

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 511 – 520

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 511-I am honestly disgusted listening to her right now. Who the hell does that to someone else? Gabriel is a living being with feelings. What they did to him was downright cruel.

“You know the rest,” she pauses before continuing. “When you blacklisted me and Paul, life became unbearable. We couldn’t stay here given that we couldn’t even get jobs. We fled abroad but broke up soon after. I’m so sorry, Gabe. I’m sorry that I used you and didn’t treasure what we had. It’s only after we were apart that I realized my feelings for you, but it was already too late. You hated me and didn’t want to see me.”

My heart races, and my breathing deepens. Even though it’s cold, sweat trickles down my back. I am so afraid. So, fucking afraid that he will choose her. This is his chance to be with the first woman he ever loved. I try to control my trembling as I wait to hear what he’ll say. As I wait to hear his answer to her confession. After all, first loves are hard to forget.

*None of that matters,” he finally says after a while.

What did that mean? Does he mean it doesn’t matter because he still loves her and has forgiven her?

I feel like I am about to faint from anxiety.

She goes to speak, but he holds up his finger. He then turns and looks at me briefly. I see something pass in his grey eyes, but it’s too quick for me to read. My heart beats loudly, almost drowning out every other sound around me. What if that brief look is an apology because he is about to choose her and break my heart?

Once again, I try to pull my hand out of his, but he doesn’t let go. Is he this cruel? Does he really want me to stay here as he shatters my heart once again? Tears begin filling my eyes, and I blink them away. Refusing to let them fall.

*Like I said, what you did doesn’t matter now because your actions led me to my wife,” he begins. I look at the side of his face in confusion. Say what? “I no longer love you, Ashley, and I haven’t in a long time. My heart belongs to Harper, and I wouldn’t change anything that happened if it means she still ends up my wife.”

My tears fall, but this time for a different reason. My heart eases in its tight grip as I realize that Gabriel is choosing me. He is picking me over his first love.

“I accept your apology, but I am where I belong and with whom I belong. What we had died a long time ago, and it can never be revived.”

Even though I watch Ashley's tears fall, I feel like jumping for joy. I know she's hurting, but that doesn't dim the happiness I was currently feeling.

*Go home, Ashley; move on with your life and don't ever look for me." There wasn't anything in it. No anger or bitterness. It was just neutral.

He doesn't wait for her to answer. He just brings our joined hands to his lips before kissing mine. He turns us around and we leave.

*Are you okay?" I ask slowly, almost in a whisper.

He looks down at me with a smile. "More than okay. You are the one I love, and compared to what I felt for her, what I feel for you is a blazing inferno, while what I felt for her was nothing but a flicker. I would choose you over and over again, in a thousand lifetimes."

I return his smile. "I love you too."

I feel something release inside me, and for the first time in a long time, I feel like I can breathe easily. The tight knot that was always inside me uncoils, and I feel free.

It then it hits me; this is what I was waiting for. This is why I held back. Now, though, I feel free to love him without the worry of his first love coming between us. Now I am ready to love him wholeheartedly.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 512-Emma.

I get out of my car feeling tired and drained. My heels were killing me and I wanted nothing more than to get them off and just lay down on a sofa or my bed.

Today was my first day at work, and, I tell you, it was hectic. I had forgotten what being a lawyer entailed. Forgotten just how hectic it was. The countless hours you are on your feet or on your chair buried in papers that you need to go through.

Most of the time, I would go over my clients' cases and the evidence that, by the time I was done, I felt like I would lose my mind. Like I was going crazy.

Despite how tiring my first day was, going back to work filled my entire being with a kind of energy that I simply can't explain. For the first time in two years, I felt alive. I felt rejuvenated. I felt like some of the missing pieces inside me were finally fitting into place.

It honestly felt nice to go back to work. I missed it so much. I didn't realize just how much I missed being a lawyer until I went back to work today.

I lock my car. Mom had it delivered to me a day after I moved here. I move tiredly and walk to the door. Rummaging through my handbag, I search for the keys. Finally, I find it, and I open the door, walking inside the house tiredly.

I move to the couch and drop down on it, sighing in relief and happiness. Gosh, I've never been happy just sitting down on the sofa.

Taking off the shoes, which I'd forgotten to remove at the door. I lift my legs up and put them on the coffee table before leaning back against the sofa and closing my eyes.

My phone beeps inside my bag, but I ignore it. I'll deal with whoever is calling once I've gotten a bit of rest. It was probably my mom, who wants to know how my first day was.

