

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 461 – 469

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 461-Damn it. Just the thought of that night coupled with what was happening now was enough to get me wet. I squirm trying to get comfortable and to stifle the ache between my legs. It doesn't help, in fact, it makes things worse as my ass is pushed further into Gabriel's groin.

Gabriel releases a deep and sexy groan.

One similar to the ones he made that night, every time he pounded into me.

It travels straight to my clit, making me freeze in my attempt to get comfortable.

Twisting my head, I turn to him, hoping that he was still asleep. I am relieved when I find his eyes closed, but then I'm struck by just how good – looking he is.

He looked so peaceful asleep. His long lashes fanned his cheeks and his lips were slightly parted. I suddenly got the urge to touch him and kiss him.

I was drowning in the man that had captured my heart years ago.

The same man that was now asking me for things I never thought were possible.

I was so lost in him, that I didn't realize what was happening until it was too late.

A gasp leaves my lips when I feel his hands slicking through my wet folds. It takes me a while for me to realize that his hands had left my breast and were now inside my panties. My very wet panties.

I need to stop this. To stop what he is doing... but it feels so fucking good to have him there that I don't want him to stop. My indecisiveness gives his hands enough time to slip past my clit and push a finger inside me.

I bite my lips to stop myself from moaning. Damn it. I was aching and this felt too good. It's been two years and the only action I've gotten is either from my own hands or my B.O.B.

(#) +15 BONUS My eyes fall close as I drown in the feeling of his finger pumping in and out of me. It's intense. It's exhilarating. It's what I need. He adds another finger and this time I can't stop the moan that slips. It feels so good, but IT know it would feel even better if it were his cock and not his finger. I "Hmm, already wet for me, I see," his voice deep freezes.

No. No. No. He wasn't supposed to be awake. He wasn't supposed to know just how wet I was.

Feeling embarrassed, I literally rip his hands from inside my panties, then get out of bed, fleeing the crime scene.

I almost fall in the process, but it doesn't matter. Not when I was mortified.

The last thing I see before I shut the door to the bathroom, is Gabriel licking the finger that was still slick with my arousal.

As I move to the sink. Grabbing on the edge for support, I just stare at myself in the mirror as if I was caught in headlights.

I was shaking and trembling, and still so fucking aroused that my vagina ached.

Oh god! What he must be thinking of me! Is the fact that he was asleep taking advantage of him? Was (the same thing? Because he had been asleep when he was touching me. Shit! How am I supposed to face him after this? He is my husband, but it still feels weird.

I needed to cool off. To stem my arousal. To get it under control so that I can at least think straight. With that thought in my mind, I jump into the shower, deciding to take a cold one.

By the time I am done, I feel more in control of my body. Maybe it was com time to start using my dildo. I haven't used it since I came back. It wouldn't do much, but maybe it can keep the hunger away.

Getting out, I avoid Gabriel's stare as he takes his turn in the bathroom. I get clothed quickly, do my make-up and leave the bedroom before he finishes his shower.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 462-Call me a coward, I didn't care, but I just don't know how to face him.

When I get to the living room, I call and order for breakfast to be brought to our room before sitting down to wait.

I knew this was a disaster waiting to happen when Gabriel said we would share a room. I thought the pillows would help, but I was just fooling myself. It didn't help shit.

There is a knock on the door and I cross the room to open it.

"Good morning, Madam" a waitress greets, with a smile on her face.

"Good morning" "Where should I place this?" she asks as I step sideways to let her in.

"On the dining table is fine" I answer her.

She nods her head and heads towards it. She had just set down our breakfast and was leaving, when Gabriel walks out of the bedroom while buttoning his shirt.

Her steps flatter, and she almost stumbles when her eyes catch him.

Gabriel is a fine specimen, so I don't really blame her. – "Thank you," I say when I realize that her eyes were still on Gabriel, whose eyes were on me.

My voice pulls her from her stupor.

She nods her head before leaving. Once she's gone, I close the door behind her.

