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Mr Ceo's Pregnant Ex-Wife Chapter 26 - 30

His words reverberated inside my thoughts. Each word turned into pointed arrows attacking my heart and reaping it into multiple pieces. I thought I had had enough pain. Well, I was mistaken. As long as I am with Ace, the pain will never stop haunting me.

Ace was the first man I ever loved... He, too, was the first love I lost. Indeed, it was true that first love is the sweetest, but no one warned me that the first cut is the deepest. Forgetting him was an impossibly difficult mission I needed to accomplish. And the first step I need to do to get him out of my life was to sign the divorce papers he offered me.

Ace made no move to step closer. Instead, he just gave me an intent look which suddenly made me uneasy. His unblinking eyes were focused on my face as he tried to memorize each detail. He stood tall with hands casually inserted on the pocket of his denim jeans, his prominent chin was tilted forward. He looked exactly like a vogue model waiting for the photographer to take the golden shot.

He never looked more handsome than he did now, I thought irritably as my gaze sinfully wandered around his body. He does not look like a man who spent the night locked inside the police station. He looked good now after he had taken a bath and shaved his stubbles.

His hair was still damp and it looked as if it needed some brushing, yet, his unruly hair only added to his charisma. He no longer smelt of alcohol, it was the scent of his musky perfume that reeked from his body, it's scent was able to reach my nose.

Silence lapsed between us. I made no move to break the wall that had fallen between us. I have no plans to. I knew that situation would one day come to this but I did not expect that my chest would feel this heavy.

"Phoenix." He called achingly, I flinched from the tenderness hoping he would stop his pretense.

"Didn't I warn you never to bother me again, Ace?" At last, I found my voice and spat the words like venom before throwing him a contemptuous glare, he nearly backed out when he saw how my eyes flared with hatred.

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"Please, I'm begging you Phoenix." He pleaded desperately. I was becoming tired of his antics.

"If you don't go, I'm going to call the police and I will file a restricting order against you." I scrunch my eyebrows in rage. Wasn't he the one who told me fell out of love? Did he bump his head or something? Why was he following me around like a madman?

"Let's talk please."

I ignored his plea and walked past him without looking back. I heard footsteps behind my back. I quickened my steps and he quickened his step too. I gritted my teeth in exasperation. It seemed he wasn't going to stop pestering me.

I did my best to ignore his presence. I wasn't in the mood to play one of his games. I'm tired of being his play toy. My small steps were nothing compared to his long, quick strides. He was a giant and I'm no match for him. If he would take me by force, he could lift me with a single arm. Thankfully it did not occur to him to take me by force.

It was not long enough before he reached my side. "What do you want from me, Ace!" The last of my patience snapped, I whirled towards his direction, not so gently that I bumped into his hard, muscular chest. His fingers held me still to steady my body which lost its balance.

His ocean blue eyes held my gaze captive. I stopped thrashing after I felt the sincerity in his eyes. "I swear to God. This would be the last time, I'm going to bother you. After this, you can send me to jail if I will bother you again. Let's talk for a short moment. Please."

Ace wasn't a good man but he was not a liar either. He was a man of words. I believe after this encounter, he will never bother me again.

I pushed him hard, too uncomfortable by how his touch burned my skin. I turned away from him in fear he would see my flushed cheeks tinted in red.

"I promise." He replied and I felt as his lips stretched into a smile without even looking back.

I said nothing more. I just made a beeline straight to his car, opened the door, and clambered inside. There's no way I will sign our divorce paper right in front of a cemetery. We could discuss the divorce later on inside the formality of a restaurant.

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Ace said nothing too. He just climbed inside the driver's seat and roared the engine to life.

Mr Ceo's Pregnant Ex-Wife Chapter 27

Did you really think

I'd just forgive and forget, no

After catching you with her

Your blood should run cold, so cold

You, you two timing, cheap lying, wannabe

You're a fool

If you thought that I'd just let this go

I never saw Ace so uncomfortable like he did now. His face was beet red. Sweat formed on his temples inside the air-conditioned coffee shop. I even caught him swallowing hard several times which was far beyond normal. His eyes darted away from mine as he tried to evade the eyes trying to read his thoughts. I wonder what was going on inside his mind now.

