ask curiously.

He smiles mischievously, making me want to kiss him.

“That you go on a date with me...we’ve never gone on a date. It’s time I changed that”

This time I’m the one that smiles, as happiness and excitement fill me.

Chapter 294

Hey my lovely readers, I do hope that so far this festive holiday has been great on your side. I came here to address a few things. First, it's about the updates. I've been getting some complaints about that. I want you to understand that apart from being a writer I'm also a human being. I have a demanding job, school and a family to take care. Sometimes it's hard to juggle all of them all at once, so my hope is that you'll be understanding.

Chapter 296

Emma.

limp slowly towards my cell. Prison is hell, that's for sure. My job is to prove the innocent and send

criminals to prison. I never thought that I would one day end up here.

I haven't had a good night's sleep since I arrived here about two weeks ago. It's like the moment I walked

into the cell, I was an enemy to all the inmates. For some reason, they hated me, and they proved just

how much they did.

In the back of my mind, I know this is all Rowan's doing. I should never have crossed him. I should never have underestimated what he felt for Ava. The Rowan I knew. My Rowan. He would never have hurt me.

He would never have done anything to cause me pain.

It's safe to say that the boy I loved and treasured all these years is long gone. The boy I fell in love with was nowhere in sight. In his place was a cold-hearted man who would hurt me because I dared to cross

Ava.

I sigh as I finally get to my cell. I was tired and worn out. I haven't had a decent shower or meal since I

stepped into this place.

Every time I was given a meal, one of my cellmates would either knock it out of my hands, spit on it, or forcefully take it from me. I've barely had enough food to keep a dog alive these past two weeks.

As for the shower, most of the time they would just push me out of the cubicles before I could shower. It was all horrifying and terrifying at the same time. All I wanted was to go home, but I'm not even sure

that's possible anymore.

"Look" Joy, one of the meaner inmates says. "Our bitch princess is back"

Whoever her mother is, was wrong about naming her joy. There was nothing joyous about Joy. She didn't bring joy or happiness to those around her. Instead, she brought nothing but misery

I can't tell her that, though. The last time I tried standing up for myself, I ended up with a black eye. I'm really not in the mood to go through that again. The woman was solid as a fucking rock. She had the build of a man, so you can imagine how much it fucking hurt when she hit me.

Instead of answering, I remain quiet. It usually doesn't work, but I still think that keeping my head down and laying low is the best course of action.

I try to maneuver around her so that I can go to my bed but she blocks my path.

"I'm talking to you bitch" she snarls right before she shoves me.

I wasn't prepared for it and because of my hurt leg, I fall on my butt hard. The pain that shoots from my

tail bone and through my spine is intense. Biting my lips, I stop myself from whimpering. It wouldn't do me

good to show any weakness.

I try to get up, but it's nearly impossible, especially with my leg. I twisted it when another inmate tripped me as I was heading to sit at a table in the cafeteria. When I fell, nobody helped me up. Instead, all of them just pointed fingers while laughing as I was wallowing in pain.

I bit my lips even harder to stop myself from crying. The nurse had told me that my ankle would heal better if I rested it and avoided more damage to it. That was now impossible, given that I fell at an awkward angle again.

"The idiot still thinks she's something," Bela, another inmate, says. "She doesn't realize that in here she's

nothing, just like the rest of us."

I don't look up. Instead, I just focus on my ankle. It was now red and swollen. Maybe after they leave me alone, I can go back to the nurse and have her look at it.

I was so focused on my leg that I didn't notice the two women closing in on me. I was taken by surprise when one of them grabbed my hair in a tight grip. This time, I don't hold back. I let out a painful and shocked gasp.

“Please leave me alone” I stammer, feeling so tired and drained.

I knew I should have just kept quiet because Joy smiles cruelly right before she slaps me hard across the face. She raises her palm again and I raise my hands to try to deflect her another of her slap.

“What the hell is going on here?” the booming voice makes them step away from me in fear.

I fold into myself. Shaking like a damn leaf. I honestly don’t know how long I can keep this up. The people here were out to get me and I was afraid that I would eventually end up dead.

