

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 441 -445

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 441-“This is Ava we are talking about, I always saw her as a rival since the day I realized that she had a thing for Rowan. I never hated her, but I wouldn’t say I loved her either even though I thought she was my sister. To me, she was just Ava. She didn’t really exist in my world. My hatred however came to life when I learned she slept with Rowan.

Ava shakes her head as if to clear it, then walks over to me, “What are you doing?” “I have a therapy appointment” A small smile forms on her lips as she tilts her head to stare at me. “Then you’ve come to the right place. Dr Mia is the best in the city. She’s been my therapist since Ethan got arrested.” I expected to see hate or bitterness for Ethan because of what he did, but there was none.

She just smiled fondly when

I she said his name.

The secretary behind me tells me that my therapist is ready for me. I start to fidget.

All the reassurance I had a couple of minutes ago flies out of the window.

I I’m jolted from my mini panic when soft and warm hands engulf mine. I look up to find Ava smiling at me and holding my hand.

“You are nervous” she simply states and I nod.

“You don’t have to be, Emma. This is the first step to healing. I promise” I hear her words, but they are just jumbled. My heart is racing and so is my mind. I’m nervous and a part of me wants to run and hide, because I’m afraid of coming face to face with my mistakes.

With my demons.

“How about I stay here and wait for you?” she asks when I don’t seem to be calming down. “If I stay right here, will knowing I’m outside help you?” I stop and think for a while.

“Yes, I think it will” I answer in a small voice, barely above a whisper.

“Perfect, come then” She holds my hand and pulls me towards the door. When we get to it, she gives me a small shove after telling me she’ll be right outside, before closing the door behind me.

“Hi Emma,” the woman sitting at the couch is nothing like I expected her to be.

I’m a lawyer, so I assumed she’d be dressed in a skirt suit or something like that.

Instead her clothes were really, really casual.

With her flowing skirt, headscarf, multiple necklaces and bangles, and her bare feet, she reminded me of a gypsy.

I “Hi” I reply nervously, remembering that she had greeted me first.

I “Take a seat” she tells me in a soft-and comforting voice.

Reluctantly, I do as she tells me. I wasn’t a judgmental person, but right now I was judging her ability to help me. She’s nothing like I imagined a therapist to be.

“So, first of all I want you to close your eyes and take a deep breath”

she says. “I want you to clear your head, push down any fears you may have about this session. I want you relax, unwind and just be your true self” Again, not what I was expecting.

Was this how therapy sessions started? This sounds more like yoga than a therapy session.

I continue looking at her skeptically, my eyes narrowed. Maybe Molly made a mistake. Hell, Ava too. None of what she was telling me seems professional.

“Emma, this won’t work if you don’t follow my instructions” she tells again I me in that gentle manner.

Sighing, I give in. The session was already booked and paid for. What did I have to lose? With that thought I close my eyes and focus on nothing. I just let my mind drift until it finally relaxes.

“Now, open your eyes” Dr Mia says, and I slowly open my eyes. “How, do 0 1 you feel?” “Surprisingly, à bit more relaxed and less tense” I have to admit that I did not expect that to work at all.

“Super. Now we can start our session. I learned early on that it’s, Beneficial for my clients to be at ease.

before we Start our sessions, that’s why I start with helping them to release their dark energies”

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 442-“Eh, what do I say to that? I’m nota believer of positive and negative energies.

“So, if I may ask, why are you here, I Emma? What made you decide on therapy?” her question comes as a surprise and for a moment I fumble with my answer.

“I didn’t want to come. Hell, I’m not even the one that booked it, but my friend thinks it will be beneficial for me. She thinks I need to heal and forgive myself before I can move forward.” The words just tumble out of my mouth without warning, which shocks me. I never intended to tell her the truth.

She smiles at me, her face radiating peace. “Honesty, I like that. That’s one thing that I prefer my clients having.

Without honesty, how can I help them, right?” When I don’t say anything, she continues.

