

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 451 -453

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 451-“Your actions and bad attitude got you fired. Don’t blame your damn mistakes on me.”

“It’s your fault. If you hadn’t come here, none of these things would have happened.”

I was too slow to respond, so when she launches at me and strikes, I’m taken by surprise.

I stumble before righting myself up. I was done. This bitch has gotten away with so many things, she won’t get away with slapping.

Without thinking, I swivel my hand and punch her. We scream at the same time.

“Fuck, that hurts,” I curse.

“You punched me!”

Since she didn’t expect me to punch her, she fell, holding her bleeding nose.

Despite the pain in my hand, I got a sick satisfaction watching her bleeding and in pain.

“Harper!” Gabriel’s voice screams behind me, but I don’t take my eyes off Milly, just in case she decides to attack me again.

Seconds later, her view is obstructed and all I can see is a broad chest, covered in white cotton.

“Are you okay? I’m sorry I didn’t get to you in time,” he says hurriedly. “I honestly didn’t think she’d come here after getting the dismissal email.”

I tip my head and stare at him. His grey eyes were washed in worry and concern which warmed my heart.

Realizing the warm feelings, I shake my head trying to get rid of him.

“I’m okay, I can take care of myself,” I whisper, holding my hand close to my chest.

Who knew punching someone could be so painful?

It's only after Gabriel turns that I realize we had an audience. Milly with her fucking drama and love for attention. Of course, she would choose the cafeteria to attack me. What a fucking bitch.

"You didn't get the fucking memo when I fired you?" Gabriel begins addressing Milly who had now stood up. "Instead, you had the audacity to show up and assault my wife at my company. Are dumb or just plain stupid?"

His back is stiff, and his voice is chilling. I'm literally getting goosebumps from how scary his voice is.

"She punched me!"

Milly seriously didn't know when to stop, did she?

"After you attacked her!"

I stand behind Gabriel, like a spectator watching a drama series. Gabriel was in his element, and I'm not ashamed to say that it is not bearing witness to him being intimidating.

"Call the guards!" he tells no one in particular, but everybody rushes to do his bidding.

Minutes later, two guards arrive.

"How the fuck did she get in?"

They look at each other in question and surprise. Looks like Milly had given them the slip if they didn't even know she was here.

"Get her out of my fucking sight, and if I ever see her here again, you'll be fired,"

Gabriel says in a commanding voice that does things to me. Things I'm not really ready to acknowledge or admit.

Milly screams and pleads as the guard grab her.

"Oh, and Milly, expect a call from my lawyer. I'll be filing assault charges against you." he informs her in a taut voice.

Her screams become louder, and she thrashes against the guards who m start dragging her out of the room .

Minutes after she's gone, her screeches still echo.

"Get back to what you were doing." Gabriel orders in an authoritative voice, that has everyone rushes back to their lunches.

Taking my uninjured hand, he guides me back to the elevator. He doesn't a word as we get in, and we don't speak as we ride the elevator back to the top floors.

We stop at Christopher's desk.

"What would you like to eat?" he asks, his eyes roaming over my face.

"Anything is okay with me. I'm so hungry, I don't care what it is as long as it's edible."

The words slip from my lips before I can stop them. A warm fuzzy feeling engulfs me when his lips twist in a grin.

"Get her whatever it is you're getting me," he tells him and then leads me to his office.

When the door closes behind us, he lets go of my hand and starts pacing.

I'm so fucking sorry. I didn't think – she'd come to blame and attack you, his voice is so full of remorse and I hate that he's blaming himself.

He guides me to the sofa before standing up again.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 452-Moving towards the small bar at the corner of his office, he gets a small pack of ice, wraps it in a towel before coming back to me. Gently, he takes my hand and places the ice on it.

"Does it hurt?" he asks so softly that I struggle to hear him.

"A bit.."

"I didn't think you had it in you to punch someone"

I laugh because I also didn't think I had it in me. "I had enough and just acted without thinking. I'm sorry if I caused you any trouble. I shouldn't have punched

her. That doesn't really portray a good image of me as the boss's wife."

He leans in and stares intensely into my eyes.

