

Bonus Chapter III

A blissful ending, they call it, a journey complete, hearts finally at peace. The storms we braved, and the tears we shed, all led us here, where love has no end. A blissful ending, they say with a smile, a dream fulfilled, worth every mile. The laughter is now soft, the world feels so light, wrapped in this warmth, everything feels right. A blissful ending, so sweet, so true, a perfect chapter, written by me and you.

Sunlight spilled into the room through the half-drawn curtains, bathing Estelle in a warm, golden glow. Her eyes fluttered open slowly, her body still wrapped in the lingering bliss of last night. The faint scent of Ryan's cologne mixed with hers clung to the sheets, and she smiled lazily, stretching her arm across the bed to feel for him.

Empty.

Her brow furrowed as she pushed herself upright, her messy hair falling in waves around her face. Her lips curled in amusement as she heard the faint sound of running water from the bathroom. Memories from the night before flashed through

her mind - Ryan's hands, his lips, the way he whispered her name as if it were a prayer. It had been passionate and fiery. It's amazing how s*x could be the same as their first time, without withering.

She glanced down, a hand instinctively wrapping around her bare stomach. Their child. The greatest miracle of her life. She had married Ryan six months after their reconciliation, shortly after discovering she was pregnant. It had been a scary decision for her, considering her past, but Ryan had been by her side every step of the way. He proposed right away, which initially added to her anxiety -she had feared he only proposed because of the pregnancy. Deep down, though, she knew that wasn't the reason. And her wedding? It had been private yet extravagant, thanks to Olivia. Estelle's parents had been shocked and overprotective at first, but they eventually warmed up to Ryan. The couple chose a small church for their wedding, away from the public eye. It had been a beautiful moment, a memory etched in her heart forever. The best day of her life. And the greatest gift of all was Ryan and her baby.

The thought of it all - her carrying a child still scared her sometimes, especially given everything she'd been through. But as her fingers traced the

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small curve of her belly, a quiet surge of peace and happiness washed over her. Her smile deepened, and she whispered softly, "We're okay little one."

The sound of the bathroom door clicking open drew her attention, and she turned to see Ryan step out, water droplets still clinging to his toned, naked frame. Her breath caught, and her hormones surged at the sight of him. Even after all this time, he looked as devastatingly handsome as the day she first met him. Maybe it was her hyperactive hormones because right now all she wanted to do was r****h her husband once again and again.

His dark eyes met hers, and a smirk played on his lips. "Is my hyper mama hungry again?"

Estelle's cheeks flushed instantly. Yes, she was but not for food. He knows that. Her lips parted, and she sucked them between her teeth, biting back the need that was threatening to overwhelm her. She nodded, her face warm as her gaze flickered shamelessly over his body.

Ryan chuckled, moving toward her with slow, deliberate steps. "Looking at me like that makes you impossible to resist," he murmured his voice a low growl that sent shivers down her spine.

"That was the motive," she murmured

In one swift motion, he was on the bed, his body hovering over hers, careful not to put any weight on her or their growing child. His lips found hers, claiming them with a hunger that matched her own. One hand cupped her face, while the other slid down to tease her breast, drawing a moan from deep within her throat.

Just as her fingers tangled in his hair, pulling him closer, the sharp cry of a phone shattered the moment.

Estelle groaned in frustration, refusing to release him. "Ignore it," she mumbled against his lips, trying to pull him back down.

Ryan chuckled, glancing at the screen. "It's Ethan," he said softly, his tone filled with amusement.

Estelle growled in annoyance, her head falling back against the pillow. "Ethan can f**k off," she grumbled, reaching for Ryan again.

Ryan chuckled once more and leaned down to press a gentle kiss on her forehead. "Pick it up, love. It might be important. I'm not going anywhere."

Reluctantly, Estelle grabbed her phone and swiped

to answer, her irritation evident as she snapped, "You better have something important to say!"

Ethan's face appeared on the screen, his grin as wide as ever. "Good morning to you too, sunshine," he teased, his voice dripping with amusement. "Someone's grumpy today."

"I was in the middle of something," Estelle shot back, her tone sharp but playful.

Ethan chuckled. "I'll bet. Anyway, how are you? How's my niece or nephew? Still kicking?"

Estelle softened slightly, her free hand resting on her stomach. "We're fine," she said, her voice quieter now. "Healthy. Happy."

Ryan leaned over, kissing her bare shoulder as she spoke, and Ethan's eyes narrowed playfully on the screen. "Tell your husband to stop being such a show-off," he joked.

Estelle smirked, rolling her eyes. "What do you want, Ethan?"

"I want you to come home," he said simply.

Estelle blinked, her brow furrowing. "Why?" She hadn't returned home for a long time, not even before or after her wedding. Her parents visited her when needed; otherwise, they often met during

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+5 Points

vacations. So why now?

Ethan's expression turned slightly shy, though his grin never faded. "Because I want you to meet someone. My fiancée."

Ads-free >

For a moment, Estelle was stunned into silence. "Your what?" she finally managed, sitting up straighter, the camera above her neck because well she was naked neck down.

"My fiancée," Ethan repeated, his grin growing wider. "I'm bringing her home, and I want you to meet her. Mom and Dad already know. They're

thrilled."

Estelle's shock melted into genuine happiness, and a bright smile lit up her face. "Ethan, that's amazing! I'm so happy for you!"

"Thanks," he said, his voice tinged with pride. "I'll send you a picture of her. But I expect you home soon, okay?"

"Okay," Estelle agreed, her excitement evident.

"See you soon, Estelle," Ethan said before ending the call.

As the line went dead, Estelle's phone buzzed with a new message. She opened it, her heart racing with pure happiness for her brother as she downloaded the photo. But as the image appeared on the screen, her jaw dropped.

"No way," she whispered, her face turning slightly pink as her eyes widened in disbelief.

Ryan, sensing her shock, moved closer. "What is it?" he asked, concerned.

Wordlessly, Estelle turned the phone toward him, revealing the photo of Ethan's fiancée.

Ryan's reaction was immediate. His head fell back against the headboard, and he groaned, "Oh, fuck."

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Estelle burst out laughing, clutching her stomach as tears streamed down her face. "Anastasia is my brother's fiancée," she managed between fits of laughter. "I can't believe that?"

Ryan buried his face in his hands, muttering something under his breath that only made Estelle laugh harder.

"Oh, this is going to be fun," she said, her voice filled with mischief as she leaned against him, her laughter echoing through the room.

- The End



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