

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 373 -380

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 373-Harper My eyes land on the picture of Liam, my late husband. It's been two years and I still miss him like crazy.

Sighing, I put the broom down and picked up the picture. I take a seat on my worn-out sofa and just stare at him, lovingly tracing his face. We're trying to move on but it hasn't been easy. He proposed to me when we were in Uni and we got married soon after I finished my degree.

I wasn't really sure about him at first. I mean, I didn't really have any experience with men, except Gabriel, but he doesn't count. The man who was once my

husband treated me like I was a virus that he couldn't wait to get rid of.

Liam knew everything about Gabriel. He knew what happened in our marriage and also why he divorced me before kicking me out in the cold a day after I'd buried my brother.

When I went overseas to escape, I was broken in so many ways that I wondered if I would ever be whole. I believe Liam was sent to me when I needed him. When I needed someone to be my anchor to the hell, I called life.

Slowly, I learned to live. I wasn't in love with him, I'd already given my heart to my ex-husband, who by the way, shattered it into a million tiny pieces, but I did love him. I loved him in the only capacity I could, and he accepted that.

He was struggling in his own way. He'd lost the love of his life to cancer when they were both eighteen. He wasn't looking for love, but companionship, without having to risk his heart being ripped open. We were both dealing with our own brokenness, and we helped each other heal.

Our marriage was built on friendship and companionship. That was enough for both of us. He had loved and lost, while I had loved and gotten my heart broken.

We both weren't looking for the forever kind of love. Just something comfortable and lasting. Well, we thought it would be long lasting.

We were proved wrong when, two years ago, he was hit by a drunk driver who had run a red light. My heart was crashed when I received the phone call. He didn't die on the spot, and I held on to hope that he would pull through, but just like always, the bitch that is fate took him away from me two days later.

It was painful to bury yet another person that I loved and cared about. First my parents, then my brother and lastly my husband. Fate proved just how much she hated me, and I hated the bitch right back. Now, I only have one person with me and I have this fear clinging to me that even she will be taken from.

My phone ringing brings me back to reality. Pulling me back from the painful memories. With a sigh, I put down Liam's picture and pick up my phone. I answer without even looking at the caller ID. "Hi, Harper"

I recognize her voice immediately.

"Hi, June...how are you?"

"I should be asking you that."

June is a work colleague turned friend. We've known each other for years and she is one of my closest friends here.

"I can't really complain... I'm just taking one step at a time," I answer her.

She knows how hard it's been for us. How it hasn't been easy moving forward with our lives.

"And how is she doing? The last time we talked, you were really worried."

I'd been scared to death about losing her. It tore my heart at that thought alone.

"She's actually doing better. The meds the doctor gave her are working even though they leave her drowsy. She's actually taking a nap now." I prefer her to be drowsy but alright. If that's what it takes for her to be her old self and get better than, be it.

"That's great... I was worried about her."

"Me too"

We pause and I get lost again while staring at the picture in front of me. Liam was standing on top of a mountain, smiling at the camera. He loved hiking. He used to say that it quieted the noise in his mind. It gave him a sense of peace.

"Look, I know that boss man gave you a week off, but we need the project proposal for tomorrow's meeting with the client. I wanted to remind you just in case you'd forgotten," she says, once again pulling me back to reality.

I was an interior designer and I worked for a medium sized company. For a long time, I thought of starting my own company, but the fear of failure has always hindered me. I don't know if I'll ever have the balls to do it, but given that I am now the sole provider, I needed to find a way to make ends meet.

Lucky for them, I'm always on time. I like being punctual in every area of my life, so despite being home, I'd made sure that the project was completed on time.

I was just about to answer her when my doorbell rings.

“Someone is at the door, June,” I tell her distractedly. “Let me answer it first, then I’ll send the project immediately after.”

“Sure, no problem.”

Hanging up, I toss my phone on the sofa before standing up and heading towards the door.

I wasn’t expecting anyway, but it could be one of the neighbors checking up on us.

Pulling open the door, a shocked gasp leaves my mouth when my eyes clash with a pair of grey ones.

“Hello, Harper... or should I say, ex-wife?”

You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 374-I stare at him, completely shocked. I immediately close my mouth just so I don’t look stupid staring at him with my jaw dropped.

Never have I ever imagined that my path would cross with that of Gabriel. I assumed that the day he divorced me was the last day that I would set my eyes on him.

