

Ex Husband 322

Chapter 322

“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?