

Chapter Twenty One

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Ruth Eden Glass

The cottage that I had been given when I came to Red Knox Pack was still empty. I had successfully moved out of the cottage, and to Quinn's large home months ago, but I still had the keys to my old place.

After leaving Drew with Ken, I headed to my cottage first. Inside, I flicked the lights on before getting to work. I had left Quinn on a bad note and I wanted to make amends to him. After everything he had done for me, and how he had looked after me and loved me, I needed to make him realise that I was serious about us.

I moved the furniture out of the lounge and into the bedroom, before putting together a makeshift bed out of blankets and pillows on the floor. I then dimmed the lights and put some soft music on.

I then headed back home, where everything was quiet. My mother had gone to bed, as had Quinn. He stirred as I walked in but didn't wake. I very quietly changed my clothing – putting on a pair of matching red underwear underneath a summery black dress and plain flats.

I then perched on the edge of the bed next to Quinn. In his sleep he looked so much younger – his dark hair sticking up in random direction, his creamy skin smooth and flawless and his closed eyes heavy with thick lashes.

I ran my finger over his cheek and he moaned softly under his breath. I smiled softly, as I stroked his hair and his face. It took a few moments, but finally Quinn woke up – slowly and almost blissfully. It took him a few times before he fully opened his eyes and took me in.

"Hey sleepyhead" I smiled, before lightly kissing his forehead and cheek.

"Ruth. Did I fall asleep? I was waiting for you...you went to Drew...what happened?" His voice was heavy and fatigued, his face full of confusion.

"We'll talk about that later. Come on, I want you to come with me". I stood up and pulled the comforter away from his body. Still half-asleep, Quinn stumbled out of bed and pulled on a discarded pair of sweatpants as I handed him a white shirt. He slipped on some sneakers, before I took his hand and led him out the house.

It took a few minutes of fresh night air, to fully wake Quinn up. And, when he did, he began to grill me about my meeting with my ex-husband. "Let it go for a moment" I replied, squeezing his hand.

"Fine. Where are we going?"

"To my old cottage. I want some time with you away from my mother's ears".

"Oh...okay" he muttered. He rubbed his eyes, trying to expel the tiredness, as we walked on. His nervousness was etching into the air – he was desperate to find out about what Drew and I spoke about, and about how I felt about. But I was holding out for a good reason.

We reached my cottage without interruption and Quinn smiled at what I had done. "You trying to get into my pants, Miss Glass?" he mused, seeing the makeshift bed.

"Something like that" I snorted. I flicked my shoes off, as did Quinn, before I led him over to the pillow and blanket infested living room. I stopped Quinn and turned him to face me. "I need to speak and I need you to let me. No interrupting, no questions and no trying to take over".

"Take over?" he asked in confusion.

"You'll see" I muttered. I leaned up and gave him a kiss – which was supposed to be a quick peck, but his hands wrapped around me and so it went on a bit longer. I pulled away, finally, and Quinn groaned in annoyance – he was definitely awake now. "Later".

"I'm holding you to that".

I took a deep breath and looked up at Quinn. "I love you. I love you so fucking much that sometimes I don't know what to do with myself. Nothing but you and our girls matter now. Nothing is as important for me anymore".

"Ruth we--"

"Quinn you promised not to interrupt!" I growled and he held his hands up in mock surrender. "Anyway, like I was saying, I love you. I told that to Drew and I told him that I never wanted to see him again. From this point on, I never want to think about any previous mates. We chose to be each other mates. We chose that".

I looked up into his eyes – his beautiful brown eyes that glistened as I looked at them. "So" I breathed out. I put my hands under my bloated stomach and – very ungracefully – knelt down. Quinn gave me a long confused look as I knelt in front of him. "Quinn Adam Danvers, will you marry me?"

Quinn gave me a long look before he made a noise – something between a sob and gasp. But he didn't say anything, just looked at me with a soft shake of the head. "Quinn, please answer, kneeling like this is killing my thighs".

