

“I really am terribly sorry to intrude on your time, Charlotte,” Lily apologized as soon as Charlotte answered her phone call.

Charlotte frowned. “No need for the apology; is everything all right?”

Lily, as the acting head of the Thompson Foundation, ran a tight ship. She was decisive, quick-witted, and knew how to talk her way out of a difficult situation; something that was of dire importance when answering to their board members.

As such, she contacted Charlotte so infrequently, when Charlotte saw her name flash across her phone, she’d answered quickly with the gnawing feeling in her stomach that something was terribly wrong.

“No, it’s not,” Lily cut straight to the point; it was something Charlotte deeply enjoyed about her. It played a very large reason as to why she’d been Charlotte’s pick to work in her grandmother’s stead. “Unfortunately, a situation has popped up that’s going to take some... creative thinking to work around.”

Charlotte frowned as she stared out the window of her car, the cogs in her mind jumping into action before she could even hear the problem. “Go on.”

“As you know, we’re fairly closely intertwined with the Colson Corporation; managing much of their charitable work.”

“Mhmm,” she hummed, encouraging Lily along as she paused.

“Well, it’s recently been found out that Tobias Colson, current CEO, has started to fund Clayton Dwight’s campaign.”

Now, *that* had Charlotte truly sitting at attention, entirely alert. “*How* recently?” She demanded to know.

“I found out this morning.”

Charlotte narrowed her eyes as this revelation immediately left a sour taste in the back of her mouth. “And you’re certain?”

“Absolutely positive. I’ve created a small team in the last year, specifically dedicated to digging into who our affiliations are, well, affiliated with.”

“I haven’t heard anything about that,” she murmured. Not doubtfully; she trusted Lily’s competence, as well as the team she’d hired. But... Clayton Dwight was someone Charlotte was very familiar with, as a political candidate gaining huge favor on the conservative right in the last year.

A retired veteran who’d started running for local platforms in his mid-western town several years ago, he had enough charisma to gain a lot of traction. A lot of traction that had started taking his name national news.

“I’m not surprised. Tobias is notoriously tight-lipped when it comes to his personal political views. The donations were managed through one of their smaller off shoot companies, but were all very sizeable. Large enough that there is no possible way they didn’t come from him.”

Eyes narrowed, Charlotte pursed her lips in thought. The Foundation's work spanned many avenues, had grown so very much from what it had started as, decades ago. Initially started as an avenue in which to manage her families' considerable wealth and contributions to different charities, the Thompson Foundation meant so much *more*, now.

It was one of the largest charitable organizations not only in the country, but in the world. And the scope of work was far, far beyond Thompson donations, now.

There were teams on the ground floor, that worked on smaller-scale projects with individuals. Projects like The Zones. Projects that were granted money based on the fact that they aligned with the Thompson Foundation's principles. Projects that focused on the needs of the unhoused, on working in underprivileged areas in the country that were in need of better healthcare, for populations that didn't have many education and career opportunities.

Then came the larger scale teams. Those that worked with companies – many of them being some of the country's largest and most lucrative. These companies came to the Foundation, partnering with them for the Foundation to handle their charitable work.

The goal of the Thomson Foundation had evolved to not only donations of money and resources, but to ensure that donations were being made and processed to legitimate organizations, and that the money being given was actually going to the charity in question.

The Colson Corporation was one of those large companies, a company that proudly stamped the Thompson name on their charitable donation pages. *Thompson Approved*.

Their name meant something

"I presume this has gone through legal, then?" She asked.

Every company that the Thompson Foundation took on to work with was heavily vetted in a system her grandmother would never back away from; there was no way Elizabeth Thompson was going to lend her reputation to anyone that didn't deserve it. And part of those contracts maintained that clients upheld certain values.

"Of course. *Technically*, there is no breach of contract." Lily huffed out an obviously frustrated breath. "Something about how this wasn't done under the name of Tobias Colson himself or the parent company listed in the actual contract; they certainly worked through a loophole on their end."

"And now if the Foundation cuts ties, *we* will be in breach of contract," Charlotte surmised, darkly.

"Exactly. I've made the board aware of the situation and scheduled a meeting in two hours to discuss the next steps. I'm just – unfortunately – not there to manage it, myself. I'll be conferenced in, of course, but... it's going to likely be a bit laborious. And I thought, especially with the political ties, that you may want to personally be at the meeting and weigh in on the resolution."

