

Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M

Chapter 366

Chapter 0366

Rowan.

Fuck, I am a nervous wreck. My heart was beating erratically, and I could barely contain the shaking in my hands. The last time we did this, we were both young, and neither of us wanted it.

She'd been trying to escape from me with my baby, and I'd been angry at the whole universe for the fact that I had to marry a girl I hated. Parts of me still wonder what would have happened if Ava had managed to run away. Of course I would have been fucking angry that she ran away and denied me the chance at knowing my baby, but would we still have found our way back to each other?

I didn't see it before, but I truly, fucking believe that Ava is my soulmate. It took a while to see that, to realize that, but better late than never.

"Will you fucking come down?" Gabe growls beside me.

Taking a deep breath, I try to calm myself down, but nothing happens. I guess I won't

be able to calm down until I see her walking down the aisle.

"I can't"

"Well, you better; you're making me nervous, and I'm not the one getting married."

We were standing at the front, waiting for Ava to arrive. Neither she nor her

bridesmaid had arrived yet.

Despite me wanting the most lavish wedding money could buy, Ava didn't. I wanted

the whole damn world to know that she was mine. That she'd chosen me. That she'd

given me a second chance. Nobody was ever going to be able to take her away from

1. me.

Ava, wanted something simple and intimate. That is one thing that still surprises me about her. She is one of the richest women in the city, yet she's so simple and down

to earth. She didn't want any paparazzi at our wedding, or strangers. Just friends

and family.

+15 BONUS

"I saw mom's wedding dress, it's beautiful, and she looked beautiful in it." Noah **says**

it on my other side. "Wait and see, you won't be able to take your eyes off her."

You fucking guessed it. My groom's men were Gabe and Noah. I would have chosen

Travis, my oldest friend, but our friendship has been the same since everything

went down between me and Emma. Ava has also yet to forgive him, so there is that.

"I can't wait to see her." I smiled at my son, who was bouncing in excitement.

He was our biggest champion, always trying his best to push us together when Ava

and I divorced. He never gave up on us. I guess he saw something between us that

we didn't until it was almost too late.

I turn and stare into the crowd. My parents were seated at the front. The talk between my mom and Ava had somehow brought them a bit closer. They'll never be

best friends, but there's no longer bad blood between them.

Nora and Theo weren't here, but that's understandable. They're with Ava and her

bride's maid. Travis, Kate, and Emma were also present. Only a few of the kids Ava has helped were present here. The rest would join us at the reception. Her assistant and a few of our colleagues were also present. Also present are Calvin and Gunner.

"What if she doesn't come?" I whisper to my brother as a different kind of panic

takes over.

"You're kidding me, right?" He gives me a look that suggests he finds me to be the dumbest human being in existence. I ignore that.

"Maybe she decided I'm not good enough for her, which, by the way, I'm not. I wouldn't blame her if she decides she's better off without me in her life."

Gabe discretely shakes me. "Get a fucking hold of yourself!"

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+15 BONUS

“Yeah, what uncle Gabe said... Mom wouldn’t run; she’s excited about marrying **you** again. Her happiness is so sweet, it’s enough to give someone a sugar rush.”

He gives me a smirk, one that is eerily similar to mine and that of Gabe.

I was about to say something when the wedding march began. Standing up straighter than a rod, I face the entrance.

The first to walk in is Corrine. The color she chose looks radiant, but I don’t really fucking care about her or Letty, who walks in next. I just wanted to see my daughter

and my soon-to-be wife.

Iris

finally walks in with a small flower basket, throwing petals on the ground. She’s

now two and a half years old, since our engagement took a year and a half. My heart

swells with so much love.

I watch, smiling, as she tries her best to focus on her task. Half way through the aisle

she looks up and spots me. A big smile breaks out. She drops the basket and starts

running full speed towards me, her task completely forgotten.

“Papa!” she screams. “Miss you”

There’s a burst of laughter and aawws from the crowd, but I don’t pay attention. None

of them matter.