"So, you are going to pretend nothing happened this morning?" Gabriel asks, when I move past him, take my seat and serve myself some breakfast.

yeas? Couldn't he just let this go? It was already embarrassing enough without him having to add to it by wanting to discuss it.

"Why?" he demands, coming to stand next to my chair.

"Because it's embarrassing. You were asleep. You didn't know what you were doing."

"Yet, I know that we both enjoyed it. I was awake the moment I pushed that finger inside you and I felt your walls clench around it. You had your eyes closed, so you didn't know I was watching you. You liked what I did, and I enjoyed watching you enjoy the pleasure I was giving you." I I couldn't lie, so I keep quiet. He is right. I loved it a lot. But knowing it and telling him were two completely different things.

"Can we not talk about this now?" I plead, already feeling like I was at my wits' end.

The day had barely begun, and I was already fed up with it.

"Fine, but this isn't over" he warns, his eyes boring into mine. Holding me I captive.

Taking the seat right next to me, he begins serving himself. We eat in silence, each of us lost in thought.

When we are done, we finish getting ready so we can start the day.

"Are you ready? Our driver will be here in the next three minutes to take us to Brion Corp," Gabriel tells me, just as I was finishing up organizing the files.

"Ready." "Let's go then." He grabs the files while I grab my bag.

We leave and a few minutes later we are in another fancy car.

Do you need me to take care of anything while you are inside?" Dask once we get to the company we will be partnering with, if all goes well.

"You'll be with me inside, taking notes" "Bu-But" I stammer the words. "

is an important deal. Shouldn't I wait outside?" "you are my wife; you won't stay outside ...

And besides, how do you expect to learn negotiations skills if you don't watch me in action?" He doesn't give me the chance to answer, instead he pulls me inside the boardroom.

"Gentlemen, this is my wife. She'll be sitting in on this one," Gabriel announces, his voice so full of authority.

None of the six men seated around the table say anything ... but then com again, what could they say? His tone Red brooked no room for argument. I 'Hello" I greet, shyly, feeling a bit tense that every pair of eyes was me.

A chorus of hellos goes around the room.

He pulls a chair out for me and helps me sit down, before taking the one.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 463-"I heard you got married, but I didn't know your wife was a beauty." One of the partners says after the meeting, while we were gathering our things. "I wish I had spotted her first." He didn't look that much older than Gabriel. Maybe in his mid or late thirties. I couldn't be sure.

His eyes raked down my body, making me feel exposed and uncomfortable. I shift to get closer to Gabriel, hating his eyes aN i I was married for goodness's sake and my husband was sitting ri ght next toy me. How could he be so bold ?

It was i disgusting. i i i ou i "If you don't stop undressing my wife, i Yishiro, I'm going to pluck your eyes out with a fucking teaspoon, blend them into slush and force them down your fucking throat," Gabriel warns in a threatening tone that sends shivers down my back.

Yishiro swallows, his face a mask of fear at Gabriel's threat.

I know it shouldn't be a turn on, but re .

the fact that Gabriel is being possessive of me, is huge fucking turn on. lloveit.

I "My apologies" Yishiro whisper, his eyes not meeting mine or Gabriel's.

Gabriel scoffs, but doesn't accept the apology, and neither do I. / "Let's begin," a man, I'm assuming is the CEO, given he is sitting in the head chair, says, clearing the awkward atmosphere. The meeting starts and even though they talk so much about numbers that they begin swimming in my head like weed on water, I have to admit that it's still interesting.

Seeing all these men, each one powerful in their own right, discuss and negotiate is something awe-inducing. Among all seven of them, Gabriel is my favorite one. Not because he's my husband, but because he is an alpha through and through. The way he commanded the room, the way he took charge, the way he controlled the room.

Everything about him just screamed dominance. He didn't flatter in his wants.

He didn't negotiate. He didn't try to accommodate like the rest. He knew what he wanted and that was what he was going to get. He wasn't afraid of walking away from this opportunity if the deal didn't meet his. It was amazing seeing him in action, and the whole thing just increased my attraction towards him.

