My Brother's Best Friend's Secret Baby –

Chapter 9

Share this chapter

Chapter 9 Rosalie's POV It felt like the ground was shifting beneath my feet. The angle of the room seemed slightly off, and I had to consciously steady myself to remain standing. This confrontation had always been inevitable. Deep down, in that place where I stored the truths I refused to look at too closely, I'd always known this day would come. The day he found us. The day he learned the truth. I'd just never allowed myself to believe he actually would. "No. You can't do this." Holding my voice steady was starting to cost me. "I'm not trying to hurt you." He leaned forward.

His expression was serious, direct. And I hated that I still remembered the exact shade of his eyes. That deep, warm brown Lucy had inherited. "I'm not trying to take her away from you. I'm not trying to turn your life upside down. I just want to know my daughter..." "But she doesn't need you!" "Maybe not. But she deserves the chance to decide that for herself." "She's six years old. She doesn't get to make decisions like that. That's my job." I moved around the table because standing all the way across from him suddenly felt like retreating. I stopped a few feet away. "Lucy is happy.

She's safe. She's loved. She's never gone without anything that truly mattered. I've made sure of that every single day for six years." for the full chapter. My voice cracked on the last word. "She doesn't need a man who only showed up because someone he hired finally tracked us down. She doesn't need a father who had to be found." He stood. He was so much bigger than me. He always had been. I'd forgotten how much space he occupied just by existing. "You're right. About all of it," he said. Confusion flickered through me. "But I'm not leaving. And I'm not going anywhere.

Not now. Not ever." I stared at him, standing there in his expensive suit with his jaw clenched and eyes unwavering. And something moved through me. It wasn't anger or grief, but something I couldn't name. I turned around and walked out without another word. At the far end of the hallway, beyond the elevators, tucked beside the supply corridor. The place hotel staff weren't really supposed to linger, yet somehow always ended up when they had nowhere else to go. I pushed open the supply closet door. It slammed shut behind me. Darkness swallowed me immediately.

Surrounded by metal shelves, cleaning supplies, and stacks of towels, the air felt cramped and cold, almost suffocating. For a moment I just stood there, as if my body hadn't yet realized I was alone. Enjoying the story? Read on at Then my strength gave out. I slid

down the shelving and sank to the floor. And I cried. Not quiet tears or controlled sobs. It was something raw and messy. Something that tore through my chest without asking permission. Violent tremors shook my shoulders. I couldn't catch my breath.

I muffled one sound after another against my hand as though I could somehow contain what was already spilling out of me. I cried for the nineteen-year-old girl who had loved him. Who'd been naïve enough to believe it meant something. I cried for the years that followed. The hard years. The years spent paying rent, packing lunches, and making sure my daughter never saw how scared I really was. I cried because he was here. Because he wasn't leaving. Because I had no idea what that would mean for the life I'd spent so long building.

And I cried because when he'd stood up and said, "I'm not going anywhere. Not now. Not ever." A treacherous part of me, a small, buried part I thought I'd destroyed years ago, felt something that wasn't entirely terrible. I hated that part of myself. After a while, pressed my palms against my eyes and took a long breath. Then I sat up, wiped my face with the back of my hand, and smoothed down my housekeeping uniform. I still had four rooms left to clean before the end of my shift. After that, I had to pick up Lucy from school.

Then, I had to make dinner, read her stories, give her a bath, and put her to bed. I didn't have time for this. I didn't have the luxury of falling apart. So I picked up my cleaning cart from the hallway and went back to work.

If you enjoy this work, please consider supporting me.