“You mentioned forgiving yourself;am I wrong to assume that you feel guilty about something?” “I feel guilty about a lot of things,” What the hell? Did she do something to me? Is there something in the humidifier that makes people open up and talk? Because how the hell did I admit that to her so easily when I never admitted it to Molly? “Guilt is a strong emotion. What else do you feel?” “Regret, loss” “That’s good. Guilt and regret usually go hand in hand. It’s hard to feel regret and not guilt and vice versa. In your case, I think you lost someone precious to you, and the guilt and regret of not valuing them is eating you inside” I fight back the tears, because she was damn right. She hit the mark on the spot.

“Before we can get into those three— emotions, I want you to tell me about your childhood. Your parents, siblings, friends, childhood crushes. Walk me through your life as a teenager and then as a young adult. Can you do that for me?” I nod and proceed to tell her everything.

She listens as I bare everything. By the time we get to when Ava and Rowan slept together and then what happened after, I was a hot crying mess. I managed to pull through though and told her everything.

“There is a lot to unpack from what you’ve told me, Emma, but that’s why I am here” she says once I am done talking. “I’m here to help you deal with you pain and hurts. I am here to help you heal” “Thank you” I snivel and wipe my nose and tears.

“Our time is over, but I want you to give you an assignment. Go buy a journal, okay? And in our next session you’ll tell me why you bought that specific journal.

What attracted you to it. Is it because it’s your favorite color? Is it because you like leather covers? That sort of thing” I nod, understanding what she meant.

“Then I want you to write down what you felt about Rowan and Ava. I want you to write what you felt about Calvin and Gunner. I want you to write what you felt about yourself. Mark those words, Emma.

Not what you feel, what you felt, back then when you were in uni” “Okay” She then takes my hand and squeezes. “I want you to know that I am proud of you.

This is a huge step you are taking and I am so proud of you for having the carriage to bare your wounds.

Healing is messy, but i’ll be here to guide you through it.”

I don’t why, but it feels so fucking good to hear her say that. Releases”

something inside me.

“Thank you, Mia” I tell her. She told me to call her by her name.

“Welcome” she smiles and then stands up. “I’ll see you in our next?

session”t walk out of her office feeling lighter than I have in a very long time.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 443-Ava stands up and walks towards me the I moment I get outside the door.

“How was it?” she asks, her eyes shifting I between mine.

If I am being honest, then I’m surprised she’s still here. When she said that she would wait for me, I didn’t expect her to.

Ijust thought she would wait till I was inside, then leave. I never thought she’d wait the entire one and a half hour.

“It was surprisingly nice,” I reply, not really sure how to put it.

I liked the session more than I thought I would. For so long, I kept what I was feeling inside me. Sure, I told Molly, but I never allowed myself to feel the emotions. I never told her how I felt. The heartbreak, the pain, the emptiness, all of it, I kept it to myself.

I Being able to do that with Mia was eye-opening. I don't know how she did it. I I don't know how she got me to open up...

But everything just came tumbling out of my mouth and heart. Every feeling I've tried fleeing from. Every pain I've tried burying. Everything just tumbled out of I me. I I'm nowhere near okay, but I feel good. I feel great that I was able to release that part of myself that I've been trying to bury.

“That's good, come on then” Ava tells me gently. “Let's get you cleaned up, and then we can get some ice cream.” I feel like I've lost my mind or something.

Ice cream? With Ava? Did I wake up in an alternate universe or some shit?

Before I can even question her on her actions, she pulls me to a corridor. We enter the washrooms and she turns me so that I'm facing the mirror.

I gasp in shock when I stare at my face.

, “I learned early on to carry wipes when “coming in for my session,” she says as she pulls out wipes, concealer and mascara from her handbag.

I continue staring at myself in the mirror.

My eyes were red and puffy, and my mascara was smudged all over my face. If I had known this would be the aftermath, I would have gone with a waterproof mascara instead.

In my defense, I didn't expect Mia to break my defenses and have me bawling like a child. I've always held myself upright and uptight. For Mia to be able to break through my defenses is honestly shocking.

