

## Mister Mistake & Miss Right

### Bonus chapter

#### **Britt**

I woke to the soft brush of lips against my shoulder and the rich, husky voice that had become the soundtrack to my favorite dreams.

“Good morning, Mrs. Sullivan.”

A smile tugged at my mouth before I even opened my eyes. “Still not used to hearing that,” I murmured, stretching beneath the cozy weight of our duvet. The sheets smelled faintly of lavender and him—clean skin, cedarwood, and something warm I couldn’t name but always recognized.

“You’ve got our whole lives to get used to it.” Porter’s voice was low and thick with morning, tinged with a happiness that wrapped around me like the soft light spilling through our bedroom window.

He shifted closer, curling his body around mine, his palm finding its familiar resting place over my growing belly. “Good morning, baby,” he said softly to our child, his voice gentling in that way that made me fall for him all over again. “How’s Mama feeling today?”

“Hungry,” I said, smiling. “But that might be because someone kept me up late last night.”

He chuckled against my neck. “Guilty. No regrets.”

“None,” I agreed, tilting my face toward him for a kiss. It was slow and unhurried, the kind that felt like a promise instead of a rush. The kind that only came when there was nowhere else to be but right here, in this life we’d made.

Outside, the city was just starting to stir, but inside our penthouse, everything was still. Peaceful. Home.

“I’ve got waffles and whipped cream on standby,” he said as he pressed another kiss to

my shoulder. “And strawberries. You said the baby wanted strawberries.”

“The baby has excellent taste.”

He looked down at me with that expression he saved just for mornings like this—completely smitten, slightly in awe. “You’re glowing, you know.”

“That’s probably just syrup sweat,” I teased, and he laughed, tucking a piece of hair behind my ear.

“Still glowing.”

For a moment, neither of us spoke. We just stayed like that—entwined, quiet, and whole. My fingers skimmed the back of his hand where it rested on my stomach, and I marveled, not for the first time, at how far we’d come. From a chance encounter to this—a family, a future.

“I’m happy,” I whispered, more to myself than to him.

Porter heard it anyway. “Me too.”

“More than I ever thought was possible,” I admitted, my eyes prickling with

tears. I wanted to blame hormones, but I knew it was the sheer joy that Porter brought me. It was too much to hold inside and had to escape somehow.

“Every day with you feels like a miracle,” he said, swiping his thumbs over my cheeks to wipe away my stray tears. He pressed a soft kiss to my lips, full of love and cherishment.

A soft knock sounded at the bedroom door a moment later, followed by the unmistakable squeak of new sneakers. “Can I come in?” Jewel asked, already pushing the door open before we could answer.

“Of course, baby,” I said, sitting up with a wince and a hand braced on my side. I wasn’t big yet, but some days it already felt like our baby took up all the space in my belly. If our baby took after Porter, they’d be tall, and it seemed the Sullivan genes were strong. “Come cuddle.”

She climbed up without hesitation, settling herself right in the middle like she belonged there. Because she did. She always had.

Porter kissed the top of her head, then mine. “The two most important girls in my life.”

“You mean three,” Jewel said matter-of-factly, placing her hand on my bump. “The baby’s a girl.”

I raised my brows. “Is that so?”

She nodded sagely. “I dreamed it. And I’m usually right.”

Porter and I shared a smile over her head, his eyes warm with laughter and something deeper. Something permanent.

“But if it is a boy, you’ll love your baby brother just the same, right?” I asked, preparing her in case she wasn’t right.

“Of course, but it’s a girl, I just know,” she said. “And I’m going to teach her how to throw a basketball, just like Daddy showed me.”

I smiled at the memory of Porter and Jewel’s first meeting. It wasn’t that long ago, but it felt like a lifetime. So much had changed in such a short time, and all for the best. Jewel had the father she always deserved and I had a

husband who loved me so deeply it felt like a dream. One I never had to wake up from.

As we curled together beneath the covers, a soft buzz sounded from Porter's phone on the nightstand. He reached for it, squinting at the screen before sighing.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Grant," he said, tone unreadable.

That caught my attention. "This early?"

"That's my oldest brother for you, the twins probably had him up early," he said. "I better take this..."

I nodded and wrapped Jewel up in my arms while Porter answered his phone.

"Grant, this better be important," he answered. The Sullivan brothers had a funny way of interacting with each other. Gruff, sometimes competitive, but always there for each other when it came down to it. Except the elusive youngest brother, who I hadn't met.

"You found him?" he said, his eyebrows shooting up. "Where?"

I mouthed “Quinton?” at Porter, and he nodded.

I didn’t know much about him, apart from the fact that he’d been awol for the past year. He was the last brother to remain unmarried and Slater Sullivan’s deadline for his sons’ inheritance was in just under two months. I refused to worry about what it might mean if Quinton didn’t fulfill Slater’s stipulations. I was living proof of how things could work out in life, no matter how dire circumstances were.

“How did we miss him being at the lodge in Maine for months,” Porter said, sitting up straighter.

I could hear some of what Grant was saying, something about red herrings and misdirections.

“Yeah, I got those pics from St. Lucia too,” Porter said. “Typical of him to try and throw us off, but Dad’s not going to be as forgiving. You going to see him?”

Grant’s side of the conversation was muffled, but I heard an affirmative.

“Better you than me,” Porter laughed. “You know what Quinton’s like, the more you push the more stubborn he gets.”

It sounded like all the Sullivan men to me, but I hid my amusement.

“Okay, let me know. See you soon, bro,” Porter ended the call. He heaved a big sigh.

“All good?” I asked, reaching over Jewel to put my hand on Porter’s leg.

“Yeah,” Porter said slowly, setting the phone back down. “I just hope Grant can get through to him.”

“Do you think it’s possible?” I asked, even though I had faith things would work out.

Porter chuckled. “I dunno. He cares. He just hates that we all know it. He might have to do some brooding first.”

“Mmm, he sounds so different from the rest of you,” I joked.

“We are all different,” Porter protested.

“Sure, but you’ve also all got a certain...Sullivan-ness about you,” I pointed out.

“Do you think the baby will have Sullivan-ness?” Jewel asked.

“Not if I can help it,” I laughed.

“Hey, you love my Sullivan-ness,” Porter said, lying back down and putting his arms over both of his girls. If we weren’t around young ears, I might have made a dirty joke about it, but I refrained.

“I do, I really do,” I said, leaning over Jewel to kiss him.

I nestled against them again, heart full. Outside, the day was waiting. But for now, here in our warm cocoon of blankets, family, and love, everything was exactly as it should be.

And somewhere out there, a Sullivan had a decision to make: family, or pride. As far as I was concerned, it was an obvious choice.

I squeezed my family a little tighter.