Wedding Deal Surprise
Bonus chapter

Gabby

The recording booth smelled like warm coffee, old wood, and ambition.

I stood alone behind the mic, headphones snug over my ears, heart thudding in time with the muted kick drum track filtering in. My palm rested just above my belly—still flat, but already claiming its space in my life. In my future. In my songs.

My voice—my real voice—was going to be laid down today. For real this time.

Not a bar gig. Not a scratch track. Not the shower concerts Beckett always claimed he bought front-row seats to.

No. Today, I was making something permanent. Tangible. Mine.

"Gabby?" Dean, the audio engineer, buzzed in through the glass. "You ready to roll from verse two?"

I glanced up, and through the booth's window, I found the man who was my anchor, my storm, my everything. Beckett sat in the producer's chair like he belonged there—legs stretched out, one arm slung over the backrest, eyes trained on me like I was his whole world. His mouth curved into that half-smile that never failed to melt me.

He gave me a thumbs-up.

God, that man.

"Yeah," I said into the mic. "Ready."

Dean gave the cue, and the backing track faded in again, piano and light acoustic guitar sliding under my skin like silk. The melody was something I'd carried in my head since I was sixteen. The lyrics came later—after heartbreak, after resilience, after the man who knocked the wind out of my lungs... and then brought it back in the form of a future.

I closed my eyes and let it pour out.

"It wasn't love at first sight.
But maybe it was love at first bruise.
You knocked me down, but baby—
you were the one who taught me how to rise."

For a heartbeat after the last note faded, I just stood there. Breathing. Heart open. Chest aching in the best way. I could still feel the vibration of the words in my ribcage, in the place where pain used to live and now only love remained.

My eyes fluttered open. I let the silence hang for a moment. Let it settle.

Then Dean's voice crackled through. "Damn, Gabby. That's the one."

I smiled. But the smile deepened—grew roots—when I looked up and saw Beckett standing now, hand on the glass, eyes full of awe. Not polite applause. Not empty flattery.

Something deeper. Reverent.

The kind of look that says '*you amaze me every damn day, and I still don't know how I got this lucky.'*

Dean clicked on the talk button. "Take five?"

I nodded and slipped off the headphones.

Before I could make it all the way to the control room, Beckett opened the door and tugged me into the hallway, out of view, out of earshot, out of everything but his gravity.

"Gabby Sullivan," he murmured, voice low and rough. "You're going to ruin me with that voice."

I grinned, heart swelling. "Thought I already had."

"You did," he said, backing me gently into the wall, his palm finding the curve of my hip. "But now I'm beyond saving."

I looped my arms around his neck, letting my fingers slide into his hair. "You okay with that?"

He kissed me—soft and slow, like a thank-you, like a promise, like a man tasting forever on my lips.

"Hell yes, I'm okay with that."

I smiled into the kiss, but when I pulled back, I saw it—that look again. Quiet, serious love.

"You didn't have to be here all day," I said softly. "I know you've got a million emails waiting."

Running the Sullivan resorts took a lot of time and effort, and Beckett was taking on even more work in preparation for taking over from his dad. If the rest of his brothers got married. It was a crazy plan the Sullivan patriach had conocted, but I couldn't argue with the results, not when it had given me the love of my life.

"Dad's got Jonas visiting one of the Sullivan hotels out in podunk wherever and Jonas is pitching a fit. I have a million emails I'd rather delete. But whatever I had on my plate, I don't care." He leaned his forehead against

mine. “There’s no place I’d rather be than watching my wife chase her dream.”

My chest tightened. “Even if that dream makes no money? Even if it takes years to build? Even if the vocals crack or the reviews are brutal or—?”

He cut me off with another kiss, firmer this time. “Even then. Always. But you know you’re going to be a star. With a voice like yours, and the songs you write...Gabby I don’t think you understand how amazing you are, but I’ll keep telling you every day until you believe it. And every day after too.”

I bit my lip and blinked away tears. I was the luckiest girl in the world and some days it still didn’t feel real. And then Beckett would look at me, kiss me, touch me, grounded me, and my beautiful life felt more real than anything I’d ever experienced.

He rested his forehead against mine for a moment longer, just breathing me in. I felt the slow exhale against my cheek. It was like he

needed the pause too. Like being around me wasn't just love—it was relief.

My hand slid over his chest, feeling the beat of his heart. "Do you know how rare you are?"

"Yeah," he said with a smug little smirk. "You tell me all the time."

I laughed, and he pressed another kiss to the side of my neck, his thumb grazing over the bare skin of my waist where my shirt had ridden up slightly.

A low hum of heat curled through me.

"You keep kissing me like that and I'm going to write a another song about you," I whispered.

"I dare you," he murmured, lips brushing the corner of my mouth. "Title track. Make me blush."

"Beckett Sullivan doesn't blush."

"Watch me."

I leaned back just enough to meet his eyes. "You know," I said softly, "I never thought

I'd get to do both. Be a mom. Be a musician. I always figured it was one or the other."

His expression turned solemn—gentle, but fierce. "You get to have both, Gabby. And more. A whole life. A big one."

He dropped to one knee, cupping my stomach like he was already listening for the baby's heartbeat. "This kid's going to grow up hearing you sing lullabies that hit Billboard charts."

"Stop," I laughed, swatting his shoulder. "You're insane."

"I'm in love," he corrected, standing again, then pulling me close until his nose brushed mine. "There's a difference."

Emotion swelled in my throat like a wave, nearly stealing my voice more than a punctured lung ever had.

"God, I love you."

His hand slid down, palm curving over the still-flat spot of my belly. "I love both of you."

We stood like that for a long time—just wrapped around each other, in this hallway that wasn't romantic or scenic or anything special except that it held us. Us, and this tiny flicker of a future growing quietly inside me.

"What do you think they'll be like?" I asked eventually, fingertips drawing idle circles on his shoulder. "Our kid?"

He tilted his head, thoughtful. "I hope they have your fire. Your fearlessness. That stubborn little spark in your eye when someone says you can't do something."

"And your loyalty," I murmured. "Your steadiness. Your arms. Literally. I hope they get your arms."

He laughed, quiet and rich. "I'll accept that."

We kissed again, deeper this time—slower, like we had all the time in the world. And maybe we did.

Because this was it. Our after. The life that came after the accident. After the

heartbreak. After the pretending. This was the real thing.

And standing there in that hallway, smelling of old wood and warm coffee and maybe a little bit of dreams that had waited patiently to come true, I felt like I was exactly where I belonged.

With the man who knocked me down—and then spent every day since lifting me higher than I ever thought I could go.