

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 521 – 530

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 521-“I’ll talk to my parents.” We turn, surprised to see Ava standing a few feet away, her focus on Travis. “Their revenge has gone on for too long.”

*Not long enough if you ask me,” Reaper chimes in, his voice full of disgust. “Given your treatment of Ava, I wouldn’t stop if I were them.”

*Seriously? And what about your brother? He played her and used her,” Travis raged, his anger evident.

“True, but he’ll be paying for that for a really long time... But what about you and your family? Ethan played her for a few months but ended up falling for her. You, on the other hand, have treated her like shit since she was a child. Can you really repay the damage you caused her?”

Rowan stiffens at the mention of Ethan and the love he has for Ava. I know my brother, and we have talked about this a few times. He’s still insecure when it comes to Ethan. It guts him that if it weren’t for the fact that Ethan messed up, Ava would have completely fallen in love with him, and he wouldn’t have had a chance with her.

I keep telling him that Ava’s heart always belonged to him. I try assuring him that if Ava were really and truly in love with Ethan, then she would have waited for him to get out of prison so they could finally be together... But no matter what, his insecurity still remains.

“Can we please just stop all this?” Ava asks in a whisper.

Rowan pulls her onto his lap, where she settles, melting into him. Rowan is her home. I don’t get how my brother can’t see that. He should stop worrying so much about Ethan.

Ava turns and focuses all her attention on Travis. “I don’t want to hate you anymore, Travis. I’m sick and tired of holding on to grudges and carrying this heavy weight that always pulls me down because I simply can’t let it all go and forgive.”

Travis looks shocked at her words. Rowan, on the other hand, doesn’t look surprised. He’s rubbing her baby bump while staring at her face as if she has him in a thrall.

“What do you mean?” Travis asks in an unsteady voice.

“It means I’ve forgiven you, and I’ve forgiven mother too... No more holding grudges,” She takes a deep breath.” One step at a time though, but for now, I’m no longer angry or bitter with both of you.”

Without any warning, he stands up, snatches her up from Rowan’s hands, and swings her around like a child while screaming ‘Thank you’ over and over again.

“Put me down, Travis, or I’ll throw up.”

Rowan follows suit. He snatches his wife back. “Do that again and, best friend or not, I’ll rip off your hands,” he warns while trying to steady Ava, who seems dizzy.

Travis steps back with his hands up in surrender, but a huge smile on his face. The shadows that were haunting him seemed to have disappeared when Ava told him she had forgiven him.

I smile knowing that things are falling into place like they were supposed to.

“You look tired.” My brows pull together at the exhausted look on Harper’s face.

I don’t get it. I made sure that she didn’t even lift a finger for the housewarming party, yet she looked like she was dead on her feet with how she was dragging her feet and her half-closed eyes. How the fuck is that even possible?

“I have a surprise for you,” she smiles, completely ignoring my statement.

The party was over. Letty and Travis, along with Connie and Reaper, decided to go to their homes and not stay. My parents, Rowan and Ava, are spending the night. The kids too. Gunner had permission from his dad to sleep over. Harper talked to Sierra’s mom, and she agreed too.

It was past eleven, and everyone was tucked in their bedrooms.

“I don’t really give a damn about a fucking surprise. Not when you look like you could fall asleep any minute now.”

“Oh, trust me, you are going to love this surprise,” she grabs my hand and drags me to our bedroom.

Pushing the door open, we get in before she closes the door behind us. Walking us to bed, she pushes me down on it.

“Harper”

“Sit “Harper, you need to get off your feet.” I try telling her as gently as I can “Don’t tell me what to do.”

“Will you just get off your feet? You look like you are about to drop.”

*Just sit and give me a fucking minute.” She snaps, her eyes glaring at me with fire.

“Why are you angry all of a sudden? What kind of surprise are you giving me when you are snapping and snarling at me?” I don’t know why, but I like pushing her buttons.

“Y-you...” She doesn’t finish her sentence; instead, she gets something from her drawer before launching it at me. I’m too slow to react (mainly because I didn’t think she would throw something at me), and it hit my forehead. “What the fuck, Harper?”

“You made me angry, and now you’ve ruined the surprise!”

I rub my forehead before grabbing whatever the fuck she hit me with. At first, I stare at it, trying to understand what the hell I was looking at. Today my brain seems a bit slow because it takes a while for me to realize that it’s a pregnancy test.

My heart stops for a second, and my mouth drops open. I stare at the twin pink lines, praying and hoping that I am not imagining things.

