

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 454

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 454-“Do you really have to go mom?” Lilly asks, her eyes shifting between me and the open suitcase on my bed.

I hated last last-minute rushes, but we have been so busy in the office these last couple of days, that every time I went home, all I could think about was sleeping. I was dead tired on my feet and I had no energy to do anything but eat and sleep.

“Yes,” I tell her softly. “This is an important deal and your father has to be there to seal it.”

“I still don’t understand why I can’t come with you? I want to see how daddy does it. How he closes a deal.’ I fold the last piece of clothing, which is a blue silk blouse, before placing it inside with the rest of the clothes. Once that is done, I zip up my suitcase before dropping it on the floor.

“You know you can’t,” I answer her while sitting on the bed.

“Why not?”

“Because you are still a child. That’s why?”

“I’m not a child, I’m almost ten.”

Rolling my eyes at the obvious lie, I pull her into my arms before kissing her soft cheeks.

“We both know you are eight. Lilly. Nowhere near ten... And besides, children aren’t allowed for such things. It would be really unprofessional if your dad decided to bring you with us. Plus, there is the matter of school. We’ve already talked about this.”

She pouts, but her brows pull together and she bites her lip. She does this when she’s running things through her head and thinking.

“But I want to visit Tokyo,” she whines.

I knew it. I just knew it. Lilly isn’t the kind of child to throw a tantrum. She rarely does. The fact that she was lamenting about not being able to accompany us raised questions in my head. She wasn’t a needy child, so I knew being gone for a couple of days wouldn’t be a problem.

She surprised me when she began complaining the moment we told her that we would be traveling. For the past two days, she has pestered me, always asking why she can’t come along.

“How about this, when you are on school break, we can plan a family trip to Tokyo?” Gabriel’s voice sounds from behind.

We both turn to him. Lilly and I had been so lost in our conversation that none of us had heard him come in.

“Really?” Lilly asks, her voice brimming with glee.

“Sure.” He replies, a huge smile aimed at her.

With a scream of happiness, Lilly rushes to Gabriel, almost falling in the process, and hugs him. Well, hugs his waist given how tall he is.

“Thank you daddy!” her voice is a bit muffled by the cotton of his clothes, but I can still hear her words.

“Anything for you.”

Lilly lets go of her father and, with one last cry of happiness, she leaves the room. Probably to go and tell her nanny the good news.

“You are spoiling her, Gabriel.” I say with a small smile.

He shrugs his shoulders as if it’s nothing. “And I don’t plan on stopping it. Lilly, along with all the other kids you give me, will be spoiled.”

Stunned. Shocked. Surprised.

“Did you just-” I couldn’t even finish the sentence.

Oh my god. He just insinuated that we were going to have more kids. That I’ll give him more kids. That this marriage isn’t ending any time soon.

Was he delusional? But then, I’ve come to realize that Gabriel goes a little crazy when he wants something.

“Yes” he smirks. “Now, are you done packing?”

My mind is still fried, but I manage to nod my head.

Gabriel has managed to surprise me at every turn. The more days I spend as his wife, the more I see a different side to him. I always thought that he was a cold and selfish bastard. In my head, I thought he was the devil incarnate. Now, though, I’ve gotten to see a side of him that I never saw, and it’s clashing with what I always believed to be true.

Slowly by slowly, the surrounding walls have started tumbling down. Little by little he has started breaking through.

It scares me, because it hasn't even been that long since he walked back into my life. It soars me because what if I fall again and he breaks me?

It scares me, because he has this power over me, and I'm slowly finding it hard to resist him.

Would it make me weak if I just gave in?

I thought that I was over him. That I'd gotten rid of him in my heart. Being around him has taught me that ?

hadn't done!

he shit. All I did was to hide my feelings deep down. Somewhere I didn't have to think about them or acknowledge them.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 455-"Harper?" his voice calls me.

"Oh, sorry, I got lost in thought for a moment." I shake my head to clear my mind. "Yes, I'm done packing."

"Good, let's go then."

