

## **The Good Guy Challenge bonus scene!**

Dear Reader:

I love Gabe and Ellie so much! I had to write a “Daddy Gabe” scene! Hope you enjoy!

Xoxo

Lauren

### **Final epilogue**

#### **Gabe**

Someone else is great at this family thing too.

Gigi.

A year and a half later on a Sunday morning, as my beautiful wife catches up on her deserved sleep, I tiptoe to the baby’s room and scoop Zoe out of the crib, Gigi following me as I go. “Shh, Mom is sleeping,” I tell my little nugget.

She cries at first, but when I snuggle her close, she coos instead. After I change her, I head to the kitchen, settle onto a stool and feed her, with the dog at my feet the whole time, like a baby guard.

I imagine that’s what Gigi thinks she’s doing.

When I’m done, I dress my little brown-haired angel in a T-shirt and shorts. Zoe’s so very LA when I add sunglasses too.

My little daughter is nine months now, smiling, cooing and making my heart melt every single day. With Ellie still sleeping sound, I put Zoe in a BabyBjorn, leash up the dog in her skull harness, and then head out to the main drag with my little girl strapped to me and my pup leading the way.

Along the way, I say hi to friends and neighbors.

When I reach my favorite coffee shop, I knock fists with Drew, who’s waiting for me with his son. We grab coffees and settle in at a table, watching Venice go by. The quarterback holds

his six month old in his lap, bouncing the towhead on his leg. “Man, I’m telling you when he sat up yesterday for the first time, my heart grew ten sizes,” he says.

“I hear you. I’m that way every time she claps, crawls, smiles, does anything.”

Drew nods knowingly. “Look at us.”

“Yep, just look at the two of us,” I say, enjoying the view, the friendship, the life we have.

Soon though, I say goodbye to my friend, grab a caramel iced latte from the coffee shop to go, and head home with Zoe and Gigi.

My wife greets me at the door, fresh and beautiful and well-rested. “My favorite people. All three of you,” she says. Then presses a sensual kiss to my mouth. “But especially you for the latte.”

A few minutes later, when our daughter’s curled up in her crib, I pull Ellie back into my arms and kiss her once more. “Let’s have another,” I say.

“Another latte? Another kiss?”

“Yes and yes. But ... another baby,” I say, hopeful.

She laughs. “Soon. Not yet, but soon.”

That’s good enough for me.

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That night, when our daughter’s sound asleep in bed, I leave the house. But a few minutes later, I return, opening the front door. When I head inside, I have my stern face on, a growl working its way up my throat. Especially when I find the babysitter, wearing a short skirt and a tight top, spread out on the couch, playing with herself as she watches something on my tablet.

“Again?” I ask like I’m irritated. When it’s more like wickedly turned on.

Ellie gasps, all over the top. “Oh, Mr. Clements. I didn’t know you’d come home early.”

“Were you watching my videos again?”

“Yes,” she says, eyes wide, caught in the act. “And I hope the baby’s daddy will come take care of me right now.”

I stalk over to her, haul her into my lap, then I take care of every single one of her needs.

As I do every single night.

Be sure to check out Hazel and Axel's romance in MY SO-CALLED SEX LIFE! Coming next!