

Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M

Chapter 346

Chapter 0346

"I can't be sure, but trust me," I finally answer him. "My instincts are never wrong."

He looks unsure at first until he wipes schools his features, and wipes the look from his face. He then stands up and comes to stand next to me. Before I can understand what he's doing, he gives me a quick kiss and then immediately pulls

away.

"Fine," he begins. "I'll trust you, but if it turns out your wrong, I'll make her pay for hurting you."

There is finality in his tone, accompanied by something utterly dangerous.

I accept the compromise. "Okay, but you'll see I'm not wrong on this."

He doesn't say anything; he just kisses my forehead and then goes back to his coffee. We talk a bit longer. Nothing important in particular, but it felt good.

Talking to him and being in his company, it all felt good. It was like being home after a long day of work. I loved Rowan, and I was finally getting what I'd always prayed for. How then could I think of letting him go? How can I refuse to grab this chance with both hands?

Not many people get a second chance at love. Not many women get to see their wayward husbands change. He's hurt me, but I need to let the past go. I think at this point in our lives, we've both learned our lessons.

We didn't even realize we had talked long until Noah and Gunner walked into the kitchen. copy right hot novel pub

Noah was holding Iris, who was silently crying.

“Did she wake you?” I ask after greeting them and taking Iris from him.

“No,” he answers, yawning. “We were coming down for breakfast when we heard a small cry from her room.”

I wrap her in the throw blanket I came down with and feed her. Rowan doesn't have a problem with me breastfeeding, but Noah has. He can't stand the sight of my boobs. Both Rowan and I find it funny, but I try to cover up when he's around so he doesn't get uncomfortable.

After breakfast, I shower and get ready. It was on a Sunday, so Rowan and Noah would be home. I planned to leave Iris with them as I dropped off Gunner.

“You ready, sweetie?” I asked Gunner while putting on my shoes.

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“Yes, Auntie Ava.”

After he says goodbye to Rowan and Noah, we leave. Today I was driving, but I.. still had a bodyguard trailing me just in case something happened.

“So, did you like your stay with us?”

A broad smile covers his mouth. “Definitely. I missed you so much, and I missed having sleepovers with Noah. It feels good to have that again.

”

From the way he was talking, it was something that happened on a regular basis. I didn't mind, though, because Gunner is a sweet boy, and he already has a place in my heart.

He then goes to tell me everything that I've missed. I pay attention to him, but I can't help thinking about Emma.

I feel like someone is trying to frame her, but who? And why? Is it because she's the only one to most likely have a motive? Or was it something else?

"We're here, Auntie Ava." Gunner's voice pulls me back to the present. I had not even realized that we'd arrived.

I park the car, and we get out. He runs ahead of me while I walk slowly, trying to put my head and thoughts in order.

The house next to theirs catches my attention. It seemed so familiar, yet I don't know where I'd seen it. For some reason, I also wanted to get inside it. It was really bizarre that I would want to get into a total stranger's house.

"Dad!" Gunner screams, entering the house.

"In the kitchen!" Calvin shouts back.

I follow Gunner as he runs towards what I presume is the kitchen. We find Calvin with a mug of coffee, a laptop, and a bunch of papers, and he is wearing glasses. I didn't know he still wore those.

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"Morning," I greet, standing at the kitchen entrance.

Gunner rushes and hugs his father while telling him about the wonderful time he and Noah had at our house.

"Good Morning, Ava."

I chuckle. He was trying to multitask. He was attending to me while listening to his son and still trying to do his work.

“Is this too early?” I ask him. “I can go back with him so that you can finish your work without interruption”

“No, it’s okay, but thank you. I’m almost done,” he replies. “Plus, today is Sunday; we have a thing on Sundays.”

I smile and nod. I was just about to excuse myself when the house next door caught my attention again. Calvin’s kitchen was facing the house’s backyard.

“Calvin?” I call, and he looks up.

“Yeah?”

“Whose house is that? I don’t understand why I’m drawn to it”

He twists his neck and looks behind him to where I was pointing. Then he turns again to face me.

“Oh, that’s your house, Ava.”

I stand there, rooted. My house? How can that be? But then again, didn’t Rowan tell me we had separated for some time? If so, maybe this is where I was probably staying.

“Is everything okay?” he inquires with concern.