An hour later, we were seated in Gabriel's private jet. This time though, I was accompanying him to sign a business deal.

"Everything okay? Do you need anything? I can get the hostess to bring you whatever you want." Gabriel says the moment his jet starts taking off See what I meant? He's very attentive.

Back when we were married, he wasn't. I don't think Gabriel ever did anything to make me happy. In fact, it was the opposite. He never cared about my needs or wants. He never cared if I was comfortable or not. He never cared if I was alive or not. He simply never cared about me.

Things are different now, though, and that's why I'm having a hard time. It's like he's my genie and my wish is his command.

"No, I'm okay. If I need something I'll let the hostess know," I mumble.

Nodding his head, he then pulls out his laptop.

I lean back against the plush leather chair and settle more comfortably. I didn't want to think. I didn't want to drive myself crazy with questions I had no answer to.

It's not that I hate him, I don't. I forgave him a long time ago. The thing is, despite this, I still remember. My heart still remembers the pain. It takes a lot of energy to hate someone, that's why, around a year after being divorced, I let go of the bitterness. I didn't want it to taint me.

I also didn't want to feel the pain. I didn't want to remember the heartache, so I tried burying all of them. I tried numbing myself. Lilly was an exact replica of her father. That was hard enough without me holding on to what he did to me.

Slowly by slowly, I started to think less of him. I got so used to pushing away thoughts of him and the pain that I became numb. For a long time, he didn't exist in my world. Not until he showed up on my doorstep.

He started to unravel the façade I plastered on. He started to destroy the walls I had around myself. With that, came the resurgence of the feelings I had tried to bury long ago.

Like I said, I don't hate Gabriel. I don't think I ever could. My hesitancy comes from the remnants of the pain he caused me. The echoes of the hurt he inflicted.

The phantoms of a long-ago pain. Phantoms that warn me to tread carefully.

I shake my head and look outside. Damn it, I needed to get a grip, but I feel myself drowning in him the more time we spend together.

I turn back and study his profile, only to find him staring at me, his laptop off.

"Have you ever been in love?" I ask out of the blue.

I don't know why, but it's something I've always wondered about.

Something flashes in his eyes, but it's gone before I can read. He closes his laptop, but lets it stay on his lap. Then he gets more comfortable before facing me.

"Nobody knows this, but yes," he says in a weak, deep voice.

Well, that was news to me. In my head, I always assumed that he'd never been in love. For as long as I am.

I can remember, Gabriel was a playboy. Always had different women every time. He even said in an interview once that he'd never allow himself to be tied to only one woman. It's surprising to know he's been in love before.

“Really?” I turn fully to him, eager to hear about the woman that managed to catch Gabriel’s heart.

“Yeah. It was before we got married, in my second year of university. She was the most beautiful girl I’ve ever seen, and I remember thinking that had to have her. It was what women love to call ‘love at first sight. I’d never really felt anything like that before, never gotten in a relationship and never pursued any girl before.

She made me want to change that.

She made me want to settle and commit to her. With her, sex wasn’t even a priority, I just wanted her.’

A pang hits me straight to the heart. I feel jealous and a little hurt and I hate that.

I hate that this girl, whoever she is, got Gabriel in a way I never did being his wife.

She combined everything I liked in a woman. Sexy, smart, beautiful, and funny. With her, I could be free.

com could let go and just be myself. We started out as friends and around four months later I finally convinced her to give me a chance and take her on a date. The day she agreed was the happiest. I couldn’t believe that I’d landed such an amazing girl.”

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 456-Isn’t love beautiful? But I sensed that something happened. Something changed. If everything was okay, he should be with her right now. He never would have married me.

His voice is hoarse as he continues. “ Everything was perfect. She was just amazing and every day I continued to fall more and more in love with her. I had yet to introduce her to Rowan because I wanted her to myself. I wasn’t hiding her, but I wanted more time with her before she met my family. Every day I woke up thinking of how lucky I was to find someone like her. You know our world, Harper, and you know finding a love match isn’t easy.”

