

Bonus Chapter:

Happily Ever After

Bay

“Blake!” I hollered over the sound of the laundry tumbling in the dryer.

Hayley was crying in the living room from her play saucer and Gigi was banging on the plastic bowls I’d left out to entertain her while I tried to get some things done.

My husband had just gotten home from work, and I hadn’t hesitated to cry for help the moment he stepped in the door.

“What’s up?” I heard him ask, grunting as he peeled his boots off by the front door.

“Can you watch the girls for a few minutes? I’m just trying to get the rest of this done before I get dinner started!”

A series of soft thumps told me he was making his way through the living room and toward the laundry room.

“You ok?” he asked, his head peeking around the doorframe, eyebrows raised and pinched together in concern. He wore that expression a lot lately since I started watching Georgia’s little girl Gigi during the day while she went to work.

“I’m ok,” I sighed, my breath gusting in relief just at seeing his face.

He lifted his hand and touched my cheek so gently, it sent zings up my spine. The man never ceased to make my panties melt and every nerve dance in anticipation of his touch.

“Go sit down,” he told me, brushing his lips against mine before he slid around me into the laundry room.

“I’m almost done—”

With a slap to my ass, he sent me out of the room so I went to the couch to sit down, watching the girls playing.

“Dadadadadadada,” Hayley babbled, waving her chubby hands towards her daddy who’d disappeared into the other room.

“I know baby,” I told her, cooing at my baby while Gigi kept banging away at the plastic bowls.

The girls were practically twins, born only weeks apart. They shared clothes, and since Georgia and Jay lived close by, they were basically over here all the time.

“How about we order in tonight?” Blake called, working on separating the clothes as he pulled them out of the dryer.

“Are you sure?” I was honestly too tired to cook, so he wouldn’t find me putting up a fight about takeout.

When Blake finished the laundry, he made his way back to the couch and leaned in to give me a proper kiss before claiming little baby Hayley in his arms.

I never got used to the idea that Blake had a daughter and a granddaughter that were the same age. He didn't much get used to it, either. After our awkward as hell double wedding, and the terrible double honeymoon that Blake had fought tooth and nail against, he spent more than a little effort on separating us from his daughter and her husband. They moved out just after the wedding, and we'd finally had the house to ourselves again.

Still though, nothing compared to the trip to France that he'd taken me to just months after our wedding. Just him and me, we got to explore the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, and the Arc De Triomphe. It was, as Blake said, our 'proper' honeymoon.

Almost two years later, I still thought about it and had to fan myself off when my thoughts drifted into the gutter, thinking about all the super hot honeymoon sex that had escaped us on our first honeymoon.

Something about having your daughter on honeymoon with you kills the libido.

We hadn't gone anywhere since then though, because Hayley arrived a little early and her lungs weren't quite right. She'd spent the first week in the NICU where Blake and I had cried and pleaded to God for our baby to get better and to be able to breathe on her own, but after some medication that the doctor put into her lungs, she started breathing on her own, though her oxygen levels were low. She was on oxygen for the first five weeks at home, but after that, she was just like any other baby. Those weeks had been trying, but I'd leaned on Blake, and he'd leaned on me, and we'd made it through.

"Get your camera," Blake said, squeezing my thigh. "It's been a while since you picked it up."

That was true. Last time I took pictures was last month when we did Hayley's year old photo shoot.

I was tired, but I got up, venturing toward our bedroom where my Canon was stored. It was on the dresser like always, tucked away beside my favorite picture of us from Paris.

The cool metal and plastic felt good in my hands as I lifted the camera from its foam and felt bag. It had been too long since I took pictures just for the fun of it, and I've craved it more than I realized.

A knock on the front door drifted through the house, so I quickly dropped the camera back into its bag and went to go answer. I met Blake there, carrying one girl on each hip while he did.

Jay was there, a suit wrapped around him and hair slicked back from his face.

"Hey guys," he said, smiling as his eyes lighted on little Gigi.

"How was work?" Blake asked, handing over Jay's daughter to the protest of both little girls.

"Hi sweetie!" Jay crooned, kissing Gigi on the cheek.

We watched him drop kisses all over Gigi's head and cheeks before he answered Blake.

"Work was good," he said eventually, hugging the baby to his chest. "Real estate is my jam. I love going in to work every day."

"Good for you," Blake responded, taking a step back as he got ready to close the door.

"Oh!" I butted in. "Gigi hasn't had a poopie diaper today, so you need to let Georgie to watch out for that. Also, she's not been eating a whole lot other than her bottle. She didn't even want the pureed mango I made them to have with lunch."

"Hmm, that's weird," Jay hummed. "I'll tell Georgie about it, and she'll figure out what it is."

"It's probably just constipation," I told him. "Juice can help with that."

"Good to know." Jay picked up the diaper bag I extended to him.

Jay took baby Gigi down the driveway to their car, throwing a 'thank you' over his shoulder as they went.

And then there were three.

Blake closed the door and looked at me, raising his eyebrows. "Chinese?"

Hell yeah.



