

Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M

Chapter 94

I look to the heavens before calming myself. I didn't need a lot of stress right now.

"Hello Christine, hello Emma," I say in a controlled voice.

I didn't want to deal with drama today. So I was going to be as civil as I could, then remove myself from this situation.

Christine scoffs, but I don't pay her any attention. My focus was on Emma. She still had the sling around her shoulder. Seeing it there reminded me of that day. The way she willingly took a bullet for me.

I wanted to reach out to her after that incident, but I wasn't sure if my actions would be welcomed. In her eyes, I was probably still her nemesis.

My eyes pierces hers. "I never got the chance to thank you for what you did, but I'll forever be grateful," I tell her, motioning to her shoulder.

I don't know what I expected, but it wasn't for her to scoff at me in disdain. Sure, I know we would never be the best of friends, but I had hoped that with what happened to us, we would put our differences aside.

"I don't need your fucking thanks, and what the hell made you think that I got shot for you?" she asks, her face scrunching up in disgust.

I sigh and shake my head. I guess nothing has changed. The

bitch I was used to was firmly back in place.

"Whatever Emma, I'm still thankful."

Corrine and Letty look behind them when they realize that I'm not following them. They stop before turning back. A murderous look on both their faces.

I've known them for a short time, but fuck do I love my friends.

"What the hell is going on here? You better not be causing trouble for Ava, or I swear I'll destroy you," Corrine warns, her voice taking a deadly tone.

"Oh, look, our mousy Ava went and got herself some friends; how nice," Christine mocks. I could literally taste the bitterness in her voice.

Letty steps towards them, her hands fisted, but I stop her. I didn't need a fight right now. What I needed was peace and tranquility.

"She's not worth it, Letty. She's nothing but a resentful, hateful bitch." I tell my friend, pleading with my eyes to let it go.

"I'm not worth it?" Christine scoffs, turning towards Emma before looking back at me. "You're the one who isn't worth it. You're unwanted and hated. No one in your family likes you. As if that isn't bad enough, you also spread your legs for anyone. Do you even know who your baby's father is?"

Throwing my hands up in the air, I turn towards my friends. "Why the hell does everyone think I'm a whore? I've slept with

two men. Two fucking men! If that makes me a whore, then what the hell is she?" I ask, pointing at Christine.

"You bitch!" she screams, shards of hatred directed at me.

"What? I'm telling the truth. I am damn sure you have slept with most of the eligible married and unmarried men in this city."

"Shut up!" she screams, losing it. "It's because of you that I lost my job! You made Rowan fire me."

To be honest, I laugh at that. It was so funny and so silly. Like could she seriously hear herself? She wasn't making any sense.

"I can't make Rowan do anything even if I wanted to! He fired you because he realized what a lousy human being you are."

"I'm gonna kill you," she yells again.

She steps forward to attack me, but Emma stops her. Her action surprises me, but I don't let it linger too much in my brain. I was done with confusing behaviors from those around me.

I totally ignore Christine as she curses me and focus on Emma.

"You think she's your friend, but she's not." I begin, "Don't let her fool you. Did you know she tried her best to seduce Rowan and get him to sleep with her? She even offered to be his mistress, but he refused her."

Emma looks shocked. Her eyes dancing between mine and Christine. Christine, on the other hand, looks totally afraid because she knows she's about to loose her hold on Emma.

"She's lying, Emma. Don't listen to her!"

"Am I? Ask anyone in our social circle, and they'll tell you the same thing. Haven't you ever wondered why she hates me so much? It's because I was married to the man she wanted for herself. She's been chasing after him from the moment he hired her as his secretary. It's no secret she wants him."

"Is this true?" Emma asks in a deadly voice as Christine nervously nibbles her lips.

She took a bullet for me. The least I could do was open her fucking eyes to the person she considered a true friend.

"I can explain," she pleads, but Emma doesn't listen as she blows up on her.

I tune them out and turn to my friends. "Let's go. My work here is done."

I turn around just as I hear a slap echoing in the parking lot. Swiveling my head, I look back and see Christine cradling

her cheek. Emma had slapped her hard. I wasn't sorry for her. The bitch deserved it after what she put me through.

We walk until we can no longer hear them. Sagging against a car, I take a deep breath.

"That was awesome. The way you stood up against her was amazing." Letty yells happily.

I give them a small smile.

