

## Ex-Husband's Regret

### Chapter 0326

“What’s got you drinking in the club alone instead of being at home with Ava?” Gabe asks as he takes a seat next to me.

I was in a terrible mood, and the last thing I wanted was any form of company. That includes my brother’s. Ignoring him, I take another gulp of my whisky.

I was in the VIP section of one of our many clubs. The music was booming, people were dancing and having fun, and alcohol was flowing, but none of that did anything for me.

Tonight, I just wanted to forget. To forget the image of Ava’s heartbreak. I know it’s wishful thinking given that both of those images are burned in my mind, but I can fucking try.

Things at home have been tense. The atmosphere that was welcoming isn’t there any more. I want things to go back to how they fucking were, but I don’t know how to do that. I don’t fucking know how to fix things.

I can’t take back those words. I can’t fucking reverse them. I can’t unwind time and fix my mistakes. If I could, I’d already have done it because I love her so fucking much, and it kills me to know that I all but destroyed her.

It shatters me to know that I am the one who destroyed everything we could have had.

“Rowan?” His hand lands on my shoulder, but I shrug it off.

“What!” I was sad, heartbroken, and pissed. None of those emotions were ever good together.

“Well, you’re in a foul mood,” Gabe states, giving me a side-eye look.

“That should’ve been fucking obvious when you found me drinking alone.”

I don’t say anything else, and neither does he. While I lounge and cradle my drink, he pours himself a healthy amount. We sit in silence, both of us lost in our own minds.

“Where is Travis? I haven’t seen him in a while,” I ask after some time.

Things between us have been tense since I threw Emma in prison. We haven’t spoken since the day he came, begging me to release his sister. We’ve been friends since we were both in diapers, but I don’t see us ever being close again.

“He’s been really busy with Emma. She fell into a state of depression, so he’s trying to deal with that,” he replies with a shrug.

“Depression? Is it because I sent her to prison or something else?”

“I think that’s part of it. He told me that she’s been struggling since coming out of prison and accepting that you two will never get back together. He thinks, though, that what pushed her over the edge was when Calvin refused to forgive her and accept her back into his and

Well, that was news to me. I guess both of us were finally getting our karma, because how else would you call it? Every word I said and every action I took was slowing coming back to bite me in the ass.

If only Emma and I had realized this earlier. If only we’d known what we know now back then, We held on to each other, not realizing that maybe, just maybe, Ava and Calvin were the people we were fucking meant to be with.

“So now tell me, what’s wrong?” Gabe asks again after a few minutes of silence.

I feel the buzz of the alcohol. When I lost Emma, I started to drink. To put it plainly, I became a fucking drunkard. After Noah was born, I swore never to get drunk again. Here I was, though, trying to reach

oblivion. Trying to take the edge of things.

I stare at the amber liquid debating before finally throwing back the contents and pouring myself another.

“Ava,” I say her name.

Gabe frowns. “I thought you said she’d given you a chance without pushing for the truth. What the hell did you do now?”

I glare right back at him. “Why do you have to assume it’s me?”

I fucking know that I’m the one in the wrong, but damn it, why did he just immediately assume that I was the problem?

Rolling his eyes like a fucking child, he answers, “Because when it comes to Ava, you always manage to screw things up.”

I was about to argue with him, but I clamped my mouth and shut the fuck up. He was right, wasn’t he? I couldn’t argue with him because he wasn’t wrong. Up until a few months ago, I’d been fucking up with Ava for years.

“Now that you know I’m fucking right, why don’t you tell me what happened? Did you mess up on the date or something?”

“The date was great and she loved it”

“I’m guessing you messed up after the date then?” he asks, his eyes into mine.

“It’s more of something I said before her accident. Somehow jerking off in the shower triggered her memory, and now she doesn’t even want to look at me.”

I proceed to tell him everything that went down. Everything fucking thing that happened and how Emma lied and manipulated me into thinking that Ava was the villain. I tell him, word for word, what I’d angrily shouted at Ava and how it came back to bite me a week ago.

“You’re a fucking idiot,” Gabe tells me once I’m done talking.

I glare at him, but I accept the truth. “I fucking know that.”

We are quiet again, but it doesn’t last long.

“Have you talked to her or apologized?”

Releasing a breath, I shake my head. “She won’t talk to me. She won’t even allow me to be anywhere near her. She avoids me like I’m a fucking plague.”

Thinking about it just hurts my heart even more. I was a fucking idiot. How the hell did I not see what was standing in front of me all of these years? Why the hell did I continue hurting her? We were married for nine years, yet never did I ever think of separation or divorce, not even when I imagined Noah graduating and leaving him. That should have been the first clue that I felt something for Ava, because how did I never think of divorce?

“Did you mean any of the words you threw at her?”