“Never ever fucking apologize for defending or standing up for yourself, Harper.

You are my fucking wife, let them know you’re not someone to mess with.”

“I just don’t get it, did you sleep with her?” I blurt out the question.

“Fuck no!” he growls.

“Then why does she think she has a hold on you? All our interaction always included her warning me away from you. She behaved like you were hers or something.”

The scoff that comes from his mouth makes me turn. His brows are drawn in a sneer as if that’s the most disgusting thing he’s ever heard.

“I’ve never had anything with her,” he all but yells. “I didn’t even know the woman existed until that incident weeks back. She’s not even my type.”

“And what is your type, Gabriel?” I know I shouldn’t have asked, but I just found myself asking.

Those hypnotizing grey eyes draw me in and drown me in them.

“You.”

That one word. One simple word that has my entire body coming alive in ways I haven’t felt in years.

“I’ve found that I have a new type and that type is you, Harper.”

Damn it. I need to get away from him. It’s been years. There shouldn’t be anything between us, yet that sizzling attraction towards him is there. It has been coming back to life since I moved into his penthouse.

I push him away from me and stand up “This is insane.”

“What’s insane? That I like you? That I want you?”

Shaking my head, I try to clear the fog. It’s like he had me under a spell or something. A spell I was struggling to pull myself from, “Yes! You are trying to seduce me and I don’t understand why,” I rasp feeling caged and edgy.

“Why is it so hard to just accept that I want you, Harper?”

Was he fucking kidding me right now?

“Because you didn’t want me before.” I breathe, my heart beating frantically.

“You have to understand that what you are saying doesn’t make sense to me, so it’s therefore suspicious.”

“I know why it would seem that way, given our past, and I can assure you that I mean every word. You have no reason to believe me” he pauses. “Until I prove it to you”

“To what end, Gabriel? Our marriage is a contract”

Did he somehow forget that? Has he forgotten that he’s the one who com approached me with the contract?

With the terms? Has he forgotten that this marriage is nothing but a business deal.

I’m finding that I now want different things. One of them being that Owant F out marriage to be more than just a contract. I want to give it a real chance.”

Color me shocked. Can he hear the things he’s saying right now? A real marriage . Was he high on CO something? Gabriel is the biggest playboy I know, so why would he want this to work all of a sudden?

“I just don’t know, Gabriel,” I whisper.

My head is a jumbled mess, and I am so fucking confused I don’t even know if this is real or not.

He grabs my hand and pulls me to him, so we stand face to face.

“You have nothing to worry about.”

I scoff at his words. As if. I had every right to worry. This isn’t how I imagined or planned for this marriage to go.

He continues, ignoring my scoff, “Like I said, I’m the one doing the chasing this time, Harper, and when I catch, know that I won’t be letting go.”

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 453-Have you ever been struck stupid by someone’s words? Like, they just rendered you completely speechless and stupid at the same time? That’s what his words have done to me.

I'm completely stunned by his words, words which send shivers down my spine.

I see it in his eyes and hear it in his voice. He was dead serious and he was making a promise. A promise he was determined to fulfill.

What do you even say to something like that? How do you even reply? What can you reply?

This side of him was completely new to me. Give me the arrogant, egoistic, rude and hurtful Gabriel, and I'll know how to deal with him. This side of him though?

I was blind when it came to him. I knew nothing about how to handle him or deal with him.

I came to this marriage with a clear focus. I knew what I was getting myself into.

I was fucking prepared for it... but now, he had changed the rules and had completely blindsided me.

I was walking on and navigating treacherous waters. It was bound to end in disaster, given I wasn't prepared for any of it.

My mind races as his gaze intensifies. Without warning, his arms shoot out and wrap around my waist, bringing me close to him.

His cologne envelops me, drowning me in a scent that is nothing but masculine.

Beneath his cologne is his natural scent. A scent that is all pheromones and calls to my natural body reaction. A reaction that demands my complete submission to the dominant male in front of me.

I feel his body heat through the soft fabric of his shirt. It calls to me. Pushing my need to the surface as my body demands to be locked down and taken in every possible way. It's been so long, and I crave his touch.

