

# **DIVINE HEARTS: A PROPHETIC LOVE STORY**

**KAREN OKE**

This is what the Lord, the God of Isreal, says: write down for the record everything I have said to you. **Jeremiah 30:2**

## ABOUT AUTHOR

Karen Oke is an author, prophetic intercessor, faith catalyst and Christian life and relationship coach. She is the author of two faith-based, non-romance books and now ventures into the world of christian romance with her debut love story—one she's especially excited to share. Her passion for writing is rooted in her deep faith and desire to reveal God's heart through storytelling. If you love happily-ever-afters, heartwarming romance, and faith that makes a difference, then you'll enjoy her books.

She lives in the South with her husband and their wonderful children. Together, they share **a prophetic love story**—one that was preordained and spoken by God before it came to pass. As **divine hearts**, their journey reflects the very message of her novel: that even

when paths seem to diverge, God is still orchestrating a perfect redemptive collision in His perfect time.

Through her work, she hopes to inspire others to believe in the beauty of divine timing and the power of a love story written by God.

When she's not writing, she enjoys reading and helping others grow in their faith and relationship with God. She loves hearing from her readers and invites you to connect with her by email to share your thoughts about the novel.

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## Dedication

To the Holy Spirit, my Best Friend—without You, I am nothing.

To my dear husband—your unwavering love and support gives me the strength to do all that I do.

To my children—you teach me the true meaning of love every single day.

To Christopher and Robyn—what a journey it has been. I am grateful to be on your team, I wouldn't have it any other way.

To the Plan A family—your commitment and passion inspire me. Thank you for riding for God's plan.

To anyone holding onto a prophetic word and waiting for its fulfillment: may your heart be

encouraged, your spirit strengthened, and your faith remain unshaken.

And to you, dear reader—may your faith grow deeper, and may your love for God grow stronger with each passing day. Thanks for being here.

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## Prelude **Destiny, Glory, Royal**

*But you are a chosen people, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, God's special possession, that you may declare the praises of Him who called you out of darkness into His wonderful light."*

**- 1 Peter 2:9**

The rooftop lounge shimmered under golden lights, cityscapes stretching

endlessly beyond its glass walls. Jazz melodies floated through the air, mingling with laughter and the clink of glasses. Robyn stepped inside, her presence polished but her spirit weary. She had mastered the art of smiling even when her heart felt heavy.

She was tired. Not the kind of tired sleep could fix. This was soul deep.

Her prayers were silent tonight, a plea for strength whispered between breaths:

*"God... help me get through this night."*

Her gaze slid lazily across the space, and that's when she saw him. Across the room, unmistakable even in the dim glow—Christopher. Her stomach dropped. Time seemed to collapse around her as memories surged forward: studio sessions, whispered dreams, and the wildfire love they once shared. A love that burned too brightly, too

recklessly. Their love had been passionate but undisciplined. Beautiful but unsubmitted. And it imploded.

Their eyes met briefly, and though no words passed between them, the weight of unfinished stories filled the space.

Christopher stood frozen, his thoughts racing. Lately, he'd been keeping his circle tight, and his heart tighter. Yet in an instant, time had collapsed, placing him right back in the heart of their unfinished story.

For a moment, Christopher wondered if God was playing with him. Because in the past, he had prayed about her. Not casually. Not occasionally. But earnestly.

The kind of prayers you don't say out loud because they make you feel foolish. Because no matter how much time passed, part of him had always hoped—silently, stubbornly—that

maybe, just maybe, their story wasn't finished.

He had let go. He had convinced himself that he had moved on, that he had found peace in his decision. But now, standing in the reality of her presence, Christopher felt the foundations of his resolve shake.

He had forgiven himself. Forgiven her. Released the dream.

But he had never stopped hoping in the quiet corners of his faith.

And now—now she stood across the room, beautiful as ever. Had she grown into everything he used to pray she'd become? Her eyes, those same green eyes he had memorized, held a depth now he wasn't sure he had seen before. Was it sorrow? Growth? Or just his imagination?

He shifted on his feet, uncertain whether to walk over or stay rooted. His instinct screamed for motion—to close

the distance, to speak, to bridge the years of silence with one word: “Hey.”

But fear paused him.

Not fear of her.

Fear of what his presence might cost her.

He knew how fiercely she guarded her privacy. He knew how much intentionality she had put into staying out of the same spaces as him. Their breakup was messy in public, even though it shouldn't have been. Their silence thereafter spoke louder than the scandal ever could.

And he'd respected that silence. Honored it to the best of his ability.

Back then, they were broken, a wildfire. Powerful. But wild. Too much talent, too little surrender. They were chasing fame, music, self—but not God. And they crashed—hard.

She had said she didn't want a sequel of them. He told her he agreed.

But it was a lie.

The biggest one he ever told.

Because deep down, Christopher never stopped believing that she was his. That God had whispered it—clear as crystal—that she was his wife. He'd never said it aloud. Never dared. Especially when everything around them crumbled. Especially when he lost himself for a while—chasing distractions, applause, shallow relationships, thinking maybe he misheard God.

But even when he wandered, even when he fell... he carried that word like a secret seed in his spirit.

She's your wife. But how could he believe it when everything in their lives contradicted it? When the chaos between them had nearly swallowed them whole?

And now—now she stood across the room, beautiful as ever, and he didn't know if it was a gift or a test. He couldn't stop staring. Couldn't stop remembering. Every moment they had shared resurfaced, demanding to be acknowledged. And beneath it all, the ache of what had been left unsaid, the weight of a love sacrificed in the name of something greater.

Christopher clenched his fists at his sides as he fought to contain the onslaught of emotions. His mind screamed at him to turn away, to escape before the past pulled him under. But his heart—his foolish, yearning heart—kept him rooted to the spot.

What was she doing here? And why, after all this time, did just one look from her make him feel as if he was unraveling?

But he wouldn't move.

Not yet.

Not without clarity.

Because love without obedience had burned them once before, and he refused to repeat the fire.

*“Give me the strength to respect her space,” he whispered internally. “Even though everything in me wants to move.”*

Across the room, Robyn turned away first, her composure faltering only slightly. She had hoped to stay longer, but being in his vicinity made that impossible. The emotions he stirred were too strong—and it wouldn’t be long before others started to notice. She knew what people would say if they were seen in the same room. The rumors would start again. The headlines. The speculation. The recycled clips and throwback edits. She had worked so hard to step out of his shadow, to let her story be her own.

With her heels clicking hurriedly against the floor, she exited the building. Outside, alone, she whispered, "This isn't healing. This is torment." What is he doing here? He wasn't supposed to be here.

Christopher watched her go, his heart aching.

*"God, I didn't expect this."*

*"I wasn't ready either... but I didn't run."*

"Because I've been praying about love. About settling down, about healing." Praying about the ache that hadn't gone away, even when I have done everything right since turning back to You.

"And seeing her tonight... felt like a door I didn't even ask you to open." Like a prayer halfway answered.

Because he could survive without her. He had been surviving these past years.

What he couldn't survive was not knowing if he was supposed to believe again.



# CHAPTER 1

## Not a Continuation; A New Beginning, A Fresh Start

*"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways,"*

**-Isaiah 55:8:**

*Six months later-Robyn POV*

The sun filtered through the blinds in thin golden streaks, painting stripes across Robyn's beautiful home. She sat on the floor, a worn journal open before her. The room smelled faintly of cherry blossom and vanilla from the candle burning nearby. Her pen hovered over the page, trembling slightly as if unsure of what to write next. Finally, she scribbled two words: I'm sorry. The words were for Christopher, an apology for the pain she'd caused, the years she'd stolen with her anger and fear.

Tears welled up in her eyes, blurring the ink. Saying those words out loud felt impossible, but writing them down somehow made them real. Robyn had spent years running, running from herself, from God, and most of all, from Christopher Brown. But no matter how far she ran, the memories chased her like shadows. Even as she fled from God, His presence lingered, a quiet pull she couldn't escape, whispering she was never too far gone.

She thought about that night years ago, the last time she'd spoken to him. Harsh words spat in anger, fueled by pain and hurt. Words she couldn't take back. "You'll never be enough for me," she'd said, knowing even then it wasn't true. Knowing deep down he deserved better than her venom.

Her gaze drifted to the corner of the room where toys lay scattered, a reminder of another decision born out of brokenness and desperation. Her son, Rosen, was three now, full of laughter and mischief. He looked so much like his father, though thankfully had no characteristics of the man himself. That relationship had been one more reckless decision in a string of poor choices, driven by low self-esteem and the fear that she was running out of time. Alcohol and drugs had clouded her judgment; violence, a big part of her life stemming from childhood learned behavior.

Demonic practices had become her go-to, things she didn't dare think about

anymore. Those days were behind her now, thanks to grace she still struggled to fully understand.

Robyn closed her eyes and whispered a prayer. “*God, help me do what You want me to do.*” In the months since their accidental run-in, dreams of Christopher kept coming back repeatedly, vivid and unsettling. In them, they stood face-to-face, neither speaking, yet everything unspoken hung heavy between them. She woke each morning feeling torn, confused, but also certain these visions meant something. She knew the Bible said that when you have the same dream twice, it’s ordained by God and will surely come to pass, so she understood He was trying to tell her something important.

But fear gripped her heart. What if he hated her? What if he refused to listen? Still, something inside urged her forward. With trembling fingers, she picked up her phone and typed his name into the

contacts list. It took every ounce of courage she had to send the first message.

### *Christopher's POV*

Christopher wiped sweat from his brow as he finished his basketball session with his buddies. Music thumped loudly around him, but his mind was elsewhere. As he scrolled absently through social media during his cool-down, an article caught his eye. Some blogger was speculating about Robyn again, her comeback tour, her new faith-based music project. Nothing concrete, just rumors.

Yet seeing her name sent a jolt through him. His response was always the same over the years when he would see news about her. The downside of having a famous ex—you can't escape them. It had been hard for him to see news about who she was dating—especially the photos that captured her in intimate moments with other men. Yet God had spoken to his heart back then, a quiet

conviction that Robyn was meant to be his wife. It sounded delusional, borderline crazy, but the truth of it burned deep, unshakable despite the pain.

He shoved his phone into his bag and headed home, trying to shake off the familiar ache in his chest. Years might have passed since their last conversation, but some wounds never fully healed. He remembered the sting of her words, sharp and cutting. They echoed in his mind whenever doubt crept in. Doubt that maybe he truly could change, that redemption wasn't just for people who hadn't messed up quite as badly as him.

Once upon a time, Christopher lived recklessly. Drugs, alcohol, women—he chased anything that promised temporary relief from his emptiness. Manipulation became second nature, a way to control situations and people when life felt chaotic. And then there was the music industry itself, feeding his ego while slowly destroying him. But after the tragedy, an event he

rarely allowed himself to revisit, he found himself on his knees, crying out to God for the first time in years.

Slowly, painfully, he began to rebuild his life.

Nowadays, things were different. He attended church regularly, leaned on mentors who understood his struggles, and worked hard to keep old habits at bay. Temptation still lingered, whispering lies in quiet moments, but he fought harder now. His music reflected this transformation, blending raw honesty with hope. People noticed. Fans called him inspiring, but Christopher knew better. He was simply learning to walk again after falling so many times.

Back at his house, he poured himself a glass of water and stared out the window. The city buzzed below, oblivious to the war raging within him. Should he respond to Robyn? Part of him wanted to ignore the text altogether. After all, reopening old wounds sounded

dangerous. She'd left without a word after their run-in, and now, months later, a simple "hey" felt like a grenade tossed into his carefully rebuilt life. But another part, the part that still cared deeply, wondered if maybe, just maybe, God had a reason for bringing her back into his orbit.

### *The Text Message Exchange*

Robyn sat on the edge of her bed, her phone clutched tightly in her hands. Her thumb hovered over the letters again. Slowly, carefully, she typed:

*"Hey Christopher... it's Robyn. I know it's been a long time, but I've been thinking about you."*

She hesitated before hitting send, her stomach twisting into knots. For a second, she almost deleted the message altogether. But then she remembered the quiet peace she'd started finding in prayer recently, the way God had been guiding her steps since her life fell apart.

Maybe this was part of His plan. Maybe this was her chance to make things right. Maybe it was time for her to stop running and face things head-on.

With trembling fingers, she pressed send. The notification's ding echoed in the quiet room, and suddenly, it felt real—too real. She dropped the phone beside her and buried her face in her hands, whispering under her breath, *“Please, Lord... give me strength.”*

For a moment, Christopher didn't touch his phone. He just stared, as if seeing her name might somehow make it disappear. His mind raced with questions. Why now? After years of nothing? Did she need something? Was this some kind of joke? Was this some sort of game?

He finally picked up the phone, unlocking the screen with a swipe. There it was, plain and simple:

"Hey Christopher... it's Robyn. I know it's been a long time, but I've been thinking about you."

His chest tightened. Part of him wanted to reply immediately, to ask her what she meant, why she'd reached out. But another part, the angry, hurt part told him to ignore it. To pretend he hadn't seen it. That part reminded him of how she'd treated him the last time they spoke face to face, the venom in her voice slicing through him like a knife.

So, he set the phone down and walked away. Out onto the balcony, where the cool morning air hit his face and helped clear his head. Sort of. Because no matter how hard he tried to focus on anything else the birds chirping, the distant hum of traffic, he kept coming back to her message.

Who was she now? Had she changed? Or was this just another trap, another mess he'd have to clean up later? Another heartbreak to heal from?

By the time evening rolled around, he still hadn't replied. But every time his phone lit up with a new notification, his heart skipped a beat, hoping it was her again. Hoping and dreading at the same time.

Three days passed without a word from Christopher. Each hour felt heavier than the last. Robyn tried to distract herself playing with her son, writing new lyrics, reading scripture but nothing worked. She couldn't shake the feeling that she needed to try one more time.

Late one night, after putting her little boy to bed, she sat on the living room floor, her phone resting on her lap. This time, she didn't hesitate. She typed quickly, before fear could stop her: *"Hi Christopher. Can we meet to talk? Just once. Please."*

Her finger hovered over the send button for a full minute. Vulnerability clawed at her throat, threatening to choke her. What if he said no? What if he

laughed at her? Still, she pressed send. And then she prayed harder than she ever had before.

When Christopher saw her second message, he was lying in bed, staring at the ceiling. The room was dark except for the faint blue glow of his phone. He read the words over and over, each letter sinking deeper into his soul.

“Just once,” she’d said. Not a demand, not an ultimatum. Just a request. Simple. Honest.

He thought about everything that had happened between them the fights, the lies, the betrayal. He thought about the accident that changed both their lives forever, the tragedy that forced them apart. And he thought about who he used to be the man who chased pleasure without consequence, the man who manipulated people to get what he wanted.

That man wasn't completely gone. Sometimes, late at night, he could still feel the pull of old habits tugging at him. But most days, he fought it. Most days, he chose better. Choosing better meant facing the past instead of running from it.

After twenty minutes of staring at the screen, he sighed and typed back: "*Okay. Where?*"

As soon as he hit send, relief washed over him. Relief and dread. Whatever this meeting would bring, it was bound to stir up emotions he wasn't sure he was ready to handle.

### *Preparation For the Meeting*

The morning sun peaked through her bedroom curtains, spreading soft streaks of gold on the floor. Robyn stood in front of her closet, staring at the clothes hanging neatly before her. Her fingers brushed against a black dress she hadn't worn in years too tight, too flashy, too much like who she used to be. She sighed

and moved on, pulling out a satin cream blouse instead. It was modest but still had an air of elegance, something that felt more like... *her now.*

Still, doubt crept in. What if he thought she looked plain? Or worse, what if he didn't care at all? She shook her head, trying to silence the old insecurities that whispered lies into her ear. Those were voices from another time, a darker time when desperation ruled her choices and self-worth seemed as distant as the stars.

She sat down on the edge of her bed, phone in hand, scrolling through messages from mutual friends who'd casually mentioned his name over the past few months. She also checked his social media here and there over the years to keep up with his projects and the life he was building without her. None of it told her anything real about him anymore. He wasn't the same man she knew years ago, and neither was she the same woman. But one thing remained

unchanged: the memory of their last conversation. The sharpness of her words echoed in her mind even now.

I don't want us, and I don't want you, she'd spat, her voice trembling with anger and hurt. "I never want to see you again."

That night, she'd gone home crying not just because of the fight, but because deep down, she knew those cruel words weren't true. They were born out of pain, fear, and the chaos inside her own heart. And yet, they'd cut deeper than any blade ever could.

A knock on the door startled her out of her thoughts. It was her best friend, Melli, holding two cups of iced coffee. "Hey, I brought reinforcements," Melli said, handing her a cup. "You look like you need this."

"I don't even know why I'm doing this," Robyn admitted, sipping the cold

drink. “What if he hates me? What if he thinks I’m wasting his time?”

Melli tilted her head, studying her with kind eyes. “Do you think God would’ve put this on your heart if it wasn’t important? You’ve come so far, Robyn. Trust Him to guide you through this.”

Robyn nodded slowly, though her stomach churned with nerves. Before bed later that night, she knelt by her bedside, clutching her Bible. *“Lord, please help me say the right things,”* she prayed softly. *“Help me show him love, not guilt, or shame. Please give me strength.”*

Christopher stared at himself in the mirror, adjusting the collar of his shirt for the third time. Was it too formal? Too casual? Did it matter? He groaned and turned away, running a hand over his face. Why did agreeing to meet her feel like stepping into a lion’s den?

He tried to push the thoughts aside and focus on the present. His home smelled faintly of lavender candles he'd started burning after realizing how calming they were. Quite different from the days when cigarette and weed smoke clung to every surface. Things were different now. Better. At least, most of the time.

But today wasn't most of the time. Today, memories clawed at the edges of his mind, reminding him of mistakes he wished he could erase. Like the way he used to charm women using love bombing only to leave them brokenhearted. Or the countless nights he drowned his sorrows in alcohol, drugs chasing highs that left him emptier than before.

"You seem distracted," his mom, Joycena, remarked later that afternoon. She leaned against the kitchen counter, watching him pace. "What's going on?"

“It’s nothing,” Christopher muttered, avoiding her gaze.

She raised an eyebrow. “Come on, spill it. Is it work? Your music?” the kids? their mothers?

“No,” he said finally, sinking onto the couch. “It’s... someone from my past. We’re meeting up tomorrow.”

Her expression softened. “Ah. That serious, huh?” Anyone I know?

Christopher shrugged, unsure how to explain the storm brewing inside him. If he told his mother he was meeting Robyn, she would jump for joy—she loves Robyn—but he decided not to share that as yet. Part of him wanted to cancel, to avoid reopening old wounds. But another part, the part that had been praying for peace these past few months, felt drawn to this moment like a magnet. Maybe there was healing waiting on the other side. Or maybe it was just another test.

*Meeting Day*

The restaurant was tucked away in a quiet corner of the city, its entrance hidden behind a row of tall trees. Inside, the lighting was dim, casting shadows that danced across the walls. Soft jazz played in the background, mixing with the low hum of conversation. The scent of freshly crafted cocktails lingered in the air, grounding Robyn as she chose a private room in the back. Privacy was a must, especially for someone of her status. She arrived thirty minutes early, fidgeting with her hands as she rehearsed what she'd say. "Hi, Christopher," she whispered under her breath. "Thank you for coming. There's so much I need to tell you..." Her voice trailed off as doubt crept in again. Would he listen? Or would he shut her down the way she deserved?

Meanwhile, Christopher parked his car a block away, taking a few moments to collect himself. His palms were sweaty, his pulse racing. He walked toward the restaurant and went in through

the back entrance, scanning the room as soon as he stepped inside. When he spotted her sitting alone, his breath caught. She looked... different. Calmer. Stronger. But also fragile, like she might break at any moment. Their eyes met briefly, and then he looked away, hesitating before walking over. Every step felt heavier than the last, each one carrying the weight of everything unsaid between them.

Christopher's heart pounded as he took her in. She was thinner than he remembered when he saw her six months ago, but her presence still filled the space around her. Her eyes, those same deep green eyes that used to hold so much fire and pain, now seemed softer, wiser. He swallowed hard, forcing himself to approach her. When he finally reached her, he gave an awkward smile, unsure what to do next.

"Hey," he said, his voice low but steady.

“Hi,” Robyn replied, her voice barely above a whisper. She shifted uncomfortably, then gestured toward the table she’d picked out earlier. “Shall we sit?”

He nodded, pulling out a chair for her before taking his own seat. They sat facing each other, the silence stretching between them like an invisible barrier. Neither knew where to start.

Robyn glanced down at her hands, which were clasped tightly together in her lap. She could feel his gaze on her, studying her, probably trying to figure out why she’d reached out after all these years. Finally, she forced herself to look up, meeting his eyes. “You look good,” she said softly, offering a small smile.

Christopher raised an eyebrow, surprised by the compliment. “So do you,” he replied, though his tone was cautious.

There was something about being here with her again that stirred old memories, memories he thought he'd buried long ago. The way her lips curved when she smiled, the faint scar above her left eyebrow from a fight they'd both rather forget, it all came rushing back. He cleared his throat, breaking eye contact. "It's been... a while."

"Yes, it has," Robyn agreed, nodding slowly. Her fingers traced the edge of the menu in front of her, buying herself a few extra seconds to gather her thoughts. She wanted to tell him everything to explain how sorry she was for the things she'd said, for the person she'd been but the words stuck in her throat. Instead, she settled for something simpler. "I've been thinking about you lately."

Christopher stiffened slightly at her admission. Thinking about him? Why now? Wasn't she the one who said she never wanted to see him again? Wasn't it easier to leave the past alone? He leaned

back in his chair, crossing his arms over his chest. “Really? What brought that on?”

She hesitated, choosing her words carefully. “Things have changed for me. A lot has happened since...” Her voice trailed off, unable to finish the sentence. Since the last time they spoke? Since the tragedy that shattered her life? Since she hit rock bottom, after so much personal loss. It was that season of intense pain that pushed her back to her first love—Jesus.

Christopher studied her face, searching for answers she wasn’t yet ready to give. He didn’t want to admit it, but seeing her again stirred something inside him too. Something he’d tried to bury alongside the guilt and shame of his own mistakes. “I’ve changed too,” he said quietly, almost to himself.

“I can see that,” Robyn murmured. And she could. There was a calmness about him now, a sense of control that

hadn't existed years ago. Back then, he'd been reckless, always chasing the next thrill, the next high. Now, he seemed grounded, like he'd finally found solid footing.

They fell silent again, the weight of unspoken words hanging heavy between them. Robyn took a deep breath, knowing she couldn't leave without saying at least part of what she'd come to say. "Christopher, there's so much I need to tell you..." He cut her off, shaking his head. "I don't know if I'm ready to hear it," he admitted, his voice tinged with both honesty and fear.

Her heart sank, but she understood. It wasn't easy to reopen old wounds, especially when they were still healing. Still, she couldn't let go of the hope that maybe, just maybe, they could find a way to move forward together or apart.

"Okay," she whispered, nodding. "But thank you for coming tonight. That means a lot."

Christopher offered her a small, hesitant smile. “Thank you for reaching out. I wasn’t sure I’d respond, but...I’m glad I did.”



## Chapter 2

# The One He Covered is the One He Loves

*"Be completely humble and gentle; be patient, bearing with one another in love". -Ephesians 4:2:*

*Christopher Leaves the Meeting*

The road stretched endlessly before him, a ribbon of asphalt glistening under the fading sunlight. Christopher gripped the steering wheel tightly, his knuckles white against the leather as he replayed the events of the meeting in his mind. It had been surreal—like stepping into a dream where time folded back on itself. Robyn was there, just as radiant and striking as she'd always been, but something about her presence felt different this time. She wasn't the same Robyn he remembered; or perhaps, he wasn't the same Christopher.

His heart raced as memories flooded his mind—her laughter echoing through their shared spaces, her fiery temper that could ignite an argument with a single word, and the way she once held such power over him. Back then, he would have done anything for her—a glance, a request, a fleeting desire—and he'd jump at her command without hesitation. But now? Now he felt... anchored. Grounded. Something—or Someone—had changed him.

“*What do I do now?*” he whispered aloud, his voice barely audible above the hum of the engine. His eyes darted to the rearview mirror, catching a glimpse of his reflection. The man staring back looked older, wiser, burdened yet hopeful. He sighed deeply, loosening his grip on the wheel just enough to let his fingers flex.

