

Manhattan, New York City
-Brie-

"Oh my gosh Brie, these are so beautiful!" she gushed at the sight of each picture.

"You like them?" I asked.

"These can't be liked. I absolutely love them!" she admitted. "Rainey is going to freak out when she sees them!"

I smiled gently.

"Only the best for my goddaughter."

"Oh thank you so much my friend!" she beamed and hugged me.

I giggled and hugged her back.

"I'm just glad I could help" I admitted when she pulled away from the hug.

I glanced at the clock.

Oh my!

"I would love to stay and chit-chat Xenia, but I've got to finish up at the o ice," I said picking up my phone and other stu from her table.

"Okay, okay. Drive safe. My love to the boys."

I nodded and rushed out of the door, blowing her a kiss.

I headed straight for my red Range Rover. I dropped my stu in the passenger seat and climbed in. I inserted the key into the ignition and drove back to the o ice.

"I am so, so, so sorry Mavis!" I started apologizing the moment I walked through the door. "My boss wouldn't let me o early..."

I paused. There was no one in the living room. I dropped my bag on the couch and moved towards the kitchen, bracing myself for disaster. I could hear my heels click loudly on the cold and polished marble flooring as I walked into the kitchen.

I let out the breath I was holding. The kitchen was clean.

"Mrs. Lewis?" I heard Mavis call. "I thought I heard her voice."

"In here Mavis" I called out to her.

She walked in smiling.

"Forgive me Mavis. I didn't intend to keep long in the o ice today. You know how my boss can be."

"Hey, relax" she playfully scolded.

"I'm sorry" I chuckled.

"You don't have to be. It's obviously not easy working for The New York Times."

I smiled.

"Don't worry, I already put Roman to bed. Your husband has had his dinner and he's in the library. You work too hard."

I chuckled.

"It's what I'm good at."

She gave me a mischievous look.

"You know what you need Mrs. Lewis?"

"Tell me," I said, getting some water from the fridge.

"A relaxing Friday night."

I swallowed the water and twisted the cap back onto the bottle.

"A vacation is what I need Mavis. Running around in Louboutins isn't exactly what I look forward to my entire life."

"Why don't you go take a bubble bath and I'll make you some dinner?" she o ered, attempting to shoo me out the door.

"Wait, shouldn't you be home by now?" I questioned.

"No, my roommate's gone away for the holidays so I decided to babysit for the weekend. And get this, it's for free."

I smiled.

"You don't have to do that Mavis. You know you're welcome to stay here anytime."

"Thank you. Now go pamper yourself while I get on with your dinner" she said.

"Thanks, Mavis" I smiled and she nodded.

I walked back into the living room and grabbed my bag. I kicked o my heels the moment I reached my room. Taking a long bubble bath and having some of Mavis' meatloaf was absolutely relaxing. We talked about my job as a photographer for The New York Times for a little bit before we both decided to head out to bed.

I groaned and shut the door behind me.

"I am so exhausted!" I grumbled as I dropped my face flat on the silky-smooth sheets.

"I believe I can be of help," my husband said.

I let out a loud snore and he laughed, throwing the covers o my body. I chuckled.

"C'mon babe" he whispered into my ears, kissing my cheek.

He began to give me tiny ticklish kisses and I couldn't help but giggle.

"Alright fine! I'm up! I'm up!" I surrendered and pulled myself to sit up. "I'm just so exhausted from all the work at the o ice. My feet are killing me."

"All you have to do is look pretty and take pictures. How hard could that be?"

I gave him a look.

"Oh, I'm sorry babe. C'mere," he whispered and pulled me into a warm cuddle.

"Well, how are things going on set?"

"We're wrapping up the movie soon and I can't wait to take you and our son to the premiere. You'll have to wear that high-slit dress I got for you on our anniversary."

I chuckled.

"You'd look absolutely breathtaking" he whispered.

I smiled and pushed my hair behind my ear. He tilted my chin so I'm facing him. I stared into his eyes and they came down to my lips. He captured my lips in a kiss. My senses reeled as if short-circuited as he kissed me hungrily.