I was just relaxing when I heard a scratching sound. I ignore it just like I did with my phone and sink further into the plush and comfortable couch. A minute later, the sound came again. Then again, after about another minute.

My eyes snap open as my brows furrow. Focusing, I realize the sound is coming from the kitchen. Groaning in irritation and annoyance, I stand up and walk towards the kitchen.

Once there, I look around for where exactly the sound is coming from, but I find nothing. I was just about to leave when I heard it again. Listening closely, I try to find the exact location. I then realize that it is coming from outside the window.

Maybe it was a raccoon? I think to myself, walking towards the back door.

I unlock it and scan around. My eyes land on a large Siberian Husky. It was digging, but when I opened it stopped, staring at me with what I think is shock. We both stare at each other, stunned at each other's presence. It wasn't expecting me, and I wasn't expecting him.

"Shoo!" I wave my hand after I unfreeze, trying to get it to leave.

I don't know who's dog it was, but I didn't want trouble. Besides, I also wasn't sure how tame he was.

Instead of leaving like I expected, it tilts its head and stares at me like I'd grown two heads. In fact, as crazy as it sounds, it looked at me as if I was the one trespassing. Like I'm the one that should leave.

"Go on, please leave," I beg, not really knowing what to do.

It doesn't. Instead, it sits down defiantly and, as if to show me who is the boss, lays down.

I huff, looking at it, while wondering what the hell to do with it.

“Rex” Gunner’s sweet voice makes me still, my spine ramrod straight.

It’s been a week since Calvin walked out of the house. I haven’t seen either of them. I start fidgeting as nervousness begins filling me.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 513-Gunner pops up through a small entrance that I’d not noticed before. He stills when his eyes land on me.

A kid has never made me so nervous. I sway slightly as his piercing eyes, similar to mine, glare at me.

*What are you doing here?” He growls, his burrows furrowed and fist at his side. I shudder at his intense gaze that is filled with so much anger and bitterness.

I open my mouth, but nothing comes out. My heart was racing, and I was finding it hard to breathe, given that I felt like I was suffocating.

“G-Gunner” I finally get his name out, but words fail me as I struggle to find something to tell him.

His brows pull together, and his jaw clenches. Looking at him, looking at me with so much bitterness, makes me realize just how much I hurt him. Just how much damage I did.

No child should be filled with so much anger and bitterness. I did this to him. My actions corrupted his innocence and purity. I hate it. I hate seeing those emotions in his eyes.

I rub my chest as pain crushes into me, filling my heart to the brim. I can’t breathe. I can’t move. I can’t do anything; just stare at the results of my selfishness.

“Rex,” he shifts his eyes to the dog.

The once stubborn dog gets up obediently and walks toward Gunner. Once he’s next to him, Gunner turns and begins to move to the small entrance.

I come unfrozen, seeing him leave. This is my chance.

*I’m sorry, Gunner,” I stammer, trying to get my brain to work.

He stops but doesn’t turn around. His back was stiff, and he seemed tense.

When he doesn’t move,

“I’m sorry for hurting you, Gunner. I’m sorry for breaking your heart over and over again and causing you so much pain. I was completely selfish and I thought of myself. You are my baby. My son. I know an apology isn’t enough, but I hope it can be a start.”

He doesn’t say anything. I take a deep breath, fighting back the tears that threatened to fall and the emotions that were chocking me.

“I’m sorry for my behavior. For the love that I denied you. For treating you like you didn’t matter. Like you weren’t enough. I am so sorry for not being there for you. I am sorry for not being the mother that you wanted and needed. I am sorry for not loving you like you deserve. I am simply sorry and I am asking for your forgiveness. That you’ll give me a chance to make it up to you even though I don’t deserve it.”

I lose the battle, and my tears fall, my sobs chocking me as my voice catches. “I want to be a mother to you if you give me a chance. I want to be all that you wanted me to be and give you everything that I denied you. I want to be in your life. Despite that, it’s not about what I want but about you, Gunner. I leave it to you because, for once, I want to put you first. If you don’t want me in your life, I’ll respect your wishes, though I won’t stop fighting for you.” The door behind me holds me up when my strength fades, and I sag against it. I feel like my words are jumbled because my mind is a mess. I am hoping, though, that despite that he’ll understand what I am trying to tell him.

When I don’t say anything more, he silently leaves. My strength completely leaves me, and I fall down on my knees, burying my face in my hands as I cry. His angry and bitter eyes keep replying in my mind, shattering my broken heart more.

