

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 391 -400

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 391-I put the final touches to my look before staring at myself in the mirror. I was a nervous wreck because today was my third wedding day.

It sounds so bad when I put it like that, right? The only comfort I get is that I'm marrying the same man I married a couple of years ago. My first husband.

Sliding my coat on, I pick up my purse and walk out of the room. The air felt electrified as anxiety covered every inch of my soul.

Gabriel had brought the new contract that evening as agreed, and now a day later, we were going to meet up with the priest so we can do the deed.

"Are you ready?" Gabriel asked when I stepped into the living room.

I couldn't answer. I felt like my thoughts were clogged, so instead, I just nodded.

"Why can't I go with you?" Lilly whined, making me turn towards her.

She was seated on the L-shaped couch, frowning, her hands folded across her chest. She wasn't one to throw tantrums, so I don't get what this new attitude is all about.

"Because only adults are allowed there." I easily lied. "Sharon, here, is going to look after you until we come back."

Sharon was the nanny Gabriel hired. She was in her early fifties and was just so sweet. She reminded me of Mia. I could already see that she's someone Lilly will grow to love. Lilly was already so at ease with her, something that is rare.

"Why do I feel like you're lying to me?" she grumbled, her frown intensifying. "I thought we promised never to lie to each other."

I sigh. We did make that promise, but this was one of the times when I'd have to break it.

"Well, I am not."

I didn't want her to attend the wedding. Can I even call it a wedding? It was more of a fulfillment of a contract. I didn't want her to come simply because this wasn't a real wedding. If it were, then she would definitely help me plan it and would also be a flower girl.

"We'll be back before you know it, Lilly," Gabriel said in a voice that brooked no argument. "I promise we'll bring back something special for you."

It's like her anger and annoyance disappeared at his words. She smiled big and nodded her head.

Releasing a breath of air, I try to calm myself down. I can clearly see that Gabriel and I will have a problem because it's evident he's going to spoil her.

"Okay, be good to Sharon, and remember to set time aside for your studies," I told her once I was calm enough before kissing her forehead.

I turned to leave, and Gabriel followed suit. The ride in the elevator is quiet. I don't mind that at all because I'm in no damn mood to talk. I just wanted to get it over and then come back and eat a damn tub of ice cream while lamenting the fact that I'd made a deal with the devil.

The elevator stopped and opened, and we stepped out. Gabriel led me outside of the building complex, where his driver was waiting for us near the car. This time, it's a sleek Mercedes. Once we are in, he closes the door, gets in, and starts the car.

"I'm sure you remember Rowan." Gabriel began a few minutes into the drive. I roll my eyes at him. I was married to him for three years. We might have gotten a divorce, but that doesn't mean I've forgotten his brother.

"I've asked him to be our witness," he finally said.

"Okay"

"He already knows about the contract and about Lilly. He also knows we were once married," he explained. "The rest of my family will know about our marriage and Lilly after we've gotten the marriage certificate."

"Sure," I said weakly.

That was the other thing that gave me anxiety. I wasn't confident about meeting the rest of his family. Sure, I would have no problem if Lilly got to meet her extended family, but I would rather remain on the sidelines.

After my answer, it was quiet till we got to the chapel. I silently got out of the car after the driver opened the door for us. My anxiety was now on overdrive, and I wanted nothing more than to turn back and flee as if the fiery fires of hell were on me.

As if sensing my thoughts, Gabriel grips my hands and leads me inside. My anxiety takes a backseat, as I stare at our interlocked hands. Gabriel has never willingly touched me, so this takes me by surprise.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 392-I spot Rowan the moment we get inside. Just like his brother, he was in a black suit. We get at the front of the chapel just as the priest walks in.

“Hello, Harper,” Rowan greeted politely, with a welcoming smile.

I’m totally shocked. He was completely transformed-nothing like the Rowan I remember. Before, he always looked cold and distant, like he had a chip on his shoulder, which he did back then. Now, though, he looked warm. It’s like the darkness that once plagued him no longer exists.

“H-Hi” I stammered.

I wonder if he managed to get back with his ex-girlfriend. After all, everyone knew that he changed after he lost her and was forced to marry Ava. Yeah, that was probably it. He hated Ava, so this change was likely because of her sister, Emma.

“Let’s begin, shall we?” The priest interrupted, and the three of us nodded.

I stand next to Gabriel, while Rowan stands behind us.

I tune out the preacher when he starts some sort of sermon. I don’t have anything against churches, but I think Gabriel should have just agreed to do this at a court house. It seems much easier.

I don’t know how much time had passed when I finally heard the preacher say it was now time to marry us. I breathed a sigh of relief that we were almost done.

“It’s time for you to say your own vows to each other,” he informed us, his eyes shifting from me to Gabriel.

Clearing my thought, I speak. “Let’s skip that part.”

There was no way I was going to do this twice. I remember when we first got married, I’d written a beautiful and heartfelt vow because I loved Gabriel so much. I read it to him only to have him scoff and sneer at me as if I were nothing but a disgusting parasite. I was so embarrassed because the other couples behind us heard him, and so did the minister.

He then cut me off and told me that he had no use for such useless words from a foolish little girl. That had been the first indication that our marriage wasn’t something he’d wanted.

The priests cleared his throat, pulling me from those painful thoughts. He turned to Gabriel, as if seeking his permission. When he silently agreed, the priest proceeded.

