

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 436 -440

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 436-I was a nervous wreck. Everything inside me screamed, and I didn't know how to calm myself down.

I "How do I look?" I ask the three women (I who were on video chat with me.

It's funny how I just clicked with them. I had never had girlfriends before, but Ava, Letty and Connie were quickly becoming my girls. I was surprised at how everything flowed with them and how easy it was for me to open up to them.

When I'd told them that I was going on a date with Gabriel, they'd been excited for me and even helped me brainstorm the kind of makeup I should go with and how to do my hair.

"Hot," Ava replies with a smile that lights up her face.

Letty jumps in after "Sexy," -y TY wie . "I'd do you if I were into women," Connie says seriously, making me laugh.

"My new friends helped me shop for my dress. The moment they found out about the date and that I had yet to find a dress, I" they volunteered to help me scout shops I in order to get the perfect dress.

I look at myself in the mirror, appreciating how I looked. I wasn't vain, but I looked pretty damn delectable.

We'd settled on a red bodycon, midi dress with a round neckline, long sleeves and an open back. I wanted something that was sexy, but classy at the same time. Ava had agreed that showing just enough to tease was going to drive Gabriel.

My intention wasn't to be seductive or drive him crazy, but I wouldn't mind if it happened either. My long hair was in a low textured bun with loose tendrils framing my face. For my makeup, I went with golden brown eyeshadow, black eyeliner and red matte lips. I paired everything up with a pair of I golden heels and a black leather clutch. i "Seriously, Gabriel won't be able to take his eyes off you," Ava says, with an I appreciative glance at my outfit.

I "Thank you, guys, for helping me pick this dress up," I tell them.

"Anytime, sweetie," Letty says in a sweet voice and I could tell she meant it.

“Now, have fun and don’t forget to fill us in on how it went.” Connie, who I came to realize is the more silent one of the three, adds, “I’m mostly looking forward to hearing all about Gabe’s reaction.” “Bye, and like Letty said, make sure to have fun,” this comes from Ava.

After bidding them goodnight, I take a deep breath as I stare at myself one last time before turning around to leave.

“Oh my gosh,” Lilly screams when I step into the living room, scaring the life out of me. “You look so beautiful mom.” She rushes to me, before stopping a few inches from me. “Turn around.” With a laugh, I do as she says and spin around for her perusal.

Liam and I rarely went out on dates. It’s not that we couldn’t afford it, there are cheaper places we could have gone to, but we just never really wanted to. We mostly preferred to stay indoors and have family movie nights. Like I said, our life was built on friendship and companionship. It was comfortable and that was okay with both of us. I didn’t mind it, but looking back right now, I see our life together for what it was. We both didn’t want to put any effort into it because we had both loved and lost. Our losses were different, but it still hurt all the same, yet 19 BONUS Maybe if the girl he had loved. The one who took his heart with him had been alive, they would have had a different life.

There would be date nights where they enjoyed each other’s company.

Maybe their life would have been full passion and fire instead of comfort.

Lilly’s claps bring me back to the present.

“You look like those models I see on TV.” Bending forward, I kiss her cheek.

“Thank you darling. I’m so glad you approve.” Lilly has never seen me dress up like this.

Seeing her so happy and excited about seeing me dressed up, brings a pang to my heart. I’ll always be grateful to Liam accepting us, but what kind of life was I showing my daughter? That it was okay to just be comfortable in marriage? That it was okay for a relationship to lack passion? That it was okay to marry someone you aren’t in love with?

But she would have started seeing our relationship for what it was. As she got older. She would”

start to understand and she would think it was okay to settle, I was hurt before but it doesn’t mean that I no longer believed in love.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 437-I want Lilly to fall in love. Deeply and overhead in love with someone someday.

I I hate that Liam died, and I still miss him, but if we had stayed married, I would I have destroyed Lilly's image of marriage and love.

But aren't you doing the same thing right now? You entered into a contract marriage after all. A pesky voice says in my head.

Pushing those thoughts away, I focus on Lilly just as Gabriel walks into the room.

He stops dead in his tracks when his eyes land on me. His mouth falls open, and he looks like he's completely stopped functioning.

"You are going to catch flies if you keep your mouth open, daddy." Lilly tells him while giggling.

I smile when he tries to pull himself together.

"You look beautiful, Harper," he says, swallowing.