"You thought correctly," Charlotte confirmed, before she briefly muted herself as she leaned forward. "Hamish? Change of plans. I'll need to go to the Foundation Headquarters."

He gave her a nod, swiftly changing lanes as if it had been his intention to head in the other direction the entire time.

She unmuted and turned her attention back to her phone just as Lily started talking once more. “Truly, I apologize for dumping this in your lap. I’m sure the last thing you wanted to do tonight was be called in to handle a situation at the Foundation, let alone a situation that calls for an in-person board meeting.”

“It’s really okay, Lily. It’s hardly out of my way.” Which wasn’t a lie. Lily had actually called her at the perfect time – if Hamish had driven one more block, he’d have had to double-back to get on the correct highway.

Lily’s dry amusement was clear in her voice. “I’m certain that you were likely still in your office for your own workday, but regardless – I know that we both want to get ahead of this and manage any potential fall-out, and I’m a bit tied up in San Francisco at the moment.”

Charlotte nodded, despite the fact that Lily couldn’t see her. But the nod wasn’t for Lily, it was for herself.

The Thompson Foundation was expanding its headquarters in San Francisco, and the project was no small undertaking. Lily had, unsurprisingly, jumped right on to oversee the task.

“All right, I have some brainstorming to do. I’ll be seeing you, virtually, at the meeting shortly.”

“Great. I’ll email you all of the info.”

As soon as she hung up her mind immediately changed gears, as she called Sutton.

Lily’s assessment that Charlotte was still in the office wouldn’t have been incorrect for the majority of the time they’d known one another. Charlotte’s late evenings at work were no secret to anyone.

But she’d left work tonight twenty minutes ago, at only four-thirty. She’d scheduled all of her meetings for the morning, before using the afternoon to power through all of her paperwork, because she’d been antsy to get out of there.

It was a new feeling for her, that drive to go home as soon as possible.

But... this – everything – was all *new* for her, now that her life included Sutton. Now that her life was starting to revolve around Sutton, Charlotte could admit to herself. Before – pre-Sutton – work was the sole orbital point in her world.

Work still was a fixed point in her world, it likely always would be. But it wasn’t the only one, anymore. It wasn’t even the brightest, most interesting one.

Charlotte found herself itching to manage her work hours as efficiently as possible, these days. Especially when she had plans with Sutton.

Which she did. Frequently.

Today, for instance.

“Hey, love,” Sutton answered the phone, dragging Charlotte from her thoughts.

Despite the call from Lily and the emergency snag at the Foundation, Charlotte found herself melting back against the seat at the warmth in Sutton's tone. "Hi, Darling."

"Are you in the car? I feel like I can hear the very faint sound of Hamish's opera," Sutton commented, astutely.

A grin flashed over Charlotte's face, and she shook her head, adoration welling up inside of her. "You have quite the ear." She cleared her throat, her grin slowly fading. "I *am* in the car, yes."

"You're early; I've only just started chopping the vegetables. But that's great; I'd love to be able to introduce you to a cooking lesson tonight," Sutton murmured.

Charlotte couldn't help her soft chuckle. "I make *one* accident while we're making dinner, and I'll never live it down."

"Respectfully, Charlotte, that one accident was while you were making noodles; I didn't even know it was possible for spaghetti to be so... mushy."

Sutton's gentle teasing made Charlotte groan softly, uncharacteristically embarrassed. Last week, Charlotte had been put in charge of making the spaghetti noodles for dinner, and she had... miscalculated their timing, it was true. But, "That was a one-time mistake," she defended.

It had been! Lucy had come into the kitchen and asked Charlotte to look at the drawing she'd done – it included Lucy and Charlotte and, for some reason, dinosaurs. Friendly ones, Lucy had explained. Charlotte had been unexpectedly charmed, and she may have forgotten – amidst her riveting conversation – about her job.

"Sure," Sutton allowed. "But are you really going to tell me you *aren't* in need of a cooking lesson?"

"... you make a very fair point," she conceded; it was very easy to concede to Sutton. Especially when she wasn't wrong.

Before she could let herself get too side-tracked – something that was very easy for her to do when chatting with her partner – she re-focused. "Actually, that's why I'm calling. Not about the cooking lesson, specifically, but about our plans tonight."

Sutton paused, before murmuring a simple, "Oh."