“Nothing, we were just having some fun. Weren’t we Emma?” Bela says with a fake smile.

I don’t answer. We all knew that nothing they were doing to me was fun.

“Get up Emma, you’re coming with me”

I don’t argue. It was probably Travis who had come to visit. I struggle, but eventually I manage to get up

and follow the warden out.

Today is your lucky day,” she says as we walk.

instead of answering, I just snorted. There was definitely nothing lucky about today

When we get to a private room, she opens the door, revealing Travis. The tears I was holding begin falling

down my cheek as I rush to him. Well, wobble is more like it.

He takes me into his arms and hugs me, making me feel safe. I let out my pain and frustration. All the

anger and hurt. I cry into his chest until I have no more tears to shed.

“It’s okay, little sis, I’m here to take you home,” he whispers comfortingly in my ear.

At first, his words didn’t register, but when they did, I lifted my head from his chest and just stared at him.

“Really? How did you do it?” I ask.

We had tried everything. I had tried everything. Nothing worked and no one was willing to go against

Rowan. For the first time in my life I witnessed firsthand how ruthless and bloodthirsty Rowan could be.

“I talked to Ava and asked her to have a word with Rowan,” he shrugs. “At first, I didn’t think that she

would, given how cold she was towards me, but today I was called to pick up your release papers. The

judge said that Rowan was doing this as a favor for his wife.”

I just nod my head. I honestly don’t care if Ava talked on my behalf. As long as I was free, it didn’t matter

at all.

After that I’m taken to the office and I’m asked to sign some documents. Then I’m given a chance to

shower after which everything including the clothes I was wearing the day I was arrested are given back

to me. When I’m done, I meet up with Travis and together we walk out of the prison.

It feels so fucking great to see the outside. To breathe in the cool and fresh air.

I give the building one last look. Being there has opened my eyes to a lot of things.

It's time to accept that Rowan is no longer mine. If he can go to such great lengths to hurt me because I hurt Ava, then I need to accept defeat. I may have had his heart once, but it no longer beats for me. It was hard to swallow the bitter pill, but i had no choice. I can no longer hold on to something that is dead and

gone.

Rowan is my past, and he has probably been for a very long time. It was time to move on. It was time to

acknowledge that we were probably never meant to be end game.

As that truth settles into my soul, I feel like a weight has been lifted from my shoulders.

I gel into the car with Travis. He drives off, and I smile, feeling like the chains around me had been

What I didn't notice was that an enemy was also smiling. One that was plotting against me. What none of

us noticed was the enemy that was planning to ruin my life.

Merry Christmas to you and your families, my dear readers. Sending lots and lots of love this festive

If u want read more novels,, so write book name and app name.. i will upload soon...

Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M

Chapter 297

Ava

“Mom, can Gunner come for a sleepover this weekend?” Noah asks, but my mind is billions of galaxies away.

I was filled with nervousness. I know I said I’d visit Ethan when I was ready, but the situation has changed. For some reason, the issue keeps bugging me. Keeps infiltrating my mind day in and day out. I haven’t had the chance to talk to Rowan about it. He clearly hates Ethan. It doesn’t take a genius to figure that out. It’s not that I want to ask his permission or anything like that. I will still go to see Ethan, whether he likes it or not.

What worries me is his reaction. Rowan loves Iris like his own. It’s clear to see that, but like I said, it’s also

clear he despises her father. I’m sure he won’t be too happy about me visiting Ethan. What I’m not sure is

if he’ll hate the idea because he loathes Ethan or because of something else. Maybe it’s both.

“Mom, are you even listening?”

Noah’s frustrated voice brings me back to the present. I hadn’t even noticed that I had zoned out again.

“What were you saying?”

He stares at me with his scrutinizing gray eyes. His mannerism and behavior are so similar to his father’s. I sometimes find it uncanny how alike they were.

He repeats the question after looking upwards. As if he were praying for patience or divine intervention.

Letting out a sigh, I face my son, not really sure how to answer him. I get that Gunner is his best friend, but

I also know that Rowan doesn’t like his dad. Or at least, he never used to like him. I’m not sure if things have changed now that their sons are friends.