"Thank you." I My three friends were right about the I dress after all. Gabriels eyes were tracing my curves in an appreciative manner.

"We should get going," I mumble. I press my lips together to stop myself from laughing at his reaction.

Clearing his throat, he pulls himself together. "Yes. We don't want to be late for our reservation." After bidding Lilly goodnight, we leave.

The drive to the restaurant is silent. It wasn't an awkward silence even though I was full of nerves. It is a comfortable kind of silence. The kind you don't need to fill with awkward chatter.

Gabriel drove us, and there is just something about a man as formidable as Gabriel driving that gives me butterflies.

' It doesn't take us long to get to the restaurant Gabriel had reserved. After parking the car, he comes around and ' opens the door for me. With a hand on my I lower back, he guides us to the restaurant.

One look at Gabriel and the matron shows us to our table which was situated in a private area.

“I don’t really know what to do, now that we are here,” I say nervously once we are seated. “What do people do on first dates?” “They get to know each other,” he answers.

“Okay, so we can start with something easy, what’s your favorite color?” His lips form a devious and seductive grin. “It was black, but I’ve just changed it to red.” The way his eyes roam over my body, “makes me feel like he’s the big bad-wolf that wants to eat me up whole.

(I shift uncomfortably, trying to avoid the heat of his stare. A stare that was doing ‘ crazy things to my body.

“What about you?” he asks.

“I don’t really have a favorite color.

Whatever looks good will be my pick,” I shrug.

My mom used to find it weird that I didn’t have a favorite color. It honestly used to bug her because according to her, she simply couldn’t understand why I didn’t pick one color to love.

I was just about to ask another question when the waiter comes to take our orders.

He leaves after taking them, leaving me to deal with Gabriel’s intensity.

“Will you stop looking at me like that?” I demand, because the looks he was giving were distracting.

“He grins “Like what?” “Like you want to bend me over the table (and fuck me,” “Well, Harper, that’s, exactly what! Want to do,” his voice is deep and husky, and I can’t help but wonder how that vibration would feel against my clit.

The air becomes charged, and I swear his eyes darken. The sexual tension that fills the room makes me tighten my legs in an effort to stamp down my desire.

Maybe agreeing to this date was a terrible idea. I should have thought things through.

What am I supposed to say to that? His words left me speechless. I could barely think straight as I tried to stay calm and keep myself collected.

"Is that all you want, Gabriel?" I ask once

I have my desires under control. "Is sex all you want or is it what you hope to gain from, this date?" His grin falls, and his brows furrow into a frown. Before I can stop him, he grabs my left hand and holds it in his warm hands.

"I be honest with you, Harper," he begins, "Right now all I can think about is your curvy naked body under about is your curvy naked body under mine, and fuck, dick buried deep inside your warm heat. But no, that's not all I want from you and that's not what I hoped to gain from this date." Cue in my vagina clenching at the image he painted.

Why the hell did he keep catching me off guard? This was supposed to be a straight forward date, but somehow, he was changing the rules.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 438—"Then what do you want? Because you are honestly confusing me here," I tell him honestly.

"You. I want you, Harper." I pull my hand from his and straighten in my chair, while looking at him suspiciously.

"You have to realize just how unbelievable you sound right now. You didn't want me back then. You never wanted me and even went to great heights to drive in the point. How the hell do you expect me to believe that all of a sudden you now want me?" Is it wrong that I'm suspicious of him? That I'm suspicious of his end game. That I'm afraid he could just be charming me just to get into my pants, that he was playing a game with me. I don't think I could handle it if that turns out to be case

It would shatter me.

He stares at me in an intense way. His "eyes stay on me for a couple of minutes as if he's trying to find the right words.

I "I don't know what to say, Harper. I don't I I even think I can explain it to you given i that I barely understand it myself," he explains in a soft voice. "All I know is that I want you, and not just your body," Given our marriage before, I was skeptical. I found it hard to believe his words. To believe that he wants me when he used to drill into me that he never would.

"I don't know what I am supposed to do with that, Gabriel. I don't know what you want from me." "Just give me a chance. That's all I ask," he says, taking my hand again.

I'm so fucking confused, so instead of saying anything, I keep quiet, I am not really sure I'm ready to give him a chance. Hell, I am not even sure I should give him a chance.

I can't and won't even try to deny the attraction I felt towards him. It's there, I like a blazing inferno that was ready to } I consume me, but was that enough? I Should that passion be reason enough to give him a chance? I'm saved from the awkwardness of not answering when the waiter serves our food.