“Is this...?” My voice is thick as emotions clog my throat, making it hard to speak.

“Yes,” Harper whispers. “I’m pregnant.”

“Well, that would explain your moodiness. I was starting to think there’s something wrong with you.”

“Why you...” This time she launches herself at me.

I catch her. My hands wrap securely around her waist as I bring her to sit on my lap. Before she can react and hit me or something, I seal our lips, kissing her like my life depends on it.

“Thank you,” I murmur, completely out of breath. “I feel like the happiest and luckiest man in the world.” Words can’t even begin to express just how grateful I am that I decided to hunt Harper down when the board gave me that stupid ultimatum. My heart is full in a way I never experienced and never thought possible. Harper and Lilly have brought light into my life, and I can’t wait to share that same light with the baby we are expecting.

“I love you, Harper” I murmur against her lips.

“Right back at you, Gabriel. I love you.”

I smile, her words warming my heart. I feel complete, and it’s all thanks to my family.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 522-Emma I stare at the mess in front of me, not really sure what to do with it. I’ve been off these past few days and I haven’t been able to pinpoint the exact reason as to why I’ve been feeling this way.

I’ve tried thinking about it, but nothing comes to mind. All I know is that I have been feeling off. Like something is wrong or something bad is about to happen. I can’t shake the feeling no matter what I do. It sits still, heavily weighing on my heart.

Have you ever felt that way? Like you are having premonition of something that's about to happen? It frustrates me because I can't pin it down, and it's driving me insane.

Sighing, I look down at my gloved hands. Mia suggested that I should do something to take my mind off my worries and to relax. Yesterday I talked to Ava, and I happened to mention it. She suggested I should try gardening. According to her, it used to help her, especially when she was stressed and wanted to do something to take her mind off things.

Ava told me she used to plant vegetables, but she suggested I could try planting flowers if I didn't want to plant vegetables.

So here I am, having no fucking clue about what I am doing. Ava was always the outdoor one. She loved playing with dirt and digging whatever treasure she thought she could find. When we got older, she transitioned to planting anything that could be planted. Most of the herbs and vegetables we used for cooking were planted by her. We also always had fresh flowers in vases around the house. They were also courtesy of Ava.

I've never planted a single thing in my life, so I have no idea what to do. Does it just involve shoving the seed down the soil and watering, or is there something more to it?

"What are you doing?" I was so lost in thought that I hadn't noticed Gunner coming into the backyard.

I look from him, to my hands, to the sachets of flower seed, and then back to him again.

"I honestly don't know," I answered, sitting on the back of my legs. "I thought I could plant some flowers, but I don't know where to start."

He looks at me for what seems like forever. This time, though, there wasn't any anger or bitterness in his gaze. Just curiosity and some hesitancy. It's like, as much as he is curious about me, he is not sure whether to trust me given what I'd put him through.

"I'll help you," he finally says, stunning me into silence.

My throat is clogged with emotions, so my voice comes out a little rough: "Really?"

"Yeah, we used to do a lot of gardening with Aunt Ava because I liked it a lot. I can show what she taught me."

I try to push down the emotions, but I can't. The fact that he is willing to help and work with me is a miracle. I thought it would probably take months to get him to open up. This is a freaking miracle, and I am beyond happy.

"Is your father okay with you being here?" I asked.

As much as I am happy that he is here, I didn't want to undermine Calvin or do anything that would bring a rift between them. I understand that Calvin still doesn't trust me and he hates me. If he wasn't okay with Gunner seeing me, then I would talk to him and try to convince him to let us spend time together. I wouldn't want to anger him by going against his wishes.

"Yes, he said he'd follow my lead," Gunner answered, getting down on the ground.

Damn it! Here come the tears.

"Why are you crying?"

I blink back the tears. "I am not."

Rolling his eyes at me, he says, "Yes, you are. I am not a child. You can't lie to me. So why are you crying?"

I was caught off-guard before laughing. "I'm just really happy that you are here."

"Oh."

He's quiet for a while before he bends forward and starts mixing the soil, "Should I get you a pair of gloves?"

"No need... I like the feel of soil on my hand. It makes me feel connected to the earth, as weird as it sounds."

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 523-I stare at him for a while. I then take off my gloves.

"Now, what are you doing?" He seemed amused by my actions.

"Well, you are my teacher, if you think it's better to use my bare hands, then that is what I will do."

I follow what he's doing and mix the soil together. I don't know whether it's just having the soil in my bare hand, or it's having him next to me, or both, but a certain peace settles over me. I feel light and airy as if I am on cloud nine.