I shift my eyes to his face. “I would like to take a look; who has the keys?”

He studied me for a while, as if he were trying to unravel something. My eyes keep shifting from him to the house. I don’t know why it has a grip on me or why the need to go in there is consuming.

“I have a spare key. You gave it to me before your accident.” He stands up and, in a drawer, retrieves a single key.

“Thank you,” I whisper once he places it on my palm. copy right hot novel pub

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I walk out robotically after letting him know that I'd be by to say goodbye to him and Gunner once I was done.

I get there in a blur, and I open the door. It was dusty, but tolerable. I close the door behind me and begin walking. Nothing rings a bell as I walk through the house, but for some reason my mind knew exactly where it wanted to lead me.

I find myself in what I assume is my bedroom. It was big, spacious, and decorated in the style that I love. I immediately started going through things, trying to get a hint of who I had been before my accident.

There were still clothes and shoes in the closet. All of them are modern and in my style. Next, I went to the drawers and searched through all the things, which reinforced that this was indeed where I lived, and by the looks of it, I had lived

here for months.

I was about to give up because I had yet to find any useful information when I got to the last drawer. Opening it, I found a document. I quickly took it and opened the folder. O

The words DIVORCED greeted me.

What the actual hell?

I scan the papers, and that's when it hits me. Rowan and I were divorced. We weren't separated, like he'd told me. He'd lied to me. 2

Swaying, I started feeling dizzy as the words DIVORCED kept playing in my mind. The papers slip through my hands as a memory takes hold. It was the day I went to give him the finalized documents of our divorce.

The memory doesn't stop there; it's like that one word triggered the crack in the wall that held my memories back. The crack gets bigger and bigger as pain like no other attacks me. Years and years of memory flood my brain as the pain

intensifies.

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Finally, the wall breaks, leaving a crumbled mess, and I... I lose myself to the darkness.

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Rowan.

I stare at my blank laptop screen, not really in the mood to work. Noah was playing video games, and Iris was sleeping. It's been a while since Ava left to drop off Gunner; she should be back by now.

Since her shootout, my worry for her has been constant. I can't get rid of the fear that engulfs me every time she's outside. I can't get over the fear that I'll lose her to death. I almost did once, and that has left its mark on me.

I'll do anything to make sure she's safe. Including sending the one that hurt her to a place where she won't ever be able to hurt Ava again.

Sighing I stand up. The other thing that bothered me was Ava's revelation today. I don't understand why and how she believes that Emma is innocent. I realized it too late, but Emma has been after Ava since she noticed that my feelings for Ava had changed.

Like I said, I could vouch for the Emma I fell in love with when we were teenagers, but not for the woman she's become. There are so many things that have pointed out that Emma has become something different.

I mean, come one. She denied her own flesh and blood, hid him and the fact that she's his mother, and went on with life like Gunner didn't exist. If she could do that, do you honestly think that killing someone to get her

out of the way is above her? I don't think so. I know Ava wants to believe that Emma is innocent, but I

don't.

I turn and look at my desk when my phone rings. I pick it up, but I'm disappointed that it's not Ava's name flashing on the screen.

This morning has been amazing. Just sitting with her and talking made it one of my favorite things to do in the morning. Seeing that she was receptive and not distant, I'd wanted to spend the rest of the day with her and our kids.

"Hello." My voice is gruff, even for my own years.

"It's me"

He didn't have to tell me who he was; I already knew. Don't get me wrong, I still don't like Reaper, but for some reason I've grown closer to him these past couple of months. I would go as far as to say I trusted him, but let's fucking not.

"I know that, Reaper."

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”

He just chuckles.

Every week, he asks me to send him a picture of Iris. He may not be here for her. now, but it's obvious the cold bastard loved his niece dearly.

"Did you check it out?" I asked after a while.

I

take my seat and wait for him to answer. He doesn't wait long. His answer, though, makes me tense because I know that Ava will be so disappointed.

“Everything Brian said checks out.” He says roughly:.

“The DNA report and Emma’s clothes. It looks like Emma is the one we have been searching for.

How the hell was I going to break this news to Ava? She was fucking convinced that Emma was innocent. I had my doubts, but I told her I trusted her, even though deep inside I knew she was wrong.

