

## Ex-Husbands Regret

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 446-" I stay quiet as I watch him take off his coat, then tie, then socks.

The rest of his clothes come off, until he's left in nothing but his boxers. I watch him as he crosses the room and disappears into the bathroom. Seconds later, the shower \ turns on, and I pull my eyes from the door, and focus straight on.

Not really seeing anything.

My mind wanders back to Emma.

I got my happy ending, but what about her? Should I even be calling it a happy ending when Rowan was hers in the beginning? Would they have been together had I let go? Would they have been happy? All these questions keep running through my head. All these doubts keep making me question my decision to

stay with Rowan. I want everyone happy. I hate knowing that I got my happy ending I while Emma and Calvin didn't.

Maybe if I'd let go, Emma and Rowan "would have remained together. They would have remained in love. Then Calvin would have moved on and so would I.

Everyone would have gotten their happy I ending.

"Ava, are you okay?" his voice pulls me from my musings.

I stare up at him to find him in nothing but a towel. It's low on his hips, and that delicious V is visible for me to see. Water droplets run slowly down his chest and abs, and for a second I forget what he had asked me.

This is the effect he had on me. One look at him, and I completely forget everything.

Sighing, I look away from his naked chest. "I met Emma today, and we spent some time together," I When I stare at his eyes, there is nothing at the mention of her name. No regret. No J) longing. No love. There was absolutely nothing. B "And that messed you up?" he comes and sits down beside me.

“Yes” I answer honestly, trying to fight back my tears. “She’s hurting and I can’t help but wonder if things would have been better had I just let go and walked away. Maybe I shouldn’t have come to find you that night. Maybe I should have run away the moment I found out I was pregnant. Maybe I should have fought harder against your decision to marry.” I stand up and start pacing our bedroom.

“Maybe! Maybe! Maybe! All the possibilities keep playing in my head over and over again. I ruined your life. I ruined her life. I ruined Calvin’s life. I just don’t know what to do.” He gets up and grabs me by my upper arm. I try wrenching myself from him, but he doesn’t let go.

“You didn’t ruin my life, Ava. You didn’t,” he whispers hoarsely.

I can’t stop the tears that flow down my face. It’s too painful knowing that my I love was the cause of pain for other people.

“Yes, I did. You loved her and I took that away from both of you. You would have been happy had just let go. Had been strong enough to move on before I messed things up.

Hell, I never should have agreed to the marriage.” His hands move from my shoulder and wrap around my waist, bringing me close to him.

It was a constant battle. Two years later, and I was still fighting with the demons past fast. Two years and I was still trying to heal.

Me told me not to expect instant healing.

She told me healing takes time, and it isn’t a process that can be rushed.

She I said it takes others, even ten, agreed to tire manage Are lad you glad you didn’t let go. I’m I fucking glad you held on for as long as you could because I can’t imagine my life without you. It kills me every day knowing I almost lost you. That the reason you are in my arms is.

because Ethan messed up and ended up in prison.”

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 447-‘ His voice is hoarse as he tries to suppress his emotions. The tremble in his voice is my undoing. I don’t like it when he’s in pain. I hate it.

“Rowan...” “No, Ava. It’s true. I was almost too late and deep down I know that had it not been for Ethan screwing up, I wouldn’t have had a chance with you.

You wouldn't have come back to me had fate not intervened. I will always be grateful that you gave me another chance despite the shit I did to you. The mistake you think you made that night? It's nothing compared to what I put you through for nine years and yet you took me back..." "Because I love you." "Yes, but Ethan almost claimed that love for himself." I hated how insecure he was about Ethan.

I did almost fall for him, but he wasn't meant for me. Ethan will always have a special place in my heart, not because I'm in love with him, or because he gave me Iris, but because he taught me how to live and love myself when no one else does.

"You don't need to feel guilty because I am where I'm supposed to be. What Emma and I had was young love. It wouldn't have lasted. Look at how it crumbled when it was put to the test? We held on because we thought it was the shit. We thought it was true love. We also never really got closure. What I feel for you is the real deal, Ava, and I know that because just the thought of losing you sends me into a panic like no other.

Losing you would kill me. Losing you wouldn't push me to drinking and doing drugs, it'll end me because without you I am nothing." He works every day to prove himself to me, To show me that he loves me and only me. It's an uphill battle, because there are times I'm reminded of his love \ for Emma. I'm reminded of how he held I on to her for years and that brings doubts.

I There are moments when I'm reminded of the pain he put me through. The heartache I went through at his hands.

There are moments when those memories tear at my heart and I wonder what I'm still doing with him. Those times, as if sensing my thoughts, he'll lay his head on my chest and hold me tightly as if he's afraid of losing me. He'll then whisper over and over again that he loves me until his words push away the darkness.