I returned his kisses and didn't stop. His lips transferred down my jaw, to my neck, and behind my ear. I moaned as intense pleasure surged deep inside me. I gasped as he slipped his hand up my shirt, across my belly, and upwards.

"Beck!" I breathed heavily and let out a moan as he fondled one breast.

"Damn it! Beel! You're driving me crazy!" he groaned and trapped my lips in another kiss.

He gently pushed me into the bed and took o my shirt. I stared at him as he took o his pants and climbed on top of me. I giggled and pulled him in for a quick kiss.

He thrust into me slowly but began to pick up speed. I moaned loudly and scraped my nails against his back. I run my hands in his hair and he moaned in return. I unbuckled my hips wider making us both moan in unison.

We screamed each other's name before he released deep into me. He gave me a passionate kiss before rolling to my side and pulling me into his arms.

"I love you" he whispered kissing my temple.

I nuzzled deep into his arms.

"I love you too" I whispered back placing a kiss on his chest before closing my eyes and falling asleep to the sound of his heartbeat.

The room was bright the second I opened my eyes and I couldn't help but equit and want to get under the covers. It was Saturday and Beck was already up watching a comedy show on TV with me still in his arms.

"Morning honeybee" Beck greeted and I melted at the nickname.

"Morning my love. You know you give the best cuddles, right?"

I climbed on top of him, my torso flat against his as my lips landed on his.

"Really?" he asked seductively and wrapped his arms around my back, pecking my lips.

"I never want this to end," I told him and pecked kisses all over his face.

He smiled and flipped me over so he was hovering above me as we shared lazy kisses. Fully distracted, his hands started attacking my side, tickling me. I laughed and tried my best to push him o but can't. He laughed, enjoying me squirming underneath him.

"Okay, okay, time out! Time out!" I managed to scream between laughs and he finally stopped tickling me.

His hands moved to mine and he pinned them above my head while he kissed me. We kissed slowly, a smile taking over Beck's lips in the middle of it.

"What's so funny?" I asked, curious about what was going on in his head.

"Nothing, just that I have the best wife anyone could ever ask for," he said and kissed my nose.

His phone rang, interrupting the moment.

"Be right back" he excused himself and walked away to receive his phone call.

I sat up and smiled to myself. Not everyone was lucky to have their first love be their last love and their only love.

"Mommy?"

I turned my head and saw him standing in the doorway, rubbing his eyes sleepily.

"Hey, honey. C'mere," I cooed as he climbed into my bed and placed his head down on my lap. "What are you doing up this early huh?" I asked caressing his hair.

He said something between yawns and closed his eyes again.

"Honey, we've got a..."

"Daddy!" he instantly woke up and sprung into action.

He's such a Daddy's boy.

"Hello, kiddo!" Beck said and picked him up and began to blow a raspberry on his stomach making him giggle like crazy.

I laughed as Roman attempted to blow raspberries on his father's stomach in return. I smiled and walked over to give them both kisses.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Lewis?" Mavis called, her head popping through the doorway. "It's the o ice."

I nodded and walked out of the room. It was a call from the o ice. They wanted me to go over some documents so I asked them to deliver them to my house. A erward, I walked downstairs to the kitchen where Beck was on the phone again, and our son was seated for breakfast.

I noticed a worried look on Beck's face but he switched it to his charming smile the moment he saw me. I opened the cupboard and brought out two boxes of cereal.

"Cherios or Moon and Stars?"

Roman perked up and pointed out his choice. I grabbed his lucky cereal bowl and began to pour the winning cereal.

"Honey? Can we talk for a sec please?" Beck asked.

I looked at him confused but nodded anyway.

"Mavis, could you please?" I asked and handed the bowl to her.

"But mommy was going to feed me breakfast!" Roman whined.

"Mommy will be right back okay Manny? Just let auntie Mavis start" Beck said to him and kissed his temple before pulling me away.

He closed the door to the library and sighed heavily before turning to me.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It's my parents."

"What about them? Did something happen?"

He just stared at his phone's screen and absent-mindedly tapped on it.

"What is it Beck? You're scaring me."

"They're renewing their vows again."

Seriously?

