

## Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M Chapter 46

Fighting each other I was still quite pissed off when I arrived at my new house. It was going to take me some time to get used to calling it my home.

I park the truck and get out only to be surprised. Rowan of all people was sitting outside my house. I approach him with a glare on my face.

"If you're here to scold me about Emma, you can just walk your ass back to your car and leave" I tell him pointing at his sleek black Ashton Martin.

I swear, if he was here to cause me trouble, I was going to beat his ass all the way to space and back.

"What are you talking about?" he asks standing up. A look of confusion on his face.

"I'm sure that little bitch called you and told you a bunch of lies didn't she?" I seethe, remembering what Emma said, I tap my foot waiting for him to confirm it. I mean why else would he be here minutes after my showdown with Emma?

"I don't know what the fuck you're going on about, but I'm not here for whatever went down between you two" he says running his hands through his hair.

"Then why are you here?" I ask, curiously.

"Travis called and said you might need help unpacking furniture" he walks towards me and I take a step back.

At the mention of his name, my fury rises again. Those two were something else. Sometimes I wonder how the fuck I was related to them. 3 "Don't even mention his fucking name to me" I snap.

He has known Noah since he was born. So how the fuck could he just stand there and let Emma threaten him. Then scolding me for getting angry was just ridiculous.

"What did he do?" "He stood by when Emma threatened Noah and then had the gets to admonish me when I almost blew her fucking brains" 1/5 4 I wait for him to blow up on me like he usually does. I wait for him to take her side. He doesn't, which comes as a big surprised "She did what?" his voice booms and it may be my imagination, but I swear, I feel the earth shake at his voice.

I swallow, not sure what to do now. I expected him to fight me.

"I didn't want to fight with her, so I walked away. She stopped me by saying she would make Noah pay given he was part of the reason why she lost you" I take a step back at the storm raging in his eyes. Danger coats his eyes and electricity cracks in the air around. He looked ready to murder. A look I never thought he would ever have when it comes to Emma.

“If she so much as touches a hair on his head, it will be the last thing she ever does” he growls dangerously. His voice taking a deeper note.

I’m shocked. I won’t lie. His threat was clear. The look in his eyes told me that he wasn’t bluffing.

That he would really end her if she hurts Noah “Calm down” I try soothing. “I’m sure after the warning I gave her, she won’t so much as look in Noah’s direction” I saw the fear in Emma’s eyes and I know at that moment she knew that she had crossed a line. A line she knew would get her in trouble.

I had no sisterly love towards her. It ended a long time ago. She knew that, which also means she knew that I wouldn’t hesitate to hurt her if she hurt my son.

Rowan tries to calm down, but it’s a difficult feat. He has always had a temper and getting it under control was difficult. He put a tight lid on it, but sometimes it barely contained it when he lost it.

“Look...” “I begin, but his eyes go unfocused.

They were trained behind me. /The anger I saw in his eyes minutes ago multiplies ten folds just as I hear a car door slam behind me.

I let out a tired sigh knowing it was Ethan. Ethan didn’t like Rowan and looking at Rowan, the feeling was very mutual.

“What’s he doing here?” they both ask at the same time.

2/5 I step away to look at both of them. They are glaring at each other. Brows furrowed and fists clenched Their jaw tightly locked.

“It looks like you’re both here to help me move the furniture, so can we get a move on it?” I don’t give them a chance to answer, instead I turn and head towards the truck. (2)

I unlock it, before turning to face them. Six hands were better than four. Besides, some of the pieces looked heavy. It would be easier for both of them to carry instead of just me and Ethan.

“Will you stop having a stare down and come help me?” I ask when none of them move.

Rowan grunts then stomps towards me. Ethan soon follows.

“So what will you carry first?” I mumble when none of them move to do anything.

They were beginning to get on my nerve. I was sure none would leave, if I asked them, but they were also not helping. If I knew this was going to happen, I would have just hired someone.

Finally, Ethan moves first and grabs one end of the sofa. After clenching and unclenching his jaw, Rowan takes the other end.

They silently move and take the sofa into the living room. Picking what I could easily carry, I take them inside.

We work quietly. I did try to engage them, but they both seemed to be in a terrible mood.

Thirty minutes or so, most of the heavy stuff had been moved. I was getting some throw pillows when I heard a crash. I rushed inside the house to find Ethan and Rowan, rolling on the floor, punching each other.

“Stay the fuck away from her” Rowan growls, landing a punch on Ethan’s face.

I stare at them in shock. My mind refusing to believe that they were behaving like children fighting over a toy. Not that they were fighting over me. Rowan would never fight over me.

“The hell I will...you had your fucking chance and you blew it” Ethan shouts. He lands a hit, managing to punch Rowan in the gut.

“Would you two stop it!” I shriek, but no one pays me attention.

They continue fighting. Creating a mess in my house. Dropping the pillows, I go get a bowl of water. I don’t think when I empty it on top of both their heads.

3/5 They come out of it and stare at me like I’m the one that had lost her mind.

“What the hell are you two thinking? Fighting and making a mess in my house” I scream at both of them, completely pissed at their stupid behavior.
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“He started it” Ethan mumbles like a petulant child.