"Thanks. I'm so sorry to have to do this to you two, but I need to go home. I'm so freaking tired, and my feet are aching." I tell them.

For some reason I feel drained and tired. I just want to go home, de-stress and take a very long nap.

"Are you sure?" Letty asks.

"Yeah. Sorry for bailing out on you like this."

"It's no problem. We understand. Dealing with those two is a headache. Go home and get some rest; we can postpone the meeting for another day." Corrine adds, holding my hand reassuringly.

"What are you going to do now?" I ask them. I felt bad for canceling, but I also know that I need to get home.

"We'll continue with Letty's insane plans and get some greasy food," Corrine answers with what resembles a wince.

After hugging them and telling them goodbye, I get in my car and leave.

"I should really consider hiring a driver," I tell myself.

I was short, so with my big belly, it was starting to get really uncomfortable being behind the wheels.

Around forty minutes later, I pull into my driveway. I park my car and get inside the house.

"Thank God you're here miss, Ava." My nanny all but screams while rushing towards me.

I put my bag down. I feel panic trying to claw its way inside me, but I push it down.

"What's wrong?"

Before she can answer, Noah comes rushing down the stairs. He takes my hand and pulls me towards the stairs.

"Slow down, Noah. What's wrong?"

He looks at me, tears swimming in his eyes. "It's Gunner. He won't stop crying, and he won't tell me what's wrong. I don't know how to help him."

"I tried calling Calvin, but he didn't pick up," the nanny says loudly behind us.

I nod my head and let Noah pull me up the stairs and into his room. We enter, and I find Gunner curled into a corner. His head between his legs. Arms around himself. He was sobbing. Gut-wrenching cries.

My heart sinks. His pain breaking my heart into tiny little pieces. He has come to mean a lot to me. Seeing him like this was literally causing me physical pain.

I struggle, but finally kneel before him.

"Honey, what's wrong?" I ask gently as I touch his arm softly.

The moment he hears my voice, he lunges at me. His arms circle my neck and he holds on for dear life. I fall on my butt on the soft carpet and end up sitting with him in my arms.

"Baby, talk to me..." I plead while rubbing his back.

"I just don't understand. You're a great mother and you live with Noah. He told me that you and his dad aren't together, but you still love him so much. So why does my mother not love me?" he hiccups. Struggling to get the words out.

My heart goes to him. I hold him close to me. Hoping that he can feel my love for him radiating from me.

"I've only met her once. She doesn't want to see me or be near me. Am I a bad boy? Does she hate me so much? I just don't understand why she doesn't love me" he cries.

I can't stop the tears that run down my face. I feel my heart squeeze. My throat bobbles as I try to contain my emotion. I pull him even closer. As if I could absorb his pain and take it into my own body.

"Dad say I am not a bad boy and I've tried my best to always be good, but she still doesn't want me. It hurts, Ava. It hurts so much in here" he lets go of me for a while then pounds on his chest.

I grasp his hand in mine and stop his actions. I kiss his cheeks, then his forehead, before running my finger down his cheek.

"I don't have all the answers to your questions, but I know you're a great little boy. It may not mean much, but I love you, Gunner, just as much as I love Noah. If I were to have another son, then I would probably pray to the heavens that it would be you." I take a breath before continuing.

"Don't ever doubt yourself, honey. We may not know your mother, but it's her loss because you're awesome, and we're so glad you came into our lives. Never put yourself down, Gunner. Ever. Because there are people who love you so much."

I pour out my heart to him. Hoping it will be enough to pull him back to us. Everything I said is the truth. I just hope he believes me.

He stops crying. His eyes focused on mine.

"You mean that? You love me?" He asks timidly, making the need to find his mother and beat the crap out of her rise within me.

"Of course. You're a part of Noah and me now, so how can we not love you?" I reply, wiping away the tear stains.

He calms down, then leans forward and kisses my cheek.

"I love you guys too. I'm so glad our dog sneaked into your yard that day, because I met you two." ☺

His words brings tears to my eyes. Damn it. The kid was too sweet.

"I'm glad we met you too, Gunner." Noah adds, and I nod in agreement.

A smile breaks from his lips and transforms his whole face. He was a carbon copy of his dad, but there was just something about his smile.

Looking at him closely, something tags at my brain, but no matter what, I just couldn't place why his smile seemed really familiar or why I feel like things are about to unravel.