“Do you Harper Beckett take Gabriel Wood as your lawfully wedded husband...”

before he could continue, I replied.

“I do”

The priest glared at me, but I just smiled at him. There was no need to prolong it. We’ve done this once before and it meant nothing to the man standing beside me. In fact, he broke every single promise he had made, so as you can see, it was now pointless.

“And do you, Gabriel Wood, take Harper Beckett as your lawfully wedded wife, to have and to hold, for better or for worse, for richer and for poorer in sickness and in health, forsaking all others, to love and to cherish, till death do you part?”

“I do,” Gabriel answered in a low, deep tone.

I internally scoffed at that. It’s yet to be seen if he’ll be able to keep his vows this time around. Honestly, I don’t have a lot of faith in him, but we will see.

Gabriel takes my left hand and slides a very expensive-looking ring on my ring finger. I just stare at the ring, not sure what to do. I didn’t think about rings, so I didn’t get him one. And besides, when we married the last time he’d thrown the ring I gave him the moment we stepped out of the small church.

Remembering that, I simply assumed that he wouldn’t want a ring, and since he didn’t give one back then, I didn’t think he would this time around.

“By the powers vested in me, I now pronounce you, husband and wife,” the priest smiled. “You may now kiss...”

I cut him off again “We’ll skip that part too.”

He sends me a glare so harsh that if it were a weapon, I would be six feet under.

“Fine!” he grumbled. “You’re now married... Happy?”

“Not by a long shot,” I replied sweetly.

We signed the marriage certificate, making it official.

I was once again Mrs. Gabriel Wood and something told me that this new journey was going to be a hell of a ride.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 393-Emma.

“You have to get out of this room, Emma. You can’t spend your days stuck in this dump.” Mom told me, but I didn’t even spare her a look as my eyes were fixated on the sad series I was watching.

I sat in my bed, still in my pajamas, with some snacks scattered around my duvet. I had different drinks and a tub of ice cream, which I was currently drowning myself in. My curtains were closed, shutting off the sunlight since I’d gotten blackout curtains a few months ago.

“That’s what I’ve been trying to tell her, but the damn woman won’t listen to me,”

Molly fired.

I could feel her staring daggers at the side of my head, but that didn’t bother me one bit. I just wanted to be left alone so that I could suffer in my misery. After all, I am the one who brought this upon myself. “What would Gunner say if he saw you like this? You are unkempt and so is your room. I don’t even know when you last brushed your hair or showered,” she said in a disapproving voice.

I perk up when I hear Gunner’s name. Immediately, my eyes turned towards my mom.

“Did he ask for me? Does he want to come to voice?” I asked, hope coating my voice.

Mom has been spending time with him and so has Travis. They get to meet and as far as I can tell, things are going well. They don’t like talking about him when I am around, because they know how much it hurts me that they get to be with him when I don’t, but I’ve heard them talking when they thought I wasn’t in the vicinity.

I got my answer when mom looked away and didn’t say anything. My heart broke at that. The amount of guilt and regret that is eating me up can’t be described. When he used to ask for me, I never bothered to give him the time of day.

I took him for granted and only saw him as a mistake that I regretted. Now he doesn’t want anything to do with me and it breaks me. This is how he must have felt every time I ignored him. Karma was indeed a bitch, and she was serving me loads and loads of her specialty.

Molly cleared her throat before saying, “Come on, let’s get you in the shower, then we can go out for lunch.”

I pull my eyes away from them and focus on the TV once again. “I don’t really feel like doing anything. I just want to stay here.”

Mom shocks me when she grabs the remote from the bed and switches off the TV. She then turns, glares, and points a finger at me.

“That’s enough of you, Emma. I won’t watch you wither away because you refused to grow up and accept that this is all your fault. Instead of wasting away in this fucking room, you could be trying to redeem yourself and fix things with Calvin and Gunner.”

I’m surprised at her cursing because she rarely does it. I can count the number of times mom has cursed, and five of those times she was either extremely pissed off or frustrated.

She caught me by surprise yet again when she grabbed my hand, and proceeded to drag me towards the bathroom.

“Let go of me, Mom!” I shout behind her, trying to pull away, but her grip just tightened.

When we get to my bathroom, she pushes me inside before slamming the door closed.

“Open this fucking door, mom,” I yelled, trying to open the door, but it’s completely shut.

“First of all, don’t you dare curse at me, Emma,” she yells back. “And second, this door will remain shut until you take that fucking shower.”

I stomp angrily to the counter and just stare at myself in the room. Sighing, I turn around after a minute or so. I can hardly stand to look at myself in the mirror. I barely recognize the person staring back at me, and neither do I like her.

I want to blame someone, but there is no one to blame but myself. That is the one thing I hate about this whole thing. It would be much easier if someone else were to blame.

Staring at the shower, I take off my clothes before jumping inside. I turn the heater to the hottest setting, then allow the hot water to wash over me. I feel the tension leave my body slowly, and soon enough, I relax under the shower.

“Are you okay in there, Emma? It’s been more than thirty minutes.” Molly’s voice is heard through the door.

It’s only after her words register that I realize I’ve been in here longer than I’d planned. Turning off the shower, grab a towel and wrap it around my body. Again, I stand in front of the mirror. This time I look better than a few minutes ago, but you could still tell that there was something missing.

I turn around and try the door. This time, it opens. Stepping out of the room, I find just Molly. Mom was nowhere to be seen.