I know you’re probably wondering about the tabloids and gossip channels on TV, but I that’s not my jam. I’m too busy to focus on what’s going on with celebrities.

“Aren’t you going to invite me in?” his deep voice interrupts my thoughts.

I take a deep breath and pull myself together. Now wasn’t the time to lose my focus.

“What are doing here?”

Him being here was more than a surprise, and I also know that it wasn’t a coincidence. Not at all. The Gabriel, I know, doesn’t do things without a reason.

If he is here willingly, then there is something that he wants.

Do you really want to find out what he wants? An inside voice asks.

My answer is immediate. No, I don’t want to find out. Whatever he’s here for can’t be good for me, and it would be even more terrible if he found out about her.

“You know what? I don’t care, please leave,” I square my shoulders and tell him.

He looks at me confused, before the confusion disappears and he smirks at me arrogantly.

“Let me in, Harp,” His tone is dark and demanding.

Looking at him now and hearing the tone of voice he’s using, reminds me of the time we were married. He was always cold and arrogant towards me. Always looking for ways to hurt me and destroy my self- confidence.

Too bad for him that I’m no longer the naïve, stupid girl who was in love with him. I am no longer, the weak, spineless girl he used to bully and hurt. I’ve come a long way from the girl who used to beg for scraps of his attention. He managed to kill that side of him and it will be a cold day in hell before I ever let her rise up from the ashes of my pain.

“No!” I snap, feeling my anger and bitterness rise inside me.

“I don’t like repeating myself, Harp.”

“First of all, it’s Harper, only my loved ones get to call me Harper... And second of all, I also don’t like repeating myself, so, good fucking bye, Gabriel.”

He used to hate being called Gabriel, so I add at the end just to piss the arrogant ass off.

I go to slam the door in his face, but he stops me. Pushing the door wider, he walks in like he owns the damn apartment, sliding past me.

I breathe in, the need to punch him in his arrogant, good-looking face, consuming me. How can one person be so egoistic? And how come I never noticed it when I was younger?

“Sit down, we need to talk.” he says, taking a seat on my sofa.

My apartment is small, and most things are secondhand. When I left him, I got nothing from him, and since my family’s company had already gone down by the time my brother died, I literally had nothing. Looking at me now, you wouldn’t believe that I was born into money or that my family was one of the top wealthy families’ years ago. Liam didn’t come from money, in fact, he was an orphan, and we didn’t live luxuriously. Everything we had, we worked hard for it. We may not have had the best money can buy, but we were comfortable, we were happy, and that was enough for us. “Harper?”

I turn to look at him. He looked so out of place with his expensive suit and shoes that cost more than my three month salary.

Sighing, I focus and take a seat opposite him. The faster I can get him to say what he wants, the faster he can leave.

“Talk,” I say, making him smirk.

“It’s funny how you think you’re the one in control,” His lips twists into a cruel smile.

My hand is just itching to smack the smirk off his face. “Just say what you came here to say and leave. Hopefully, I don’t have to see your face ever again after this” “Trust me, you’ll be seeing a lot of me in the months to come.”

My heart starts beating at an alarming speed. Could he have found out? No, that can’t be it. I took serious measures to make sure that no one ever found out about my little secret.

I calm down a little, but not enough. My curiosity was piqued. Gabriel hated me.

It’s no secret at all. How he treated me when we were married and the fact that he kept our marriage hidden from everyone else proved that he didn’t care for me.

I’ve never gotten any proof, but deep down, I know my brother may have had something to do with Gabriel marrying me. You see, I once mentioned to Andrew that I had a huge crush on Gabriel, next thing I know, two years later, I’m at the register’s office getting married to him.

I was so in love with him that I didn’t think anything of it. Like I said, I was a naïve fool to believe that Gabriel would even look at me twice, let alone marry me. It was after, that I realized that he didn’t feel a damn thing for me except hate. He broke my eighteen-year-old heart in ways I wouldn’t wish on anyone.

Pulling myself from the painful memories, I focus on him only to find his stormy grey eyes boring into me.

Clearing my throat, I ask, “What did you want to discuss?”

He gives me a predatory smile that sends shivers down my back. “I have a proposition for you.”

For the second time today, he manages to shock me.