“I don’t care who started it!” I take a deep breath before turning to Rowan. “What the hell has gotten into you? What is your problem?” His eyes flash. “My problem is that you’re dating this asshole!” I so didn’t expect him to say that. I mean, why would he have a problem with who I date?

“Who I date is none of your business, Rowan. Besides, shouldn’t you be happy that he’s occupying my time and I’m no longer bothering you” I say folding my hands across my chest.

“If you had been dating anyone else then I wouldn’t fucking care, but this bastard is a whole other story” (

“Would you stop calling him names!” I didn’t like it one bit.

Ethan didn't deserve being called names and being disrespected by my ex-husband. What Rowan was doing was uncalled for.

“Why can't you see it? Why can't you see he's not the man he pretends to be? Open your fucking eyes and see the real him. Are you so fucking desperate to be loved, so desperate to have a man that you're ignoring the truth that's staring at you right in the fucking face?” he mocked. D The words hit me like shards of glass. Their sharp edges biting into my skin and heart.

“Get out of my fucking house, Rowan. I won't let you disrespect Ethan or me” I seethed as my hands balled into fists. The need to hit him almost consuming me.

He glares at me. His eyes sending daggers. “If you can't see reason, then I'll gladly leave. I won't stay here and see you making googly eyes at an asshole who has a hidden agenda and is only using you” He turns, but before leaving he gives me one last look. “Mark my words, Ava, the bastard isn't who he says he is and he will hurt you. When he does you'll have no one to blame but yourself because I warned you and you didn't listen” With those disturbing words, he storms out my house. Banging the door behind him.

4/5 Rowan is wrong. I don't know what's gotten into him but he is wrong. Ethan would never hurt me.

Unlike Rowan, he actually cares for me.

That night Rowan “What the hell happened to you?” Gabe asks looking at the ice pack that was plastered to my face.

“Ethan” I just grunt. Not in the mood to deal with my brother.

Fuck! I still can't believe that I got into a fight with the fucking idiot. I was just so pissed and I let his words get to me.

“The cop?” He asks curiously. “Ava's new man?” At that I blow. I take the ice pack and throw it against the wall.

“He's not her fucking man” I snap standing up.

My emotions were raw and close to the surface. I still don't understand why Ava can't see that the fucker is a fraud.

I haven't been able to get anything deeper about him. The reports paint him as an okay guy.

Nothing out of the ordinary, but my gut tell me otherwise. There was just something about him that rubbed me wrong. Something that he was hiding. My gut has never been wrong before.

“From what I hear, he is...what happened?” I take a deep breath, trying to cool down the fire burning inside me.

“We were helping Ava move furniture into her new house and he told me to back off. Said that she was his and he wasn’t going to allow me to ruin things” I admit finally.

Gabe stares at me like he can’t believe what I just said. Like I was trying to figure out what the hell was wrong with me.

“Seriously? That’s what made you get into a fight with him” “Yes!” He sighs before sitting down. “In case you haven’t noticed, she’s no longer your wife and given that he is dating her, he has every reason to ask you to back off. Isn’t that the same thing you asked of Ava when you started dating Emma?” I fist my hand in frustration. Why is it that no one saw what I saw. No one realized the truth? How 1/4 “It’s not about that” I seethed. “There is just something about the man that isn’t fucking right. Why can none of you see that?” I start pacing my home office. My fury burning so close to the surface. I was almost losing it. First I hear that Emma threatened Noah and that Travis did nothing. Then I had to watch while Ethan and Ava made googly eyes at each other.

She was so taken by him. So enthralled that she couldn’t see a fucking thing. What the hell was wrong with her? She’s the most cautious person I know, yet she let him into her life without even question anything.

“What are you talking about?” he asks giving me his whole attention.

I don’t stop pacing. I just couldn’t sit down with all the fucking emotions inside me.

“I don’t know how to fucking explain it, but there is just something I don’t like about him.

Something doesn’t feel right with him” It doesn’t make any fucking sense, but I can’t ignore the feeling. That’s why I have my P.I investigating him.

Gabe says nothing for a while and when he does, I feel like punching the crap out of him.

“Could it be that you’re jealous of him?” “The fuck I am” I bellow. “Why the hell would I be jealous of him? I don’t have any fucking feelings for Ava, remember?” What he was saying was absurd. I could never be jealous when it comes to Ava. She is my son’s mother and I’m looking after him. That’s all.

“Look, you were married to her for nine fucking years, it’s hard to stay with someone for that long and not develop any feelings towards them. Especially someone who isn’t truly evil” I stare at him in shock, before shaking my head. “There’s no fucking way that I developed feelings for her. I stayed married to her because of Noah. My heart always belonged to Emma and you know that. That’s the reason I couldn’t develop any feelings for her” He had completely lost his fucking mind. It’s not unusual for people to stay married even though they don’t love each other. Nine years couldn’t change the fact that I wasn’t Ava biggest fan.

Especially not after the stunt she pulled to get me to sleep with her. 2 “Then explain to me why you feel so strongly about her dating Ethan?” he insists.

“I already fucking told you! I wouldn’t have cared if she dated any other man, but something is just fishy with that cop” We were going round in circles and it was only making me more pissed. I thought at least he would understand but looks like he doesn’t. Instead he has this stupid notion that I’m angry because I have feelings for Ava and that I’m jealous.