“No.” My answer is automatic. “I was mad at her, and I wanted to hurt her for hurting Emma, but deep down, I didn’t mean a damn word, I said. I never compared her to Emma, and not once did I imagine Emma when I was with her. I only said it because I knew it would hurt her.”

“So what gave you the dumb idea to lie to her?” he asks while sipping his drink.

I shrug. “I don’t know... idiocy? It’s not an excuse, but you know I say stupid things when I’m angry.”

“I can’t give you any solution because those words are probably imprinted on her brain. What you can do, though, is talk to her, make her listen, and tell her the truth before this tears what you are trying to do.”

I get what he is saying, but getting it done is difficult, especially when she isn’t talking to me.

Instead of saying anything, I continue drinking. I keep chasing that euphoria all the while, hoping that I can still salvage what I ruined.

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### Chapter 0327

Ava.

“Is it okay if I come to visit tomorrow? There is something I wanted to talk to you about.”

I was on a phone call with Nora, or should I say my biological mother. I’ve been thinking hard these past few days, and I decided that I was finally going to give them a chance.

Both Nora and Theo seem like good people, and I’ve always craved that parental love. Maybe this was my chance of getting it. I wanted to get to know them, and I wanted a relationship with them.

It’s not their fault that Kate and James were horrible parents to me, and I couldn’t judge them based on my bad experience with my adopted parents.

“That would be wonderful, Ava. We’ve missed you and our grandchildren so much. I wanted to call or visit, but I didn’t want to push you if you weren’t ready,” she gushed in a sing song voice.

It made me smile, to be honest, and I haven't smiled since that night.

"What time is okay with you?"

"Ava, you're our daughter; whatever time you want to come, day or night, is simply fine with us" she answers.

After talking with her for a while, we finally hung up. Releasing a tired sigh, I place my phone down and just stare at the blank television.

My mind wanders back to that night. How did things just shift from great to downright ugly? Everything had been perfect until my brain chose to remember. I've come to realize that truly, ignorance is bliss.

Part of me wishes that I hadn't remembered.

It still cuts me deep when I remember the words he flung at me. I never thought that's what he thought of me or our intimate moments. I've always wanted more passion and heat between us, and I knew that he was holding back, but I still loved the rare occasions we slept together. I treasured them and it hurt knowing that to him it wasn't anything special, just a way to release pent-up sexual energy and to think of Emma.

I should have expected it, though. He didn't love me and he didn't value me. I was naïve, what the hell did I expect? That he actually enjoyed fucking me? I was nothing but a hole that satisfied his deepest fantasies about Emma.

I release a tired breath and push those thoughts away. I was tired of constant thinking about those words. The kids were asleep, and it was time I went to bed to.

I stand up and head to the door. I was about to lock it and turn off the lights when I heard a car, seconds later a knock.

Opening the door, I'm surprised to find Gabe and Rowan. Rowan was drunk and the only thing preventing him from face planting on the floor was Gabe's hands.

“Hey, Ava. Sorry to bother you this late, but I had to bring him home” Gabe greets respectfully, something that shocks me a bit.

I shake my head to clear the fog before nodding, “It’s okay, come in”

I step aside and let them into the house. Since that night, Rowan has rarely slept here. He chose to stay at his penthouse to give me space. He’s tried everything, calling, texting, talking directly to me, but I refused to hear him out because the wound has still been fresh.

His calls remained answered, I deleted his texts without reading them and when we were in close proximity, I ignored him like he didn’t exist. For a moment, I also almost blocked his number.

“Is it okay if I take him to the bedroom?” Gabe asks.

I know what bedroom he was talking about and I numbly agree. I’m still speechless seeing Rowan drunk and passed out. The last time he got drunk was a day before Noah was born, I don’t understand why he’s back at it again.

Minutes later, Gabe comes down and he’s about to leave when I stop him.

“Did you drink?” I ask, studying him.

“Yes, though not as much as Rowan” he answered politely.

It felt so weird talking to him like this. Before, we would just ignore each other, but right now it felt like I could actually talk to him which in itself was weird.

“Is your driver with you?”

“No. I had someone drop me off at the club when I heard that Rowan was drinking alone. I drove his car back here”

“You can spend the night here. There is no need for you to drive back home while intoxicated, in fact you shouldn’t have driven here. You should have called a cab.” I stated before I lock the door, turn on the security system and switch off the lights outside.

“Ava, it’s okay. I can take a taxi” he looks at me weirdly, but I don’t have time to decipher the meaning of his look.

“There’s no need for that. Spend the night, have breakfast with us tomorrow then you can leave. It’s really no problem”

He stares at me, his eyes burning, much like his brother’s. I shift from one foot to another, feeling awkward.