“*Lord,*” he began, his tone soft but earnest, “*You’ve changed me. You’ve brought me so far from who I used to be. How do I handle this without ruining what You’re doing in my life? Is this even part of Your plan?*”

The question hung heavy in the air, unanswered except for the rhythmic tapping of his turn signal as he switched lanes. Christopher’s thoughts drifted back to the meeting—the way Robyn’s smile lit up the room, how her eyes seemed to search for his when he walked in. She hadn’t said much, but her presence alone had stirred something deep within him. Something he thought he’d buried years ago.

He clenched the wheel again, frustration bubbling beneath the surface. Why now? After all these years of praying for closure, for healing, for freedom from the pain she'd caused, why did God choose *this* moment to bring her back into his life? Was it a test? A second chance? Or simply another detour meant to derail him?

Christopher shook his head, trying to shake off the weight of uncertainty pressing down on his chest. No, he reminded himself. He wasn't the same man who would spiral into self-doubt or impulsivity anymore. He'd spent years rebuilding his faith, learning to surrender control, and trusting God's timing—even when it didn't make sense.

As the car rounded a bend, the horizon painted in hues of orange and pink, Christopher allowed himself one last indulgence. One last memory. He pictured her standing there, wearing that same confident smirk she always had when she knew she had his attention. For

a brief moment, he let himself feel the rush of emotions—longing, fear, hope—all tangled together like threads in a tapestry he couldn’t unravel.

But then, as if sensing his wavering resolve, a gentle peace washed over him. Not an answer, not clarity, but a quiet assurance that whatever this was, it wasn’t outside of God’s hands.

With a steadyng breath, Christopher relaxed his grip on the wheel, letting the tension ease from his shoulders. Whatever lay ahead, he wouldn’t face it alone. And maybe—just maybe—that was enough for now.

### *Robyn’s Perspective Leaving the Meeting*

Robyn stepped out of the restaurant, and paused for a moment, letting the cool evening air brush against her face. Her heart was still racing from seeing Christopher face to face again after all these years. She had imagined this

moment countless times in her mind—what she would say, how it would feel—but now that it had actually happened, she felt unprepared. They hadn't exchanged more than a few polite words at the end of the meeting, and before she could gather the courage to speak further, he was already walking away.

Her hands trembled slightly as she clutched the strap of her purse tightly. Disappointment welled up inside her like an unwelcome tide. She had hoped for even just one real conversation, something meaningful to bridge the chasm of silence between them. But instead, they were left with nothing but lingering glances and unanswered questions.

As Robyn stepped onto the sidewalk, her heels clicking softly against the pavement, she wrestled with conflicting emotions. Part of her wanted to turn around, chase him down, and demand answers, or maybe simply tell him everything she'd been holding back

for years. Another part, however, whispered caution. She knew Christopher well enough to recognize the walls he had built around himself. He wasn't the same man who used to drop everything at her beck and call. And honestly, neither was she the same woman who demanded his undivided attention without considering his feelings or boundaries.

She exhaled slowly, trying to steady herself. Humility washed over her as she realized that pushing forward now might only push him farther away. If God truly intended for their paths to cross again, then perhaps His timing was different from hers. Maybe this quiet reconnection was exactly what needed to happen first—a chance for both of them to adjust to each other's presence before diving into deeper waters.

Stopping under a streetlamp, Robyn closed her eyes and tilted her head upward, silently praying. “*God,*” she began, her voice soft but earnest, “*if this is Your timing, please guide us. Help me*

*respect where he is right now, and give me the patience to wait on Your perfect plan.”* As she spoke, peace began to seep into her soul, calming the storm of uncertainty swirling within her. It wasn’t resignation—it was trust. Trust that whatever lay ahead, whether joy or heartache, was part of a greater purpose beyond her understanding.

Opening her eyes, Robyn took a deep breath and resumed walking. The city buzzed around her, cars honking and people chatting, yet she felt strangely grounded. This wasn’t just about reconnecting with Christopher; it was about surrendering her desires to God and allowing Him to shape their story. For the first time in a long while, Robyn felt hopeful—not because she knew what the future held, but because she believed that God did.

And so, with slow, deliberate steps, she moved forward, carrying not just the weight of her own hopes but also the assurance that she didn’t have to figure

everything out on her own. Whatever came next, she would face it with humility, gentleness, and love—the very virtues Ephesians 4:2 called her to embody.

### *Christopher's Reflection Over Days/Weeks*

Christopher sat at his kitchen table, a half-empty coffee mug in front of him, the room quiet save for the faint hum of the refrigerator. Days had passed since the meeting, but Robyn's latest message still burned in his mind: Hey, it was good to see you. Can we talk? Simple words, yet they'd unraveled him. He couldn't trust her—not yet. What did she want? Why so persistent? It was unlike her. Was this genuine, or just another game to pull him off the path he'd fought so hard to walk? Memories clawed at him—flashes of their past, bitter and vivid. Her jealousy when he'd so much as glanced at another girl, his own unforgiving stubbornness when she'd pushed him away. They'd made promises they

couldn't keep, breaking each other over and over until she'd walked out with those final, cutting words: "*We're done.*" He rubbed his jaw, exhaling sharply. That was then. Now, he was different—grounded, seeking God instead of chasing chaos. He opened his Bible, his fingers tracing Ephesians 4:2: "*Be completely humble and gentle; be patient, bearing with one another in love.*" The words sank in, a balm to his restless spirit.

He prayed late into the night, wrestling for clarity. "Lord, show me her heart," he whispered. "Is this You or just me wanting it to be?" As the days turned to weeks, a realization dawned, quiet but firm: her reaching out wasn't coincidence—it was divine. Just like their unplanned run-in. God was moving, and Christopher felt the first stirrings of hope and peace.

*Robyn's Reflection Over  
Days/Weeks*

Robyn sat cross-legged on her bed, her journal open, a pen hovering over the page. She'd reached out to Christopher after their meeting on impulse, a leap of faith she hadn't planned. Now, with no reply, fear crept in—fear of reopening wounds she'd spent years healing. She scribbled a line: *Why him, Lord? Why now?* Her thoughts drifted to their past—the good days when he'd pampered her, made her laugh, and loved her like no one else; the bad days when jealousy and pride had torn them apart. The next afternoon, she drove to her mother's house, needing perspective. They sat on the porch, the scent of jasmine thick in the air. "Mama," Robyn began, twisting her fingers, "Christopher's back in my life. Sort of. I don't know what to do."

Her mother's eyes narrowed, then softened. "I always liked that boy, Robyn. Not the mess y'all made together—Lord knows it was toxic—but him. He's not like Rosen's father, that demon who dragged you down. Christopher loved

you, even if y'all didn't know how to handle it."

"I know," Robyn said, her voice small. "But what if we can't fix it?"

Her mother leaned forward, her tone firm yet filled with warmth. "Faith and love go together, baby. If God's in this, He's making it new. Scripture says, 'Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, the new creation has come; the old has gone, the new is here.' Trust that. Let Him rebuild it. You both are now in Christ, you are new people, things will and must be different. Embrace this fresh start, sweetheart. It's a beautiful opportunity to grow stronger together." Robyn nodded, a smile breaking through. She'd grown since their breakup—found faith after tragedy, becoming a mother. Leaving her mother's house, she felt hope bloom, reassurance settling deep.

Christopher stood in his living room, phone in hand, Robyn's message staring back at him. His thumb hovered

over the screen, tension coiling in his gut. Should he do this? Days of prayer had led him here, to this moment. He typed, then deleted, then typed again: *I'm ready to talk.* Simple, but it carried the weight of his resolve. He hit send, his pulse quickening.

Across town, Robyn's phone buzzed on her kitchen counter. She snatched it up, her breath catching at Christopher's name. *I'm ready to talk.* Excitement surged, tangled with nerves. She typed back, fingers trembling: *Me too. When?* They settled on Saturday, a park by the river, and as she set the phone down, she pressed a hand to her chest, steadyng her racing heart.

### *Saturday arrived*

*A secluded park by the river served as their meeting place—a perfect spot for an uninterrupted conversation. The gentle rustling of leaves in the breeze created a serene backdrop for this long-awaited moment.*

*Christopher arrives first, nervously adjusting his jacket as he waits. When he sees Robyn walking toward him, her presence immediately fills the space around him. She looks different—calmer, more radiant. They exchange hesitant smiles before sitting down on the bench, far enough from others to allow privacy but close enough to feel connected.*

As they settle into their seats, there's an awkward silence between them. Finally, Robyn takes a deep breath and begins.

"I owe you an apology," she says softly, her voice trembling slightly. "For so many things I said—or didn't say—that hurt you. Especially those last words... I was scared, Christopher. Scared of losing myself, scared of failing, scared of *us*. And instead of fighting for us, I gave up.

Her eyes glisten with unshed tears as she continued. "But then, an unforeseen tragedy struck, shaking me to

my very core. As my world unraveled and I mourned the loss of several family members, I discovered God amid the darkness and despair. He became my refuge when I had nowhere else to turn. Through Him, I began to heal—not just from what we went through, but from everything inside me that needed fixing.”

She paused? looking at him earnestly. “I’ve changed, Christopher. I’ve given my life to Jesus, and I’m learning how to let Him lead me and heal me. I want you to know that the person sitting here today isn’t the same girl who walked away from you all those years ago.”

Christopher listens intently, his expression softening. There’s no anger in his eyes—only understanding and compassion.

After a moment, Christopher leans forward, resting his elbows on his knees. His tone is calm but vulnerable as he speaks.

“You’re not the only one who’s changed,” he admits. “After everything fell apart, I ended up in jail. That experience triggered a series of health challenges and financial losses. I hit rock bottom.” I tried to fill the emptiness with distractions—work, relationships, even fleeting pleasures—but nothing worked. It wasn’t until I truly surrendered to God that I started finding peace. He showed me who I am beyond the pain, beyond the mistakes.”

He paused, his gaze steady on hers. “I realized something important during that time: our relationship wasn’t just broken because of what you did or what I did. We were both immature, selfish, consumed by jealousy and pride. Neither of us was ready for the kind of love God intended. But now...” He trails off, choosing his words carefully. “Now, I see this reunion as part of His plan. Maybe He dismantled what we had so He could rebuild it stronger, better—something that honors Him.”

There's a brief pause as both reflected on his words. Then Robyn nods slowly, her lips curving into a small smile.

"That's exactly how I feel," she says. "It's like God has been preparing us separately for this moment. I can't explain why now, after all these years, but I believe He brought us back together for a reason."

Christopher agreed, adding, "And if this is His will, then I want to do it right this time. No rushing, no forcing anything. Just taking it step by step, trusting Him to guide us."

They sit quietly for a moment, letting the weight of their shared revelation sink in. Finally, Robyn breaks the silence.

"So where does that leave us?" she asks, her voice tinged with hope and caution.

Christopher meets her gaze, his resolve clear. “Friends. For now, anyway. Let’s take the time to really get to know each other again—to build trust, to grow spiritually together. If this is truly what God wants for us, then He’ll make it clear in His timing.”

Robyn nods, relief washing over her features. “I’d like that,” she says. “Starting fresh, without any pressure. Just... being honest and open with each other.”

He takes a deep breath, his expression softening as he leans slightly forward. “Speaking of honest and open, why did you leave that event so abruptly? I saw you, and I know you saw me.”

Her cheeks flush, and she looks down for a moment before responding shyly, “I was shocked and panicked. And when I panic, I do what I’ve always done best—run.” The admission hung in the air between them, raw and unfiltered.

After a pause, she adds softly, “But seeing you there... it made me realize something. That wasn’t just some random coincidence, was it?”

His gaze met hers, steady but kind. “No, it wasn’t. I’ve thought about that night more times than I can count. Maybe we were both running from something—or someone—back then. But maybe now’s our chance to stop running.”

The weight of their shared realization settled between them, tying into an unspoken understanding that this moment feels different, like the start of something neither wants to let slip away again.

Though neither says it aloud, there’s an unspoken longing beneath the surface—a desire for something deeper, something lasting. But for now, they’re content to honor God’s process and take things one day at a time.

As they continue talking, the atmosphere shifts from heavy introspection to light-hearted banter. They laugh about old memories, share stories of their lives since parting ways, and discover new aspects of each other. By the end of their meeting, the tension had eased significantly, replaced by a sense of camaraderie and renewed connection.

Walking to their cars, they linger for a moment under the late afternoon sun. Christopher holds the car door open for Robyn, and she flashes him a grateful smile. As they part ways, promising to stay in touch, both carry a quiet assurance: whatever lies ahead, they're willing to face it together—with humility, patience, and love.

### *Building Connection Through Phone Calls*

A few weeks into their renewed friendship, Christopher dialed Robyn's number late one evening after a long day.

She answered almost immediately, her voice warm and inviting.

“Hey, Christopher,” she said softly, settling into her favorite spot on the couch. “How was your day?”

“It was good,” he replied, leaning back in his chair. “Just trying to unwind now. What about you? How’s life treating my favorite singer?”

Robyn chuckled lightly at his playful tone. They had been talking more frequently over the past few weeks—sharing bits of their lives, catching up on everything they’d missed during their years apart. For both of them, these calls felt like a lifeline to something familiar yet new.

As they continued chatting, a faint female laugh echoed in the background on Christopher’s end of the line. It wasn’t loud or intrusive, but it was unmistakable.

Robyn froze mid-sentence. Her throat tightened, and her heart began to

race. *Who is that?* she wondered silently, her mind racing through possibilities. Was it someone he was casually dating? Or worse—was it just another random encounter, given his reputation?

She forced herself to stay calm, masking her unease with a quick change of subject. “So... how’s the music and art projects going?” she asked, her voice slightly higher than usual. Christopher didn’t seem to notice anything amiss. He launched into a story about a challenging creative piece he was working on, oblivious to the storm brewing inside Robyn.

Later that night, Robyn sat alone in her dimly lit living room, staring blankly at the wall. The sound of that laugh replayed in her mind like a broken record.

Why do I feel so bothered by it? she thought bitterly. We’re not even official. We’re just friends reconnecting. Why should I care who he talks to?

But deep down, she knew why. Memories flooded back—memories of lies, betrayal, and insecurity from their past relationship. Back then, Christopher’s dishonesty had been a constant source of pain for her. Even though she’d forgiven him, those scars still lingered.

Should she ask him about it? If she brought it up, would it make her seem clingy or insecure? Did she even have the right to pry? They weren’t an item. Or should she let it go? After all, they were taking things slow. Maybe it was none of her business.

In the end, she decided to say nothing—for now. But the seed of doubt had been planted, and it gnawed at her peace.

Over the next few calls, Christopher noticed a subtle shift in Robyn’s demeanor during their conversations. She seemed quieter, less engaged. There were moments when she

hesitated before responding, as if choosing her words carefully. And occasionally, she'd deflect questions about his personal life altogether.

One evening, while discussing plans for their next outing, Christopher paused mid-sentence. “Robyn,” he said gently, “is everything okay? You’ve seemed... distant lately.”

She hesitated, caught off guard by his observation. “No, I’m fine,” she replied quickly, though her voice betrayed her uncertainty.

Christopher frowned, sensing there was more to the story. “You know you can tell me anything, right? If something’s bothering you, we need to talk about it. We aren’t doing the passive-aggressive stuff anymore, are we?”

Robyn sighed, torn between honesty and self-preservation. Finally, she admitted, “I guess I’ve just been

feeling a little... unsure. About us. About where we stand.”

Christopher nodded, even though she couldn’t see him. “I get that. This situation isn’t easy for either of us. But shutting down emotionally won’t help. If something’s on your mind, please don’t bottle it up. Don’t shut me out of your feelings; I don’t want to walk on eggshells with you.”

His words struck a chord within her. She realized how much she’d reverted to her old patterns—avoiding confrontation, burying her feelings, and letting resentment build silently. It was exactly what had driven them apart years ago.

Determined to address the issue head-on, Christopher broached the topic again during their next conversation.

“Robyn,” he began cautiously, “I want to talk about something important. I’ve noticed that since our last call,

you've been acting differently. Is there something specific that's bothering you?" if so, please talk to me.

Robyn hesitated, her fingers nervously twisting the edge of her blanket. "It's silly, really," she murmured. "But during one of our calls, I heard a girl laughing in the background. And... well, it made me feel insecure. Like maybe I don't have the right to feel that way anymore."

Christopher listened intently, his expression softening. "Oh, Robyn," he said quietly. "That was just my friend dropping by unexpectedly. She stopped over to borrow something, and we were joking around. I didn't think anything of it."

Relief washed over Robyn, but guilt followed close behind. "I shouldn't have assumed the worst," she admitted. "I guess I've just been carrying baggage from our past. It's hard not to let those memories creep in."

Christopher nodded understandingly. “I appreciate your honesty. But Robyn, if we’re going to move forward—if we’re going to rebuild trust—you need to communicate openly with me. Don’t shut me out or assume things without asking. That’s how misunderstandings happen.”

“You’re right,” she conceded. “I don’t want to fall back into old habits. I’ll try harder to be honest, even when it’s uncomfortable.”

By the end of the call, both Christopher and Robyn felt lighter. Their candid conversation had cleared the air, reminding them of the importance of communication in their journey toward healing.

For Christopher, it reinforced his commitment to being transparent and patient with Robyn. For Robyn, it marked a step toward overcoming her insecurities and trusting God—and Christopher—with her heart once more.

As they hung up, each silently prayed for wisdom and grace to navigate this delicate season together. Little did they know, their shared vulnerability had only strengthened the foundation they were building—a foundation rooted in humility, patience, and love (Ephesians 4:2).

### *Music Performance Scene Setting*

*The music venue buzzed with energy, a dimly lit space filled with warm amber lights and the faint scent of candles lingering in the air. A crowd gathered near the stage, chatting animatedly as they waited for Robyn to perform. It was an intimate setting at her new church—perfect for showcasing raw talent and heartfelt emotion. The atmosphere felt almost sacred, as if everyone present knew they were about to witness something transformative.*

Christopher sat at a corner table alongside Robyn's best friend, Melli. He

fidgeted slightly with his phone, trying to act casual but clearly nervous about seeing Robyn again so soon after their talk. Melli, ever the optimist, leaned back in her chair with a knowing smile, glancing between Christopher and the empty stage.

As the lights dimmed further, signaling the start of the performance, Christopher and Melli found their seats near the front. The room fell silent except for the soft strumming of guitar strings as Robyn stepped onto the stage. She looked radiant under the spotlight, wearing a flowing dress that caught the golden glow of the stage lights.

She began with a soulful rendition of “*Amazing Grace*,” her voice rich and unwavering. Every note carried the weight of her journey—the pain, the healing, the redemption she’d found through faith. Christopher watched intently, captivated not just by her talent but by the depth of emotion she poured into each lyric. His heart swelled with

admiration, and he couldn't help but think: *This is the woman I've always loved.*

Midway through her set, Robyn introduced an original song—a piece she'd written during her darkest days after their breakup. As she sang, her eyes briefly met Christopher's, and for a fleeting moment, it felt as though no one else existed in the room. Her lyrics spoke of forgiveness, restoration, and second chances—a message that resonated deeply with everyone present, including Christopher.

During intermission, Melli excused herself to grab drinks, leaving Christopher alone at the table. When she returned, she handed him a glass of wine and leaned in conspiratorially.

Melli whispers, "You know, Christopher, if I didn't believe in divine timing, I'd say someone up there really wants you two together again. Just

saying." Christopher smiled lightly, rubbing the back of his neck.

"Yeah, well... maybe. We're taking things slow, though. Friendship first." Christopher replied. Melli, nodding approvingly, and said to Christopher, "Smart move. But don't wait too long, okay? Life's too short to miss out on something or someone—this special."

Her words lingered on Christopher's mind long after she walked away, planting seeds of possibility he hadn't fully allowed himself to consider.

As Robyn wrapped up her final song, the audience erupted into applause. Christopher stood clapping enthusiastically, pride and affection evident in his expression. Robyn scanned the crowd, her gaze finally landing on him. She offered a shy smile, mouthing a silent "thank you" before disappearing backstage.

The night ended with promises to meet up afterward, but as Christopher made his way toward the exit, he couldn't shake the feeling that tonight marked the beginning of something profound. Whether it led to friendship or something deeper remained uncertain—but one thing was clear: God was weaving their stories together once more, note by note, heartbeat by heartbeat.

#### *Robyn's Journal Entry*

Late that night, Robyn sat at her desk, journal open. *Lord, he's the one who holds my heart. I know it. But his past—those women—how do I trust that? I've promised You celibacy. Will he honor it? Give me wisdom, strength to wait.* She closed the book, her heart a mix of love and uncertainty.

#### *Christopher's Internal Struggle*

The room was quiet, save for the faint hum of the ceiling fan spinning lazily above him. Christopher sat on the

edge of his bed, staring at the blank wall before him as if it held answers to questions, he hadn't fully formed yet. His mind was a whirlwind—hopeful, fearful, and determined all at once. He had spent years trying to move past Robyn, burying himself in distractions that ultimately left him empty. And now, here she was again, walking back into his life like a melody he couldn't forget no matter how hard he tried.

He leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees, and let out a deep sigh. The thought of pursuing Robyn seriously filled him with both excitement and dread. On one hand, she was everything he'd ever wanted—the woman who understood him better than anyone else, even when they were young and reckless together. But on the other hand, fear gripped him tightly. What if he rushed things too soon? What if he messed this up again and lost her forever?

“I can’t lose her,” he whispered to himself, his voice barely audible. “Not again.”

His thoughts drifted to their past relationship—the jealousy, the lies, the pain they caused each other. It wasn’t just about pride or ego; it was deeper than that. They had been two broken people trying to fix themselves through each other, only to end up tearing one another apart. Now, though, they were different—or so he hoped. She had spoken openly in the media about her faith journey, her transformation, her decision to live celibately until marriage. That alone told him she was serious about honoring God.

But what about him? Could he meet her where she was? Could he curb the desires that had defined him for so long?

Christopher stood abruptly and paced the room, running a hand over his face. Celibacy wasn’t something he’d

ever considered before meeting Jesus. In fact, his promiscuous past was something he carried like a heavy chain around his neck. Even after giving his life to Christ, old habits die hard. He'd made progress, sure—he'd cut down significantly on the number of women he slept with, and he'd stopped lying to himself about the emptiness it brought. But complete celibacy? Was he ready for that kind of commitment?

*“God,” he murmured, dropping to his knees by the side of his bed. “You know my heart. You know I want to do right by Robyn. Help me... give me the strength to face whatever comes next.”*

As he prayed, clarity began to seep in. This wasn't just about Robyn—it was about obedience. If God truly intended for them to be together, then Christopher needed to step up and honor Him in every way possible. That meant laying down his selfish desires, trusting in God's timing, and being willing to walk away from anything that didn't align with His will.

By the time Christopher rose from his prayer, resolve had settled in his chest. He didn't have all the answers, but he knew one thing: he wouldn't let fear dictate his decisions anymore. Whether it meant waiting longer or taking bold steps toward courting Robyn, he would trust God to guide him.

Later that evening, Christopher found himself sitting at his kitchen table with his laptop open in front of him. A soft smile played on his lips as he scrolled through location options suitable for a date. This time, he wanted it to be special, something meaningful that would show Robyn he was serious about getting to know her again.

He clicked on a link for a local art exhibit featuring works inspired by biblical themes. Perfect. Art had always been something they bonded over in their younger days, and this particular exhibit seemed like the perfect blend of beauty and spirituality.

As he typed out an invitation message to send her later, his mind wandered to the possibilities ahead. Spending more time with Robyn meant opening himself up to vulnerability, to emotions he'd kept locked away for years. But instead of feeling overwhelmed, he felt a strange sense of peace. For the first time in a long while, he was ready to embrace whatever came next.

Just as he hit "send" on the message, his phone buzzed with a notification. It was Robyn—a simple text saying, "Looking forward to our date tomorrow." His heart skipped a beat, and he couldn't help but grin.



## Chapter 3

# The Lord Will Establish Them on a Firm and Permanent Basis

*"What God does in our lives is permanent. Nothing can be added or taken away from it." -Ecclesiastes 3:14*

*Date at the Art Exhibit*

The air inside the gallery was cool and inviting, he rented it out for privacy, just them, a few gallery staff, and the faint scent of fresh paint lingered subtly in the background. Robyn stood near the entrance, her fingers brushing absentmindedly against the strap of her handbag as she scanned the room for him. Her heart raced when she finally spotted him walking toward her—tall, confident, and exuding a quiet strength that made her stomach drop. There he was, the man who had once held her heart so completely, now standing before her like a figure stepping out of a memory. She couldn't help but notice how effortlessly he commanded attention. His dark jeans paired with a crisp white shirt gave him an understated elegance, while his warm smile softened the sharp angles of his face. As he drew closer, Robyn felt a rush of emotions—excitement, apprehension, and something deeper she couldn't quite name. This was Christopher, the same man who used to light up any room they

entered together, yet somehow different now. More grounded. More intentional.