“I already chose something for you to wear,” she tells me, pointing to a cute blue sundress. “Like I told you earlier, we are going out for lunch.”

“I really don’t feel like going out, Molly. Isn’t it enough that I’ve taken a shower?”

I asked tiredly.

I felt emotionally drained, and all I wanted to do was go to sleep.

“No, it isn’t enough,” She retorted.

“Look, your mom is right. You are acting like a child, throwing a tantrum @ecause you didn’t get your way. You’re here feeling sorry yourself, crying over spilt milk for instead of doing something about it. For how long are you going to wallow in your guilt?”
Content belongs to NovelDrama.Org Her words irritate me, mainly because I know she is speaking the truth. A truth that I don’t want to acknowledge.

“You want to fix things, yet you don’t want to put in the effort... Look at Rowan. Ava forgave him despite everything, Why? Because he put in the work and still is putting the work to prove to her that he’s worthy of herlove, why can’t you do the same?”

NovelDrama.Org “What do you want me to do, Molly? Where would I even start?”

Sighing, she stands up and walks towards me. “You can start by forgiving yourself and pulling yourself out of the ruff that you’ve buried yourself in.”

I don’t say anything, because there is just nothing to say.

“Now get dressed... There is this cute restaurant I’ve been dying to try,” she says, pushing me towards the dress.

Picking it up, I just stare at it, unsure about where my life is headed.

Molly talks as if it’s as easy as snapping my fingers; what she forgets is that Ava might have forgiven Rowan, but Calvin isn’t Ava.

He may never forgive me, especially because because of how I treated Gunner.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 394-“Why the hell did I let you convince me to go out for lunch?” I grumbled as I watched the landscape flash by us.

It’s been a long time since I’ve been outside our family estate. I think the last time I was outside was when I attended Ava’s wedding. To be honest, I’d been shocked when she invited me. Of all the people, I thought I would be the last person she would want at her wedding.

“Because you needed to get outside,” Molly replied, pulling me back to the conversation.

“I do leave the house, Molly,” I said, defending myself.

Her scoff irritates me so much.

“Going to the garden doesn’t count as going out,” she retorted. “Now, stop complaining and just sit back and relax. You’ll enjoy this small outing; I promise you that.

“I doubt that.”

With that, I lean back against the chair and close my eyes. My mind was racing a thousand thoughts per minute. I couldn’t grasp them or control them.

Since my talk with Molly in my room, my mind has been racing with ideas. I know it won’t be easy but she’s right, I can sit in my room, wallowing and cursing my stupidity. If I continue like that, I may never get the chance to have my son with me.

My biggest challenge, though, is Calvin.

Gunner is still young and I believe I can get him to forgive me. I really want him to forgive me. I want to have a relationship with him. It’s not too late. The problem is Calvin. I know he won’t easily forgive me nor will he let me near our son.

Sighing for the hundredth time today, I try to focus on something else. It doesn’t help because my mind keeps going back to Gunner and Calvin.

“We are here,” Molly beams, her excitement evident.

The door opens, and my driver helps us out. I look around, realizing that the entire ride I’ve thought about nothing else except Gunner.

“I’m so excited; I’ve been dying to try this place out,” she gushed next to me.

I recognized the restaurant immediately. It’s been years since I’ve been here.

This was the same restaurant Rowan brought me to when I came back. This is the same restaurant where he almost broke my hand after he witnessed Ava and Ethan. Damn, it feels like a millennium ago.

A small laugh leaves my mouth before I can contain it.

“What’s funny?” Molly asks curiously.

I tell her everything as we walk inside. When I’m done, we’ve already been seated and given our menus.

“That’s wild,” Molly says after I’m done.

“I know, but I was so stupid. I saw the signs and ignored them. They were married for nine years before came back, Why the hell did I think that nothing had changed between them? It was stupid to think that Rowan hadn’t developed feelings for Ava in the years they were together.”

“I don’t think you were stupid; you were just blinded by a love that had died years ago,” she said sympathetically.

I wanted to argue with her but I didn’t. There was no sugarcoating my stupidity.

I’m the perfect example of how even the best of lawyers can be stupid’ Her eyes flash as she gives me one of her intense looks.

“What?” I asked nervously.

Something was working in that brilliant brain of hers, and I was afraid of what she would conclude.

“Nothing, just wondering if the same thing happened with you,” she answered after a while.

“What are you talking about?”

“You said that you should have known that there is no way Rowan wouldn’t have developed feelings for Ava seeing they were together for years and I was wondering if the same thing applied to you and Calvin. After all, he’s the only man you’ve ever been with.”

I freeze in my seat when her statement registers in my head... but then I scoff internally and relax.

“You’re wrong. It was only sex between us. Yes, he had feelings for me, but they weren’t reciprocated.”

“Are you sure about that? Then how come he’s the only one you had sex? You had multiple opportunities and had men vying for your attention. Big shot lawyers, actors, hell even billionaires, but you never pai any of them attention.

You always went back to Calvin.”

I glare at her when she smiles, triumphantly. Shifting my eyes from hers, I try to hide from the questions she flung at me. Mainly because I didn’t have an answer to any of them.

She’s right. I had the attention of men and so many of them wanted something serious, yet I always refused.

always reasoned it because I was still hung up on Rowan, but that doesn't explain it. Calvin was an exception. He was different from the other men and I always ended going back to him.