The memories of how Calvin and Rowan got into pis sing contests over Emma back when they were in school assault my mind. I didn’t want to think of those days. I didn’t want to think about the time Emma once had Rowan’s heart in her palm.

It still hurts me to know that. Still inflicts unimaginable pain when I remember the years he was cold towards me. Sure, things have changed now, but I can’t help but have doubts. They plague my mind even

when we are asleep, and he's holding me close to him.

It's a constant battle. Especially when I don't understand what changed or what pushed him to abandon his love for Emma and choose me. It also doesn't help that I know he's keeping something from me.

Lying to me.

Part of me is afraid that this is all a dream and that I'll wake up and everything will fade. The other part is afraid that he is playing with me. Toying with me. I may be overthinking, but I'm afraid that he is playing

his ultimate ace card.

I mean, what better way to get revenge on the woman who hurt you? Play the devoted, loving man that she always dreamed of, and then, when she falls for the act, rip her world apart by leaving her and telling

her that it was nothing but a cruel joke. Nothing but revenge for the years he missed having the woman he

loves with him.

"Mom!"

"Sorry, my love. I'm just a bit distracted today."

He looked pissed, and I completely understand why. Pushing those memories and doubts to the back of my mind, I focus on my son.

Whether Rowan's intentions were pure or not, it didn't matter. If he does hurt me, I'll do what I've always

done. Pick up the broken pieces and push forward. It will hurt like a bitch, but I also know that I can live with a broken and dead heart.

Noah lets out a frustrated breath. "So, is it okay for Gunner to come over?"

"How about I talk to your dad when he gets home?" I pull him to me, needing to feel him so I can anchor myself to the present. "If he agrees, then we can have him over the weekend."

His frustrations melt away, and he gives me a blinding smile. I smile back, thinking of how he'll give many

girls sleepless nights when he gets older. Just like his father and uncle did.

"Thank you, mom," he says, kissing my cheek. "I'm going to see if Iris is awake. I've missed her so much."

"Okay"

I watch him as he runs up the stairs. I was so happy and proud of how he loved and cared for Iris. He was also really protective of her. It soothed my heart to know that Iris had someone like Noah in her life. I

didn't. Travis never cared for me, but I am glad that Noah cares for his sister.

I don't know if he knows that she's his half-sister. Deep down, I know he does. He's a very sharp boy, so I know he has already figured out that Rowan isn't Iris's dad. This just makes me love him more. It makes me happy that he has accepted her, even though she has a different dad.

"What are you thinking so hard about?" His deep voice startles me, making me jump a little.

"You're home"

He drops on the couch next to me. Without warning, he pulls onto his laps before proceeding to kiss me. His kisses and the intimacy between us are something I will never get used to. Sure, we haven't had sex, but the way he kisses me is enough to let me know that the hunger burning inside him is fierce.

He pushes his tongue inside my mouth. I open for him. Getting lost in his masculine scent, the way our mouths are meshed, and how his tongue tangles with mine. I completely forget that we are in the living room, where Noah could walk in on us at any time.

My nipples are pointed peaks. Straining against my bra. I rub my ass against his hardness. Wishing that our clothes would magically disappear and I would have him inside me. The groan he lets out at my teasing travels all the way down to my clit, causing a gush of wetness to gush out of me.

Damn it. I really need to do something about the sexual tension between us. Rowan seems to have pledged celibacy for some unknown reason. I didn't know how to break down his defenses.

Just like always, he pulls away, ending the scorching kiss. He lays his head against mine as we both try to catch our breath.

When the haze clears, I get off his lap and stand up. He was still hard, and I was still turned on. Sitting on his lap like that while feeling the evidence of his arousal would only distract me from what I needed to say.

"What's wrong?" he asks, as if sensing the change in the atmosphere.

He shifts in his seat, as if trying to get comfortable or get rid of his hard on. The bulging tent in his trouser pants was pretty obvious. For a moment, it distracts me as I think of how great his cock would feel in my mouth.