My worries disappear as Gunner teaches me about gardening. No wonder both he and Ava love this so much. It's so relaxing, and I weirdly feel connected to the earth.

"Thank you for the gift," Gunner says, pulling my focus to him.

I'd decided that I would give him a birthday and Christmas gift for every year I missed. A few days ago, I got him one. I didn't know what to get him, but a shop attendant told me I should get him an electric water gun. He called it Mongu Kublai S-two. He

demonstrated how it works for me. It looked cool. It's something Travis, Rowan, and Gabe would have loved to have when they were kids.

"I hope you liked it."

He smiles, reminding me so much of Calvin. "Definitely! It's so cool. I can't wait to show Noah. Maybe his parents can get him one, and we could shoot at each other."

"I'm glad you like it, Gunner." The happiness that fills my heart knowing that he loves my gift is imaginable. I was so worried that he wouldn't love it.

I pat the soil after planting the flower seed.

"No, don't do that," Gunner stops me, pulling my hand away.

"Why?"

"It will sound stupid, but I believe that the plant will struggle to find its way up."

I know that's not the case, but he's so cute.

I smile "It's not stupid, and if that's what you believe, then I won't do that."

I wanted to shout for the whole world to hear. To be able to spend some time with Gunner is a dream come true. My smile broadens. Ava probably knew what she was doing when she suggested I start gardening. She knew Gunner loved it and probably hoped it would bring us together.

To be honest, I don't know if I would have enjoyed this as much if it weren't for Gunner. "Shoot," Gunner quickly stands up. "Looks like Rex has escaped home once again." It's then I hear the dog's bark.

"I can go and fetch him." I also get up and suggest.

"Thank you, but no. He doesn't know you and he isn't used to you. He won't agree to come with you."

Before I could respond to let him know that we could get him together, he rushed out of the yard. He's fast as he rushes towards the street. I followed behind him.

Remember when I said I got that weird feeling? Well, I thought I'd calmed it down, but I was wrong. It starts intensifying as I rush after him.

"Rex," he calls.

The dog that had been peeing on a neighbor's bush across from us is startled, and so it starts to run away. I was just behind Gunner when he started crossing the road. He was so focused on Rex that he didn't see the car that was coming our way. The driver was looking at his phone. He didn't notice a kid was crossing the road. Besides that, with the current speed, he was going above the speed limit for this area.

The speeding car was just inches away. I didn't think. I sped up my pace before pushing Gunner from behind. He fell, his knees hitting the pavement, but he was safe and out of the car's path. My relief was short-lived as pain like no other radiated throughout my body. The last thing I heard was the screeching of tires and Gunner screaming my name. Coldness filled my body. As darkness consumed me, I couldn't help but think that even if I didn't make it, at least I got to spend a few hours with Gunner, because that is all I ever asked for and wanted.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 524-Calvin.

Today was a day for just chilling and relaxing. I didn't have much going on, so after Gunner and I completed the chores around the house, he asked if he could go see Emma.

I was surprised at first, but I had promised him that I would with his flow. That I would respect his decision if he wanted to get to know Emma and allow her to be in his life.

She greeted him whenever they met and talked to him, even though he didn't always say much. Honestly, I think she times things so that they can meet. Whether he's going to school and she's going to work or he's coming back from school, and she's coming back from work.

Then she sent him a birthday gift. I thought that she was trying to buy him with gifts, but that's after I read the message on the card. It was short, but heartfelt. To summarize things, she told him that she'd be giving him gifts for every birthday and Christmas she missed.

I should be irritated but I am not. I know most parents would feel betrayed by their kid if said kid chose to get to know the parent that abandoned them. I am not. To me, Gunner's happiness is the most important. If getting to know his mother and having her around will make things easier for him and make him happier, then so be it. It doesn't matter what grudges I have towards her.

Besides, I decided to move on and leave the past behind. I finally asked Kinley out and she said yes. If I want a chance with her. If I want things between us to work, then I need to let go of my past with Emma. I can't hold on to it and expect it not to affect my current relationship. I have to let go of the old in order to receive the new.

So far, things are going well, and I like where I am at. Kinley and I haven't had our date yet, but that will happen next week since I just asked her the day before yesterday. As

much as I wanted us to go out this weekend, she had a deadline she was trying to meet by Monday next week.

Sighing, I fix my eyes on the football match that I was watching before my thoughts cut through. I had missed a lot given that my team had scored, and I had missed it. Just when I was settling in, I heard Cunner's scream.