We eat and make small talk, and I slowly start to relax and let go of the tension that had eased itself in my bones.

"So, what's your favorite thing to do when you have free time?" Gabriel asks when we are done with dinner.

"Sleeping," I answer without even thinking about it.

He grins at me, and he looks nothing like a powerhouse, instead he looks boyish.

"Really?" "Definitely," I laugh. "Maybe I was-acat in my former life." At my words, he throws back his head and I laughs. His laugh is so deep and beautiful that for a moment I just stare at him mesmerized.

"Is something wrong?" his voice unfreezes me and I shake my head.

"No," I reply "There is no problem at all." The rest of the evening is spent in a comfortable atmosphere as we talked and just enjoyed each other's company, something I never thought would happen.

By the time we leave the restaurant, it's already late into the night. Since it was chilly outside, Gabriel takes his coat off and drapes it over my shoulders, He helps me inside the car, but doesn't Start the car immediately after he gets in.

He turns to me with a serious expression.

"I'm dying to kiss you. Can I kiss you Harper?" I think about it. As much as I wanted so much to kiss him? As much ashy body begged me to seal our lips, I couldn't do that. Not when I was still unsure and confused about where I stood in his life.

"I'm sorry, but, no" I tell him in a confident voice.

Even though I rejected him partly because of my confusion, the other part was because I wanted to test him, would he insist? Would he get mad? Deep down I know he isn't that kind of man, but I couldn't help myself.

He smiles at me, proving me right about the kind of man he was. "I will have your kisses soon enough, when I win you over." I don't say a word, and he starts the car seconds later. As we make the drive back home, I couldn't help but wonder if all this was just a phase for him or was he really serious.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 439-9 Emma.

I was in the kitchen having breakfast, but my food wouldn't go down easily.

Every time I tried to swallow it would get stuck because of how nervous and anxious I was.

"Are you okay?" my mother asks when I finally give up and let the fork and knife drop from my hands.

"I don't know mom, I'm nervous," my voice sounds shaky even to my own ears.

God. What was I thinking? Was this even a good idea to begin with? Was I even ready for this or am I just trying to stall? The questions keep pounding in my

head as I look at my food in disgust. My appetite was severely lacking, and it's been that way for months, but today it's so much worse.

Mom grabs my hand in hers, before rubbing them gently. Her face softens as she looks at me.

"I know it's scary sweetheart, but you have to do this," she tells me gently with a small smile. "It's for your own good."

"You won't be able to move on until you heal your wounds." I hear her. I know she's right, but that still doesn't make it easy.

Molly had left a couple of days ago, but not before booking me a therapy session.

I'd already promised that I'd give it a try, so I couldn't back out now. I didn't want to disappoint her too. Not like I'd disappointed everyone else in my life.

"I'm just afraid I guess," I whisper, fighting back the tears that threatened to fall.

“I’m afraid that my therapist will confirm just how much of a bad person I am.” Mom kisses my hand, and I find comfort in that. “Her work isn’t to judge you, and she won’t. Her work is to help you heal and that’s what she’ll do if you only let her.” Right now, I feel young again. I feel like the girl who would always run to her mother for reassurance when she was doubting herself or feeling insecure. I did love my dad. I love him so fucking much, and I miss him every day, but mom has always been my pillar.

“you’re right, I’m just nervous” I sigh in contentment before lifting her hand and rubbing it against my cheeks.

She smiles at me, and even though it’s genuine, I still see the sadness in them.

I know she still feels horrible about how she treated Ava. Just like me, mom and Travis are battling their own regret.

Ava has refused to have anything to do with them. She doesn’t want them in her life and has completely cut them off. I know it pains them, but I also don’t know what to do to help them. Ava completely embraced her biological parents and left mom and Travis in the dirt “Maybe I’m not the only one who needs therapy,” I softly suggest.

I clear my throat, she pulls her hand away. “I don’t know what you mean, Emma.” I release a sigh, not really surprised by her reaction. My mother is stubborn (I guess I get that trait from her). She would never willingly accept that she needs help.

“you know what I’m talking about, Mom.

You need to talk things out with a therapist. You need to let go of the guilt and regrets you are holding to. You need this just as much as I do” Her lips press in a firm line and she doesn’t say anything. I don’t push it.