"That's it?" I asked.

He nodded and gave me a small smile.

"You scared me!" I chuckled and punched his arm playfully. "That's great news."

"Well that's just the first part," he said taking a seat.

"There's more?" I asked arching my eyebrows. "Is Paisley getting married too?"

He patted a spot next to him on the couch and I sat down.

"They're holding the ceremony in Paris."

My mouth dropped.

"You're joking right?"

"No I'm not. And that's exactly what I'm worried about because we're not done wrapping up the last part of the..."

I squealed, cutting him o , and hugged him tightly pushing him to the floor with him on top. He laughed.

"Well that's new" he chuckled.

I laughed. He started to go on and on about how the trip was bad timing.

"Honey?" I managed to wheeze out.

"Mmmh?"

"Do you mind getting o of me as I think I may be dying due to lack of oxygen?" I said.

"Well, I'd gladly give you CPR," he said pecking my lips and finally getting o me.

He extended an arm and helped me up.

"Ah, ah, ah, not so fast," he said pulling me back when I began to head to the door.

"What now?" I asked with a laugh.

"Well," he whispered, pushing the hair o my neck and leaning in.

Just as his lips were about to touch my skin, Mavis knocked on the door announcing that Beck had a visitor. He sighed and tightened his fists.

"This isn't over honeybee" he whispered seductively before leaving.

I laughed and dropped back on the couch, my hands together and a smile on my face.

"We're going to Paris!"

"Okay sweetie, get in the car. We don't wanna miss our flight!" Mavis yelled from the house.

I sighed and rubbed my arms. I felt his warm arms wrap around me as he kissed my temple.

"You okay?"

"No" I admitted, clearly disappointed. "This is the first time we've had to do this without you. And it's the holidays for goodness sake."

"My love, you know I'd love to go with you but I can't back out of this. We have to wrap up the movie" he said sadly. "I promise I'll be there as soon as we wrap up him?"

I looked at him with sad eyes.

"Breanna honey, don't be like that, C'mon now" he said and pulled me in a hug.

I knew I was probably overreacting but I felt very uncomfortable knowing I would leave without him.

I was worried.

He tilted my chin upwards and placed his so lips on mine. His tongue traced to my lower lip asking for entrance, my lips parted slightly, letting him in. I fought back a moan as his tongue explored my tongue.

The uneasy feeling came back with a full force now and I pulled away. I closed my eyes as I felt his forehead rest against mine, our breathing shallow.

"I love you okay? Never, ever forget that" he whispered.

I nodded and hugged him, burying my face in his chest. Roman came out and joined in the hug.

"Are you sure you can't come with us daddy?" he asked.

"I'll be there in a few days okay? And hey, you be good and take care of your mom okay? I'll be there as soon as I'm done with work, I promise."

He kissed him goodbye before we got in the car and le for the airport.

-Aubree-

I took in a deep breath and shoved my hands in my coat. I looked up at the house and smiled. It felt good to be back in a familiar place. I walked up to the door and held out my hand to knock.

No answer.

So I entered. Nothing had changed, well except the Christmas decorations they'd put up. I looked around the living room and traced my fingers over the awards and trophies. I stopped when I saw the picture. I picked it up and stared at it, tracing my fingers over the faces.

It should have been me smiling in this picture! All this should have been mine, not hers!

I set the picture back on top of the fireplace when I heard a noise coming from up the stairs.

"Breanna is that you?" I asked and slowly climbed up the stairs.

I walked to her door.

I still remembered the room. How could I possibly forget my favorite place in this house?

I turned the nob and walked in. Someone was in the shower.

Breanna and her baths. She cared more about her hygiene than anyone I'd ever met.

I sat on the bed and took o my coat and sweater, leaving my tank top on. I loosened my hair and let it down. I looked around some more while waiting for her to finish showering.

I unlocked the balcony door and stepped out, staring at the stars. I smiled and closed my eyes as I felt the breeze on my face.

"This is life" I sighed.

I heard the bathroom door close and I opened my eyes and walked down into the room. My smile suddenly turned to a scream.

"Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh!" I screamed and covered my eyes.