"You know what I think?" she asks, her smile transforming into a grin. "I think the same thing that happened to Rowan happened to you. The same reasoning you used applies to you, Emma. There is no way you would sleep with the same man more than seven years and not develop feelings for him. And like with Rowan, your feelings for Calvin were clouded by the love you had for your ex. A love that you both held on to because none of you got closure," she finished. We order and eat our lunch in silence, but her words keep ringing in my head.

She was wrong, though; there's just no way I would have developed feelings for Calvin and not be able to notice, right? Molly is wrong. She had to be wrong.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 395-Molly's words keep ringing in my ears even after we have eaten. We were now on to our dessert. I loved ice cream, but today I couldn't enjoy it. Not when she had managed to make me doubt everything I've believed for the last few years.

"Why are you so quiet?" she asked as she set her milkshake down. "Are you thinking about what I just told you?"

The last sentence was said with a smirk as she leaned back against her chair.

"Of course not," I lied, "I am just wondering how I'm going to get Calvin and Gunner to forgive me. No matter which angle I look at it, there is no silver lining."

As a lawyer, I'm used to looking at things from different angles when I'm defending my clients. It's what made me good at what I did. I left no stone unturned and I went through every possible outcome. I did that with my case and I see no hope.

I may not have loved Calvin, but I knew him very well. He had given me countless chances and opportunities to get my priorities right. I didn't. Calvin is the kind of man who, once he's had enough, that's the end of it. There is no going back. There are no more chances. There is no forgiveness.

I could sit here and lie to myself, but I won't. I didn't have any hope of Calvin forgiving me. I treated him and Gunner like shit for years, how am I supposed to get over that?

"Emma?" Molly calls, pulling me back to the present.

My eyes, which had been firmly fixed on the table, turned to her. "Yeah?"

"I know what I'm going to say is cliché but you have to listen to me," she began.

“You will never truly make any progress until you forgive yourself. You’re carrying so much guilt and regret. Both are drowning you, weighing you down and eating you alive. You have to let go. You have to forgive yourself first.”

I heard her, but what she was saying was almost impossible so I stayed quiet.

How could I forgive myself? Doesn’t she remember what I did to them? What I put them through? I wasn’t just selfish; I was a cruel, unfeeling bitch.

Remembering what I did to them time and time again brings this sharp pain to my heart. I can barely breathe and tears start filling my eyes. The weight of my mistakes have shredded me to so many pieces that I don’t know how to stitch myself back together.

I wish it was as easy as snapping it my fingers, but it wasn’t. Not when you made the kind of mistakes I did. Can I even call them mistake? A mistake is when you accidentally dial the wrong number or knock on the wrong door. What I did wasn’t a mistake; it was the annihilation of Gunner and Calvin’s heart. There wasn’t sugar coating my wretchedness.

NovelDrama.Org “Emma, Emma,” Molly whispers all over sudden while tapping my hand with urgency.

“What is it?”

“Don’t look, but Calvin just walked in with Gunner and some woman,” she said.

I couldn’t help it, I turned around and looked.

She, literally flung herself over the table and grabbed my head before making me look at her.

“What the hell are you doing? I told you not to look!” she hissed at me.

“What was I supposed to do? You can tell me not to look and expect me not to look,” I fired back.

My heartbeat had quickened to an alarming rate. Before Molly pulled my head back, I had managed to see who the woman was. It’s the same woman he came with as a plus one on Ava’s wedding day. Content belongs to NovelDrama.Org S I discretely turn around and watch as he slowly pulls out a chair for her. He was smiling wide at her, a smile that had never been directed at me before.

Something uncomfortable settles in my heart, and I rub my chest in an effort to get rid of it. What the hell is going on?

“I need to use the bathroom,” I tell Molly out of the blues, then stand up and leave before she can ask me if I want some company.

Instead of heading straight to the washroom, I head towards an empty table. It was near the one where Gunner and Calvin were currently settled. Using the menu hasa shield, I spy on them.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 396-The woman’s back was turned to me, and so was that of Gunner. I didn’t have to worry about Calvin because he seemed to be smitten and was paying attention to everything the woman was saying, with a sof smile on his lips.

Again, that uncomfortable feeling sinks deeper into me. Why did I feel like I couldn’t breathe? There was this big lump stuck in my throat.

I focus on them. I couldn’t hear what they were saying since they were a few tables from me, but the peace and happiness showing on Calvin’s face was enough to let me know what was going on. He was on a date, and Gunner had

tagged along. The woman didn’t seem to mind, but there was no way in hell I was going to allow another woman to replace me in my son’s life.

I couldn’t see Gunner, but I knew, just like with Calvin, he was happy to be there.

Calvin would have already left with our son if the case had been different.

For some reason, I keep staying there, even though I feel like my heart was being ripped into pieces. I don’t know how long I’d been there, but eventually I couldn’t take it. Seeing him happy was causing me pain for some reason. It was like my heart was being shredded.

I put down the menu, and I was going to stand up and leave when a shadow appears in front of me. I look up and I am shocked to find Calvin staring at me with furious eyes. Before I can say anything, he grabs my hands and hauls me off my chair.

He drags me away and I turn to see Gunner still busy chatting with the woman. I was glad he hadn’t seen me. I didn’t want him to see me like this.

“What the hell are you doing here?” he yelled when we got to a secluded place.

“Have you now reverted to stalking, Emma? That’s pathetic even for you.”

