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Imani found her feet slowly drifting towards the opening, her heart shuddered as the cold wind seeped into the corners of the room. She was silent, hesitant almost but what she found calmed her more than her heart. William sat with his back to her, he gazed up at the clear night sky unaware of her intrusion, lost in a whole she knew nothing of. For a moment, she watched him and embraced the peace that she found. There had been a shiver, the energy surrounding him seemed to have found solace.

Unable to help herself, Imani closed the distance between them and sat down next to him. He continued to look up as the stars danced across a dark stage. "I'll be okay, now." His deep voice seemed to ignite the space around them.

A soft smile wove its way through Imani's features and she dropped her head to rest on his shoulders. Their silent breathing accompanied the night's slow rise into dusk.

People come and go but William realised then that there's an intrinsic link between souls. Strong and powerful that when the bonds align and the correct links meet then all that is left is clarity. That is what Imani was for William, a new beginning. Darkness had consumed his soul but now all that was left was colour, it tore through his mind, lined every nerve ending and kissed the fibres of his being. Finally he looked down at the small woman and pressed a kiss to her forehead, a thank you he would never be able to repay. Shaking her softly, William woke Imani.

Imani helped William back to his room as they'd locked up the house together. Then she settled back in the living room and felt her mind slowly drift back to a dreamless slumber...

Gentle kisses pressed against her high cheekbones, warmth flushed her skin, followed by her eyelashes fluttering to greet the morning. Green irises met her own deep brown ones and only then did the unease in her chest settle.

Richard sat on the edge of the sofa, no idea of how much time had passed between his return home and her awakening. Something had stopped him, made him simply sit and watch her until the blood coursing through his veins finally settled and the dangerous violence eased. The violence and danger no longer seemed to call to the man, as much as he felt little remorse in helping his brother, home was the safety net Imani was. It stole his fucking breath, "come here," the words pleaded.

Instinctively Imani sat up and allowed Richard to move back into the lounge, she then moved to straddle his thighs. Wrapping her arms around him, she pulled his head to her chest and finally released the small space of wind that sat stale in her lungs. "Feels empty without you, Richard." She admitted, only feeling whole once more as she embraced him. Richard would never grasp the amount of power and conviction he held of her, he was everything she needed and craved. No warning signs could've prepared her for how deeply she'd fallen, how imperative he was to her very being. For them this was no longer toxic or unhealthy, it was good and pure.

Honest in a simple bliss that had been Richard's end goal but Imani's self discovery.

Richard's grip on the woman hardened, the beat of her pulse strummed his own, "feels like home with you, Imani."

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Several weeks later.

Leela placed the final flower on the small rows of chairs, she smiled across the yard at her daughter, "Richard isn't a fool, he would've caught on by now," she raised her eyebrow. Her daughter was no longer a little girl, she was the woman Leela always knew she'd become and it calmed all those years she'd prayed she was enough.

Imani rolled her eyes. Weeks of planning and arranging secretly was not going to be undone by her mother's comment. Richard and her beginning had been like a tsunami, rough and encompassing. She needed closure and something told her so did her husband, he'd been getting more and more anxious as the days to their one year mark approached. Imani was convinced that somehow in Richard's mind an insecurity still remained. "He has no idea, ma." She led them inside.

Leela laughed, "come on we're running out of time, guests will be here soon and I'll be damned if they see you in those damn overalls."

Imani nodded purposefully, looking down at her dirt smeared denim. "Not a good look, huh!" She winked at her mother.

As they entered the home, William greeted them with a smile, "took you long enough. It looked perfect an hour ago!"

William's brother frowned looked down at his watch, "have you messaged him yet?" Henry was sure Richard would short circuit. His wife was a devious little thing and as much as it would be entertaining, he prayed for his nephew's sanity. Speaking of which, Imani shook her head, no. "Guests will be here in twenty," he held back the smile that craved to leak out. How could he not be grateful to the damn woman, she not only allowed Richard the love he deserved but also mended a broken soul in his own brother.

William ushered the two women upstairs, reassuring them that Henry and he had everything else covered. Not that there was much left. They'd spent all morning as Richard's departure setting up the rows, food and altar. The weather was kind to them and spring had settled in deep around the yard, sweet flowers filled the air with an aroma fit for speaking nothing but honeyed vows. Deep green lace and fabric wrapped around the rows of white chairs and small landing up front.

Leela seconded the notion, taking Imani's hand and leading them into the bedroom. She practically pushed her daughter into the bathroom, laid out a suit for Richard and made work of her own appearance. She wore the same deep green as Henry and William's ties, the Ghagra wrapped around her with small gems that glittered.

Imani showered quickly before sitting in front of the dresser. Her mother began drying and styling her long black hair while she pressed foundation to her chocolate skin. Finishing her makeup with a glossy deep pink lipstick, she allowed Leela to help her into her Sari. White lace clung to her body, the material was simple and elegant with a sweetheart blouse and a trim that ended at her ankles. Finally she stood in front of the mirror feeling sweet heat leak into her from the happiness that surrounded her.

Things had been good. William had improved significantly, only needing physio therapy every other week. Isaac seemed to be building ties with Richard and it made Imani happy to see them both find a missing piece they'd not known they'd lost. Finally, Richard and she seemed to forever be in perfect routine of settled love and panty dampening heat. There was only one last thing she needed to rectify and that would be accomplished in the next hour.

"So beautiful, Imani. Aavi is proud." Leela spoke as if her husband was still with them.

The words sobered Imani out of the thoughts that raced through her mind. "He is with us. Always."

Not allowing the sadness to creep in, Leela smiled, "have you told him yet?" She questioned, pressing her palm to Imani's stomach.

No she shook her head with an almost giddy grin. As if keeping her surprise down stairs a secret hadn't been enough, Imani had bitten her tongue on several occasions to stop herself from giving her husband the best news and gift she ever could. She was close to twelve weeks pregnant, the bump still not yet noticeable, though Richard had commented on the sensitivity of her breasts the past week. Laughing to herself, Imani slipped her feet into strappy heels.

"Ready?" She questioned her mother. Leela led the way as they descended down to the first level of the home. Imani could hear a small buzz of conversation drifting in from the sliding kitchen doors and she nodded at her mother who pressed a kiss to her forehead and joined the group outside.

Knowing she would be the end of her husband, Imani sent a text that would quite possibly undo him entirely...

I'm done, Richard.

Patiently she waited. The minutes ticked by and Imani knew Richard would be absolutely livid, if the continuous buzzing on her phone was any indication of the amount of spanking she'd be receiving for pulling this little stunt. She couldn't help but smirk at the thought, enjoying the idea of a good spanking more than she cared to admit. Then she received the message she was waiting for.

Entering the gates now.

Grayson's text had Imani making her way to the front door, she heard the wheels of Richard's car crunch the gravel aggressively before the engine died. Unable to contain her excitement any longer, she pulled the large wooden door open just as Richard was about to push it in...

* * *

Going to miss these two hopelessly beautiful souls. 1 more chapter to go, my loves.

p.s. couldn't help but add a small token towards my culture

To be Continued...

Bedded by the Billionaire [18+]

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