

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 481 – 490

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 481-Gabriel.

I pull away from Harper and just stare at her. The woman that I'd fallen in love with just mere months of her being back into my life.

After Ashley, I thought my heart was dead for good. That it would never beat again for another woman. I was content with just using them for their bodies and then dumping them when I got bored before jumping to another one.

I never saw Harper coming. I wasn't prepared for her arrival and the changes she'd bring back to my life. She was a silent storm. One that consumed me and I let her, because there was just something about her that drew me in.

I look at her now, and I am filled with gratefulness. Thankful that she's decided to give me a chance. To give us a chance. She's everything I've ever wanted. I didn't see it back then because I was blinded by pain and betrayal, but I do see it now, and I'm grateful to whoever it's that granted us a second chance. I internally vow not to take it for granted and to be the man who deserves her.

With Harper's body against mine, I lead her through the room and right up to the bedroom where I've imagined being buried inside her a million times.

"Are you sure about this? Are you sure you want this?"

Her brow rises. "Are you really trying to argue with me about what I want?"

"No, darling, I'm reminding myself that, instead of giving me the middle finger and walking away, you're here with me, where I want you." I smile at her and watch as her face goes soft.

Her gaze widens as I stalk toward her again.

We'll leave in the morning. It gives me just enough time for me to make her mine again, completely and without room for doubt in her mind.

Harper's lips part in a gasp, right as I reach for her. My hand slides around the back of her neck, anchoring her to me.

My lips taste, lick, and bite hers until they're red, puffy and sensitive from where my facial hair rubs against them. I don't stop, though. Her fingers grab my tie, loosening it and taking it off over my head, before reaching for the buttons on my shirt and pushing it off until my chest is completely bared to her.

I love how bold she is in this moment and that she wants me like I want her.

Nothing was going to stop me from taking her, from taking what was always mine. I just need to know though.

“Who was your first?” Content belong to NovelDrama. Org.

Her eyes open and collide with mine. I can see apprehension in her gaze, but she's not fearful. I don't want her to be sad or scared. I was with someone else, and it's not like she had to remain a virgin just for me.

I just need to know. I haven't been with anyone since before I tracked her down.

Once I make her mine tonight, need her to know that there is no one else for her but me and that I only belong to her. The same goes for me. “Don't ask questions you don't want answers to,” she replies, probably hoping it will coax me into letting it go. My brow rises, and my hands shove under her dress and pull it up and off over her head.

“Is that right?” Shivers crawl over her skin, and her eyes darken with lust.

I hook my fingers in the waistband of the panties she's wearing and yank them down, bringing my face level to her torso. I help her get her feet untangled while placing heated kisses against the smooth skin of her abdomen. Her hands tangle in my hair and a breathy little moan slides between her lips.

My hands slide behind her legs, lifting her as I get to my feet. I walk us farther into the room and over to the bed. I set her down on the edge, my lips dancing against hers once more.

I take off her strapless bra, while never separating our mouths. Her hands find me again, sliding my dress pants and boxers off until we're both naked. I press her into the bed, twisting our bodies and shoving her toward the middle.

With Harper next to me, I lean over and play with her nipples until they pebble and then suck each one into my mouth. She gasps, and it's music to my ears. I slide my hand toward her pussy, brushing my fingers along her lips and spreading her open.

I rub her clit and watch as her body begins to move against my hand, looking for the release it knows I can give her.

“Does that feel good, baby?” My voice is raspy with need, and I continue playing with her.

“Yes.” Her back arches.

grin against the skin at her neck.

Answer my question or I'll stop. ”

*You wouldn't."

I suck the sensitive skin on her neck, biting lightly, then letting go.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 482-"Try me."

She bites her lip, and to prove my point, I start to pull my finger out of her.

"You," Her voice is low, almost nervous.

My eyes clart up to hers, and I can see the nervousness there. I'm shocked but happy at the same time. I don't remember that night clearly. I didn't really think she was a virgin when we first slept together.

"After Liam, has there been anyone else?"

Amelia shakes her head, and her cheeks blush again. I really don't care if it's just Liam or three other guys, plus Liam. I feel territorial about her and want to erase his touch from her body completely.