I don’t care if the neighbors see me. Not when my son hates me. This was all my fault. I just pray and hope that he’ll heal in time. Even if he doesn’t accept me in his life.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 514-“How did you feel seeing Gunner?” Mia asks, her eyes as always were perceptive. Staring at me like she could see straight into my soul.

Given that I’ve gone back to work, we’ve had to move things around to fit my new schedule. Most of my sessions are now scheduled between four thirty and six in the evening.

I already know the answer to that. I don’t need to think about it. Thinking about that day, though, fills my eyes

with tears.

*Heart wrenching,” I all but whisper the words.

It feels like it’s been forced out of me. Out of the deepest parts of my soul. I try to force the sob that threatens to break free, but it’s useless. I tears out of me painfully, leaving me breathless.

“How so?” Mia asks, handing me tissue paper.

I take it and wipe the tears falling down my face. It does no good because they keep flowing like a damn river. Getting angry at them for how they keep falling, I ball the tissue in frustration before chucking it in the dustbin.

*I saw it in his eyes, he hated me.” I begin giving up on my battle against the tears that kept falling down my face. “There was so much anger reflected in his eyes. So much bitterness.”

The image of his eyes glaring at me with those emotions is still imprinted on my head and heart. They still burn me in ways I can’t even begin to explain.

*Emma,”

I angrily wipe away my tears with the back of my hand.

*It destroyed me, Mia. It destroyed me, knowing that it was my fault. That I am the one that put emotions in his eyes and heart.”

I start heaving. I am having difficulty breathing as the intensity of my emotions chocks me. Robbing me of the ability to breathe properly.

I continue, “His eyes haunt me. When I go to sleep, they are there in my dreams. When I wake up, they are there, staring accusingly at me. I see them everywhere I look. Everywhere I turn. I don’t know what to do.”

“We’ll get back to Gunner. Right now, I am worried about you. I sense a lot of anger and bitterness towards yourself, Emma.”

I don’t say anything because I can’t deny it. I honestly feel disgusted with myself. How can I call myself a mother when I caused such havoc in my child’s life? How can I be okay with myself when I literally brought such emotions into him? Children should remain innocent for as long as they can. They should not feel any kind of hatred, anger, or bitterness. I took Gunner’s innocence when I caused him to feel such emotions. “I’m not really happy with myself,” I tell her honestly, my head bowed down in shame and regret.

*Do you think you deserve a second chance?” She asks. “Do you think you deserve forgiveness?”

Her question catches me off guard. I’ve never really thought about it because it has never crossed my mind. Do I deserve forgiveness? Do I deserve a second chance?

The question keeps playing in my head like a broken record. It echoes inside, its haunting melody making me seek answers I never thought about.

I stare at the wall in front of me. My eyes are looking but I see nothing at all. I dig deep inside me to try and find the answer to that question. Trying to find the particular words to express just what I feel.

Mia is patient with me, as I think. She doesn't push me or force me to come up with the answer sooner. She just silently jots down something in her notebook.

The answer comes to me, and I sigh. "No, I don't believe that I deserve forgiveness or a second chance."

Mia looks up, her eyes soft as she stares at me with nothing but understanding and warmth. She doesn't judge or anything like that.

"Why do you think that, Emma?"

I think this is the hardest part of my sessions. Where Mia asks me to explain my feelings. To explain why I feel the way I do. I hate it because it forces me to stare at the deepest, darkest parts of myself and understand why I feel that way.

Being asked why if I am sad, angry, or bitter is easy. I'll just say yes or no, final. Being asked why I feel sad, angry, etc. Now that's something else.

I draw in a deep breath. I'm not even sure how to answer. How do I explain that I just feel the way I do? "How can I be worthy of forgiveness when I've done such despicable things to my own son? Eight years, Mia. Eight years I treated Gunner and Calvin so abhorrently. I ignored my son and treated him like he didn't matter, while I basically used Calvin for sex. There is no forgiveness for toying with other people's hearts."

I can feel Mia's eyes burning the side of my head. I keep looking at my joined fingers, feeling completely ashamed of my actions. What I told her is the truth. I doubt there is forgiveness for someone who toys with other people's hearts. Especially a child's.

"You have a lot of anger towards yourself, Emma. A lot of bitterness and self-hatred. That is not healthy at all, she begins before continuing. "For you to be the kind of mother you want to be towards Gunner, you have to heal. You have to let go of the past."

Her lips are moving, but I can't hear a single word. Maybe it's because I am choosing to block her words out. Refusing to hear them.