Maybe I will in a few days, but not right now. Guilt and regret are strong emotions. Ones that can freeze you in the past, refusing to let go of you. This family, the Sharp family, seems to have a lot of them. We all needed to heal.

Since I couldn’t keep down the toast and I eggs, I eat my banana and drink my coffee. When I’m done, I stand up, ready to leave.

“I’ll get going” I say, then kiss my mother’s cheeks. “I’ll see you when I get back” “Okay, darling. Let me know how it goes.” With a nod, I leave.

The drive to my appointment is a blur. My unseeing eyes stared m outside while my thoughts continued to form a ruckus in my head. I was in turmoil and I felt numb.

Nothing but guilt and regret registered in my head and heart. I didn't feel happy.

I didn't feel sad. I didn't feel anything really, except those two fucking emotions. My heart was in shambles, so was my life. I just didn't know how to get myself out of this rut.

"Appointment for Emma Sharp," I tell the secretary once I'm inside.

She gives me a bright smile, but I find it hard to reciprocate.

"Right, just take a seat. Dr. Mia is just finishing up with another patient," she tells me kindly after checking her computer.

I nod my head and take a seat on one of the comfortable white leather seats. I wait patiently, not really sure if these sessions were going to help, or if it was already too late for redemption.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 440-" I fumble and twist my hands as I wait-for my therapist to be done with her current client. I'm so tempted to flee, but that would just make me look like a coward. I I was already tired of being one.

My phone rings, pulling from my thoughts. I sigh in relief, so grateful and happy for the interruption. Without even checking the caller ID, I swipe the screen and accept the call.

"Are you there, yet?" her voice comes through the phone.

I don't have to guess who it is. Her voice is ingrained on my brain. I would know it anywhere. Even in my dreams.

"Hello to you too," I reply sarcastically, and lean back against the chair, feeling myself start to relax.

The room was painted in a warm orange color. You would think it would look ugly, but it doesn't. It makes the room feel I welcoming. It also gives you the impression of a warm sunset. re Color isn't the only thing that makes this room welcoming. There are also the soft and fluffy pillows. The live potted plants, flowers and interesting art. I guess the whole interior is meant to put you at ease.

“Hey, now are you there?” Molly asks again, not wasting any time. “I just had to call and confirm you actually went for your appointment.” Sighing, I answer. “I’m here, don’t worry about it” I hear release a breath through the phone.

She must have been really worried that I wouldn’t come to appointment given how I was against therapy to begin with.

“Thank God! I was so worried, Emma.

“You’ll see, this will be a good thing” I don’t say anything, because what was there to say. I wasn’t really sure if it would be a good thing or not.

Instead of dwelling on that, my eyes wander to the art on the wall. A woman crouched down; her face hidden. Her spine was visible and so were her ribs.

She seemed to be in pain (well that is my interpretation) as smoky tendrils of darkness came out from her.

I tried to interpret it. Was this some kind of warning? That maybe healing won’t be easy. That I’d will painful and it’ll leave me bared for my therapist to see.

Maybe it meant that for me to heal, I needed to let go of the darkness that was holding me prisoner from the inside.

“Emma?” her voice once again pulls me back to reality.

“I don’t know if it will be a good thing.

“We’ll just have to wait and see,” I reply absentmindedly and give her the only answer I can.

“I’m just glad that you went, that’s what important to me. That you are willing to try” I smile even though she can’t even see me. I know we have our disagreements especially when it came to Gunner and Calvin, but Molly has never judged me.

Instead, she’s been there for me through my worst.

“Thanks, Molly” I tell her, just as the secretary lifts her ringing phone and signals to me.

“I need to go” I tell her. “I think my session is about to begin” “Okay. Good luck and don’t forget to call and tell me how it goes” “will do” After saying goodbye, I hang up the phone and throw it inside my bag. I then stand up and go to the front desk.

“She’ll be with you in a minute” the

secretary says and I just nod my head. A minute or so later, the door handle twists and opens. I stand rooted to the ground when Ava comes out.

She stumbles to a halt and we just stare at each other with nothing but shock.

“Emma?” she whispers, her eyes wide open.

I probably look the same.

My eyes roam over her. I haven’t seen her since her wedding and that was a couple of months ago. My

eyes stop at her mid-area. It wasn’t that visible making it easy to miss her baby bump given the loose dress she had on.

“Hi” I give her an awkward wave, since I had no idea what to do.