I slide my fingers back inside her tight opening, thrusting hard enough that a gasp leaves her lips. My palm slides against her clit at the same time, until she's riding my hand and panting, her skin pink and slightly sweaty.

Hearing her admit it felt like a bullet to the heart, but I was expecting it, and in the end, it doesn't matter. One guy or five, none of them matter anymore. I wasn't the only man to have had her, but I damn sure will be her last. Harper was made for me.

*You. Are. Mine," I remind her, punctuating each word while my finger hooks to rub against her G-spot.

She cries out her orgasm against my lips, and I swallow down her pleasure.

Before she comes down completely, I slide between her legs, my hands anchoring on her hips before bringing my face to her opening. She's wet and glistening, just for me.

"I want to hear you say it, Harper," I warn her, before kissing her clit.

She jumps at the contact, her skin already sensitive.

"Open your eyes and watch." Content belong to NôvelDrâma. Org.

Her eyes blaze while she looks at me. Her gaze is hooded while I lick and suck at her pussy, drinking from her, tasting her.

"Gabriel," my name is torn from her lips, "oh, fuck."

“Let me hear you, baby,” I tell her, before diving back in, biting her clit before lapping at it with my tongue. “Say it.”

Her chest rises and falls as I continue tormenting her, keeping her right on the edge.

“I’m yours. Gabriel, Gabriel,” she repeats while I use my tongue to push her over the edge until she comes hard, all over my face, her juices dripping to my chin.

“Good, girl,” I praise her, realizing how much I love her this way.

Needy and completely dependent on me giving her pleasure. Her legs fall away, and I shift up, until I’m lying above her tiny body, framing her face with my arms, consuming her space, ready to claim more of her.

Harper’s breathing is heavy, her pupils are blown, and the afterglow of her orgasm fills the space between us. Her hair fans out over the blankets and pillows. Her eyes glisten. She’s perfect beneath me. She’s fucking breathtaking.

She bites her lip, her tiny hands moving up to my shoulders, holding on. I grab her leg, angling it up and hooking it around my hip, before slowly pushing in.

“I’m not on the pill” she screams, just before I can fully thrust inside her.

Islam inside her in one move. “I. Don’t. Care. I don’t want anything between us and if today leads to another baby, then thank fuck because I want to add to our little family.”

“Gabriel,” she moans my name, her grip on my shoulders biting.

“You’re so fucking tight. Damn, so fucking wet, so fucking perfect.” I thrust, closing my eyes for a brief moment at the feel of her inside wrapped around me.

Once my hips connect with hers, shivers run down my spine, and m warmth spreads across my chest .

My grey eyes connect with her obsidian-colored ones, and I can read the emotion in them.

My mind reels, trying hard to grasp the enormity of the situation. The way she feels, the way she tastes, the trust and Love in her gaze, it’s trust and love it everything. It feels like how home should feel. I groan, leaning down to kiss her, and make love to her mouth while thrusting in and out of her wet heat.

Harper gasps and moans against my lips, her legs moving to wrap around my lower back, her arms moving to hug my neck. I keep kissing her, exchanging breaths and air, as she clings to me.

"It's too much, Gabriel," she pants, and I kiss her through it, "I'm going to cum."

*So cum, baby," I encourage her, holding my own release back while I drive deeper into her, hitting her clit with my pelvis.

*Cum with me," She groans against my lips and practically screams her release into the room.

Her pussy clamps down, and I thrust a few more times in and out, until I can't hold back any longer.

"I fucking love you, Harper!" I roar, and I let go of my release deep within her core as my orgasm hits me hard. Everything was exactly how it was supposed to be. Perfect.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 483-Emma.

"Why do you think you refused to let go of Rowan? Why do you think you held on to him for years even knowing that he was married to Ava?"

Mia's question plays in my head as I try to think of a way to answer her. Why did I not let go of Rowan the moment he slept with Ava? Why had I kept holding on despite the fact that he married her and stayed with her for years?

Sure, everyone told me how miserable he was. That he and Ava weren't getting on well. That he treated her like she didn't exist. Everyone told me that he still loved me and had refused to give Ava a chance.