By the end of the meeting, they hadn't reached an agreement, since Gabriel refused to compromise (Like I said, he knew what he wanted, and he wasn't going to downgrade), but they did agree to have another discussion.

"I'm sorry about Yishiro's behavior earlier," Gabriel tells me when we are left in the boardroom alone.

"It's okay." "No, it's not, it was disrespectful," he ground out, still clearly pissed.

Before I can move, his hand encircles me. I feel every hard ridge of his body as he brings me flush against his body.

I've already forgotten about him. You put him in his place" I whisper, But it's like he can no longer hear me.

His other hand skims along my lips,)

making it hard for me to focus even as his eyes become firmly fixed on my mouth, "Gabriel ..." I didn't even know what I wanted to say. His head descends, and I know what he's about to do. As much as I want him to, I couldn't let it happen.

With all the strength I could muster, I push him, before stepping out of his arms. He seems disappointed, but quickly recovers. Pushing that look away and replacing it with a small smile.

"You're fighting what you feel for me, Harper. Whatever it is you're feeling, you are fighting it and I understand why but I'll tell you this, I'm not giving up anytime soon. I'll

wear down your walls and make you fall for me once again, just like I'm clearly falling for you."

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 464-"Just like I'm clearly falling for you Gabriel's words keep playing like a loop in my head over and over again for the rest of the day. We had back to- back meetings with different investors, yet I couldn't focus on anything except those seven words.

As you have probably guessed, I am an overthinker. I overanalyze and overthink everything until it drives me to the edge of insanity. That's what I've been doing the whole fucking day.

What did those words mean? Is it actually possible that he's falling for me?

What if it's a trick? What if he's playing me? Should I trust what he's saying?

And if it's true, and he means those words, what am I going to do? What should I do? I want so badly to ask him, but I don't want to seem eager or desperate.

I was right after all, agreeing to be i"

I I Gabriel's wife once again, was messing meup.

You okay?" he questions, his worried glance flittering through my face.

"Yes" I whisper, trying to push those thoughts away.

It did no good to keep thinking about them. I would just end up with a migraine, something I didn't need.

"We can stay in if you prefer. We don't have to go down." I muster a small smile and compose myself. "No, it's okay." It was now evening and Gabriel was taking me out to dinner. Technically, we were going downstairs for dinner, but that didn't matter.

Taking my hand, we leave our room and get into the elevator.

Unlike our first date, I didn't go all out dressing up today. I was in a simple black dress, heels and subtle makeup. Fra spent the whole day overthinking so much that when evening came, I didn't have the energy to spend hours getting ready.

At this point, I just want my mind to stop. To stop spinning. To stop thinking. To stop running. I just want it to simply stop and let me relax. I didn't have the answers and that was okay. All I need is to take one day at a time without obsessing over everything Gabriel did or said.

When we get to the restaurant, the place is already buzzing with life. Soft music played above the chatter of the other diners. Everyone seemed to be in a good mood, as we passed rows of tables.

“This looks nice,” I say, once we were seated in a private corner booth.

Gabriel raises a brow, but doesn't say anything. Just stares at me in that intense way he does. I shift uncomfortably under his gaze, trying to avoid his heated glance. A ~ I'm saved when a waiter approaches our table.

He bows slightly before saying, “Sir, madam, some wine?” “Yes please,” I answer, and he pours some into my glass.

The first taste hits my tongue, and it's like tasting heaven. It tasted better than the cheap wines I was used to.

Then again, what did I expect? A hotel like this one wouldn't go for cheap wine.

They probably only serve wines costing thousands of dollars.

This is exactly what I need to relax. To unwind and think about nothing for the next couple of hours.

“Tell me about your former husband.” Gabriel's request catches me by surprise.

Of all the topics I thought we would discuss during dinner, Liam wasn't one of them, Swallowing the wine that goes smoothly down my throat, I turn, fully I attention.

“What do you want to know?” “Did you love him?” his jaw is clenched, and it seems like the words were forcefully pulled out of his mouth.

I don't answer immediately. Instead, I lift my glass and take another sip.