The coffee shop was small and cozy, and that's the reason why I love this place. It wasn't crowded, and the tranquility that shrouded the place brings comfort to my soul. The scent of wood mingled with a whiff of ground coffee brings me a wave of nostalgia.

Today, the place had a few customers since it's Monday. The coffeeshop becomes crowded with students and office workers during weekends. Ace and I frequented this place before when we are still on good terms—when he hasn't changed yet and he was the sweet loving man I used to know.

"Nice song isn't it." I smiled at him, it was cold, and it barely reached my eyes. I lowered the cup on the table and observed how he would react.

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Ace lifted his gaze to me. Puzzled. My unexpected remark shocked him. His fingers uneasily shifted to the cup of coffee on the table which he hasn't yet touched. The moment the song played on the stereo, he became edgy and landed a frequent glance in my direction as if he too was trying to read my thoughts.

"Yeah, it was good but I don't like it." He replied without filters. I saw his Adam's apple move as he swallowed hard again as if my gaze made him restless.

"I know you won't," I replied and brought the cup to my mouth for another sip. "That's the reason why I love it more," I added, my lips stretched to a cold smile, cold enough to freeze the burning fires of hell.

Ace made no move to touch his coffee. He stared at the cup as if it were some kind of foreign object. He appeared to be wrapped in his private thoughts. If he was annoyed by my words, he gave me no clue to find out.

"Everyone thinks it's a sexual song." I began, he was forced to shift his attention back to me when I spoke. When his gaze met mine, the melancholic gleam of his eyes almost struck me speechless. I fought the urge to lift my fingers and erase the emotions that tainted his handsome face. Instead, I swallowed hard and continued with my litany.

"Everyone thinks that the song thinks was about romance and s*x. In reality, this is about a woman killing her boyfriend for cheating."

Ace continues to stare at me without saying a word. We just fought each other's gaze as the deafening silence lapsed between us. For a moment, we drift away from the coffee shop as light noise from our environment dissolves into the distance.

"Phoenix." He broke the silence finally. His voice was achingly soft. It reminds me how he treated me like a gem before when our love used to be greater than the tests of time.

I shook my head as I broke free from his ocean blue eyes that kept me in trance. I remind myself that the situations have changed and we now drift apart after deceit, betrayal, and unfaithfulness built a huge wall between us.

"Why did you change Ace?" After all what I've been through it was all which I could ask him. I was so damn calm while asking him that question and I inwardly applauded myself. I don't want hatred and rage to take over my heart and eat out all the sanity left in me.

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"I don't even know Phoenix." He said, tears now gleamed upon his eyes. My vision became blurry as I looked at him. "I'm sorry I was the one to drift away. My only regret was ripping your heart into two. My judgments clouded all my reasons. I became desperate for revenge. I know you will never forgive me. I deserve that. You're too good for me, you deserve better than this bastard in front of you."

He carefully placed the divorce papers in front of me. Then handed me the pen and when I made no move to take it, he placed it on the top of the paper and looked away to prevent me from seeing the tears that had drifted down his cheeks.

Mr Ceo's Pregnant Ex-Wife Chapter 28

I swallow the lump that had formed in my throat as I fought the urge not to burst into tears. My blurred eyes shifted to the paper in front of me and I picked the pen up and held it tightly until my fingers hurt.

This is it. My signature holds the key to the other door that will lead me to a brand new life. Soon, I will become a free woman and my soon-to-be ex-husband will forever be out of my life.

I should be happy, I thought painfully. I ignored the stabbing pain in my chest and lifted my gaze to Ace who had fallen silent. When my eyes finally shifted to his, I unbelievably looked at his tear-streaked eyes.

It was difficult for us to do this. But it was for a greater good. We will only hurt each other if we don't let go. The damage has been done, it now shattered our lives and the only way to repair ourselves was to let go and start a fresh new life.