I sat upright, not really sure that I heard it right.

"Daddy, help!" came his scream. He hasn't called me Daddy in a long time. I went from Daddy to Dad when he turned seven.

I spring up from the couch, my heart racing in fear. He sounded scared out of his mind. All kinds of thoughts race through my mind as I dash out of the door. I swear if Emma has done anything to hurt him, I'll strangle and kill her with my bear hands. I won't allow her to hurt him a second time after he's decided to give her a chance.

I was running towards Ava's house when I noticed a commotion on the road. A man was pacing in what seemed like distress. There was someone lying on the ground, and a few of our neighbors were just coming out of their houses.

My focus was on Gunner, and I was about to ignore the whole thing and go get him from Emma when his form caught my attention. I stop dead in my tracks, watching my son kneeling beside the body on the road.

Quickly, I get my feet to move and run towards them. My lungs felt constricted, and my heart was pounding. It felt like it was fighting to get out of my chest. I felt fear like I'd never felt before.

I get there within seconds. I push aside the guy and look down. That's when the sight of Emma hits me like a runaway train.

My eyes widen, and my heart stops for a moment. My knees weaken, and I fall down on the ground, unable to stand upright.

Emma is oozing blood from behind her head, her nose, and her mouth. Her legs were bent at an unnatural angle. She looked pale; her lips had started turning blue.

"Someone call an ambulance!" I shouted as fear gripped.

"Already have. They are on their way." I don't know who answered, and I don't care. All cared about was Emma being alright.

With trembling hands, I reach for her throat to feel her pulse. I sigh in relief when I feel it. It's weak, but it's there.

"I tried waking her up, but she wouldn't wake up. Why isn't she waking up?" Gunner tells me in a trembling voice.

Fuck I hate seeing him like this.. And where is the fucking ambulance?

I hold her hand just like Gunner is doing, begging her to hold on. I know we've had our differences, but seeing her like this is killing me. It's destroying something inside me.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 525-"Come on, Emma, open those big blue eyes." I beg for mine and Gunner's sake. "Don't you want me to forgive you? Then wake up."

She doesn't. Her eyes remain close. She is almost white as a sheet, and her blonde hair is spread behind her. If it weren't for the blood that covered it, she would have looked like a doll.

Waiting there with her was excruciating. I keep feeling her pulse just to make sure she's still with us. By now, more people had joined us, but that didn't matter. They didn't matter. Not when Emma looked like a fucking corpse. Her chest was barely rising and falling.

"Fuck this." I get up ready to pull my car from the garage and take her to the hospital because it seemed like the ambulance was taking its sweet time.

Just as I was about to turn around, I heard the sirens. My heart sags in relief as I turn to see them approaching. The others clear out the way for them to reach us. Two paramedics rush down with a stretcher towards us.

"I'm Tasha, and this is Eric. What happened?" the female paramedic asks after introducing themselves right before they kneel down.

"I didn't mean to," the man that was pacing earlier says. "I didn't see her crossing the road?*" And how come you didn't see her crossing the road, especially when your eyes should have been on the fucking road? I wanted to ask, but I held it off. He didn't matter.

All through as the paramedics worked on Emma, Gunner held her hand, his tears falling silently down his face. Once they were done, they gently put her on the stretcher.

"Who is riding with her?" Tasha asks.

"We are"

"And you are?"

"Her family... this is our son," I reply. I didn't expect them to stop us, but I wanted to see them try.

“Get in,”

Thaul Gunner up before getting inside the ambulance too. My heart was in a tight grip watching them work on her. I may no longer want her, but Emma will always have a special place in my heart. After all, she is the mother of my son.

The driver starts the ambulance, and we drive off, rushing to take her to the hospital. All the while, all I can think about is how I refused to forgive her. What if I never get the chance to? shake my head, refusing to give in to those negative thoughts.

“My baby. Where is my baby?” someone says, but my brain doesn’t register who it is. I’m too lost in my fear and worry about Emma for anything else to register.

“Sir,” someone shakes me, ‘she’s asking for her son.’

It’s then I realize that it was Erma’s voice. She had woken up.

Both Gunner and I get closer to her. Watching as she struggled to keep her eyes open.

“Mom,” Gunner whispers, kissing her forehead.

Emma gives him a teary smile. “You called me Mom. It feels good hearing you calling me Mom... I’m sorry. I’m sorry for the way I acted. No one knows, but I used to talk to you when you were in my belly. You were my peace and every time I felt you move, you brought joy to me.”