Like I said, it's an uphill battle, and I'm not at the top yet, but slowly I'm learning to let go.

"I'll be at your feet every day because the ground you walk on should be worshiped.

I'll remind you every day of my love for

you. I'll fight each and every waking morning to keep you by my side. I'll spend the rest of my life proving to you, I my, love. 'I never make you regret your decision to give me a second chance, and I'll spend the rest of my life loving you the way you deserve, Ava." All my doubts flee, as he words embrace me in a bubble of love and warmth.

“I love you so much, Rowan,” I whisper against his lips.

“I love you too, Darling,” he whispers right before he captures my lips in a scorching kiss.

He then proceeds to show me just now much he loves me, giving me no room to think about anything except him and his love, all through the night.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 448—“Gabe. — It’s been roughly two weeks since my first date with Harper, and I’m at a loss on what the fuck I should do.

I know it doesn’t make sense given I had her before and I divorced her, but I crave her like I’ve never craved anyone or anything.

She somehow finds her way into every thought I have when I wake up, and before I go to bed. It’s driving me crazy, but I am also not complaining. Like thinking of her, I like thinking of her soft lips, her gorgeous smile, her laugh, her beautiful face and luscious body. I fucking like thinking of her. Just her. She’s beautiful both in and out, and I’ve gotten to know her these past few weeks by silently studying her,

Why didn’t I do this when we were married? Why did I push her away? Why did I treat her like shit? I was young, but I can’t use that as an excuse. It’s plainly simple that I was an asshole.

Looking back, I see it for what it was.

I and Andrew gave me a gift, but I didn’t treasure it. Instead, I trampled on it with my cruel mistreatment. Sure, he did blackmail me, but I’m also starting to understand why.

Their parents had died in an accident.

This was about a year or so after Andrew had taken the reins of the company.

The company was in shambles, they were bankrupt and in debt. No one wanted to give a helping hand for fear of losing their own companies. Investing in their company was high risk and no one wanted to take that kind of risk.

He was dying. Andrew knew he was dying and that there was barely any hope of him surviving the late-stage cancer. He loved his sister and thought of protecting her.

What better way to make sure she was taken care of than to marry her into the most affluent family? It hit me one day last week that that was the reason why he

blackmailed me into marrying Harper. It wasn't done out of malice. Nor was he hoping to gain something from being associated with the Wood family.

He just wanted to secure his sister's future. A sister he loved and knew would have no one when he died.

I always wondered why he approached me specifically. When I couldn't get the answer, I just assumed it was because he and his sister wanted to use my family name.

Now, though, no one has to tell me why he did it. I figured that on my own because I would have done exactly the same thing had I been his shoes. My only regret is that I didn't figure this out years ago when Harper still wanted me.

I see the suspicion in her eyes every time I do something nice for her. I see the distrust in those black orbs every time she looks at me. It fucking guts me that I was so cruel to her that she now views me as someone to be doubted.

"Boss, the reports are here," Christopher's voice pulls me from my thoughts.

I swivel in my chair and motion for him to bring them to me. He does.

I open them and scan through the pages, word by word, sentence by sentence. With each and every word I read, my eyes narrow into slits and my lips harden into a thin line.

"I didn't know it was that bad too," he says once he's done. "I always thought her only problem is her meanness. She can be a fucking bitch at times."

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They scatter and Chris rushes to collect them, pushing them back into the file.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 449-How the hell did we have someone like her working for the company? Her list of wrongdoing keeps rattling in my mind and I can't stop the anger that begins to simmer inside me.

“Get me HR here!” I breathe through clenched teeth. “Ang sent that fucking Woman a dismissal email, I don’t want her in this company. And make sure finance knows that she gets nothing, Not after knowing the despicable ways she has been conducting herself.” “On it, boss.” It doesn’t take long for the HR manager to arrive in my office... And by the time he does, I’m fuming, “I was told you wanted to see, Mr.

Wood,” he eyes keep roaming, avoiding eye contact with me,

“What are we paying you to do?” I ask, my eyes narrowing at him.

He was a tall, skinny and balding man.

The suit he was hanging off his shoulder and looked too big for him.

I Instead of answering me, the idiot just \ stares at me as if he doesn’t understand what I am asking, “When I ask a question, I expect a fucking answer,” I thunder. “Now, what are we paying you to do?” He stammers in fear as he lists his responsibilities.

“If that’s the case, then how the hell did Milly get hired, given you are supposed to do a thorough screening? And how the fuck did she get away with being a bullying bitch when it was reported that some of the employees complained about her?” I see the moment he realizes just how deep in shit he is in. His eyes widen and he starts to fidget.