“I’ll be the first to admit that what Ava did nine years ago was wrong. We treated her horribly for it, but what if she wasn’t lying when she said she was drunk? What if she was telling the truth?” “That’s impossible” “Is it? We all wanted you with Emma. We’ll except for Ava. After what happened, we wanted someone to blame. It was easier to blame the girl who had been obsessed with you for years than to accept that both of you had made a mistake” (3)

Looking at him quietly, I stand frozen. What the fuck had gotten into him?

I watch as he takes out his phone and dials a phone number.

“What are you doing?” I question him suspiciously.

“Something we should have done a long time...I’m finding out the truth about that night” he says.

We wait a bit and then someone answers the phone. I stare at him numbly as he ask the person to get him the video footage from the bar and the hotel. He then commands him to get it within an hour.

“I don’t know what you’re trying to achieve by digging this shit up” I tell him after he hangs up the phone.

It was all in the past. We all knew what happened, so what the hell was digging up the past going to achieve?

“A part from knowing the truth? Well, it will clear things for you. Like I said, I believe you feel something for Ava and you have felt it for a long time. Your bitterness at what you believe is her betrayal is what keeps you from admitting the truth” he looks at me straight in the eyes.

His grey eyes which are similar to mine, challenging me to argue with him.

I turn on my heels and take a seat. I refuse to let him see how bothered I am by all this. I’m still his shady character led to him insisting that I was blocking my feelings for Ava We don’t speak. I was now pissed at him too, but he didn’t seem to notice or care because he was busy doing something on his phone.

I don’t know how long we sat in my office when his phone pinged I watch him closely as his face turns to shock then mortification. My curiosity gets the better of me. I now want to see what’s gotten him so disturbed.

“Gabe?” I cautiously call his name.

He looks up. His eyes haunted as he silently gives me his phone. I take it with shaky hands, knowing I won't like what I see.

Slowly, I look down at his phone. I watch as everything unfolds. I watch as the truth I held on for so long crumbles. I watch as the real events of that night are revealed.

Cursing, I stand up. Unable to bear the impact of what that video meant.

Ava had been telling the truth the whole time. We were both drunk, meaning for the past nine years she was blamed and punished for something that wasn't her fault.

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If I don't know what he's planning then I can't come up with a counter attack incase he messes up like Black Serpent.

Picking up my phone, I call one of my men.

"Boss?" Blake answers in the first ring.

"Have you been able to locate him?" I ask him.

I'm never one to worry. Never one to be anxious about things, but I was this time. I just got this bad fucking feeling that something was going to happen.

I couldn't shake the feeling of doom that was wrecking havoc inside me.

"No...it's like he's fallen completely off radar." He replies, making me curse. "No one has been able to locate him" When I found out that the Black Serpent had been caught, I knew that I had to get rid of him.

It wouldn't have been long before the police caught up to him, so I blew his brains off. I couldn't let him lead them straight to me.

I was right after all. It didn't take long for the cops to catch up to him. Luckily I had taken care of him already.

I know people like him. Mainly because he is made from the same cloth I am. If he had been caught, then he would have given me up to save his sorry ass. (1)

He didn't have any loyalty towards me, so he would have easily given me up. I couldn't let that happen. Not when I had worked so fucking hard to get to where I was.

Everything turned out perfectly. He died. The police lost their only advantage and I got a new hitman.

1/4 “Boss” Blake calls my name, pulling from my thoughts.

“What is it?” “My mind was racing.

Like I said, this wasn’t like me, but something just didn’t feel right. I didn’t like the gut feeling I was getting.

“I said we’ll keep an eye out and let you know incase something turns up” he mumbles through the phone.

I grunt. “Fine. Just fucking find him. I want to know where he is ASAP” 1 I hang up the phone and continue pacing. Feeling so restless and on edge. This isn’t how imagined things going. Somewhere in the middle, things got mixed up and now I feel like i’m running out of time. Like I have a noose tied around my neck.

“Fuck!” I shout before punching the wall next me.

I just feel it. Just know that things will come undone. That every thing I’ve done. Every secret I’ve kept and every lie I’ve told will soon be revealed. 2 I don’t know if I’m fucking ready for that. Don’t know if I’m ready for the backlash I’m sure to get.

Picking up my phone again, I call the one woman who has the ability to calm me down. The one that has always understood and stood by my side.

“Hi, mom” I greet as I sit down, trying to control my restlessness.

“Hey honey” she shouts excitedly. “It’s so good to hear from you. I’ve missed you so much” At her voice, I sink into the couch. Tension leaves my body and I melt.

“I’ve missed you too mom, more than you can imagine” I mumble into the phone, feeling like a child again.

All my fears and worries fade away.

“Not that I don’t like hearing from you, but why did you call? Shouldn’t you be at work?” She asks.

I don’t know how to explain that to her. How do I tell her that I called because I needed to hear her voice one last time before things fell apart? How do I tell her that I wanted her comfort one last time because I doubt I’ll get it when she finds out what I’ve done? (5 2/4 “Nothing Just needed to hear your voice” I simply answer, my voice catching at the end.

“Are you alright sweetie?” She asks concerned. It’s in her voice I smile at the pet name she has had for me since I was kid. “I’m okay, just stressed with work.