He has to be joking, right? But staring at him, his eyes tell me that this isn’t a joke. He was damn serious.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 375-“No!” I blurt the word, shocking even myself with the ferocity behind it.

He stares at me with an unnamed emotion. Within seconds, his face is blank, and a certain coldness takes its place.

I swallow at the dangerous current that fills the room. This was the Gabriel I was used. The Gabriel I know. The hard man who turns dangerous when he doesn't get his way.

"Is that so? You're not even going to listen to what I have to say? What I am proposing?" He now looks calm, but I know it's just a façade. There is a very

dangerous beast underneath the suit and tie. A shark that will tear you to pieces way before you can even figure out what the fuck is happening or how you ended up in his clutches.

"No," I repeat. "I don't want to be a part of whatever you're trying to propose," I answer confidently.

Making a deal with Gabriel is like making a deal with the devil, and who in their right mind would want to do that? I may be a lot of things, but stupid isn't one of them. I like where my life is right now, with Gabriel nowhere in the picture.

It would be so foolish and careless of me to get involved with the man who hurt me. The man who broke me and treated me worse than trash. Even if I had only myself to think about, I still wouldn't get involved with him. Going anywhere near Gabriel will guarantee more heartbreak and I don't think my heart can handle any more of that, after all, my heart and soul still have the scars from our last involvement. "Are you sure you don't want to reconsider? I can be really persuasive if I want to." He leans back on the sofa and crosses his legs, with that same damned arrogant smirk playing on his face.

I straighten my spine and answer, "Yes, I am sure."

"Are you sure? I have something that you might be interested in."

That makes my curiosity perk up a little bit. Knowing the dangers, I push it down and silence it. After all, curiosity killed the cat, right?

Shifting my eyes from his, I answer. "I highly doubt that, Gabriel. There isn't anything in this world that you could offer, that'll make me change my mind."

Unless he can bring back my loved ones from the dead, I doubt I would be interested in anything else. Especially if it comes from him.

"What about your family's company?" he casually asks, making my eyes snap to his.

I can see it in his eyes. His pride and arrogance makes him think he has me where he wants me. That the thought of getting my family's legacy back will bring me to heel and will have me agreeing to the deal. "That's not possible."

Unity Ventures went down years ago. I was there when it happened, remember?" I sneer.

Did he forget that I was there when my brother tried his best to revive the company? I was there when Andrew did all he could to save it, but it was too late. I was there when it finally sank, and we were left with nothing.

I rub my chest, still feeling the loss. My grandfather loved that company with all his heart. It was his second baby. Mom loved it too, but she loved my dad more.

Maybe if she had taken over as CEO instead of giving the position to my dad, it would still be standing.

“Nothing is impossible, dear ex-wife,” he begins and I just know I’m not going to like what he’s about to say next. “You see, part of marrying you was that I got the company in case something happened to your brother. If it weren’t for the fact Andrew was too focused on his illness, he would have realized that Unity Ventures could be revived.”

A chill goes down my back as what he says registers. Andrew was diagnosed with cancer when I was eighteen. He died three years after battling with it. Three years after I got married. Gabriel didn’t waste time. He divorced me before I even put my loving brother to the ground.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 376-“What are you implying?” my hands are all shaking, as a new kind of pain washes over me.

He uncrosses his legs and leans forward. “Simple, I kept the company and built it back up. Of course, I renamed it and made it under my image. It’s one of my many companies now.”

Anger and pain washes over me. I should have seen this coming. How the hell did I underestimate his cruelty? He knew what that company meant to me. It was the only thing, the only connection I had to my family, yet he made me believe that it was destroyed.

“Why?” I whisper, as tears fill my eyes. “Why didn’t you tell me? Why did you keep it?”

“I kept it as compensation for having to marry you and wasting three years of my life with you”

That did. “You bastard!” I lunge at him.

His words tore me to pieces and his actions all but destroyed me. Did he hate me this much? Keeping something he knew I loved and didn’t even belong to him?

“You refused to give me anything in the divorce alimony yet you kept Unity Venture, you arrogant selfish prick!” I shout, blindly hitting him.

I was devastated and running on nothing but pure rage. I never thought I would hate Gabriel more than I hate him right now.

“Will you come down!” he shouts right back at me, trying to control my flying hands.

“Why don’t you take your stupid command and shove up your wrinkled balls!”