"Fuck!" he cursed and grabbed a towel that was lying on the bed.

"I'm so sorry!"

Oh my goodness! I just saw his manhood--his length and erection pointing towards me!

"It's okay, you can look, I'm decent now" he said with a laugh.

I took my hands o my face and stared at the amused look on his face.

"It's nice to see you. What a surprise" he greeted with a smirk.

I smiled nervously as he walked around the room.

"I didn't know you were back in the country," he said. "She didn't mention anything to me."

"I wanted to surprise Breanna."

"Well, you sure surprised me" he smirked.

Oh my goodness.

"Um... where's she?"

"Who? Breanna? She's probably halfway across the country by now" he said.

I frowned in confusion.

"See, my parents, are renewing their vows in Paris."

"Aahh, I see."

He leaned in the corner and stared at me. Probably undressing me with his eyes.

"I should probably get going now. I'm so sorry for what just happened!" I said and grabbed my stu and started to head for the door.

"Hey, hey, hey. Wait!" he called shutting the door before I reached it.

I sighed.

"What is it, Beck? I shouldn't even be here" I said.

He smiled at me.

"But you already are, so why don't you stay for the night and then leave tomorrow? It's late and, I don't want anything to happen to Breanna's beautiful sister" he said whispering the last part.

I flinched a little.

"Stop it okay?"

He raised his hands in surrender."

"I'm sorry. Just please stay. I promise to behave" he said with his million-dollar smile.

I sighed.

"Fine, alright" I gave in.

"That's the girl! I know!" he exclaimed pulling me in for a hug.

I tried to push him o but he intoxicated me with his touch and I didn't want it to end.

Bad girl! What would Breanna think if she found out you were hugging her handsome hunk of a husband in her bedroom behind closed doors?

"Beck, stop it! This isn't right!" I said and gently pushed him o , his warmth suddenly leaving me, making me want him more.

He chuckled and moved closer to me. I stepped back and hit my back against the wall. He leaned into me and I shut my eyes in fright.

"We both know how much you're dying to kiss me a er all these years" he whispered in my ears, instantly making me wet.

He pushed my hair away from my neck and placed a so but hot kiss on my skin and I instantly melted in his arms. He trailed kisses up and down my jaw.

"Stop" I breathe out, biting my lip.

He didn't.

"This is wrong, what will she think if she found out?" I asked firmly.

He paused and stared at me.

"You're right. This is wrong."

But it feels so right!

"I'm so sorry," he said and placed a so kiss on the corner of my lips.

My breath ceased. This shouldn't be. It should have been me he married not her! Our love was going to end once again but I could change that!

I wanted it! I wanted it all! I wanted him all to myself! And Breanna and everyone else could go to hell!

He pulled away when I grabbed his arm and pulled him back to me. He smirked, knowing I'd changed my mind. He knew me too well.

"I know this is wrong, but—" I trailed my fingers down his abs. "—she doesn't have to know right?" I asked with a smirk.

He chuckled.

"Still as sneaky as ever" he smirked.

I laughed and grabbed him.

"Take it all o ."

-Brie-

I tapped my phone impatiently as we waited in line.

"Okay sweetie, you got your passport?" I asked, fixing Roman's hair.

He waved it at me and I smiled.

"Relax Mrs. Lewis. Do you have yours?" Mavis asked.

I laughed and slipped my hand into my purse to bring it out.

"Of course, I'm the pare—"

My face fell.

"What?" she asked.

"I might have le it at home," I said.

"Next please?" they called.

"Mommy?" Roman called and waved his dinosaur at me.

"What are we going to do now?" Mavis asked.

"Next?"

"You go ahead with Roman. I'll go back and get it."

"But you will miss the flight."

"I'll get on the next available flight, don't worry."

Mavis nodded and side-hugged me.

"My love, give mommy a kiss and be good to aunt Mavis okay?" I said to Roman and crouched down to hug him.

"I'll protect her mommy. I promise" Roman said and I smiled and give him more kisses and hugs before stepping out of the queue.

I took my bag and headed straight out of the airport. I flagged down a taxi and got in. I sighed.

So much for Paris