Remorse trickled through her, settling heavily in her stomach. "I'm really sorry, Sutton. I'd left work on time – earlier than I'd planned, even – but I just got off the phone with Lily Balducci, and there's an issue at the Foundation. Something that requires a bit of oversight, and Lily is in California, so I'm experiencing a last-minute change of plans."

"Is everything okay?" Sutton asked, obviously concerned.

Charlotte's lips tugged into a small smile. "It will be."

She'd make sure of it.

Her grandmother had made it her mission after she'd retired from her life in the political world to build up one of the most credible, trustworthy organizations in the fucking world.

It had been so important to her because she'd not only been a career politician, a trailblazing woman burning with ambition, but also someone that practiced what she'd preached. She'd wanted to dedicate herself to bettering their country, and she'd upheld that value until she'd died.

And Charlotte wasn't about to sit idly by and let someone find a loophole to besmirch the Foundation her grandmother had built.

Which was why this needed to take priority this evening, even though it hadn't been the plan.

"I know that we had plans, and I really didn't intend for this to come up."

"It's all right," Sutton assured her. "We were just having dinner and a night in; it's not a big deal."

But it felt like one to Charlotte. Sutton's birthday was in a few days, and her family would be coming to visit. They'd planned to have a quiet night in together before everyone's arrival, just the three of them.

While it wasn't anything *special* – technically – Charlotte had started to very much look forward to these ridiculously domestic evenings together after work. She didn't want to miss one.

"I know, but still. I want you to know that this is unprecedented; I really, really wanted to be there in time for dinner, like we'd planned."

And it was that, too. The root of the uncertainty she felt in the pit of her stomach. This was the first time she'd had to cancel on Sutton, to change established plans because something had come up.

She wanted – no, she *needed* – for Sutton to understand that this wasn't Charlotte being work-obsessed. That this wasn't Charlotte prioritizing work over her and Lucy. That this wasn't – *she* wasn't Layla. Or even her past self.

"It's your grandmother's foundation," Sutton said, her voice soothing. "I understand, Charlotte. Sometimes, things come up; that's unavoidable. This is something that means a lot to you, for good reason."

There was such a sweet certainty in Sutton's tone, it did wonders to ease Charlotte's

Of course she did. Of course she understood. Because she was Sutton.

"Yes," she breathed. "Yes, it does."

"It's okay, love. Really. You're not missing anything over here, anyway; we're just having a night in." She paused, before adding, "If you're up for coming over after everything is tied up there, our door is open." There was such hopefulness in Sutton's tone, and it filled the space around Charlotte's heart with warmth.

"I won't be that late," she promised. Because she was absolutely going to go over to Sutton's tonight, and was utterly thrilled that it was still an option.

Maybe to Sutton having *just a night in* felt like the norm and was nothing special. But the idea of spending a simple night in with Sutton and Lucy felt like everything to Charlotte lately.

“Then I’ll save you leftovers,” Sutton easily responded, sounding as pleased as Charlotte felt. “I love you. Good luck saving the world.”

The grin that slid over Charlotte’s face was so large, she was glad she was still safely in the back of the car where no one could see her.

That feeling – this warm, loved feeling – stayed with her for the remainder of the drive to the Foundation.

As she stepped out of the car and looked up at the large, beautifully imposing glass building, she felt a far heavier weight settle over her.

It wasn’t a bad feeling, necessarily. It was just... a big one.

Though she’d taken Sutton here with her fairly recently, Charlotte didn’t often come to the Thompson Foundation. Especially during working hours, while it was alive with the hustle and bustle.

She’d been here quite a bit in her life, of course. But most of those times had been while her grandmother was still alive. She’d returned only a few times since her grandmother’s death, one of those being with Sutton on their date.

It was just that the presence of Elizabeth Thompson loomed so large here. In this place that she’d built up, that she’d maintained, that she’d loved as if it were a living, breathing entity.

The first time she’d walked through the doors after her grandmother’s death – the night of the funeral, so late the building had been vacant save for security – she’d barely managed to walk through the doors before she’d broken down in tears.

Being here had made her feel so close to her grandmother, but not in a good way; in a way that had made her feel desperately alone.

With a deep breath, she walked through the doors, nodding at the employees at the front desk as she headed toward the elevator.

