

## Ex Husband 323

### Chapter 323

“It’s settled then; we are going to change things around here,” Rowan says as I just stare at him.

I was shocked, but happy at the same time. I’ve wanted for a long time to change most things, but I just knew that he wouldn’t agree.

I don’t know; for some reason, I feel that this is just another proof that he’d finally let go of

Emma. That he actually did care for me.

“Okay,” I smile at him as I let that truth sink in.

“We can do a consultation with an interior designer tomorrow. I’m sure Bianca Meyers will be able to take us, despite her busy schedule. You can tell her what you’d like and leave it to her or you can be involved. the choice is up to you.”

And the surprises keep coming. Everyone knows who Bianca Meyers is. She’s the best interior designer in the country, and she only works for the rich and influential. I can’t believe I get to work with her.

“Alright,” I tell him, trying to keep my excitement to a minimum. “But I want both you and Noah to chip in too. After all, this is your home too and I want you to be comfortable here.”

“I’d be okay with anything you choose, but okay, I’ll give my opinion on anything you need me to.”

I nod, feeling happiness radiate from inside me. Not only did we have a great first date, but I was finally going to get the home I've always wanted. There's no more living under Emma's shadow. I could finally turn this house into my home, not just a house I had to live in.

Without really thinking about it, I wrap my hand around the back of his head and bring him closer for a kiss. His hands immediately wrap around my waist as he pulls me flush against

him.

I feel every hard ridge of his body, along with his hardening dick that presses against my

stomach.

He deepens the kiss, making me moan. It's not a secret that I wanted. That I needed him.

Our tongues tangle as he dominates, taking control and leaving me breathless. My nipples harden as a gush of wetness makes my panties stick to pussy.

I pull my hand from his hair and run it down his chest before stopping at his belt. I linger there for a while before going further down and stopping at the bulge in his trousers. I gently grab his hard-on, which emits a groan from him that travels all the way to my core.

His hold tightens, and I am sure he is about to haul me up against him when we are

1/3

+15 BONUS

“Sorry to interrupt; I heard voices, so I came downstairs,” Teresa said, avoiding eye contact.

I groan in irritation because she has ruined the moment. Rowan was breathing hard, but I see the moment he regains his composure and self-control.

I sigh in defeat, knowing that if Teresa hadn't interrupted, Rowan and I would probably be in bed, getting naked. Tonight was perfect, but it would have been even more perfect had I gotten the sex that I've been craving so much.

"It's okay, Teresa," Rowan tells her while I just stand there quietly.

"If it's alright with you, I would like to take my leave. The children are both asleep and I fed Iris about fifteen minutes ago."

"You can go ahead, and thank you"

She bids us a goodnight before leaving for her quarters. Once she's gone, I turn to look at Rowan, and I just know that we won't be continuing where we left off. To say that I'm not disappointed would be lying, especially seeing that he was still semi-hard.

"I'll go and check up on the kids; I'll be right back," I inform him. Maybe this will give me a chance to cool down.

"I need a fucking shower" is the only thing he says before stomping away.

Well, he wouldn't have needed one if he'd agreed to give both of us what we desperately wanted, but he was being stubborn. Sure, I get what he meant when he said that he won't touch me until he's sure I'm in love with him again, but doesn't he realize that I never fell out of love with him in the first place?

Once he disappears, I start my ascent up the stairs. I first go into Noah's room. Just like always, he's kicked the covers off, and they are on the floor. I pick them up and tuck him in, making sure that he doesn't manage to kick them off again.

When I'm done, I kiss his forehead and leave, heading to Iris's room. I do the same for her, then pick up the baby monitor and leave her room quietly.

I take a deep breath before entering our bedroom. I shouldn't have been nervous to face Rowan because he wasn't even there.

I sit on the bed and just survey the room, trying to find a way of approaching the subject of sex. Running my hand through my hair, I suppress my sexual frustration as I try to think clearly.

A groan from the bathroom makes my head snap in that direction. I bolt up and head for the door, afraid that something might have happened to Rowan.

"Rowan?" I call, slightly opening the door.

+15 BONUS

I don't get a response, so I widen the door. That's when I saw him through the shower glass. It was misty, but I could still see clearly.

My eyes drop lower just as he releases another groan.

I'm unable to pull my eyes away from the scene in front of me. One hand was on the wall supporting him, while the other was holding his dick, pumping up and down. He was hard. Painfully hard, if I were to go by the bulging veins clearly seen in his shaft.

His legs were wide apart, and he had his eyes closed. The heat that I'd somewhat managed to control roars back to life like a raging inferno. I cross my feet, clenching my thighs, trying to control the need that was burning inside me.

I wanted my hands to replace his, and to take it a little further, I wanted my mouth on him, sucking as he filled my whole mouth. The image of that almost undoes me right there and then.

My eyes remain on him, watching as his jaw clenches. His hand begins pumping faster, right before his cum spurts out. With a tight fist, he continues milking his shaft, and I imagine his cum all over my breast.

I was just about to step inside when his groan caught my attention. It's a groan of pleasure that is followed by my name.

I stop dead in my tracks as a memory filters through. The pain is blinding, but what has me on my knees and crying are the words coming out of Rowan's mouth.

You tried being a 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.

Those words, just like they did then, they destroy me.