Looking back now though, I'm not as blinded as I was. Despite what everyone told me, he still chose to remain married to her. He could have asked for a divorce anytime he wanted. Hell, the moment Ava was out of school, a bit stable in her job and Noah was a bit older, he could have filed for a divorce. He would have been able to be there for Noah and support him without being married to Ava, yet he never once thought of leaving their marriage.

I was surprised when I was told Ava was the one that filed for divorce. We all thought that if they were ever going to separate, it would be at Rowan's demand, not Ava's.

*Emma?" her sweet voice pulls me back.

"Because everyone around me gave me hope." I begin to explain. "I see it now. I wasn't able to let go because even though I was miles away in a different city, everyone kept pulling me to the past by reminding me how Rowan was unhappy and miserable with Ava. How he was still in love with me and refused to give Ava and their marriage a chance."

I fall back on my seat and just stare into space as I continue. "It gave me hope.

It made me hold on to that hope, thinking our love was great. Otherwise, why would Rowan still hold on to me when he had a wife and son? It also didn't help that, from when we were young, everyone, especially our mothers would tell us how good we looked together. That we'd make a beautiful couple."

I curse internally as my mind wanders to the past. How much of our so-called love was actually love? Is it really love when you've been manipulated to love and want someone? Is it love when you didn't fall in love by your own design, but because of what your parents kept whispering in your ear?

"I see," Mia whispers softly as she jots something down in her notebook. "And do you think you would have been happy with Rowan had you gotten a second chance? Would you have stayed together had he not slept with Ava? Would what you felt for each other endure real life?"

Who said therapy was easy? It isn't, not at all. It requires you to dig deep and find the answers that you've been running from. Answers that you didn't want to hear so you pushed them down and buried them deep.

Would we have been happy?

"I don't think so," I reply with a sigh. "We would have eventually grown up.

Matured into different people. Different from the kids we were back then. We would have realized that we didn't really love each other. That what we had was young, immature love. No, it wouldn't have survived us growing up or real life or life away from our parents. We would have eventually realized that we were influenced into falling in love by our mothers, but it wasn't the real deal."

It had been painful coming to this conclusion two years ago, but I accepted the truth for what it was. Rowan would always be my first love. At least, what I thought love was, at that age. Content belong to NôvelDrâma. Org.

"And why did you keep Calvin at arm's length?" she pushes, refusing to give me the chance to collect my thoughts.

*The same reason I held on to Rowan. I had hope that Rowan would eventually be mine. That we would eventually get back together. I didn't want him to find me in love with someone else when it was finally time for him to chase me down."

*And do you think that was fair to Calvin?"

"No, it wasn't," I push the words past my throat which was clogged with emotion.

"I want you to listen to me, Emma, she began as gently as she could.

'What you did to Calvin wasn't right.

You strung him along for years. He could have moved on with his life.

Found somebody to love and cherish him, yet you did to him what your family did to you. You kept giving him false hope. You kept leading him to believe that there was a chance between you two every time you went to seek comfort in his arms."

My heart lurches in agony when her words hit me. It feels like someone is repeatedly stabbing my heart with a butcher knife. I can't stop the tears as they fall down my face. No wonder he didn't want anything to do with me.

"You used him, Emma," she continues in a soft non-judgemental voice. "He deserved love after loving you for so long. He deserved a woman whose heart and hopes weren't tethered somewhere else.

You should have let him go early on because you put him through the same kind of pain that Rowan put Ava through."

I curl into myself as her words hit me like bullets. I was a terrible person. I don't have an excuse for what I put a good man through. I can't blame this on my family. I stopped being a child and I should have realized that something had developed between Rowan and Ava the moment they continued staying married for years.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 484-Hell, I should have let go the moment Rowan decided to marry Ava. He didn't have to, but he did, because maybe deep down, something different was working inside him. I should have moved on the moment I realized there wasn't a future between us.

I hate myself because Mia just showed me the extent to which I broke Calvin.

He did nothing but love me, while I used him and kept him tethered to me instead of letting him go.

"I think that's enough for today," Mia says once I'm calmer and my crying has stopped.

Today was brutal, but it also shed a lot of light for me.