This was good, she realized, as she hit the button to go to the top floor. There was no overwhelming, stifling sensation pushing down on her.

Charlotte rolled her shoulders as the doors opened, and she walked out onto the polished hardwood floors.

“Thompson Founda—” Annie, the receptionist at the front desk, cut herself off as she fully looked at Charlotte. She blinked several times, before finding her composure. “Senator Thompson! It’s so great to see you.”

A smile – small, but genuine – slid over her face as she nodded. “Annie. Lovely to see you, as well.”

“Is there anything I can help you with?” She asked eagerly.

Charlotte shook her head. “No but thank you. I’ll be running tonight’s board meeting and have some work to do beforehand.” She only hesitated for a moment, before adding, “I’ll be in my grandmother’s office.”

“Of course.”

She felt her heart beating in a dull thud against her rib cage as she walked toward the opposite end of the expansive workspace. Several people gave her a double-take, several hesitant smiles, some waves, and she returned them without pausing her stride.

She only slowed to a stop as she reached the large glass door that separated her grandmother’s office from everyone else.

When Lily had come in to run the Foundation, within a month of her grandmother’s passing, she’d politely but firmly insisted on not working from Elizabeth’s office. *“It’s a very important place, owned and operated by a formidable, legend of a woman; it feels disrespectful, really, to move into it so soon.”*

Charlotte had greatly appreciated the deference. Especially now.

Everything was exactly the way she’d left it, after cleaning out her grandmother’s personal effects. Of which, admittedly, she hadn’t had many. Elizabeth kept a very tidy, efficient workspace.

She’d had a large plant by the windows – which Charlotte now kept in her home – many books lined up on the walls. A few news stories regarding the Foundation, framed. And a picture of Charlotte on her desk.

The large, solid desk that remained right where her grandmother had stationed it.

Tentatively, Charlotte walked to it. Held her breath as she pulled out the seat and sat down. And slowly exhaled as she flexed her hands against the solid wood of the desktop.

No, she didn’t feel like she was going to break down into sobs or like the weight of missing her grandmother was so heavy it would suffocate her.

More than anything, Charlotte felt... inspired. It was time to get to work.

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When she arrived at Sutton’s nearly four hours later, Charlotte had an undeniable pep in her step.

The board meeting had lasted for over an hour, calling in their head of legal for a consult. But though Charlotte didn’t use her law degree in her day-to-day career, she’d gone to a top law school in the country, and she had a very, very good memory.

Tobias Colson wasn’t the only person who knew how to work through loopholes in contracts, and like hell would Charlotte allow the Thompson Foundation to continue to work in partner with Colson Corp going forward.

And, as of thirty-three minutes ago, their legal team had doubled-down on their contract and were delivering a public severance of ties, all agreed on by the board.

It felt *good*, making those decisions. It felt really good, and that lightness inside of her only got stronger when she shut and locked Sutton's front door behind her.

She'd received a text from Sutton twenty minutes ago that she was going to be putting Lucy in the bath and that she'd leave the door unlocked so that Charlotte could feel free to let herself in.

She hummed under her breath – something new she'd found herself doing as of late – as she shed her jacket and hung it up on the hooks by the door.

As she went to take a step, the metallic glinting on the entry table caught her eye. A key. With a note under it in Sutton's elegant script that simply read: *Charlotte*

Her heart skipped a beat and she quickly reached out to grab the key. She held it so firmly in her fist that the indentation bit against her skin, but she enjoyed it.

She quickly walked toward the full bathroom, the one with a bathtub down the hall, where she could already hear the sounds of Lucy's bathtime – chatter, splashing, giggling.

Driven forward by the key that burned in her hand, Charlotte came to a sudden stop in the doorway, at the sight of Sutton.

Her hair was tied up in a hurried ponytail with some strands having escaped, clearly having been tossed up to get it out of her face before bathtime. She was wearing joggers and a loose t-shirt, which was dotted with some water splashes. She couldn't have looked more different than the night they'd gone to the benefit together less than two weeks ago, and still, she stole Charlotte's breath.

"Charlotte!" Lucy called, splashing an arm out of the bubble bath she was ensconced in to wave vigorously at her. "I'm in the bath!"

"I see that, little darling," she returned, an indulgent smile playing on her mouth.

It would be impossible to hold it in; Lucy was covered in the bubbles in the water, having clearly pulled them all toward herself. She'd told Charlotte a handful of times how much she enjoyed a bubble bath, so it was unsurprising.

