

## **Filthy Rich Grump**

### **Bonus chapter**

#### **Molly**

There was something soothing about the rhythm of typing. The click of keys, the little hum of thought as it moved from brain to screen. Even when my ankles were starting to swell and my lower back was making its protest known, the act of shaping words felt like settling puzzle pieces into place. Like building a little world where everything, eventually, fits.

I shifted again in the armchair near the front window—my favorite spot in our brownstone, where I could keep an eye on the neighborhood and pretend I wasn't halfway between glowing and grumbling. The city moved at its usual pace beyond the glass—horns, footsteps, someone's music

spilling from an open window. Inside, though, it was calm. Cozy.

I rubbed a hand absently over the soft slope of my stomach. It was still early, just into the second trimester, but my body already felt different. Like it knew what was coming and had started prepping behind the scenes. Sometimes, late at night, I swore I could feel a flutter—just the barest whisper of movement. Like a secret.

Two secrets, actually.

*God, I still can't believe it.*

Twins.

I smiled and glanced at the blinking cursor on the screen, then back at the paragraph I've just written:

*"The best love stories aren't just about heat and chemistry, though this book has both in spades. They're about showing up—again and again—for the person who holds your heart, even when it's inconvenient or messy or downright terrifying. Real love is found in the quiet moments. The cup of tea placed beside a laptop.*

*The soft belly kisses before sleep. The way he looks at you like you're his whole world. Five stars, obviously."*

I reread it, then nodded and clicked "save draft," just as the front door creaked open and a familiar voice called out.

"You're supposed to be resting, but I smell coffee."

I had to limit my caffeine intake because of the pregnancy. The only time I allowed myself a cup of coffee was when I was working on my blog.

I grinned. "And sweat. Let me guess—you played Beckett into the ground?"

There was the soft thunk of his keys landing in the bowl on the entry table, followed by footsteps crossing the hardwood. Grant appeared in the archway looking deliciously disheveled—basketball shorts, hoodie sleeves pushed up, hair damp from a shower. He was flushed and glowing with that post-exercise calm he always wore, like nothing in the world could rattle him.

My husband was annoyingly good at everything, including being unfairly attractive after sweating through a full-court press.

He walked straight to me and dropped a kiss to the top of my head before crouching down in front of me, resting his hands on my knees.

“How was your day?” he asked, voice low and warm.

“Good. The blog post wrote itself, which is a miracle considering the twins are apparently using my spine as a punching bag.”

“Let me know if you want me to file a formal complaint with them.”

I chuckled. “You say that now, but give it a few months. They’ll be staging midnight concerts.”

He smiled, but there was a flicker of distraction behind his eyes. “Beckett’s spiraling a bit.”

Beckett’s latest breakup had blown up beyond the usual heartbreak that came with it and Grant had invited him to a game of

basketball to support him. Which meant playing the game like they were on rival teams. *Men*, I mentally sighed. They could only talk about their emotions with each other when they were doing something like that. But then, I'd enjoyed too many romance novels with emotionally constipated heroes to complain too much before I started looking like a hypocrite.

I nodded. "You want to talk about it?"

The Sullivan family was now my family, for all their eccentricities, and I loved Grant's brothers like they were my own. I hated that Beckett was battling right now.

He exhaled and shifted so he was sitting on the floor beside me, one hand absently stroking over my calf. "She released the album."

I didn't have to ask who. Beckett's ex was a country singer and she'd taken the breakup badly and was making it everyone else's problem.

"Oh no."

"Yeah. Full of songs about heartbreak and betrayal. Anyone with Google and a

calendar could figure it out. There's one song called 'Suit and a Snake.'"

I blinked. "You're kidding."

"Wish I was. And Beckett's pretending it doesn't bother him, but you can tell. He's embarrassed. Angry. And honestly? Hurt."

I reached down and threaded my fingers through his. "He doesn't deserve that."

"No, he doesn't." Grant lifted our joined hands to his lips, brushing a kiss over my knuckles. "I told him to get ahead of it legally if she keeps crossing lines. But more than that, I reminded him that the people who matter already know the truth."

"You're a good brother." I squeezed his hand.

"I try," he said, but his gaze slid back to my belly, and something in his expression softened. "Speaking of taking care of people I love..."

He pulled something from the pocket of his hoodie. A little tub of lotion—thick, creamy, and cocoa-scented. I laughed softly.

“You brought home belly butter?”

“You said your skin’s been itchy. And I saw you squirming in this chair like a woman being tortured by her own ligaments.”

“I think our babies have something to do with it to,” I laughed softly. “That’s so thoughtful of you.”

He grinned and lifted the hem of my sweater gently, his hands reverent on my skin.

“I like taking care of you,” he said. “And them.”

He dipped his head and kissed the swell of my stomach. My heart thudded, sudden and full.

“Let’s get you on the bed so I can work my magic,” he said, standing.

My heart beat a little faster, even though I knew he didn’t intend a double meaning. Pregnancy had only increased my desire for Grant.

He held out his hand for me and helped me stand, even though I didn’t need it quite yet. He led me to our bedroom and helped me lay

down, softly exposing my belly and planting two more kisses before taking off the lid on the tub of lotion.

His fingers scooped out a bit of the lotion, and then he rubbed it over my belly in slow, careful circles. The scent filled the air—warm and rich, like melted chocolate and something earthy underneath.

His touch was gentle. Worshipful. I didn't think I'd ever get used to the way Grant looked at me now. Like he was seeing more than just my body—like he saw the future forming right under his palms.

My throat went tight. I didn't need pregnancy hormones to feel the swell of love so big that my eyes stung with tears, but they definitely helped.

"They're going to have the best dad," I whispered.

He glanced up, and there was a glint of emotion in his eyes. "I just want them to know they're safe. That they're loved. No matter what."

I nodded, blinking fast. “Do you ever wonder what they’ll be like?”

“All the time,” he said, still rubbing small, soothing circles. “I think one of them is going to have your fire. The way you dig your heels in when something matters. And maybe the other will have your softness. The part of you that always leads with your heart.”

“Hmm.” I brushed his hair back from his forehead. “I hope they have your steadiness. Your way of making everything feel less scary.”

“They’ll definitely have your imagination,” he murmured “And your smile.”

“And your loyalty.”

“And your big heart.”

We were quiet for a moment. The kind of quiet that feels holy. The kind that fills you up from the inside out.

I tilted his face up to mine and kissed him—soft and slow and full of the kind of love that had only grown deeper since the first I-love-you, since the wedding, since that little pink plus sign.

“Whatever happens,” I whispered against his lips, “you and me? This is everything.”

Grant pulled me close, as close as he could without squishing the babies, and rested his forehead to mine.

“You and me,” he says. “Always.”

And with his arms around me, the scent of cocoa butter in the air, and our future kicking gently beneath my ribs, I believed it with everything I was.