It’s a struggle for her to talk. She’s weak and every breath she’s taking looks painful.

“When I heard your cry the first time, I wanted to hold you; I wanted to kiss your chubby cheeks, b-but I was afraid. Afraid you’ll leave me. I never told anyone, even your dad, but I always loved you. I had loved someone before and they left me. I was afraid that you’d leave me too if I allowed myself to love you.”

“I would never leave you,” Gunner cries, holding her tight, afraid she’ll leave him instead.

“I know that now, but I didn’t know it back then. I was scared, naïve, and stupid,” she whispers, before closing her eyes for a moment. “I love you so much, my beautiful baby boy. Always remember that, okay?”

Why the fuck does it feel like she was saying goodbye?

“Calvin,” she calls, and I rush to her before grabbing her hand. “I’m sorry. Sorry for not seeing the treasure that you are. I’m sorry for everything that I’ve done. I also want to thank you. Thank you for loving me and loving Gunner. You are a good man, Calvin,

and I am blessed that I met you. I never told you, but you were always my anchor. You are the reason I never gave up on life back when we were in college. I-..."

She doesn't finish. Her eyes close, and her brows scrunch up. She gasps in pain. The monitors start beeping loudly, and her grip on my hand loosens.

"Fuck! Fuck!" Eric curses as they begin rushing around.

"What's happening?" I stammer as sweat trickles down my back and fear engulfs me. I can't stop the tears that fall down my face.

"She's flatlining." Tasha is the one that answers, panic filling her voice.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 526-Coldness fills my body as my breath comes rapidly. I can't breathe as the pain in my chest intensifies. I bring Gunner close to me, holding on to him like he is a lifeline.

This can't be happening. This can't be happening. She has to be fine.

I repeat those words over and over again like a fucking mantra, because it's the only thing that's keeping me from losing it.

Something has to give. She can't leave now. Not when Gunner just decided to give her a chance. To accept her back into his life. I know my son, Emma, dying would devastate him. He's only wish was to have a mother. For Emma to be his mother and accept him. It would be cruel if he finally got the chance only for him to lose her.

"She's okay. She's okay," Eric announces, relief sounding in his voice.

I have never been so happy to hear words. The relief is immense as a ray of hope begins to shine in the otherwise dark cloud that had surrounded us.

I sink against the van. Air whooshes out of me in relief. I watch her vitals like a hawk. Praying nothing happened again. My eyes keep alternating from her vitals to the rising of her chest. Those two keep me sane. Keep me from completely losing it. Like I said, no matter what, Emma will always have a special place in my heart.

I am so focused on her that I don't register the fact that the van has stopped. It's only when the door opens that it finally hits me. We were at the hospital. They gently get her out of the van, and we follow behind them.

"Is she going to be okay, Dad?" His voice is so small. It's filled with worry and fear.

I hug him close to me. Squeezing him in an attempt to assure him without really uttering the words, because how can I? How can I tell him that his mother will be okay when I am not really sure?

We pick our pace and run after them. They rush to the emergency section, shouting orders as a bunch of nurses and doctors start rushing in a flurry of movements.

*Prep the surgery room immediately and get her to Radiology. I need those results now," one of the doctors urges as he moves Emma and checks the back of her head.

No one tells us anything as they rush her to one of the rooms. Ten minutes or so later, they come out with Emma in a hospital gown. They rush past us and take her to the operating room.

My heart is racing as everything is happening. I can barely think as every little thing overwhelms me. I am taken back to when Ava was shot and we almost lost her. At that thought, I turn to Gunner.

*Stay here, okay?" I tell him. "I need to make a phone call and let the others know."

He doesn't even look at me. His eyes focused on the door they took Emma in. He just nods his head.

I get to the nurse's station. "Can I please use your telephone? I left mine at home and I need to call the rest of her family."

"You are with the lady that was just rushed in?" she asks, her face drawn in sympathy.

"Yes,"

"Here," she hands me the phone.

It's when I have it in my hands that I realize that I don't know her mom's number or Travis's. I calm down, pushing away the panic that was threatening to overcome me. I dial the only other number I know, like the back of my hand.

"Hello"

"H-hey Ava," I say, my voice trembling a bit.

*Calvin? Is that you? What's wrong? Is everything okay with Gunner? You sound terrified," she throws the questions at me rapidly, without giving me the chance to answer.

Fuck! Get it together, Calvin. Get it the fuck together. I scream at myself.