He pushes me hard, but luckily, I catch myself before I fall. Instead of saying anything, I just stared at my feet as I tried to control the unexplainable pain that was burning through me.

“I’m asking you a fucking question, Emma?” he snapped and hit the wall behind me.

I flinch out of fear. Saying he was furious was an understatement. I’ve never seen him like this.

“I-I came here with Molly. We were having lunch when you came in. I-I wasn’t stalking you,” I stammered in a low voice.

“Really? You saw us enter and then what? You decided to spy on us, is that it?”

I don’t answer. What could I say? He was right. I just wanted a glimpse of Gunner.

“You’re un-fucking-believable.” He growled. “You threw us away like yesterday’s garbage, Emma. You didn’t want us and now what? Rowan doesn’t want you so you el.net think you can claim the family you despised? Is that it?” Content belongs to NovelDrama.Org S Each of his words stabbed at my heart, making my heart bleed. I can’t stop the tears that fall down my cheeks. Fuck! This was painful. If only I could go back in time.

I let out a gasp of surprise when he grabbed my chin in a painful hold.

“Listen to me and listen well, stay the fuck away from my son. He doesn’t want to see you and neither do I... If so much see you near him, I’ll file for a restraining order. Am I clear” his threatening tone sent shivers down my back.

This was a side of him I’ve never seen.

“He’s my son, Calvin,” I whimpered.

“You lost that right when you continued to hurt him and treat him like shit,” he said. “Now answer me, am I clear?”

“Yes.” The words leave my mouth almost painfully.

He lets go of my chin as if I’d burned him. With one disgusted look thrown my way, he stomps out of the private room.

I fall against the wall before sliding down. I can’t control it when I sob leaves my lips. I feel hurt and lost. This was all my fault. How am ever going to fix this? Is it even possible after the damage I caused?

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 397-Harper This week has been completely hectic. It’s like I’ve been running errands since I came back to this city without even taking a moment to rest.

At least Lilly is now more comfortable. Gabriel didn't agree to ship her mattress, given the one she has here is more comfortable, but he did agree to ship her sheets and blankets. It has made a difference, with her now sleeping the whole night.

Gabriel, where can I even begin? He comes home even if it's in the late hours, but that's the extent of it. We have been avoiding each other, trying to live like

the other doesn't exist. I think it's better for us to do it this way. It will keep Lilly from seeing us fight all the time.

"Mom, you wanted to speak to me?" Lilly's voice pulls me back from to the present.

I put down the clothes I was folding, and sit on the bed before signaling her to do the same. She crosses the room with a frown and sits down next to me.

We were in my room. As you have guessed, Gabriel and I don't share a room.

That is the one thing I don't know how to explain to Lilly. She'll be curious, given that Liam and I shared the master bedroom.

"Mom?"

"Sorry, there are a few things I wanted to explain to you," I tell her, pulling her close to me.

I need the strength to tell her what I've been hiding. It's not every day your mother tells you that the man you thought was your father isn't. The one thing I'm afraid of is her reaction. I know she'll be mad but I hope that she'll understand. But then again, how will she understand that I deliberately kept her from her biological father?

How can I tell her the entire truth without revealing the kind of man Gabriel is?

Or how terrible of a husband he was back then?

That's where my dilemma stems from. How can I tell her the truth without telling her the entire truth?

"You want to start by explaining the shining diamond that you're currently rocking?" she asked with one eyebrow raised high.

I knew she noticed, but I didn't tell her anything. Since I didn't say a thing, she didn't ask... but I knew it was only a matter of time.

"I got married," I simply stated.

"I figured that out," she whispered. "But why didn't you invite me, I would have liked to be there with you, it's not like I was against you getting married, Mom."

I felt the hurt in her words, but I just didn't know what to tell her. This wasn't the kind of marriage she thought; it wasn't a love match. How was I going to explain that my marriage to Gabriel was just a contract? That if I could have my way, and if he wasn't threatening to take her away, I would never have married him.

"I'm sorry, darling, but you have to understand that things happened so fast," I began. "There wasn't any wedding party or anything like that... we just had to do it really quick."

"But why?"

"You won't be able to understand right now, but when you're older, I'll tell you everything."

She's quiet and I know she's thinking of whether to push the matter or let it go. I wasn't lying; when she's older, I'll explain that my marriage was just a contract.

That it wasn't anything real. "Do you love him?" she asked after a while.

Sighing I look at her as I think of an answer that will placate her.

"It's complicated," I finally said.

"Really, Mom? That's what adults say when they don't want to answer a question," she muttered while rolling her eyes. "You could have just been honest and said you don't want to answer." "Fine, I don't want to answer." I try to hide my smile.

Gosh! I loved my baby girl so much, but deep down I knew that I was trying to stall.

"So, is that what you wanted to talk to me about?"

My heart starts picking up pace. Anxiety clawed its way inside me, trying to seize me completely. This was the moment of truth.

"No," I said nervously. "It's something else."

"Okay, shoot"

Taking a deep breathe, I decide to rip it off like a band aid.

I take her hand in mine. "Gabriel is your dad."

"Well, duh, you're married to him now so that makes him my stepdad," she said again, rolling her eyes. "I'm hot stupid, mom, I know how this works. Remember, Sheryl got a

stepmother after her mother and father divorced?" Content belongs to NovelDrama.Org
Sheryl was a girl who went to the same school. They were classmates, back at home.
Her parents got divorced about three years ago and the dad married another woman.