That’s all” “You work too much. You need to take a vacation or something. It’s not like you can’t afford it” she chuckles.

I hear shuffling, then the unmistakable sound of pots and pans. She was either cooking or baking.

I can bet all my damn money that she was baking. She loved baking more than anything.

“I’ll take a vacation when things settle...there’s just so much going on right now” I partly lie.

With the pending doom that was hanging over me, I doubt I will ever get that vacation. I’m not a good person. I fucking know that, but it doesn’t stop me from praying that things go my way.

“Fine.” She gives in. “But at least take a weekend off and just relax. It will be good for you. It’ll clear your mind and give you a chance to look at things from a whole new perspective” she advices.

This is one of the reasons why I fucking love my mom. She has the best advices. She’s one of the few intelligent women I know and she doesn’t shy away from showing it.

She is right. Since there was nothing I can do right now about the hitman I hired, maybe I should take a break. One weekend won’t hurt.

“Thanks mom...I really needed to hear that” I tell her gratefully.

I loved the woman more than life. She was just the fucking best and no words can explain what she means to me.

“Anytime sweetie, you know I love” she says after a heart beat.

“I love you too, mom” I whisper, feeling fucking emotional all of a sudden.

I was about to say more, but I’m interrupted by an incoming call.

It was Blake.

“I have to go, mom. Take care and say hi to everyone” I tell her, desperate to hear what Blake has to tell me.

3/4 “I will sweetie...take care and don’t be stranger” there is a hint of a smile in her voice.

After I agree, we hang up and I immediately call Blake.

“What do you have for me?” I ground. All traces of softness gone from my voice.

I hoped that he had news about Hawk. As the hitman likes to be called. He was at Ava party and managed to scare her. Then he burned down her house the very next day.

I asked him why he did it. Unlike what the police suspected, he didn't do it because he wanted to kill her. He knew she wasn't in the house. He did it to scare her.

He told me that he liked playing with his victims before he finally killed them. Just like a cat plays with a mouse. He said he likes instilling fear in his victims before ending them.

Since then, he has been quiet. Planning. He hasn't revealed his plan and he disappeared a week ago. I'm clueless about what he plans to do and that freaks me out.

"Well!" I snap, when after a minute or so, he still hasn't said anything.

"We managed to trace him and by what we're collecting, he has Ava" he says in one breath.

The air gets stuck in my lungs, before I finally release it. I heave a sigh and stand up.

I take my gun. "Send me the location" I tell him before hanging up. It was time to finish this once and for all.

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“Hi, mom” I greet as I sit down, trying to control my restlessness.

“Hey honey” she shouts excitedly. “It’s so good to hear from you. I’ve missed you so much” At her voice, I sink into the couch. Tension leaves my body and I melt.

“I’ve missed you too mom, more than you can imagine” I mumble into the phone, feeling like a child again.

All my fears and worries fade away.

“Not that I don’t like hearing from you, but why did you call? Shouldn’t you be at work?” She asks.

I don’t know how to explain that to her. How do I tell her that I called because I needed to hear her voice one last time before things fell apart? How do I tell her that I wanted her comfort one last time because I doubt I’ll get it when she finds out what I’ve done? (5 2/4 “Nothing Just needed to hear your voice” I simply answer, my voice catching at the end.

“Are you alright sweetie?” She asks concerned. It’s in her voice I smile at the pet name she has had for me since I was kid. “I’m okay, just stressed with work.

That’s all” “You work too much. You need to take a vacation or something. It’s not like you can’t afford it” she chuckles.

I hear shuffling, then the unmistakable sound of pots and pans. She was either cooking or baking.

I can bet all my damn money that she was baking. She loved baking more than anything.

“I’ll take a vacation when things settle...there’s just so much going on right now” I partly lie.

With the pending doom that was hanging over me, I doubt I will ever get that vacation. I’m not a good person. I fucking know that, but it doesn’t stop me from praying that things go my way.

“Fine.” She gives in. “But at least take a weekend off and just relax. It will be good for you. It’ll clear your mind and give you a chance to look at things from a whole new perspective” she advices.

This is one of the reasons why I fucking love my mom. She has the best advices. She’s one of the few intelligent women I know and she doesn’t shy away from showing it.

She is right. Since there was nothing I can do right now about the hitman I hired, maybe I should take a break. One weekend won’t hurt.

“Thanks mom...I really needed to hear that” I tell her gratefully.

I loved the woman more than life. She was just the fucking best and no words can explain what she means to me.

“Anytime sweetie, you know I love” she says after a heart beat.

“I love you too, mom” I whisper, feeling fucking emotional all of a sudden.

I was about to say more, but I’m interrupted by an incoming call.

It was Blake.

“I have to go, mom. Take care and say hi to everyone” I tell her, desperate to hear what Blake has to tell me.

3/4 “I will sweetie...take care and don’t be stranger” there is a hint of a smile in her voice.

After I agree, we hang up and I immediately call Blake.

“What do you have for me?” I ground. All traces of softness gone from my voice.

I hoped that he had news about Hawk. As the hitman likes to be called. He was at Ava party and managed to scare her. Then he burned down her house the very next day.

I asked him why he did it. Unlike what the police suspected, he didn’t do it because he wanted to kill her. He knew she wasn’t in the house. He did it to scare her.