That’s just how our society works. It’s hard finding someone who truly loves you.

Some of the marriages in our society are business deals and few are founded on love and respect. Then there are the gold diggers. Marriages based on what you can get from your rich partners. I think those are the majority.

“I was so in love I could barely see or – think straight. She’d managed to get me to clean up my act because I didn’t want to hurt her. I didn’t want to break her heart. My eyes were on her alone and no one other girl even registered in my head. That’s how deep I was in” he pauses, catching his breath before continuing.

"We had been dating for around seven months and everything was going so well I thought it was a fucking dream.

This one day, I'd talked to Rowan and my parents and told them I'd be inviting someone to our weekend lunch. They agreed. I was so fucking excited because I'd been dying to introduce her to my family." His voice catches, and I see the shadows in those eyes. This was going to be bad, I just knew it in my heart.

"We weren't supposed to meet that day, but I didn't think it would be a problem.

She didn't live on campus, so I went to her apartment. With my excitement, I forgot to tell her that I was stopping by, but looking at it now, "I see it as a blessing in disguise. I had a key to her apartment, so I let myself in. She destroyed me that day." Rubbing my chest, I push the uncomfortable feeling in my heart.

"What happened, Gabriel? What did she do?" I push, urging him to continue.

"The moans from the bedroom were the first hint that something was wrong. I remember walking numbly to the door. It wasn't completely close. It had a gap wide enough to see my girlfriend riding some bastard. I just stood there shocked and unable to move. I was in denial at first, until they finished. She got off him and laid down on his chest, in the same exact way she did with me after we fucked." I can't stop the gasp that leaves my lips. Like damn! Why would anyone cheat on Gabriel? She had him in her palm. Why would she destroy that? ~ "I managed to get my legs moving, and I would have left, but the moron's words stopped me." He takes a deep breath. "He asked her why she was with me when he's the one she loves.

She just laughed and told him that she liked the things I did and bought for her.

She said she was in it for the money and connections, and it had been so easy to fool me into thinking she was my dream girl. That she was different from the rest. She then promised that she'd break up with me once they got everything they wanted from my family."

What an utter bitch. It is despicable the lengths people will go to get what they want. Why play with someone's heart like that? Why play with their emotions? I will never understand how anyone can be so cruel.

"I'm really sorry about that, Gabriel" without thinking, I grasp his hand and squeeze. "You didn't deserve that when all you did was love her.

I honestly can't even imagine the pain he went through. The heartbreak he felt hearing the girl he loved confessing those brutal words to another man. It was devastating, and now I see how that day might have shaped him into the unfeeling man he became.

'I know, but I learned my lesson. A lesson that has stuck for so many com years" he says pulling my thoughts back to him, and giving me a small smile. One That does nothing to hide the echoes of pain that girl caused him.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 457-The jet comes to a halt on the runway.

Gabriel's hand stops me from jerking forward when the plane lands.

"You good?" he asks, his eyes searching mine.

"Yeah" After Gabriel told me about the girl he fell in love with, nothing much happened after. He was carrying scars that still haunted him. Scars that had tainted him.

I could see it in his eyes after he told me everything. He didn't want to talk anymore. He had revealed something about himself that no one else knew.

Not even his twin brother.

I didn't push him to talk more about it.

I didn't demand he tell me what happened after he found out the truth or what happened to the girl. He felt vulnerable, and I understood that he needed time to get himself together, so I gave him space.

Ispent half of the time reading, and the other half sleeping. He was still attentive even when he was pulling away from me. He would regularly ask if I was comfortable or needed anything.

His hands on my belly, pulls me from my thoughts. I look down, only to realize that he was undoing my seat belt.

"You do realize I can do that myself?" I try to push his hands away, but he doesn't budge.

"Yes, but I can't pass up any opportunity to touch you," he drawls.

His lazy grin tells me all I need to know. Gabriel had pulled himself together, and he was now back to normal.