I'm pulled out of my thoughts when Ava hands me the wipes. Slowly, I take them from her hand and begin wiping the mascara. We stay silent as I get myself cleaned up. Once I'm done, I use the concealer to cover the blotchiness under my eyes. Thank God Ava and I have the same skin tone.

"How do look?" I ask when everything is done.

"Better?" she says it more as a question than a statement.

I just shrug my shoulder. "That'll do." We pack everything up and leave the washrooms.

After setting up my next appointment, we leave the building. We were outside and I was just about to thank her when she speaks.

"There is a small ice cream shop across, do you want to join me?" She had mentioned it before we went to the restroom, but it still catches me by surprise. I didn't know what to do. Do I accept her invitation? Do I reject it? "It's okay if you don't want to, and I

I don't want to be pushy," she says when she notices my dilemma. "It's just something I think you'd like. My first therapy session was hard getting ice cream later and collecting my thoughts helped." I think about it for a minute before nodding. "Sure, why not?" She smiles at me brightly, and for the first time, I truly see the beautiful woman who was hidden under years of neglect and mistreatment.

We cross the road and head to the shop. It was small and cozy. It kind of reminded me of a grandmother's house. Not my grandmother though. My grandma was a cold woman who cared mostly about wealth and status.

We get seats near a window, in a far corner. The whole place was comfortable, and I get why Ava liked this place.

"I still can't believe we are here,

together," I say after our ice creams arrive. "And we are not pulling each other's hair out." She laughs, her eyes shining. "I know tight someone told me this a few years back, I would have laughed in their faces and told them hell to the no."

I can't stop the grin that spreads across my face. "You really hated me, didn't you?" I wasn't asking to be malicious, I was just curious.

Ava stops laughing and becomes serious.

"I didn't really hate you, Emma. I was jealous of you. There is a difference.

You had everything/wanted more Rowan's love that of our family and his family while I had nothing but.

hate and indifference from them, I had no one but myself. That is until Noah came along.”

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 444-My heart aches at the pain that’s still embedded in her voice. I get why she’s still in therapy. Ava hasn’t yet healed completely.

I look back and put myself in her shoes. I never questioned why my parents were how they were towards Ava even before she and Rowan messed up. I just went along with how things were. I didn’t ignore her, but I also never went out of my way to make her feel included.

After the mess with Rowan, I was too heartbroken and drowning in my own pain to care about how cruelly they treated her. In my head, I rationalized it by saying that she deserved it.

“I wasn’t the best older sister growing up, was I?” I ask slowly, as the weight of my mistakes continue to hit me.

“It’s okay, and it doesn’t really matter. I was also not the best little sister and I ruined everything. I love Noah, I really do . and I’d never regret him, but I do regret the night he was conceived. I never meant to cause you so much pain, Emma. Please believe that.” I blink back the tears, trying my hardest not to let them fall. She reaches out and grabs my hand before squeezing it. When I look up, she’s also fighting back her tears.

“Why are you being nice to me? I was terrible to you after I came back.” I was puzzled. I did everything to cause trouble for her. She should hate me. She should be glad karma got me.

Ava gives me a watery smile. “Because even though I hated how you treated me, I understood where you were coming from. It wasn’t intentional on my part, but fact is, I slept with your boyfriend.

The guy you loved. You had a right to be angry. You had right to hate me. Your emotions towards me were valid given I loved and wanted him even knowing he I was taken. I was young and immature, but that’s not an excuse. I should have been better. I should have done better...

and that will always be my biggest regret.” I squeeze her hand. Needing an anchor to tie me to the present. To stop me from drowning in a sea of loss and pain.

“I’m sorry, Emma. More than you know. I look at everything and I wonder if things would have been better if I’d let go.

Maybe then you, Calvin and Gunner wouldn't be in so much pain. Maybe everybody would have gotten their happy ending. I'm so sorry. I ruined your life and I don't even know how to help you fix it. We both bawling by this point. The only good thing is that we were hidden in our safe nook.

I hated that she carried such a burden.

I She didn't deserve to carry the weight of my mistakes. Calvin and Gunner?