He manages to cage me and prevent my hands from hitting him. This just pisses me off even more. I want to perform as much damage as I can before I can finally kick him out of my apartment. “Are you calm?” he asks. We are both breathing hard.

“Not even close!”

“Look, I’ll give you back your family’s company on one condition...”

I pull myself away from him, shoving him in the process. He doesn’t budge, but at least it gives me back some kind of control.

“What condition?”

He takes a deep breath, like he’s preparing to get the words out. By the look in his eyes, this isn’t something he wants to do. That alone makes me happy.

Anything that causes him some kind of torture brings me joy, especially after what he took from me.

“Marry me. Again” he finally says, “And the company is yours”

My eyes budge out in what I’m assuming is horror because he winces at the look on my face.

“Hell no! I’d rather wash my vagina in acid than marry you again”

“That’s a little extreme” he grumbles, his eyes turning into twin stormy pools.

“Exactly! That says a lot about how I find a marriage to you repulsive”

He sighs, as if he was dealing with a stubborn child, “What about the company?”

“I don’t want it. I don’t want anything that you’ve had your greedy paws on. You said it yourself, you turned it to you own image, why would I want it back when I despise you so much?”

He has probably erased everything that made Unity Ventures, the Beckett’s family pride and joy. If he came to me with this proposal a year after we divorced then maybe I would have taken him on the offer, bu not now.

“Is that your final, decision?” his eyes and voice are both hard, and that should have been warning enough that he wouldn’t stop at my refusal to agree.

“Yes!” I shout, desperate for him to get out of my home.

“Then you leave me no choice”

I was confused with this statement and I was about to ask him when one of the bedroom doors opened.

“Mom, what’s with all the screaming? I’m trying to nap”

Shit! Fucking shit!

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 377-Fuck! Why me? Why now? Why today, of all days? Fate has already established that she hates me, but this is too much even for that bitch. Why the hell did she loathe me so much?

To be honest, I’m afraid of looking up. Afraid of looking at both Gabriel and Lilly. I try my best to calm down my erratic, beating heart, but it’s no use. I felt like I was going to have a damn heart attack. I could literally feel the sweat running down my back.

My anger at Gabriel was already gone, and in its place was pure, undiluted fear.

When I woke up, I never imagined that this would happen. That Gabriel would suddenly come to my house out of the blue. That he and Lilly would meet.

At first, I was careful because I knew Lilly was asleep due to her cold, but after what Gabriel revealed, I completely forgot and blew up. That was my fucking fault. I didn’t have anyone to blame for this cluster fuck.

“Mom?” her sweet voice calls me, and I look up, unable to deny my daughter.

Looking at her, I’m unable to form a sentence.

When I don’t answer, she turns to Gabriel and asks, “Who are you, and why are you fighting with my mom?”

Their eyes clash and I see my Lilly take a step back as if something has just rammed into her. That pulls me out of a trance.

“Lilly, go to your room,” I say unsteadily, and she turns when she hears my voice.

I can see the questions running through her mind. She was a sharp girl, and I know there is no escaping the curiosity that she’s sure to hit me with.

“But mom...”

“Now Lilly!” I all but shout. I’ve never shouted at her before, but I was frustrated.

“Go to your room and don’t come out until I tell you to.”

She wants to argue, I can tell, but she also knows not to argue with me. Giving Gabriel one last look, she turns and goes to her room, closing her door quietly.

I know she’ll definitely be eavesdropping, so I grab Gabriel and drag him outside. We lived on the last floor, and we had a rooftop area, so that’s where I take him. I needed to get him to leave as soon as possible, so I could deal with my daughter.

When we get there, I start pacing. Panic had taken over. I could literally feel my lungs constricting. I tried breathing in and then out, but it didn’t work. I was on edge.

I stop and stare at Gabriel, but he looks unbothered. Maybe he didn’t notice anything, right? If he had, he would be giving me shit right now. He would be spitting fire, ready to destroy. Yeah, that’s it; he didn’t notice anything. With that, I manage to calm myself down.

“So, about my proposal...” he begins, calmly.

My jaw drops. I should be happy that he didn’t notice anything, but then the fact that the only thing that’s on his mind is the damn proposal really surprises me. I mean, how could he not notice? Gosh, I was giving myself whiplash.

“I still stand by my answer, Gabriel,” I tell him after I’ve gotten myself under control.