Our wounds could be healed in time. However, the scar will always be there to remind us of the painful chapter of our lives.

I took a deep breath, and I gathered all the courage I could muster to move my hands... My fingers clutching the pen painfully moved on the top of the paper. When I was finished, I let go of the pen as if it burned my touch.

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My fingers made its way to my face to set a strand of stray hair aside, and when I did, I was surprised to feel the wetness on my cheeks. I realized that Ace was not the only one crying... I was crying too.

I have done what I must do. It's time for me to leave before I burst into a sob. I clenched my fingers for some strength and got up from my seat after I dried the tears from my cheeks using the back of my palms.

"Please excuse me. I'll go ahead, Mr. Greyson." I said with an icy cold demeanor which he ignored.

Ace said nothing. Instead, he retrieved the papers on the top of the table and settled them inside his attaché case. "I will drive you home." He said afterward. It was not a plea but an order. The tears were gone from his cheeks. He must have dried them when I wasn't looking.

He got up from his seat and I bravely met his gaze. His ocean blue eyes were blank and empty. There was no emotion for me to read his thoughts.

"I can go on my own." I stubbornly insisted and fought his unblinking gaze. "You are not obliged to drive me home. We are no longer husband and wife. We are not even friends, nor we are enemies. We are just strangers with some memories." I added, determined to ruin his plans.

"I said let go Ace." I spat irritably trying to free my fingers out from his iron clutch.

"Don't make a scene." He snapped as he slowly made his way to the aisle, and I followed behind him as he dragged me.

"If you don't let go, I will make a scene." I threatened, seriously pissed off by his demanding attitude.

He stopped walking just in the middle of the aisle. "Make a scene then." He taunted. My gaze wandered around the area. Almost everyone was looking at me now. His colossal height and muscular build were enough to attract attention as he stood in the center.

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When there was no response from me, he continued walking and I followed him behind like an obedient puppy. I gritted my teeth and cast his back a sharp glare, if only looks could kill a person, he died a few moments ago.

This is the last time I will be with him anyway. I must bear his presence. I told myself when we are finally out of the coffee shop.

I was expecting him to free my fingers once outside but it shocked me when he didn't. Instead, he gently pulled me until we reached his parked car and opened the door of his car.

I took a deep breath to calm my strained nerves and climbed inside without arguing. For the last time, I will follow him obediently. Anyways, he would be gone out of my life forever after this.

He turned to the driver's seat, opened the door, and climbed into the seat next to mine. He did not run the engine just like I'm expecting him to do. Instead, he turned to me, but he did not say a word, he just intently stared at me as if he was memorizing my face for one last time.

A moment of silence passed between us. The intensity of his gaze turned my throat as dry as a desert. I wanted to look away but his ocean blue eyes held me captive.

"Do you hate me that much Phoenix?" His face softened. The question shocked me.

"Yes, I hate you that much," I replied.

"Kill me then." He said so suddenly and handed me a gun.

This man has totally lost his mind I thought as the cold metal touched my fingers.

Mr Ceo's Pregnant Ex-Wife Chapter 29

"Even hell will not accept you, Ace," I told him without filters hoping the words will leave a sting in his cold, black heart. "The Devil will not want a rival in your form," I added, my narrowed eyes never once left his face.

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"If you hate me that much, just kill me Phoenix. Take my life as a payment for the sins I committed." He replied without even blinking an eye. Maybe I was right, Ace lost his sanity already. I should not wonder, it runs through his family.

"Even if I kill you over and over again, it will not change a thing. It will never set things right. My daughter's life could never be revived." I said painfully, gritting my jaw, fury was boiling inside me.

I did my best to conceal the pain but it was impossibly hard to hide what I felt especially after recalling the way Vien died, the emotion glittered in my eyes, tears made my vision blurry.

Ace's hand clutched my fingers firmly and lifted the gun until the tip was pointing on his forehead. Fear engulfed my heart, I almost stopped breathing when he pressed the gun into his temples.