Sutton, who was sitting on the closed toilet lid next to the bath as she angled her laptop away from the water, snapped her gaze to Charlotte. And the large, warm smile that played on her lips was just as wide the one that had been on her daughter's face moments ago. "You're here."

"I am," she confirmed. She couldn't have possibly held herself back, the raw *thrill* pushing her forward as she extended her hand and opened her fist to reveal the now-warm metal of the key. "Is this for me? To keep?"

There was a breathless demand in her voice, but she couldn't help it; she needed to know. She needed Sutton to tell her.



Sutton's blue eyes dropped to the key, before she bit her lip and the grin on her face froze. "Um. Well, yes. But only if you want it," she added quickly, shaking her head. "I just think it makes sense. Er, you know. That it's easier, on nights like tonight. When I'm busy with Lucy or you're working late. So you can come over whenever you'd like. If you want," she repeated.

Sutton closed her laptop and stood, carefully placing the computer on the shelf of towels, in a safe place. Her gaze on Charlotte was tentative, searching. Waiting. Clearly nervous.

But Charlotte didn't feel any sort of pressure; if anything, she felt the opposite. She clutched the key in her hand tightly, feeling the metal bite into her once more; she *wanted* it to imprint on her. "I do want. Very much."

*God*, she wanted it. She wanted to be able to come here when she left work, left an event. She wanted to come to this home with Sutton and Lucy, with laughter and homecooked meals, every night. It was so much more appealing than her own home, now. Her quiet, lonely home.

A pleased flush worked over Sutton's face, matching her brilliant, blinding smile. "Good. I... I want it, too."

Charlotte walked further into the bathroom, feeling drawn to Sutton as if by a magnetic impulse.

She pressed her lips to Sutton's softly. Just enough to feel her, to taste her, to breathe her in and feel so settled.

Only to break away abruptly, as she felt water hit her, soaking immediately through the fabric of her shirt, as Lucy giggled up at them and made kissing sounds.

"Charlotte, look!"

She blinked, still startled by the way her clothing was sticking uncomfortably to her, down at Lucy, who was holding up a doll with a shimmering mermaid tail. "This is Alexia; she's a mermaid and, um, and her tail is blue when she's dry but—" she wiggled the doll, whose tail splashed water out of the tub again. "When she's swimming, it's purple!"

"Charlotte, I'm so sorry," Sutton rushed to say, before turning her attention to Lucy, a sternly lifted eyebrow aimed at her daughter. "Luce, take it down a notch; what is the biggest bath time rule?"

Lucy's blue eyes ducked down to stare at the water as she heaved out a sigh. "*Be mindful.*"

"That's right. And did you feel like you were being mindful just now, when you splashed water onto Charlotte and the floor?"

Lucy bit her lip, slowly shaking her head before she looked at Charlotte. Her tone was painfully earnest as she informed her, "You *have* to be mindful in the bath, because it's not nice to splash people, and making a mess on the floor can make you fall and almost hit your head and almost give mama a heart attack."

Charlotte couldn't help but smile, and the discomfort from her shirt clinging to her and starting to feel a little chilly faded from prevalence. "Is that right?"

“She speaks from experience,” Sutton murmured next to her. Her soft touch fell to Charlotte’s wrist, squeezing slightly, eyes imploring. “Why don’t you go to my room and change? I’ll just finish up here. Her hair is already washed, so this was just some extra play time. Which—” Sutton turned to look down at Lucy, “Seems to be over now, I think.”

“Okayyy,” Lucy acquiesced with a sigh. “I’m *really* sorry about splashing you. I didn’t mean to,” she apologized, wide eyes digging right into Charlotte’s chest and gripping around her heart.

Charlotte let out a deep breath, shaking her head. “I know you didn’t, and it’s all right; the trick is,” she leaned down and lowered her voice to a conspiratorial whisper, “I have a hundred more just like this.”

Lucy positively beamed up at her, and Charlotte felt herself melt back.

What was a wet shirt, anyway? A little uncomfortable, sure, but she found that she truly didn’t care.

And she still felt that way, a half hour later as she finally pulled on one of Sutton’s soft, worn NYU t-shirts.

Sutton walked into her bedroom, appreciatively dragging her gaze over Charlotte. “You are always more than welcome to wear my clothing; I enjoy it.”

