

Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M Chapter 31

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.

Dead to me Ava.

I was happy today. Not only had my dinner date with Ethan gone well, but I was going to go back to work tomorrow and the day after that will be my birthday.

Just like I had predicted on Saturday, Ethan had managed to help me forget. A few minutes after getting to his place, I was already laughing my ass off.

He cooked, and he didn't disappoint. The food was absolutely delicious. There was just something about a man that can cook and make you laugh. It ended up being a happy and fun night. It got better when I came back home and I was able to talk to Noah.

He had calmed down a bit. We chatted about everything and nothing at all, before he fell asleep still on the phone. It had been the highlight of my day.

I was baking when someone knocked on my door. I was craving some comfort food so I decided on cookies and chocolate cake.

Wiping my hands with the kitchen towel, I went and opened my door. Part of me was shocked when I came face to face with Emma. The other part wasn't. 1 "What do you want, Emma?" I ask in irritation.

The fact that she was here didn't spell good things. The last time she was here, I was almost killed a couple of hours after fighting with her.

Her face is stony when she answers "We need to talk" My whole being rebelled against the idea. Against my better judgement I let her in and lead her to my living room 2 "Say what you came to say and the leave" I take a seat and watch carefully as she does the same.

She is quiet as she surveys my home. She sneers after her inspection is over, I roll my eyes. Of course this doesn't meet her standards It isn't flashy nor expensive. It was simple and homely.

"Are you going to smeei at my home the whole day or are you going to talk? I lean back into the chair and study her.

I doubt Emma knew the difference between a home and a house. Mine was a home, it had a warmth to it while what Emma liked was a huge expensive house that looks clinical and cold.

"I'm here to tell you to stay away from Noah!" she says crossing her legs.

I sigh "Seriously? You came all the way to my house for this nonsense again?" I was getting tired of repeating the same thing over and over again. How will I make her understand that I wasn't one bit interested in Rowan?

The man has caused me so much heartache, so why would I want him back?

"It's not nonsense. He wants to move on with me but you keep dragging him back to you. Can't you just let him go? He doesn't love you for heaven's sake!" The last sentence shouldn't hurt but

it does. I don't want to be reminded that I fell in love with a man that hates me. That even after years of trying, his heart still remained inaccessible to me.

"And how have I dragged him back? hmm?" "The attack two weeks ago. He rushed here in the middle of our movie night just because he heard you were hurt" I shake my head at her. She's considered to be the top lawyer yet she was dumber than an ostrich.

"How's that my fault, Emma. He is your man so why don't you put a fucking leash on him" I snap.

Why the hell were we even having this conversation? Didn't she realize that she won? That she got the guy? That I wanted nothing more than to move on with my life.

I found a great man and I was hoping my relationship with Ethan will lead somewhere. I didn't want the drama with Emma and Rowan affecting what we were building.

"I still think that you're doing all these things to get attention and sympathy from him" she mocks, sneering at me like she said the most intelligent thing.

"Get out!" I stand up and point at the direction of the door.

I was done with her nonsense. I won't allow her to tarnish the joy I was feeling today.

She stands up too. "What? You don't like that I've discovered your plan. It's only a matter of time before everyone realizes that all these attacks are fake" "Are you done showing me how stupid you are?" I ask. "You think I'm faking these attacks, but do you want to know what I think? I think you're behind them. I have no enemies except for you and who would benefit if I were to tragically die? It's you.

With me out of the way you have Rowan all to yourself and you won't have to deal with seeing me around because full custody will go to Rowan" She stares at me as if in shock. Either she's shocked that I figured it out or shocked that I brazenly accused her. I've been thinking about it a lot and it made sense.

Emma could want me dead because of two things. One, revenge and two to cut me off completely ● from Rowan's life because for some stupid reason she felt threatened by me.

"How dare you!" she screams at me.

"No, how dare you, come to my home spouting bullshit. We're no longer kids, Emma, so grow up and act like the fucking adult you are... Now leave, I'm done with your nonsense" 1 She's angry. It's written all over her face. I'm sure if looks could kill then I would be an ancestor by now. It doesn't faze me though. I wasn't going to let any of them walk all over me.

I tap my legs impatiently. “Are you going to leave or do you want me to drag you out?” With a click of her tongue she turns to leave and I sigh in relief. That moment of relief soon ends when she turns to me.

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“I won’t let him get in the way of my relationship simply because he doesn’t like me. He’s a damn brat and once I’m married to Rowan, I’m going to have him shipped to a boarding school. Who does he think he is? He’s still a damn kid and he has no say in adult issues. So you either control the brat or I swear you’ll be seeing twice every year. The sound that echoes takes her by surprise. She swivels her head in my direction. Her hand cradling her cheek “Did you just slap me?” her wide eyes begin to fill with tears.

My hand was tingling from the impact, but I ignored it “Yes, and if you don’t fucking learn rights “You’ll pay for this” she screams before stomping out of my house and banging the door behind her.

How could Rowan want such a woman around Noah? I still couldn’t believe the vile things she said about my son. What the hell happened to Emma? She was never this cruel, aloof yes, but never cruel.