Hayley ate exorbitant amounts of Cheerios and dehydrated yogurt drops while Blake and I munched on orange chicken, fried rice, and lo mein noodles. Thank God our daughter didn't know what was playing on the TV, because we were watching one *raunchy* comedy.

Blake laughed and relaxed, finally taking a load off as he sank back into the couch and rested his head on my shoulder.

As the credits rolled, he sighed and turned his face to me.

"Did I tell you yet today that you're beautiful?" he asked, his voice rough with unuse.

"Only twice," I admitted.

"Twice? I'm slacking," he rumbled, stretching over so he could press a kiss into the side of my neck. "You're the most beautiful creature in the world, Bay."

Not for the first time, I felt tears prickle the back of my eyes.

I was unshowered, in dirty, milk-stained pajamas, not a lick of makeup on my face, and splotches of acne strewn across my chin from all my breastfeeding hormones, but his words rang true in my ears. He truly thought I was beautiful, at my best, but also at my worst.

Hayley fussed at our feet, pulling at our pant legs for attention.

"Let's get her to bed," Blake whispered into my ear before dragging his teeth over my lobe. "Then you can use that camera of yours."

Flashbacks of that night when I took pictures of him in the moonlit dark sped across my brain, and my stomach flip flopped inside me.

Two years and one kid later, I still wanted him. Like, with a burning, aching greed I *wanted* him.

"Time for bed, baby girl," I said quickly, scooping Hayley up by the armpits before I settled her against me, her fuzzy head nuzzling my chest immediately.

I could hear Blake chuckling behind me, since he was taking his sweet time getting his ass up from the couch.

Hayley's room was my old one, sharing a wall with our master bedroom so I could hear her at night, even if my baby monitor somehow malfunctioned. I was a little paranoid like that. Hell, show me a new mom that *wasn't*. I settled down into the rocking chair and pulled up my oversized t-shirt, ready to nurse Hayley so she'd go to sleep.

We were lucky in the sense that she was a very good sleeper. After some sleep training, she slept through the night, usually only waking for one feeding occasionally, and sleeping through the night the other times. I knew Georgia didn't have the same luck, and I realized early on that we were so very blessed with a relaxed, easy-going baby.

"Look at my girls," came Blake's low tenor.

He leaned against the doorjamb, watching as I released a heavy breast to feed Hayley.

"Why don't you take a shower?" I suggested. "I'll probably be done by the time you get out."

He ran his hand through his dusty hair and nodded.

"Ok. But I'm not putting clothes on. I expect you naked, too."

He grinned at me, stepping further into the room to press a gentle kiss to Hayley's head, then drop a lingering kiss on my lips.

"Don't take too long," he breathed against my mouth, then backed away to get into the shower.

If only I could join him.

I relaxed and let my mind wander as I sat there, letting Hayley feed, but she fell asleep so quickly, I didn't end up having to sit there so long.

My heart beat a little faster in anticipation as I closed the door to Hayley's bedroom, holding my breath so I wouldn't wake her up.

Her whispered breaths disappeared behind the door when it closed and I finally let myself inhale, sighing relief before I tiptoed toward the master bedroom.

The shower was still on when I closed our door too, putting a double barrier between us and Hayley. My lips curled in a wicked smile as I grabbed my camera, still sitting in the open Canon bag on the dresser. I slipped into the bathroom so Blake didn't hear me, and took in the sight of him, silhouetted in the glass shower door with steam frosting the glass and obscuring my view in the most enticing way.

Be still my heart. It was thumping away as he moved, dipping his head so the water hit his back while he relaxed. At almost forty, he was still an exemplary specimen, curved and hard, muscled but soft when he held me.

The shutter snapped over and over again, giving me a series of images as he moved, fluid and graceful as always.

He turned eventually, facing the water and rinsing his face, dragging strong, thick fingers through his hair.

That anticipation fluttered in my stomach again, butterflies bursting into flight as I moved away from the counter to put my fingers on the shower door. When it opened, I only got one unobscured picture of him with his head bent into the water before he looked up at me, one eyebrow lifted in amusement.

"Naked pictures again?" he asked, a grin tilting his lips as water splattered off them.

"They're my favorite kind," I agreed, snapping another.

"Put the camera down, Bay," he said, voice dropping in pitch and growing huskier with every word, "and get your ass in here."

I didn't hesitate. I dropped the camera gently to the counter and hooked my fingers around my oversized t-shirt before dragging it over my head.

A groan rumbled out of Blake's chest as he watched with rapt eyes, his attention following as my shorts dropped to the floor and my hands reached behind my back to slowly unhook my bra.

"Bay..." he warned, not one to be teased.

I'd tried the whole lingerie thing, but it'd never lasted long. If I'd entered the room wearing nothing but lace or silk, he had me naked in a matter of moments, so eventually, I'd just

given up on them and would approach him nude instead. Usually it would just lead to one sexy, steamy ride on the couch or a hot dalliance on the floor or mattress.

When I'd shucked the last of my clothes, Blake reached a hand out to me, little droplets of water still spraying out into the bathroom and prickling my skin as I reached back toward him.

His fingers wrapped around mine and he pulled me in, yanking my body up against his.