"Thank you," I sniff, and wipe my nose with the tissue she gives me.

"Anytime," she replies. "Now, I'll see you the day after tomorrow."

Following my fourth session, we had agreed that I'd be seeing her every other day. I had a lot to unpack and she felt that was the best course of action. Once I was more stable, my sessions would start to dwindle a bit.

After giving her hand a squeeze, I walk out of her office, and out of the building.

I didn't really feel like going home, so I just hop into my car and drive around, not really sure where the hell I was going.

When I come to a stop, I'm surprised to find myself outside Calvin's offices. I am not sure if he's even around. He has a construction company. He's the boss, but he likes being at the sites. He likes working with his hands and not just sitting behind a desk all day long.

What the hell am I doing? I keep asking myself as I get out of my car and walk towards the building. I should turn back, but I can't seem to stop my legs from moving.

His office was on the first floor, so I take the stairs hoping it would give me time to rethink my decision and back out.

I get to his floor and immediately head to his office. I push open the glass door, just as his secretary turns to me. "How may I help you?" she smiles politely and in a welcoming manner.

"I'm here to inquire about your services. I'm thinking of renovating my house."

Did I sound convincing? The pounding of my heart is the only sound I could hear above the ringing of my ears.

"Sure, no problem." She replies. "The boss is here today so you can speak to him. What's your name?"

*Anna White," I lie while trying to hide my grimace.

*Just a moment," she types something on her keyboard before raising her head.

"You can go in."

She points me in the direction of an office that is on the opposite side. Despite knowing where his offices are, this is the first time I've been here.

I give her an appreciative nod and then walk towards Calvin's office. I knock before pushing the door open.

Stepping in, I find him bent over his desk working on some papers. Content belong to NôvelDráma. Org.

"How can I help you, Anna? Is it okay if I called you Anna? I don't know if you are married or not. I don't want to be disrespectful."

His eyes widen, and he freezes in his chair when he pulls his eyes from the papers he was working on, and they fall on me.

“What the hell are you doing here?” he growls, gone is the friendly tone he had used a few seconds ago.

‘I’m sorry,” I blurt out before I can chicken out. “I’m sorry for what I did to you. I’m sorry for hurting you I’m sorry for denying you a chance to move on and find a better woman.

I’m sorry for holding you back. I’m sorry for using you. I’m sorry for the years of pain I’ve put you through.

You are a good man, Calvin, and you didn’t deserve the shit I put you through.”

I stand rooted near his closed doors, my hand trembling and heart aching. His eyes are wide in shock, but that doesn’t deter me as I continue.

*You deserved to be loved, Calvin.

You deserved a woman that put you first. You deserved the world. You still do. I’ve never apologized, and I know apologizing doesn’t fix shit , but just wanted to let you know that I am sorry. I’m sorry for taking advantage of your life and not seeing the amazing man you are. If I could take back how I treated you, I would, because you are an amazing man and father and any woman would be lucky to have you. It’s just too bad I hurt you in the process and realized this too late.”

Before he can recover from the shock of my words, I turn, open the door com and leave I keep my head down as I pass his secretary’s desk. I don’t want her to see the tears that streak down my cheeks.

Like I said, apologies don’t always fix everything, but it was a start. Calvin deserved to know that I am sorry for what I did to him. That I regret what I did to him.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 485-Hey Loves, Today there won’t be an update because of a pressing issue.

So I’ve read your comments and I want your honest opinion. I get your concerns and I pride myself in listening to my readers because without you, then why am I even writing?

First of all, I rushed to finish this book because a lot of you, my lovely readers thought that the book has been going on for so long and they wanted me to complete it. But now, there is a different group that wants me to completely be done with this book before starting on Noah’s.

As much as I wanted to give all the couples closure in this book, I'd planned for some of the questions to be answered in Noah's book... You have all given me food for thought though, and that's why I wanted your opinion.

Let me know if you want Gabriel and Harper's story to be a bit longer. I know some of you thought it was rushed, so give me your honest opinion if you want their book extended or if you are okay with how it ended, even though there would have been an epilogue.