I lean against the wall and catch my breath. My day was now ruined. The happiness I was feeling a few minutes ago had vanished.

The oven dings and I go to take out the cookies. I look at them but the excitement to eat them was now gone. Leaving them to cool, I instead go and watch a movie.

An hour later and my mind was still in turmoil. I didn’t even know what the movie was about. Deciding to take a bath, I switch off the TV.

I was just walking upstairs when the continuous ringing of my doorbell stops me. I sigh in defeat and go to open it, thinking it was one of the many girl or boy scout selling cookies.

Staring at the angry face of Rowan makes me wish I hadn’t opened my door. Before I can react, he pushes me inside then closes the door. He continues pushing until we stop at the space between the foyer, kitchen and living room.

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“You don’t understand” I try to explain my reasons but he doesn’t let me.

“Understand what? That you slapped her for no apparent reason? That you accused her of being the one after you when you have no fucking proof? Or do you want me to understand all the vile things you told her he advances, his eyes blazing.

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won’t let you hurt Emma, you get me, Ava? If you so much as ever lay your filthy hands on her her” he warns, his voice dangerously low.

This was a side to Rowan I’ve never seen and for the first time in my life, I was scared of him “Rowan, it wasn’t like that, she...” He cuts me off. “She what? Fought back against your insults and told you I never loved you? She was fucking right. Listen to me and listen good, Ava, you’re nothing and you will remain to be nothing. You brag to her about sleeping with me when the truth is I fucked you because you were convenient.” He said with an evil glint in his eyes.

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“You tried being descent fuck but you weren’t even good at it. Every time I was inside you, it’s Emma I wanted, it’s Emma I imagined beneath me. Every time I cummed, it’s her face I saw. You were nothing special, just easy and so I used you. I used you like the fucking slut you are” For the second time that day, I slapped someone. His head swivels from the impact of my hand. Tears were rolling down my face. Every word he said cutting me to pieces.

“Leave Rowan, and never step foot inside my house again. Take your bodyguards with you. I don’t want or need your help and I don’t you anywhere near me ever again. From today you’re dead to me” I tell him brokenly, the fight completely leaving my body.

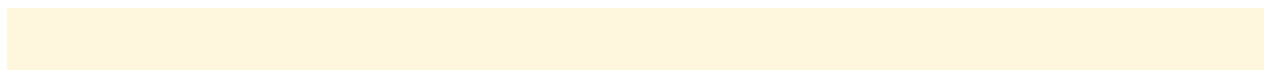
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Drowning my pain My phone rings for the hundredth time today. Letty's name flashes but just like those other times, I ignore her calls. She's been trying to call me since yesterday.

I wasn't in the right frame of mind to talk to her. She was still connected to the world and people I wanted to stay away from. That left me at crossroads. I "Give me another" I ask the bartender immediately after my phone stops ringing.

Today was my birthday and this is how I was celebrating it. Alone in a bar, drinking some fruity kind of concoction, still hurting from Rowan's vile words.

I've tried so much to push those thoughts away. I've tried harder to forget every word he threw at me, but it's hard. They're imprinted in my damn head like a fucking tattoo.

We've been married for years, yet it never crossed my mind that he thought of me as nothing but a slut. That he was using me as a substitute for Emma in bed. My heart has broken over and over again since that day at my house.

I should have been surprised that he chose to believe every single word Emma said but I'm not. It's typical of him to believe everyone except the woman he has lived with for nine fucking years.

Whoever said that words hurts more than punches was right. This time I fear that Rowan might have broken me beyond repair.

"Here" the cute bartender tells me.

He looks at me in sympathy, probably knowing that I was here to drown my sorrows. He must have seen this kind of thing thousands of time.

I take the drink from him, while avoiding his eyes. I didn't need his sympathy. What I need is a new brain. A a new heart that isn't tainted by pain and heartbreak. A soul unmarked by Rowan's cruelty.

If I knew this was the future that awaited me years back, I would have ran for the hills. If I knew loving Rowan would destroy me in this manner, I would have flee to another continent, hell, another planet, just to escape him.

I wish I could smack some sense into my younger self. Maybe then I could have avoided all this heart ache Sipping my drink, I stare into nothing. My mind completely lost. I wasn't drunk yet but I was starting to feel the buzz. That's what I wanted. I needed a break from the constant pain. Drinking my ass off was going to give me that reprieve even if it's just for a few hours.

I down the rest of my drink and look to the dance floor. There were people dancing. I haven't danced in such a long time. I wanted to let loose. After all, today was my fucking birthday.

Getting up, I move to the floor. I close my eyes and let the music take over. I start to move to the beat. Feeling my problems start to fade for a little bit. Here in this moment I could pretend that I was okay. That I wasn't a broken vessel walking. Here in this moment I could pretend that I was whole.

I dance song after song. Trying to chase a type of numbness. I feel people come up behind me to dance, I still don't open my eyes, even when I'm grinding against them.

Some men try to get me to come with them, but I decline. I ignore them and eventually they give up and leave.

When I feel tiredness start to seep into my bones, I stop, open my eyes and head to the bar. I sit down on the barstool and order another drink, just as my phone rings again I was about to ignore it, thinking it was Letty, but instead I see Ethan's name flashing.