Christopher's breath caught in his throat the moment he saw her. She wore a simple navy dress that hugged her frame just right, accentuating her natural beauty without trying too hard. Her hair cascaded in loose waves over her shoulders, framing her face perfectly. To him, she was breathtaking—not just because of her physical appearance but because of the way she carried herself now, with grace and purpose.

*Amazingly beautiful,* he thought, his gaze lingering on her for a moment longer than necessary. He remembered vividly how she used to captivate everyone around her, whether it was during their whirlwind tours or quiet moments alone. But this version of Robyn was even more radiant, shaped by time, trials, and God's transformative work in her life. It struck him then how Ecclesiastes 3:14 rang true: "*What God does is permanent. Nothing can be added*

*or taken away from it.*" Robyn was living proof of that promise—a masterpiece restored and refined by His hand.

"Robyn," he said softly as he reached her, his voice steady but laced with emotion. "You look incredible."

She smiled warmly, though there was a hint of nervousness behind her eyes. "Thank you, Christopher. You didn't have to go through all this trouble."

"No trouble at all," he replied, gesturing toward the art-filled space around them. "I wanted tonight to feel... meaningful. Like us."

They began walking slowly through the exhibit, making small talk about the artwork and the meaning. The initial awkwardness melted away as they fell into a familiar rhythm, their voices blending seamlessly amidst the ambient noise. Yet beneath the surface-level conversation lay unspoken questions and

unresolved emotions, waiting to be addressed.

After a few minutes, Christopher stopped in front of a painting titled '*Restoration*' —a vibrant depiction of a tree growing robustly from charred ashes. He turned to Robyn, his expression earnest.

"Robyn, I've thought long and hard about this," he began, his tone serious but gentle. "I want to do things right this time. I want to court you."

Her breath hitched slightly at his words, and she looked up at him, searching his eyes for sincerity. When she found it, she smiled softly, her heart swelling with cautious hope.

"I'd like that too, Christopher," she said, her voice steady despite the storm of emotions swirling within her. "But we need to talk openly about everything—the good, the bad, and the ugly."

He nodded, appreciating her honesty. “Of course. We owe it to ourselves—and to God—to face our past head-on. Only then can we move forward.”

With that, they transitioned into a deeper conversation, discussing the mistakes that had nearly torn them completely apart years ago. Jealousy, insecurity, anger unchecked—they laid it all bare, acknowledging the toxicity that had poisoned their relationship. But instead of dwelling only on the pain, they focused on growth, each sharing how God had been working in their lives to heal old wounds and transform broken patterns.

“For me, it’s been about surrendering control and trusting Him,” Robyn admitted, her voice tinged with vulnerability. “Learning to let go of fear and lean into faith instead. In the past, I had my timetable of how I wanted my life to go and ended up messing things up pretty badly.”

“And for me, it’s been about humility,” Christopher added. “Letting go of pride and embracing patience, bearing with others in love.”

As they continued talking, the weight of their shared history hung heavy between them, but so did the promise of redemption. Surrounded by art that celebrated divine permanence, they reaffirmed their commitment to trust God to guide them forward—one step at a time.

### *The Talk*

*Still at the art exhibit, standing in front of a painting on the wall—a vibrant depiction of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The artwork seems almost symbolic as they delve into their conversation about past choices and new commitments.*

Robyn stood close to Christopher, her fingers lightly brushing against the edge of her purse as she gathered the

courage to speak. Her voice was soft but steady when she finally broke the silence.

“Christopher,” she began, her eyes meeting his briefly before dropping to the floor, “there’s something important we need to talk about. I need to share with you something that might... change things between us.” Christopher tilted his head slightly, his brow furrowing with concern. “What is it, Robyn? You can tell me anything.”

She took a deep breath, steadying herself. “I’ve made a commitment—to God, to myself—to live celibately until marriage. It’s part of my journey with Him, and it’s non-negotiable for me now.” She paused, searching his face for a reaction. “I just... I need to know how you feel about that.”

For a moment, Christopher didn’t respond. He looked away, his gaze drifting toward the painting in front of them—the innocence of Eden contrasting

sharply with the memories flooding his mind.

He remembered it all too vividly: sneaking away during tour stops, the thrill of stolen moments in dimly lit hotel rooms, the heat of passion overtaking reason. Once, on a flight back from a performance, they had laughed nervously as they tried to avoid detection in the cramped airplane bathroom. Another time, late at night in a quiet hallway after a concert, their lips colliding like wildfire. Those moments had been electric, consuming, unforgettable—but also destructive. They had let their desires rule them, leaving scars neither of them could easily forget.

Christopher shook his head gently, pulling himself out of the reverie. When he turned back to Robyn, there was resolve in his eyes.

“I won’t lie—it’s going to be hard,” he admitted, his voice low but sincere. “Sex has always been... well, it’s

been my escape, my way of dealing with stress. But if this is what you believe, if this is what God wants for you, then I'm willing to honor that. For you, and for Him."

Robyn's heart swelled at his words, though uncertainty lingered in her expression. "Are you sure? This isn't something we can halfway commit to. If we're doing this—if we're really trying again—we have to do it right. No shortcuts."

Christopher nodded firmly. "I'm sure. I don't want to mess this up, Robyn. Not again. And I know it won't be easy, but I trust God to help me through it. I want to walk this path with you, no matter what it takes."

### *Shifting Focus: Family and Children*

As the weight of their decision settled between them, Robyn glanced around the room, her thoughts shifting to

practical matters. “There’s more we need to talk about,” she said softly. “Our families. Our kids. How do we handle all of that?”

Christopher leaned against the railing next to the painting, crossing his arms thoughtfully. “I think we should take things slow with everyone else. Keep it quiet for now while we figure things out. Then, when the time feels right, we can introduce each other to our families and let them know what’s happening.”

Robyn nodded in agreement. “That makes sense. My mom will probably be thrilled—she always liked you—but my brothers might need some convincing. Especially Roy.” She smiled faintly, thinking of her protective brother. “And then there’s my dad...”

Her voice trailed off, and Christopher noticed the flicker of sadness in her eyes. “What about him?” he asked gently.

“He and I are estranged,” she admitted. “We haven’t spoken in years. Too much hurt, too many misunderstandings. But maybe... maybe one day, with your help, I can try to mend that relationship. You were always very close to him and he really liked you.”

Christopher reached out, placing a comforting hand on her shoulder. “If anyone can bridge those gaps, Robyn, it’s you. And I’ll support you every step of the way.”

She gave him a grateful smile before continuing. “What about your family? Your mom and dad seem great, but you mentioned being estranged from your sister?” Christopher sighed, rubbing the back of his neck. “Yeah, it’s complicated with Toolly. We had a falling-out years ago over some stupid argument, and neither of us has been willing to budge. But my mom...” His tone softened. “She’s been through so much trauma, but she’s still godly, still praying for us all. She’d probably cry

tears of joy if she knew we were trying again.”

“And your dad?” Robyn prompted.

“My dad and I get along pretty well,” Christopher replied. “He’s helped me raise my kids, even though they weren’t planned. Speaking of which...” He hesitated, glancing at Robyn cautiously. “You know my kids came from different relationships, right? None of them were intentional, but I love them fiercely. I want to make sure you’re okay with everything—that includes my past.”

Robyn placed a reassuring hand on his arm. “Christopher, I already know who you are—all of it. And I’m here because I see how far you’ve come. As long as we’re honest and moving forward together, I’m not afraid of your past.”

They stood there for a moment longer, surrounded by the beauty of the art exhibit, both acutely aware of the gravity of their conversation. This wasn’t

just about rekindling old flames; it was about building something entirely new—something rooted in faith, forgiveness, and mutual respect.

“You’re amazing, Robyn,” Christopher murmured, his voice filled with admiration. “Truly amazing.”

Her cheeks flushed, and she smiled shyly. “So are you, Christopher. Let’s just take it one day at a time, okay?”

“One day at a time,” he echoed, offering her his arm as they moved on to the next piece of art, ready to face whatever lay ahead—together.

### *Family Dynamics and Discussions*

The aroma of roasted chicken and freshly baked bread filled the air as Christopher followed Robyn into her family home. The dining room was warm and inviting, with sunlight streaming through lace curtains, casting delicate patterns on the wooden table. Laughter and chatter flowed easily during lunch,

but halfway through dessert, Robyn's younger brother, Roy, leaned back in his chair and glanced meaningfully at Christopher.

"Hey, man," Roy said casually, rising from the table, "can I talk to you for a sec?"

Christopher hesitated only briefly before following him out onto the porch. Roy turned to face him, arms crossed, his expression serious yet not unkind.

"You hurt my sister before, Christopher," Roy began, his voice low but firm. "Don't let it happen again."

Christopher felt the weight of those words settle heavily in his chest, but he met his gaze without flinching. He knew this moment wasn't just about earning trust—it was about proving he was different now.

"I know I messed up, Roy," Christopher admitted, his tone steady. "But I'm not the same man I was back

then. I've changed—for her and for God. You have my word that I'll treat Robyn right this time.”

Roy studied him for a long moment, searching for sincerity in Christopher's eyes. Finally, he nodded once, seemingly satisfied. “Good. Because if you don't, you'll answer to me.”

Back inside, the conversation shifted to lighter topics, but Christopher couldn't shake the seriousness of Roy's warning. It reminded him how much trust he needed to rebuild—not just with Robyn, but with her entire family. After clearing the dishes, Robyn's mother ushered them into the living room. She stood in front of Christopher and Robyn, placing a gentle hand on each of their shoulders. Her eyes glistened with emotion as she opened her Bible to Ecclesiastes 3:14.

“God has restored what was broken between you two,” she said softly, her

voice steady and full of faith. “Trust Him to keep building what He started.”

She read aloud, “I know that everything God does will endure forever; nothing can be added to it and nothing taken from it.’ What God is doing here is permanent. Cherish it.”

Then, she prayed over them, her words heartfelt and powerful, asking God to guide them, protect their hearts, and strengthen their commitment to honoring Him above all else. As she finished, both Christopher and Robyn felt a profound sense of peace wash over them.

Later that day, Christopher introduced Robyn to his own parents, starting with his mother at her home. His mother greeted them warmly, pulling Robyn into a tight hug.

“I’ve prayed for this day,” she confessed, tears welling up in her eyes. “You’ve always been special to

Christopher. Seeing you together again feels like an answered prayer.”

They sat down in the cozy living room, sipping tea as Christopher explained their intentions to court seriously. His mother listened intently, nodding approvingly.

“You’re good for him, Robyn,” she said with a smile. “And he needs someone who will help him stay close to God. I see that in you.”

That evening, Christopher arranged to meet his father at a quiet restaurant. Over steaming cups of tea, Christopher shared the news about him and Robyn. His father grinned, clearly pleased. “I guess you two can’t get away from each other. Must be God’s plan.”

“You deserve happiness, son,” he said. “Just remember, relationships take work. Keep leaning on God, and don’t rush things.”

Before leaving, his father added thoughtfully, “Oh, and don’t forget about your sister. She might need some time, but she loves you. Maybe someday soon, you can bring Robyn around for her too.”

Christopher nodded, acknowledging the strained relationship he had with his sister. For now, though, he chose to focus on healing the bonds that mattered most.

As they walked together later that night under a blanket of stars, Robyn brought up the topic of their children.

“We should probably talk about how we’re going to handle things with Rosen and your kids,” she said gently. “They’re important, and we don’t want to overwhelm them or make them feel caught in the middle.”

Christopher appreciated her thoughtfulness. “Yeah, I think it’s best to keep things low-key for now. Let them get used to seeing us together gradually.

We can involve them more once we're sure this is heading in the right direction."

Robyn nodded, relief washing over her face. "That sounds perfect. And maybe when the time feels right, we can plan something fun for all of us—like a picnic or a trip to the park."

Christopher smiled, imagining the scene. "Rosen would love that. And my kids adore spending time outdoors. It could be a great way to start blending our families."

Hand in hand, they continued walking, feeling optimistic about the future. Despite the challenges ahead, they knew they were taking the right steps—one prayerful decision at a time.

Through these moments—with Robyn's protective brother, her praying mother, Christopher's supportive parents, and thoughtful conversations about their children—they found themselves surrounded by reminders of God's

permanence in their lives, affirming that what God had begun, no one could undo.

### *A Quiet Moment of Faith*

The mid-sized church was bathed in a soft glow as sunlight streamed through the stained-glass windows, painting the wooden pews with vibrant hues of reds, blues, and golds. The air carried a sense of peace, humming with the gentle melodies of hymns sung by the congregation. Christopher had arrived early, slipping into a pew near the back where they could sit quietly without drawing too much attention. He smoothed his tie nervously, glancing toward the entrance every few moments until he saw her.

Robyn entered gracefully, her dress flowing like water around her as she walked down the aisle. Her presence seemed to command the room—not because she sought it, but because there was something inherently radiant about her. Christopher's breath caught for a

moment before he rose to greet her, offering his hand to guide her to their seats. As their fingers brushed together, an electric warmth passed between them, grounding him in the moment.

They sat close, shoulders almost touching, their hands finding each other discreetly beneath the edge of the pew. Christopher felt a swell of emotion rise in his chest—not just from holding Robyn’s hand, but from the profound realization that God was truly restoring what had once been shattered. The pastor’s sermon on forgiveness and redemption echoed through the sanctuary, resonating deeply within both of them. Every word seemed tailored to their journey—acknowledging past mistakes while pointing toward hope and renewal.

Christopher glanced at Robyn during one particularly poignant part of the message. Their eyes met briefly, and though no words were exchanged, they communicated volumes in that silent exchange. It was as if the Holy Spirit

Himself was weaving their hearts back together, stitch by careful stitch.

After the service ended, they lingered outside under the shade of a large oak tree. Its branches stretched wide, offering shelter from the late morning sun. Birds chirped cheerfully overhead, and the faint scent of blooming flowers drifted in the breeze. Christopher turned to Robyn, squeezing her hand gently as he spoke.

“Robyn,” he began, his voice low and earnest, “I never thought I’d feel this hopeful again. Being here with you... it feels like God’s saying, ‘This is where you belong.’”

Robyn smiled softly, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. She nodded, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Me too, Christopher. Me too.”

For a moment, they stood there in silence, simply basking in the beauty of the day and the quiet certainty that God

was leading them forward. Then, as if struck by inspiration, Christopher tilted his head slightly and grinned.

“You know,” he said, breaking the reverie, “I’ve got another idea for us to do soon. There’s this outdoor basketball court at a local park—it’s surrounded by tall trees, and in the late afternoon, the sunlight filters through just right. It’s golden and peaceful. I think you’d like it.”

Robyn raised an eyebrow playfully, intrigued. “Basketball? Are you planning to show off your skills?”

Christopher smiled, shaking his head. “No, not exactly. Well, maybe a little. But mostly, I want to teach you how to shoot hoops. Trust me—it’ll be fun.”

Her laughter rang out, light and melodic, blending perfectly with the sounds of nature around them. “Alright, Mr. Brown. You’re on.”

With plans made for their next outing, they left the church grounds hand in hand, anticipation building for the adventures ahead—and all the way God would continue to weave His plan into their lives.

### *Playful Bonding*

The late afternoon sun bathed the outdoor basketball court in a warm, golden glow. Tall trees swayed gently in the breeze, their leaves rustling softly as kids played tag nearby, their laughter echoing through the park. The court buzzed with energy—friends from church dribbled balls, shouted playful taunts, and cheered each other on. It was a scene of pure joy, and Christopher couldn't wait to share it with Robyn.

“Hey, you ready for this?” Christopher asked, grinning as he gestured toward the game unfolding before them.

Robyn tilted her head, amused but skeptical. “Ready for what? Watching you show off?”

Christopher chuckled, tossing the ball lightly between his hands. “Nah, I mean... are you ready to join in? You said you wanted to see me in my element, right?”

She raised an eyebrow, crossing her arms playfully. “Your element? Last time I checked, your element involved guitars, pianos and microphones, not basketballs.”

“Well,” Christopher said, spinning the ball on one finger like a seasoned player, “there’s more to me than meets the eye. Come on, let me prove it.”

At first, Robyn stayed on the sidelines, content to watch as Christopher joined the pickup game. He moved with ease, weaving past defenders and sinking jump shots effortlessly. His confidence was magnetic, and she found herself

cheering louder than anyone else when he dunked the ball with a triumphant shout.

But as the game slowed down, Christopher jogged over to where Robyn stood, sweat glistening on his forehead, his smile wide and inviting.

“Alright, enough showing off,” he teased. “Come on, Robyn. Let me teach you how to play ball”

Robyn laughed nervously, shaking her head. “Oh no, I’m terrible at sports! I’ll just embarrass myself.”

Christopher held out the ball, his expression softening. “You won’t embarrass yourself with me here. Trust me—I’ll make sure you look good.”

Reluctantly, Robyn took the ball, her grip awkward and unsure. Christopher stepped behind her, his presence warm and reassuring. Gently, he adjusted her stance, placing one hand on her hip and the other guiding her arms into position.

“Okay, feet shoulder-width apart,” he instructed, his voice low and steady near her ear. “Now bend your knees... and follow through with your wrist.”

His touch sent a shiver down her spine, but she focused on his words, determined not to drop the ball—or her dignity. She shot once, then twice, both attempts clanging off the rim. But on her third try, something clicked. The ball arced gracefully through the air and slipped cleanly through the hoop.

“Yes!” Christopher exclaimed, throwing his arms up in celebration. “I told you—you’ve got it!”

Robyn spun around, her face glowing with disbelief and delight. “Did I really just do that?”

“You did!” Christopher pulled her into a quick, celebratory hug, lifting her slightly off the ground. “See? Told you could do it!”

As they stood there, laughing and catching their breath, Robyn felt a warmth bloom in her chest. This side of Christopher—patient, encouraging, and fun-loving—was refreshing for her. In their younger years, he'd been so consumed by ambition and ego that moments like these had been rare. Now, though, he seemed genuinely happy just to share simple joys with her.

“So,” Christopher said, grabbing the ball and spinning it absently as they walked off the court together, “what’d you think? Ready to sign up for the NBA?”

Robyn rolled her eyes, smacking his arm lightly. “Hardly. But I might be ready for round two—if you’re willing to keep teaching me.”

“Anytime,” Christopher replied, his tone sincere. Then, after a pause, he added, “Actually, I was thinking... maybe next time we hang out, you could come by my studio. I’ve been working on

some new songs, and I'd love for you to hear them.”

Robyn's curiosity piqued. “Your studio? Like, where all the magic happens?”

Christopher nodded, a hint of pride in his voice. “Yeah. It's nothing fancy, but it's home. Plus, I think you'll like it.”

“I'd love that,” Robyn said, smiling softly. “Lead the way whenever you're ready.”

As they left the park, heading toward Christopher's car, the promise of visiting his studio lingered in the air—a quiet reminder that their journey together was only beginning. And somewhere deep inside, Robyn knew that every step they took brought them closer to the future God had planned for them.

*Home Studio Session: Witnessing  
Passion*

Christopher's home studio was a reflection of him—cozy yet professional, intimate yet purposeful. The soft LED lights cast a warm glow over the space, highlighting posters of legendary musicians who had inspired him over the years. Instruments were neatly arranged against one wall, and the faint hum of electricity filled the room with an energy that felt alive but calm. Robyn stepped inside hesitantly, her eyes wide as she took in the atmosphere.

• **Christopher:** (grinning)  
“Welcome to my little world. It’s where I feel most alive.”

• **Robyn:** (smiling softly)  
“It’s perfect, Christopher. Cozy... inspiring.”

She settled onto a plush leather couch positioned slightly off-center, giving her a clear view of Christopher as he moved to his workstation. He picked up his favorite acoustic guitar, its polished wood gleaming under the light,

and began strumming absentmindedly while flipping through pages of handwritten lyrics scattered across the desk. Robyn watched intently, noticing how effortlessly his fingers glided over the strings, coaxing out chords that seemed to carry weight beyond mere sound.

As he continued, Christopher became lost in his craft, his movements fluid and unhurried. His eyes closed briefly as he inhaled deeply, then he started to sing. His voice was soft yet soulful, carrying raw emotion that filled the room like a tangible presence. The melody unfolded slowly, each note layered with meaning—pain, hope, gratitude—all woven together into a tapestry of sound. Robyn leaned forward unconsciously, captivated by the vulnerability in his tone.

*The chords seemed to weave through the air, wrapping around her like a comforting embrace. Each note carried emotion, and she realized she wasn't just*

*hearing music; she was hearing Christopher's heart. This wasn't merely a song—it was a confession, a prayer, a declaration of faith.*

- When the final chord faded into silence, Robyn sat frozen for a moment, overwhelmed by what she had just experienced. She clapped softly, breaking the spell.
- **Robyn:** “That was beautiful, Christopher. You’ve always been talented, but now... now there’s something deeper in your music. It’s like you’re pouring your soul into every word.”
- **Christopher:** (smiling shyly, rubbing the back of his neck) “Maybe because I finally have something worth singing about.” You know, I realized as early as 13 that God gave me the ability to sing. It feels good to finally be giving Him back some of what He is due.

His words hung in the air between them, heavy with unspoken truths. Robyn knew exactly what—or rather, who—he meant. After a brief pause, Christopher set the guitar aside and walked over to a small shelf lined with notebooks and folders. He pulled out a weathered journal, its cover worn from years of handling, and returned to sit beside Robyn on the couch. Flipping it open, he showed her some of the songs he wrote during the years they were apart.

• **Christopher:** “These were written when I didn’t know if I’d ever see you again. They helped me process everything—the hurt, the longing, the questions I had for God.”

He read aloud a particularly poignant lyric:

• “Even in the silence, Your love remained.”

Robyn’s breath caught. She recognized the sentiment immediately—

it mirrored her own experience of feeling abandoned yet ultimately held by God's unwavering love. Her eyes met Christopher's, and for a moment, no words were needed. They shared a look of understanding, acknowledging how far they'd both come individually and together.

Christopher closed the notebook and placed it gently on the coffee table before turning to face Robyn fully. For a while, neither spoke—they simply sat in comfortable silence, letting the weight of the moment settle around them. Finally, Robyn broke the quiet, her voice barely above a whisper:

- **Robyn:** “I can hear your growth in these songs, Christopher. Not just musically, but spiritually. It’s like... like you’ve found peace.”

- **Christopher:** (nodding thoughtfully) “I think I have. And honestly? A lot of that peace came from knowing God hadn’t given up

on me—even when I gave up on myself.”

Robyn reached out and placed her hand gently on his arm, squeezing it reassuringly.

• **Robyn:** “You’re not alone anymore, Christopher. We’ll keep growing together—from here on out.”

Her words lingered in the air, a promise spoken softly but firmly. In this moment, surrounded by music and memories, they both felt the undeniable presence of God weaving their lives back together, note by note, step by step. The studio, once a solitary sanctuary for Christopher, now felt like a shared space—a place where their hearts could meet and heal alongside the melodies he created.

### *Valentine’s Dinner and Nostalgia*

The restaurant was a symphony of elegance—soft jazz playing in the background, crystal chandeliers casting

warm light over white linen tablecloths, and candles flickering gently on every table. Christopher stood near the entrance, adjusting his tie nervously as he waited for Robyn to arrive. When she finally stepped through the door, his breath caught in his throat.

She wore a stunning red dress that hugged her figure perfectly, its deep hue reminiscent of the gown she had worn years ago at an awards show they attended together. Her hair cascaded in loose waves around her shoulders, and her smile lit up the room just as it always did. As she approached him, Christopher felt a wave of nostalgia wash over him—a bittersweet reminder of how far they'd come since those days when their love was tangled in toxicity but still so undeniably passionate.

“You look... incredible, Robyn,” Christopher said, his voice soft yet filled with awe. He reached out instinctively, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear before letting his hand fall back to his

side. “That dress—it reminds me of the award show.”

Robyn blushed, her cheeks flushing a shade darker than her lipstick. She glanced down briefly, then met his gaze with a shy smile. “Funny you should say that,” she replied, her tone playful but laced with meaning. “I picked it for that exact reason.”