“Seriously? Even after I’ve given you a chance to own the company, a chance to get out of your poverty-stricken life and once again become wealthy, a chance to come back into the society you were born into you still won’t accept my proposal?” He looks puzzled. As if he really couldn’t understand how I could turn him down.

The answer was simple: I wanted nothing to do with him. Nothing to do with the life I left behind, especially knowing that those same people turned their backs on us once our company went bankrupt. “Yes.” My answer is short and curt.

I just want to go back to my daughter and forget that Gabriel ever sought me out with his ridiculous proposal.

“Why the hell not?” He was beginning to get angry.

“The better question is, why would you be desperate to marry me again? You hate me, Gabriel, so what is so important that would make you seek me out years after our divorce?” I was really curious. Something drove him to want this, and I want to know

what it is, so I continue to question him. “What brought you running to my doorstep, Gabriel? If I remember correctly, you couldn’t stand me.

You couldn’t wait to divorce me. So why the hell would you want to marry me again?”

He tries to hide it, but I see it in his eyes and in the way his jaw clenches. I was right, there is a reason why he wants me to agree to his proposal, and it’s something big. Something he can’t escape. “That’s not your fucking concern.

What I want is for you to agree,” he evades the question completely.

Fine by me. If he doesn’t want me to know, then that’s okay. It’s not like it would change my mind. I had already made my decision, and there’s no way I’m going to change it. “Then I think we are done talking. You can show yourself out of the building.” I finish, and was about to walk away when his next words stops me cold in my tracks.

“Did you really think I wouldn’t notice?” His deep voice sends shivers down my back, but not in a good way.

Fuck! I didn’t want to turn around, but I do. “Notice what?”

“That Lilly is my daughter... Those grey eyes are a dead giveaway, Harper,” A muscle ticks in his jaw, and the dangerous atmosphere that usually surrounds him intensifies.

I swallow hard. “That’s not a giveaway, Gabriel. Millions of people have grey eyes.”

“Not those grey eyes. That is a family trait only the Woods possess. My great grandfather had them, as did my granddad, and so do my father, Rowan, and my nephew. So try again, Harper.”

I was naïve to think he wouldn’t notice. What did I tell you about Gabriel? He’s a shark. Always waiting for the perfect time to strike and this was it.

My fear intensifies. I could feel it in every pore of my body, clogging my pores and suffocating me in the process.

I push it back and puff out my chest, trying to look fearless and brave. “So what?”

It doesn’t change a damn thing.”

He laughs. A cold and distant laugh that is terrifying.

“It sure does,” he begins. “I can prove she’s my daughter, so here’s what’s going to happen. You are going to agree to the marriage proposal or else...”

He doesn’t finish the sentence, but obviously a threat has been made.

I prove that, despite my knowledge of who Gabriel is, I'm still naive, and stupid when it comes to him because I ask, "Or else what?"

He smirks at me. "Or else I will take her away from you, and we both know how easy that will be."

Yeah, that bitch, Fate, definitely despises me.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 378-"You can't be serious," I whispered, trying to wrap my head around what he had just said.

Like I said, I know Gabe and I know this isn't an idle threat. Given that, I still needed to make sure, because after all, this is Lilly we were talking about. She's not only my daughter, but also my life. I couldn't let him take her from me. It would surely kill me.

"Do I look like I'm joking?" he asks as his eyes sear into me. "I can assure you that I'm fucking serious, Harper."

Have you ever felt like you've been hit, even though nothing has happened?

That is how I feel right now. A phantom hit, right in my gut. I force myself to breathe through the pain. I couldn't afford to lose it right now, even though I wanted nothing more than to break down, cry and curse Gabriel all the way to hell.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked, close to tears. "You divorced me and kicked me out, Gabriel. I left, just like you wanted, and I've never bothered you again.

Why can't you do the same? Why do you want to turn my life upside down?"

I just couldn't understand it. I couldn't understand why the hell he was doing this.

Gabriel is a playboy. Plain and simple. I don't see him settled as a family guy.

He wasn't a good husband, and I can bet everything I own that he won't be a good father.

"Don't give me that crap, Harper... You want to start questioning my motives.

Let's start by asking why you hid my child from me. I think that is a better question."