I decided to accept the call.

"Hi Ethan" I frown because my voice was a little high pitched than normal.

"Where are you Ava, are you okay? Would you mind telling me why Letty woke me up completely out of her mind with worry saying she hasn't been able to reach you since yesterday?" he asks me worriedly.

I wanted to know how she got his number, but then I remembered that I gave it to her. She had insisted on having it the first day I went out with Ethan, just in case she didn't hear from me.

"I'm okay I just don't want to talk to her right now" I muttered loudly.

The music wasn't too loud but it was loud all the same.

"Are you at a club or something?" he asks just as someone screams that the music playing was their favorite songs.

"Sort of" "Are you drunk?" "Just tipsy" I answer, though I was planning to drink myself to oblivion this once.

"Do you have a designated driver?" I giggle at that. His cop character was coming out to play and I liked that. I also liked that he was concerned about how I would get home.

"No, but I plan to take a taxi" I answered.

"No, you won't Give me ten minutes" he says before hanging up.

I frown at my phone. Wondering why he said that. Deciding that it wasn't that important, I push it to the back of my mind. Today was all about forgetting and letting myself go.

I don't know how long it was when I feel someone sliding in the seat next to mine. I look up and I'm surprised to find Ethan's blue eyes staring at me.

"Ethan, how are you here?" I ask in confusion "I told you I'd be here in ten when we talked, don't you remember?" he asked back I continue staring at him like he was a dream. Still unable to understand how he was here and how he found me.

"I remember, I just didn't take you seriously" He studies me and I study him back. Don't get me wrong, I liked him, but I just didn't want to see him right now. Tonight was my night of drowning my pain.

"What are you doing here, Ava? I've never taken you to be the kind of person to be out drinking at this time of night. Especially not on a school night, aren't you going to work tomorrow?" he frowned. His face etched in worry.

I wasn't going to work tomorrow. After what happened with Rowan, I didn't feel like myself. I had asked the school board for an extension of my temporary leave. They had been pretty understanding especially after I lied that I wasn't fully recovered yet.

"It's my birthday, I just wanted to celebrate" I tell him instead By now the music had been turned off so I didn't have to shout to be heard Majority we "All alone? In a bar, at almost two in the morning?" How do I tell him that I had no one to celebrate my birthday with? That no one even remembers the day I was born? Even when I was married to Rowan, he used to forget and ignore my birthday each year. How do I tell him that my family hates me so much that they stopped celebrating my birthdays nine years ago?!

I shrug my shoulders. "There's no one to celebrate with me. I would have celebrated with Noah but as you know he isn't here. The rest of my family hates me so much that they don't care if I turned a year older" He looks a bit shocked at my words for a moment before recovering. He gets down from his barstool and helps me down. Silently taking my hand, he leads me to a private booth where he helps me sit then sits right next to me.

He then turns and faces. "Why do you say that? I know something happened with your family, it's written all over your face." He pauses for a while before continuing. "Does it have something to do with Rowan, what happened? I see the pain you try to hide. Why do you say your family hates you?" the shoot from his mouth like sharp arrows.

Is I stare at him. If I was going to try and build a relationship with Ethan then I had to come clean. What I did could ruin my image in his eyes but he needed to know the truth either.

I take a deep breath. "It's because when I was eighteen I slept with Emma's boyfriend and ended pregnant."

Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M Chapter 33

Drowning my pain My phone rings for the hundredth time today. Letty's name flashes but just like those other times, I ignore her calls. She's been trying to call me since yesterday.

I wasn't in the right frame of mind to talk to her. She was still connected to the world and people I wanted to stay away from. That left me at crossroads. I "Give me another" I ask the bartender immediately after my phone stops ringing.

Today was my birthday and this is how I was celebrating it. Alone in a bar, drinking some fruity kind of concoction, still hurting from Rowan's vile words.

I've tried so much to push those thoughts away. I've tried harder to forget every word he threw at me, but it's hard. They're imprinted in my damn head like a fucking tattoo.

We've been married for years, yet it never crossed my mind that he thought of me as nothing but a slut. That he was using me as a substitute for Emma in bed. My heart has broken over and over again since that day at my house.

I should have been surprised that he chose to believe every single word Emma said but I'm not. It's typical of him to believe everyone except the woman he has lived with for nine fucking years.

Whoever said that words hurts more than punches was right. This time I fear that Rowan might have broken me beyond repair.

"Here" the cute bartender tells me.

He looks at me in sympathy, probably knowing that I was here to drown my sorrows. He must have seen this kind of thing thousands of time.

I take the drink from him, while avoiding his eyes. I didn't need his sympathy. What I need is a new brain. A a new heart that isn't tainted by pain and heartbreak. A soul unmarked by Rowan's cruelty.

If I knew this was the future that awaited me years back, I would have ran for the hills. If I knew loving Rowan would destroy me in this manner, I would have flee to another continent, hell, another planet, just to escape him.