“I’ve got to give it to the bitch; she knew how to cover her tracks,” Reaper adds. Months and months of searching, yet she was hiding right under our fucking noses.’

“I still can’t believe that she fucking fooled us.” My anger was rising, and I was doing my hardest to stamp it down.

“You realize that I’m going to make her pay, right? You won’t be able to stop me.”

At first, I was confused-that is, until I realized he said it because he thought I would stop him because of the history Emma and I shared.

I laugh at that. I couldn’t fucking help it.

“Do what you have to, Reaper. In fact, I’ll give her my own version of punishment,” I declared as ideas on how I’ll make Emma pay start popping in my head.

She was going to wish that she’d never crossed me or ever hurt Ava. There’s no fucking way I’ll let her get away with what she did to Ava. I nearly lost Ava because of her.

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“I’m surprised, but also impressed.” Reaper says, and I swear I could hear the amusement in his voice. “Everyone talked about how much you loved her; I didn’t think you’d ever hurt her, especially for Ava.”

“People don’t know shit.”

It’s as I said that it finally hit me. My love for Emma was completely gone. It was dead, and maybe it has been for a long time now. What I feel for Ava is stronger.

Looking back, I was infatuated with Emma and the idea of love. Plus, everyone used to say that we belonged together. That we were perfect together. I think that went to my head. I heard it said so much when we were younger that maybe it brainwashed me into thinking that it was the truth.

Everyone wanted us together, including our mothers, who pushed us to always be around each other. What if what I thought was love was nothing but an idea planted in our heads by our mothers? A fantasy they had no business pushing on

us.

If it wasn’t for the constant pushing, would we have gotten together? Would we have started dating? The answer is probably a big fucking NO.

“Rowan, are you still there?”

I shake my head against the thoughts. None of that mattered. What matters is what I feel for Ava, and it’s bigger, stronger, and more than I’ve ever felt for Emma.

“Yeah, I just got lost in thoughts for a minute,” I reply

“Right,” he says, drugs the words out. “I’ve got shit to do; I’ll talk to you later.”

”

“Sure”

It wasn't even ten minutes after we hung up that I got another phone call. I don't recognize the number, but I pick it up anyway.

"Rowan, it's Calvin." I'm surprised, but the urgency in his voice catches my

attention.

"What happened?"

"It's Ava; she's unconscious."

I don't wait for him to finish his sentence. I hang up the phone and rush out of the door. I could hear Noah calling me, but right now my mind was fully focused

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My heart was gripped in a tight fist as scenario after scenario of the worst played in my mind. I'm not afraid of admitting that I was fucking scared.

The drive is a blur, and without even realizing it, I arrive at Calvin's home. I pull out my number and dial his number.

"Where are you?" I asked immediately, not caring to conceal my fear.

"At Ava's old house."

I rush there and find the door open.

"In here," Calvin's voice calls out.

I move quickly and climb up the stairs. I head on over to the master bedroom to find him seated at the edge of the bed, with Ava lying unconscious.

"What the fuck happened?" I yelled, crossing the short distance towards Ava. She was so still, and that fucking scared me.

“I don’t fucking know. She asked
the house, and I told her it was hers. Then
she asked for a key, and I gave it to her.
It’s only after about forty minutes that I
She’d said she would pass by to say
realized that she hadn’t been back be goodbye. I came to check on her
and found her 2dr ?
on the floor, unconscious.”

After his explanation, I ignored him. My focus is wholly on Ava.

I try calling her name, but she doesn’t wholly on Ava.

le wound, but that couldn’t be said about internal

respond. My fear spikes even more at that.

There wasn’t any

damaged.

I pull out my phone about to call an ambulance. I don’t understand why
Calvin

hadn’t done that in the fo

fucking place.

The operator had just picked up when Ava’ upright with a gasp.

open and she bolted

a few calming breaths, her eyes

I hang up the phone and stare at Ava. After she turned to me, and they were liquid fire. She was way beyond pissed. If she could get away with murder, I would be long dead.

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“You fucking lied to me!” she screams, getting up from the bed. “We are divorced!”

Fuck. I knew this day would come, b

I was still not prepared for her

anger.

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Chapter 350

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Ava.

My memories have come back, and

understatement. I was beyond angry. I mean I’m pissed off would be an

understatement

was furious.

