

Broken 137

Chapter 137 My View Forever AMY

I couldn't move at first. My eyes stayed fixed on the ring, my breath was caught somewhere between disbelief and wonder. Daniel was still on one knee, his face calm but serious. I could see his chest rise and fall with steady breaths, as if he was waiting for me to catch up with what was happening. He had such a warm smile on his face with a lot of patience. He broke the silence first, his voice was low. "I never got the chance to do things right," he said. "Everything between us started wrong, Amy. You were just a business transaction. Someone decided that for us while I was lying unconscious." He wasn't saying them to hurt me. He was just being honest. He went on with his gaze still fixed on me. "When I woke up, you were already there as my mate and my wife. But I didn't choose it. Neither of us did. And even though we made it work, it never sat right with me that you were given to me like a prize I didn't earn." I swallowed hard. My fingers gripped the sheets, trying to make sense of what he was saying. He continued, his tone softening. "You deserved better. You deserved to be loved the right way. To be asked and not handed over. I've spent so much time trying to fix everything around me, but this is the one thing I want to fix for real. I want to do it right." He took a slow breath, and his next words made my heart stop. "If you would have me," he started, "Amy Carter, will you marry me?" For a moment, all I could do was stare at him. My mind went completely blank. The only sound in the room was the soft music still playing in the background. He stayed there patiently, still holding the ring with his eyes full of love. I wanted to speak, but nothing came out at first. My throat felt tight, and my hands trembled. I never thought I'd hear him say those words—not like this. Not after everything we had been through. When I finally found my voice, it came out as a whisper. "You're serious?" He smiled slightly, that calm, genuine smile that I'd come to love so much. "I've never been more serious about anything." Something inside me melted at that moment. All the tension, all the walls I'd built around myself, it all gave way to the simple truth in his eyes. I nodded slowly, then finally said it. "Yes." The word came out shaky at first, then firmer as the reality settled in. "Yes, Daniel. I'll marry you."

His smile grew wider as he slipped the ring onto my finger. It fit perfectly. My eyes stung a little, but I didn't care. The room felt still, like time had slowed down just for us. Before I could say anything else, I leaned in and kissed him. It wasn't rushed or desperate; it was full of relief and gratitude. His hand came up to the side of my face, and I could feel him smiling against my lips. When we pulled apart, he rested his forehead against mine. "Thank you," I whispered. "For what?" he asked softly. "For loving me," I said. "For respecting me enough to make this moment ours." He looked at me quietly for a second before replying, "You've always deserved that." The rest of the morning passed in happiness. We talked about what the rest of the week might look like, if we'd ever actually take a break from work, and what color he thought I'd pick for the wedding. It was strange how easily we talked about it now, how natural it felt to say "wedding" without any hesitation. Later that day, when he stepped out to take a call, I looked down at my hand again. The new ring gleamed softly in the light. Right beside it was the old one Mrs. Carter gave to me years ago when everything between Daniel and me began in obligation, not choice. I turned it slowly between my fingers. It had been a symbol of duty for so long. There have been times I thought I'd never take it off, not because I wanted to keep it, but because I thought that's just how things were supposed to be. But things are different now. I took a deep breath and slid the old ring off. For a moment, I just looked at both rings sitting in my palm—the old one heavy with the past, the new one light with promise. Then I placed Mrs. Carter's ring gently on the table and left the one Daniel gave me on my finger. I picked up my phone from the bedside table, opened the camera, and took a

picture of the ring in my hand. I didn't bother with angles or filters, I just wanted to capture the moment exactly as it was.

Then I went to my social media account and posted the picture with a short caption: "He changed my ring because he wants the best for me." I stared at the words for a few seconds before hitting the post button. It wasn't about showing off. It was about closure, about finally feeling like this part of my life had been rewritten the right way. After that, I looked over at Daniel. He was lying on the couch, one arm over his head, the other resting on his chest. He must have fallen asleep while waiting for a call back. The sunlight from the window hit his face just right, and for a second, I just stood there watching him. He looked peaceful, completely unaware that I was standing there, smiling at him like a fool. I quietly picked up my phone again, turned the camera on him, and took a photo. I posted it with the caption: "My view forever." When I set the phone down, I sat beside him and let my hand rest on his arm.

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