I wish I could smack some sense into my younger self. Maybe then I could have avoided all this heart ache Sipping my drink, I stare into nothing. My mind completely lost. I wasn't drunk yet but I was starting to feel the buzz. That's what I wanted. I needed a break from the constant pain. Drinking my ass off was going to give me that reprieve even if it's just for a few hours.

I down the rest of my drink and look to the dance floor. There were people dancing. I haven't danced in such a long time. I wanted to let loose. After all, today was my fucking birthday.

Getting up, I move to the floor. I close my eyes and let the music take over. I start to move to the beat. Feeling my problems start to fade for a little bit. Here in this moment I could pretend that I was okay. That I wasn't a broken vessel walking. Here in this moment I could pretend that I was whole.

I dance song after song. Trying to chase a type of numbness. I feel people come up behind me to dance, I still don't open my eyes, even when I'm grinding against them.

Some men try to get me to come with them, but I decline. I ignore them and eventually they give up and leave.

When I feel tiredness start to seep into my bones, I stop, open my eyes and head to the bar. I sit down on the barstool and order another drink, just as my phone rings again I was about to ignore it, thinking it was Letty, but instead I see Ethan's name flashing.

I decided to accept the call.

"Hi Ethan" I frown because my voice was a little high pitched than normal.

"Where are you Ava, are you okay? Would you mind telling me why Letty woke me up completely out of her mind with worry saying she hasn't been able to reach you since yesterday?" he asks me worriedly.

I wanted to know how she got his number, but then I remembered that I gave it to her. She had insisted on having it the first day I went out with Ethan, just in case she didn't hear from me.

"I'm okay I just don't want to talk to her right now" I muttered loudly.

The music wasn't too loud but it was loud all the same.

"Are you at a club or something?" he asks just as someone screams that the music playing was their favorite songs.

"Sort of" "Are you drunk?" "Just tipsy" I answer, though I was planning to drink myself to oblivion this once.

"Do you have a designated driver?" I giggle at that. His cop character was coming out to play and I liked that. I also liked that he was concerned about how I would get home.

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Part of me thinks it's because of Rowan. That my heart and head aren't at peace because he isn't near me anymore. My restlessness started when he joined university two years ago. During the time he's away at Uni, I rarely sleep but when he's home for the breaks, I sleep like a baby.

Groaning at yet another night without sleep, I wake up and check my phone. I'm surprised but it quickly turns to happiness when I see what the notification is.

I paid someone money to install an app that lets me track Rowan every time he's around. Right now it just notified me that he was home.

Jumping out of bed, I get dressed quickly. He was probably back with Emma or maybe Travis or Gabe, but I didn't mind. I just wanted to see him even if it's from a far.

Once I'm done getting ready, I sneak out through my bedroom window. I had the furthest room in the house. It's nearly Impossible for my parents or the maids to hear me leaving.

I get safely down and begin walking. Taking my phone out, I order an Uber.

"This is a terrible idea!" a voice niggles in my sub-consciousness I ignore it. My head is already swimming with visions of my Rowan. I haven't seen him in months and my eyes were dying to feast on him.

"Ava, go back home. You're making a mistake" the voice continues shouting.

I stop in my tracks. That isn't right. Nothing about Rowan would ever be a mistake. Cementing that in my head, I push all other thoughts to the back of my mind.

Minutes later, my ride arrives.

"Please, Ava, turn back" the damn voice pleads with me just as I am getting into the car.

I feel torn. Like I was fighting against my own mind and body. Finally I manage to push the thought aside and get inside the car.

I should have listened to its warning.

Another thirty minutes, we arrive at a bar. I pay the guy and get out. I stare at the dingy place wondering what the hell Rowan was doing here. This wasn't his kind of scene. I Squaring my shoulders, I walk towards it and manage to get in using a fake ID. Quickly, I walk to a hidden spot and survey the place looking for him. I locate him within seconds, surprised to find he was alone.

I stay hidden for a while. Waiting to see if any of the others will arrive but none of them do. He was here alone.

“You’ve feasted your eyes, now let’s leave” damn that stupid voice.

I ignore it completely. This might be my chance to get him to notice me. Now that he was here alone and Emma wasn’t by his side.

I take a deep breath and walk the short distance to him.

“Hey Rowan” I greet shyly.

He turns and gives me a blinding smile. Catching me off guard. We rarely talk and he has always gone to great lengths to ignore and avoid me, so the smile catches me off guard.

“It’s little Ava” he shouts. “How are you doing?” he asks.

It’s then I realize he was completely drunk. That was the only reason he looked so happy and receptive towards me.

I take the chair next to him. Immediately he orders me a drink. I take my first taste and it was disgusting. I have never drunk in my life but I force myself to do it.

“So how’s school?” I ask, feeling myself relax little by little.

He smirks and nudges my shoulder. “Is that really what you want to ask me?” “No, I want to ask what you’re doing here drinking alone but I didn’t want to come off as rude.” He sways in his seat as he leans forward. “Aren’t you sweet” he says then goes back to drinking.

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He ignores me and continues drinking, I continue drinking too and just keep quiet. Waiting for "She doesn't want to marry me" he says after a while.

I stare at him. I was already feeling a kind of buzz.