She takes a deep breath as she watches me, "You have to forgive yourself, Emma. Everything we are doing here will be pointless if you can't forgive yourself first and move past your mistakes. You did what you did and it happened. We can't change that, but you can change the future. You can change the present. You are a different person than you were two years ago. I've only been your therapist for a while, but I see your change, I see your remorse, and I see your desire to make things right. I admire that, but first

you need to let go of the mistakes you made and the person you were. You need to forgive yourself just as much as you want others to forgive you.”

I leave the session, her words still running in my head. Forgiving oneself is easier said than done, but truth be told, how can I forgive myself when I feel like I haven't paid enough for my sins?

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 515-Calvin.

I watch the video Kinley sent me, laughing softly at just how funny it was. She sends me random funny animal videos because she knows they make me laugh. A day doesn't go by without one or two videos from her. If I am being honest, I look forward to seeing them in our chats.

Things between us have been perfect. Apart from Emma, I have never been serious about a woman before. Sure, I did try to move on when I joined college, but it was more of me sleeping around with random girls than moving on from Emma.

Don't look at me like that. All the girls I slept with before Emma knew the score. They knew there could be nothing between us, and it was only a bit of fun. I made that very clear before I got into bed with them. They understood and accepted. Life was simple until Emma and I crossed paths again.

After the first time I slept with Emma, I stopped my string of one-night stands. Then Emma got pregnant, and well, you know the rest. I haven't been with any other woman since that first night with her. I know, pathetic, but in my stupid defense, I was in love, and I thought it wasn't right sleeping around while still fucking Emma. No matter how much I was hurting, the thought of sleeping with someone else disgusted me.

Another ping brought my attention back to my phone.

[How was your day, handsome?] Kinley's text read.

food]

She really knows how to boost a man's ego, but that's not what I like about her. It's her light, her smile and the fact that she gets me. It's how she treats Gunner like her own; it's her kindness, her warmth, her smile that lights everything around her. It's her compassion, the peace that surrounds her. It's simply her as a person. I know it'll sound cheesy, but she is an angel. One sent to me when I really needed her.

[Perfect, now that I am hearing from you. How about yours?]

[Can I be honest? I've thought about you most of the day. Well you, Gunner and food]

I chuckle at that before replying. One thing I learned about Kinley is her love for food. She loves her food and isn't afraid to admit it. She's genuine and real. That's what attracted me to her.

I've been thinking for quite some time now about asking her out. It's a big fucking step, and it scares the crap out of me, but I also feel right. Being with her feels right.

I've only loved one woman since I was fourteen. Of course, there are parts of me that will fight against me. Fight against going for the unknown, preferring for me to stick to what I am used to. I can't let those parts win. Like I said, it's a huge step, but I think I am finally ready to reach for what I want, and what I want is a chance with Kinley.

"Dad," I turn when I hear Gunner's voice.

"What's up, buddy?"

I notice the way his brows are furrowed. Reading into his eyes, I know that something is bothering him.

"Can we talk?" he asks, his voice thick as if he's fighting back his emotions.

Sure, let me just send Kinley a quick text to let her know, and then I am all yours.

He smiles a little at her name and nods his head. Explaining what is happening, I send the text to her before setting my phone on silent and setting it aside.

"Now," I begin "What's bothering you?"

"Did you know Emma moved into Aunt Ava's house?" He asks, his blue eyes so much like his mother's piercing mine.

So, he found out. I didn't tell him because I didn't know how to tell him. He has so much anger towards Emma that I didn't want to aggravate him more where she is concerned.

He also stopped calling her mom two years ago. Now, when we do talk about her, which is rare, he calls her by her given name.

"Yes, I did," I tell him truthfully. There was no reason for me to lie to him. We promised there would never be secrets between us.

"I see," comes his answer.

Did something happen? Did she do something you didn't like?

He looks at me before looking down at the floor and taking a deep breath. “She apologized a few days ago. She said she was sorry for what she did and how she treated me.”

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 516-I fold my hands on top of the kitchen counter. I don’t know what to do or say to that.

“How did that make you feel?” I finally ask him after a while.

“I don’t know. I talked to Noah, and he told me that she also apologized to him for trying to come in between Uncle Rowan and Aunt Ava.”

Well, that’s news to me. It seems like Emma was going around apologizing to those she wronged, including children, who most people would overlook.

*She apologized to me too, a few weeks ago,” I confess.

“How did that make you feel?”

*Trying to be the parent, are you?” I chuckle. “But we are not talking about me; it’s you I’m worried about.”

He sighs. “I don’t know. I am still angry at her and hurt. My chest hurts when I think about how much it used to hurt when she didn’t want anything to do with me.”