Once he's done, he stands up before gently grabbing my hand and pulling me up. For a moment my legs wobble. I latch on his bicep to stop myself from od falling given my legs had gone to sleep.

He seems to understand and just lets me hold on to him. After a few minutes, blood starts circulating normally, and I'm able to move.

“Thanks” I whisper, not really knowing what else to say.

He doesn’t say anything, just gives me a small jerk of the head. He guides us outside, and after going through clearance, we get inside a waiting car.

“Have you even ever used a normal car before?” I ask eyeing the vehicle before us, before climbing in.

I wasn’t sure what kind of car this was, but it screamed luxury just like all the other cars that Gabriel uses.

“This is a normal car, Harper?” he teases, his lip turned up on one side.

“No, it’s not. This is a luxury car.” “Which equals normal car.” I want so badly to correct him, but I know we’ll end up arguing. I doubt Gabriel has ever been in a bus or taxi.

Nothing but the best for him.

“So where are we staying?” I ask after awhile.

He shrugs. “I don’t know. Christopher arranged everything.” If he wasn’t bothered, then I wouldn’t be. Chris is efficient, so he probably booked something nice.

Yawning, I lean back against the leather seat. I had slept during them flight but was still tired. Maybe it had to do with the fact that I haven’t been getting enough sleep these past few days.

We remain silent for the rest of the ride. It was a comfortable kind of silence.

One where no one felt the need to fill it with awkward chatter.

When we get to the hotel, I look at the building and just smile. Nothing but the best for Gabriel. Just everything else in his life, the building screamed luxury and opulence.

Just by looking at it, you would know it was a five-star hotel that cost a tooth and a nail to stay at. Whoever owns it, ~ knew the specific class he was targeting.

As the concierge handled our bags, Gabriel guided me to the front desk with his hand on my lower back.

“Hello sir, how can I be of assistance?” the lady manning the desk asks.

“Booking under Mr. and Mrs. Wood” he replies, his hand still firmly fixed on my back.

Sure, let me just check” she turns to her computer for a few minutes before her eyes come back to us. m Right, penthouse suite ... Top floor, room number 201.” With a nod,

Gabriel takes our keys and leads us to the elevators. We get in, he presses the necessary button, and we begin to ascend.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 458-Minutes later, we are outside our suite and a sense of anticipation suddenly grips me. Gabriel unlocks the door and pushes it open.

The foyer welcomes us with polished marble floors that gleams under the soft light of an exquisite chandelier, casting intricate patterns on the walls.

An expansive living area unfolds, adorned with plush furnishings and floor-to ceiling windows that frame a breathtaking cityscape, shimmering like a sea of stars.

A state-of-the-art entertainment system promised cozy evenings, while the gourmet kitchen beckoned with gleaming stainless-steel appliances and a

spacious island perfect for culinary adventures. A stylish dining area exuded warmth, setting the stage for intimate gatherings.

"I take it that you like it?" Gabriel asks in a teasing tone.

Tjustnod my head. Like I said, we were rich, and we used to stay at good hotels, but this is on another level.

This is luxury at its best.

My eyes continue drinking the room, but then I freeze in my tracks when realization hits me.

"Gabriel, where is my room? I can only see one bedroom" I stutter, my eyes shifting nervously from the bedroom to my husband.

"Hmm, I guess we will be sharing," he says with a shrug like it's nothing. + didn't think to tell Christopher to book different rooms." Blood drains from my face.

Share a bedroom with Gabriel? That is a recipe for disaster.

"Not going to happen," I unfreeze and start pacing. "Call downstairs and ask them to give us a suite with two bedrooms or get me my own room.

Why would Chris book this suite?" "We are married, Harper? Why would he think of booking a two-bedroom suite?

Besides, it's not a big deal. The bed is big enough to sleep five people.

You'll have enough space." ~ I continue shaking my head, refusing to hear him out. He is right though. We are married. Of course, everyone else would expect us to share a room and a bed. Chris included.

"Just call them!" I demand.

Gabriel probably thought I was being unreasonable. He probably thought it wasn't a big deal, and it wasn't. The problem, though, is that I'm afraid.