"Who? Emma?" "Yes, I asked her to marry me. I had the ring and I proposed. I even took her to a special place and got down on one knee. I did everything right but she still turned me down." I look at him in shock. Unable to believe that he had asked her to marry him. I'm hurt, but I push it down.

"She said that she wasn't ready. That she wants to focus on school first. Why didn't she want to marry me? Doesn't she love me?" he asks, his voice full of hurt and pain.

I didn't know what to say. Part of me was glad she turned him down, while the other hurt on his behalf because I could see that it was tearing him apart.

"You are awesome Rowan. If she doesn't want to marry you then that's her loss. I say fuck her, you can do so much better" I raise my drink up.

He stares at me for a while before smiling. "You're right, fuck her" he slurs as he clinks our glasses.

I don't know for how long we stay there. We talk, dance and drink. By the time we were leaving we were both drunk, him more so than me.

He suggest I share his hotel room and I agree. I couldn't go home drunk. My parents would skin me alive given I could barely stand straight.

He calls a cab and a few minutes later we are in his room The moment the door closes behind us, he is on me. Kissing me and touching me. He rips my clothes off until I'm left in nothing but my panties.

"Fuck! I've been waiting for this for so long" he slurs, while removing his own clothes.

I giggle. "Me too..are you sure you want this? You want me?" This seem too good to be true. That I was finally getting the man of my dream.

"Definitely" He leads me to the bed. Everything is a blur. I feel his touch, his kisses and his love. It hurt at first since I was a virgin, but he made it better. Soon we were both climaxing.

"Emma" he groaned her name as he came.

As I drift into nothingness, I can't help but think that something was wrong. He just wouldn't confuse me with my sister right?

"Fuck!" the familiar panicked voice wakes me up.

I open my eyes and sit up in bed wondering what the hell was happening, and why Rowan was in my bedroom.

I'm struck by horror when I see him pacing the room shirtless. It's then I realize that I was naked.

I scramble to get out of bed. Holding the sheets tightly to my chest.

"No, no, no" I start chanting. Fear and panic gripping me.

His eyes turn to me. They're burning with rage and hatred. I try to think back to what happened.

Things are a little blurry. What I thought was a damn dream was not.

"What the fuck happened and what the hell are you doing in my hotel room?" Rowan asks me, anger lacing his voice.

"I-I" the words refuse to leave my mouth.

Not only because I was a mess but also because I didn't know what to explain things. How do I tell him that I had an app that tracks his movement when he's in town? How do I explain that I never planned to sleep with him?

I start picking up my clothes. My hands trembling. The fact that I was sore and winced with each step proved that last night wasn't a dream. I had slept with my sister's boyfriend. The guy she was in love with. The one she planned on having a future with.

"I asked you a fucking question" he shouts, throwing a lamp against the wall.

"I found you at a bar and we started drinking, that's all I remember" I lie even though I remember bits and pieces.

He was livid Guilt was written all over his face. Rowan loved Emma and because of nie he might.

just lose her "And you want me to believe that? You have been after me since I was twelve. I go out to drink and you're just conveniently there?" he growls, firing those questions.

I ignore him and put my clothes as best as I can without flashing him my bits.

"You think I planned all this?" I asks motioning to the room and scattered clothes. "You're not the only one who was drunk, Rowan" I insist.

I might have gone there intentionally but I hadn't planned on getting drunk and losing my virginty to him.

He grips his hair so tightly I'm afraid he'll rip chunks of it off.

"What am I going to do? I thought I was making love to Emma" he cries. "She'll never forgive me for this, she'll hate. I love her so much and because of you I'm going to lose her" I feel hurt. Broken inside. Utterly shattred that he thought I was Emma. I don't remember every single detail, but I thought it was special, and now he tells me that it wasn't me he was making love to.

I look at him and push away my pain. He looked liked he needed someone, so I walk to him and place my hand on his shoulder. Trying to give him comfort.

Instead he reacts violently. He pushes me so forcefully that I fall.

"Don't fucking touch you bitch!" he roars, anger and bitterness radiating off him in waves. I stand up, tears filling my eyes. "Rowan, I never planned on this happening" I can tell he's already lost to me.

"Just fucking leave... I never want to see your face ever again" he says sitting down on the bed, heartbroken. Tears swimming in his eyes.

The look on his face breaks my heart. He looked torn, shattered. I wanted to help him but I knew he wouldn't accept my help. So instead I leave.

I wanted this to be a bad dream, but it wasn't. I had messed up big time.

Two days later 'here is that fucking bitch?' I hear Emma scream from downstairs.

My heart pounds, almost breaking my chest. Deep down I knew that Rowan had told her the truth. She was now out to get blood.

Before I can do anything to hide like the coward I am, my bedroom door flies open and Emma walks in. She is crying, mascara was running down her face, a battle between anger and pain waging war in her eyes.

I don't have time to react before she slaps me. Pain stings my cheek. I don't stop her when she does it again and again until I'm cowering and crying on the floor. This was my penance for what I had done.

Emma!" she was about to hit me again when father's voice stops her. "What is the meaning of this, why are you hitting your sister?" I look to the door to find him and mother standing there in shock. They have never been my biggest fan, but now they'll downright hate me when the truth comes out.