Christopher Laughed softly, shaking his head in amazement. “Of course you did.”

They took their seats by the window, where the city lights twinkled like stars outside. For a moment, neither spoke, content to simply sit in each other’s presence. The ambiance of the evening seemed to wrap around them like a cocoon, shielding them from the world and allowing them to focus solely on one another.

As dinner unfolded, their conversation flowed effortlessly. They

reminisced about old memories—the good ones this time—and laughed over shared inside jokes that only they understood. But beneath the surface-level chatter lay a deeper current of mutual respect and admiration. Both could see how much the other had grown, not just individually but spiritually.

“I remember that night at the awards show,” Christopher began, swirling the wine in his glass thoughtfully. “You looked beautiful then too, but there was something else about you—something I couldn’t quite put into words. Now I know what it was: pride. I was so proud to be standing beside you, even if I didn’t fully appreciate it at the time.”

Robyn tilted her head slightly, studying him with those piercing eyes that always seemed to see straight through to his soul. “Do you think we would’ve made it back then?” she asked quietly, her voice tinged with curiosity.

“If we hadn’t let jealousy and anger tear us apart?”

Christopher exhaled slowly, considering her question. “Honestly? Probably not. We were both so broken, trying to fix ourselves through each other instead of letting God heal us first. But now...” He reached across the table, taking her hand in his. His touch was gentle but deliberate, conveying everything his words couldn’t. “Now, I feel like we have a real chance. A solid foundation.”

Robyn squeezed his hand, her expression softening. “Me too,” she admitted. “It’s scary, though, isn’t it? Starting over after everything we’ve been through.”

“It is,” Christopher agreed. “But it’s also hopeful. Look at where we are right now—sitting here, talking openly, respecting each other. That’s more than we ever did before. And it’s all because of God working in our lives.”

For a long moment, they simply sat there, hands intertwined, soaking in the significance of the moment. The past wasn't erased—it lingered in the corners of their minds, a reminder of lessons learned—but it no longer defined them. Instead, it served as a testament to God's ability to restore and rebuild what was once shattered.

As dessert arrived—a decadent chocolate torte accompanied by fresh strawberries—Christopher raised his glass in a silent toast. Robyn followed suit, clinking her glass against his with a soft *clink*. No words were needed; the unspoken promise between them hung in the air, heavy with hope and anticipation.

In that instant, surrounded by candlelight and the hum of quiet laughter from nearby tables, Christopher realized something profound: Robyn wasn't just the woman he loved. She was the woman who challenged him to be better, to trust God more deeply, and to embrace the permanence of His plans for their lives.

And as they left the restaurant later that night, walking hand in hand under the glow of streetlights, Christopher knew without a doubt that this was only the beginning of their story—a story written not by their own hands, but by the One who establishes all things on a firm and permanent basis.

*Grandmother's Bible and  
Handwritten Notes*

The evening air was cool as Christopher pulled up to Robyn's home, the streetlights casting soft golden glows onto the pavement. He walked her to the door, their conversation lingering in the quiet space between them. As they stood on the threshold, Christopher hesitated for a moment before speaking.

“Do you mind if I come in for a few minutes?” he asked, his voice tinged with both curiosity and vulnerability. “I would love to see your home.”

Robyn tilted her head slightly, studying him, then smiled—a warm, inviting smile that made him feel like he belonged there. “Of course,” she said, stepping aside to let him in. Her house was cozy warm yet vibrant, filled with touches of her personality: framed photos on the walls, stacks of books neatly arranged on shelves, and a faint scent of orange blossom and vanilla drifting through the air. She motioned for him to sit on the couch while she disappeared into another room, returning moments later with an old, leather-bound Bible cradled carefully in her hands.

“This meant everything to her,” Robyn began, handing it to Christopher. Her voice softened as she spoke, carrying the weight of cherished memories. “It belonged to my grandmother. She wrote notes all over it—prayers, reflections, promises from God. It’s like... her faith lives on through these pages.

“Christopher took the Bible from her, feeling its worn cover beneath his

fingers. It was heavier than he expected, not just in physical weight but in significance. Opening it reverently, he flipped through the delicate, yellowed pages, each one bearing the marks of a life deeply rooted in faith. Handwritten notes adorned the margins, some penned in faded ink, others etched boldly as though written in moments of divine clarity.

He paused on one page and read aloud, his voice steady but filled with awe: *“What God begins, He completes.”*

Robyn nodded, her eyes glistening with emotion. “That’s Ecclesiastes 3:14,” she explained softly. “My grandmother always reminded me of that verse whenever I doubted God’s plan. She said His work in our lives is permanent. Nothing can undo what He starts.”

Christopher traced the words with his fingertip, letting their meaning sink in. The silence stretched between them, heavy with unspoken understanding.

Finally, he closed the Bible gently and looked up at her, his gaze unwavering.

“Your grandmother was wise, I remember her” he said, his voice thick with sincerity. “And she’s right. What God is doing between us—it’s permanent. I feel it, Robyn. This isn’t just chance or coincidence. It’s Him. He’s rebuilding what was broken, restoring what was lost.”

Robyn’s breath caught in her throat, her heart swelling with gratitude and hope. For so long, she had carried this Bible as a reminder of her grandmother’s steadfast faith. But now, sitting across from Christopher, she realized it was more than a keepsake—it was a testament to the enduring nature of God’s love, weaving its way back into her life through him.

She reached out and placed her hand over his, which still rested on the Bible. “I believe that too,” she whispered. “And I trust that wherever this journey takes us, we’ll honor Him every step of the way.”

*Casual Family Outing*

The sun hung low in the sky, casting a warm golden glow over the small park where Christopher and Robyn had decided to bring their children for an afternoon together. It was one of those rare moments when life felt simple—no heavy conversations about past mistakes or fears of the future, just laughter and connection. The air buzzed with the sounds of kids running around, chasing each other, and squealing with delight.

Christopher knelt on the grass, tossing a bright yellow ball toward Rosen, Robyn's three-year-old son. His giggles filled the air as he caught it awkwardly, nearly dropping it before throwing it back with all their might.

“You’re getting better at this!” Christopher called out, grinning widely. “Maybe next time we can try football.”

Rosen beamed at him, clearly enjoying the attention. “Can we play

every weekend?” the three-year-old asked innocently, glancing briefly at Robyn for approval.

Robyn watched from a nearby bench, her heart swelling as she observed the easy rapport between Christopher and her son. She hadn’t expected things to feel so natural so quickly. Despite his complicated history, Christopher seemed genuinely comfortable around children—not just Rosen but also his own three kids, who were currently sprawled under a tree nearby, engrossed in a game.

She walked over to join them, sitting beside Christopher as he handed the ball back to Rosen. “You’re good with kids,” Robyn said softly, her voice tinged with admiration.

Christopher shrugged modestly, though there was a hint of pride in his smile. “I guess I’ve had practice,” he admitted. “Not always by choice, though.” He paused, glancing at his son, who looked up briefly before returning to

his cards. “Most of my relationships or really situations ended badly, and the pregnancies... well, none of them were planned.”

Robyn nodded, listening intently. She appreciated his honesty, knowing how difficult it must have been for him to open up about such painful memories. “But you’ve stepped up for them,” she said gently. “That says a lot about the kind of man you are now.”

Christopher met her gaze, gratitude shining in his eyes. “Thank you for seeing me differently than I used to see myself,” he replied quietly. “I want to do right by them—and by you. By us.”

### *Conversation About the Future*

Later that evening, after the kids had fallen asleep in the car on the way home, Christopher and Robyn found themselves sitting side by side on her porch steps, sipping cups of tea. The night was cool, and the stars twinkled faintly above them.

“I’ve been thinking,” Robyn began hesitantly, breaking the comfortable silence. “About our families, our kids... everything.”

“Me too,” Christopher said, turning slightly to face her. “It’s a lot to navigate, isn’t it?”

Robyn nodded. “It is. But I think we’re doing okay so far. Slowly but surely.” She hesitated, then added, “Do you ever worry about what’s coming next? I mean, we’ve both grown so much, but...”

“But old habits die hard?” Christopher finished for her, chuckling softly. “Yeah, I think about that a lot. Especially with everything we’ve been through—the jealousy, the anger, the... well, the sex thing.”

Robyn laughed lightly, shaking her head. “I never thought I’d hear you say ‘the sex thing’ so casually.”

“Well, it’s true,” Christopher said, smiling. “It’s going to take some getting used to—for both of us. But I believe God brought us back together for a reason. If we keep leaning on Him, I know we’ll make it work.”

They sat in thoughtful silence for a moment, letting the weight of his words sink in. Finally, Robyn spoke again, her tone soft but resolute.

“We’re not perfect, Christopher. And neither are our kids. But maybe that’s the point. Maybe God’s showing us that His grace covers all of it—even the messy parts.”

Christopher reached over and took her hand, giving it a gentle squeeze. “Grace and patience,” he murmured. “That’s what we need most right now.”

As the night grew darker and colder, Christopher reluctantly stood to leave. He lingered for a moment, looking

down at Robyn with a mixture of affection and determination in his eyes.

“This isn’t going to be easy,” he said honestly. “There will probably be days when we question if we’re doing the right thing. But I’m willing to fight for this—for *us*. For Rosen, for my kids, for everything God’s building here.”

Robyn smiled, feeling a surge of hope despite the uncertainty ahead. “We’ll get through it together,” she promised. “One step at a time.”

As Christopher drove away, he couldn’t shake the feeling that they were standing on the brink of something extraordinary—something beautiful yet fragile, like a seedling just beginning to sprout. They had come so far already, but deep down, he knew their journey was only beginning. Challenges lay ahead, no doubt, but somehow, he felt confident that God would guide them through.

And somewhere in the quiet stillness of the night, the promise of Ecclesiastes 3:14 echoed in his heart: *What God does in our lives is permanent. Nothing can be added or taken away from it.*



## Chapter 4

# There's Nowhere to Go from God's Best

*"I know the plans I have for you,  
declares the Lord, plans to prosper you  
and not harm you, plans to give you  
hope and a future." Jeremiah 29:11:*

*Opening Scene: Conflict*

The aroma of sautéed garlic and onions filled the air as Robyn moved gracefully around Christopher's kitchen, humming a soft melody under her breath. She felt surprisingly at ease in his home—like she belonged there. It was strange yet comforting how quickly things had shifted between them. Just weeks ago, they were cautiously reconnecting, but now, standing here cooking lunch for him, it almost felt natural again. Almost.

She reached for a wooden spoon to stir the simmering sauce when snippets of laughter drifted into the kitchen from the living room. At first, she paid no mind, assuming it was harmless banter among friends. But then, their words caught her attention, sharp and cutting like shards of glass.

“Man, now that he’s slept with half of California, he wants Robyn back? What’s up with that?” one voice sneered.

“Yeah, guess he’s done sowing his wild oats,” another chimed in, chuckling loudly.

Robyn froze mid-stir, her hand gripping the spoon tightly. Her chest tightened as the weight of their words sank in. They weren’t just mocking Christopher—they were mocking *her*, dismissing their rekindled connection as if it were nothing more than a fleeting whim. The lightheartedness she’d felt moments earlier evaporated instantly, replaced by a deep ache in her heart.

For a brief moment, she considered marching into the living room to confront them herself. How dare they judge her or Christopher based on his past? But something held her back—a mix of pride and uncertainty. Instead, she turned off the stove and leaned against the counter, trying to steady her breathing. She would wait for Christopher. He deserved to hear this too.

A few minutes later, Christopher walked into the kitchen, his face lighting up at the sight of her. “Smells amazing in here,” he said warmly, stepping closer. Then he noticed her expression—her furrowed brows, the way her lips pressed together tightly. Concern washed over him immediately.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, his tone shifting to seriousness.

Robyn hesitated, unsure how to put her feelings into words without sounding overly defensive. Finally, she exhaled sharply and met his gaze. “Your friends... I overheard them talking about us. About you.” She paused, swallowing hard. “They were laughing about your past, saying you’ve ‘slept with half of California’ and implying I’m some kind of consolation prize.”

Christopher’s jaw clenched, his eyes narrowing as anger flared within him. Without another word, he spun on his heel and strode toward the living

room, leaving Robyn behind. She followed silently, staying out of sight but close enough to witness what happened next.

“Get out,” Christopher barked, his voice low but filled with fury. His two friends looked up, startled by the sudden change in his demeanor.

“What’s going on, man?” the first friend asked, feigning innocence.

“You don’t talk about her like that. Ever. Get out,” Christopher repeated, pointing firmly toward the door. There was no room for argument in his tone.

The second friend raised his hands defensively. “Whoa, chill out, man. We were just joking around.” “It’s not funny,” Christopher snapped. “And you don’t get to come into my house and disrespect either of us. Leave. Now.”

The two men exchanged uneasy glances before reluctantly gathering their things and heading for the door. As they

left, the tension in the room lingered like smoke after a fire.

Once they were gone, Christopher closed the door firmly behind them and let out a heavy sigh. He turned to find Robyn standing in the doorway, her arms crossed protectively over her chest. His expression softened as he approached her.

“I’m so sorry, Robyn,” he said earnestly, his voice tinged with regret. “Their opinions don’t define me—or us. You know that, right?”

Robyn nodded slowly, though tears welled in her eyes. “I know you’re not the same man you used to be, Christopher. But hearing those things... it hurts. It makes me wonder if everyone else sees us the same way.”

Christopher stepped closer, taking her hands in his. “They’re wrong about me, Robyn. And they’re wrong about us. I’m not perfect—I’ll never claim to be—but I’m trying. Every day, I’m trying to

be better—for God, for myself, and especially for you. Please believe that.”

Her gaze searched his face, seeking reassurance. After a long moment, she gave a small nod. “I do believe you, Christopher. But it’s going to take time... for both of us.”

He squeezed her hands gently, offering a faint smile. “We’ll take all the time we need. Together.”

As they stood there, surrounded by the quiet aftermath of the confrontation, a sense of resolve settled between them. This was just one test among many, but it was clear—they weren’t backing down. Not from each other, and certainly not from the promise of something greater ahead.

*Still in Christopher’s house,  
eating lunch together*

The warm glow of the room enveloped them, casting a cozy and intimate atmosphere over their meal. For

a moment, neither spoke—both lost in thought, processing what had just transpired with Christopher’s friends. The tension of earlier was still palpable, but beneath it lay an unspoken understanding: they were navigating this challenge together.

Christopher broke the silence first, his voice steady yet reflective. “You know,” he began, twirling a forkful of spaghetti absently, “my friends might’ve been joking around—or maybe they’re just threatened by you.”

Robyn raised an eyebrow, intrigued. “Threatened? By me?” she asked, her tone light but curious.

Christopher nodded, leaning forward slightly. “Yeah. You represent a shift for me—a big one. Before, those guys controlled my time, my decisions... everything. But now?” He paused, looking directly into her eyes. “Now, *you* come first. Maybe they’re jealous

because they see how much has changed—and how good it is.”

A soft smile tugged at Robyn’s lips, touched by his words. Yet, behind her expression lingered traces of uncertainty. She glanced down at her plate before responding quietly, “I’m grateful for how you handled things back there, Christopher. Really, I am. But...” Her voice trailed off, and she hesitated, searching for the right way to articulate her thoughts.

“But?” Christopher prompted gently, sensing there was more she needed to say.

Robyn sighed, lifting her gaze to meet his. “But we work in the same industry, Christopher. What if I run into some of the women you used to... well, you know? It’s not like they’ll disappear overnight. And honestly, part of me wonders if I can handle seeing reminders of your past everywhere I go.”

Her vulnerability hung in the air between them, raw and honest. Christopher reached across the table, taking her hand in his. His touch was firm yet comforting, grounding her in the present moment.

“I get it, Robyn,” he said earnestly. “And I won’t lie—it’s messy. That part of my past isn’t something either of us can erase. But here’s the thing...” He paused, squeezing her hand lightly. “You’re not choosing the man I was. You’re choosing the man I’m becoming—the man God’s shaping me to be. That’s all that matters now.”

Robyn felt tears prick the corners of her eyes, though she blinked them away quickly. There was such sincerity in his voice, such conviction. She nodded slowly, finding strength in his words.

“You’re right,” she whispered, almost to herself. “Old things are passed away. That’s what matters.” Her voice grew stronger as she continued. “And I

choose to believe that God's doing something new in you—in us. I have to trust that. I have to rely on faith, not feelings."

For a long moment, neither spoke. Instead, they simply held hands, the quiet intimacy of the moment speaking louder than any words could. As sunlight danced across the room, both silently thanked God for how far they'd come individually and as a couple. They weren't perfect—not by a long shot—but they were growing. Together.

Christopher finally broke the reverie with a wry grin. "Well, I guess we should finish eating before this gets cold. Wouldn't want to waste your amazing cooking."

Robyn laughed softly, feeling the heaviness of the day begin to lift. "Good call. Besides, I didn't slave over this meal just to let it go to waste."

As they returned to their food, laughter mingling with lingering reflections, they shared an unspoken acknowledgment: their journey wasn't over. There would be more challenges ahead, more moments of doubt and growth. But for now, they were okay—and that was enough.

### *Quiet Moments Alone*

The soft hum of the ceiling fan filled the otherwise silent room as Robyn sat cross-legged on her couch, staring blankly at the journal in her lap. Her pen hovered over the page, but no words came. Instead, her mind swirled with questions she couldn't silence—questions that had been simmering beneath the surface since Christopher's friends made their cruel remarks. *Am I just his fallback option? Did he really change, or is this temporary?*

She sighed deeply, running a hand through her hair. Intellectually, she knew Christopher had grown—he'd shown it

time and again through his actions, his transparency, and his commitment to their relationship. But emotionally, the insecurities gnawed at her like an ache she couldn't soothe. The thought of being "second best" after years of promiscuity haunted her, even though she tried to push it away.

Her eyes drifted to the corner of the room where her grandmother's Bible lay open, its worn pages whispering truths she desperately needed to believe. Still, doubt lingered.

### *Heartfelt Conversation*

Later that evening, Christopher arrived at Robyn's home bearing takeout bags and a warm smile. He could tell something was off the moment he stepped inside, though. Robyn greeted him with a hug, but there was a heaviness in her expression that didn't escape his notice.

They settled onto the couch together, unpacking dinner containers between them. For several minutes, the

only sounds were the clinking of utensils and the occasional murmur about how good the food tasted. Finally, unable to hold it in any longer, Robyn broke the silence.

“Christopher,” she began hesitantly, setting her fork down and folding her hands in her lap. “I need to talk to you about something.”

Christopher turned to face her fully, concern etched across his features. “Of course, Robyn. What’s on your mind?”

She took a deep breath, steeling herself before speaking. “Sometimes I wonder... am I enough for you? If I’m truly who you want.”

Her voice wavered slightly, betraying the vulnerability she usually kept hidden. She glanced up at him briefly, then looked away, afraid of what she might see in his eyes.

Christopher’s heart clenched at her words. He set his plate aside and reached for her hand, holding it gently but firmly.

“Robyn,” he said, his tone steady and earnest, “you’re not my fallback option. You never have been.”

He paused, searching for the right words to convey the depth of his feelings. “When we first reconnected, I thought maybe God was giving me a second chance—not because I deserved it, but because He loves us both so much. You’re not some consolation prize, Robyn. You’re the fulfillment of His plan for my life.”

Tears welled in Robyn’s eyes as she listened, her chest tightening with emotion. “But what your friends said...” she trailed off, her voice barely above a whisper. “It made me question everything.”

“I know,” Christopher replied softly. “And I hate that they planted those seeds of doubt in your mind. But here’s the truth, Robyn—you’ve always been the one who holds my heart. Even when we were apart, even when I was lost in my

own mess, it was always you. No one else compares.”

He leaned closer, his gaze unwavering. “I’m not perfect, and I’ll probably stumble along the way. But I’m all in with you. When I love, it’s for keeps. I’m so serious about you. I’m committed to building something real, something lasting—with God at the center.”

Robyn exhaled shakily, feeling the weight of her insecurities begin to lift. She squeezed his hand, gratitude swelling within her. “Thank you for saying that. It means more than you know.”

Christopher smiled tenderly, brushing a strand of hair from her face. “We’re in this together, okay? Whatever fears or doubts come up, we’ll face them side by side. Just promise me you won’t let those voices win—the ones telling you you’re not enough. Because you are, Robyn. More than enough.”

After their conversation, Robyn felt a renewed sense of peace settle over her.

Though the insecurities wouldn't vanish overnight, she resolved to trust—not only in Christopher's love but also in God's plan for their lives. As they finished their meal together, laughing softly over shared memories, she reminded herself of the scripture tucked inside her grandmother's Bible:

*"For I know the plans I have for you," declares the Lord, "plans to prosper you and not harm you, plans to give you hope and a future."*

With Christopher by her side and God leading the way, she believed they could overcome anything—even lingering doubts.

### *Christopher's House Late One Evening*

The house was quiet, save for the faint hum of the refrigerator in the kitchen. Christopher sat on the couch, scrolling through emails on his laptop when the doorbell rang unexpectedly. He frowned, glancing at the clock—it was

nearly 10 p.m. Who could be visiting at this hour?

He opened the door to find an old flame standing there—a woman he'd once shared countless reckless nights with. Her presence hit him like a punch to the gut, stirring memories he thought he'd buried deep. She leaned casually against the doorframe, her confident smirk sending waves of unease through him.

“Hey, Chris,” she purred, stepping inside without waiting for an invitation. “Long time no see.”

Christopher closed the door slowly, his jaw tightening as he turned to face her. “What are you doing here?” His voice was firm but betrayed a flicker of discomfort.

She sauntered closer, her tone dripping with familiarity.

Woman: “Come on, Chris. We both know you miss this... the excitement, the freedom.”

Her words struck a nerve, igniting a war within him. Memories of their past encounters flooded his mind—the thrill, the escape, the emptiness that always followed. For a moment, he felt himself teetering on the edge of temptation. But then, something stronger rose within him—a resolve forged by faith and love for Robyn.

“No,” Christopher said sharply, taking a step back. His voice steadied as he continued, “That part of my life is over. I’m committed to someone else now—to God.”

The woman raised an eyebrow, clearly surprised by his response. “Really? Since when did you became so holy?” Remember how we used to...

Stop! “This isn’t about being holy,” Christopher replied, his tone unwavering. “It’s about respecting myself and the person I’m building a future with. You need to leave.”

But instead of leaving, she took another bold step forward, closing the distance between them. Before Christopher could react, she pressed herself against him, her hands sliding up his chest. Her breath was warm against his ear as she whispered seductively,

Woman: “Are you sure about that, Chris? Because your body tells me otherwise...”

For a split second, Christopher froze. His heart raced, and his body responded instinctively to the familiar touch. Heat surged through him, threatening to overwhelm his resolve. It would be so easy to give in—to fall back into the patterns of his past, to relieve his sexual ache.

But then, out of nowhere, Robyn’s face flashed before his eyes. He remembered her smile, her laughter, the way she trusted him despite his flaws.

He recalled their recent conversations about faith, growth, and God's plan for their lives. And most importantly, he remembered the promise he'd made—not just to her, but to himself and to God.

With every ounce of strength he possessed, Christopher pushed her away gently but firmly. His breathing was ragged, and sweat beaded on his forehead as he struggled to regain control. Christopher: “I said *no*. Don’t make me repeat myself.” Please get out now

Her expression shifted from seductive to irritated, realizing she wasn’t going to win this time. “Fine,” she snapped, grabbing her bag and storming toward the door. “Enjoy your little saint. See how long it lasts.”

Once the door slammed shut, Christopher collapsed onto the couch, his hands trembling as he ran them through his hair. The intensity of the encounter left him shaken, and guilt quickly set in—

not because he'd given in, but because he'd come dangerously close to betraying Robyn and everything they were building together.

### *Aftermath: Guilt and Surrender*

Overwhelmed and aroused, Christopher headed to the bathroom and turned the shower on cold. Stripping off his clothes, he stepped under the icy stream, letting it shock his system into clarity. As the water cascaded over him, he dropped to his knees, tears mingling with the droplets. “*God,*” he prayed aloud, his voice trembling, “*help me stay strong. I don’t want to mess this up. I’ve worked so hard to change, and I can’t let anything—or anyone—take that away from me. Please give me strength.*”

His prayer wasn’t polished or eloquent, but it came from the depths of his heart. In that moment, Christopher surrendered fully, acknowledging his weakness and trusting God to sustain him.