Afraid that sleeping with him on the same bed, having him so close for the next few days will completely shatter my self-control, making me give in to my desire to have him.

"You are being unreasonable, Harper," his voice had an edge of frustration in it.

I know I was, but I couldn't risk sharing a bed with him.

"Just call them!" Releasing a breath, he walks to the console table, picks up the phone and calls downstairs.

"What did they say?" I ask once he's done talking and he hangs up.

"There are no available rooms. They're fully booked," he mutters, before dismissing the entire conversation about rooms. "Now, are you going to shower first, or should I?" Once again, Gabriel acted like he wasn't bothered, while I was dying on the inside. How could he not see that this is a terrible idea? That sleeping in the same bed is a disaster waiting to happen.

I want to argue. To force issues... but looking at Gabriel with his wide stance and arms crossed along his chest, I know he wouldn't budge. He was already done and finished with the matter.

"Fine, I'll shower first," I give in, throwing my hands in the air.

Our luggage had arrived while he was on call. I grab my suitcase and drag it inside the bedroom.

Ignoring the king-sized bed, I open my suitcase, get all I need before entering the ensuite bathroom that resembles a spa, complete with a soaking tub.

The entire shower, I can't help but think of what these coming days would bring. I knew it would spell trouble the moment Gabriel told me about the trip.

I should have fought harder, but I didn't and that's on me.

Each and every day, it was getting harder and harder to resist him.

Especially when he was not pulling back any punches when it came to C pursuing me. He stole touches every time he could and those small touches lit my body up like a motherfucking beacon.

I want him, that's no secret, but should I allow myself to have him?

Pushing those thoughts away, given that I had no answer to them, I finish K my shower. After doing my skin care routine, putting on some lotion, I put on my nightgown and get out.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 459-"Shower is free," I inform Gabriel when I step into the living room.

"I ordered, so feel free to start eating without me" he walks past me and into the bedroom.

It didn't feel right to eat without him, and I wasn't that hungry. Instead, I take my phone and just check my emails, going through what needed to be done tomorrow.

I didn't have to wait long because less than ten minutes later, Gabriel was striding out of the bedroom with a worn-out t-shirt and some sweatpants.

"You didn't start?" he questions with a raised eyebrow, eyeing the food.

"It didn't feel right to eat without you when you are the one that ordered for us." He takes his seat, and begins uncovering the foods. After serving a small portion, I start eating.

I was exhausted despite sleeping on the plane. I couldn't stop envisioning the bed. I'd been reluctant to sleep in it with Gabriel, but now I couldn't stop thinking about it. My body begged for sleep.

"So, have you ever been in love?" Gabriel's question catches me off guard.

I turn sharply, only to find his intense eyes on me. Swallowing, I will my mouth to work. This could only go two ways. I could either lie or tell the truth.

I didn't want to lie since he had been truthful when I had asked him the same question. So, the truth is.

"Yes," I murmur, unable to meet his eyes.

"Your former husband?" there was something in his voice, but I chose to ignore it.

. take a deep breath, "You, RE He's shocked. Like really shocked. I guess he didn't expect that.

"Ve?" "Yeah. I had a crush on you when I was younger. In high school, that crush turned into something more. I was content with loving you from afar because I knew I wasn't your type, and you'd never give me the time of day.

You were my dream and when Andrew told me we would be getting married, I thought that finally my dream was coming true. I thought I could get you to notice me. See me... And maybe fall in love with me." "Fuck!" He looks so devastated, that I actually feel bad for him. It's like someone had taken his favorite thing and destroyed it right before his eyes. He looks shattered.

For some reason, I didn't like that look on him. "It was a long time ago. It was a silly girlish dream. I'm over it now," I say, trying to make things easier for him.

"It was years ago, Gabriel," I try again to tell him, but it's like nothing I say is getting through to him.

Of course I wasn't over, but he didn't need to know. I'm not sure if my love for Gabriel is still there, but I do know I feel something. I'm just not sure what it is.