*I understand that, buddy, and you have every right to be angry. No one can fault you for being hurt, okay? It’s also okay when you don’t know how you feel. Emotions can be messy and conflicting at times.”

I try to explain as best as I can. I don’t want Gunner to ever be in pain. I know that he’s still hurt, but I also don’t want him to hold on to that bitterness and anger for too long.

“That’s how I feel,” he says, climbing on the bar stool next to me. “I feel conflicted. I am angry, but she also apologized. We were always taught in Sunday school to forgive.”

Fuck, how am I supposed to respond to that? I rack my brain for something I could tell him. Who said parenting is easy?

*How about you let your anger towards her cool off first, then we can go from there?”

“Yes, but would you be angry if I forgave her?”

His question catches me off-guard. I lean forward and kiss his temple before ruffling his hair. “Never. It’s your decision, and I’ll support you if that’s what you want, but you have to understand that your mother and I won’t be together like you wanted in the past. We won’t get married.”

He shrugs his shoulder. "I already figured that out the moment you introduced me to Kinley. She makes you smile, and I figured something was going on."

Again, my boy manages to surprise me and catch me off-guard.

He raises a brow at me and smile. "Did you honestly think I wouldn't notice? I am ten, Dad, not stupid."

I laugh. "No, you aren't... So, you wouldn't mind if I started dating her?"

I am bringing Kinley into our lives. It's important to make sure that my son is comfortable with her and the idea. If he is not, then to hell with it. I'll always put Gunner before any woman or any relationship.

"I like Kinley a lot," he answers. "I've been wondering when you'll grow some balls and ask her out."

*Gunner!"

"What?"

"Language," I snap. "Where did you even learn that?"

"Uncle Rowan. Noah and I heard him talking with Uncle Gabe once. We googled the meaning and wallah! It's actually more effective than just telling someone to be brave."

I can't. I just can't with Gunner right now... and the fact that he looks so smug like he has accomplished something big. Well, telling me to grow some balls is an accomplishment.

And why are they even googling such things? I'll have to have a talk with Rowan and Ava the next time I see them. Rowan has to be careful when cursing.

"Go to your room, right now. You are grounded for the next three days." I tell him He slinks off the stool. Before he leaves he turns to me.

"By the way, that's not the only curse word I know. Uncle Rowan isn't the only one who curses like a sailor; you do too."

*Gunner!"

He winks at me and bounces out of the kitchen as if he's the damn king of the world. I love him, but he can be frustrating at times, especially since he met Noah and Ava. I love that he got out of his shell, but I'm just saying.

Taking my phone, I see a message notification from Kinley. Gunner is right though; I need to grow a pair and ask Kinley out.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 517-Harper.

I look around, trying to make sure that everything is perfect. We were at our new house today, and we decided to hold a housewarming party. It wasn't a big one, just close friends and family.

"Is everything set?" I ask our cook.

She had been amazed by the house and had fallen in love with the kitchen. Like I'd said previously, our kitchen was every cook's dream. If it wasn't for the fact that she had to go home to her family, I swear she would sleep here, and by here, I mean the kitchen, not the house.

"Yes," she smiles, her eyes bright with happiness and excitement. "Everything is ready."

Like I said, we didn't want a huge party. It would just be Gabriel's parents, Rowan and Ava, Travis and Letty, Connie and Reaper, Noah, Iris, Gunner, and Sierra.

The doorbell rings, and I leave the kitchen to go open it. Lilly was still getting ready, and Gabriel had disappeared somewhere.

A few days ago, I'd put on my big girl pants and taken the test. All ten of them turned out to be positive. I still haven't told Gabriel yet. I am waiting for the perfect time to disclose the good news. I'm not worried. I know that he'll be happy, and so will Lilly. They've both wanted this since we got married again.

"Hi Aunty Harper," Noah greets cheerfully. He's holding Iris, who is sucking her thumb and looks a bit sleepy.

"Hi Noah," I bend slightly and kiss both his and Iris's cheeks. "Where are your parents?"

He shrugs. "They said they had to get your housewarming gift from the trunk, but if you ask me, they are probably making out."

I laugh at the disgusted look that crosses his face. It grosses him out; it is clearly to see.

"Well, come on in." I open the door wider and he steps inside. "And, Noah," he turns to look at me. "You don't ever have to knock, okay? This is like your home, so just come in."

"Okay, Auntie Harper."

*Do you need help with Iris so you can hang out with Lilly?"

*Naah, we are good,” He looks down at his baby sister and smiles before giving her rosy cheeks a peck.