Tilting my head, I stare into his eyes.

Is that jealousy I was seeing? Could Gabriel be jealous at the idea that I'd been in love with Liam? Smiling, I finally answer. “No. I loved him, but I wasn't in love with him.” He leans forward, confusion replacing the jealousy that had been there seconds ago. I “I don't get it” he says. “Why marry him then? Did he know you didn't love him?” “Yeah. My heart was already claimed and so was his. We married because I “

I was pregnant and alone with no idea I how I was going to survive with a baby on the way. I had nothing, and he'd been the first friend I made com when I moved We enjoyed each other's company and were comfortable around each other. He's the one that came up with the idea of getting married.” Liam loved his ex and he never saw himself falling

in love again. He was lonely, but he didn't want the hustle of dating. He also didn't want anyone replacing the girl he had loved and lost.

We started out as friends with benefits.

Well, sort of. Like I said, he was lonely and he was a man. He needed sex. Only he didn't want to bang just anyone.

My pregnancy hormones were driving me crazy and even though I craved sex, we never crossed that line while I was pregnant with Lilly. It felt wrong having sex with Liam while carrying Gabriel's child. We did other things though, and after my six-week checkup post giving birth, we had sex for the first time. That's when he I Thinking back at that, I can't help but laugh.

"What's so funny?" Gabriel asks, just as he moves from his side of the table to mine. We are now seated side by side.

My eyebrows rise in question at his unexpected action. He doesn't say anything, so I shrug and answer his question.

'I just realized that my marriage with Liam was also a marriage of convenience. We married because we wanted the convenience of companionship, friendship and sex without having to risk the heartbreak that comes with being in love.' "I don't like the mention of you, another man and sex in the same sentence."

Gabriel growls, his voice turning angry.

Sneering, I take another sip. "Please, you have probably slept with more w than half the women back at home, but ~ you don't see me getting angry about it, do you?" "Did you ever fall in love with him in the course of your marriage?" he all but demands, while ignoring my jab.

'No. Like I said, I loved Liam and I will always love him, but I wasn't in love with him.' IT answer. "Now, what's with questions? Why are you so interested in whether tovas. if love with Riam?" "Because, I need to know if someone else managed to claim your heart. I need to know whether I have a chance at claiming your love once again." His hand grab the back of my neck and he leans forward.

Maybe it's the wine, and maybe it isn't. However, this time when he kisses me, I don't fight, because I am tired of holding back.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 465-I move to the beat of music feeling all my fears wash away.

Honestly, I have never been to a club before. Never attended any party that didn't include my parents work parties. This is a first for me.

My parents weren't strict, but I didn't have friends and I was so introverted that no one in school new I existed. I didn't get invited to parties simply because I kept so much to myself, I was probably invisible.

It felt good to drink and just unwind.

Today is our last day in Tokyo and I everything had gone smoothly. Gabriel had managed to get them to agree to his terms of the deal.

We were here, in this posh club because on of the investors had wanted to celebrate this deal, which by the way is a huge deal that will bring billions to the Wood corporation.

I I continue swaying to the music, my eyes closed and hands in the air. Why have I never done this before? Oh right, I got married at eighteen, stayed married for three years, got pregnant, got divorced, gave birth, got married again, raised a baby, become a widow, then got married a third time.

Sheesh, looking at my life now, I realize that it has been nothing but a roller coaster. I didn't have time to breathe, let alone enjoy myself and go out clubbing and dancing.

I feel someone behind and it takes me just a second to know it isn't Gabriel.

My body knows his.

My eyes snap open and I stop moving.

This, being approached by a man from behind, while he presses his body against mine, is also new.

"Hey baby, mind getting out of here for some after fun?" his hand on my waist is all wrong, so is his voice, and everything about him.

"No," I simply say. » "Come on, you were swaying like a seductress, it's obvious you wanted my attention," his hands started to move down to my hips, which made me want to barf.

"I said, no... don't you understand English?" this time I turn and step away from him.

The guy looks one second away from face planting on the floor. He is way beyond drunk and I'm not even sure he knows what he is doing.

