

Ex Husband 321

Chapter 321

I stare at him, dunfounded, unable to say or do anything.

“You love smelling good, and you lean more on scents with berries in them. As long as a perfume or body wash has some kind of berry, you’ll buy it. You don’t really have a favorite food because you’ll eat anything as long as it’s delicious. You love taking really long and hot showers because it relaxes you. You hate heights, you hate being late, and you also hate flying. You hate cockroaches; you always say you’d rather your house be infested with spiders than those disgusting brown things... Shall I continue?”

He doesn’t give me a chance to answer.

“You prefer styling your hair in ponytails and buns. You don’t like makeup that much and only put it on when you have to or are in the mood for it. You hate sleeping on your back because it reminds you of a dead person in a casket. You hate being disorganized and also the color yellow

I raise my hand to stop him because I am completely speechless. Everything he said was the damn truth. I can’t comprehend how he knew all of this since we’ve never been close. The Sharp’s wouldn’t have told him because they barely even knew me.

“How?” I stammer, unable to wrap my head around everything.

“I told you,” he

“Wow”

says with a smile. “I paid attention even when you thought I didn’t.”

Despite the warm air, I shiver. He takes out his jacket and places it around my shoulders.

“I also know that you love nature. According to you, it rejuvenates you. That’s why I brought you here,” he says gently, and I can’t stop a smile from forming on my lips.

“Well, it looks like I dressed up for nothing. If I’d thought you were bringing me here, I would have worn something casual.”

“Nah, it’s okay. I’m so fucking glad you dressed up; that way my eyes can feast on you,” he winks at me, and my heart flutters.

We remain in silence just basking in each other’s presence that is until his voice cuts through the silence.

“Is there something you would like to know about me or do you know everything there is?” he pulls me close to him, tucking me safely under his arm.

I lean my head against his chest, feeling the beating of his heart. “There is one thing I’d love to know”

+15 BONUS

He mock gasps and stares at. “So there is actually something you don’t know about me, I’m shocked”

“Stop it.” I pinch his rock-hard abs, but it does nothing. He simply chuckles.

“Go ahead”

“Is it true that you slept with a teacher back when you were in high school?” I’ve always wanted to know.

Everyone knew of the twin brothers and their good looks. I was three years younger than them, and yet even in junior high, they still had girls fawning over them. Gabe was a playboy, pure and simple. Rowan was too, but that was before he and Emma started dating.

The twins had gone through most of the female population in school. It was even rumored that Rowan had banged a teacher. He'd been in detention and the principal had caught them with the teacher bent over a desk and Rowan ramming into her like a bull.

I found it funny when I heard some girls talking about it in the cafeteria. They said that he didn't even look apologetic or scared of the principal. In fact he had asked him if he would like to join them. After that, Rowan had been a legend among the boys at school. Then he had shocked everyone when he decided to leave the play boy persona and start dating. The lucky girl had been Emma.

He simply laughs, his voice, deep, husky and rich. It was the manly kind of laugh that I could listen to all day long.

"Yeah, it's true," he finally answers.

I'm shocked. I always just thought it was a stupid rumor.

"How the hell did that happen, and how old were you? Not that I'm judging or anything like that."

"I was seventeen and she was twenty-six, I think... I was a hormonal boy, and Mandy was fucking hot. I'd always wanted to fuck someone older than me and she made it fucking easy to draw her in when she would literally push her boobs towards my face or widening her legs while in a tiny skirt every time she called me to her desk." 1

I'm impressed, but at the same time disgusted at Mandy. I mean, she was a teacher for heaven's sake, yet she tried seducing one of her students. I'm a teacher, and I would never cross that line. 1

"You're the one that asked," Rowan says, noticing my scrunched-up face.

"I know, but I find it disturbing that a teacher would intentionally seduce her seventeen-year-old pupil."

He just shrugs, like it's not a big deal. After that, the conversation is more laid-back. I totally enjoyed myself. It was a dream, and I didn't want the date to end. We talked for hours about everything under the moon.

It was like we were really good friends. The conversation flowed easily; we talked, laughed, and played silly high school games. Everything was perfect, and I felt like I was where and

with whom I was meant to be.

When we packed our things and left, it was already late at night. I smiled all the way home, feeling like I finally had the chance to have the life I've always dreamed of.

"Thank you for tonight; I really had fun," I tell Rowan as we step out of the car.

He takes my hand and walks me to the door. "Me too; I can't believe I never took you out on a date. I plan to do it more often now.

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We enter the house. The lights were still on, but Teresa was nowhere to be seen. She was probably in either Iris's room or the guest room across from it.

I stop and just look at the place. I always thought that Rowan built it and designed it with Emma in mind. I didn't mind how the house looked; I just hated the interior because it was something Emma liked, not me.

"What is it?" he asks when he notices that I've stopped.

1/2

+15 BONUS

“Nothing”

“Ava, please, if something is bothering you, tell me,” he all but pleads.

Sighing tiredly, I face him. “I just never loved the interior of the house. This was supposed to be our home, yet I always felt like I didn’t belong because everything, down to the color scheme, was Emma’s favorite. I always felt like I was leaving in her shadow. Like I was living

in a house meant to be hers”

He crosses a few steps and comes to where I was standing. I watch him as he cups my cheeks.

“I’m sorry you felt that way.” He breathes, his forehead touching mine. “Tomorrow I’ll call an interior designer to change everything, or if you want, you can do it yourself. We can move to my condo while they repaint the house, and then after we’ll get rid of everything else that you don’t want and buy new ones that fit your taste.”

I stare at him, stunned. “Really? You’re okay with that?”

“Abso—fucking—lutely. I’ll do anything to make you happy including tearing the whole god- damn house down if that’s what you want”

Damn, how the hell am I supposed to react to that?