"I need you to contact Emma's mother and Travis and come to the hospital," I mumble, all of a sudden feeling tired and worn out.

"Why?"

*Emma was hit by a car. We are at the hospital, and she is in surgery." I all but whisper the words.

There is a shocked gasp at her end and a crash.

"W-we are on our way. I'll let them know," she stammers, her voice laced with pain.

I hang up the phone and just lean against the nurse's station for a while. It's hard to breathe as my emotions threaten to drown me.

*You okay, honey?" I look up to see an elderly nurse staring at me with worry.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 527-I pull myself up straight, my back ramrod, as I try to give myself some false bravado. I try to get the words out. To tell her that I am okay, but my tongue is heavy, and the words refuse to leave my mouth.

She gently pats my shoulders. "I understand. Go and take a seat. It looks like your son needs a shoulder to lean on right now. You can be each other's anchor."

I do the only thing I can. I nod my head before leaving. I get to Gunner and sit next to him before pulling him onto my lap. We hug each other, holding on to one another.

I don't know how long it is when I feel someone shaking me. I focus on the person only to find Ava staring at me. Her brows pulled down, her mouth turned down, and her eyes full of worry.

"We are all here," she mumbles softly before sitting next to me. "Is she still in surgery?"

"Yes," I croak out the word that feels to have been pulled from deep down.

"What happened?" Travis asks, holding their mother, who seems last in his hands.

She seems like she has checked out. Or maybe she's also remembering. So far, three of her family members have been in the hospital. One of them never came out alive, the other one was a close call, and now Emma.

Everyone who knows her is here. Travis, their mom, Ava and Rowan, Connier and Reaper, Letty, Gabriel, and his wife. Rowan and Gabriel's parents too. The only one missing is Molly. I wonder if anyone has informed her about her best friend.

"It was my fault," Gunner whispers. "We were in the garden when I heard Rex from across the street. She wanted to get him, but I insisted that I should get him. I didn't see the car. She pushed me out of the way, and she got hit instead."

I rub his back, trying to comfort him. Emma saved our son, but got hurt in the process. I don't know what to do with that knowledge.

"It's my fault," Gunner cries brokenly, his pain shattering my heart to pieces.

I hate seeing him like this. I hate seeing him broken. I hate seeing him blame himself. Seeing the broken look in his eyes is killing me. Destroying me from the inside out.

Kate kneels down and takes his hand before kissing the back of it. "It's not your fault and don't you ever think like that, okay?"

He nods his head, but I can see it in his eyes. He is still blaming himself, and he'll continue doing that for some time.

From there we are quiet. Time flies by but no one notices. No one cares when we are all so worried about Emma. We were all beginning to get agitated by the lack of communication and information from the doctor when the doors to the operating room opened after what seemed like forever.

*Emma's family?"

I didn't like the look on the doctor's face, and I didn't want Gunner hearing what he had to say in case it's bad news. Let's be honest, doctors don't really know how to break off bad news to patients' families. Some of them often come off as unfeeling.

"Connie, would you mind taking Gunner to get a snack?" I request turning to her.

*Sure"

"But I don't want to go," Gunner protests, his brows furrowed stubbornly.

"Please..."

He must have seen something in my eyes because he agrees. He takes Connie's hand and they leave. The moment they are out of earshot, I turn back to her doctor.

*I am just going to be blunt; she died twice while we were operating," he says, staring at each one of us in the eyes. "She suffered a skull fracture, and we had to drain the blood from her brain. Apart from that, both her legs are broken, and she also suffered a spinal cord injury."

Kate's heart wrenching sobs fill the space as the news shatters her and robs her of her ability to stand. Travis and Ava hold her between them. Each one holding one of her hands as they support her.

"Will she be okay?" I ask, afraid of the answer.

"I can't answer that; we'll just have to wait. My main worry is the swelling in her brain and her spine injury, I have to warn you though. Due to the spinal cord injury, she may end up disabled and stuck in a wheelchair for the rest of her life."

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 528-All my strength leaves me, and I stumble at his words, unable to fully comprehend what he was saying or the meaning behind his words.

Shocked gasps fill the room as everyone stares at the doctor as if he's an alien from outer space.

"Is she awake? Can we see her?" this comes from Ava.

*She's not awake. She's in the ICU, and only immediate family members are allowed to see her." He answers. "I'll arrange for that in a few... If you excuse me, I need to check on her."

We are left staring at his back as he walks away. It's a devastating blow to hear that Emma may not ever walk again.