I move, about to turn and head back to our table when he grabs my wrist in a tip grip.

"Let go of me," I hiss, when I try to shove his hand, but he doesn't budge.

“Come on baby, I promise to give you a good time,” he leans in and I again I try to push him away but it does nothing.

How was he strong even when drunk? Before he can get his disgusting lips on 4 me, he is ripped away. I heave a sigh of relief, not even feeling bad when he stumbles and falls on the ground.

I look up to thank the stranger, only to find a very pissed off Gabriel glaring at the man.

“Do you want to die?” he asks him in a threatening tone. One that would have anyone peeing on themselves.

“What’s your problem?” the very drunk and idiotic guy asks while standing up. “I saw her, first” – This seems to push Gabriel over the edge, because he swings his fist and gives the guy a solid blow. One that has him crashing back on the ground again. This time, he doesn’t get back up.

“I think you killed him,” my drunk mind, starts panicking.

“Don’t worry, he’s probably cold,” he takes my hand and pulls me to his side.

When the commotion started, no one did a thing. Probably because everyone was drunk. Now, even the!

music had stopped and other clubbers were staring at us.

“We are leaving, I think you’ve had enough for today.” He says. as pulls me away from the dance floor.

“We can’t just leave him there?” I use my free hand to point at the man still lying on the floor.

“Watch me,” were his only words, before he completely pulled me out of the dance floor.

He nods at the bouncer, who gives him a respectful bow. After all, this is the investor’s club and he had introduced Gabriel as his special guest. Besides, who doesn’t know Gabriel Wood? The driver who had dropped us was waiting, so we get in and he drives off.

Around forty minutes later, we were walking into our hotel suite, and into our bedroom.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 466-Gabriel’s mouth is on me the second the door closes behind us.

His Kiss is hard and almost punishing.

“No, one touches what’s mine, and make no mistake you are mine, Harper,” he growls, his voice thick with anger.

“I was just dancing when he came up to me,” I defend myself, “I tried to walk away but he grabbed me.” Things between me and Gabriel have been tense the past few days. Tense, not because things were bad, but because they were really good. Nothing else happened after dinner that night.

We ate, drank, and talked. That kiss though had been the highlight of night.

There have been many more kisses between us since then. Kisses that leave me wanting so much more. His kisses have become my addiction. It’s insane, I know, but I can’t resist them.

When the moment he takes my lips, I melt into goo.

It’s been four days since the dinner, I stopped putting pillows between us on the third night. It was useless anyway since I end up in his arms either way.

“It doesn’t matter,” his voice pulls me back to reality. “No other man is allowed to touch you.” “Is that so? And does the same apply to you? Is no other woman allowed to touch?” I run my finger down his chest, as my eyes stared directly into his.

“The moment you came back into my life, other women lost their appeal.

You are the only woman that can touch me now, Harper, because your touch is the only one I can stomach.” Gabriel had a way with words. Words that were giving me damn butterflies.

Without really thinking about it, I rise on my tiptoes and seal our mouths. His hands automatically wrap around my waist, bringing me flush against his body. I wanted him so badly, it hurts. “How drunk are you?” he asks, pulling away.

We were both panting, trying to catch our breaths. His cock is pressed against my stomach, and trust me, he is rock hard.

“I had four screaming orgasms,” I reply “How fitting because right now, all I want is to give you an orgasm. One that will have you screaming my fucking name.” My brain short-circuits. I do understand what he’s saying.

I step away from him, putting some distance between us.

“What are we doing, Gabriel?” His pupils blow. In two strides, he closes the rest of the distance between us. One of his hands fists in my hair and his arm bands around my waist, lifting me against him. With our height differences, I’m practically balancing on my toes. I wrap my arms around his neck, anchoring myself.

“I’m making you feel good, baby. I’ll keep going until you believe I want you.” His lips meet mine in a kiss so scorching, so filled with the longing and hunger, that it has me burning.

There is nothing sweet about the way his lips feast on mine, consuming them, marking them with small bites and sucks.