*Taking Action*

The next morning, Christopher woke up with a renewed sense of purpose. Knowing he needed to protect himself and his relationship with Robyn, he made two important decisions. First, he purchased a new phone and changed his number, ensuring that any business inquiries would go directly through his manager. Second, he resolved to be completely transparent with Robyn about what had happened.

Later that day, Christopher called Robyn, his voice steady but tinged with vulnerability.

Christopher: “Hey, Robyn, we need to talk. Something happened last night, and I want you to hear it from me.”

Robyn listened intently as he recounted the visit from his old flame, sparing no detail. He admitted how difficult it had been to resist, how he’d wrestled with guilt afterward, and the

steps he'd taken to prevent similar situations in the future.

"I almost messed up, Robyn," Christopher confessed, his voice filled with sincerity. "But I remembered you—and everything we're working toward. I won't let anything destroy that."

On the other end of the line, Robyn felt a mixture of emotions: relief, gratitude, and admiration. She knew resisting temptation wasn't easy, especially given Christopher's history. Hearing him take responsibility and prioritize transparency reassured her of his growth and dedication and commitment.

"You're amazing, Christopher," she said softly. "Thank you for telling me. I believe in you."

### *Pastor Grey's Office*

The room was warm and inviting, filled with the faint scent of aged books and polished wood. Pastor Grey sat

behind his desk, his kind eyes reflecting both wisdom and compassion as Christopher slumped into the chair across from him. The weight of his struggles pressed heavily on his shoulders, but there was a flicker of hope in his heart—hope that this conversation might bring clarity.

“I don’t know what to do anymore,” Christopher began, his voice thick with frustration and vulnerability. “I’m trying so hard to be the man Robyn deserves, the man God wants me to be. But it feels like every time I take one step forward, something pulls me back.”

Pastor Grey leaned forward slightly, his expression gentle yet intent. “Tell me more, Christopher. What’s been weighing on you?”

Christopher hesitated for a moment before continuing. “It’s... the temptation. It hasn’t gone away, even though I’ve cut ties with my old life. A few days ago, someone from my past showed up at my

house, trying to pull me back into that lifestyle. I resisted, but afterward, all I could think about was how unworthy I am of Robyn. How can she trust me when I still struggle like this?”

He paused, running a hand over his face. “And then there’s the guilt. I keep wondering if I’m failing her—or worse, if I’ll never truly measure up. I feel like I’m letting God down too.”

Pastor Grey listened patiently, nodding as Christopher poured out his heart. When Christopher finished, the pastor spoke slowly, his words carrying the weight of truth and grace.

“Christopher,” he said, his tone steady and reassuring, “God doesn’t expect perfection from you. He expects surrender. Jeremiah 29:11 reminds us that His plans are for our good—for hope and a future. Do you believe that?”

Christopher nodded, though uncertainty lingered in his eyes.

“Good. Because here’s the thing: God already knows your weaknesses, Christopher. He sees them clearly, and yet He still chose you. Why? Because He has a purpose for you—a plan that includes Robyn and the life you’re building together. But part of walking in that plan means leaning on Him completely. Keep fighting, keep praying, and trust Him to lead you through these battles.”

Pastor Grey leaned back, folding his hands thoughtfully. “And remember, accountability is key. Be honest with Robyn. Share your struggles with her, not to burden her but to show her that you’re committed to transparency and growth. That kind of humility builds trust.”

Christopher felt a spark of encouragement ignite within him. For the first time in days, the oppressive weight of guilt began to lift. “You’re right,” he said softly. “I’ve been so focused on my failures that I forgot God’s promises. I can’t control everything, but I can

surrender it all to Him as many times as I need to.” Pastor Grey smiled warmly. “That’s the spirit, Christopher. Trust in God’s plan for you—for both of you. He’s not done shaping you, and He won’t abandon you now.”

### *Resolution and Moving Forward*

As Christopher left the office, his mind was clearer, his resolve stronger. He knew the road ahead wouldn’t be easy, but he also knew he wasn’t alone. With Jeremiah 29:11 etched firmly in his heart, Christopher committed to communicating openly with Robyn—not just about his victories but also about his struggles. Together, they would continue pursuing God’s best, trusting that His plans were indeed for their good.

### *Christopher’s Internal Turmoil*

The days following Christopher’s encounter with temptation were heavy, marked by an emotional distance that neither he nor Robyn had anticipated.

Though Christopher had resisted the advances of his past flame, the weight of his internal struggle lingered like a shadow over their relationship. He couldn't shake the feeling that he was unworthy of Robyn's love—of her trust.

Christopher sat alone in his home studio late one night, staring blankly at the unfinished lyrics on his notepad. His mind replayed the recent incident, torturing him with questions he couldn't silence.

*“She deserves better than me,” he thought bitterly. “How can I call myself faithful when I still struggle so much? What if I hurt her again? What if I’m not strong enough to be the man she needs?”*

His guilt manifested as withdrawal. He began avoiding deep conversations with Robyn, afraid she'd see through his façade and realize he wasn't the changed man she believed him to be. Instead of leaning into their connection, he retreated

inward, creating a chasm between them that grew wider with each passing day.

At first, Robyn didn't say anything. She assumed he was simply busy with work or preoccupied with something temporary. But as the weeks went by, his emotional absence became impossible to ignore.

Robyn sensed the shift almost immediately. At first, she chalked it up to stress or work demands, but as the days turned into weeks, his withdrawal grew undeniable. Their conversations became shorter, his smiles less frequent. It was subtle, yet unmistakable—he was shutting her out.

One afternoon, after dropping Rosen off at school, Robyn decided to confide in her best friend, Melli. They met at a quiet café downtown, where Robyn poured out her concerns. “Something’s off with Christopher,” Robyn admitted, stirring her coffee absentmindedly. “He’s been distant

lately, like he's holding back. I don't know what's going on, but it's eating at me."

Melli listened intently, her expression softening as she reached across the table to squeeze Robyn's hand. "Remember what your grandmother's Bible said?"

Melli reminded her gently. "'What God has joined together, let no man put asunder.' Trust Him to get you through this, Robyn. Whatever is happening, it's part of His plan for both of you."

Robyn nodded slowly, letting the words sink in. Her grandmother's wisdom had always been a source of comfort, and now, in this moment of uncertainty, it offered clarity. She realized that running from the issue wouldn't solve anything. Instead, she needed to confront it head-on—with patience, prayer, and trust in God's promises.

That evening, Robyn approached Christopher cautiously and respectfully.

He was sitting on the couch in his living room, scrolling through his phone, his usual warmth replaced by an air of detachment. She hesitated for a moment before sitting beside him, her voice steady but kind.

“Christopher,” she began, “I’ve noticed you’ve been pulling away lately. Is everything okay?”

Christopher looked up, startled by her directness. For a moment, he considered brushing her off with a vague excuse, but something in her eyes stopped him. She wasn’t accusing or angry—just genuinely concerned.

“I... I don’t know, Robyn,” he confessed finally, his voice thick with emotion. “I feel like I’m failing you. Like I’ll never be good enough.”

Robyn placed a reassuring hand on his knee, leaning closer. “God knows your heart, Christopher. He sees how hard you’re trying. And so, do I. We’re not

perfect—that’s why we lean on Him. Don’t shut me out. Let’s face this together please.”

Her words struck a chord deep within him. In that moment, he remembered Jeremiah 29:11: “*I know the plans I have for you, declares the Lord, plans to prosper you and not harm you, plans to give you hope and a future.*”

God’s plans weren’t about perfection—they were about progress. About trusting Him to lead, even when the road felt uncertain. With Robyn by his side, Christopher found renewed strength to keep moving forward, one step at a time.

As they sat together in silence, hands intertwined, Christopher and Robyn both felt a glimmer of hope. The journey ahead wouldn’t be easy, but they were committed to walking it together—guided by faith, anchored by love, and reassured by the promise of God’s unchanging plan.



## Chapter 5

# Their love and Dedication to God and Each Other Will Know No Bounds

“He makes all things beautiful in its time.” -Ecclesiastes 3:11:

*Robyn's mother residence*

Robyn's mother's cozy living room, bathed in the golden glow of afternoon sunlight streaming through lace curtains, soft worship music playing. The air is warm and inviting, filled with the faint aroma of freshly brewed tea and baked cookies. Robyn sits cross-legged on the floral-patterned couch, cradling a delicate teacup in her hands as her mother settles into the armchair across from her, smiling fondly at her daughter.

The gentle clink of porcelain against saucers punctuated their quiet conversation, each sip of tea carrying a sense of comfort and familiarity. Robyn leaned back slightly, exhaling a contented sigh before glancing at her mother.

with a soft smile.

"Things are going really well, Mom," Robyn began, her voice tinged with both excitement and gratitude. "Better than I ever imagined they could."

Her mother raised an eyebrow, intrigued but not surprised. She had seen the subtle changes in Robyn over the past few months—the new found peace in her eyes, the steadiness in her demeanor. Still, she let Robyn continue, knowing how much her daughter valued these moments of connection.

“It’s different this time, you know?” Robyn added, setting her teacup down carefully on the coaster. “Before, Christopher and I were so...reckless. We loved each other, sure, but we didn’t know how to handle challenges. Whenever something went wrong, it felt like we were enemies instead of partners. Like every fight meant the end of us.”

She paused, choosing her words thoughtfully. “But now, faith is the foundation. For both of us. It wasn’t there before—not truly. And that made all the difference.”

Her mother nodded slowly, her expression one of quiet understanding.

“Faith does that, sweetheart. It gives you roots when the storms come. You’ve grown so much, Robyn. Both of you have.”

Robyn smiled, feeling a swell of pride mixed with humility. “Yeah, we’re learning to see each other differently. Not as adversaries or problems to fix, but as teammates working toward the same goal. When things get hard—and they do—we remind ourselves that God has brought us together for a reason. That keeps us grounded.”

Her mother reached across the small table between them, placing a reassuring hand over Robyn’s. “That’s what love grounded in God looks like, sweetheart. When you put Him first, everything else falls into place. He’s the glue holding you two together now.”

Robyn felt tears prick at the corners of her eyes, though they were happy ones. “It’s funny, isn’t it? How God works in His own time. If someone

had told me years ago that Christopher and I would be where we are today, I wouldn't have believed them. But now..." She trailed off, shaking her head in amazement. "Now I can see how far we've come. How beautiful it is when you trust Him to make things right."

Her mother squeezed her hand gently, her gaze steady and full of love. "Ecclesiastes says it perfectly, doesn't it? 'He makes all things beautiful in its time.' Your story with Christopher—this second chance—is proof of that. Don't rush it, Robyn. Let God keep shaping it."

Robyn nodded, her heart swelling with hope and determination. As the sunlight danced across the room, casting playful shadows on the walls, she felt a deep sense of peace wash over her. Whatever lay ahead, she knew they were ready to face it—together, rooted and grounded in God's love.

The soft glow of the bedside lamp illuminated Christopher's face as he

flipped through the pages of his book. His phone buzzed on the nightstand, breaking the quiet hum of the evening. He smiled when he saw Robyn's name flash across the screen.

"Hey, beautiful," he answered, his voice warm and teasing. "What's up?"

Robyn laughed lightly on the other end, her tone playful yet relaxed. "Just checking in on you, Mr. Lazybones. What are you doing? Still avoiding those emails, I know you've been putting off?"

Christopher chuckled, setting the book aside. "Guilty as charged. But hey, I'm multitasking—reading something inspiring and ignoring my responsibilities all at once. What about you? How was your day?"

"Oh, you know, the usual chaos with Rosen," Robyn replied, her voice laced with affection. "He decided today was the perfect day to try out his new art supplies... on the walls."

Christopher burst into laughter. “On the *walls*? Wow, he’s got your creativity—and maybe a little bit of my stubborn streak.”

“Don’t even joke about that,” Robyn said, laughing along with him. “Anyway, enough about me. How are your kids? Have they been driving you crazy lately?”

Christopher sighed dramatically. “You have no idea. Koko thinks he’s too cool for bedtime now, and Symphony keeps hiding my keys just to watch me panic. Honestly, I don’t know how I survived without your organizational skills back in the day.”

“Well, clearly you managed somehow,” Robyn teased. “Though I do recall having to remind you to eat sometimes. Remember that time you forgot lunch three days in a row?”

“How could I forget?” Christopher said, grinning. “You made me sit down

and eat an entire pot of stew before we went anywhere. I still dream about that stew sometimes..."

Their laughter filled the line, easy and familiar, like slipping into an old favorite sweater. After a pause, Christopher added wistfully, "Actually, speaking of food—you know what I've been craving lately? Some authentic Bajan food. Remember those meals you used to make?"

Robyn snorted, pretending to be offended. "Oh, don't even start, Christopher. Those recipes aren't just handed out to anyone. You'll have to earn it!"

"I'll do whatever it takes," Christopher said, his tone mock-serious but tinged with genuine longing. "Come on, Robyn. No one makes food like you do. It's practically a crime to keep those talents hidden away."

Robyn laughed again, shaking her head even though he couldn't see her. "Fine, fine. If you're so desperate, I suppose I could teach you how to make it sometime. Maybe we can have a dinner-and-movie night at my place? We haven't done that in ages."

Christopher perked up immediately. "Dinner-and-movie night? Now you're talking. What movie are we watching?"

Robyn hesitated for a moment, then grinned mischievously. "How about *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*? You know, our classic favorite."

Christopher groaned good-naturedly. "Ah, the nostalgia hits hard. Of course, Raphael is still your favorite, right?"

"Obviously," Robyn said, her voice brimming with pride. "And guess what? I still remember how to make your favorite dish—the one you always

begged me to cook. I might even whip it up for you if you're lucky."

"Deal," Christopher said, his smile widening. "I'll bring dessert. And maybe some extra napkins, just in case things get messy in the kitchen."

Robyn giggled. "Sounds like a plan. See you tomorrow, Christopher."

"Can't wait," he replied softly, his tone turning more tender. "Goodnight, Robyn."

"Goodnight," she murmured, hanging up with a contented sigh. As the call ended, both of them felt a sense of warmth—not just from their playful banter, but from the deep connection that had only grown stronger over time.

### *Dinner Preparation and Movie Night mishap*

The kitchen was alive with warmth—both from the stove where a pot of seasoned stew bubbled gently and from

the easy laughter that filled the room. Robyn stood beside Christopher, guiding him as he awkwardly stirred the aromatic mixture of spices in the pan. Her hands hovered over his, correcting his technique when needed, but mostly letting him take the lead.

“This isn’t rocket science, Christopher,” she teased, nudging him playfully. “Just keep stirring.”

Christopher chuckled nervously, glancing down at the simmering dish. “I think I just ruined the seasoning...” he muttered, wincing slightly as he sniffed the air.

“Nope, you’re doing great! Just keep stirring,” Robyn reassured him, her voice light and encouraging. She leaned against the counter, watching him with an amused smile. “You know, for someone who’s used to being in charge, you sure are cute when you’re unsure.”

Christopher shot her a mock-offended look. “Cute? That’s not exactly the vibe I’m going for.”

“Well, maybe ‘adorable’ is more accurate,” Robyn quipped, laughing softly. The sound of her laughter seemed to ease any lingering tension between them, making the moment feel effortless and intimate.

### *Transition to Movie Night*

After dinner—a meal that turned out surprisingly delicious despite Christopher’s initial doubts—they moved to the living room. The cozy space was dimly lit, the soft glow of fairy lights strung across the ceiling casting a warm ambiance. They settled onto the couch, plates cleared away, ready to dive into nostalgia.

“Ready for some ninjas?” Robyn asked, opening up the Netflix screen for Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. “Absolutely,” Christopher replied,

grinning. “But only if Raphael gets all the screen time.”

Robyn rolled her eyes good-naturedly but couldn’t hide her smile. As the opening credits rolled, she reached over to grab a throw blanket, draping it over both. The familiar scenes brought back waves of memories, and soon they were reminiscing about their younger days.

“I can’t believe you still have that Raphael figurine I gave you years ago,” Robyn said suddenly, her tone softer now, tinged with wonder.

Christopher glanced at her, his expression thoughtful. “Of course I do. It reminds me of happier times,” he admitted, his voice barely above a whisper. Then he began to talk about how she dressed up as Raphael for halloween one year.

Christopher met her gaze, and for a moment, the world outside the living room faded away. There was only the two of them, suspended in a bubble of shared history and unspoken emotions.

*Flirtation Escalates Quickly*

As the movie played on, their playful banter slowly shifted into something deeper. Christopher reached over, brushing a strand of hair behind Robyn's ear, his fingers lingering against her cheek. Robyn didn't pull away; instead, she leaned slightly into his touch, her breath catching ever so slightly.

Before either of them realized what was happening, the distance between them closed. Their lips met in a kiss that started tender but quickly ignited into something far more intense. Hands tangled in hair, bodies pressed closer, and the line between restraint and surrender blurred dangerously fast.

But then, just as suddenly, reality crashed back in.

"Wait... stop. We can't," Robyn gasped, pushing herself away from him. Her chest rose and fell rapidly as she

scrambled off the couch, her wide eyes reflecting shock and guilt.

Shaken by how easily she had given in, Robyn bolted toward the bathroom, locking the door behind her. Inside, she leaned against the cool tile wall, her heart pounding wildly. Memories of their past flashed through her mind—their reckless abandon, the way they always let passion override reason. She clenched her fists, frustrated with herself.

Meanwhile, Christopher sat frozen on the couch, staring at the empty spot where Robyn had been moments before. He ran a hand through his hair, exhaling sharply. The weight of what almost happened hung heavily in the air. After a few tense minutes, he stood, grabbing his jacket from the hook near the door.

He knocked lightly on the bathroom door. “Robyn... I’m going to head home, okay? I think we both need some space right now.”

There was no response, but he didn't expect one. Quietly, he let himself out, leaving the unfinished dinner and the remnants of their near-mistake behind.

### *Later That Evening – A Phone Call*

The soft glow of the bedside lamp illuminated Christopher's face as he sat on the edge of his bed, phone in hand. His heart still raced from earlier that night—the heat of the moment, the near slip, and the way Robyn had pulled away just in time. He knew they needed to talk it through, not just for clarity but for reassurance. Taking a deep breath, he dialed her number.

After a few rings, she answered, her voice quiet but steady.

“Hey,” she said softly.

“Hey, Robyn,” Christopher replied, his tone laced with sincerity. “I wanted to check on you... see how you’re doing.”

There was a brief pause before she responded. “I’m okay. Just... thinking about everything.”

Christopher nodded, even though she couldn’t see him. “Me too. Look, I need to say this—I’m sorry. I should’ve been more mindful of our boundaries tonight. It’s not an excuse, but sometimes I forget how strong the pull is between us.”

Her sigh came through the line, heavy yet understanding. “It’s not just you, Christopher,” she admitted, her voice trembling slightly. “My body betrayed me tonight. I haven’t been with anyone in so long... maybe it’s just because it’s you. Maybe it’s because of everything we’ve shared before. But either way, I wasn’t prepared for how quickly things escalated.”

Christopher listened intently, his chest tightening with both guilt and relief—relief that she felt safe enough to be honest with him. “I get it,” he said

gently. “We have history, chemistry... all of it. And yeah, it’s intense. But that doesn’t mean we can’t handle it. Together.”

Robyn exhaled slowly, her thoughts swirling. “You’re right. We’re human, Christopher. Neither of us is perfect. But we’re also growing. Learning. I don’t want one moment to undo all the progress we’ve made—not when we’ve come so far.”

“Me neither,” Christopher agreed fervently. “Let’s keep leaning on God for strength. He brought us back together for a reason, and I refuse to let anything mess that up. Not even ourselves.”

A small laugh escaped Robyn’s lips, lightening the mood. “You sound so sure of yourself now.”

“Well, I’ve learned a lot since the last time we were together,” Christopher teased lightly, though his tone turned serious again. “But seriously, Robyn,

we'll get through this. I promise. If we stay open with each other—and with Him—we'll figure it out.”

For the first time since retreating to the bathroom earlier that evening, Robyn felt a sense of peace wash over her. She smiled faintly, clutching the phone closer. “Okay. Let’s do that. One day at a time.”

“Deal,” Christopher said, his voice warm with determination. “And hey, no running away next time, alright? Whether it’s conflict or temptation, we face it head-on. Together.”

Robyn chuckled softly. “No running. Got it.”

They ended the call shortly after, both feeling lighter and more resolved than before. Though the challenge of resisting temptation remained, they were confident that their commitment—to each other and to God—would guide them forward.

### *A Heated Argument*

Weeks had passed since they last spoke about their future together, and though things seemed calm on the surface, tensions still lingered beneath. Christopher thought it was time to take the next step, but Robyn wasn't quite ready to move forward just yet. The argument began innocently enough, sparked by a simple misunderstanding. Christopher had planned a weekend getaway to surprise Robyn, hoping it would be a chance for them to reconnect and deepen their bond. But when he mentioned it casually, weeks later, Robyn misunderstood his intentions, thinking he was trying to push her into something more serious too soon. The weight of unresolved fears and past insecurities bubbled to the surface, and frustration overwhelmed her.

"I can't do this," Robyn blurted out, her voice trembling with emotion. "I'm not doing this again!"

Her words struck Christopher like a physical blow. "What are you talking

about? What the f... he took a breathe and stopped himself, I don't even cuss anymore, and you are not about to make me start now." Memories of their past relationship flooded back—the countless times she had fled whenever things got difficult, leaving him alone to pick up the pieces. His frustration boiled over, and before he could stop himself, he snapped.

"Shut up!" Christopher shouted, his voice sharp and cutting. "You always run when things get tough. And no matter what happens, I'll always have your heart, whether you like it or not!" And don't you ever forget that.

The room fell silent except for the sound of Robyn's sharp intake of breath. Her eyes filled with tears as she turned away from him, unable to meet his gaze. Without another word, she grabbed her coat and left, leaving Christopher standing alone in the middle of the living room. As the door slammed shut behind her, his anger quickly gave way to regret. He sank onto the couch, running a hand

through his hair, wondering how they had spiraled so quickly.

For the next several days, Robyn avoided Christopher's calls and messages. She retreated into herself, consumed by hurt, confusion, and shame. Each night, she cried herself to sleep, wrestling with feelings of inadequacy and fear. But amidst her pain, she prayed fervently, seeking God's guidance.

"God, help me understand why I keep running," she whispered into the quiet of her room. "Help me break free from these patterns. I don't want to lose Christopher again" I love him.

Meanwhile, Christopher wrestled with guilt and self-doubt. He replayed their fight in his mind, cringing at how harshly he'd spoken. Though part of him wanted to give Robyn space, another part longed to reach out and make amends. He found himself pacing his apartment late at night, replaying their conversation and wondering if he had ruined everything.

*“Lord, show me how to love Robyn the way You love her,” he prayed, his voice heavy with sincerity. “Help us grow through this instead of apart.”*

Finally, after days of silence, Robyn mustered the courage to call Christopher. Her voice was soft and hesitant when he answered, laced with a vulnerability that tugged at his heart.

“Can we talk?” she asked, her tone barely above a whisper.

They agreed to meet at a quiet park, choosing a secluded bench overlooking a serene pond. The air between them was thick with unspoken tension as they sat down, neither speaking for several moments. The weight of their unresolved conflict hung heavy, but it was Robyn who broke the silence first.

“I’m sorry for running away again,” she began, her voice steady yet tinged with remorse. “That’s who I used to be, but I’m learning to face conflict

instead of avoiding it. Thank you for staying.”

Christopher exhaled deeply, relief washing over him like a tide. He reached out and took her hand in his, his touch gentle yet firm, as if silently promising not to let go.

“We’re a team now, Robyn,” he said, his voice filled with conviction. “Conflict doesn’t mean rejection—it means growth. Together, we can overcome anything if we lean on each other—and on God.”

Tears welled up in Robyn’s eyes as she nodded, grateful for his understanding and grace. They sat there for a while longer, talking openly about their fears, insecurities, and hopes for the future. Robyn confessed how her tendency to flee stemmed from her anxious attachment style and the toxic patterns she’d learned growing up. Christopher shared how his anger often masked his fear of losing her again.

By the time they parted ways, there was a renewed sense of unity and purpose between them. The rift caused by their argument had been mended, not by ignoring the pain, but by addressing it head-on and leaning into their faith.

As Robyn drove home that evening, she reflected on how far they'd come since their toxic past. In those earlier years, conflict had driven them apart, leaving scars that took years to heal. But now, it brought them closer together. She realized that their ability to navigate disagreements—messy and imperfect as it sometimes felt—was a testament to their growth. Not just individually, but as a couple rooted in faith.