"No, Lilly... I mean, Gabriel is your dad, your biological father," I whisper, my voice full of fear. "Liam was your stepdad."

She's quiet, staring at me as if she were trying to piece together the information I just told her. I see the moment she finally grasps it and her eyes become accusing. "Lilly..."

"No," she shouted, ripping hand from mine. "You're lying"

"I'm sorry, baby girl, but I am not lying... Gabriel is your father." tears fill my eyes as I look at her, which convey nothing but betrayal.

"You lied to me, you let me believe Liam was my dad even though he wasn't."

The tears flowing down her cheeks broke my heart. Fuck! I never thought I'd find myself in this situation. This was what I was afraid of the whole time.

"Please let me explain," I begged, coming close to her.

Instead of letting me near her, she pushed herself away from me, almost falling down in the process.

"Explain what!" she yelled. "You lied to me. Why didn't you ever tell me the truth?"

I want to say something, anything, but my mouth is sealed shut. There is nothing I can say to make this better, unless I tell her the truth and tarnish Gabriel's name in the process.

NovelDrama.Org "Tell me this one thing, did Gabriel know the truth?" she asked, looking at me with so much bitterness.

I understand that she's angry, but that look is breaking my heart. I debate how to tell her, knowing that the answer will bring more tension to our relationship. She wasn't a baby, she was old enough to understand things.

"No, he didn't," I whispered the two condemning words.

"I hate you!"

Without saying another word, she stomps away, slamming the door in the process. I fall on my knees as all my strength leaves my body.

I did everything I could to protect her, but I doubt she'll ever understand that. I know she's angry, but her last words break me and shred my heart into pieces.

"Harper?"

I look up to find Gabriel at my door. Cursing inside, I try to wipe away the tears that keep falling.

Yes, I blame him. I blame him for everything, so he is the last person I want to see right now.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 398-"What do you want, Gabriel? As you can see, I'm not really in the mood to talk."

I get up from the floor while wiping away my tears.

Lilly's words were still stuck in my head, shredding me over and over again.

Running my hands through my locks, I tried to get rid of the pain I was feeling. I knew this was going to come. I knew that she probably wouldn't take it well.

I mean, would you take it well if your mom told you that the man you thought was your father wasn't? That you've been lied to and no one bothered to tell you the truth until they had to. I feel her and I understand her reaction. I just don't know how to react to her words and the pain I saw in her eyes.

"She didn't mean it," Gabriel said, walking further into my room.

I glare at him, feeling something ugly rising inside me. "And how would you know? You don't even know her well enough to tell me that she didn't mean it."

"And whose fault is that?" he spit out, glaring back at me.

I was angry and hurt. I was looking for a fight. A way to distract me from the pain I was currently feeling. Gabriel was my target, after all, he was the bane of my fucking existence.

"And I would have told you if you hadn't been such a fucking asshole," I snapped, getting close to him. "You were a man-child whore who thought about no one but himself. Why would I want my precious daughter near your disease-infested self?"

I jammed my fingers on his chest, mastering all the frustration and anger I was feeling. I hated him so much. Was it too hard for him to love me back then? To give me a fucking chance? If he hadn't pushed me away and treated me horribly, we wouldn't be here.

Now he's come back and as selfish as he's always been, he has thought about no one but himself. He's turned my life upside down all over again and I despise him for that.

"Don't try to blame me for your fucking mistakes." The anger in his voice was clear, but unlike before, this time it didn't scare me.

"I'm not trying to do anything; I'm telling you facts. I blame you and your fucking arrogant, selfish ways. Just like before, you thought of no one but yourself.

About what you would have to lose. You didn't think about me or the fact that I didn't want you in my life. You didn't think about Lilly and how you being in her life would unravel her world... No, you only thought about what you wanted. No one else matters." Placing my palms on his chest, I pushed him, but it didn't do a thing. He was pure solid muscle and my little effort didn't even move him an inch. That made me even more frustrated and bitter. "Whatever happened a few minutes ago isn't on me, Harper," he grabbed my hand when I went to push him again. "That's all on you for failing to tell her the truth. What were you going to do if I hadn't shown up? Continue lying to her, letting her believe that the fucker who raised her is her biological father. That's cruel even for you."

"Shut up!" I cried feebly. "If only you'd stayed away, none of this would be happening. Why couldn't you just stay away? Why couldn't you just find another wife?"

Ripping my hand from his, I start pacing the room, feeling agitated. I wanted to go to my daughter, but I knew her. She wouldn't want to see me right now. It would make her angrier if I invaded her space before she was able to process everything on her own.

She was hurting, and I couldn't do a fucking thing about it. I hated that so much.

I just wanted to hold her and apologize.

Dropping weakly on my bed, I covered my face and let the tears fall. I didn't care if I was crying and being weak in front of him. I just wanted Lilly. I did her wrong, but I wanted us to be alright. I wanted her to take back her words. I wanted her to understand.

"Harper," he called, this time his voice was soft.

"She hates me, and I can't even tell her the whole truth. How can I tell her the reason why I left or the reason why didn't tell you about her? How do I explain to her that you loathed me, that she wasn't planned, and that I was afraid that if I told you, you would ask me to get rid of her? I was afraid you'd hate her just like you hated me. How do I tell her that our marriage was nothing but hell? Tell me, Gabriel, how can I tell her the truth without tarnishing your name in the process?"