Anyone with two eyes can see that he adores Iris. The little girl has her big brother wrapped around her little finger. Noah is going to be a menace when it reaches time for her to start dating. He won't be the only one. Rowan, Ethan, Reaper, and Gabriel, the men in her life, will make any boy interested in her run for the hills, screaming.

I laugh, my heart at peace. The girls in our little circle will be well protected. I can already imagine how difficult it will be for them to date.

“What’s so funny?” Ava’s voice cuts through my thought.

I turn to look at her, Rowan by her side. Noah was right. They were making out. Her hair is a bit disheveled, and her lipstick is smeared.

“You look pretty in red, Rowan,” I tease. Both his and Ava’s eyes widen comically.

After the initial shock, he smirks and wiggles his brows. “Thank you. Anything my beautiful, gorgeous wife transfers on to me is bound to look pretty on me, and I’ll wear it like a brand if I have to.”

I hold back my laugh when Ava melts right in front of me. The look they give each other is as clear as day. If they weren’t here, they’d be in tangled limbs, under a bed sheet.

“Well, are you going to get in or are you just going to continue eye-fucking each other?”

Rowan isn’t a bit embarrassed, but Ava’s cheek turns a nice shade of pink.

“You haven’t told me why you were laughing?” Ava clears her throat while they get in.

*Just imagined how it’ll be difficult for Iris to date when she starts being interested in boys, given how overprotective Noah will be.” I finally say.

“I know right?” Ava chimes in with a little laugh. “Kids grow up so fast. Soon she’ll be ready to date, and, I am telling you, Noah will cockblock her.”

Rowan growls and then shudders at the picture Ava has just painted. “She’s not going to have sex or date. Hell, we’ll send her to a nunnery. Maybe we can convince her to be a nun. There is no way I will let some greedy, dirty hormonal little shit near her.”

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 518-*Ro,” Ava snaps.

*She’ll stay pure and innocent until the day she’s old and gray. End of story.” With that, he stomps away. The idea of Iris one day having sex clearly disturbed him.

Ava turns to me. "I don't get it! How can the idea of Iris having sex bother him so much when we have sex all the time? I am someone's daughter, and he still went there with me!"

I chuckle before rubbing her arm comfortingly. "Don't worry, I think all men are the same when it comes to their daughters. Gabriel said almost the same thing about Lilly... Ethan will react the same, and so will Reaper if they have a daughter. My dad used to say he would never allow any boy near me, and I bet if you asked your dad, he thought the same when you were born. Hell, I know he probably hates the idea that you and Rowan have sex. In his head, he'd rather believe Noah and Iris were delivered by stocks."

Ava laughs, the frown on her face clearing. "I almost forgot to tell you just how beautiful your home is," she hugs me before pulling away.

Her baby bump is more visible now and hard to hide. The girls and I asked about the gender, and she told us that they decided to wait for the delivery day to know whether it was a boy or a girl.

I haven't told anyone about the baby. It won't be fair to tell my friends before my husband.

Thank you. Come, I'll give you a tour.

We were all in the backyard, just chilling and relaxing after a hearty meal. We kind of separated into groups. I was with the girls, Gabriel was with the men, including his dad, and the kids were with Gabriel's mom.

"By the way, when can you come by my office?" Ava asks, leaning against the chair, referring to the job she offered me. "I've been meaning to talk to you about it, but I kept forgetting."

I can come Monday morning, I answer her. "If that's okay with you."

She smiles, sighing in contentment, "That's perfect."

All of a sudden, Letty squeals in joy before turning to face us. "I just got an amazing idea."

Connie and Ava both look at her with skeptical looks.

What idea? Connie asks her. "The last time you came up with an idea, you convinced us to open a sex-toy company."

“Yeah,” Ava seconds.

Letty waves her hand in dismissal, brushing off what they just said. “Oh, stop it. It’s not like you opposed the idea, and, besides, aren’t you benefiting from it?”

Well, this is just intriguing. I didn’t expect this from my girls. Not that I am against the idea or anything. I used dildos for quite some time after Liam passed... and even if I didn’t use them, who am I to judge?

Ava folds her hand across her chest while Connie sinks into her seat. They look like kids who have been chastised by their parent.

“Anyway, my idea was to bring Harper into the fold,” Letty continues.

I thought I was already in the fold.

You are, she says, grabbing my hand. “But I want you deeper into it. I was thinking that if Ava and Connie agree, we can make you a partner.”

“Of a sex-toy company?”