Charlotte quirked an eyebrow at her, amused. She could *tell* Sutton liked it, by the way her voice dropped an octave. Charlotte couldn’t tease, though. Not when she liked it so much, too. Wearing Sutton’s warm, soft, delicious-smelling clothing; feeling like she was wrapped up in everything that was *Sutton*.

“But I really am sorry about the bubble bath splash.”

Charlotte shook her head, dismissing the apology. “Darling, it’s really fine. That’s—” She cut herself off, halting as she realized what she’d been about to say. Even though her heart thudded at the words, though, she pushed through them. “That’s just life with a child, right?”

The wondrous tone in her voice reflected exactly what she felt inside. Life with a child. Charlotte was really here, embarking on life with a child. With Sutton.

Sutton’s gaze was so unbelievably soft, as she nodded. “Yes. That’s exactly right.”

“I’m an exceptionally fast learner; next time, I’ll change out of my work clothes before bath time. Perhaps into a bathing suit,” she joked.

“I’ve never seen you in a bathing suit,” Sutton murmured, walking closer to her, eyes dark and glinting.

Charlotte’s breath caught from the look alone. “No, I suppose you haven’t. I haven’t seen you in one, either.”

And she found that her mind ran wild with the idea. Sutton in little bikinis. Sutton wearing one of those 1940’s-esque halter one piece. Yes... she found that very, very appealing.

“Let’s not make the first time we do that be during bath time with my daughter,” Sutton decided, wrapping her arms around Charlotte. She felt Sutton link her hands at the small of her back.

And she brought her own arms up, looping them around Sutton’s neck as she tilted her head up. “No? Why’s that?” She teased, dipping her gaze to Sutton’s lips. Licking her own. The anticipation filtering through her.

“Because I know what I’ll be thinking about.”

“And what will that be?”

“How quickly I can get you out of it.”

“Sutton Spencer!” Charlotte playfully rebuked, before her breath caught on a moan as Sutton’s mouth descended to her own.

For just a moment, it felt hungry, demanding. Sutton’s teeth nipped into her bottom lip, her hands coming to grip Charlotte’s waist. Before Charlotte sighed into Sutton’s mouth, and the tone of the kiss shifted with it.

Turning into something gentle and welcoming, and everything Charlotte needed. She looped her arms around Sutton’s neck, grounding herself.

Sutton broke away moments later, already smiling down at Charlotte when Charlotte blinked her eyes open. “I hadn’t gotten to properly greet you tonight.”

“Well, there was the key,” Charlotte joked, but it didn’t feel like a joke to her. Not really.

It felt... monumental. It felt *huge*. It felt like the biggest step Charlotte had ever imagined taking with someone, and like it still wasn’t enough.

“Right. I,” Sutton cleared her throat, biting her lip. “I really meant it; you should use it whenever you’d like.”

“Is this your way of telling me you can’t get enough of me, darling?” She toyed with the soft strands of Sutton’s hair that had fallen out of her ponytail, the question both teasing and serious.

“Yes,” Sutton answered, so seriously. No possible pretense.

Charlotte’s heart pounded against her ribcage, as butterflies erupted inside of her. “Good. Because I can’t get enough of you, either.”

Sutton exhaled a soft, beautiful sound, the warmth of her breath washing over Charlotte’s cheek. The look in her eyes was intent, meaningful, as she spoke, “I want you here, whenever you can be. With me. And with Lucy. I was thinking tonight could be the first night you stay over, with her home?” Sutton suggested, her voice hopeful. “I’ve discussed it with her; the fact that you’ll likely be staying here overnight.”

“And she’s okay with that?” Charlotte needed to clarify, before she gave in completely to the light, thrumming feeling inside of her.

Sutton’s laugh was sharp and infectious. “Oh, she is *thrilled*. Expect an early wakeup call.”

“Then, I’m thrilled, too.” She really, truly was.

The smile that flashed over Sutton’s face was contagious, so bright Charlotte was entirely wrapped up in it.

“Why don’t we heat you up some dinner, and you can tell me everything about what happened at the Foundation? You have this look about you that tells me you feel very satisfied about your accomplishments today.” Sutton slid her hands away from Charlotte’s waist, intertwining their fingers together as she started to lead the way out to the kitchen.

She followed without a second thought. “You’d be correct about that.”