I couldn't hold it anymore, and the sob escaped my lips involuntarily.

I continued. "How can I tell her that I was only protecting her?"

"You never have to protect her from me, Harper... I will always be there for her."

I pull my hands away and look up at him. "Sure, right now, but what about back then? Let me ask you, what would you have done if I'd told you was pregnant?"

Would you have accepted her knowing she'd be cramping your lifestyle? Would you even have believed me?"

His silence tells me everything I need to know. He wouldn't have believed me, thinking I was trying to trap him and even after proving that it's true I was pregnant, he mostly likely wouldn't have cared. He wouldn't have wanted anything or anyone interfering with his bachelor life.

Sniffing, I stare at the carpet floor, my mind a mess. My vision was blurry due to my tears, but when I wiped them away, Gabriel was squatting in front of me.

"Harper..." he called, but I didn't look at him.

It's after he touches my hand that I look at him. His hand was warm on mine. My eyes shift from his piercing eyes to the hand that was on my forearm.

"Don't worry, I'll go talk to her," he said softly, and before I could react, he was up and gone.

I continue staring at my forearm transfixed. I'm surprised because this is the first time Gabriel has ever touched me intentionally.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 399-Gabe.

I can still feel her soft skin under my skin. For a moment, I wanted to run my thumb across the pulsing joint on the inner side of her arms.

This new version of her is intriguing. She's a spitfire, and her new attitude is something I can see myself getting obsessed with. I like my women, confident, sexy, and have a fiery personality. I fucking love it when they put up a fight and push right back.

She's transitioned into that kind of woman, and it has me intrigued. She's feisty and isn't afraid to tell me to go fuck myself. Why the hell wouldn't I be attracted to that?

When we were married, she was boring. Her boring personality made her dull in my eyes. There was nothing exciting about her. She was way too submissive, while I liked my women with claws. She did everything she could to please me and catch my attention.

She bent backwards to get me interested in her, not knowing that she was just pushing me further away. Harper was timid and shy back then. It was also obvious that she lacked self-confidence; that alone was a turn-off.

Sighing, I push those thoughts away. Push my new curiosity when it comes to Harper Beckett, now Wood. Seconds later, I want to punch something because it's not easy to banish the feel of her skin or the vision of her in her sexy nightgowns.

They drive me fucking insane the way they mold to her new curves like they were made specifically for. I'm an ass kind of man, but her breast got me seeing nothing but their roundness. Fuck! I need to get my head straight. Harper is the last woman I want to get involved with. I don't do love, and she looks like the kind of woman who easily falls.

Shutting those thoughts down, I walk determinedly to Lilly's room. I promised Harper that I would talk to her, and that's exactly what I was going to do, though I had no clue what I was going to fucking tell her. That's the other thing that got my heart in a fucking grip. I could understand why Lilly's tears would affect me, but why Harper's? An uncomfortable feeling settled inside me when I saw her on the floor, crying her eyes out. Her hurt made me uncomfortable and I didn't like that one fucking bit.

"Lilly, can I come in?" I knocked once and asked once I reached her door.

There's silence, so I knock again. I wasn't going to get in without her permission.

Being around Noah has taught me that even kids need their own privacy when they're dealing with something. Luckily for me, moments later, the door slightly opens.

Her eyes are red and puffy. It's obvious she's been crying and that thought breaks my fucking heart. I haven't known her for even a month, and she already has me wrapped around her finger. "Can I come in?" I asked, hoping that she would tell me yes.

She nods her head and then opens the door wider to let me in. I get in without wasting a single moment.

Her room was a girl's paradise. When my PI told me about her, I had my interior designer design the room for her. I was nervous she wouldn't like the room, but I was glad when she did. "Mom told me the truth," she began in a soft voice.

"That you are my real dad and Liam wasn't."

The pain in her voice guts me. Kneeling down, I pull her into my arms. I rub her back in small circles as she continues to cry. I waited for her to calm down while I tried organizing my thoughts. I never once thought that I'd be in this kind of situation, but here we fucking are.

Once she calms down, I pick her up and walk with her to her bed. I sit down with her on my lap and then wipe her tears.

“First of all, I want you to understand that Liam is still your dad, even though he isn’t blood related,” I told her. “He raised you and was there when I wasn’t, that makes him your father, Lilly.”

I hated the fucker. He connived with Harper to keep Lilly a secret from me, but I also can’t deny that he was there when I wasn’t. That he accepted and raised Lilly, knowing that he wasn’t his daughter. It takes fucking guts to raise a child that isn’t yours and love them unconditionally. That’s why I respect Rowan and why I respect Liam.

“Now, that being said, I want you to understand that from here on, I plan to be your father and be there for you.” I finished and kept quiet, waiting for her reaction.

“Mom said you didn’t know about me,” she whispered.

“Yeah, that’s true, but I don’t want you to blame her. She did what she thought was best and at that time, wasn’t ready for a baby girl. It’s not something that you’ll understand right now, but in the future you will, and I hope you’ll forgive me for not being ready for you.” Content I’m sure I was butchering the explanation, but this was what I had. After what Harper has been through and done for her, I didn’t want Lilly to hate her.

“You want to be my dad?” she asked in a vulnerable voice.

Hugging her close, I whispered in her ear. “Definitely... I plan to be in your life way after I’m old and gray.”