He had been calm, but now he looked pissed. Actually, pissed is an understatement. He looked downright furious. He seemed ready to kill, and it's me he wanted to end.

"You kept my daughter from me for years; never once did you reach out to let me know I had fathered a child. Then, as if that wasn't enough, you had the audacity to let another man fill in the capacity I should have been allowed to fill in as her father.

Did you laugh behind my back every time she called him dad? Did you and your husband have a field day keeping both me and Lilly in the dark? If I hadn't found out, would you have taken that secret to the grave, Harper?

This shit you pulled is low even for you, or was it your way of paying me back because I didn't love you? Take revenge on me by hiding the fact that we have a daughter. Your attempt at keeping my daughter from me is pathetic, and I hate you even more for that."

His words hit like shards of glass. I can't escape them or how they tear into me and slice open my somewhat healed heart. It's funny, really, how we delude ourselves into thinking that we've moved on. Only for something to trigger us and bring us back to the pain that we thought we'd already moved past.

It's been years since I've heard him say that he hates me. I thought that I was okay. That I'd healed. That I'd moved on with my life. Hearing him say those words takes me back to when we were married. Hearing those words from him evokes pain as fresh as it was years ago.

"I didn't keep her from you out of malice," I whispered, trying my hardest to hide the pain his words evoked.

That's the other thing that hurts. I shouldn't care about what he thinks, but it hurts to know that he thinks I would deliberately hide Lilly just to hurt him and seek revenge. It just proves that he didn't know me at all. If he had taken time to get to know me, he would know that I would never do anything like that.

"And you expect me to believe that? You're a devious woman who used her brother to force me to marry her; I wouldn't put anything past you," He growls, his words aimed to hurt and annihilate me. "Then why would you want to marry me again, if I'm such a despicable person?" I snapped, angry and hurt, but I'd be damned if I let him see it.

"Like I said, it's none of your fucking business."

"Yet, it somehow involves me," I said bitterly.

Anger radiates from him in waves. He can join the fucking club. Not only was I pissed, but I was also hurt. I hate that Gabriel still has the power to hurt me, and he is wielding it like a powerful weapon. "You'll marry me or else I'll take Lilly with me. I think it's time she knew her biological dad." He glares at me with so much animosity, it's a wonder I'm still alive and breathing. "Even if you refuse, I think I can get them to accept Lilly as a consolation prize."

I don't think I was meant to hear the last part, but I did anyway. Those words turn my stomach, because they just confirm what I know about Gabriel. He uses people, and he will use Lilly if he can't get me to agree to his stupid marriage proposal.

“I won’t let you take my daughter, Gabriel.”

My fear and pain fall away and my motherly instincts take over. I won’t let him use, hurt and discard Lilly like he did with me.

“Why the hell not? She’s my daughter!” he bellows, the sound loud and thundering.

“Have you seen yourself, huh?” I began. “You’re cold and dead inside, Gabriel.

Why would I let my daughter be raised by a heartless and unfeeling man, even if that man is her biological dad? This is one of the reasons I didn’t tell you I was pregnant. I didn’t want my child to turn out like you.”

I wanted Lilly to be kind and compassionate. I wanted her to have a heart, to be caring, humble and loving. I knew she’d turn out the opposite if Gabriel was in her life.

“You’re selfish, proud and arrogant. You don’t care if you hurt people or use them to get what you want. You have no loving bone in your body, so why would I let Lilly go with you? Why would I allow my precious daughter to be raised in a cold home by her cold, selfish, and playboy sperm donor?”

I see something pass in his eyes, but it’s gone before I can read what it is.

Anyway, it doesn’t matter; I am sticking to my guns. When someone shows you who they are, believe them. Gabriel has already shown me who he is, and I know he hasn’t changed at all.

“Given you don’t want me raising her, then you’ll have no problem agreeing to the proposal.” The words are ground through clenched teeth.

I glared, wishing I had never met the unfeeling beast standing before me.

I will do anything for Lilly. If I go against Gabriel, I’ll lose her. He has his name, money, and power backing him up. I have nothing.

Sighing, I nodded. I can’t lose Lilly. I have no other choice but to agree.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 379-Emma.

I remember the first time I saw Calvin. We were in high school, and he’d just transferred to our school on a scholarship. I was the welcoming committee chairlady, because come on, I was good at everything, and who wouldn’t want to have me show them around? Who wouldn’t want to see my face on their first day at a new school?