“Okay then” he finally agrees. “Thank you”

“Sure, goodnight”

I hear him mumble a goodnight as I walk past him. I climb up the stairs wondering why I insisted on Gabe staying. He was right, he could have taken a taxi and he’s a man who knows how to take care of himself.

The simple answer is, I was tired of holding on to past grudges. I don’t want to be bitter and angry all my life. What they did to me wasn’t my fault and it will always be on them, but choosing to be resentful and bitter? That will be on me.

I don’t know how I was in the four years that I don’t remember, but what I want now is to live happily. All I want now, is to heal and be the best version of myself. That will never happen if I decide to hold on to past grudges.

I get to the bedroom and push the door open. Rowan was still in his suit, lying on top of the covers. I would have left him like that, but he would be more comfortable in his pajamas.

I get to work, carefully taking off his clothes without waking him up. Once that’s done, I get him under the covers. It’s feat given he’s double my size, but I finally get him under.

After covering him and making sure that his comfortable, I turn. I was just about to leave when he grabs my hand and stops me.



I turn and look at him, seeing his sadness glaring at me. I want to push his hands away but I can't. He has a hold on me, not just on my hand, but also my heart.

"Please don't leave me, Ava" he pleads, his voice broken. "I can't lose you. I just can't"

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### Chapter 0328

I wake up with Rowan spooning. Yesterday, for some reason, I couldn't leave after he'd asked me to stay. I'd wanted to. I'd fought against it, but in the end, I'd lost. By the time I'd made the decision to share the bedroom with him, he'd already fallen back to sleep.

His arms were tightly wrapped around my waist, almost as if he were afraid that I'd leave him. even in his sleep. In this position, I felt loved and cared for. I felt safe, and all my past hurts. just melted away. I feel his hot breath on the back of my neck, which just sends goose bumps all over my skin.

Being careful not to wake him, I slowly get out of bed. I needed to make sure that Noah was up so he wouldn't be late for school.

I tip toe across the room and then silently leave our bedroom. After checking up on Iris, I head towards Noah's room.

"Noah," I call, but there wasn't a need for that because he was already up.

He looks at me but doesn't greet me. He just goes back to buttoning his school shirt.

"Are you still mad at me?" I ask as I cross his room and sit on his bed.

He stares at me, or, let me say, more like glares at me, but he doesn't speak. I sigh, so sure that he was going to ignore me in the same way I've

been ignoring his dad. I was about to stand up and leave when his hurt voice stopped me.

“I just don’t get it,” he all but whispers. “You know how much I dislike Sierra, yet you insisted I invite her or I wouldn’t have my party. Why? Why are you taking her side?”

The pain in his voice breaks my heart. I would never do anything to hurt my son, but I also knew that I couldn’t just let him not invite the girl.

“Come here, baby.” At first, I thought he’d ignore me, but he doesn’t. He comes and sits down next to me, albeit hesitantly.

“I’m not taking her side, Noah,” I answer his question.

“Then why did you insist I invite her?”

This isn’t something I ever thought I’d ever share with my son, but I didn’t have a choice. If I wanted him to understand, then I had to tell him the bitter truth of my younger days.

Taking a deep breath, I begin. “When I was young, around your age, I didn’t have a lot of friends. Most of the kids my age thought I was weird and not cool. I wasn’t bullied, but I wasn’t accepted either. Because most of them thought that I was weird and annoying, they rarely invited me to function. I was never invited to birthday parties or sleepover, those kind of things. It hurt every time others in our class got invites, but I didn’t. I used to cry every

Those memories still hurt today. It was even more painful since I was a piranha, not only at school but also at home with my own family. As a kid, you don’t understand any of it, so I kept trying, and I kept getting rejected every time.

“Who are those kids? I’m going to find them and hurt them for hurting you. No one hurts my mom!” Noah’s outburst pulls me back from the painful memories.

He is angry, and I smile because he’s angry on my behalf.

I grab his hand and pull him to me. “It was a long time, Noah... The reason I insisted you invite Sierra is because I’ve been there and I know how it hurts to see other people invited to parties while you’re

being excluded. I wouldn’t want what happened to me to happen to any child.”

He’s quiet for a while, and I hope that I’ve gotten through to him. That I’ve driven my point across. I love him so much, and I’m tired of the distance between us.

## Ex-Husband's Regret

### Chapter 0329

“I still don’t like her, and I don’t think I’ll ever like her, but I understand Mom,” he finally says after a while. “I’ll invite her then, but don’t expect me to ever be her friend.”

I nod, my smile growing bigger. “Thank you, my love.”

He hugs me, and my heart settles down. I haven’t hugged my baby boy in more than a week and a half. It felt good to have him in my arms again.

“I love you, mommy,” he murmurs against my chest.

My heart soars. There is just something about your baby calling you mommy even though he’s no longer a little baby. I can’t describe it, but it’s one of the best feelings.