He told me that he liked playing with his victims before he finally killed them. Just like a cat plays with a mouse. He said he likes instilling fear in his victims before ending them.

Since then, he has been quiet. Planning. He hasn’t revealed his plan and he disappeared a week ago. I’m clueless about what he plans to do and that freaks me out.

“Well!” I snap, when after a minute or so, he still hasn’t said anything.

“We managed to trace him and by what we’re collecting, he has Ava” he says in one breath.

The air gets stuck in my lungs, before I finally release it. I heave a sigh and stand up.

I take my gun. “Send me the location” I tell him before hanging up It was time to finish this once and for all.

Kidnapped Ava It’s been about two months after my house was burned to the ground. So far nothing has happened to me in those few months.

There hasn’t been any more attacks. It’s been quiet and I was hoping the bastard had given up on killing me.

The chief told me not to get my hopes high. He advised to stay on guard and be on the lookout.



According to him, such people don't give up easily. He told me that he or she was probably bidding their time. Planning. Waiting for the perfect time to attack.

I get what he was saying, but it's hard not to have hope when they have been quiet. It's easy to relax and let my guard down when it seems like they've left me alone.

These past few months have been the best of my life. Of course it can't compare to those moments I'm with Noah, but they have been pretty great nonetheless.

What made them the best was Ethan. Every moment I've been with him has taught me something new about myself.

I love being around him and if I'm honest with myself, then I'll admit that I've developed feelings for him.

He's everything I've ever wanted Rowan to be. Kind, loving and attentive. Not to mention that the sex is amazing. I see the soft look in his eyes as he stares at me and I always fucking hope that he feels the same way I do.

I can see myself building a life with him. That is if he wants me.

Most would probably say that I'm moving too fast. Maybe I am, but I don't think so. I've wasted nine years loving a man that didn't deserve my love. Nine years with a man that hated me. Of course when I get a chance to be happy I'm going to grab it with both hands. It's not even something to think about or debate.

My phone ringing brings me out of my happy thoughts of Ethan. I was a woman on cloud nine and nothing could bring me down.

"Where the hell are you?" Letty's screaming voice comes through the speaker.

1/5 We were having our weekly meet up and I was a little bit late. Blame it on Ethan and his expert tongue "Chill woman. I'm just pulling up" I roll my eyes even though she can't see me.

Letty doesn't like lateness, which is funny because she's late like eighty percent of the time.

"Fine!" She huffs before hanging up.

I park my car and get out. Rushing into the club, I spot her in the VIP section almost immediately.

Today we decided to do something different. We usually meet in restaurants, but Letty wanted to unwind. I immediately agreed. I've never been to an actual club and I've only ever drunk twice.

The night Rowan and I messed up and the night Ethan and I first slept together, both I went to bars.

It's funny really. The first time I slept with both men, I was drinking. With Ethan, though, I was tipsy and I remember everything. With Rowan, I only remember bits and pieces.

"Finally" she says when I take a seat opposite her.

Given we were in the VIP section, it wasn't that noisy and so I could hear her clearly.

"Sorry, I got caught up doing something" I smirk.

She grins at me already knowing what I was caught up doing. I didn't need to dive into the details.

It was simple for her to understand.

"Then cheers to you babe!" She shrieks in happiness.

She picks her glass up and hold it up in the air before downing it. With the way she was behaving, I'm going to take a guess and assume that she was already tipsy.

"You should get this drink...it's the shit" she says then calls the bartender and ask him to bring me a glass.

A few minutes later, he is back with my drink. I taste it and my eyes bulge wide.

"Told you it was good" she smiles.

"It really is" I answer in amazement.

It is just as I like it. Nice and sweet. I don't like the bitter taste of alcohol. That's why I rarely have 215 "So, how have things been?" I ask her after a while.

"Not bad, but it has been a hectic week" she answers with a sigh.

"Anything I can help with?" "If you can give me an extra pair of hands, legs and a new brain then yes" she leans back against the couch.

I chuckle. "Now that's something I can't help you with" "And you? Have you managed to get in touch with Rowan?" She inquires.

Since the day he and Ethan fought, I haven't been able to get in touch with him. Even when it's concerning Noah. When I call he doesn't pick up. When I send him a message I get a response from his lawyer instead.

I should be happy. I'm the one that came up with that idea in the first place, but something about it doesn't feel right. It was like he was avoiding me and for the life of me, I couldn't understand why.

I sigh. “Nope. He doesn’t want to talk to me and I won’t force issues...besides, I’m the one that asked him to keep his distance. He’s probably for once respecting my wishes” “I highly doubt it” she murmurs with a far away look.

“You know something?” “Not really, but I’m suspecting something happened” I look at her in doubt. The only thing that might have happened is if Emma asked him to stay away from me. I doubt that though. Rowan isn’t someone to do as he’s told. Especially if whatever he’s being told involves Noah.

I shake my head to clear it. “I doesn’t matter. None of it matters for today. We are here to have fun and let loose” “You’re right” she says happily as she checks her phone. “Shoot. I need to use the bathroom. Be right back” 2 She doesn’t give me a chance to respond before she rushes away.