I was freaking out within but my face gave no clue of the thoughts running wild inside my head. I knew the gun was loaded, the thought only added to my fear. What if I accidentally pulled the trigger? That will make me a murderer.

"I'm sorry." His tone was soft and apologetic. Thankfully he lowered the gun and secured it inside the car's compartment. He must have sensed the fear looming inside my wide-open eyes.

I let go of the breath I didn't know I was holding. Relief washed over me and I felt the colors return to my face.

"You're sorry will not change a thing. Too late for that." I spat harshly, pain flickered into his ocean blue eyes. I was surprised he was capable of pain. I thought he was cold, numb, and unfeeling. It was too late for him to feel regrets.

"I know you will not forgive me. But I wish someday you will."

"Let's see if time could heal the wound in my heart Ace. Just leave me alone from now on. Maybe in time, I will learn to forgive you."

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His face hardened, the emotions that had been lurking on his face vanished in an instance. He turned as blank as paper as if nothing happened at all. He did not say a word. He turned the ignition and focused his attention on driving. He never once threw me a glance.

It was pure torture being in a complicated with Ace. He was now my ex-husband. I reminded myself. All the feelings I have for him should not be entertained anymore. Instead, I should banish them into oblivion.

He will forget about me too. I smiled bitterly, ignoring the stinging pain in my heart. After Ace married Angela, his whole world will revolve around her..... And his child. All thoughts of me will vanish from his mind.

I leaned on my seat and shifted my attention outside the hustle and bustle of the cars outside the window. For a while, I found myself entertained by the sight which was a total bore if I weren't trying to avoid looking at my now ex-husband.

Five years. That's how long we've been married. The life that started with the word 'I do' in front of the altar has now ended after I signed my tickets to freedom.

The car finally pulled into a stop. I spaced out and I didn't immediately realize we already reached my apartment. The run-down exterior of the building greeted my eyes when I looked up.

I prepared to leave, my fingers reached to open the door but Ace was quick enough to hold my fingers. I flinched when his touch burned my skin.

"I know we will never see each other again after this" He began, his tone achingly soft. I can't see his reaction since my back was turned to him. "As I promised I will never bother you again. Please take care of yourself Phoenix. I'm sorry for all the mistakes I made. I shall forever pay for them."

Ace paused as if the thing he would say next was extremely painful for him. I heard him take a long, deep breath before continuing. "The night you run away from our home, the night Vien died in a car accident, I am not the man you saw on my bed with another woman. I know you will never believe me but you have the right to know." His hold loosened, my fingers fell to my side.

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I pushed the door open and clambered out. The engine roared to life and sped away. The car was gone for a while now but I was still standing there, with a paper blank expression, my emotions were numbed inside.

I firmly closed my eyes. I don't know if I should believe Ace or not. I don't know what to believe anymore.

Mr Ceo's Pregnant Ex-Wife Chapter 30

The rain poured with rage on the afternoon sky. The howling wind rattled the window frames. From the gap on the partially open window which I reminded myself to close and still forgotten to do the task, I could see thick mist forming, it depressingly shrouded the view to Amelie's garden which I hoped and prayed was spared from the gloomy weather's wrath—particularly her newly planted babies would still be alive when the frenzy was over.

A gust of wind trespassed on the crevice of the window and it whooshed past me, leaving me shivering from the cold. The burgeoning thoughts keeping me busy faded as I lifted the blanket closer to my chin absorbing the available warmth it could provide. I curled deeper into the bed, hoping my shivering would stop.

The cold wind was lulling me to sleep, and I fought hard not to succumb to the urge. Not now, I mumbled as I forced my heavy-eyelids open. All I have been doing this past few weeks was sleep, and it had not helped me one bit, my unwell state worsened instead. Not that I could help it, I can't just carry on my task with a pounding head and bile rising from my stomach each time I made an effort to get up.

I've been sick for over a week now. I was trying to keep myself at ease by blaming my sickness from the extreme stress I was currently under while shooing the fearful negativity that I am suffering a chronic illness that runs through our family. No! I just couldn't die after I've just got my freedom from five-year imprisonment.