“You lied to me!” I yelled at Rowan, my hand slapping his chest. It was similar to hitting a brick wall, but I didn’t care. “You fucking lied to me, you bastard. For months. Months, Rowan”

The knowledge that my memories are back dawned on him. Fear fills his eyes, and at first I’m surprised since Rowan has never shown fear, but then I remember that I was angry at him.

“I need to leave. There had to be,” I say without really addressing

I search the room, and whe

anyone in patar.

and when I spot my car keys, I grab them. I was about to leave

when Rowan grabbed my hand and stopped me.

“You can’t leave. I have to take you to a hospital; you fainted, Ava. You need to see a doctor.” His eyes are soft as he pleads with me.

“Let go of me, Rowan,‘

me, Rowan,” I hold.

Cand. I try to shake his hand, but he tightens his

“I won’t fucking tell you twice, Rowan.”

“Please,” he begs, but I’m so done with him.

I twist my body, and using my right hand, I punch him right in the face. I feel a kind of sick satisfaction when I hear his nose break. Since he wasn’t expecting my punch, he released me, his face showing a mask of shock.

“I’ll deal with you later,” I tell him, the warning in my vo

voice clear.

Without another glance, I leave. Only when I was leaving the room did I notice Calvin standing near the bed. I don’t tell him anything either. copy right hot novel pub

He also fooled me. In fact, everyone fucking lied to me, but I wasn’t as pissed off with them as I was with Rowan.

Jumping into my car, I crank it up and speed out of there.

The memories that had been forgotten and the new ones that I made all mesh and become one. My head is pounding, but I know that I need to do this. I needed to get this out of the

1/3

+15 BONOS

As the lies Rowan told me are exposed, I become even angrier. I don't know why I'm surprised. This is Rowan we are talking about. He is the king of grabbing opportunities and bending them to his will and desire. I should have seen this coming, but hindsight is a fucking bitch.

I played right into his game. I was a fucking fool; I don't know how I didn't read the signs. Correction: I did read the signs. I knew he was lying. Keeping things from me, yet I turned a blind eye because I wanted the fucking fairytale he painted.

At this point, I don't know whether to cry or be impressed by the lengths he took to have me.

I don't know how I get to the station, but I do. I was so distraught and so fucking angry that it's a wonder that I didn't get into an accident.

Pushing thoughts of my current state aside, I focused on what I needed to do.

Everything that happened a few minutes ago could wait until I was done, then I was going to deal with Rowan for lying to me.

"Is the chief here?" I ask the first officer I find.

He stares at me with pulled brows. I probably looked like a fucking mess, but I wouldn't dwell on that unimportant detail.

"No, he's not. He's not supposed to come in today," he answers respectfully.

I refuse to take no for an answer. "Call him; I need to talk to him."

“I can’t do that, ma’am. Today is his day off.”

The more I stood here, the angrier I got. If it wasn’t already enough that I was pissed off, now this officer wanted to make things much worse.

“Tell him it’s Ava Sharp, I’m sure he’d want to hear from me”

“I’m sorry ma’am but I can’t”

Right then, my anger explodes. I bang on the table, making everyone turn to look

at me.

“You call him right fucking now or I fucking swear on your skinny ass, I’ll shut this fucking station down. Don’t fucking mess with me.” I ground through a clenched jaw. “I’ve had a long day, and you don’t want to fucking add to it.

Now call the damn chief of officers before I lose the little patience I have left.”

He must have seen something in my eyes because he scrambled to grab the phone. I leave him as he talks to Brian while I take a seat. My head was killing me,

2/3

I tap my feet on the ground in impatience as I wait for him to arrive.

It doesn’t take him long to arrive. I slowly get up when he walks into the station, mainly because I am dizzy as fuck.

“Are you okay, Ava?” Brian asks, gently grabbing my hand to support me.

“Yes... Just had a long day,” I reply, brushing off his question. “Can we talk?”

He nods his head and leads me to his officer.

After sitting down, he turned to me. “What did you want to talk about?”

“I want you to release Emma.” I get straight to the point.

He looks at me in shock, like he can’t believe what I’ve just asked him to do.

“Why in the hell would I do that?” he asks, puzzled.

“Because I got my memory back,” I say, taking a deep breath. “Before I blacked out, I saw the person who shot me. It wasn’t Emma.”