I am not bragging or anything, but I knew who I was and what I was worth. I was popular, head of the cheerleaders and a top performing student. I had

everything going on for me. Wealth, beauty and brains. Most importantly, I was down to earth and so, I was well liked.

Of course, I was hated by some, namely Ava and other girls, but that was because I had something they knew they couldn't have. Rowan.

Every girl wanted him. It's no secret. Just like every guy except for Travis and Gabe wanted me. We made the perfect couple. We were not a couple by the time Calvin joined our school, but I wasn't worried. It was inevitable that we would end up together. It wasn't a matter of if, but of when.

So back to Calvin, I remember going to the principal's office to pick him up.

When I saw him, I didn't think much of him. After all, he was not even close to my type. He was a nerd (not that I have anything against nerds), didn't know how to dress, and was so skinny that he kept pulling up his trousers because they kept falling. He had these huge, round, ugly glasses, and his face was covered with red pimples. The only good thing about him was that, unlike some of the nerds in our school, he knew what hygiene was.

As usual, just like what happened when boys met me for the first time, he was love-stricken and immediately had a crush on me. I wasn't bothered because, one, I was used to it, and two, I thought it would go away after some time. Only it didn't, and he soon became a nuisance, just like Ava.

Sometimes I wonder if things would have been easy if he and Ava had fallen for each other. Would they still be together? Would Rowan and I have continued strong? Would we have been happy?

I push those thoughts away because, at the end of the day, they don't matter.

Rowan was right, regretting the past meant regretting Noah and Gunner. If things had gone differently, Noah and Gunner wouldn't be here.

Gunner, my heart aches when I think of him. I rub my heart, trying to ease the pain. I am a bad mother, the worst kind. I never held him when he was born. Nor did I get a first look like most mothers do. I hate myself for that. I hate myself for looking at him as a nuisance. Like a thing that stood in the way between Rowan and me.

I was stupid and selfish, and now I am paying the price. I could have been like Rowan. Rowan, who accepted responsibility. Rowan, who loved Noah even though he wasn't planned. Rowan, who became a really great father. At that time, he hated Ava, but instead of talking it out on Noah and treating him like shit, like I did with Gunner, he loved his son wholeheartedly. I was a monster, and I was starting to accept that.

"Are you okay?" Molly asks, pulling me from my thoughts.

Worry was written all over her face. They were all worried about me, but they shouldn't be. This was karma getting back at, after all, she was a fucking bitch.

Molly had come to town because she was worried about me. She said she couldn't help me when she was miles away, so she took a two-week leave, packed her suitcases, and flew here. "Yeah," I simply answered.

"You can't lie to me, Emma. I know you like the back of my hand. Now can we try that again?"

And she was right. No one knows me like she does. Not even my mother. She knows how I tick, how I react, and how I deal with heavy emotions. She knows me like she knows me better than she knows herself, and vice versa.

"If I'm being honest, I don't know. I don't know how I'm doing. I don't know if I am all right. I don't know if I'll ever get better. I just don't know. I feel numb. I feel lost. I feel like I'm drowning."

Everything was crashing into me all at once, and I didn't know what to do. How do I tell her that guilt is killing me? How do I tell her that regret is a constant companion? How the hell do I tell her that I am losing myself each and every day?

I treated Calvin and Gunner so horribly? How do I get back from that? How do I make amends for treating them like trash? I put them through so much shit because I was selfish, and I only thought about myself.

I fall on my bed, tiredly and allow the tears to flow.

I used to view Ava as the villain. As the evil monster that hurt and broke me without care. I promised myself that I would never be like her, but I became worse.

I hurt and broke Calvin and Gunner. Over and over without care. I ignored the pain in their eyes, every time I walked away. Every time I refused to acknowledge their suffering. Every time I ignored them like they didn't exist. I was worse than Ava because I was intentional, unlike Ava, who was drunk. I knew I was hurting them, but I continued doing it anyway.

"I feel like a monster. The world's nastiest bitch title should be given to me," I clutched my chest. Fuck, it hurts.

Ava was right. I fell. I was once someone people could look up to, but not anymore. How did I fall so low?

"What do I do, Molly?" I asked through my sobs. "How do I make things right?"

This is the one question I've been struggling with. When you've messed up so badly, how do you make things right? How do you redeem yourself?