*“This is what real love looks like. It’s messy sometimes, but it’s also beautiful. And God is making all things new.”* Robyn thought to herself.

At the same time, Christopher found himself smiling as he walked back

to his car. Despite the challenges they faced, he knew beyond any doubt that Robyn was worth every effort. Their journey wasn't perfect, but it was theirs—and it was leading them exactly where God intended.

### *Debuting Together at an Industry Event*

The grand ballroom buzzed with energy, the soft strains of jazz music mingling with the hum of conversation. Crystal chandeliers cast a warm, golden light over the impeccably dressed crowd, their laughter and chatter filling the air. Robyn stood beside Christopher near the entrance, her fingers laced tightly with his as they took in the scene before them. The room seemed to pause for a moment as heads turned, eyes widening in surprise at the sight of the two of them together. Whispers began to ripple through the crowd, growing louder as guests exchanged knowing glances.

“Is that... Christopher and Robyn? Together again?” one voice murmured from across the room. “Didn’t they break each other’s hearts years ago?” another added, skepticism coloring their tone. “I heard their breakup made headlines back then. What are they doing here together now?” a third chimed in, curiosity evident in their hushed words.

Robyn felt the weight of the stares pressing down on her, but she refused to let it shake her resolve. She glanced at Christopher, who stood tall and composed beside her, his hand firm yet gentle around hers. His calm demeanor was a steady force, grounding her in the truth that their story wasn’t defined by the opinions of others—it belonged to them and God alone.

Christopher leaned slightly, his lips brushing against her ear as he spoke softly, his voice steady and reassuring.

“Let them talk. Our story isn’t theirs to judge.”

Robyn smiled, squeezing his hand lightly in response. Her voice was quiet but filled with conviction as she replied.

“Exactly. God’s timing is perfect.”

Their exchange silenced any lingering unease between them. They exchanged knowing smiles, silently affirming their decision to rebuild their relationship on firmer ground—ground rooted in faith, forgiveness, and mutual respect. The whispers around them faded into background noise as they stepped further into the room, shoulders squared and heads held high.

As they moved through the space, greeting acquaintances and engaging in polite conversation, Christopher and Robyn radiated a quiet confidence that caught even the skeptics off guard. Their chemistry was undeniable—a blend of familiarity and newfound maturity that

hinted at growth far beyond what anyone could see on the surface. At one point, a bold guest approached them directly, raising an eyebrow as they gestured toward the two of them.

“Well, this is unexpected,” the guest said, their tone dripping with intrigue. “Care to share how you two ended up back together after all these years?”

Christopher chuckled lightly, unfazed by the question. His response was simple, yet it carried the weight of everything they had been through.

“It’s simple, really. Sometimes life has a way of bringing you full circle—to where you’re meant to be.”

Robyn nodded, adding with a serene smile that softened the edges of the room.

“And sometimes, it takes time to realize what—and who—truly matters.”

The guest raised their glass in mock salute, clearly intrigued but satisfied enough to leave them be.

Later, as they stood side by side watching the crowd from a corner of the room, Robyn rested her head briefly on Christopher's shoulder. Her voice was soft, almost wistful, as she spoke. "Feels good to face the world together, doesn't it?"

Christopher kissed the top of her head, his heart swelling with gratitude for the journey that had brought them here.

"Yeah, it does. And we're just getting started."

For the rest of the evening, Christopher and Robyn navigated the event with poise, unbothered by the murmurs swirling around them. They knew their past wasn't erased—it was redeemed. Every glance, every whisper, served as a reminder of how far they'd come and how deeply they were

committed to honoring God in their relationship.

As they left the venue hand in hand, stepping out into the cool night air, Robyn paused for a moment to look up at the stars. Her voice was soft, almost reverent, as she spoke. “God really does make all things beautiful in His time, doesn’t He?”

Christopher followed her gaze, smiling softly as he replied.

“He sure does. And our best days are still ahead of us.”

With that, they walked toward their car, ready to embrace whatever the future held—together.

#### *Christopher’s POV*

The room was quiet, save for the soft hum of the ceiling fan spinning lazily above him. Christopher lay on his back, hands folded behind his head, staring at the faint shadows dancing across the

ceiling. His mind raced with thoughts of Robyn—her laughter, her strength, her unwavering faith—and he couldn't help but smile despite the late hour.

She had been right earlier when she said they weren't perfect. But perfection wasn't the goal; growth was. And in the months since they'd reconnected, they had grown so much—individually and together. Each challenge they faced only deepened their trust in God and in each other. Their love was no longer rooted in fleeting emotions or selfish desires but in something far greater: a shared commitment to honor God above all else.

Christopher's heart swelled as he thought about what lay ahead. He knew without a doubt that Robyn was the woman he wanted to spend the rest of his life with. She had always held his heart, even during the years they were apart. Now, with their relationship rebuilt on firmer ground, he felt ready to take the next step—to ask her to be his wife, not just in this life but in eternity.

His thoughts turned to planning the proposal. It had to be meaningful, reflective of their journey—the highs, the lows, and everything in between. Something that honored the beauty of their redemption story and the role God had played in bringing them back together. As ideas began to form in his mind, Christopher whispered a prayer of gratitude.

*“God,” he murmured softly, “thank You for making all things beautiful in Your time. Thank You for Robyn, for healing us, and for preparing us for this moment. Guide me as I plan this next chapter. Let it glorify You and reflect the love You’ve poured into our lives.”*

A sense of peace washed over him, the kind that comes from knowing you’re exactly where you’re meant to be. Whatever challenges might arise in the future, Christopher was confident they could face them together—with God leading the way.

As sleep finally claimed him, one final thought lingered in his mind: *With God making all things beautiful in His time, this next chapter will be worth every wait.*



## Chapter 6

# The Blessings They Are Looking for are in Each Other.

*“Finishing is better than starting.  
Patience is better than pride.”*

**-Ecclesiastes 7:8**

*Opening scene*

Robyn let out a contented sigh as she stared at the blank page before her. For a moment, she simply soaked in the stillness—the kind of peace that only comes after weathering storms together. Her heart felt so full it was almost overwhelming, like an ocean of gratitude threatening to spill over. Finally, she began to write.

*Dear God,*

*I never thought I'd feel this way again—this safe, this cherished. Every day with Christopher feels like a gift I don't deserve but one I'm endlessly thankful for. You sent me an angel to love me for life. Thank You.*

Her pen paused mid-sentence as memories flooded back—memories of their past, when insecurity had been her constant companion. Back then, loving Christopher had felt like standing in the shadow of a towering mountain, unsure if she could ever measure up. He was

charming, talented, and undeniably magnetic—a sex symbol whose name graced headlines and whose face launched countless fantasies. And there she was, trying to believe she was enough.

It wasn't just his fame that made her doubt herself—it was the lies they both told themselves about love, the jealousy that festered unchecked, the stubborn pride that kept them from truly seeing each other. She remembered nights spent crying herself to sleep, wondering why he couldn't see how much she loved him or why she couldn't shake the feeling that someone else would always be better.

But now? Now everything was different. They weren't those people anymore. Somewhere along the way, they had grown—not apart, but toward each other, guided by something far greater than either of them. Their shared faith had become the foundation of their relationship, replacing fear with trust,

anger with forgiveness, and doubt with unwavering belief in God's plan for them.

She smiled softly as she continued writing.

*God, thank You for finishing what we started years ago. I used to think our story ended when we walked away from each other, but now I see that it was only the beginning. Your patience and grace have truly made all things new. Through every trial, every tear, every prayer, You were weaving us back together into something stronger, something beautiful.*

Her thoughts drifted to Christopher—the way he looked at her now, not with fleeting admiration but with a deep, abiding love that settled into her soul. It wasn't perfect; no relationship ever was. But it was real, and it was theirs. Together, they had learned to lean not on their own understanding but on the promises of God. And because of that, she knew their future would be brighter than

anything they'd dreamed of in their youth.

Closing her journal, Robyn clasped her hands together and bowed her head, whispering a heartfelt prayer aloud.

*“Lord, thank You for bringing to completion what began so many years ago. Your patience and grace have truly made all things new. Help us to keep walking this path hand in hand, trusting in Your timing and Your purpose. Amen.”*

As she opened her eyes, a sense of calm washed over her. Whatever lay ahead, she knew they were ready—not because they were flawless, but because they belonged to Someone who was. With that assurance, she stood, slipping the journal onto the shelf. Life was good, and it was only getting better.

#### *Christopher Visits Robyn's Mother*

The late afternoon sunlight streamed through the lace curtains, the

wind blew softly, causing the curtains to sway gently. The air was filled with the comforting aroma of freshly brewed tea and warm scones. Robyn's mother bustled around the small kitchen, arranging cups and saucers on a tray before carrying it to the dining table where Christopher sat patiently, his posture respectful yet slightly nervous.

She placed the tray down and smiled warmly at him, her eyes twinkling with affection. "Christopher, it's been too long since you've visited. How are you, dear?"

"I'm doing well, thank you," Christopher replied, returning her smile. "But I came today because there's something important, I need to discuss with you."

Her expression softened, sensing the gravity in his tone. She took a seat across from him, cradling her teacup in both hands. "Go ahead, Christopher. You know you can always speak freely here."

Christopher hesitated for a moment, gathering his thoughts. This conversation meant everything—not just for him and Robyn but for their families as well. Taking a deep breath, he began.

“Ms. Fendly, I know Robyn means everything to you, and I want to do this right, but I’m planning to ask Robyn to marry me.” His voice steadied as he continued, his words deliberate and sincere. “But before I take that step, I’d like to reach out to her dad—to ask for his blessing and hopefully be a bridge toward healing between them.”

Robyn’s mother blinked back tears, visibly moved by his thoughtfulness. Her hand reached out instinctively to cover his. “Oh, Christopher, that’s such a beautiful gesture. Truly, it speaks volumes about the man you’ve become. He’ll be so happy to hear from you.”

Christopher nodded, relief washing over him. “I don’t want to overstep, but I

believe God has called me to help restore what's broken—not just in our relationship but in Robyn's family too. If I can play even a small part in bringing them closer together, I want to try."

Her smile widened, pride shining in her eyes. "You have no idea how much this means to me—and to Robyn. Watching the two of you grow spiritually and emotionally has been such a blessing. And now, seeing your heart for reconciliation... it fills me with so much hope."

She rose briefly to retrieve a small notepad from the sideboard, jotting down contact information for Robyn's father. Handing it to Christopher, she added, "He may seem distant at first, but deep down, he loves Robyn more than anything. Just hearing from you will mean the world to him."

Christopher accepted the paper gratefully, tucking it carefully into his pocket. "Thank you, mam. Your support

means everything to me—and to us. I promise to honor Robyn and your family every step of the way.”

As they finished their tea, the atmosphere remained warm and hopeful. Robyn’s mother couldn’t help but marvel at how far Christopher had come—from the young, impulsive man who once hurt her daughter to the mature, faith-driven individual sitting before her now. In that moment, she knew without a doubt that God had orchestrated this reunion for a purpose.

### *Christopher Meets Robyn’s Father. Setting: A Quiet Park Bench*

The late afternoon sun cast a golden hue over the park, its rays filtering through the trees as Christopher approached the bench where Mr. Fendly sat waiting. Nervous energy coursed through Christopher’s veins, but he steadied himself with a deep breath, reminding himself of the purpose behind this meeting. This wasn’t just about

asking for Robyn's hand—it was about healing wounds and bridging gaps that had lingered far too long.

As Christopher drew closer, Mr. Fendly looked up, his expression unreadable at first. But when their eyes met, there was a flicker of recognition—and perhaps even warmth—in the older man's gaze. Christopher extended his hand, which Mr. Fendly shook firmly before gesturing for him to sit.

"Thank you for meeting with me, sir," Christopher began, his voice steady despite the weight of the moment. "I know we haven't spoken much over the years, and I can only imagine how difficult it must have been for you... and for Robyn." I truly admire your strength and wisdom through it all.

Mr. Fendly nodded slowly, his weathered face softening. "It hasn't been easy, son. But I appreciate you reaching out. Not many men would take this step."

Christopher swallowed hard, choosing his words carefully. “Sir, I want to marry Robyn. She’s my heart, my purpose, and I promise to honor and protect her for the rest of my life. I wouldn’t be here today if it weren’t for her faith in God and His timing bringing us back together.”

There was a pause, the kind that seemed to stretch endlessly yet held profound significance. Mr. Fendly studied Christopher intently, his eyes searching for sincerity—and finding it in abundance. Finally, he spoke, his tone warm and filled with emotion.

“Christopher,” he said, his voice thick with gratitude, “I’ve always respected you. Even through everything—the ups and downs—you treated me with respect and dignity. You never once dismissed my role in Robyn’s life, no matter how strained things became between us. I’m honored to give you, my blessing.”

Christopher felt a lump rise in his throat, overwhelmed by the older man's words. He hadn't expected such kindness or openness, but it only strengthened his resolve to make things right—not just for Robyn, but for her entire family.

"Thank you, sir," Christopher replied earnestly. "That means more to me than I can say. And... I don't want to overstep, but I feel called to help mend what's been broken between you and Robyn. With God's help, I hope to be that bridge—to bring healing and reconciliation. You mean so much to her... and to me."

Tears glistened in Mr. Fendly's eyes as he absorbed Christopher's heartfelt words. For years, he had carried the pain of estrangement, wondering if he'd ever reconnect with his daughter. Now, sitting across from this young man who embodied humility and grace, he saw a glimmer of hope—a chance to rebuild what had been lost.

“I’d like that, Christopher,” Mr. Fendly said softly, his voice trembling slightly. “More than anything, I love my daughter. If you’re willing to help bring us back together, then I’ll do whatever it takes too.”

The two men shared a quiet moment, the air thick with unspoken emotions. It was a conversation rooted not just in mutual respect but in the shared desire to see Robyn happy. As they parted ways, Christopher couldn’t shake the sense of awe he felt—how God had orchestrated this meeting, turning years of distance into an opportunity for restoration.

### *Engagement Plans*

The jeweler’s studio was bathed in soft, golden light, its walls lined with intricate designs and sparkling gemstones that seemed to whisper promises of love and commitment. Christopher sat across from the artisan, his heart pounding with

a mix of excitement and reverence as he described the vision for Robyn's ring.

"I want something timeless yet unique," Christopher began, leaning forward slightly. "Something that reflects who she is—strong, beautiful, and full of grace." He paused, letting his words settle before continuing. "She deserves perfection because... well, she *is* perfect."

As the jeweler sketched out ideas on paper, Christopher found himself lost in thought. Memories flooded back—memories of God speaking to him years ago, assuring him that Robyn was meant to be his wife. Back then, he hadn't fully understood what it meant. They were young, reckless, and consumed by their own desires. But now, sitting here in this serene studio, everything clicked into place. Theirs was indeed a prophetic love story, one that had been preordained and prophesied by God, *You spoke this truth over us long before I could see it clearly*, he reflected silently. *Now, here we are—*

*Your word coming to pass. Thank You for never failing.*

Tears pricked at the corners of his eyes, but he blinked them away quickly, not wanting to appear overly emotional in front of the jeweler. Still, the weight of the moment settled heavily on his chest. This wasn't just about designing a piece of jewelry; it was about creating a symbol of redemption, restoration, and unconditional love—a tangible reminder of how far they'd come together.

The jeweler presented a few sketches, each more exquisite than the last. One design stood out immediately: a stunning solitaire diamond flanked by two smaller stones, representing their past, present, and future. It was simple yet breathtakingly elegant—just like Robyn.

“This is it,” Christopher said firmly, pointing to the sketch. “This is the one.”

With the ring secured, Christopher turned his attention to planning the surprise engagement. He wanted every detail to reflect their journey—the highs, the lows, and most importantly, the divine hand that had guided them through it all. After much deliberation, he chose an upscale restaurant known for its romantic ambiance. The venue boasted floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking a serene garden, which would be adorned with flowers and candles specifically for the occasion.

Christopher worked closely with the event coordinator, ensuring nothing was overlooked. From personalized table settings to a playlist featuring songs that held special meaning for them, no stone was left unturned. As the day approached, anticipation bubbled within him, mingling with nerves.

He invited close family and friends to witness the monumental moment, knowing how important community was to both him and Robyn. When everyone

arrived at the venue for a final walkthrough, Christopher couldn't help but feel a surge of gratitude. His once-estranged sister was there, smiling warmly as she hugged him tightly. Robyn's brothers, who had always been protective of their sister, greeted him with hearty slaps on the back. He showed them the ring he got.

"Man, this is surreal," one of her brothers said, shaking his head in disbelief. "Are you really doing this? Robyn's going to lose it!"

Christopher chuckled, though his voice carried a hint of nervousness. "Yeah, I hope she likes it. I just want her to know how much she means to me."

### *The Prank Call*

Later that evening, Christopher retreated to his car, pulling out his phone with a mischievous grin. He knew Robyn wouldn't suspect a thing if he played it

right. Dialing her number, he waited anxiously as the call connected.

“Hey, baby,” he said casually, masking his excitement with feigned urgency. “Listen, I need you to do me a huge favor.”

Robyn’s voice came through the line, laced with concern. “What’s wrong? Are you okay?” “Oh yeah, I’m fine,” Christopher replied, trying hard not to laugh. “But I’m stuck, and I can’t leave until someone comes to pick me up. It’s kind of a small emergency”

“An emergency?” Robyn echoed, panic creeping into her tone. “What happened? Did something go wrong?”

“No, no, nothing bad,” Christopher assured her quickly, biting back a smile. “I’ll explain when you get here. Oh, and please, dress up a little. We’ll go out for dinner afterwards.” ”Her hesitation was

palpable, but she finally agreed. “Alright, I’m on my way. Don’t move.”

Christopher told her the address and as soon as the call ended, Christopher let out a breathless laugh, imagining Robyn rushing over, completely unaware of the joy awaiting her. He climbed out of his car and headed toward the venue, where the staff was putting the finishing touches on the setup. Flowers spilled gracefully from vases, candles flickered softly, and the air buzzed with quiet anticipation.

Family and friends took their positions, hiding behind decorative screens or blending into the shadows, ready to spring the surprise. Christopher stood near the center of the space, clutching the velvet box containing the ring. His palms were sweaty, but his resolve was unwavering.

### *The Surprise Engagement*

The room was bathed in soft, golden light, with flickering candles casting warm shadows across the space. Fresh flowers adorned every table—roses, lilies, and hydrangeas arranged in cascading bouquets that seemed to whisper romance. The air buzzed with quiet anticipation as family and friends waited, their eyes fixed on Christopher standing at the center of it all. In his hand, he held a small velvet box containing the ring that symbolized not just a promise but an eternity.

Minutes later, the sound of hurried footsteps echoed through the hallway outside. Robyn burst through the door, her face flushed with worry. “Christopher! What’s going on? Is everything—”

Her words caught in her throat as she froze mid-step, taking in the scene before her. The room erupted into cheers and applause, confetti raining down as loved ones emerged from their hiding spots.

Time froze.

There they were—all the people who mattered most in her life, gathered together under one roof. Her mother wiping away tears, her brothers grinning like fools, Christopher’s sister looking on with misty eyes, and there... *Christopher*. Standing tall, his gaze locked onto hers with such intensity it took her breath away. He looked every bit like the man she’d fallen in love with years ago, only now he radiated a quiet strength, a deep faith, and an unshakable devotion she could feel even from across the room.

“Gotcha,” he teased gently, closing the distance between them. “Surprise.”

“You scared me half to death!” she exclaimed, swatting his arm playfully. “I thought something terrible had happened!”

For a moment, Robyn simply stared, her mind struggling to process what was happening. Then, realization

dawned, and tears streamed freely down her cheeks. She pressed a hand to her mouth, laughing and crying simultaneously.

Her steps faltered as realization dawned. This wasn't just any gathering—it was *their* moment, written in the quiet places of their hearts long before now. A moment charged with history, hope, and the kind of love that never really fades.

Christopher stepped forward, got on one knee and paused for a moment, his voice steady yet trembling with emotion. "Robyn," he began, holding out the ring between them like a beacon of hope and forever. "You are my beginning and my end. You've always been the answer to my prayers, the reason my heart beats. The blessings I have been looking for are in you. Will you marry me?"

The words hung in the air, simple yet profound, echoing through the silence like a sacred vow. Everyone held their breath, waiting for her response.

Robyn stood frozen, tears streaming down her face as wave after wave of emotion crashed over her. Joy. Relief. Gratitude. Love so overwhelming it nearly brought her to her knees. She thought back to all the years they'd lost, the pain they'd endured, and how far they'd come—not just as individuals but as partners united by faith and forgiveness. It wasn't supposed to be easy; nothing worth having ever was. But here they were, standing on the other side of brokenness, ready to step into forever.

“Yes!” she finally managed to choke out, her voice breaking as laughter bubbled through her tears. “Yes, yes, YES!”

Robyn shook her head, still overwhelmed but utterly happy. “You’re impossible,” she whispered, kissing and hugging him tightly.

The room erupted into cheers, applause, and joyful cries. Strangers passing by outside might have wondered

what kind of celebration was happening within those walls, but those present knew—it was a miracle unfolding before their very eyes. Two souls, once fractured, now whole again, choosing each other not despite their scars but because of them.

As Stevie Wonder's "*Signed, Sealed, Delivered*" began playing softly in the background, Christopher pulled Robyn into his arms, cradling her face gently between his hands. His eyes glistened with pure joy, he leaned in close, his voice low and full of reverence. "Do you hear these words?" he murmured, brushing a strand of hair from her forehead. "This is it—I'm locked in with you for eternity."

Robyn laughed through her tears, her fingers clutching at his shirt as if afraid he might disappear. "And I'm locked in with you too," she whispered back, her voice barely audible over the music and the hum of celebration around them.

Their lips met in a kiss so tender, so raw with emotion, that it silenced the room momentarily. It wasn't just passion—it was gratitude, redemption, and the kind of love that defied explanation. A love written by God Himself.

### *Moments of Healing and Reconciliation*

Amidst the euphoria, smaller, quieter moments unfolded, weaving threads of healing throughout the tapestry of joy.

Robyn spotted her father standing near the back of the room, tears streaming down his weathered cheeks. Without hesitation, she ran to him, throwing her arms around his neck. For years, their relationship had been strained, marked by distance and misunderstandings. But today, none of that mattered. All that remained was the undeniable truth that they loved each other deeply—and

Christopher had played a part in bridging that gap.

“I love you, Daddy,” Robyn whispered, her voice thick with emotion. “Thank you for being here.”

Her father hugged her tightly, his voice cracking as he replied, “I wouldn’t miss this for the world. You deserve all the happiness, sweetheart.”

Nearby, Christopher’s sister approached, her own eyes red from crying. She reached out to hug Robyn, pulling her into a fierce embrace. “I never thought I’d see this day,” she admitted, her voice trembling. “But seeing you two together... it gives me so much hope. I’m so happy for you both.”

Friends exchanged heartfelt hugs and congratulations, sharing stories of how they’d watched Christopher and Robyn grow individually and together. Each interaction carried the weight of

shared history, of battles fought and won, of lives transformed by grace.

As the night wore on, the energy in the room remained electric. Laughter filled the air, mingling with the sweet strains of music. The scent of roses lingered, wrapping everyone in its warmth. And at the center of it all stood Christopher and Robyn—two imperfect people bound together by perfect love.

For everyone watching, it wasn't just a proposal or an engagement. It was proof that no matter how far apart two hearts may drift, no matter how many mistakes are made along the way, love can find its way home again. With time, patience, and unwavering faith, anything is possible—even miracles. Theirs was a divine hearts story, merged by God from the beginning, destined to travel separately yet on a similar trajectory until He restored them fully in His perfect time.

## *Social Media Buzz and Public Reaction*

The moment Christopher hit “post” on his Instagram story—a simple black-and-white photo of Robyn’s hand with the sparkling engagement ring, captioned “Yes”—the internet exploded. Fans, bloggers, and media outlets scrambled to decode the cryptic yet unmistakable announcement. Within minutes, hashtags like #ChristopherAndRobynForever and #EngagementGoals began trending across platforms.

Fans took to forums and comment sections to share how Christopher and Robyn’s story impacted them personally. Many saw their relationship as a beacon of hope—a real-life example of how God can take something broken and make it beautiful.