I go down on my knees just in time for her body to crash into mine. I hugged her,

smelling her sweet and comforting scent, before standing up with her in my arms.

“Hi, Bubba,” she greets Noah, using the nickname she gave him. “Hi, best uncle.”

They greet her back.

I kid you not, Gabe trained her to call him the best uncle. Soon I’m distracted when I

see Ava with her parents. They start walking, and I can’t keep my eyes from her. She

looks beautiful and radiant. It was like watching an angel walk towards you. I was

completely mesmerized.

When they get to us, I don’t waste time wrapping my hands around her waist, pulling

1/3

+15 BONUS

her to me, and kissing the daylights out of her. I can hear the laughter and chuckles in the background, but it sounds **so** far away.

Someone clears their throat. “You clearly skipped to the part where you kiss her”

Another round of laughter and chuckles hits me just as I’m pulling away from her. She looks up at me with her beautiful brown eyes

and warm smile. Moments like this make me fall for her all over again because she's just got that kind of grip on my heart.

"Okay, let's begin," the priest says.

Nora tries to take Iris, but she refuses, clutching onto me like I'm her lifeline. Finally, she gives up, and the whole ceremony she spends in my arms, which I don't fucking mind because she's my daughter in every way.

Everything is a blur as my focus is on the woman standing in front of me. We chose

not to say our vows before others. That one will just be between us.

"Do you, Ava Howell, take Rowan Wood as your lovely wedded husband?" the priest

asks her.

She smiles, her eyes sparkling and her smile radiant. No one else knew yet, but part of her radiance stems from her pregnancy. 2

"I do," she answers and I place the wedding ring on her finger

"And do you,

"I do"

Rowan Wood, take Ava Howell as your lovely wedded wife?"

At my answer, she places the ring on my finger. The feeling that rushes through me is unexplainable. It's exhilarating. My love for her expands inside my chest.

Forgetting everything else, I pull her into my arms again and kiss her.

The last thing I hear over the roar of happy shouts and congratulations is the priest's strong voice.

“I now pronounce you husband and wife.”

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Prologue.

Gabe.

I sit in my office, my mind reeling. Worry for my brother consumes me day and night. It's been a couple

of months since everything went south with Emma and since he informed us that he married Ava

because he'd gotten her pregnant.

Since then, since he lost Emma, he hasn't been the same. It's like something inside him broke. Like he

was only half living. Travis told me that Emma wasn't doing any better, but as much as I treasure her,

she wasn't my main concern. My loyalties will always lie with Rowan, no matter what he did.

I pull my drawer open and retrieve a packet of cigarettes. Lighting one up, I drag it in, feeling myself calm

down just a little bit. I know it's a bad habit, but I just can't stop. Not when it's the only thing apart from

sex that is able to make me relax.

Standing up from my chair, I eye my office. I was interning at our family's company. It's been there for generations and has always been run by the men in our family. We aren't sexists or anything like that; it's just that

there haven't been any females born in generations. For some reason, the men in our family

only produce males. Once, there was hope when my mom got pregnant after Rowan and me, but she

miscarried at five months. The baby had been a girl.

My door opens, but I don't turn around. I've fucked her enough times to immediately recognize her

perfume.

"Gabe, there's a man here to see you."

Even when she's delivering such mundane news, her voice is sultry and sexy. Apart from her looks and

sex appeal, it was the other thing that attracted me to her. Her voice alone can make you fantasize about

how she sounds when you're buried deep inside her.

"Does he have an appointment?" I asked, finally turning around.

Damn, her curves never cease to distract me. It isn't once or twice I've called her in for a quickie. She's the distraction I need when my brain can't stop thinking and worrying about Rowan.

"No, but he said it's urgent and that he has something important to tell you."

"Okay, let him in."

She leaves and seconds

later she ushers a man in. He has dark hair slicked back, sharp, cunning green

eyes, and he's leaning against a cane.