I take my seat, unable to stand up longer given that my damn knees were weak.

I don't understand. She was on her way to recovery. She was doing well. She was mending fences and putting her life back together. Why the hell did this happen to her?

"When will she wake up?" Gunner asks the doctor, who was busy checking Emma's charts.

She was no longer in the ICU. They had moved her about two days ago when she was out of danger.

Her head is bandaged, and both her legs are in a cast. Even then, she still looked like an angel as she slept on the white hospital bed, and her hair spread across the pillow. Her chest rose and fell, but that was the only indication that she was alive. Well, that and the steady beeping of the heart monitor. Her lashes fanned her cheeks, which, just like the rest of her face, was a bit pale.

"I'm not sure, little guy. At this point, it all depends on her. She should have woken up, but maybe she doesn't want to." He answers him, as gently as he can. "We call it the will of the patient. Some have the willpower to come back and fight to get back to the land of the living, and others, due to maybe some terrible things that happened, don't have the will and don't want to come back."

I could strangle him, I swear, if I was sure that I wouldn't end up in jail for assaulting a doctor... But then again, he did warn us that he doesn't like mincing and sugarcoating words. I guess that applies even to kids.

Gunner looks heartbroken at his words. His eyes keep shifting from the idiot doctor to his mother. He has refused to let go of her hand since we got here. For the last two days, this is where we have spent our time. Only going home to shower and change.

"But you can talk to her. I hear that they listen even if they can't respond. Maybe you can give her a reason to want to come back." with those parting words, he walks out.

"I want her to come back," Gunner whispers, his lips trembling as he fights back his tears. "I want to plant more flowers with her."

Fuck. It breaks my heart to see him like this. It's killing me to watch his heart shatter. It destroys me to see him losing hope every day that goes by without Emma waking up.

"Please, mom, wake up," he cries. "I promise I'll forgive you if you open your eyes."

His sobs undo something inside me. I hug him tightly, wishing I could take his pain away. Wishing I could give him what he desires. I can't do any of that, but I can be there for him, and that's what I plan to do, no matter what happens.

*Please just wake up," Gunner pleads brokenly. "Please."

"Noah was here today," Gunner tells his mom while combing her hair with a brush that Kate had gotten him. She told him it was Emma's favorite brush because it was given to her by her dad when she was sixteen. Apparently, it was specially made for her. There isn't one like it in the entire world.

It was day four, and still nothing. We take turns with the rest of her family, always making sure that she isn't alone and that there is someone to talk to her.

The doctors assured us that everything was fine. The swelling had subsided, there was brain activity, and she was healing well, yet we didn't understand why she wasn't waking up.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 529-I was sitting next to Gunner and we have been here every day. Gunner's school was understanding, so he hasn't gone to school. Noah comes to check on him every day and brings him his homework.

"We talked, and he told me he knows how it feels. It felt good to talk to him about it. To talk to someone who has been there and understand how hard it is," he pauses while he detangles a knot in her hair before continuing." Don't worry, you two will get along fine once you get to know each other well."

Come one Emma, please wake up. Wake up for the sake of Gunner. That's all I ask. I pray, internally pleading with her to open her eyes.

"We have so much to do," Gunner puts the brush down. "So much we never got to do. I still need to get to know you and you still need to get to know me. Plus, you promised me a gift for every year you missed. One down, seventeen to go."

Just like the past four days, Emma didn't answer. There isn't even a movement to give us hope that she'll be fine.

Sighing, Gunner takes her hand and kisses the back of her hand. "I never got to say it, but I love you. I love you so much, mom. Please just come back to me."

I close my eyes, unable to bear witness to my son's pain. I want to block out his heartbreaking sobs, but I can't. They haunt me. Destroying me from the inside out. Silent tears fall down my face as I hear my son crying. I feel so fucking helpless because this is the one thing I can't give him. I can't make his mother better.

"G-Gunner?"

My eyes snap open when her voice penetrates my skull. Gunner and I stare at her, both stunned to see Emma awake.

"You are both fussing too much; I'm okay," Emma complains with a smile on her face.

I can't tell you just how fucking relieved I am. Gunner is over the moon and so is everyone else. We are happy that she pulled through. I don't know what I would have done if she hadn't. Gunner would have been destroyed.

I shake those thoughts away and watch as my son fusses over his mother. I know him and I know the fear of losing her is still there.

"Are you comfortable?" Gunner asks her, his brows furrowed in all seriousness.