3/5 I wait, but she doesn’t come back. I wait for another five minutes, but she’s still not back. I start to get worried Standing up I begin walking to go check on her I start to panic when I don’t find her in the bathroom. I rush back to the VIP section.

“Have you seen the woman I was with a few minutes ago?” I ask the bartender.

He smiles at me. “Yes, I saw her leaving through the back door.” “Thanks” I murmur and leave. Wondering why the hell she would leave without informing.

Especially since her phone and purse were still inside.

I get out and start looking around. I don’t find her. I was getting my phone out to call Travis when someone knocks me on the back of the head. I fall unconscious.

When I wake up, my vision is a bit blurry and my head is throbbing. It takes a while for me to realize that I have been kidnapped.

My hands were tied and I was hanging from the ceiling. I shake the chains, struggling to get out.

“Don’t bother...you won’t be leaving this place alive” a gruff voice to my left says.

I look around before my eyes finally land on him. I was in a sort of warehouse. It seemed to be abandoned because there was nothing in it.

The man that had spoken looked to be in his late thirties with thinning blonde hair. He had a beard which surrounded a pair of thin lips. Amber eyes stared at me with evil intent.

“Who are you and what do you want?” I was afraid.

“Who I am isn’t important as for what I want, you already know” he answers with a shrug.

It was just like I had feared. My luck had ran out. Now I was here with this mad man and I doubt anyone would get to me in time.

“Please let me go...I beg you, I have a son” I plead in a shaky voice.

I can't control the tears that fall down my face at the thought of dying and leaving Noah.

“No can't do...I'm being paid big bucks to kill you” “If it's money you want then I can give you all you want. I'm rich” I try reason with him.

If that's all he wanted then I could fulfil his desires. It wouldn't be that hard to transfer money into 4/5 “wish it was all about the money, but I took a job and I always finish my assignment.” He smiles like that is something to be proud of.

It would be if it was any other job but not when you're a cold blooded killer.

\*Please I'll do anything. I'll give you anything” He stands up and walks towards me. He runs his knife down my face.

“You're pretty and I would like to have you, but still, you're not worth losing my reputation for” he whispers into my ear sending chills down my spine.

I'm saved from his disgusting touch when the large door opens. We both turn and for a moment I'm happy. I've been saved.

His next words, though, shatter my illusion.

“Boss, look what I've got” he smiling proudly. “I promised you I'd get the job done” Everything inside me freezes as the weight of betrayal sits on my heart. I couldn't believe my ears. The person I least expected turned out to be my enemy.

How the hell did I not see this coming?

## **Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M Chapter 49**

Kidnapped Ava It's been about two months after my house was burned to the ground. So far nothing has happened to me in those few months.

There hasn't been any more attacks. It's been quiet and I was hoping the bastard had given up on killing me.

The chief told me not to get my hopes high. He advised to stay on guard and be on the lookout.

According to him, such people don't give up easily. He told me that he or she was probably bidding their time. Planning. Waiting for the perfect time to attack.

I get what he was saying, but it's hard not to have hope when they have been quiet. It's easy to relax and let my guard down when it seems like they've left me alone.

These past few months have been the best of my life. Of course it can't compare to those moments I'm with Noah, but they have been pretty great nonetheless.

What made them the best was Ethan. Every moment I've been with him has taught me something new about myself.

I love being around him and if I'm honest with myself, then I'll admit that I've developed feelings for him.

He's everything I've ever wanted Rowan to be. Kind, loving and attentive. Not to mention that the sex is amazing. I see the soft look in his eyes as he stares at me and I always fucking hope that he feels the same way I do.

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Most would probably say that I'm moving too fast. Maybe I am, but I don't think so. I've wasted nine years loving a man that didn't deserve my love. Nine years with a man that hated me. Of course when I get a chance to be happy I'm going to grab it with both hands. It's not even something to think about or debate.

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"Where the hell are you?" Letty's screaming voice comes through the speaker.

1/5 We were having our weekly meet up and I was a little bit late. Blame it on Ethan and his expert tongue "Chill woman. I'm just pulling up" I roll my eyes even though she can't see me.

Letty doesn't like lateness, which is funny because she's late like eighty percent of the time.

"Fine!" She huffs before hanging up.

I park my car and get out. Rushing into the club, I spot her in the VIP section almost immediately.

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“Not bad, but it has been a hectic week” she answers with a sigh.

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Missing Rowan I'm a coward Plain and simple. Two fucking months and I still can't myself to face Ava or even talk to her What was I supposed to tell her? What could I tell the woman I thought had tricked me when it had turned out that she wasn't at fault?

I'm ashamed of myself. Ashamed of all the things I did to her. Ashamed of letting her take the blame. I'm ashamed that I stood by while everyone treated her like shit, because I thought that she deserved it.

I don't know how to face her. How to look her in the eyes and apologize. I don't fucking know how to apologize to anyone simply because I've never been in the wrong. I am always fucking right except when it comes to Ava I take a sip of my whiskey as I try to drown that fucking guilt. It doesn't do much but at least for a few minutes I can pretend that my whole fucking world wasn't turned upside down with the truth “Sir, Mr Sharp is here to see you. He looks a bit distressed” my housekeeper interrupts me by saying.

“Let him in” I simply answer before turning away.