I moan and his tongue invades my mouth, stroking and gliding with my own. My hands grab his hair, holding on to him, totally consumed with need.

Gabriel walks us back toward the bed.

My knees hit it before I fall backward, and his body covers mine.

He tags the top of my dress before ripping it in the middle, exposing my bare breast. He kisses his way down my neck while one of his hands cups one of my breasts and squeezes, his groan is smothered in the skin of my neck, where his lips and tongue are sucking and pulling, causing shivers across my skin.

“Fuck me,” he groans, rolling my nipples between his fingertips, “You’re so beautiful Harper.” My fingers grab onto his shoulders yanking and pulling at his shirt, trying to get the material off so we can be skin to skin, and I can feel his heartbeat against mine. I grind against him, and his lips continue their path down my neck and across my collarbones. He leaves a wake of heat and wetness while he licks his way across my chest.

I tug on his shirt again and feel his smile against my skin. Eventually Gabriel helps by putting his shirt off. My eyes track over the exposed skin, and I’m struck dumb for a minute by the hard muscles of his abdomen.

I rub my hands gently over the ridges and feel his sharp intake of breath from my touch on his heated skin. Our eyes meet, and he seems just as affected as me. Gabriel’s lips come back to mine, kissing me again, biting at my lips and sucking until I’m completely gone for him.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 467-He takes off my panties and I feel one of his hands trail back down over my stomach and slide between my legs.

My heart stutters, but I’m still so desperate for his touch. My mouth opens to his kiss, moaning against his lips, while I lift my hips into his touch, begging for him not to stop. His fingers slide over my slick skin and rub against my clit, rolling the bundle of nerves.

Fuck, I’m going to come so quick. My legs start to tremble on the bed, my head tilting back into the mattress.

Gabriel hums against my skin in approval, my legs spread wide offering him a view all the way down my body.

My eyes open, his heated glance on my face.

“That’s fucking sexy.” He moves from my clit to slip a finger inside, curling it to rub against my G-spot.

My body jerks, a gasp leaving my --- EEE throat. Gabriel grins down at me, pumping his finger into me before adding a second and groaning at the tight fit. My body trembles and my hips buck against his hand, searching for the orgasm that feels just out of reach.

He finally grants me release, moving to rub my clit again in tight circles, adding the right amount of pressure until I shatter. I come all over his fingers, dripping down his arm and underneath me onto the bed. His name is ripped from my throat, and he groans in response.

I can’t move. My body has never felt this relaxed from an orgasm. I blink a few times, trying to clear my vision, while my breathing evens out. Gabriel collapses on my side, breathing just as hard. One look at his waist and I can see his cock straining against his pants. I reach for him, intent on making him feel as good as I do, but his hand knocks mine away.

“Nah uh, baby.” His voice is gravelly. He gets up and stands over the bed. My heart sinks, thinking he plans to leave.

Instead, his hands grab the backs of my thighs and pull me down the bed, his fingers gentle yet firm on my fleshy skin.

“Spread those legs for me, Harper.” His voice is full of fire and need.

He sinks back down, his arms holding my legs, hands gripping my waist.

His head lowers, his face grazing against the sensitive skin. The first touch of his tongue on my clit sends my hips thrusting up to his face, my hands tangling in his hair. With his hold on my legs and waist, I’m unable to move, even if I wanted to. Gabriel is ruthless. He uses his mouth, his tongue, his teeth on my clit and his fingers to bring me over the edge.

By the third time, my whole body is trembling and my toes feel numb from curling them into the bed. My hands are sweaty and stick to Gabriel’s hair when I finally let my arms drop and” from his head.

He stands again and drops his pants to the ground, before sliding in bed next to me. His hands band around my waist, and he pulls my body into him, moving us away from the wet spot on the sheets.

“IT can’t move or think,” I tell him, and hear his chuckle against my back.

“Get some sleep, Harper,” he whispers against my shoulder.

I tilt my head back and find his lips with mine. He tastes like me and him which only makes my body heat all over again.