"No putting those pictures on your website," he told me, brushing his lips down my neck.

I might have put a couple of the late night nudie pictures I'd taken a couple years ago as a boudoir kind of style on my website, and Blake hadn't been exactly happy about it. It didn't show anything private, nor did it show his face, but he made it clear that those pictures were for me, not anyone else.

"Spank bank only," he emphasized.

"Who needs a spank bank when they have someone like you?" I asked, eyes rolling into the back of my head as his mouth moved down to the tops of my breasts.

When the flat of his tongue hit my calloused nipples, shivers rippled down my spine.

"Let's get out of here," I panted, feeling each brush of his tongue straight down to the nub between my thighs.

"Nah," he hummed, lapping again and again. "I'm not done in the shower yet."

Blake moved suddenly, standing up straight until my ass was in his hands and I was being lowered to the bench in our newly remodeled shower.

I shrieked and he shushed me, pushing me back into the wall as he slipped my knees over each of his shoulders.

Planting several kisses on my belly, I leaned back and sighed, relaxing for the first time all day.

"You're incredible, do you know that?" he murmured, dipping his tongue into my belly button which made me shriek out a laugh. "You're such an incredible mother, Bay. You give Hayley everything, and I'm so grateful for you."

"I try," I mumbled, my brain pretty rattled and mushy now that his lips were making their way down to the sweet spot between my legs.

His lips hit my clit for the first time in what felt like forever, but was probably more like a week. Gently, he fluttered his lips over the sensitive bud, using his tongue to swirl softly as I got used to the sensation.

We'd been together so long now, that he knew exactly what I liked and how to get me off the fastest. He knew that when my hips started to move against his face, he needed to pick up the pace, and within moments, I'd be writhing and moaning his name.

Today was no different.

Minutes was all it took as the shower beat on us, hot and wet, before I was groaning and begging for more. He gave it to me, slashing his tongue in and out of me between broad-stroked lashes against my clit.

God, he was good.

My toes started to curl, and I found myself slipping and writhing off the tile shower seat and further into Blake's arms as he chased my orgasm. Finally, that heat in my belly cinched and I burst into flames, heat licking up my legs and chest as the hot wave of pleasure wrapped over me.

Blake growled into me, then looked up and met my eyes. They were blown out, pupils dilated in lust as he met my eyes.

"Take me to bed," I demanded.

This time he obeyed.

Not bothering to remove my knees from his shoulders, he managed to secure his hands around my waist and stand, my body curled around him and my arms wrapped around his head while he took us, dripping wet, to the mattress.

Blake dropped me down to the end of the bed, my ass still hanging off a little as his face appeared before mine. He took my lips in a deep kiss, the flavor of me lingering on his tongue as my core still fluttered in aftershocks.

With my legs still over his shoulders, he arched over me until I was practically sandwiched in half, then entered me in one smooth thrust.

We both moaned into each other's mouth as the feel of him, thick and throbbing, inside me.

"Fuck, you're perfect," he breathed over my lips.

I just mumbled incoherently in response, taking in the fat feel of him filling me up.

No more words, just thrusts and moans and the steamy rasp of our breaths while our bodies slicked against each other. Water soaked the sheets, and it would be difficult to go to bed with it, but neither of us cared. These moments had become too rare as of late, and we were going to soak in every moment that we could.

I could tell when he was getting close. One of my legs slipped off his shoulder as Blake's breaths became chopped and irregular. His thrusts became harsher, harder, until he was barking out a growl when he came.

Quickly, I lifted a hand and covered his mouth to stifle the noise, but he just smiled and opened his eyes before nipping at my fingers.

"I love you," I breathed, still out of breath.

His grin softened as my other leg dropped off his shoulder. "I love you more."

"Prove it," I whispered.

"Whelp," he sighed dramatically. "Guess we're not getting any sleep tonight."

I laughed until his lips found mine again, tongue sweeping my mouth with a savory kind of hunger, desperate for a taste.

Blake boosted me, helping me lay more comfortably on the bed before he crawled after me and just proceeded to kiss the hell out of me.

When our lips were chapped and jaws ached, he settled beside me and curled his body around mine, naked and sticky and wet before he pulled the blanket over us.

"Get some sleep," he whispered into my ear, setting a kiss on the shell of it.

We lay there quietly for a long while as my eyelids grew heavy and Blake's breath evened out in sleep. He surprised me when he pressed a soft kiss onto the back of my neck.

"You want to know something?" I breathed turning until we were nose to nose. "I'm glad you were my happily ever after."

His mouth turned into a tired smile.

"Happily ever after," he sighed. "I like that. That makes you my queen."

"And you my king."

I sealed the words with a kiss, hoping that we had many, many more years ahead of us to share our lives, our struggles, and our love.

“Night baby,” he breathed.

“Night. Love you,” I said back.

“Love you more,” he countered with a little smile.

I chuckled, closing my eyes as exhaustion swept over my pleased body.

With a sigh, I drifted off, knowing that there were many days yet to come. Days filled with love, family, laughter, happiness, and HIM.

End.