She motions for him to come closer, since she can't move much. When he does, she kisses his forehead before running her finger down his cheek.

"I'm okay, my love," she whispers, tears filling her eyes. "You are here and that's what matters.*"

Gunner leans into her touch, probably savoring the moment with his mom. I chuckle softly. I've probably been forgotten. Right now, I don't exist in their world.

"The results are back." The door opens, and Doctor Evans interrupts the moment. "It isn't that great."

"It's okay. Just give it to me as it is," Emma says, her eyes showcasing her strength.

"You might be confined to a wheelchair for the rest of your life," he begins, and all the air whooshes out of her. She looks defeated.

"You said might, right?" I interrupt when Doctor Evans goes to speak again. "Meaning that there might be a chance that she'll recover and walk again, am I correct?"

*Spinal cord injuries are complicated; I don't want to give you any false hopes," he replies.

"Is there a chance or not?" I ground out through gritted teeth.

"Yes. A very slim one."

"Then that's all we need." Gunner says, looking at his mom with determination. "She's okay and she'll stay okay. She'll also walk one day."

Those tears that Emma was holding back finally fall. Since she's unable to get up, Gunner rises on his toes and hugs her.

Gunner is right. That small, slim chance is all we need. That small ray of hope is all we need. Everything else will fall into place eventually, and it will all be okay in the end.

Ex-Husbands Regret Chapter 530-Harper.

I shift on the bed, trying to find a comfortable position. I honestly look like a whale and feel like one too. I am folding laundry because, apparently, that's the only thing I am allowed to do.

Gabriel has been overprotective since he learned that I was pregnant. I can barely do anything without him going into a panic. As much as it was driving me crazy, I also found it kind of sweet.

I smile as I think of the time when I was pregnant with Lilly. Liam had been caring. He wasn't as overbearing as Gabriel was, but he cared nonetheless. I mean, he used to run to the store to get my nighttime cravings without any complaint. Only a man that cares does that.

This pregnancy is so different from Lilly in so many ways. For example, with Lilly, I barely suffered any morning sickness. With this one, I got evening sickness too, and it lasted up to half my second trimester. It was honestly horrible being sick all the freaking time.

Then there are the cravings. While with Lilly, I craved sweet things. With this one, though, I lean more towards savory and salty. It's so crazy. I haven't craved anything sweet since I found out I was pregnant. Don't even start with the weird-ass cravings.

Just yesterday I wanted a rock. Can you believe that? Who the hell craves a rock? Me apparently.

Each pregnancy has been a journey on its own. They were both different yet similar at the same time. I will always be thankful to Liam for being there for me, but it feels great to have Gabriel with me on this journey.

He has been to every doctor's appointment. He's been there anytime I went shopping for the baby. He painted the baby's room and put together the furniture. He's been there through every milestone. If I am being honest, I think both he and Lilly are more excited about this baby than I am.

Standing up, I grab the folded laundry, ready to take them to our closet. I couldn't wait to take a nap. Those have been my saving grace since I got too heavy to move comfortably.

I had just taken one step when a gush of liquid poured down my legs. I release the clothes in my hand in shock. I don't get it, honestly. This isn't my first pregnancy, so why am I shocked to see my water break? I don't move. I stand there frozen as I watch my water drench the carpet beneath me.

"Gabriel!" I scream once my brain starts functioning.

Damn it. I should have known. I should have fucking known.

"Gabriel," I scream again.

I don't even bother with the fallen clothes. With my big belly, it's impossible to bend and pick things.

The door bangs open, pulling me from my thoughts. Gabriel rushes in, with Lilly right behind him. "What's happening?" they ask in unison.

I waddle to the closet where I'd placed my baby's bag.

"My water just broke," I answer them as I move. "We need to get to the hospital."

"W-what?" comes his shocked response.

I get out of the closet to find Gabriel staring at a wall as if he had lost his mind.

"Get a move on, Gabriel, or we are going to have this baby here in the house."

Clutching the dresser, I groan when the first contraction hits me. Fuck. Like I said, I should have known. I've been feeling contractions since yesterday. I ignored them,

thinking they were just Braxton hicks. After all, they weren't that painful, were irregular in frequency, and they went away when I changed positions.

"Gabriel!"

*Stop shouting; I hear you. Fuck! It's too early," he mutters, taking the bag away from me.

*First of all, language, and second, we are only like a week ahead of schedule." I groan while breathing in and out like we were taught in birthing classes.

"What's happening? You two are scaring me," Lilly asks, her eyes shifting from her father to me.