She sighs in my arms, and a kind of warmth settles right in the center of my heart. This felt just right. I’ve hugged Noah and Iris thousands of times, but this felt different. This felt like my fucking soul was aligning and molding itself to hers.

“I was angry, but I don’t hate mom,” she whispered against my chest. “I’ll tell her sorry.”

“I’m sure she’ll love to hear that.”

A movement catches my eyes. Looking up, my eyes clash with those of Harper. She had a soft look in her eyes while looking at the two of us. For some reason, I wanted to see that look every day because, just like with Lilly, it brought a new and different kind of warmth into my heart.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 400-Harper.

“What are you looking at this late into the night?” the deep voice startles me from behind.

“God, you scared me,” I muttered, trying to calm down my beating heart. “Don’t ever sneak up on me like that.”

Gabriel walks around the Kitchen counter and comes to stand on the opposite side. The moment he does that and my eyes take him in, my throat goes dry all

of a sudden. I feel parched, like I haven’t had water in ages and swallowing becomes a big damn problem.

Gabriel had nothing on except for a pair of grey sweatpants that hung low on his hips. The damn man was a masterpiece with the body of a Greek god. With his broad shoulders, abs for days, and that damn V that would drive any woman crazy, He had a trail of dark hair that started at his navel and disappeared into his pants. It’s as if it pointed to the direction of paradise.

I want to pull my eyes away but it’s impossible. They drink him as if he were their only source of water. I stare at every nook and cranny of his body, noting the tribal tattoo on his chest. That is a new addition. It wasn’t there when we had sex years ago and seeing it makes me curious about its meaning.

There was no denying that Gabe was a fine specimen, especially now. Don’t get me wrong, even back then he had a great body and was fit, but now it’s something else. Gone is the boyish body and in its place is the body of a man.

“See something you like?” his arrogant tone pulls me from the trance his naked chest had me in.

I scoff to hide my embarrassment at being caught. “Please, I’ve seen better.”

“I doubt that, Harper,” he said with an infuriating smirk.

“Of course you’d say that... Your ego won’t allow you to accept otherwise.”

It’s all a lie, though. I don’t want to compare, but he was right. I’ve only been with two men, Liam and Gabriel. Liam was okay; he exercised and was fit, but his body didn’t come anywhere near Gabriel’s. Gabriel’s is the kind of body women dream of. All muscles and no fat in sight. Strong, sexy, and mouthwatering. It’s the kind you imagine running your tongue on, and I am ashamed to say that I am imagining that right now.

Shaking my head, I push those thoughts away. I was just sexually attracted to him. I haven’t had sex in two years, so of course I would react like this to seeing him almost half naked. In fact, I would react like this towards any man, there’s nothing special about Gabriel.

Keep telling yourself that. A voice whispered inside me.

Yeah, I will continue telling myself that. Being delusional is better than facing reality anyway.

Turning my attention to Gabriel, I find him staring at me. Correction, staring at my breasts. I watch with amusement as he swallows. I guess I wasn't the only one affected.

"See something you like?" I throw his question back at him.

"No," he answered gruffly.

I hide my smile. Looks like I am not the only one living in denial. Anyway, it doesn't matter because nothing will ever happen between me and Gabriel. That ship burned and sank years ago. We are both quiet after, and the atmosphere is awkward as hell.

Clearing my voice, I ask. "What are you doing up?"

It was past midnight. Unlike in our previous marriage, he has been trying to come back home early because of Lilly and then leave in the morning after she wakes up.

"I couldn't sleep," he simply answered. "You?"

This is so weird. We never had this in our previous marriage. We never sat down and talked. He never comforted me when I cried. Hell, the man didn't care back then. Now things seem to have changed, and I don't know how to handle it.

"I'm going through a list of schools that Lilly can join," I replied.

Given that I'd agreed to the contract and we were now married, for the next two years our lives would be here, so I needed to settle Lilly.

"She can join Noah's school. Lakewood Preparatory," he said casually.

I just stare at him like he has grown two heads. I know the school. Hell I used to go there. It's the only school for the rich and affluent in this city. "You do realize that I can't afford that kind of fees?" I asked.

Sure, I took Lilly to a good school back at home, but it wasn't as costly as Lakewood. Lakewood is way, way beyond my paycheck.

"You can't, but I can," he leaned forward on the counter.

"Absolutely not... I won't let you pay her fees."

"I'm her father and I can afford it so let me." I go to interrupt him but he cuts me off and continues. "Look, I'm planning to introduce you two to my family this weekend. She'll get to know her cousin. When she joins, it won't be that bad for her because she would

have Noah.” Content I stop and think. No one likes being the new student and he’s right. It’ll be better if there’s someone there she already knows.

“Fine,” I grumbled. “Just this once.”

“Good, I’ll get my assistance to handle everything and she can join at the beginning of next week.”

“Okay. Given that that’s settled, I’m going to sleep.”

School searching is what kept me up late into the night, and now I didn’t have to worry about it. Standing up, I’m about to turn around and leave when his voice stops me. Content “One more thing, Harper,” he said, coming to my side. “Tomorrow you’ll start working with me.” he finished, more like he commanded.

What the hell?

“Absolutely no,” I snapped.

“Yes...Now, expect you to be up and ready, bright and early, because you’ll be riding with me.”

Before I can wrap my head around his words or give him a piece of my mind, he turns around and saunters out the kitchen, leaving me fuming and all alone.