'Fuck no! No, it's not okay. I know what I felt like watching Ashley with that bastard, yet I put but you through the same kind of pain every time I cheated on you." He was livid now.

He seemed way beyond reason as his anger and dangerous energy filled the entire space between us.

His eyes pierce mine when he turns and holds my hand in his warm ones.

"I know it's long overdue, but I'm so fucking sorry Harper. I'm sorry for cheating on you. I'm sorry for hurting you. I'm sorry for treating you like shit. I'm so fucking sorry for making your life miserable and unbearable.

I'm sorry that I didn't see the treasure I had all because I was lost and miserable in my own world. I know | don't deserve your forgiveness but !

hope you accept it. I'm so sorry. More than you'll ever know." « I can't stop the tears that fall down my face.

Seeing the sincerity in his eyes just makes me cry harder because this is what I've always wanted. For him to acknowledge that he did me wrong and for him to apologize.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 460-The rest of dinner is silent. He did owe me an apology, but I didn't know what to say. If T am being honest, I never thought that Gabriel would ever apologize to me. So, to have him doing it and, while being sincere, has left me speechless.

We finish dinner and call downstairs for them to come pick up the dishes.

"I'm going to sleep? Do you need anything before I do?" I ask once the dishes have been cleared and the hotel personnel had left our room.

Deep inside I was panicking at having to share a room with Gabriel, but my jet lag outweighed the anxiety.

"I'm also headed to bed. I'm fucking tired." I stifle the surge in panic. I thought I'd sleep before him like I always do. That would give me the time I needed to "

relax and rest before he joined me. counted on being asleep by the time he decided to pop into bed.

Gritting my teeth in irritation and frustration, I nod my head before ~ stomping to the bedroom.

"Which side do you prefer?" he asks, walking inside before stopping at the bed.

"I don't really have a preference. As long as I sleep, then it doesn't really matter." "Okay, then I'll take the left. You take the right." "Fine" We switch sides and I push back the covers before getting in.

"What are you doing?" his voice stops what I am doing.

"Dividing the bed, clearly" I continue arranging the pillows down the middle of the bed. It's childish, sue me! I need a barrier between us and that's exactly what I'm getting.

Once I am done, I settle more comfortably on my side, breathing a sigh of relief.

"Is this really necessary, Harper?" he asks, his hands motioning to the bed and pillows.

"yes" "And why is that?" "Nothing. I just think we would both sleep better if everyone stayed on their side of the bed." He chuckles. "I call bullshit. I think you are afraid you'll end up in my arms before morning." I scoff, playing it cool, acting like what he is saying is totally ridiculous. He's right, but there is no way I'll ever admit it.

"It's not bullshit. It's the truth." His lips twist in a devilish smirk.

™ Sure, Harper, whatever makes you sleep peacefully at night." He gets into bed and switches the light off. Minutes later, I hear his deep breathing and I know he's asleep. Only then do I relax enough to fall asleep.

kok The feel of a hand on me slowly brings my mind to consciousness. It's a battle as I try to fight the remnants of sleep and something else. Arousal.

Sure, I've dreamed of Gabriel fucking me more times than I can count since we got married again, but this dream felt different. It felt so real. Almost like he was actually touching me.

My eyes snap open when I realize that it isn't a dream. A small gasp leaves my lips when I feel his hand on my chest.

Gabriel had his hands on my breast and his fingers were pinching my very erect nipple, I'm stunned and frozen at the same time because of how good his hands feel. I want to move. I want to push his hands away, but I can't. Not when his kneading feels so fucking good.

I was on my side and he was spooning me. So close to me, that I felt his breath on the back of my neck. I try to wiggle, but I stop when I feel his unmistakable morning wood.

Is he still asleep? Is he aware of what he was doing? I don't know, and I don't want to turn and find out.

His hands on my breast and his cock on my ass were rendering me completely useless. It was hard to think, especially given that my brain had chosen this moment to remind me how good sex with Gabriel was, the one time we did.

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