I stare

at him; he looks to be in his late twenties or early thirties. Too young to be needing a cane to walk,

but then again, there are people in our social status that use it as a prop.

+15 BONUS

“Who are you, and what do you want?” I ask, not beating around the bush.

The more I look at him, the more familiar he looks. I just don’t know where I’ve seen him before.

“I’m Andrew Beckett; I’m sure you’ve heard of me,” he replies smoothly, before crossing the room and then sitting down.

I smirk. Impressed with his confidence. Not many people have that when they’re dealing with me. Though, the moment his name hits my ears, the smirk disappears.

The Beckett family was once prominent. You can even say they rivaled ours. About fifteen years ago, though, the CEO at that time, Andrew’s grandfather, died and left his legacy to his son-in-law. It’s said that he wanted to leave it to his only child, Andrew’s mother, but she begged him to leave the position to her husband because he’d worked there since they married and has always desired to lead the company.

It turns out that that was the single worst decision he ever made. My dad always said that Andrew’s dad wasn’t made to be a leader. That he wasn’t meant to be CEO, and that’s why the company began failing. By the time Andrew was old enough to take over the company, it was beyond help. The Beckett’s legacy finally went down about five years ago, and they lost their social standing.

“How can I help you, Andrew? If it’s a merger or some shit you want, let me just inform you that I’m not in the position to help you,” I tell him, lying my facts down.

Commentaires

Voter (43.3K)

+15 BONUS

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That wasn’t my sector. Rowan is the one in charge of merging and acquiring new businesses. He was

fucking good at that, but right now he’s not in a position to do anything for that matter.

At only twenty-two, we were on top of our game. I’m not fucking bragging, but everyone in our industry

knew of the Wood twins. Everything was going perfectly until Ava ruined everything. That bitch is the

reason why my brother was spiraling.

“I know that, but it’s not the reason why I’m here,” he tells me coolly.

I had to applaud him. Had he taken the business earlier, maybe he’d have saved their company, because

I could see behind his green eyes. Andrew was as sharp as he was cunning.

“Then what do you want?”

I knew what he was doing. He was keeping me in suspense. Something I don't really appreciate.

“It's simple, really,” he pauses, and I feel like shaking him. “I want you to marry my sister.”

“You're kidding me, right?” I laugh humorlessly.

Who in their right mind would want to marry Harper Beckett? I remember the last time I saw, it was

during a luncheon organized by a charity organization we usually donate to. She was sixteen, I think.

I like my women beautiful, sexy, and radiant. Harper Beckett wasn't any of that. Plus, she was clumsy

and socially awkward. She also didn't know how to dress. That just goes to show that money doesn't

always guarantee style or class.

I know I sound like a bastard, but that is how I feel. His sister isn't someone I would look at twice, let

alone marry.

“I'm not”

I chuckle. “I'm not going to marry your sister. I'd rather be castrated in the fiery pits of hell than marry

her.”

He takes offense to that. I see it in his eyes, but he quickly hides it and replaces it with a detached look.

When a smile takes over his lips, a shiver runs down my spine.

“Well, I guess I have to release what I have to the media.” His eyes turn cold as something else takes

over. “I’m sure the paparazzi will have a field day tearing your brother’s character apart.”

I freeze at that. My spine straightening into a fucking rod.

“You see, I know what happened between your brother and Ava Sharp. I also know that she’s pregnant with his baby and that Rowan has spiraled so far that he’s now doing drugs. Imagine the kind of damage

1/2

+15 BONUS

that would cause if this information landed in the wrong person’s hands,” he pauses before continuing.

“I can twist the story, Gabriel; say that Rowan got an underage girl drunk and then slept with her, cheating on his girlfriend in the process. We can also add in that he was playing sisters against each other, fucking both of them at the same time. Can we also talk about the fact that he got a high school girl pregnant? Or let’s imagine the damage his doing drugs and being a drunkard will cause on the image of this company.”