On, Emma and Calvin, should they have a second chance or should they move on to different people. Some think Emma is irredeemable especially given her treatment of Gunner, and feel Calvin should move on with someone else, while others think, just like with the previous couples, they should also get a second chance. → I can alternate between the two couples if that's what you want. Just let me know.

About Travis and Letty, they are still together, but I you are all right. There is a lot to unpack with the families. Especially the Sharps' and Ava.

I'm sorry if some of you thought I've been butchering and rushing the book. It was honestly not my intention to let you down especially after all the support you have given.

Please let me know your thoughts. If you want me to extend Gabriel and Harper, Calvin and Emma's books just let me know and your wish will be my command. Noah's book will take a back burner until every single detail with these couples and their families have been put to rest. I pride myself with my work and I don't want this to just be another book where my readers are left unsatisfied.

If there are any other concerns that aren't mentioned, please table

Looking forward to hearing your thoughts. Take care and stay safe.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 486-Calvin.

When I woke up this morning, I never expected Emma to come to my office to apologize. Actually, after slamming the door in her face the last time I saw her, I didn't expect to ever see her again.

I thought that day would be the end. That would be the last time I ever saw her again. I know Emma, and I know she isn't good with rejections. I expected her to slither away and never show her face to me or my son again.

Instead, she surprised me. It's been what? Just a couple of weeks, and she's back. This time with an apology instead of pleading for a chance to see Gunner.

I've never seen Emma apologize. She just takes what she wants, being unapologetic about it.

*Boss, should I add Anna as a potential client?" My secretary, Becca asks, walking into my office. "She seemed to be in a hurry and left before I could ask her contact details."

I was too stunned to function. This is the first time Emma has managed to catch me off guard. I hate it just as I am impressed by it.

"Don't bother," I reply, shaking myself from my shock. "She isn't coming back."

I don't why I don't tell her to make sure never to let Emma into my office again.

That would be the best course of action, but I decide against it.

"You can have your lunch break, Becca," I tell her while checking my watch. "I'll be leaving in a few."

"Okay, Cal,"

She then walks out of my office, leaving me alone with my thoughts. I had a lunch date in the next thirty minutes, but my excitement suddenly dropped in the wake of Emma showing up. Content belong to NôvelDrâma. Org.

I won't lie. I've struggled with my feelings for Emma. There are times when I think I hate her. Then there are times when I'm just numb and don't feel anything. There are also times when I feel everything. The pain and the heartache. They are so overwhelming that I feel like I'm drowning in them.

If I am being honest with myself, I'll admit that my love for her isn't completely dead. I wish it were, but it's not, so I just pretend like I'm over her. I pretend that I no longer love her.

I cut myself off from Emma because of Gunner. I did what I did for him. What kind of man would I be teaching him to be when he saw me being led by a fucking leash? What kind of man would I be teaching him to be when he finally becomes old enough to understand things?

That it's okay to allow a woman to use you? That it's okay to allow a woman to toy with your heart and emotions? That's it's okay to keep chasing a woman like a love sick puppy even though she loves someone else?

I didn't want Gunner growing up to think I was weak because of all the shit I allowed Emma to get away with. I didn't want Gunner growing up surrounded by a toxic kind of love. It would have imprinted itself on him and that's the kind of love he would seek because that's what he was used to.

Standing up, I collect my wallet and car keys before leaving my office.

“Will you be coming back?” Becca asks when I pass by her desk.

“Not likely,” I answer. “But I’ll let you know if I change my mind.”

I leave after she tells me goodbye.

My head is still in turmoil even after getting out of my office building and into my car. The drive to the restaurant is a blur. I couldn’t get Emma’s words out of my head.

I park my car, get out and walk into the homey restaurant. Thankfully, my lunch date had yet to arrive. It would give me time to get my emotions in check and get myself under control.

Emma has already taken so much from me. I couldn’t allow her to take anymore.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 487-“Hi, Calvin,” her cheery voice pulls me from my thoughts.

I smile and stand up. I give her a hug and then peck her rosy cheeks.

I met Kinley by chance at a convention building and construction convention.

She’s an architect. We just clicked in a way I never saw coming. Her witty and charming ways drew me in the moment she sat down beside me.