When the truth came out, Gabe couldn't hold it in anymore. He shared the video with everyone. So now both families know that Ava wasn't lying when she said she was drunk.

Everyone felt guilty except for Emma. She still held on to her grudge, saying it doesn't excuse the fact that she went after a guy that wasn't hers.

My relationship with Emma hasn't improved. She keeps pushing, but for some reason I just can't bring myself to give in.

I don't know what the fuck is going on with me. I wanted a chance with Emma. A future with her, yet here I am pushing her away for some unknown reason.

I turn when Travis enters my office.

"What going on?" I ask when I realize that Martha was right. He looked distressed.

174 "I don't know, but I need your help. He grabs onto his hair. Tm freaking out" I stand up from my seat and round the desk. I sit on it then pull a glass, pour some whiskey before handing it over to him "Calm me down and tell me what happened" I tell him in a controlled and calm voice He takes a few deep breaths before answering "I got an unexpected call from Ava, before she could say anything though, I heard a small scream and then nothing. I tried calling back but there wasn't an answer. I tried calling Letty because they were going out together but I can't reach her either. It's been almost two hours and none of them is answering their phones" I straighten at what he said. My brows pulling down in worry. Ava would never call Travis willingly so something happened. Something was wrong.

"Do you know where they went?" I ask already taking my phone out.

"No. Letty didn't tell me" Drake picks up on the first ring. "Get me the location of Ava's car" "On it" he says before hanging up.

I got a tracker on her car without her knowing. It was the easiest way I knew to keep track on her and protect her since she asked me to withdraw her security details.

Seconds later I get details of where her car is parked. I'm surprised to realize that it was parked near one of my many clubs.

"Let's go" I tell Travis and we leave.

It doesn't take us long to get to our destination. We get out and get immediate entry into the club.

After speaking to one of the bartenders and showing him a picture of Ava and Letty, he shows us the private booth they chose.

"Both their purses and Letty's phone are still here" Travis comments as he goes through Letty's bag.

“Have you seen them since they came in?” I ask Matt, the bartender.

“No, they came in and ordered some drinks. They talked for a while. The girl with black hair stood up and went to the bathroom before going outside. Soon the brunet followed her out. None of them.

came back inside” 2/4 I was fuming My insides churning in anger “You didn’t fucking think to check on them to make sure they were alright?” I explode then pin the imbecile to the wall.

The idiot let out a girlish scream. Fear flashing in his eyes.

“I swear I didn’t notice it’s been really busy today and I just didn’t pay much attention that they hadn’t come back until now” he cowers as if he was trying to blend in with the wall.

“What’s going on here?” A voice I recognize asks.

I turn to my manager. My anger and worry still choking me.

“What kinds of idiots do you hire nowadays, Francis?” I ask him turning around to fully face him.

He gasps and tries to compose himself now that he realizes that I am not a normal customer.

“Wh–what do you mean Mr. Woods?” Francis stammers, his face going ashen.

“Please explain it to him, Travis, because I don’t think I can without killing and ending their sorry asses.” I pace as Travis explains the situation to Francis, who gets paler with each word.

“You said that they both went outside?” I face the bartender.

He nods his head in answer.

“Get me the CCTV footage” I command before leaving through the back door.

I look outside and find nothing. No clue that can lead us to either of the women. I was about to give up when I kicked something with my shoes.

I look down only to find that it’s a phone. Not just any phone, but I recognize it as the new phone I got Ava. Travis comes out with a tablet just as I was trying to power it on.

“You have to see this” he says urgently, giving me the device.

In the video, Ava is seen coming out of the club then being hit by a man who later carries her unconscious body into a getaway car.

It was obvious that Ava was kidnapped but what the hell happened to Letty?

“At least we got a clear view of the bastard’s face and the car’s registration number” Travis says hopefully I ignore him and dial Gabe’s number. He had the best tracker so he was our best shot.

“I need you to find someone for me” I tell him before giving him the details and sending him the video Don’t worry Ava, I’m coming for you.

## **Ex-Husband’s Regret by Evelyn M.M Chapter 50**

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He gasps and tries to compose himself now that he realizes that I am not a normal customer.

“Wh—what do you mean Mr. Woods?” Francis stammers, his face going ashen.

“Please explain it to him, Travis, because I don’t think I can without killing and ending their sorry asses.” I pace as Travis explains the situation to Francis, who gets paler with each word.

“You said that they both went outside?” I face the bartender.

He nods his head in answer.

“Get me the CCTV footage” I command before leaving through the back door.

I look outside and find nothing. No clue that can lead us to either of the women. I was about to give up when I kicked something with my shoes.

I look down only to find that it’s a phone. Not just any phone, but I recognize it as the new phone I got Ava. Travis comes out with a tablet just as I was trying to power it on.

“You have to see this” he says urgently, giving me the device.

In the video, Ava is seen coming out of the club then being hit by a man who later carries her unconscious body into a getaway car.

It was obvious that Ava was kidnapped but what the hell happened to Letty?

“At least we got a clear view of the bastard’s face and the car’s registration number” Travis says hopefully I ignore him and dial Gabe’s number. He had the best tracker so he was our best shot.

“I need you to find someone for me” I tell him before giving him the details and sending him the video Don’t worry Ava, I’m coming for you.