He let out another noise, more like a laugh this time, before he knelt down in front of me. "Yes, fucking yes I'll marry you". He kissed me deeply and I leaned into him. His eyes glistened with unshed tears, while I just started crying. Because I knew that I wanted this for the rest of my life.

I shivered uncomfortably, as kneeling was putting too much weight on my knees, so Quinn helped me, so I was sitting down. He flung up some pillows and made me a back rest before sitting down next to me. "I can't believe this happened" he breathed out in shock, "I can't believe you asked me to marry you".

"I love you and I wanted to show you how committed I was to you".

He kissed me again, "you are the best thing that has ever happened to me, Eden. I love you. I love you so much". He rested his forehead against mine as I sniffed back my tears. Sitting together, alone and touching, made the rest of the world melt away into nothingness. The only thing that mattered was what was in that room – me, Quinn and the twins.

"I see now why you asked me not to take over" he chuckled, pulling back and wiping my cheeks. "I had it all planned out how I was going to propose to you".

"I know".

He blinked in shock, "you did?"

"I didn't know the specifics but you're about as suitable as a gun. I was watching 'Say Yes to The Dress' a few weeks back, and you came in and were practically taking notes on the dresses I said I liked".

Quinn blushed, "I thought maybe you were watching it as a hint to me".

"I like watching that show because I love seeing how happy everyone is. It makes me feel good to see how happy those women are".

Quinn kissed me quickly again. "I love you, Ruth, I love you so fucking much".

"I love you too, fiancée". I drew him to me with another deep kiss. Quinn's arm wrapped around me as I pulled him as close to me as possible. Our bodies moulded together as hunger drove our kiss.

My hands ran the span of Quinn's shoulders, before slipping down and pushing his shirt upwards. He pulled back slightly, before helping me remove his shirt. His pale skin glistened in the dim lights – outlining his muscles even more. He was beautiful and so perfect that my heart skipped a beat. I loved this man more than anything. He was my world.

His lips came back to mine and I tasted them greedily. My fingers traced the lines of his skin as he pressed me down so I was lying on the makeshift bed. I tried to wrap my legs around his waist – but my stomach stopped me from getting more than a foot around each thigh. I growled in annoyance into his mouth. Quinn pulled back laughing, as I pouted childishly.

"Fuck it I'll undress myself, we can do slow and sexy when I don't resemble a water-bu-balo". I moved out from underneath him and stood up.

"You are still the sexiest woman I have ever seen in my life" Quinn smirked, as I ungracefully pulled my dress off and threw it on the floor. Before, I had put on a pair of lacy underwear – feeling sexy and confident – but I looked down at myself and cringed. I was spilling out of my bra, my panties were cutting into the top of my legs and I felt ridiculous.

"You're lying" I told him, giving him a pointed look. Quinn laughed at me, as I took my underwear off. Once I was naked, Quinn pulled me back to him and kissed me again. He then quickly pulled his own clothes off, before we both lay back down together naked.

"I'm not lying, Ruth. You are the most beautiful, sexiest, woman I had ever seen – both pregnant and not pregnant".

He began to kiss me – starting on my lips before working to my neck, then down my chest, over my stomach before ending up on my thighs. His lips were delicate and soft, but with hunger as they tasted and nipped at my skin.

After that we made love; slow and delicate – having to compromise on positions to accommodate for my growing stomach. But, it was perfect and beautiful and when it was over I wept.

Quinn didn't say anything, didn't even ask why I was crying, he just held me and kissed me and filled me with love. Because he knew I wasn't crying in sadness, because he understood me.

A/N - a lot of you keep messaging me/posting on my feed - and I get so many messages that I don't get a chance to go through them all. (I currently have over 100 messages in my inbox - yikes!) So, if you have messaged me and I haven't read it or replied I am sorry!

So if you do want to message me about any of my stories, or just generally want to chat haha, then you're more likely to get a reply from my instagram (dionnemichaela13).

Also I love you all :)