She was bold when she asked for my number after the convention was over. I was still trying to heal from cutting off Emma from my life, but for some reason I ended up typing in my number on her phone.

“I hope I didn’t keep you waiting,” she says in a sweet voice while I pull out the chair for her.

I smile before taking my own seat, “Not at all,”

*First of all, how is Gunner?” she asks, leaning forward, adoration in her gaze. “I miss him so much!”

We started out as friends. Texting once in a while. She would send me random funny videos that would always put a smile on my face. Our chats were simple and mainly consisted of checking up on the other.

Slowly we graduated to something more. The text messages happened each day instead of just a few days a week. Then we graduated to calls... and before I knew it, we were meeting up for lunch dates. Platonic lunch dates.

It was easy being around her. I felt free. I felt like I could be myself around her.

In her presence, I felt at peace. I didn't have to worry about whether she was thinking of another man like Emma. I didn't have to worry whether she was comparing me to the love of her life. I didn't have to hide being with her.

I loved being around her and when I was around her, I didn't have to think about my pain or heart break. I didn't have to think about Emma, I've only ever loved one woman, but given time, I could see myself loving Kinley.

She was warm and the complete opposite of Emma.

None of us had broached the subject, but there was something that drew me to her. Sometimes I think she wants more... And there are times I think I want more, but I hold back because I don't want to give her false hope until I'm sure she's the one I want. I don't want to string her along like Emma did to me.

*Calvin?"

"Sorry, I am a bit distracted today," I mumble before pulling myself together.

"Gunner is doing great. He was actually asking about you the other day."

The day I caught Emma spying on us at the restaurant was the first day I introduced Gunner to Kinley. They immediately took to each other like fish to water. It was amazing to watch because Gunner isn't always open to other people.

"We should plan a trip to the amusement park!" she gushes, her voice brimming with excitement.

I just stare at her beautiful face. Her green eyes were shining in pure happiness Joy was literally radiating off from her. I could feel it as it drove my darkness away.

"He'd love that," I whisper still captivated by the woman sitting before me.

Our waiter arrives and we order. She fills me in on how her day has been.

Kinley is a chatter box but don't mind I don't mind it at all. I love listening to her voice because she talks so passionately that she pulls you in.

As I kissed her cheek and said goodbye, I couldn't help but wonder what it would be like, feel like, if I fell in love with her.

Just like always, she manages to make me forget all about Emma for the rest of our lunch together. By the time we were leaving, I felt lighter and it felt fucking amazing.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 488-Emma I was back in therapy with Mia. I still can't believe that I went to Calvin's office and apologized. If I am being honest, when it comes to Calvin, I've never done anything so bold before.

*Emma?"

I stop staring at the wall and focus on Mia. My head was still in a mess, but slowly I felt like I was starting to piece things together.

"Yes?"

*You were telling me that you apologized to Calvin," she pushes her glasses up her nose.

The humidifier made soft noises as it pushed the calming scent of lavender into the surrounding air. I felt relaxed. I felt like I was floating. Maybe it was time for me to invest in aromatherapy because, so far, I liked how it made me feel.

"Yes, I did," I answer after pulling myself from the hazy stupor. "You made me realize that I was wrong in how I treated Calvin and even though I had acknowledged my wrongs, I've never apologized to him."

"And how did you feel after apologizing to him?"

"A bit lighter."

I thumb my fingers through my hair, before placing them on my lap. I stare at my nails. They were short and plain. Not my usual well done. I don't even remember the last time I went to get my nails done. That's how far I've let myself go.

"I know it's a big step you took, and I am proud of you," she pauses, and I know there is a 'but' coming. "But, you have to realize that apologizing may not be enough. You have to accept that Calvin may never forgive you and that's his prerogative. You can't fault him for that."

I sigh. She didn't have to explain it to me. I already understand. It's similar to Ava. She had the right to forgive or leave Rowan. She chose to forgive him, but even if she hadn't, it would still have been her right. Her choice. Everyone would have had to accept it whether they liked it or not.

"I know that, Mia," say once again, staring at my hands. "I accepted that he may never forgive me."