“I swear I didn’t know, Mr. Wood: ve never received any complaints” he stammers, as sweat starts to form on his head. \ Looking at him, I scoff. “You didn’t get any reports about complaints? So, this has nothing to do with the free sex and blow jobs Milly has been giving you, so you can make those complaints disappear?” “Mr. Wood...” “So, apart from neglecting your responsibilities for cheap sex, you are also a liar.” Panic washes over his face, and a sick kind of satisfaction fills me when he starts to tremble in fear.

“Please, Mr. Wood,” “Ge oo fi et out, you are fired, Now you can get I hada ind all the free blow jobs you want from Milly, given you’ve both just lost your I jobs, and you have all the free time.” My lips twist in an evil smirk. “And given what your bitch of a sidepiece did to my wife, it’s only fair I let your wife know just what you’ve been doing with the I I office slut.” All color drains from his face at the mention of his wife. He didn’t wear a wedding ring, but his file said he had a wife and two kids.

Tears start pouring out of his eyes as he begs me to give him a second chance.

I look at him in disgust. What a pathetic piece of ass.

I fall on my chair once I'm alone in my office, it disgusts me that the idiot was

cheating on his wife, but didn't I do the

same to Harper years ago? In fact, I went to great lengths to make sure she knew of my infidelities because I wanted to hurt her. His actions disgusted me, but I was just as disgusted with myself as I was with him.

I turn my laptop on, I log in to the company's security system, I watch her (through the CCTV cameras) as she works on her computer, before writing notes on her notebook.

Calling the security guards, Christopher makes sure that he is escorted out of our building.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 450-Harper.

I am dead tired and so hungry I think I'm going to die. I didn't have breakfast this morning because I woke up late.

There has been a discussion on an important business deal, so Gabe has been going to the office earlier than I do. I didn't sleep well at night, so I totally missed my alarm.

Lilly has settled at school and even though I still manage to take her once in a while, most of the time her driver is the one that drives her to school. We still

have dinner together every evening though. And Gabe still makes sure to come home before she goes to bed.

As for my relationship with Gabe, let's just say it's been a bit strenuous. Don't get me wrong, he hasn't been cruel or anything, instead, he's been the opposite, which does surprise me. It surprises me because it's so unlike him.

I keep expecting to see the man I married years ago show up, but he's nowhere on the horizon. Hell, I keep expecting to see the man that came to my apartment months ago, guns blazing, and throwing out threats like they were truths, but he's nowhere to be seen.

It's fucking confusing. I mean, where did that man go? He was cruel towards me for three straight years. Right up to the day he divorced me. What am I supposed to think? Feel?

It's been years since then, people change. That small voice whispers in my head.

I really do want to believe that, but can a cheetah change its spots? You see where I am coming from, right? How hard it is for me to just accept that he's changed.

Forcing those thoughts away, I stand up when my stomach grumbles for the millionth time. I couldn't do anything about the doubts in my head right now, but I could do something about my hunger.

"Going down for lunch?" Christopher asks when I get out of my office and pass by his desk. "Yes," I smile. "Do you need me to bring anything?"

"Nah, I'm good. I'll have something delivered for both me and the boss man," he replies and I nod my head before leaving.

Christopher takes care of everything for Gabriel. A part from learning, sometimes I wonder why I'm even here in the first place. I was to be his other secretary, but most of the time I think I'm Chris's secretary. Maybe I'll talk to Gabriel about it. I don't for one second look down on being a P.A but I just don't see how being a secretary will help me learn to run a company.

I already had some new ideas about Unity Ventures that I was dying to implement. Unity Ventures was a real estate company. It was mainly sought after because we were good at buying and selling prime properties. Back then, most properties were managed by our company. It was rare to find a selling property that didn't have our company's name. Since I am an interior designer, my idea was to expand Unity Ventures once I had it. I could incorporate my services and maybe extend it to architectural services and building and construction. That way we would be all rounded. We wouldn't just be involved in selling properties.

The ideas I came up with excited me. I blame that same excitement for making me so lost in thought that I failed to notice the screeching woman that was on a direct warpath towards me.

"You bitch! This is all your fault."

I look up startled and taken by surprise to find a very unkempt and distraught Milly glaring at me with bloodshot eyes.

Eh, what exactly is my fault?" I ask sizing up her disheveled condition.



The put together, holier than thou woman I was used to, was nowhere in sight. She was in a hoody and m sweatpants. Her hair was in a messy bun, and it looked greasy and thin. It also looked like it hadn't been washed or brushed in a long time.

Her lips were chapped, and her eyes had bags underneath them. It's like CO her magic had won off and long gone was the beautiful woman I knew and in her place was the ugly-wicked witch of the east.

"You got me fired!" she screams, her eyes shooting daggers at me.

Huh. So the reports finally came out.