“I love you too, my sweets” I whisper back, “Now hurry up or you’ll be late for school.”

We pull away from each other. After kissing his forehead, I leave his room and head downstairs. I greet Teresa, who was busy making breakfast, before taking a glass of water, some painkillers, and heading up the stairs again.

Entering the master bedroom, I was hoping Rowan was still asleep and I could just leave the water and pills, but unfortunately for me he’s awake.

To be honest, I don't think I'm ready to face or talk to him. Without saying a word, I walk across the room and place the items on the bedside table.

I was about to leave, but just like yesterday night he stops me.

"Morning, Ava" he greets, his eyes shadowed.

I know it's petulant, but I ignore his greetings. I try to pull away, but he holds firm, refusing to let go.

"Let go of my hand," I demand in a crisp voice.

"Not until you listen to me."

I was starting to get angry. The day had started well with my reconciliation with Noah, and now he wanted to ruin it. Over my dead body. I wasn't going to let him.

"Listen to what? To how you used my body as a substitute for Emma?" I fume, trying to pull my hand away.

He doesn't budge. Instead, he tugs, and I end up falling on his lap. Once there, he wraps both of his hands around me and cages me in. I try to free myself, but it's no use. He was stronger than me, and twice my size.

I keep struggling, even after he kisses my exposed shoulders.

"What I said, I said in a fit of anger. You know me, Ava, and you know I say things without thinking when I'm angry. It's not an excuse, but I want you to understand me. Emma had said that you hurt her and that you'd told her some pretty hurtful things. I didn't know she'd lied, so I came to confront you. I wanted to hurt you just like you hurt her. I knew those words would kill you, that's why I said them in the first place."

I stop struggling, but not by much. Hearing what he said for some reason just hurt even more.

“I’m guessing this didn’t happen long ago and goes to show your feelings for her if you were willing to hurt me that much, just so you could avenge her.” I snarl at him, refusing to accept his damn explanation.

I didn’t even want to know what went down between me and Emma, If I’d hurt her, then f must have had a pretty good reason. I wouldn’t have just attacked her for kicks and giggles.

“I don’t love her,” he growls back.

“Well, it looks like you did; otherwise, explain what moved you to say those disgusting things to me.” I ask. “I never held you back. I always knew our marriage was only because of Noah. I wouldn’t have stopped you if you decided to have a mistress, as long as you kept it private and away from the media, but to use me like that? That is downright disgusting”

This time, when I struggle, I jab my hand into his stomach, and he releases me with a groan. I stood up and was about to leave when he crossed the room faster than the flash and locked the door.

## Ex-Husband's Regret

### Chapter 0330

“I didn’t use Ava; I wanted you,” he says as he pockets the key. I guess I wasn’t leaving the room.

“You wanted me? Then how come you took a shower the moment you pulled out of me? How come you never took me raw without wearing a condom first? How come you always held back? Hell, you rarely even kissed me on the mouth! And you say you wanted me? You could have fooled me.”

All the things I’ve tried burying came to the surface, and I hated how vulnerable they made me feel, so instead, I replaced them with anger.

“One of the memories I had after our date was sleeping with Ethan. It was everything sex should be. Passion and heat. With him, I felt wanted

and desired, while with you, it felt like I was just an obligation. A chore. You say you wanted me, but that's a lie. Ethan showed me what it truly means to be desired by a man."

The memory of having sex with Ethan had come unexpectedly, just like the others. It had also shown me what had been missing in my sexual life with Rowan. I didn't want to compare both experiences, but he had to see that I wasn't a fool to believe that he'd wanted me

I stare at him and see the pain that flashes in his eyes when I tell him about sex with Ethan. I didn't care, though; I was way past the point of caring.

I didn't even feel anything when I remembered having sex with Ethan. There was just no feeling. Nothing close to what I felt for Rowan. (2)

"The only time you've ever taken me like you wanted was when we first slept together and we both know we were drunk and you thought I was Emma."

He closes his eyes before opening them again. "You know me, Ava; you know I never do anything unless I want to. Tell me, would I have slept with you if I didn't want to? If some part of me didn't want you?"

I go to argue with him, but I stop. He was right. Rowan never does anything he doesn't want to. He's not one to be swayed to do things he doesn't want to do.

"I believe the way things ended with Emma is what held me back. I never got closure, and neither did she. You're right, I could have gotten a mistress, but I preferred you even though I thought I hated you. I preferred sleeping with the woman I believed was my enemy instead of getting a mistress, even though I knew you wouldn't have a problem with it."

I drop on the bed and just stare at him. "If that's the case, why did you hold back then?"

“Because in the back of my mind, I believed it’s wrong to want you. You’d destroyed what I believed were my chances with the love of my life, how then could I want you? How could I

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