

Ex-Husband's Regret by Evelyn M.M

Chapter 372

Chapter 0372

I stare at the reports in my hands blankly. This past few weeks have been, **to say the least**, heavy. **In** other words, I fucking hated the last couple of weeks, especially because the board kept breathing down my fucking neck.

Except for my dad, I wondered if the rest of the fuckers had nothing better to do than to try and force me into a situation I didn't want. For heaven's sake, they even fired my very sexy secretary and brought in a male one. According to them, I wasn't allowed to have a female secretary until I settled down.

Those bastards even went further to threaten me with my job again. They'd said if they so much as saw or heard gossip about a new woman in my life who wasn't my fucking wife, then I would lose everything.

Dad tried talking to them as the head of the board, but their minds were made up. Either I settled down and showed maturity and responsibility, or they would vote me out and kick me out of the company. The same company that my fucking ancestors built.

I've been in a terrible mood since then. Hell, since dad told me everything they'd planned to do, I easily snap at my employees, and I'm not a great company to be around.

The only one who could ground me is Rowan, and he's been on a honeymoon vacation. They're expected to come back this week, but last I heard, they might add a few more days to their time away.

Letting out the breath I was holding, I stood up and started pacing my office.

“Can I get you anything, Mr. Wood? It’s lunch time,” Christopher, my new secretary, bounces in and asks.

He is gay, and he has no sense of space.

“No, unless you can get me a wet pussy,” I reply, not looking at him.

“That I cannot,” he groans. “Well, I could, but given what the board told me, the only pussy you’ll be getting is that of your wife once you settle down.”

I balled my fist at the reminder. I want to fucking hit someone, and he’s a likely target. Don’t get me wrong, I don’t have anything against him. He’s a fucking good secretary and does his job well, but he isn’t a woman.

He can’t give me the stress relievers I’m used to getting from my other secretaries anytime I was under pressure or the thrill of fucking her on the desk,

1/3

+15 BONUS

knowing very well that anyone passing by could hear her moans. Sex relaxes me, and the board took that away from me, so now I’m wired hotter than an atomic bomb. This is the longest I’ve gone without sex.

I don’t like being tied down to one woman. Like I said before, that kind of shit was for someone like my brother. I preferred variety, and the board was trying to tame that.

“Look, I know this will be hard given that you’re used to your playboy persona, but I also know you love this company and you don’t want to lose it. Giving up your bachelor life is hard, and getting married is hard, but like a tiktoker once said, choose your hard. Which of the two is more beneficial to you?”

I think over his words. I hated this. Hated that I was being forced yet again into a marriage I didn't want. The first time it happened, I hated every second of it. I hated being tied down, and fuck was I glad when I got to fucking divorce her and kick her out of my life. I thought that was it, that I'd never have to go through that again, but fuck, here we are.

"Just get me whatever is good on the menu." I finally answer and turn back just as he walks out of the door after saying he'll be back.

I get back on my seat and just sit there, staring into nothing. I'm not sure how long it was when I heard a soft knock on my door.

"Come in"

I knew it wasn't Chris. That man never knocks—well, unless I'm in a meeting and it's really urgent.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Wood"

I just nod my head. "Tell me you have something."

I'd hired a private investigator to locate Harper. So far, he's been unsuccessful.

All the leads led to dead ends.

After the divorce, I kicked her out without a penny. I didn't care where she went; all I knew was that I didn't want her in my fucking city. I didn't ever want to see her face, so I made sure she knew exactly what would happen if she ever came back.

❧

It's been years since that day, and I've never come across her, for which I was thankful for, until now.

“I found her,” he simply says, as if that’s everything he’s got.

“Well?” I urge, trying to stamp down my impatience. “What do you have on her?”

2/3

+15 BONUS

“She moved abroad after your divorce, joined university and then got engaged soon after”

“So she’s married?”

“Was married... She’s a widow. Her husband died about two years ago”

Well, say what you want to fucking say, but his death came at a very good time. I mean, with Harper, I know that she won’t be clingy; we’ll have an

understanding, and at the end of five years, long enough for those bastards to have retired from the board, we’ll divorce.

“Perfect, send me her location.”

He takes a seat. “What makes you so sure she’ll agree to what you want? You divorced her and basically kicked her out of the country”

“I have something I’m sure she’ll be interested in” I shrug confidently.

“Doesn’t it matter that she’s a widow?”

“Not really. As long as she acts the part of a loving, fucking wife, then we are good,” I reply. “Now send me her location.”

Ben is a P.I that we often use. He’s good at his job, and that’s why our family has kept him around since we first gave him a job. We know each other; that’s why he has the audacity to question me.

“Before I send you her location, there’s something I discovered, something you should know,” he tells me almost hesitantly.

I stare at him. I see the conflict and fear in his eyes. Maybe he was afraid of how I would react to whatever news he had for me.

“Spit it out, Ben” I almost yell in impatience.

Instead of saying a word, he hands me a photo. I study it for a while trying to register what I was seeing, then it hits me. Those grey eyes were quite familiar. Dad had them, Rowan and I had them, and so did Noah.

My lips form a smile.

I got Harper right where I wanted her, in the palm of my fucking hands.