“What do you want?” My voice is gruff.

“I already told you; marry Harper, and you won’t have to worry about me leaking what I have to the media. There are so many ways of twisting the truth and destroying your brother in the process.”

There was nothing to think about. I would do anything for Rowan. I would go to hell and back to protect him. He is my other half, and there is nothing I wouldn’t do for him.

“Do we have a deal?” he asks after a while.

I stare at him with contempt. I knew the fucker was sharp, but this is beyond anything I could’ve ever

imagined.

I would marry his sister, and no one needs to know. At the same time, I'd help Rowan get better. This time, I'll give it my all to get him to where he was before.

I had no choice. I hated this bastard, and I already hate his sister, but I love my brother more. "Yes," I growled. "We have a deal."

Evelyn M.M

Author

Welcome to book two *my Lovelies*, Hope you'll enjoy

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Chapter 370

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I stand on the side with a glass of champagne in my hand, just watching. Everyone seems to be happy and in a good mood, which is more I can say about myself.

We're at the reception of Rowan and Ava's second wedding, yet I can't bring myself to be excited. Don't

get me wrong, I am genuinely happy for my brother. Happy that he and Ava were able to fix things, so

fucking happy that they got a second chance despite how their love story started. That being said, I may

sound selfish, but I've got my own shit to deal with.

I can't get the conversation I had with my father yesterday out of my fucking mind. It's been eating at me.

Driving me crazy. Ruining every good vibe I had.

I should be dancing. I should be checking out the single, sexy women, deciding who is going to be the

lucky lady to share my bed tonight, but here I was brooding, wishing that this damn champagne was something stronger. Something to take the edge off.

My eyes roam the room. There are some seated, some dancing, and some at the bar, which, doesn't

have any real alcohol. That pissed me off to no end. The bride and the groom are nowhere to be seen.

I spot a familiar blonde hair. Just like me, Emma was brooding, hidden in a corner, just watching.

Correction, she wasn't just watching, she was hyper focused on Calvin, his date, and Gunner. Her eyes

follow their every move, and it's like she's frozen in time.

We were all worried about Emma. It's like she was stuck in her own world. In her own hell. In her own

torment, where she is tormented day in and day out by the mistakes she made. No one has been able to

reach her. No one has been able to help her.

The only time you see some light shining through her eyes is when Gunner is around. Gunner and Calvin,

on the other hand, don't give her the time of day, and that rips her to shreds.

I truly believe that those two are the only ones that can bring her back, but it's a long shot. She treated them like nothing, and finally they gave up on her. Now, even Gunner doesn't want anything to do with

her.

I feel sorry for her, but I'm a big believer in owning your shit. Just like Rowan and Ava did. It's the only

way to move forward. I believe that Emma hasn't been able to do that. Instead, she's drowning in a lot of

guilt and regrets.

I gulped down the rest of the liquid before snatching another glass from a passing waiter. Champagne

wasn't strong enough, *but* for now it'll do the trick till I get home.

A flash of white catches my attention. No one had noticed them yet, but I had. Rowan and Ava

had appeared, and Ava looked disheveled. It doesn't take a genius to figure out

what they'd been doing those couple of minutes they'd disappeared. 1

1/2.

+15 BONUS

I smile at that. Happy that Rowan had finally found his happiness. For a long time, I'd blamed Ava for his

behavior and unhappiness. It took years to realize that every reaction, every behavior, and his

unhappiness were on him and not Ava.

He could have been happy all those years if only he'd seen Ava for who she was. A woman who was in

love with him. He could have been happy with her if only he'd chosen to let go of the past. To let go of the

memory of Emma and embrace his life
with Ava. Good thing he realized the truth before it was too late.

A hard clap on the back pulls me back to the present. “Why the hell are you brooding on my wedding

day? Did the single ladies turn down your advances?”

Commentaires