“What about you?” Gabriel’s grey eyes flare when he looks at me.

‘Later, baby. Tonight was just about you.’ He kisses my cheek and the soft spot on my shoulder again.

I want to argue, I think I should do something to reciprocate but thanks to his magical fingers and tongue, I can’t move. I’m exhausted and his body is warm against mine. I could get used to this.

“Me too, Harper. Me too.”

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 468-Just like the past few mornings, I wake up with Gabriel’s hand on my breast. I don’t know what it is about him, but for some weird reason this always happens.

We would be travelling back home today and I’m not sure on how to feel about that. Yesterday I crossed a line when I allowed him to go down on me. I feel there is no going backwards now. Don’t get me wrong. I loved every minute of what we did. I loved every second of spending time with him these past few days... but there is just this fear that nothing is real. That I’ll soon wake up and realize it was nothing but a dream.

There is a part of me that wants this so badly that I ache. And there is the other part that is skeptical about whatever is happening between us.

As if sensing my thoughts, Gabriel’s hand around my breast drops and wraps around my waist. He pulls me close to him, that I feel his need and want on my skin. It’s like he’s trying to dispel the doubts that had started infiltrating my thoughts.

I I I sigh in relief feeling all my worries and doubts wash away. Being in Gabriel’s arms. Sleeping and waking up beside him has been a dream come true. It’s been everything that I’ve always dreamed of. Like I said, I do love Liam, but being with him has never felt like this. It has never come close to being this way with Gabriel.

There is a part of me that is still fighting him. Still holding on to the past... But slowly by slowly, I feel myself starting to let go. Slowly by slowly I’m starting to embrace this I new life with him.

I “Hmm,” That’s the only I get before I’m flipped over and my back hits the mattress.

Gabriel climbs on top of me and all thoughts leave my brain. Every thing inside me is suddenly consumed by the man on top of me.

“Good morning,” I greet with a smile, liking his weight on me.

“Morning, gorgeous.” I focus on those words, said in a husky voice. His eyes smolder with intensity and need, as my gaze falls to his lips. We reach for each other at the same time. My arms wind around his neck. One of his hands fists my hair and the other wraps around my throat so his thumb fits under my chin and tips my head back. His grip is firm and my knees grow weak. His lips touch mine with hunger, like I’m a meal and he’s starving.

Gabriel presses me against the mattress and I release a big moan when I feel his hard cock against my panties. My moan vibrates loudly in the room but who the fuck cares when he’s kissing me this way? I can feel every hard edge of him, even through the layers of clothing. With his hand on my throat, Gabriel turns my head where he wants it, exposing the soft skin of my throat. He breaks away from my lips to trail kisses across my jaw and down my neck, softly scraping his teeth against the skin. I gasp and pull air into my lungs after being kissed senseless. I want him to be just as desperate as I feel.

My hands move from his neck to his t- shirt, and I force it off. Soon, he’s on top of me, chest bare, muscles rippling. I lean forward to place a kiss over his heart and feel the racing rhythm against my lips. His hands clutch my hair, and he holds me to him.

“Do you know how much I love your lips? I could kiss them every minute,” he says, and I melt a little more for him.

I chuckle, “That’s a bit much, Gabriel.” “No, it’s not,” he replies, his chest rumbling under my cheek. “It’ll never be too much.” I tilt my head back until our eyes meet.

I let him see everything I’m holding so close to my chest. My confusion, my happiness, my worries, and my love.

Without breaking our silent communication, Gabriel manages to remove my camisole. Throwing it to the floor.

His fingers hook on the clasp of my satin sleeping shorts, and soon, those end up on the floor too.

My hands dive into his hair, bringing his mouth back to mine. I kiss him like I can’t breathe, and he’s my only source of air. Gabriel’s hands grip my body everywhere, the roughness of his hands against my skin leaves gooseflesh in their wake.

My body rocks against his while I push him closer and closer to losing control. When a moan tears from my throat, I sense the change in him. His hands fist the material at my sides, then there’s pressure and my panties fall away in scraps. One of his hands

pushes between us, his fingers sliding through the mess I'm making between my thighs. I ~My hips jerk at the contact, and he Ri biting on my lip. His other I hand is busy squeezing and teasing my breasts.