Betrayed Ava I stare. My heart beating erratically and my mind racing. How the hell did I get here? How the hell did I not see this coming?

I was frozen. Mortified. Unable to utter a fucking word. My world was crumbling down around me.

Shattering into pieces.

‘Boss’ That one word kept playing in my head. Driving me to the brink of madness then back. All this time. Wondering. Guessing. Searching. My enemy was right under my fucking nose.

“What the fuck is going on” the angry shout pulls me back to this painful reality.

I turn behind me, only to be shocked Letty was tied to a chair. She looked afraid and pissed off at the same time. She was bleeding from her head. I guess the bastard that kidnapped us hit her on the head too.

I had been so occupied with my fears of dying and trying to get out of this situation that I didn't notice that she was here. In my defence, she was behind me. I didn't expect anyone behind me.

“Isn't it obvious? I kidnapped both of you” our kidnapper says.

“Why would you kidnap her when I'm the one you wanted?” I ask looking down.

I didn't want to face my betrayer. It was too painful to look at the familiar face.

“It wasn't in the plan, but then I saw her outside breathing the fresh air. She is related to your family and I knew I could fetch more money if I keep her for ransom” he explains with a shrug.

It kind of made sense. She was Travis' girlfriend and from what I know he's madly in love with her. He would do anything to get her back including paying the ransom money.

“I don't get it” Letty begins. “Then what is Ethan doing here? Is he here to rescue us?” She asks hopefully. His name drives a sharp sword into my heart. Why me? I thought that I had finally gotten a good man. That everything was falling into place, but this? I never expected this to happen to me.

1/4 Letty asks again.

Our kidnapper laughs and answers for me. Something that I couldn't do myself.

“Save you? Ha!” He laughs again. “He's the one that hired me to kill Ava!” I hear Letty gasp. I close my eyes at the pain that assaults me. Thinking about it. Guessing about it and actually hearing it is two different things.

I had hoped that there was an explanation. That maybe he had an evil twin brother I didn't know about. The fact that he hasn't said anything proves that everything his minion said is true.

I sag against the chains. They were the only thing that were holding me up right now.

How am I supposed to deal with this kind of betrayal? How am I supposed to look him in the eye knowing very well that he wanted me dead.

All these months, were they all just a game to him? Toying with me and my feelings while he planned on the best way to kill me.

“That's impossible. Ethan is one of the good guys” Letty defends him, her voice shaking.

I didn't want to believe it, but the truth was staring us straight in the fucking face.

Ethan has been playing me for months. Leading me on, getting into my head and my fucking heart knowing very well that he wasn't going to stay.

It fucking hurt. Nothing compares to what I'm feeling now. Not even when Rowan broke me did it hurt as much as what Ethan has done.

Couldn't he have just killed me without getting close to me? Without making me develop feelings for him. That would have been kinder than what he did. This was downright mean and cruel.

How sick in the head was he? To make the person you want dead fall for you? He slept with me, listened to my worries and made me hope for a future he knew wasn't going to happen.

"Now that you're here boss...would you like the honours or should I do it?" The man asks grinning while giving the knife to Ethan.

I finally look at him. He wasn't looking at me though. He was looking at the man he hired to kill me.

My breath catches when he takes the knife from him.

2/4 "Why? Just answer me that" I finally get the courage to ask him. "Why make me like you if you were only using me? If you were planning to kill me. Why pretend? Why sleep with me? Why Ethan?" I ask him brokenly.

I couldn't stop the tears that streamed down my face. His eyes were cold as he looked at me. No trace of any warmth. I felt like a piece of meat. Beaten to a pulp and then tossed aside. It physically hurt to look at his beautiful blue eyes.

Eyes that hypnotized me from the first time I saw them. The day he knocked on my door after I had been shot. Was that day also planned? Did he plan the whole thing?

More pain tears through me at that possibility. That he staged everything to make himself look like a hero just so I would let my guard around him. (3)

"You don't have to answer the bitch Boss...she's going to die anyway" the man sneers in my direction.

They probably laughed at me a million times. Making fun at me for being so stupid and gullible.

Letty screams when Ethan pulls out his gun and shoots the bastard right on his forehead. His blood and probably brains splatter on me but I don't scream. No sound comes out of my throat.

He turns the gun on me. Pointing it straight in my direction.

“Ethan, please don’t do this...this is Ava! You have feelings for her, remember? I don’t care how things started but I know that things changed along the way. There is no way you were faking the looks you gave her” Letty pleads on my behalf, but I’m just so fucking tired.

“Do it!” I ground out.

“What the hell are you doing, Ava. Stop it. Stop pushing him” Letty screams at me, but I ignore her.

He doesn’t do anything. Just stares at me with nothing in his eyes. All the emotions I used to see there is nowhere to be found.

“Fucking do it, Ethan” I scream, as my tears fall down my face.

I watch. My heart breaks into pieces as he moves his finger on the trigger. I want him to end it. To end all of it, because being dead was better than facing the pain that was slowly destroying me on the inside. 1 I close my eyes just as I hear a shot ring out in the empty space. 3 3/4 Evelyn M.M Author How many got it right about Ethan? And how many doubted Letty’s loyalty? Let me know what you think. Lots of love, bye ” ?