*And what will you do if Calvin and Gunner decide not to forgive you? What will you do if they decide against having you back in their life?"

I knew there was that possibility, but for the longest time I didn't want to consider it. I didn't want to let my mind wander into that territory because it scared the crap out of me.

I want to be in my son's life. I want to be a mother to him. I want to be there for him. It scares me that I might just have lost that chance forever.

Her question keeps ringing in my head as I try to think of an answer. As I try to dig deep and come up with a genuine reply.

'I don't know,' I finally say. A sarcastic laugh leaves my lips as something clicks in my head. "You know it's really hypocritical of me to say that right now. If you had asked me this question two years ago, I would have just shrugged and told you it didn't matter. That in the grander scheme of things, it wouldn't have mattered to me. Now though, things are different."

A sharp pain cuts through my heart as the words leave my mouth.

"How are things different now?"

*I care. I've allowed myself to care for him. To love him. I'd continue fighting tooth and nail for a chance to be in his life. I'd push and push, even though deep down I know I should let him have a life away from me given the way

I treated him."

It's sad really. I was ready to walk away from Gunner and forget he existed. I mean hell, I did walk away. I gave him up. Even when I pictured Rowan and I getting a second chance, I never once pictured Gunner in my life. I didn't plan on being in his life even then.

Hiding my face in my hands, I try to fight back the tears. I was a horrible mother.

But am I really a mother? Just because I gave birth to him doesn't make me a mother. In his eyes, I'm probably a monster.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 489-Ava gave him the kind of motherly love he lacked from me. The kind of love he longed for me to give him. I see it now. The moment he met Ava. The moment she took him in, even before the truth came out. It's the moment he gave up on me. It's the moment Gunner stopped caring about a relationship between us.

"I hear you Emma." Mia gives me a tissue. "I do hear you, but I have to ask, where was this same determination back then? Why did you refuse to have a relationship with Gunner?"

I've asked myself the same question over and over again.

For eight years, I denied his existence. For eight years, I treated him like he didn't matter. For eight fucking years I held him at arm's length.

"I know it's a stupid reason now that I think about it, but back then I didn't want anything or anyone reminding me of the life I had when Rowan and I were separated. To me, Gunner was a mistake. He never should have been conceived. I didn't want my life with Rowan to be shadowed by the child I had with another man. I wanted to remain perfect in Rowan's eyes."

*Pardon my bluntness, but isn't that stupid given Rowan had a child with Ava?

Much the same with you, Ava's pregnancy was unplanned, but even if you and Rowan had ended up together, he wouldn't have pushed Noah aside."

And that, right there. Her words shame me to the core.

She's right. Rowan would never have pushed Noah aside for my sake. Hell, he broke off our relationship when he learned all the shit I'd spouted about Noah.

Yet I was willing to walk away from my son. Who am I kidding? I walked out on him the moment he was born.

I rub my chest as the pain intensifies. I felt raw. Like my chest had been ripped wide open for everyone to witness the sins I carried.

How can I even think of mending my relationship with Gunner after this? Mia just showed me what a horrible person I was to a little boy. Not just any little boy, but my son.

"I'm not here to shame you, Emma, or judge you. Apart from helping you heal; my work is to point a mirror in your direction so you can truly see yourself. It's to help you come to terms with your mistakes and help you forgive yourself. My work is to drill in some hard truths so it can help you move on with your life."

She pauses, her eyes searching mine while I fight back my tears. "What you did to Gunner, to your own son isn't right. You would have scarred that boy for life much like Ava's past experiences with your family had scarred her. How do you think he felt every time you ignored him? Every time you treated him like he was nothing? Every time you pushed him away. He is a child, Emma, that kind of emotional pain has probably done a lot of damage to that little boy."

My breath catches and I find it hard to breathe. My throat is clogged with emotions and I feel like my soul has been battered.

I didn't want to hear her. I want to escape her words. Words that feel like pointed arrows aimed towards my already bleeding heart. I couldn't stop the heart-wrenching pain that consumed me.

If I had thought I knew what pain was when I found out Rowan had slept with Ava, then I was wrong. That was nothing compared to what I was feeling right now.