How I I treated them was my decision. She I shouldn't be carrying the burden of the outcome.

«It wasn't your fault, Ava... and I don't I want you to think it is. You have nothing to do with my choices or my mistakes.” “But my actions led you to those choices, so no matter how you look at it, it's still my fault.” “No, it's not,” I tell her firmly, wiping my tears.

“Yes, it is.” “It's not.” “It is.” “It's not” Hi is” “Oh for goodness sake, will you just drop it?” I throw my hands up in frustration.

“Can't you just accept my fucking I answer” She glares at me, but there isn't any heat behind it. Way do run the moment. “” i did not” “You did” We scowl at each other, then burst out laughing. We laugh so hard that we hold on to the table for support. We are weird.

One moment we were crying and the next we were laughing. Something is wrong with us.

“This is nice,” Ava says after we've both calmed down. “We should do this more often.” She's right it was nice, nice expected to have Ava as nice, I never expected to have Ava as anything other than my arch nemesis, but today proved that maybe a friendship can blossom. She understood my pain in ways I doubt

anyone ever will.

“I'd love that.” After that, everything just feels easy. We eat ice cream. We talk and we laugh, We spent almost three hours in that cozy I shop and I loved every minute of it. After, I went home feeling more alive than I have in a long time.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 445=- I sat at my dressing table staring blankly at the mirror while I brushed my hair. It was around nine in the evening and my head was a mess.

When I went for my therapy session today, I never expected to bump into Emma. Hell, I never expected to offer to wait for her, then invite her for ice cream, and then go ahead, and spend hours just talking with her.

She told me it was her first therapy session and I just felt the need to be there for her. I know how hard my session was for me. The fear and anxiety. The panic and pressure. I went alone, and I almost gave myself a heart attack with how anxious and nervous I got.

When I got out of that session, I felt ripped open. Like my wounds had been scrubbed raw. I had done nothing to heal them. Instead, I just covered them and buried my head in the sand. Band-aids can't fix bullet holes, and that's exactly what I tried to do.

I was mess. I felt exposed. I felt drained. I felt like a gaping hole was where my chest should be, and my bleeding heart could be seen. I Letty was on a business trip that time and there wasn't anyone I could call to comfort me. So, when I got out and saw that ice cream shop, that's where I went to collect myself.

For some weird reason, I didn't want that for Emma. I didn't want to see her all alone and broken. I didn't want to leave her, knowing how brutal the first session could be. That's why I offered to stay and wait for her. I didn't think she'd take my offer and I was surprised when she did.

She came out of that office, wide eyed with dried mascara smudged on her face.

She looked like she'd been through hell and back. Just like I'd predicted, that first session had been brutal.

She also looked confused, and I know why. Emma isn't one to share her feelings. We were similar in that manner.

None of us liked sharing. We liked burying that pain and pretending we were okay.

I had that same reaction after I realized that Mia had easily gotten me to open up.

I didn't understand how she did. If I believed in magic, then I would think she cast a spell or something.

When we sat down at the ice cream shop and I saw the pain she was hiding, I couldn't help but apologize. I still feel like everything that happened was my fault.

Maybe if I hadn't been so obsessed with Rowan, things would have turned out okay for everyone.

I love Rowan. I fucking do. I just can't help but wonder if things would have been better if I'd let go. None of us would have gone through the years of pain that I we had. Calvin, Emma and Gunner are still suffering. They're still in pain. If I'd let go earlier, maybe they wouldn't be where they were right now.

And maybe they would have still ended . . . I up where they are. That tiny voice I I whispers.

When I apologized to Emma, I meant every word I said. So many times,!

wish I could go back in time and change things, but that night would mean erasing Noah and Iris from existence.

"Ava?" I'm startled when a hand lands on my shoulder. I look up to find Rowan staring at me with worry in his grey eyes.

"You startled me. When did you get back?" I ask, putting my hand brush down before standing up and facing him.

"I'm sorry. I've been calling you name for almost five minutes." I hug, him and peck his cheek, before going to sit on the bed. "I was just lost in thought."