Yes. We are doing pretty well, and the turnover is good, so you don’t have to worry that you are getting involved in a sinking ship.

I stare at all three of them wide-mouthed, not really sure what to do or say. There are a lot of things to consider before I can even think of whether I want to join them.

“I don’t know if you’ve heard of us, but our company is called Spark Limited.” Connie joins in, using her hands to express her words. “You know, because we ignite sexual sparks.”

My eyes widen at the name and my jaw drops further down. “Seriously? You guys have revolutionized the meaning of a battery-operated boyfriend. You probably put other companies out of business with how good your toys are.”

I am not exaggerating. Their products are superb. Their dildos are so good and have this amazing feel to them. When touching them, you forget they are not real. They have a real feel to them; it’s like you are touching a real cock. Don’t get me started on its thrusting game and how right the temperature feels.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 519-I have one of their products and it’s my favorite one. Well, used to be, since I no longer use it now that Gabriel and

I are together. Anyway, you can barely tell the difference when you are using it. It feels like a real cock.

They have other toys too, but their dildos are my favorites.

“Well, it took a lot of research, and we all played a part. It was really fun researching and experimenting,” Ava adds with a smile.

*Since you love our products,” Letty says with a smirk. “How about becoming a partner?”

I frown as I think about it. “I don’t know. Gabriel gave back my family’s company. Won’t being associated with a sex-toy company ruin its image? You know how snobbish people can be.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Ava speaks. “We are all kind of like silent partners. We have a CEO and a VP, but they are simply the face of the company. We run things, and of course they help, but no one else knows we are the founders except the two and our spouses.”

It’s a tempting idea. A really tempting idea.

“Why don’t you think about it first, then you’ll let us know?” Connie asks.

“Okay, but I’ll have to run it through Gabriel.”

*No problem,” Letty chips in, still excited and enthusiastic.

We are quiet as we sip our drinks. I’m surprised by my friends. Surprised by such power houses. It is quite inspiring and motivating to have them as my friends. Seeing all they have accomplished has pushed me to want to do better and be better.

“What is it?” Letty asks when Ava sighs tiredly. “Is it the baby?”

“No, it’s Noah”

We turn to where she’s facing. She’s looking at Noah, who was clearly ignoring Sierra like she wasn’t there. Lilly has told me all about her crush on Noah, and, honestly, I feel for her.

“I honestly can’t understand what’s wrong with that boy!” Ava fumes. “He’s kind to everyone except her. Sierra is a great girl, and she has managed to win my heart. I hate seeing Noah treat her that way.”

“Maybe have a talk with him?” I suggest, feeling a pang I can’t explain in my chest.

“I’ve tried! I don’t know what else to do. It’s clear she likes him a lot. She once told me that she’s going to marry him one day, but that shouldn’t be a reason for him to treat her so horribly. I don’t understand why Noah dislikes her so much.”

I can feel her ache. It echoes mine completely, and it's not because she's Lilly's best friend.

"Give it time. They are kids. Maybe things will change once they are a bit more mature." Letty chimes in, squeezing Ava's hand in reassurance.

Ava sighs again. "I hope so. To be honest, I wouldn't mind having Sierra as my daughter-in-law one day. I just hope Noah doesn't ruin something that could blossom into an amazing love between them. They are just kids, but there is a certain spark between them, one I can't even explain. I just hope my son isn't stupid enough to snuff it out."

Excusing herself, she stomps towards Noah. There is something about the girl that captured my heart. I'm yet to figure out what it is.

I lean back against my chair and watch Sierra, pondering what it is about her that drew me to her like a moth to a flame.

The answer doesn't come to me no matter how much I think about it. Eventually, I stop trying to figure it out and

just embraced Sierra like my own. What I didn't know is that the answer would come to me years later, when she's all grown up and is facing an unimaginable loss.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 520-Gabe.

We watched our dad leave, heading straight for our mom. According to him, we were boring as shit so he went to our mom, who, according to him, was better company than we were.

The moment he was out of earshot, Travis turned to us with his brows pulled down in a frown.

"I don't get why he is here," Travis complained while staring daggers at Reaper.

"Do we have a problem?" Reaper asks. Even though his tone is calm, there is an unmistakable dangerous current underneath it.

The way his eyes flash, even while cooking cool and collected, should be warning enough that nobody should cross him. He is danger personified, but my best friend is too much of an idiot to realize that. To realize that Reaper is anything but weak, even though right now he seems harmless.

"Yes, we fucking do," Travis growled. "You killed my father, and you have the guts to come here?"