This was gut-wrenching. Soul crashing. I don't know how to recover from it.

Mia looks at me sympathetically. "I think you've had enough for today."

Her words passed over me. My ears were ringing, and I could barely hear anything above the sound of my breaking heart.

It crashes me knowing I did the same thing to Gunner that my parents did to Ava.

How could I ever face him after this?

Maybe I didn't deserve him Maybe I didn't deserve a second chance.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 490-Mia's words still continued to ring in my head even as I headed for my car. The truth had been brutal. It wasn't easy to swallow the bitter pill, but swallow it I must.

Instead of peeling out of the parking lot like I usually do, I just sit in my car and allow the tears to fall. I couldn't stop them even if I wanted to. The space fills with the sounds of my cries. My sobs are torn from deep within as the weight of all my actions crash me.

My head falls against the steering wheel because I can no longer hold it up. I wore my shame like a second skin. It was embedded deep inside me like a

fucking tattoo.

Why did I let it get that far? Why did I hurt him like that? Why did I allow my selfishness to taint the bond I could have had with Gunner?

Why. Why. Why?

If I knew one day I would long to hold Gunner in my arms. To be in his life. To have him call me mom. I would have held on to him like he was a lifeline... But that's the thing about hindsight. It's a bitch.

My lips tremble as I sob. Guilt racks my body, jolting me as if I've been electrocuted. I want to scream. I want to hit something. I want to curl up in a ball and just die. It hurts. It fucking hurts and I don't know how to stop the pain.

I allow myself to cry until there are no more tears. Until my tear dam is empty.

I'm not sure how long I stay there crying, but when I'm calmer, I turn the ignition and drive off.

I'm a mess, I won't deny that. But it's not just because I've been crying my eyes out for the last couple of minutes. Hell, it's hours, given I've been crying since I got into Mia's office.

How do you fix things when you've messed up so badly? Where do I even begin? It would be easier if it had been a couple of months' worth of damage to fix, but it's years. Years worth of damage.

I've missed a lot of things. His first word. His first walk. His first day of school.

His first time saying mommy. I missed his first birthday, and those since then.

How do I make up for that? How?

The whole drive home is spent thinking. Thinking of all the things I could have done. Thinking of how I could have handled things differently. I regret a lot of things, but my biggest regret is how cruel I was to Gunner. He didn't deserve to be scorned by his own mother.

The whole ride is a blur, but thankfully I don't get into any trouble. I was so lost in my head that it was a wonder didn't get into an accident.

I drive into our estate, the iron gates closing behind me with a kind of finality I feel is reflected in my life right now. Part of me feels like there isn't hope. That I should give up on my relationship with Gunner. That it's too late to fix what I broke. The stronger part of me, though, doesn't want to give up. It doesn't want to let go just yet.

I pull the car to the front of the house and park. Getting out, I rush inside our family home.

You're back earlier than I expected, mom's warm voice greets me.

I crash into her and hug her for dear life. I'm past thirty years old, but at this moment, I feel like a little girl who needs her mommy to make things right in her world.

"I can tell today's session wasn't easy" she whispers while smoothing down my hair.

Shaking my head, I hug her tighter. I thought that my tears had finally dried, but I was wrong. Once again, they begin pouring, drenching my mom's shoulder.

Mom pulls me away from her before guiding me to the couch. Once there, she pushes us down on it, before pulling my head down. I ball up in a fetal position, with my head on her lap.

It's going to be alright, Emma.

Everything is going to work it self out, she whispers while her fingers gently run through my hair.

I wanted to believe her. I really did.

Some part of me was doubtful though. Everything just seemed bleak right now. When my eyes were dry and there weren't any tears, I lift my head from mom's lap just as the doorbell rings.

"I'll get it" I tell mom as I try to wipe any evidence of my breakdown.

I wasn't really sure who it was, since I didn't have anyone to visit me, but I knew it was probably one of my mom's friends.

My jaw literally falls down when I open the door.

"Come in," I whisper in a hoarse voice, probably because of crying too much.

'I honestly have no idea what I'm doing here. I was just driving, and I ended up coming here "Ava mumbles nervously, her eyes moving from me to behind her where her car is parked.