Both mine and Rowan's family were looking forward to the union of Rowan and Emma. Our mother's couldn't stop talking about it. Everyone in our families were beyond happy when they started dating. I ruined all that a few nights ago.

"She's no sister of mine!" she shrieks looking deranged.

My mother sighs, looking at me emotionlessly, "What did she do this time? Did she dye your conditioner again?" "I wish...the stupid hoe seduced Rowan when he was drunk and slept with him" Emma's hands were fisted as she answered, tears still pouring from her eyes I don't know what Rowan told them but that wasn't what happened.

Our parents turn to me. Disgust written all over their faces. Father's face soon turns angry and cold All of which are directed at me. I'm not surprised though, Emma was his princess while I was nothing.

"I didn't I was drunk too, I didn't mean to sleep with him" I defend myself, my voice coming out lowly. "Lair" Emma screams before her heels connect with my abdomen. "Rowan would never sleep with you in his right frame of mind. He loves me and we all know you've been obsessed with him since.

an abort of rapes" I'm taken aback That she would suggest I raped him. Why wouldn't she believe me when I said I was drunk? That I didn't intentionally set out to hurt her.

“Daddy, what am I going to do? She’s ruined everything. How can I look at Rowan the same knowing he slept with this slut” she crosses the room and gets into father’s arms.

Father looks at me like I’m the scum of the earth. Like I wasn’t also his daughter.

“I didn’t raise you to be slut, Ava. I’or what you’ve done to your sister, I’ll never forgive you” he says before walking away with a crying Emma.

His words hurt but I push it away. It was also on the tip of my mouth to tell him that he never laised me at all, but I hold back “I hope you’re happy now… it’s sad that you would stoop so low just so you can steal a man that doesn’t belong to you. You disgust me Ava, I don’t know why god cursed me with you as a daughter” mother says before also leaving.

I’m left on the floor crying. Feeling more alone than ever. Wishing that I could wake up from this terrible dream. Knowing that my life will never be the same.

Evelyn M.M Author Hi my lovelies This chapter was a bit long so I had to split it into two parts. Anyway, I hope you enjoy them Please remember to leave a gem if you like it. Take care and stay safe.

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“So how’s school?” I ask, feeling myself relax little by little.

He smirks and nudges my shoulder. “Is that really what you want to ask me?” “No, I want to ask what you’re doing here drinking alone but I didn’t want to come off as rude.” He sways in his seat as he leans forward. “Aren’t you sweet” he says then goes back to drinking.

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He suggest I share his hotel room and I agree. I couldn't go home drunk. My parents would skin me alive given I could barely stand straight.

He calls a cab and a few minutes later we are in his room The moment the door closes behind us, he is on me. Kissing me and touching me. He rips my clothes off until I'm left in nothing but my panties.

"Fuck! I've been waiting for this for so long" he slurs, while removing his own clothes.

I giggle. "Me too..are you sure you want this? You want me?" This seem too good to be true. That I was finally getting the man of my dream.

"Definitely" He leads me to the bed. Everything is a blur. I feel his touch, his kisses and his love. It hurt at first since I was a virgin, but he made it better. Soon we were both climaxing.

"Emma" he groaned her name as he came.

As I drift into nothingness, I can't help but think that something was wrong. He just wouldn't confuse me with my sister right?

"Fuck!" the familiar panicked voice wakes me up.

I open my eyes and sit up in bed wondering what the hell was happening, and why Rowan was in my bedroom.

I'm struck by horror when I see him pacing the room shirtless. It's then I realize that I was naked.

I scramble to get out of bed. Holding the sheets tightly to my chest.

"No, no, no" I start chanting. Fear and panic gripping me.

His eyes turn to me. They're burning with rage and hatred. I try to think back to what happened.

Things are a little blurry. What I thought was a damn dream was not.

"What the fuck happened and what the hell are you doing in my hotel room?" Rowan asks me, anger lacing his voice.

"I-I" the words refuse to leave my mouth.

Not only because I was a mess but also because I didn't know what to explain things. How do I tell him that I had an app that tracks his movement when he's in town? How do I explain that I never planned to sleep with him?

I start picking up my clothes. My hands trembling. The fact that I was sore and winced with each step proved that last night wasn't a dream. I had slept with my sister's boyfriend. The guy she was in love with. The one she planned on having a future with.

"I asked you a fucking question" he shouts, throwing a lamp against the wall.

"I found you at a bar and we started drinking, that's all I remember" I lie even though I remember bits and pieces.

He was livid Guilt was written all over his face. Rowan loved Emma and because of nie he might.

just lose her "And you want me to believe that? You have been after me since I was twelve. I go out to drink and you're just conveniently there?" he growls, firing those questions.

I ignore him and put my clothes as best as I can without flashing him my bits.

“You think I planned all this?” I asks motioning to the room and scattered clothes. “You’re not the only one who was drunk, Rowan” I insist.

I might have gone there intentionally but I hadn’t planned on getting drunk and losing my virginty to him.

He grips his hair so tightly I’m afraid he’ll rip chunks of it off.