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 380-Gabe.

It's been a week since I met Harper again after years of distance. I never thought that I would seek her out, but life has a funny way of twisting things.

When we got divorced, I thought, 'Good riddance'. I'd wanted her gone, and the moment that chance came, I didn't think twice. I was happy to get rid of her and never look back. I didn't care what happened to her or where she went or did.

She hasn't even crossed my mind since the day she left my apartment. Well, that is, until the board of directors started making noise.

My hands fist as I think of the measures I had to take because of them. It's not like I needed the money or anything. Hell, I even had my own companies, but Wood Corporation is a family legacy. There's just something about working for the company that your ancestors built. The pride and joy that come with it are immeasurable.

The board knew this, so they knew where to hit. They knew there was no damn way I was going to let them kick me out, so they knew I'd comply. Which I did.

Which brings me to now. I stare at my driver as he helps Harper and Lilly load the luggage into the trunk. My eyes focused on Harper. I won't deny that she's changed. That's a clear-cut fact.

Long gone is the awkward teenager who didn't know how to dress or conduct herself. Her hair is longer than I remember and where she was skinny before, now she has curves in all the right places. Curves that could drive any man crazy, especially with how her hips swing when she's walking.

Fuck, I may hate her, but I'm a visual man, and the visuals that her body is providing me with are definitely X-rated.

She's also stunning, something my brain immediately points out. She reminded me of the ugly duck that transformed into a beautiful swan.

As if sensing my gaze, she lifts her head. Her obsidian eyes clash with mine, as she gives me a hard glare. I just smirked, not even ashamed that she fucking caught me eyeing her up.

"I'm done, sir." My driver said, making me break the stare down between me and my ex-wife, soon to be wife.

“Let’s get going then... I’ve already missed a week’s worth of work,,” I announced, and waited for Lilly and Harper to get in before I did.

Once I’m in, Jared starts the car, and we are off.

“You still haven’t told me who he is, mom,” Lilly broke the awkward silence. “Or where we are going and for how long... Also, why does he look familiar?”

I turned to my daughter. The word still feels so foreign to me. I still can’t believe that I have a daughter or that Lilly hid her from me.

I never planned on having children. Never planned on interrupting my bachelor life by getting married and having kids. Apart from Noah, Iris, and Gunner, who is almost always at Rowan’s house, I never really liked kids, and I never desired to have any.

Now that Lilly is here and I know about her, I don’t really know what to do with her. Sure, I’m a good uncle, but I don’t think I can make a good fucking father.

As heartless as it may sound, I was just using Lilly to get what I wanted... And that is her mom agreeing to sign the marriage proposal.

“He is... he’s...” Harper’s brows furrowed as she tried to find words to explain things.

I can see Harper struggling with forming an answer, and it makes me chuckle.

Anything that makes her uncomfortable makes me damn happy. I still haven’t forgiven her for trapping me into a marriage I didn’t fucking want.

“I’m a friend of your mother, from when we were young,” I responded after seeing Harper struggle with words to answer Lilly.

I don’t know why I didn’t tell her the truth. I could have easily told her that I was her father, but I didn’t. Trust me, it’s not out of respect for the man she considered her father, but I don’t want to dig deep into why I didn’t want her to know the truth yet.

“Okay, then where are we going? From the looks of how much we’ve packed, it looks like we will be staying wherever we are going for some time... And, my friends from school told me that you told the teacher I wouldn’t be going back for the rest of the semester.”

There is no denying that she’s clever, but what did I expect? Not that I’m being cocky or anything, but my blood flows through her veins. It’s a given she’d be as sharp as a tack.

“I’ll explain everything once we get to where we are going,” Harper replied, trying to evade the question.

Lilly stared at her. Her grey eyes piercing those of her mom. I try to hide my grin because, fuck it. She was a Wood through and through, down to that intense stare. Noah used to fascinate me with how he could stare down people twice or three times his age. Now I'm seeing the same thing with my daughter, and it's fascinating, to say the least.

"Sir, we are here," Jared said, opening the door.

I didn't even realize that we had reached the airport or that the car had stopped.

Clearing my throat, I got down. Lilly and Harper follow the suite, while Jared follows us to my private jet with their luggage. It was time to go home and explain how I had a daughter that no one knew existed. This is definitely going to be a long fucking week.