The reason behind my extreme stress was undoubtedly due to my divorce. Even if months passed already since the last time I saw Ace, I still haven't recovered which only proved that I did love him. But despite the conflicting emotions weakening my resolve, I am slowly drifting to moving on. One day, I will never feel the pain anymore, only peace and happiness.

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I pulled the thermometer out my mouth, praying that my fever could be no more than 38°C but it seems the heavens refused to listen to my prayer, and the thermometer screamed an alarming 39.4 °C upon I looked at it. I weakly returned it to its container and turned the cold towel that draped my temples upside down.

The rain pouring outside the window intensified as if it was showing its sympathy to my forbidding mood as I lay beneath the blanket, cold and shivering from fever. I might be hallucinating now, the ceiling was doing circular motions... And Ace was there... Looking down on me, worry darkened his expression, and his eyebrows were scrunched into a frown.

His large fingers landed on my neck, checking my temperature. His movement became frantic as he snatched the towel from the temples, soaked it on the basin filled with cold water, and draped it back to my temples after.

Impossible. I told myself looking at the ghostly apparition in front of me. My ex-husband would not be here, he was busy preparing for his grand wedding, and it would be tomorrow. Yeah, Angela and Ace were about to get married. Last week my ticket to freedom arrived, clad in a brown envelope. The paper states that we are legally divorced.

I'm dying, I tried to convince myself I'm not, but the apparition who suddenly appeared on my line of vision failed to disappear despite my best efforts to return to reality. There's only one reason I could come up with which explains my hallucinations, I'm on the brink of death.

My eyelids grew heavier, my sight turned blurry. My eyelashes fluttered close and open like a butterfly's wings drifting to its destination. I can no longer lift my eyelids open and after a tug of war with sleep, I stop struggling and allow the currents to carry me away to unknown lands I was yet to discover.

Tender fingers brushed the hair that strayed my face. I sighed as the total darkness swallowed me up.

I woke up the next day from the rays of sunshine streaming in from the crevice of the parted window. I was alone inside my room, and there's no sign that my ex-husband had been there last night. I sighed with relief, eased myself up, and leaned on the headboard. The sign of fever fled my body, and my strength hasn't recovered yet but I feel much much better than yesterday.

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My gaze drifted outside the window. The rain had stopped, the radiant sun ruled the morning sky. I was grateful to the lord for extending my life.

Suddenly bile rose on my throat and dizziness descended on me. Cold sweat formed on my temples and I ran to the bathroom and emptied my stomach with the food I ate yesterday. My strength was drained from my body as I clung tighter to the sink for support.

What if I'm dying?

Vomiting, dizziness, and hair loss. Those were the first signs mom felt before she was diagnosed with cancer. And now, that's the obvious symptoms I was suffering for a couple of weeks now.

I vanished the horrifying idea off my head but it was too late, the terrifying possibility was quickly spreading throughout my body like poison eating my sanity. My fingers wrapped around the sink trembled with fear, color escaped my body. It took all the courage I could muster to return to bed, my thoughts swirling in chaotic disorder as I sat on the edge with beads of sweat trickling my forehead.

Finally, when the battle within me stopped, color returned to my face. Somehow, the uncontrollable urge to vomit had stopped and I slightly felt better. I stood up, though a little bit dizzy and my walking unstable, I successfully reached the wooden cabinet and retrieved some clothes for my doctor's appointment to pick my medical results today.

I snatched the towel from the rack and made a beeline straight to the bathroom. A few minutes later, I emerged wearing a black chiffon blouse and tight-fitted jeans I remember buying from my first salary.

After drying my hair and taming it into a ponytail, I walk towards the door, a clutch bag tightly held around my fingers. The door closed behind me.

Once outside, I quickly hailed a cab and climbed inside. After telling the driver my destination, I leaned on the backseat and stared at the passing view on the window.

The thought of dying at the young age of twenty-three scared the hell out of me. I still have so many things to achieve, slapping Ace with success was one of them.

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