“I’m here with my fiancé. Whatever the fuck your problem is, deal with it.”

Rowan and I look at each other as the tension between Reaper and Travis increases. If we don’t handle this, things will escalate quickly, and the last thing I want is for my wife to be upset because the spouses of two of her best friends are fighting.

“Tension is running high, so maybe we should all take a breather.” I try to calm down the situation.

*Gabriel is right. Your fiancé,” he points at Reaper. “And your girlfriend,” he points at Travis. “Are best friends. Do you really want to put them in a spot? Not forgetting that Reaper is Iris’s uncle.”

“If you want to be in Ava’s life, you have to accept Reaper. Like Rowan said, he is Iris’s uncle, so he will always be around,” I add.

“But he killed my dad! He’s a fucking murderer and should be in jail where his piece of shit brother is,” he growled through clenched teeth.

“You need to get your facts right, you fucker.” Reaper snapped; his calm exterior completely gone. “I didn’t kill James even though I wanted to for the trouble he caused me. Now, disrespect me or Ethan again, and I’ll bury you so deep it’ll take a century to dig up your fucking remains!”

A cold shiver slithers down my back. Reaper is a scary fucker and that’s saying a lot, coming from me.

“What do you mean you aren’t the one that killed James?” Rowan asked, his eyes narrowing on Reaper.

“Exactly that. Do you think I am the only one James fucked over? Where do you think he got the money to expand his company? From banks? He ran into some trouble and was almost going bankrupt. The banks couldn’t take the risk since it was so high. He turned to some really bad people. I wasn’t the one that killed him, but I was used as a scapegoat since I am the only one people knew he was doing business with.”

Damn. I did not see that coming. Color me fucking shocked because what the fucking hell?

“That’s a lie,” Travis spat the words, seething in anger. “He said you were after him because he outed your illegal business.”

“If it’s a lie, I wouldn’t be here as a free man, would I? What do you think I’ve been doing all these years in hiding? I’ve been looking for evidence that I wasn’t the one that killed your father. James tried to cover up the shit he got himself into by pointing fingers and

blaming me. Go and dig into the sources of your finances going back to five years before he died; you'll find the truth."

Travis continues to stare at Reaper, his eyes conveying how he was having a hard time believing what Reaper was saying.

"If that's the case, why didn't he turn to my dad? They were best friends; Dad would have helped him," I question because it just doesn't make any sense.

"That's a question I can't answer because I am not James, but my best bet is his pride wouldn't let him. Just like his son's pride, won't let him ask for help from his best friends."

Travis looks down when Reaper says that. He is right though. We have offered to help Travis countless times, but he always declined our help, stating that he wanted to do it on his own.

As much as we wanted to help him, we couldn't force him. The best we could do is send investors his way, but that also hasn't been easy given that the Howell's are still acting against him.

"Now that that's settled," Reaper begins. "Are we going to have a problem because I'd hate to kill you? Losing you would devastate Letty and seeing Letty devastated would affect Connie and Ava. I wouldn't want anything affecting my fiancé or the mother of my niece."

Travis remains quiet for a long time before whispering, "We are good."

I breathe a sigh of relief just as Rowan sags against his seat. Reaper isn't someone to mess with. I think the only reason he never came after Rowan is because of Ava and Iris. I'd hate to see what happens when those two clash.

"So," I begin. "When are you going to get down on one knee? You've been with Letty for so long, yet you aren't married."

"I was going to ask the same thing. Letty isn't getting younger, Travis," Rowan adds.

There was a frown on Travis' face. "What does that mean?"

"Exactly that, you idiot," Reaper sneers. "They are trying to be nice, but I am not. Unlike you, who can still have children even when you are old and your balls are shriveled up like a dying plant, Letty doesn't have that luxury. She isn't the kind to have children out of wedlock, so you had better speed it up."

Travis glares at him before he turns back to me and Rowan. His gaze is questioning, as if he's asking if that's what we meant.

“What he said,” Rowan mumbles with a grin.

*So, you agree with him?” he asks, pointing at Reaper, who had what I can only assume is a smile. A scary as shit smile.

“I mean,” I shrug “We were trying to be nice about it.”

“There’s just been so much going on,” he says, his eyes staring at nothing in particular. “I didn’t want to burden her. I thought I’d deal with the problems of the company first before proposing and giving my focus on her and our family.”

Travis has been our best friend from the moment we were in diapers. Seeing him right now and how the stress of keeping the company from falling apart has aged him makes me wish that we had pushed harder to help him because our company didn’t really get that much of a hit when the Howell’s came after us.