“What am I going to do? I thought I was making love to Emma” he cries. “She’ll never forgive me for this, she’ll hate. I love her so much and because of you I’m going to lose her” I feel hurt. Broken inside. Utterly shattred that he thought I was Emma. I don’t remember every single detail, but I thought it was special, and now he tells me that it wasn’t me he was making love to.

I look at him and push away my pain. He looked liked he needed someone, so I walk to him and place my hand on his shoulder. Trying to give him comfort.

Instead he reacts violently. He pushes me so forcefully that I fall.

“Don’t fucking touch you bitch!” he roars, anger and bitterness radiating off him in waves. I stand up, tears filling my eyes. “Rowan, I never planned on this happening” I can tell he’s already lost to me.

“Just fucking leave... I never want to see your face ever again” he says sitting down on the bed, heartbroken. Tears swimming in his eyes.

The look on his face breaks my heart. He looked torn, shattered. I wanted to help him but I knew he wouldn’t accept my help. So instead I leave.

I wanted this to be a bad dream, but it wasn’t. I had messed up big time.

Two days later ‘here is that fucking bitch?’ I hear Emma scream from downstairs.

y hearts pounds, almost breaking my chest. Deep down I knew that Rowan had told her the ath. She was now out to get blood.

efore I can do hide like the coward I am, my bedroom door flies open and Emma walks in. She as crying, mascara was running down her face, a battle between anger and pain waging war in er eyes.

don’t have time to react before she slaps me. Pain stings my cheek. I don’t stop her when she oes it again and again until I’m cowering and crying on the floor. This was my penance for what I ad done.

Emma!” she was about to hit me again when father’s voice stops her. “What is the meaning of this, why are you hitting your sister?” I look to the door to find him and mother standing there in

shock. They have never been my biggest fan, but now they'll downright hate me when the truth comes out.

Both mine and Rowan's family were looking forward to the union of Rowan and Emma. Our mother's couldn't stop talking about it. Everyone in our families were beyond happy when they started dating. I ruined all that a few nights ago.

"She's no sister of mine!" she shrieks looking deranged.

My mother sighs, looking at me emotionlessly, "What did she do this time? Did she dye your conditioner again?" "I wish...the stupid hoe seduced Rowan when he was drunk and slept with him" Emma's hands were fisted as she answered, tears still pouring from her eyes I don't know what Rowan told them but that wasn't what happened.

Our parents turn to me. Disgust written all over their faces. Father's face soon turns angry and cold All of which are directed at me. I'm not surprised though, Emma was his princess while I was nothing.

"I didn't I was drunk too, I didn't mean to sleep with him" I defend myself, my vice coming out lowly Lair" Emma screams before her heels connect with my abdomen. "Rowan would never sleep with you in his right frame of mind. He loves me and we all know you've been obsessed with him since.

abort of rapes" I'm taken aback That she would suggest I raped him. Why wouldn't she believe me when I said I was drunk? That I didn't intentionally set out to hurt her.

"Daddy, what am I going to do? She's ruined everything. How can I look at Rowan the same knowing he slept with this slut" she crosses the room and gets into father's arms.

Father looks at me like I'm the scum of the earth. Like I wasn't also his daughter.

"I didn't raise you to be slut, Ava. I or what you've done to your sister, I'll never forgive you" he says before walking away with a crying Emma.

His words hurt but I push it away. It was also on the tip of my mouth to tell him that he never raised me at all, but I hold back "I hope you're happy now...it's sad that you would stoop so low just so you can steal a man that doesn't belong to you. You disgust me Ava, I don't know why god cursed me with you as a daughter" mother says before also leaving.

I'm left on the floor crying. Feeling more alone than ever. Wishing that I could wake up from this terrible dream. Knowing that my life will never be the same.

Evelyn M.M Author Hi my lovelies This chapter was a bit long so I had to split it into two parts. Anyway, I hope you enjoy them Please remember to leave a gem if you like it. Take care and stay safe.

The past (Part two)

Two months later.

I stare at the pregnancy test in fear. Watching as slowly the line doubles indicating I was in deed pregnant.

Wanting it to be wrong, I take another but it shows the same thing. I was pregnant with Rowan's baby.

Life these past few months have been hell. I became the pariah not only in both families, but also in school. Everybody knows what happened between me and Rowan, but nobody believes me when I tell them that I was drunk.

All the blame was placed on my shoulder because I was the slut that seduced my sister's boyfriend when he was drunk.

In school I'm bullied and in town I'm shunned.

My mother and father rarely talk to me nowadays. Emma cut me off completely, saying I was dead to her. As for Travis, well it's like I no longer exist in his eyes. I haven't seen or talked to Rowan since that night.

My heart has broken over and over these past few weeks. With no reprieve for the constant pain. and rejection. If I had thought life was bad before, it was now a hundred times worse.

I felt all alone and now I was pregnant. Would they ask me to abort the baby? I wouldn't put it past them. They were still trying to get Rowan and Emma back together after Emma broke up with him.

Looking at my room, I make a quick decision. I couldn't stay here anymore. It wasn't healthy for me or my baby. I place my hand on the belly, promising to give him or her all the love that was denied to me.