I shake the thought out of my mind, completely shocked at the image playing in my head. Fuck, it was so out of character for me.

"Ava?"

I turn to face my husband, forcing myself to focus on the issue at hand.

"We need to talk."

Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M

Chapter 298

"It's never a good thing when someone starts a sentence like that." His brows pull together in a frown as he stares at me. It was almost as if he was trying to figure out if he did something wrong.

I don't say anything. First of all, I was trying to come down from the high of sexual arousal. Second, I didn't yet know how to broach the subject with him. I was trying my best to put my thoughts in order.

"You're scaring me, Ava," he says, shocking me and making me scoff a bit.

"Nothing scares you."

And it was the damn truth. Nothing ever scared the man standing in front of me. Have things changed that much? Did something happen during the period I couldn't remember to make him afraid?

Standing up, he walks the short distance to where I am standing. Cupping my cheeks, he gives me a small, quick kiss. It wasn't as powerful as the one we had moments ago, but it still weakened my knees

"Before, yes, but now? Now I'm scared of losing you," he pauses as his eyes drill into mine. Showing me the truth and sincerity in his words. "I'm scared of living in a world without you."

I'm taken aback by his confession. Never in a million years did I ever think I would hear Rowan utter such sweet words at me. It felt really good to hear them. It felt like a dream come true.

I used to lie in bed every night, thinking how good it would feel if Rowan wanted me. I wanted him to love me and care for me. I wanted to be the one that his heart beats for. I always imagined how happy I would feel when he told me sweet things.

It was happening now, and it has been happening since I woke up. I can't stop the flutter in my heart or the damn butterflies that are causing havoc inside me.

"You'll never lose me, Rowan." I finally get my mouth to move and say something.

I see the small doubt filter in his eyes. It puzzles me that he doesn't believe me. That part of him doubts and thinks that I'll ever leave him. Why would I? Especially now that I have everything I've always wanted and desired.

Unless he takes the first step and walks away from me, I don't think I ever will. I can't imagine anything that would cause me to walk away from this version of Rowan.

"Trust me," I tell him while holding his hand. "There's nothing that can take me away from you. Not even death

His eyes continue shift between mine. As if he was trying to search for the truth of my words in them. I let

+15 BONUS

from the depths of my soul.

A small smile plays on his lips seconds later, and I know I've convinced him. He goes to kiss me, but I

stop him.

“I’m not going to let you distract me” I say with determination. “We really do need to talk”

He nods his head and then takes my hand. His eyes search the living room. They land on the baby monitor. Without a second thought he grabs it and silently leads us to his office.

“So, what did you want us to talk about?” he asks once we get to his office.

The door is locked, and I watch him as he confidently sits down.

“I want to go see Ethan,” I say, deciding to rip it off like a freaking band aid.

“Over my dead body.” The words are growled rather than said.

The calm atmosphere suddenly becomes charged. The peacefulness and calmness that had come over him completely disappears. In its place is a cold mask and anger.

I feel myself shutting down. I would have accepted his answer like I normally would, but something inside me won’t let me bow down to him. I can’t put my finger on it, but something inside me has changed.

“I wasn’t really asking you. I was just informing you as a freaking courtesy.

I glare at him, letting him see my displeasure. I knew this wasn’t going to be easy, but there was no damn

way I was going to back down.

“You’re not going to see him, Ava. That’s final”

“He’s Iris’s father for f ucks sake, Rowan... Other than chaining me to the f ucking bed, I don’t see how else you’ll stop me from seeing him.”

“That can be arranged.”

“You’re not serious!”

I stare at him, shocked. That he would honestly consider chaining me to a bed boggles me completely. He was truly out of his freaking mind, and all because I wanted to see and meet the father of my daughter?

“I am,” he says through clenched teeth.

Sighing, I throw my hands in the air in frustration. “Give me one good reason why I shouldn’t go. He

“Theo and Nora can always take Iris for a visit. You don’t have to be the one to meet with him”

Did his hate honestly run that deep, or was it something else? I get that Ethan and I had something, but it

was clearly over, just like what was between him and Emma was over. So what was the problem? Didn’t

he trust me around Ethan?

Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M

Chapter 300

I am a nervous wreck. Everything inside is vibrating at an alarming rate. My heart is beating erratically, and my stomach is in knots.

I stare at the prison walls, not really sure if I should go in or not. I don't know whether I've ever visited Ethan before, but it matters. To me, at this very moment, it was like visiting a stranger.

"Are you going to enter, or will you just stare at the walls the whole da mn day? You're wasting my f ucking time," the officer guarding the gate mocks me, his rude behavior showing in the way he was sneering at

me.

I hold Iris tightly in my arms and glare at him.

I understand, but one, he doesn't have to be so rude about it... And second, it was his da mn job to man the guard, so I doubt I was taking any of his precious time.

"What the hell did you just say to me?" I snap.

If there is one thing I hate, it's rudeness, especially when it is uncalled for.

He rolls his eyes. This just angers me more, making me want to slap him.

"You heard me; I don't think you're deaf... And what are you doing here? Are you a druggie? Or maybe you're a prostitute and you've come here to sell your services? If that's the case, then how much? I could use a break and a good time."

I don't know about you, but I find it offensive that he would think that I'm a prostitute. Don't get me wrong; I have nothing against those that are, but to have some assume that about me is just disrespectful.

Dam n it. This isn't how I wanted this day to start. Sure, I was nervous and anxious, but I was also looking forward to seeing the father of my daughter. Now, this pompous a ss has completely ruined my day.

"Do you know who the hell I am?" I snarl, getting up in his space.

I wasn't even inside the premise, yet he decided to treat me like s hit. Was there a law that said I couldn't take a few seconds to calm my nerves down before entering the facility?

"Let me guess, the president of Mars?" he says, his lips twisted up in a sneer.

I feel my lips pull up in a mocking smirk, "I'm Ava Sharp."

At first, his face registers nothing, but then something like a light bulb goes on behind his eyes. Immediately, fear takes over and he face crumbles making him look like he's aged at least a hundred

I took a lucky guess, but I wasn't sure Aly name never used to mean anything to anyone, but I guess things have changed Whether it's because Rowan accepted me, or it's because of my parents of maybe because of Ethan I didn't know, but I wasn't going to complain about it

7m sony Ma'am, I didn't know it was you" he apologizes, but it does nothing to move me.

Your sony means nothing to me" I sneer. "You were rude when it was uncalled for and assumed some pretty nasty things about me"

"It won't happen again, I promise"

I scoff at him. His tune had changed pretty quickly now that he knew who I was, but would it have been the same if I had been no one?

I wasn't fooled. He wasn't truly sorry

"Oh, trust me, it won't happen agam... because you'll soon be getting a call from your superiors" without

giving him another look, I crossed the threshold and entered the facility.

I wasn't sure if I was really going to talk to his superiors, but I also wasn't going to let this go. No one disrespected me. He needed to be taught a lesson.

My anxiety had faded when I was busy with the guard. Now, as I walked towards the big doors with the Word 'VISITORS' written on top of it, my anxiety magnified a thousandfold.

I got to it and entered. Before they could proceed, they asked me for my details and the person I was there to visit. My heart continues thumping as I give them the information. Turns out, that I had visited once before.

After we're done and I'm given a visitor's badge, they lead me Inside.

"Wait here, I'll just go and get him" another guard tells me as he directs me to take a seat at one of the tables.

I comply and sit down. Iris was staring around. Her baby sounds which are usually soothing do nothing to

calm me down. I don't think I will calm down until I meet the man.

Minutes later, the guard leads a handcuffed man towards me.

A memory, or what I think is a memory assaults me. A man was standing outside a house I didn't recognized and he had flowers in his hands. He hands them to me, and I amile right before pecking his lips

As quickly as the memory appears it disappears, leaving me feeling breathless and confused.

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My eyes hack for at venes and Tawers, a wind annealle me returna arul hopes the w

bend out Aten the man uncutte tum, he faces me tre nyes are so bile ar su er to three of

Hallo, A