I'm surrounded by him everywhere n al my nerve endings are humming and waiting for him to make the next move. All I can do is hold onto him.

When his thick finger slides inside me, I can't help the way his name is torn from my chest.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 469-“Gabriel.” Once he's tested the stretch, making sure I'm well-prepared, he adds another, both of them pumping in and out of me, curling up to scrape over my G□spot. It doesn't take long for my orgasm to build.

Gabriel's hoode dg aze meets mine, our lips only a fraction away from each other's, while we share breaths in little puffs of air. Whatever he sees on my face has him smirking and another finger circling tightly over my clit. 8 I grind against him, chasing the sensation until my whole-body shudders in his hold. He keeps pushing, grinding his palm against my clit, drawing it out until I come again, gasping and crying out into the room.

Chapter 0469 When my thighs finally stop shaking and the stars are blinked out of my eyes, I raise my face to his. Gabriel's jaw is clenched, and he's still carrying so much heat in his gaze. It turns me on, and I contemplate asking for another round, but decide I want to take care of him instead. I need it.

I want to taste him. I I push against his chest, and quickly change positions. I move down his body until I'm on my knees between his legs. His eyes widen for a fraction of a second in surprise, before they grow hooded wit hd esire again.

When I reach for his pajama pants, he gets onboard with my plan, lifting his hips, so I can pull the material down his legs. i He kicks his pants and boxers off, and I swallow roughly at the sight of his dick. I don't think it will dislocate my Chapter 0469 jaw, but it's going to be a stretch. I feel my core heating and growing wet again just thinking about it.

Gabriel chuckles and my brain melt.

His hand reaches for mine, taking it and wrapping it around the head. My hand moves from the head to the base, pumping twice, and his head falls back against the couch. When my lips touch the smooth skin, he I growls, and when they wrap around him, taking as much of himinasl can, his hands tangle in my hair tugging and pulling. >= That's all the encouragement I need. I suck and use my hand to pump at the base. I groan around him. His hips tilt with small thrusts while dirty words fall from his throat, encouraging me, begging me not to stop.

Is thrilling having him this way, at my mercy and completely mine. Gabriel takes ownership of my mouth, just as Chapter 0469 I he did my body, not asking for permission or stopping. He pushes as far back as he can, finishing down my throat.

~~ When he's done, he pulls me off the base of the bed and onto his body. I snuggle into his chest, my cheek pressed against his heart again, listening to the frantic rhythm. His arms band around me, keeping my still naked body warm.

"Fuck, baby," his voice is scratchy and a little breathless, "do you feel it yet? I need you, Harper." I instantly turn to putty in his arms. "We're meant to be together." h I nod slightly and turn to wind my arms around him in any way I can.

I still can't form the words he wants to hear. I only hope he can feel how much I need him too. I'm just scared to admit it. We stay that way for what ka like hours.

Eventually, Zander 4/6 Chapter 0469 I carries me to the bathroom where we shower and get ready to leave.

kkk I give the room one last glance before ~ clasp on my suitcase. Just like I knew when Gabriel told me I would be accompanying him on this trip, this trip has changed a lot between us.

This room has been instrumental in most of those changes.

"Are you okay?" Gabriel asks, coming to stand beside me.

I'll just miss this suite. It was amazing staying here." He lips form a wide smile that transforms his face and has/me transfixed. "Don't worry, once I marry you properly, we can get another penthouse suite for our honeymoon." "Marry me properly?" I ask, trying to 5/6 oii

get my brain to function properly.

'Yes." He replies. "I want to do it right next time. When you are ready, we'll have a proper engagement and wedding ." He pulls me out of the door before I can form a thought or even digest his words.

Even as we board his jet to go back home, I can't stop thinking of his words. They melt my heart into am puddle of goo and I can't help but think of how amazing it would be getting married to Gabriel ... and this time, properly .

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