Travis and Rowan were home so both families had gone out for brunch. Of course I wasn't invited, they didn't want me anywhere near Rowan. Hell, neither of them wanted to see my face. They all pretended like I didn't exist.

I quickly start packing my things. I had some money saved up from my part time job. It would have to be enough for a new start. I could continue working until I was maybe eight just to get more money, since father had cut me off his will, so I had no trust fund.

Deciding to only take the essential, I start throwing things into my suitcase.

I was just about done when the door to my bedroom opened and my mother walked in. Shit, I didn't think they'd be back so soon.

"What are you doing?" she asks looking at my suitcase. There was no emotion in her voice. It's like she was speaking to a stranger.

"Isn't it obvious? I'm leaving...no need staying in a place I'm hated" I answer as I turn around to zip my bag.

She says something but I don't pay attention. I needed to leave as soon as possible. The further I got away from these people the better it will be.

"What the hell is this, Ava?" the tone of her voice makes me turn around.

I stand frozen when I see my pregnancy test in her hand. Fuck, how could I be so careless as to leave it on my vanity table?

"Nothing, it belongs to a friend" I try to play it off.

"You have no friends...god, is this why you're running away? As if it wasn't bad enough you ruined Rowan's relationship with Emma and now you want to steal his baby?" she starts pacing the room.!

"How are you even sure it's his? You all think I'm a slut, so the baby could be anyone's" I stomp my foot in frustration as she looks at me with an unreadable expression.

I just wanted to leave. I wanted to get away from all of them. Was that too difficult?

"I won't let you leave, not until we find out if the baby you're carrying is indeed Rowan's" Before I can do anything, she rushes out the door. A moment later I hear the door close and I realize that she had locked me in.

I wanted to scream in frustration but that wouldn't help me. I needed to think of a way to leave. I look at my window and it was barred. They did that when they realized that I sneaked out through it that night I sit down and clear my head. There had to be a way out A few minutes, my phone starts ringing. see Rowan's name flashing but I ignore it.

I guess mother had told him, why the hell else would he call the girl he believes took advantage of him in his drunken state.

There wasn't any other way out except through the window. Taking a chair, I hit the glass and break it. I push the planks that had been used to bar it until they give way. I push my suitcase through the window and it falls over.

Like I said, I was in the furthest room of the house, so the commotion wouldn't have alerted anyone. I slowly climb down, careful of the broken shards of glass. I release a sigh of relief when I get down.

Happy that I had managed to escape, I take my suitcase and start dragging it. My eyes on my phone as I order a cab. My happiness is short lived when I bump into someone. I lift my head and I recoil in horror when my eyes clash with the intense greys of Rowan.

"Were you seriously trying to run away with my baby?" he asks, a dangerous edge in his tone.

I throw my hands in the air. Releasing my suitcase in the process.

"I already told mother it's not your baby" I lie, stepping back.

There was just no way I was going to allow my baby to be raised in such a toxic environment. One where everyone hates his or her mother.

"You dare lie to me" he snarls. "You were a fucking virgin. You may have fooled your mother, but I know that child is mine." I'm momentarily taken a back that he would know I was a virgin. We were drunk, especially him.

"How did you know that?" I ask lowly.

"The sheets we slept in had spots of blood" I shrug off his answer. "It doesn't matter. The baby could still be anyone's. I might have slept with countless men afterwards." His eyes narrow. There were raging storms behind them.

I pull my gaze away just as my cab arrives.

"I'm really sorry I messed up your relationship with Emma but I need to go. My life isn't here anymore. I truly wish that things work out well between you two and that you end up getting back together." I go to side step him but he grabs my hand and stops me, He takes some money from his pocket and hands it over to the driver, apologizing for the inconvenience.

"Rowan, let me go" I pull my hand but he still doesn't let go.

"No, we are going to get married right now. The judge agreed to meet me at your parent's" he says, tagging me towards the house.

"I'm not getting married to you!" I argue. Was he crazy? Why would he want to marry a woman he hates?

"Yes we are and that fucking final" the grip he had on my hand tightens.

Fear and panic starts rising inside me. This isn't what I wanted "We don't have to do this. Think about it, you can tell everyone the baby isn't your, I'll leave and never come back. No one will

ever know and after sometime, Emma will take you back. You'll destroy your chances with her if she finds out that not only am I having your baby but also that we got married" I cry, begging him to see reason. "Please let me go and you will never have to see me again. You'll go on with your life like I didn't exist" He pauses in his steps and I think I've gotten through to him.

"No!" he states firmly "I may hate you but I won't allow my child to grow up without his or her father With that, he pulls me into the house, where the judge, Travis and my parents were waiting.

About thirty minutes later, we were legally married. Immediately after, Rowan storms out leaving me with my family. I couldn't even call them that because they looked at me like I was the antichrist.

Soon after, I'm left alone. I place a hand on my belly and smile. Maybe this was a blessing in disguise, I lie to myself.

Right there and then I make a promise to my baby that he or she will be born into a loving family. I was going to make Rowan fall in love me, that way my baby won't be raised in a broken home. I smiled after that promise not knowing that Rowan was going to break me in more ways than one.

Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M Chapter 35

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