- **User1:** *“I grew up listening to Christopher’s and Robyn’s music, and yeah, they used to be messy. But seeing him post ‘Yes’ today reminded*

*me that no one or situation is beyond redemption. This gives me hope for my own relationships.”*

- **User2:** “*Their love story feels so authentic because it’s not perfect. They’ve struggled, failed, and grown together. Honestly, respect.*”

Beneath a clip of an old interview where Christopher admitted his struggles with promiscuity, one viewer wrote:

*“Look at him now. Proof that God doesn’t give up on us, no matter how far we stray. What a blessing to witness their transformation.”*

As the online frenzy continued, Christopher scrolled through his notifications, humbled by the outpouring of support. He paused at a fan comment that simply said, “*God makes all things new.*” Smiling softly, Christopher whispered a prayer of gratitude. The world might see their engagement as a fairytale ending, but Christopher knew better—it was the beginning of something

eternal. Their story wasn't just about fame or romance; it was about faith, forgiveness, and finishing what God started long ago.

*Post-Engagement Lunch  
Celebration. Christopher's House*

The air buzzed with excitement as caterers bustled around, arranging platters of food on round banquet tables draped in crisp white linens. The scent of savory dishes mingled with the sweet aroma of fresh flowers scattered throughout the space. Laughter and chatter filled the house, a joyful symphony of family and friends coming together to celebrate love, unity, and new beginnings.

In the heart of the chaos, Robyn stood in the kitchen alongside her mother and best friend, overseeing the final touches of the meal preparations. Her cheeks were flushed from both the warmth of the kitchen and the happiness radiating within her.

“You’ve really outdone yourself this time,” her mother said proudly, watching as Robyn adjusted a centerpiece of vibrant blooms.

“Thanks, Mom,” Robyn replied, smiling softly. “But honestly, it feels surreal that we’re even here—celebrating like this. I am so happy and grateful.” Her best friend chimed in, squeezing her shoulder affectionately. “Well, you deserve every bit of this joy, Robyn. You two have fought hard for this.”

Robyn nodded, glancing toward the living room where Christopher was surrounded by their loved ones. She felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude—not just for him, but for the journey that had brought them here.

As lunch preparations neared completion, Christopher clinked his glass with a fork to gather everyone’s attention. Standing tall and beaming with pride, he addressed the crowd gathered before him.

“I want to take a moment to thank each of you for being here today,” Christopher began, his voice steady yet filled with emotion. “This weekend isn’t just about celebrating our engagement—it’s also about sharing some amazing news. I’ve officially signed a deal to launch a philanthropic initiative aimed at helping young artists find their footing in the music industry.”

The room erupted into cheers and applause. Friends and family hugged him tightly, congratulating him on this milestone. Robyn watched from across the room, her heart swelling with admiration for the man she loved more deeply than ever.

Unable to resist joining him, Robyn made her way through the crowd until she reached Christopher. Without hesitation, she wrapped her arms around him, planting a tender kiss on his lips. The room quieted momentarily, allowing the intimacy of the moment to shine.

Christopher grinned mischievously, then scooped her up playfully, earning delighted gasps and giggles from those nearby.

“This is the biggest and best news of all,” Christopher declared, cradling her close with one hand resting gently on her backside. *“My queen, my love for life!”*

“Awwww!” the crowd chorused, breaking into laughter and applause once again.

Robyn buried her face in his chest, laughing despite herself. “Put me down, Mr. Brown!” she teased, though her eyes sparkled with pure adoration.

Later, as the festivities continued, Robyn found herself sitting beside her best friend at one of the banquet tables. Plates of food sat untouched between them as they learned in for a heartfelt conversation.

“I’m so happy for you, Robyn,” her best friend said earnestly. “Seeing you

this happy gives me hope. Like maybe there's someone out there for me too.”

Robyn reached over, placing a reassuring hand on her friend's arm. “Trust God, girl. He'll bring your dream love too. Look at us—we didn't think this day would come either, but here we are. His timing is always perfect.”

Her best friend smiled, blinking back tears. “You're right. Thank you for reminding me.”

They shared a warm hug, sealing the moment with mutual encouragement and faith.

As the afternoon wore on, Robyn wandered outside to the backyard, where Christopher was now playing with the children. Their laughter echoed as he chased after Rosen and Koko, pretending to roar like a lion. Nearby, their daughters tossed a ball back and forth, occasionally calling Christopher over to join in. Standing under the shade of a tree, Robyn

crossed her arms over her chest, watching the scene unfold with a contented smile. Her heart overflowed with gratitude—for Christopher, for their families, for the life they were building together. Despite the challenges they'd faced in the past, she knew without a doubt that they were exactly where they were meant to be.

She felt an overwhelming sense of peace as she walked over to him, leaning gently against his shoulder. His arm instinctively wrapped around her waist, pulling her closer. For a moment, they simply stood there, taking it all in—their loved ones celebrating, their children playing, and the quiet hum of contentment filling the air.

Robyn closed her eyes, savoring the moment. Their journey hadn't been easy. There had been pain, mistakes, and moments when giving up seemed like the only option. But every trial, every heartache, had led them here—to this place of unconditional love, divine timing, and unwavering faith. She

thought back to Ecclesiastes 7:8: “*Finishing is better than starting. Patience is better than pride.*” Those words resonated deeply within her now. They weren’t just a scripture; they were a testament to everything God had done in their lives.

Christopher glanced down at her, his expression tender. “You, okay?” he asked softly.

“I’m more than okay,” she replied, her voice barely above a whisper. “I feel... complete. Like this is exactly where we’re supposed to be.”

Christopher nodded, his gaze drifting toward the horizon where the last rays of sunlight painted the sky in shades of orange and pink. “It’s crazy, isn’t it? All those years apart, all the hurt—we went through so much. But look at us now. God really did make something beautiful out of our mess.”

Robyn smiled, resting her head on his shoulder once more. “And I know this isn’t the end. It’s just the beginning of something even more beautiful. Our marriage, our family, our future—it’s all part of His plan.”

As the first stars began to twinkle in the darkening sky, Robyn felt a deep sense of anticipation stirring within her. This chapter of their story was closing, but another was about to begin. And if their journey thus far was any indication, it would be nothing short of extraordinary. *Ecclesiastes 7:8*, she thought silently, *Finishing is better than starting.* And what a beautiful finish—and beginning—this was.



## Chapter 7

### Plan A-The Original Plan

***Romans 8:28:*** “*God works all things out for good for those that love God and are called according to his purpose.*”

*Wedding Plans*

The air was filled with laughter and the occasional clink of wine glasses as they enjoyed one of their cozy evenings at home. Now officially engaged, their connection had deepened in ways neither of them could have imagined. Every touch, every glance carried an unspoken promise—a shared anticipation for the life they were building together.

Christopher leaned in, brushing a strand of hair from Robyn's face before planting a gentle kiss on her lips. "You know," he murmured, his voice low and playful, "I think I like this version of us even more than before."

Robyn giggled, swatting his arm lightly. "Oh really? And what version is that?"

"The one where you're mine forever," Christopher replied, pulling her closer so she rested against his chest. His arms wrapped securely around her, and for a moment, they simply basked in the quiet comfort of each other's presence.

As the evening wore on, their conversation turned to wedding plans. Robyn's eyes sparkled with excitement as she envisioned the day, they would finally become husband and wife.

"I've been thinking about our wedding," Robyn began, her tone thoughtful but eager. "It's important to me that we honor God throughout this process—not just on the big day, but leading up to it too. What do you think about doing premarital counseling with Pastor Grey?"

Christopher nodded without hesitation. "Absolutely. If anyone can help us start strong, it's him. Besides, after everything we've been through, I want to make sure we're fully prepared—for better or worse."

Robyn smiled, touched by his sincerity. "Good. Because I want us to go into this marriage with no doubts, no shortcuts. Just pure intentionality."

A comfortable silence settled between them before Christopher spoke again, his voice tender. “You know, Baby, I don’t care what kind of wedding we have. Big or small, fancy or simple—it doesn’t matter to me. All I want is you.”

Robyn’s heart swelled at his words, and she tilted her head to look up at him, her smile radiant. “Well, lucky for you, I’ve always dreamed of a luxurious yet intimate wedding in Barbados. Something beautiful and meaningful—a celebration that reflects who we are now and honors how far we’ve come.”

Christopher smiled softly, tracing circles on her hand with his thumb. “Barbados sounds perfect. Whatever makes you happy, my love. I will leave the details to you—I trust your vision completely.”

“Actually,” Robyn said, sitting up slightly, “I was thinking we could involve our moms and my bestie in the planning.

It'll be fun, and honestly, I think it'll mean a lot to them to be part of it."

Christopher grinned, loving the idea. "That's a great plan. Teamwork makes the dream work, right?"

They spent the rest of the evening brainstorming ideas, imagining cake tastings, dress fittings, and picturesque venues under the Caribbean sun. With family and faith guiding them every step of the way, they knew their wedding would be more than just a ceremony; it would be a testament to God's unwavering grace and purpose.

### *Sweet Decisions*

The sun streamed through the large windows of the boutique bakery, casting a warm glow over the pristine countertops adorned with rows of decadent cakes. Robyn sat across from her best friend, a plate of mini cake samples arranged neatly before them. Each slice was a masterpiece—swirls of

buttercream, delicate fondant flowers, and intricate designs that looked almost too beautiful to eat.

“This one’s vanilla bean with raspberry filling,” the baker said, pointing to a dainty square topped with edible gold leaf. Robyn took a small bite, letting the flavors melt on her tongue. Her eyes widened in delight as she turned to her best friend.

“Oh, my goodness, this is amazing!” Robyn exclaimed, giggling. “It’s sweet but not overpoweringly so. And the tartness of the raspberries balances it perfectly.”

Her best friend nodded enthusiastically, jotting notes on a small pad. “I agree. But let’s try the chocolate hazelnut next—it might give it some competition.” They sampled several more flavors, laughing at how difficult it was to choose just one. The rich chocolate ganache had depth; the lemon

lavender offered a refreshing twist. Every option felt like a contender.

Finally, after much deliberation and a few crumbs scattered across the table, they narrowed it down to two options. “Let’s go with the vanilla bean for the tiers and have the chocolate hazelnut as a surprise groom’s cake,” Robyn decided, smiling triumphantly. “Christopher loves chocolate, so he’ll appreciate the nod.”

As they thanked the baker and left the shop, Robyn couldn’t help but feel a surge of excitement. This was really happening—the wedding of her dreams was coming together piece by piece. With each decision made, she felt closer to the day when she’d finally stand beside Christopher, promising forever under the Caribbean sky.

### *A Vision of Elegance*

The bridal salon was serene, its walls lined with racks of gowns

shimmering softly under soft lighting. Robyn stepped into the fitting room, her heart racing as she slipped into the designer gown she'd chosen months ago. When she emerged, the collective gasp from her mother and Christopher's mother confirmed what she already suspected: she looked breathtaking.

The dress hugged her figure flawlessly, its lace appliqués cascading down the bodice and trailing delicately along the skirt. The cathedral-length veil framed her face, adding an ethereal touch. She turned slowly in front of the mirror, taking in every detail. For years, she'd imagined this moment—finding the dress—and now here she stood, living it.

“You look like an angel, sweetheart,” her mother whispered, tears streaming down her cheeks. Christopher’s mother dabbed at her own eyes with a tissue, nodding in agreement. “Christopher won’t be able to take his eyes off you.”

Robyn smiled, feeling both humbled and radiant. “Thank you, Mom,” she said softly, glancing at the women who meant so much to her. “This feels... perfect. Like it was made just for me.”

The seamstress worked quietly behind her, making minor adjustments to ensure the fit was flawless. As Robyn posed for photos with her mom and future mother-in-law, she realized how special this moment was—not just because of the dress, but because of the love surrounding her. These were the women who had shaped her life, and soon, she’d be joining Christopher’s family officially.

With one last glance in the mirror, Robyn knew she was ready. Ready to walk down the aisle, ready to begin her new chapter with Christopher, and ready to embrace the future God had planned for them.

## *Final Walkthrough – Envisioning Perfection*

The ocean breeze carried the scent of saltwater as Robyn strolled through the lush gardens of the Barbados resort, her best friend by her side. Today marked the final walkthrough of the venue, and Robyn could hardly contain her excitement. Everything about the space felt magical—the vibrant tropical flowers, the elegant archway overlooking the sea, and the grand ballroom waiting to host their celebration.

“This place is stunning, Robyn. It’s going to be perfect,” her best friend gushed, snapping photos with her phone. Robyn nodded, envisioning the ceremony unfolding before her. Rows of white chairs adorned with flowing florals would line the grassy aisle, leading to the altar where she’d exchange vows with Christopher. The sun would set behind them, painting the

sky in shades of pink and orange—a backdrop straight out of a dream.

Moving indoors, they entered the ballroom, where crystal chandeliers sparkled above polished marble floors. Tables draped in ivory linens awaited centerpieces of orchids and candles. Robyn imagined guests dancing beneath the glittering lights, laughter filling the air as they celebrated the union of two families bound by love.

“I can see it all so clearly,” Robyn murmured, her voice tinged with awe. “It’s exactly what I’ve always wanted.”

Her best friend squeezed her hand reassuringly. “You deserve nothing less, Robyn. And trust me, everyone will remember this day forever.”

As they wrapped up the walkthrough, Robyn paused to soak in the view one last time. The sound of waves crashing against the shore reminded her of God’s faithfulness

throughout their journey. Every detail—the location, the décor, the people—was part of His plan. And as she walked away, she knew without a doubt that this would be the most beautiful day of her life.

### *Morning Preparations*

The morning of the wedding was alive with anticipation. Robyn stood in a sunlit suite at the luxurious Barbados hotel, surrounded by her closest loved ones—her mother, best friend, and cousins. The air buzzed with laughter, soft music playing in the background, and the sweet scent of fresh flowers filling the room. Her bridal gown hung elegantly on a mannequin near the window, its intricate lace shimmering in the golden Caribbean sunlight.

Her best friend carefully arranged Robyn's veil while her mother dabbed tears from her eyes. "You look radiant, my darling," her mom whispered, pulling her into a tight hug. Robyn smiled,

feeling both nervous and ecstatic. She glanced at herself in the mirror, hardly recognizing the woman staring back—a vision of grace and beauty, but still unmistakably her.

“You ready for this?” her bestie teased, holding up a glass of champagne. “No backing out now!”

Robyn laughed softly, taking the glass. “Never. Not after everything we’ve been through to get here.”

Meanwhile, across the hotel, Christopher adjusted his tie in front of the mirror, his hands trembling slightly. His groomsmen—his brothers-in-law-to-be and close friends—were joking around behind him, trying to lighten the mood. But Christopher barely heard them. His mind was flooded with memories of Robyn—their first meeting, their tumultuous past, and the journey that had brought them to this moment. He couldn’t believe it was finally happening. Today, he thought, I marry the love of my life.

“Nervous?” asked one of his groomsmen, clapping him on the shoulder.

Christopher chuckled, his smile genuine. “Not about marrying her. Just... hoping I don’t trip walking down the aisle.”

Everyone laughed, but there was an underlying reverence in the room. They all knew how much this day meant—not just to Christopher and Robyn, but to everyone who had witnessed their transformation over the years. As Christopher slipped his cufflinks into place, he took a deep breath, whispering a silent prayer of gratitude to God for bringing them full circle.

### *Ceremony*

The outdoor ceremony space was breathtaking—a canopy of palm trees swaying gently in the ocean breeze, white chairs adorned with floral arrangements

lining the aisle, and the turquoise sea stretching endlessly beyond. Guests fanned themselves against the warm tropical heat as they waited eagerly for the bride's entrance. When the string quartet began playing Canon in D, a hush fell over the crowd.

Robyn appeared at the end of the aisle, escorted by both her mother and father. Her gown flowed like liquid silk, catching the sunlight with every step she took. Tears streamed down her parents' faces as they proudly walked their daughter toward the man waiting for her under the flower-laden archway. Christopher stood tall, his eyes locked on Robyn, unshed tears glistening in his own. Time seemed to stand still as she approached, her presence radiating pure joy and serenity.

When they reached the altar, Robyn's parents placed her hand in Christopher's, symbolizing the passing of her care to him. The officiant began the ceremony, but the couple barely noticed;

they were lost in each other's gaze, their hearts beating as one.

As they exchanged vows, their voices steady and confident, the world faded away. Christopher spoke first, his words heartfelt and sincere: "Robyn, from the moment I met you, I knew my life would never be the same. You've taught me patience, faith, and unconditional love. Today, I promise to cherish you, honor you, and stand by your side no matter what. You are my heart, my home, and my forever."

Tears welled in Robyn's eyes as she responded: "Christopher, you were my first love, and now you're my forever love. Through every trial and triumph, God has shown us that His plan is greater than ours. I vow to support you, respect you, and walk this journey hand in hand with you. Together, we'll build a life rooted in love and faith."

Their promises hung in the air, sealing their commitment before God and

everyone present. As they exchanged rings and sealed their union with a kiss, applause erupted, and cheers echoed across the beach. It was official—they were husband and wife.

### *Reception*

The reception transformed the elegant ballroom into a magical celebration. Crystal chandeliers sparkled above long banquet tables adorned with ivory linens, gold accents, and lush centerpieces of orchids and roses. Soft candlelight flickered, casting a warm glow over the room. Guests mingled and laughed, sipping cocktails and marveling at the beauty of the setting.

When it came time for the first dance, the lights dimmed, and all eyes turned to the newlyweds. Christopher stepped onto the stage briefly to sing “Home Is Where She Is,” a song he’d written specifically for Robyn. His voice was rich and soulful, carrying every ounce of emotion he felt for her. Robyn

stood at the edge of the floor, her hand pressed to her chest, overwhelmed by the gesture.

As Christopher finished singing, he descended the stage and extended his hand to Robyn. She took it, and they moved to the center of the floor. Wrapped in his arms, Robyn rested her head against his chest, listening to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat. Tears streamed silently down her cheeks as she realized the magnitude of the moment—she was truly in her husband's arms, and he was hers forever. Guests watched tearfully, many reaching for tissues. Their mothers embraced tightly, sobbing quietly, while others whispered about how beautiful the couple looked together. Even the most stoic guests couldn't help but feel moved by the raw emotion radiating from the pair.

After the first dance, the party kicked into high gear. Speeches poured forth, filled with laughter and heartfelt stories. Friends toasted to the couple's

resilience and faith, praising God for bringing them back together. The dance floor quickly filled with family and friends celebrating the union of two souls destined to find each other again.

Dessert was served, fireworks lit up the night sky outside, and the evening unfolded in a whirlwind of joy and gratitude. Every detail—from the food to the music to the sparkling décor—reflected the love and effort put into creating this unforgettable day. By the end of the night, it was clear: this wasn't just a wedding; it was a testament to the power of redemption, faith, and unwavering love.

#### *Hotel Lobby Couch, Late at Night*

The reception had wound down hours ago, with most guests departing or retreating to their rooms. The lobby was quiet now, save for the soft hum of ambient lighting and the distant sound of waves crashing against the shore outside. Christopher sat on one end of a plush

leather couch, loosening his tie as he let out a contented sigh. Across from him, Robyn's brother leaned back casually, sipping a glass of whiskey. The two men exchanged an easy smile, their bond stronger than ever after such a monumental day.

"You know," Robyn's brother began, breaking the comfortable silence, "I'm so happy for you two. Really proud to call you, my brother-in-law." His tone was warm, genuine, and filled with admiration.

Christopher looked up, meeting his gaze with gratitude in his eyes. "Thanks, man. That means a lot—coming from you especially." He paused, reflecting on the significance of the day before continuing. "You've always been there for Robyn, even when I wasn't. Seeing how much she loves and trusts you makes me want to keep building that connection between us."

Robyn's brother nodded thoughtfully, swirling the amber liquid in his glass. "She deserves nothing less than the best, Christopher. And honestly? Watching you today, seeing how far you've come—it's clear God has done something incredible in both of your lives."

Christopher smiled softly, leaning forward slightly. "Yeah, it's wild how things have turned out. I never imagined we'd be here, but... I wouldn't trade it for anything."

There was another brief pause, this one tinged with possibility. Christopher glanced toward the staircase leading to the honeymoon suite where Robyn waited, then turned back to her brother. "Hey, I've been thinking about something. You remember that initiative I started? The one aimed at mentoring young artists and giving them opportunities?"

“Of course,” Robyn’s brother replied, curiosity sparking in his expression.

“Well,” Christopher continued, “I think having someone like you on board could make a huge difference. You’ve got a great mind for business, and I know how much Robyn values your input. What do you say? Consider joining me once we get back from the honeymoon? We can dive into the details then.”

Robyn’s brother grinned, clearly intrigued by the offer. “Man, I’d love that. Let’s definitely talk more when you guys return. Sounds like something I’d be excited to be part of.”

Christopher extended his hand, and they shook firmly, sealing the agreement with mutual respect and excitement for the future.

As they sat there for a moment longer, sharing light-hearted stories about Robyn growing up and reminiscing about

the highlights of the wedding day, Christopher felt a deep sense of fulfillment. This conversation wasn't just about work—it was about strengthening family ties, fostering collaboration, and honoring the life he and Robyn were building together.

Finally, Christopher stood, straightening his jacket. "Alright, man, I should probably head upstairs. It's been a long day."

Robyn's brother chuckled, standing as well. "Go ahead, newlywed. Don't keep her waiting."

With one last handshake and a shared laugh, Christopher headed toward the elevator, leaving Robyn's brother to reflect on the incredible journey that had brought them all to this point.

### *Honeymoon Suite*

The soft glow of moonlight filtered through the sheer curtains, casting a serene ambiance over the luxurious

honeymoon suite. Robyn stood by the balcony doors, her silhouette framed against the shimmering ocean beyond. She turned to face Christopher as he entered the room, closing the door gently behind him. Her heart raced with anticipation, but there was also an undeniable nervousness that lingered in her eyes.

She had prepared for this moment—showered, slipped into delicate lingerie gifted during her bridal shower, and poured two glasses of wine to calm her nerves. Holding one glass, she offered him a tentative smile as he approached.

“Hey,” she said softly, her voice barely above a whisper. “I poured us some wine.”

Christopher paused mid-step, taking in the sight of her. She looked breathtaking—her beauty radiating not just from her appearance but from the depth of love and vulnerability she carried. He could see the faint tremble in

her hands as she held the glass, and it tugged at his heart.

“You’re stunning,” he murmured, his voice low and filled with emotion. “Absolutely breathtaking.”

Instead of reaching for the wine immediately, he stepped closer, cupping her cheek gently with his hand. His touch sent shivers down her spine, grounding her in the present moment. For all their history—the years apart, the challenges they’d overcome—this felt like a new beginning. A sacred space where only the two of them existed.

“I know you’re nervous,” he whispered, brushing his thumb lightly across her cheekbone. “But so am I. This isn’t just about tonight—it’s about us. Everything we’ve been through has led us here. And I promise you, no matter what happens, we’ll take it slow. Together.”

Tears welled up in Robyn’s eyes as she nodded, grateful for his sensitivity.

She leaned into his touch, finding comfort in his presence. It wasn't lost on her how far they'd come—from reckless passion in their youth to this moment of intentional intimacy, rooted in love, faith, and mutual respect.

They shared the wine quietly, sitting side by side on the edge of the bed. Their conversation was lighthearted yet profound—reminiscing about their journey, laughing softly at inside jokes, and dreaming about their future. Slowly, the tension eased, replaced by a deep connection that transcended physicality.

When the moment felt right, Christopher set his glass aside and turned to Robyn. Without words, he reached for her hand, pulling her gently into his arms. Their lips met in a tender kiss, full of reverence and longing. It was different from anything they'd experienced before—not rushed or selfish, but purposeful and pure.

As they moved together toward the bed, every touch was deliberate, every glance exchanged spoke volumes. The years of waiting had built a foundation of trust and discipline, allowing them to savor each other fully without reservation. They explored one another with care, rediscovering the familiarity of their past while embracing the sanctity of their present union.

In the quiet stillness of the night, surrounded by the sound of waves crashing against the shore outside, they became one—not just physically, but spiritually. It was more than sex; it was a covenant fulfilled, a promise sealed. As they lay entwined afterward, Robyn rested her head on Christopher's chest, listening to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat.

"This feels surreal," she admitted, her voice trembling slightly. "Like I dreamed of this moment so many times, but nothing compares to actually being here—with you."

Christopher kissed the top of her head, holding her tightly. “It’s real, Robyn. Every bit of it. We made it. Against all odds, God brought us back to each other. And tonight... tonight is proof that His plan is perfect.”