All thoughts flee when his hand squeezes my waist as he pushes us so close together that there isn't any space left between us. My tits are smashed against his chest and even then, I know my nipples are erect.

Gabriel leans down, and I surrender. I'm not thinking about anything except the fact that want him. Need him. Crave him.

“Lunch is here!”

The cheerful loud voice brings me out Gabriel’s spell and I jump away from him, my breathing hard and fast.

Damn it. I almost succumbed to him again. How the hell does he always manage to get past my defenses?

“Oh sorry, did I interrupt the beginning of a hot office sex scene?” Christopher says in a playful, mischievous voice.

His eyes move between us and I try everything I can to hide my flaming cheeks.

Of all the people to catch us, it had to be Chris? He would never let me live it down.

“Don’t worry, you can continue once you have more energy,” he wiggles his eyebrows, a big smile plastered on his face.

“Get out the fuck out, Christopher!” Gabriel growls, though I don’t know if it’s out of anger or frustration. Or maybe both.

“Sure,” he singsongs. “I’ll give you some privacy. I know you can’t wait to have your wife all to yourself.. and don’t worry, I’ll make sure you aren’t disturbed for the next hour or so, Will that be enough or should I give you more time?”

“Get out!”

I hide my face in my hands while trying to block out the sound of Christopher’s ringing laughter.

Please kill me now.

“That was so embarrassing.”

“Chris has the worst timing”

Gabriel and I say at the same time. I lift my face and just stare at him, unable to believe that that’s what bothered him most. Sure, I know Chris isn’t a gossip, but to be caught red-handed like that is still mortifying.

“Come, let’s eat” his commanding voice penetrates my thoughts.

I hesitate. I was so hungry and the smell of food was making my stomach rumble, but I was also afraid that I would succumb to Gabriel's strong sexual energy. I was hungry for food and sex. The latter, which I haven't had in two years.

"I don't bite, Harper" he teases in a dangerously sexy voice, right before he smirks.
"Unless you want me to, that is."

I swear, Gabriel is going to be the death of me.

Slowly, I approach the couch before finally sitting down. Gabriel already had the boxes of food opened, and the food smelled divine.

He hands me mine and I waste no time digging in. The first taste has me moaning in delight.

"You are really making this hard for me, Harper," Gabriel groans beside me.

I was confused. "What did I do?"

"Your moan just went straight to my dick and got me thinking how those pink lips would feel wrapped around my cock."

Was Gabriel trying to choke me?

I cough, trying to dislodge the piece of chicken that had just gone down the wrong tube.

He rubs and gently pounds my back when he realizes that I'm choking. Tears fill my eyes and my throat burns as my body tries to correct my errors.

"Has no one told you never to talk about such things when others are eating?" I ask, when I'm back to normal.

"It's not my fault" he whines, looking all innocent, but I know it's a façade.

"Really?"

"You're the one that started it by moaning?"

"Because the food is delicious, and plus it wasn't even a conscious action."

It was a waste of a perfectly good moan. The kind of moan that just came out of your lips is better suited in the bedroom. That's what I want to hear when I'm buried balls

deep inside you, not when you're eating, my dick is hard as a fucking rock and I can't even take you."

His voice was full of frustration and a kind of bitterness. I didn't even know whether to laugh or be mad. Instead, I just take a deep breath, shake my head and go back to eating.

As if sensing that I've had enough. That I am at my wits' end. Gabriel shuts his mouth, and we eat in silence.

Once we are done, I pick up the boxes and everything else and dump them in the trashcan. "Thanks for lunch, but I should get back to Work." I face him, once I'd cleaned up everything. He nods his head, and I turn, heading for his door. Right before I step out, his voice stops me.

Before you go, you should know I'll be taking you on my business trip,' he says in a calm, casual manner.

I turn sharply to face him.

"What?"

"We'll be leaving on Sunday, so I just wanted to let you know beforehand."

I was internally panicking, but keeping a calm and collected look on the outside.

I don't argue. Instead, I just nod my head before turning around to leave.

It is just a business trip, and it'll probably only be a few days. We'll be busy, so there is no need to worry. Nothing can go wrong, right?

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