### *Departure for Honeymoon*

The first rays of sunlight filtered through the sheer curtains, casting a warm golden glow across the luxurious hotel suite. The air was still, save for the soft hum of the air conditioner and the occasional rustle of fabric as Christopher stirred slightly in his sleep. Robyn lay nestled against him, her head resting on his chest, listening to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat. It was a sound she had longed to hear again after all these years—a reminder that this wasn’t just another dream; it was real. They were married.

Robyn opened her eyes slowly, taking in the serene beauty of the moment. Her gaze drifted to the ring on

her finger, sparkling faintly in the morning light. She couldn't help but smile, her heart swelling with gratitude and awe. Last night had been everything she'd hoped for and more—a sacred union between two souls who had fought hard to find their way back to each other. It wasn't just about passion or physical intimacy; it was about becoming one in spirit, mind, and body.

Christopher shifted slightly beside her, his arm tightening instinctively around her waist. His voice, groggy with sleep, broke the silence. "Good morning, Mrs. Brown."

Robyn giggled softly, lifting her head to meet his sleepy grin. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," She leaned in to kiss him gently, savoring the warmth of his lips against hers. "I can't believe we're really here, Christopher. Married. Together."

Christopher pulled her closer, brushing a strand of hair away from her

face. “And this is just the beginning, baby.” His tone was filled with conviction, as if he were reminding himself as much as her. “After everything we’ve been through—the pain, the mistakes, the waiting—we finally made it. God truly works all things out for good.”

They lay there for a while longer, simply enjoying the quiet companionship that only true love could bring. Outside, the world began to stir—birds chirping, distant waves crashing against the shore—but inside the suite, time seemed to stand still. This was their sanctuary, a place where they could revel in the miracle of their restored relationship without interruption.

Eventually, hunger prompted them to rise from bed. Christopher ordered room service—a simple yet indulgent spread of fresh fruit, croissants, coffee, and orange juice—while Robyn wrapped herself in a plush robe and padded barefoot to the balcony. She stood there

for a moment, breathing in the salty sea breeze and marveling at the breathtaking view of the Caribbean Sea stretching endlessly before her.

“This place is magical,” she murmured when Christopher joined her, slipping an arm around her shoulders.

“It’s beautiful,” he agreed, “but not nearly as beautiful as you.” He kissed the top of her head, earning a playful nudge from Robyn.

“Cheesy,” she teased, though her cheeks flushed with pleasure. “But I’ll let it slide since it’s the morning after our wedding.”

By the time breakfast arrived, they had settled into a cozy routine, chatting animatedly about the events of the previous night. As they ate, Robyn recounted snippets of the ceremony, laughing softly at how nervous Christopher had looked standing at the altar.

“I wasn’t nervous,” Christopher protested, though his sheepish grin betrayed him. “Okay, maybe a little. But seeing you walk down the aisle took my breath away. I couldn’t stop thinking about how far we’ve come—and how lucky I am to have you by my side.”

“And me?” Robyn asked, raising an eyebrow. “Do you think anyone noticed how many times I almost tripped over my dress?”

“You didn’t trip once,” Christopher assured her, reaching across the table to take her hand. “Even if you had, no one would’ve cared. You were radiant, Robyn. Absolutely stunning.”

Their laughter mingled in the air, filling the room with a sense of joy that felt almost palpable. For the first time in what felt like forever, there was no lingering doubt, no fear of the future. Just pure, unadulterated happiness.

As they finished eating, Christopher stood and began clearing the plates, humming softly under his breath. Robyn watched him, struck by how effortlessly domestic the scene felt. In that moment, she realized that marriage wasn't just about grand gestures or romantic getaways—it was also about these small, everyday moments that built a foundation of trust and partnership.

"Ready to pack up?" Christopher asked, returning to the bed with a mischievous glint in his eye. "Or do you want to stay here forever?"

"As tempting as that sounds," Robyn replied, tossing a pillow at him, "we have a flight to catch. Besides, I'm dying to see the Maldives. Have you ever been?"

Christopher shook his head, grabbing their suitcases from the closet. "Never. But I can't wait to explore it with you. Imagine waking up every morning to

turquoise waters and white sand beaches.”

“Sounds perfect,” Robyn said wistfully, folding her clothes neatly into the suitcase. “But honestly, anywhere feels perfect as long as I’m with you.”

They worked together seamlessly, packing efficiently while stealing glances at each other and sharing knowing smiles. There was something profoundly satisfying about preparing for their next adventure as a team—not as individuals navigating separate paths, but as husband and wife embarking on a shared journey.

Once everything was packed, they took one last look around the suite, ensuring they hadn’t forgotten anything. Robyn paused by the bedside table, picking up the empty wine glasses from the previous night. She smiled softly, remembering how nervous she had been pouring those drinks—and how quickly Christopher had put her at ease.

“Ready?” Christopher asked, holding out his hand.

Robyn slipped her fingers into his, feeling a surge of excitement course through her veins. “More than ready.”

Hand in hand, they stepped out of the suite and into the elevator, heading toward the lobby where a car awaited to take them to the airport. Along the way, they chatted about their itinerary for the Maldives, discussing plans for snorkeling, sunset cruises, and lazy days lounging by the water.

When they finally boarded the plane, Christopher reached for Robyn’s hand, intertwining their fingers as the aircraft taxied down the runway. Robyn rested her head against his shoulder, watching the sunrise paint the sky in hues of gold and pink.

Their hearts were full, their spirits aligned, and their future brighter than ever. With Romans 8:28 echoing in their

minds, they knew God had orchestrated every detail of their journey—and whatever lay ahead, He would continue working all things out for their good.

As the plane climbed higher into the azure sky, Christopher gently reached for Robyn's hand, his fingers intertwining with hers in a gesture that felt as natural as breathing. The hum of the engines was soothing, blending seamlessly with the quiet intimacy shared between them. Robyn leaned her head against his shoulder, her gaze fixed on the horizon where the first light of dawn stretched across the heavens, painting the clouds in radiant hues of gold and soft pink.

The world below faded into insignificance as they soared above it together, two souls bound not just by vows but by years of faith, forgiveness, and divine intervention. Her heart swelled with gratitude—not just for this moment, but for every step of their journey that had led them here. From the

pain of their past to the joy of their present, every trial had been woven into something beautiful, something purposeful.

Christopher glanced down at her, his expression tender yet resolute. “You, okay?” he asked softly, though he already knew the answer.

Robyn smiled, her voice barely above a whisper. “Never better.” She paused, her eyes drifting back to the breathtaking view outside the window. “Do you ever stop and think about how far we’ve come? How God took all our broken pieces and made something so... whole?”

Christopher nodded, squeezing her hand gently. “Every day. And I don’t think I’ll ever stop being amazed by it. By Him.”

They sat in comfortable silence for a moment, letting the magnitude of their blessings settle over them like a warm

embrace. The turbulence of their past—the jealousy, the insecurity, the separation—felt like distant memories now, overshadowed by the certainty of God’s plan and the love they had fought so hard to reclaim.

With Romans 8:28 echoing in their hearts—“God works all things out for good for those who love Him and are called according to His purpose”—they found peace in knowing that their story wasn’t just theirs alone. It was part of something greater, a testament to the power of redemption and unwavering faith. Every challenge, every sacrifice, every tear shed along the way had been divinely purposed to bring them to this exact moment: flying toward paradise, hand in hand, ready to begin the next chapter of their lives as one.

Robyn’s thoughts drifted to the Maldives, imagining crystal-clear waters, pristine beaches, and sunsets that would rival the one currently unfolding before them. But more than the destination, she

looked forward to the time they'd spend together—exploring, laughing, and deepening the bond they had worked so tirelessly to rebuild. This wasn't just a honeymoon; it was a celebration of everything they had overcome and everything they hoped to build together.

Christopher must have been thinking along the same lines because he broke the silence with a chuckle. "I can't wait to see your face when we get there," he said, his tone laced with affection. "You're going to love it."

"I already do," Robyn replied, turning her gaze up to meet his. "Because wherever you are is home to me."

Christopher's breath caught in his throat, overwhelmed by the depth of her words. He leaned down to kiss her forehead, lingering there for a moment before pulling back to look at her. "And wherever you are is heaven for me."

As the plane continued its ascent, carrying them closer to their dream destination, their hearts remained steadfast in gratitude and hope. Whatever adventures awaited them in the Maldives—and beyond—they faced them with confidence, knowing they were rooted in a love that transcended circumstance. Their future shimmered with promise, brighter than the morning sun breaking through the clouds.

With hands still intertwined and spirits aligned, they whispered silent prayers of thanksgiving, trusting that God's goodness would continue to guide their steps. After all, this was only the beginning of a lifetime filled with beauty, purpose, and endless possibilities.



## Chapter 8

# **It Began With Them, And It Ends With Them.**

*“He who finds a wife finds a good thing and obtains favor from the Lord”*

***Proverbs 18:22:***

*Return from Honeymoon*

Soft morning sunlight poured through the windows of Christopher's home, painting the wooden floors in warm, golden light as he and Robyn stepped inside. The air smelled faintly of fresh flowers left by well-wishers, mingling with the quiet hum of excitement that lingered between them. They had barely closed the door behind them when Robyn froze mid-step, her eyes widening at the sight before her.

"Oh my gosh, look at all of these!" she exclaimed, her voice tinged with disbelief and delight. Stacks upon stacks of beautifully wrapped wedding gifts filled the living room—boxes tied with ribbons, envelopes neatly arranged on the coffee table, and even a few oversized packages leaning against the wall. "I didn't expect so many!"

Christopher chuckled softly, his smile warm and tender as he watched her take it all in. He set down their luggage and walked over to stand beside her, wrapping an arm around her shoulders.

“It’s amazing how much love people have for us,” he said, his tone filled with gratitude. “Let’s start opening them later—first, let’s unpack.”

Robyn nodded, still marveling at the outpouring of affection from friends, family, and fans who had celebrated their union. As they began unpacking their suitcases, the cozy familiarity of domestic life quickly settled over them. The memories of their honeymoon—the laughter, the sunsets, the quiet moments spent hand in hand—felt like a dream they never wanted to wake up from. Yet here they were, stepping into the next chapter of their lives together, ready to build something lasting.

As they moved about the house, putting away clothes and organizing mementos from their trip, the conversation turned naturally to their future plans. Robyn paused, holding up a framed photo of them cutting the wedding cake, her expression thoughtful.

“We really need our own place,” she said, turning to face Christopher. “Something that feels like *us*. Big enough for everyone—our kids, holidays, weekends...” She trailed off, picturing the kind of home they could create together. “Maybe a house with a big backyard where the kids can play?”

Christopher nodded enthusiastically, his eyes lighting up at the idea. “Absolutely,” he replied. “A space where we can all be together—that sounds perfect.” He paused, considering another aspect of their new life. “And we should think about our church too. Should we stay with the one we’ve been attending, or find somewhere new? A home church is important—it’s where we’ll grow spiritually, not just individually but as a family.”

Robyn smiled, appreciating his thoughtfulness. “That’s true,” she said. “Our faith has brought us this far. It only makes sense to keep nurturing it together.”

For a moment, they stood there in silence, imagining the possibilities ahead—a house full of laughter, a community rooted in faith, and a future brimming with promise. The weight of their blessings wasn't lost on either of them. After years of heartache, missteps, and redemption, they had found each other again. And now, standing amidst piles of wedding gifts and dreams taking shape, they knew they were exactly where God intended them to be.

"Let's tackle one thing at a time," Christopher suggested, breaking the reflective pause. "First, unpack. Then, we'll figure out the rest."

Robyn laughed softly, linking her arm through his. "Deal," she said. "But I'm opening at least one gift tonight—I can't resist seeing what's inside some of these boxes!"

Christopher grinned, pulling her close for a quick kiss. "You're

impossible,” he teased. “But I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

### *A Sweet Surprise*

The late afternoon sun filtered through the sheer curtains of Christopher’s home, casting a warm, golden hue across the living room. It had been three months since their wedding, and life was slowly settling down. Robyn sat on the plush carpet, surrounded by boxes of mementos they had yet to unpack. Her fingers brushed over an old photo album filled with snapshots from their engagement and wedding—a visual timeline of their journey back to each other. Smiling softly at memories both distant and recent, she paused when her hand landed on a small white box tucked beneath the pile. It was one of those pharmacy boxes she’d forgotten about—the kind that came with instructions in fine print.

She opened it absentmindedly, revealing the pregnancy test she’d bought

weeks ago on a whim. At the time, she hadn't thought much of it—life had been a whirlwind of adjusting to marriage and blending their families, making the idea of taking the test feel almost trivial. Yet here it was now, staring up at her like a silent question waiting to be answered.

Her heart skipped a beat as realization dawned. For days, maybe even weeks, subtle signs had been there: fatigue that lingered despite restful nights, nausea during mornings that couldn't quite be explained away, and missed periods she'd chalked up to stress or excitement. But somehow, amid all the chaos of their newlywed bliss, she hadn't connected the dots until this very moment. Slowly, deliberately, she pulled out the unused test and glanced toward the bathroom down the hall.

"Babe," she called softly, her voice trembling slightly. "Come here. I have something to tell you."

Christopher looked up from his laptop where he'd been scrolling through emails. Setting the device aside, he walked over, curiosity etched across his face. "What is it? You're making me anxious!" he teased, though his tone betrayed genuine concern.

Robyn took a deep breath, holding up the untouched pregnancy test. "I think... no, I'm pretty sure..." Her words faltered for a moment before she found her footing again. "I might be pregnant."

Christopher blinked, momentarily frozen. Then, without hesitation, he knelt beside her, placing a reassuring hand on hers. "Are you serious?" he asked, his voice softer now, tinged with awe.

"I've felt off for a while," Robyn admitted, her gaze dropping to the floor as nerves bubbled beneath her excitement. "But I kept ignoring it because we were busy, and honestly, I wasn't sure if we were ready for this. Especially since—well, we already have

kids, and we never talked about adding more. And I never imagined we'd end up having children together after everything."

Christopher squeezed her hand gently, urging her to meet his eyes. "Hey, look at me. Whatever happens next, we'll face it together. But if it's true—if you really are pregnant—then that's incredible news. We've always talked about starting a family someday, haven't we?" Since we were young, that was part of our original plan.

Robyn nodded slowly. "Yes, but I guess I just didn't expect it to happen so soon." She gestured vaguely to the photos scattered around her, images of two people who had once been broken but were now whole again. "Still, I can't help but feel like this is part of God's plan. Maybe His original design for us can still come to pass—even though it's not under perfect circumstances."

Christopher smiled, brushing a stray strand of hair behind her ear.

“Nothing about us has ever been ‘perfect,’ Robyn. But isn’t that what makes this so beautiful? God doesn’t wait for flawless timing or ideal situations. He works within the messiness of real life. If you’re carrying our child, then this baby will be yet another beautiful reminder of His goodness

Tears spilled over as Robyn leaned into him, finding comfort in his steady presence. After a long pause, she straightened, determination replacing her earlier uncertainty. “Okay, let’s confirm it. Let’s take the test.”

Together, they followed the instructions carefully, the minutes ticking by agonizingly slow as they waited for the result. When the timer finally buzzed, Robyn reached for the stick, her hands shaking. The faintest hint of color appeared—a positive line. She gasped, clutching it tightly.

“Oh, my goodness,” she whispered, turning to Christopher. “We’re going to have a baby.”

Christopher stared at her, his expression a mix of disbelief and pure joy. “Wow,” he breathed, pulling her into a tight embrace. “This changes everything—and yet, somehow, it feels exactly right.”

They sat there for a while longer, letting the magnitude of the revelation sink in. Eventually, practicality kicked in, and Robyn suggested scheduling a doctor’s appointment to ensure everything was progressing smoothly. “Just to be safe,” she added, smiling sheepishly.

On the way to the clinic later that week, they found themselves laughing and speculating about whether the baby would be a boy or girl. Robyn confessed her secret hope for a daughter, imagining little dresses and tea parties in their

future. Christopher chuckled indulgently, shaking his head.

“To be honest, I don’t care what we have,” he said earnestly. “Boy, girl—it doesn’t matter. Whatever God gives us will be perfect. Besides, I already know this kid is going to be amazing, just like their mom.”

As they pulled into the parking lot, Robyn turned to him, her heart swelling with gratitude. There was no denying the challenges ahead—they were still navigating blended families, demanding careers, and personal growth—but in this moment, none of that mattered. What mattered was that they were together, facing whatever came next side by side.

And as they stepped inside the clinic, hand in hand, they did so with the unshakable belief that God’s plans for them were good. This new chapter wouldn’t erase their past struggles, but it would weave them into something

greater—a story of redemption, love, and divine purpose.

### *Doctor's Office Visit*

The doctor's office smelled faintly of antiseptic mixed with lavender-scented air freshener, a strange combination that somehow managed to calm Robyn's nerves. She sat perched on the examination table, her legs dangling slightly above the floor as she absentmindedly traced patterns on her rounded belly. Christopher stood beside her, leaning casually against the wall, his arms crossed but his face alight with nervous energy. Every so often, he glanced at her and grinned, unable to hide his excitement.

“You’re fidgeting,” Robyn teased, nudging him lightly with her foot. “If you’re this jittery now, what are you going to be like when our baby starts walking—or worse, dating?”

Christopher raised an eyebrow, feigning offense. “Who said anything about dating? If our baby even *looks* at someone funny, I’m pulling out the shotgun.”

Robyn burst into laughter, shaking her head. “Oh, please. You’ll probably cry tears of joy if he brings home a girlfriend. Don’t act all tough guy with me.”

Before Christopher could retaliate, the door swung open, and the doctor walked in, clipboard in hand. Her warm smile immediately put them both at ease.

“Well, well, look who we have here!” the doctor greeted cheerfully, glancing between the two of them. “three months along, and everything’s progressing beautifully. How are you feeling, Robyn?”

“Like I swallowed a watermelon,” Robyn quipped, earning another laugh

from Christopher. “But otherwise, good. Excited, mostly.”

“And you must be the proud dad-to-be,” the doctor said, turning to Christopher. “Nervous yet?”

Christopher shrugged nonchalantly, though his knuckles were white from gripping the edge of the table. “Me? Never. I’ve got this under control.”

The doctor chuckled, clearly amused by their dynamic. “Alright, let’s get started then. Everything looks healthy so far, but before we dive into the ultrasound, do you want to know the gender today?”

Robyn didn’t hesitate. “Yes, please!”

Christopher tilted his head thoughtfully, stroking his chin like he was pondering some great philosophical question. “Hmm... surprise us.”

“Oh no, you don’t,” Robyn shot back, swatting his arm playfully. “Don’t act all mysterious now. You’re dying to know just as much as I am.”

“Guilty as charged,” Christopher admitted with a sheepish grin. “But hey, surprises make life interesting, right?”

The doctor laughed again as she prepared the ultrasound machine. “Fair enough. Let’s see what we’ve got here.”

The room grew quiet as the doctor moved the probe across Robyn’s abdomen, searching for the perfect angle. The grainy black-and-white image appeared on the screen—a tiny figure curled up in the womb, its little limbs moving gently. Both Robyn and Christopher leaned forward, their eyes glued to the monitor.

“There we go,” the doctor announced, pointing to the screen. “See this right here? Congratulations—it’s a boy!”

For a split second, neither of them spoke. Then, simultaneously, they erupted into cheers.

“A boy!” Robyn exclaimed, her voice trembling with emotion. “Oh my gosh, Christopher, we’re really having a son!”

Christopher looked utterly floored, his jaw slack as he stared at the screen. Slowly, a wide grin spread across his face, followed by a deep, heartfelt laugh. “A-aaa son,” he repeated softly, squeezing Robyn’s hand tightly. “Wow.”

Christopher smirked, clearly pleased with the idea. “Well, hopefully he inherits your brains instead of my sarcasm.”

“Too late,” Robyn joked, gesturing toward his smug expression. “He’s already got your ego.”

They dissolved into laughter again, the kind that came from pure, unfiltered joy. For a moment, all the stress and

uncertainty about blending their families—the logistics of co-parenting, the challenges of merging households—seemed to fade into the background. All that mattered now was the miracle growing inside Robyn—their shared future.

After a few more moments of marveling at the ultrasound, Christopher turned serious, his gaze softening as he looked at Robyn. “You know what? I’ve been thinking... if it’s okay with you, I’d like to name him Christian.”

Robyn tilted her head curiously. “Christian? That’s beautiful. What made you think of that?”

Christopher hesitated for a moment, choosing his words carefully. “It means ‘follower of Christ,’ just like my name, Christopher means 'carrier of Christ'. It feels... meaningful and symbolic, you know? Like we’re starting fresh, honoring God in every step of this journey.”

Robyn's breath caught in her throat, and tears spilled down her cheeks once more. She reached for his hand, holding it tightly. "That's... perfect. Absolutely perfect."

Christopher smiled, his own eyes glistening. "Yeah? You think he'll like it?"

"I think he'll carry it with pride," Robyn said firmly. "Just like his daddy."

#### *Later That Evening – At Home*

Back at home, the couple couldn't stop talking about the appointment. They sprawled out on the couch together, surrounded by baby books, online registries, and half-eaten snacks. The TV played quietly in the background, forgotten as they dove into animated discussions about their future son.

Despite the lighthearted teasing, there were moments when the conversation turned more reflective. Christopher rested his arm around

Robyn's shoulders, pulling her close as they sat in comfortable silence.

"You know," Robyn began softly, staring at the baby bump, "this whole thing feels surreal. Like, part of me still expects to wake up and realize it's all a dream." Back then, part of my pain came from the fact that I did not have your first child or any of your children like I always dreamt.

Christopher nodded, his fingers tracing lazy circles on her shoulder. "I know what you mean. But at the same time... doesn't it feel like it was always supposed to happen this way? Like God had this planned all along?" Robyn sighed contentedly, leaning into him. "Yeah. Even though things didn't go perfectly in the past, I feel like this is His way of showing us that He redeems everything. Our story isn't just ours anymore—it's His too."

Christopher kissed the top of her head, his heart swelling with gratitude.

“And we’re just getting started. Imagine all the adventures ahead—diaper changes, midnight feedings, school plays...”

“Oh, stop,” Robyn groaned, burying her face in his chest. “You’re making me emotional again.”

Christopher chuckled, hugging her tighter. “Good. Means I’m doing my job right.”

As they sat there together, wrapped in each other’s arms, the enormity of their journey settled over them—not just the road they’d traveled to get here, but the one stretching out before them. Life wouldn’t always be easy, but with faith, love, and laughter, they knew they could handle whatever came their way.

After all, they weren’t just parents now—they were partners, building something truly extraordinary.

Robyn couldn’t stop smiling. The news of their baby boy—*Christian*—had

filled her heart with a joy she hadn't felt in years. It wasn't just about the pregnancy; it was the realization that God was weaving their lives together in ways they never imagined. Christopher noticed her quiet happiness and squeezed her hand gently.

"You're glowing," he teased, his voice warm with affection. "I feel like I'm dreaming," Robyn replied, leaning into him. "A new baby, a fresh start... don't you think it's time we found a place that feels like *home*? Somewhere big enough for all of us—for our family?"

Christopher paused for a moment, then grinned. "Funny you should say that. I've been thinking the same thing. Let's make this happen—for Christian, for the kids, for us.

### *House Hunting and Moving In - Real Estate Office*

The next weekend, they stepped into a bustling real estate office, armed

with excitement and a clear vision of what they wanted: a house that could accommodate their growing family, a backyard where the kids could play, and a cozy atmosphere that would reflect their love for each other. Their realtor greeted them warmly, flipping through listings on her tablet.

“This one caught my eye,” she said, pointing to a photo of a sprawling two-story home surrounded by lush greenery. “It’s got plenty of space, natural light, and even a bonus room upstairs. Perfect for a family like yours.”

Robyn’s eyes lit up. “That sounds amazing. Can we see it today?”

“We can’t raise Christian in separate houses,” Robyn mused aloud. “And honestly, I want a fresh start for us. A place that feels like ours—not yours, not mine, but *ours*. ”

Christopher nodded, understanding exactly what she meant.

“Then let’s find a home that reflects everything we’ve become together. Something that says, ‘This is us.’”

They visited several properties over the course of a few days, but nothing quite clicked until they pulled up to a charming house nestled at the end of a quiet cul-de-sac. As soon as they stepped inside, they knew it was special. Large windows bathed the living room in sunlight, while the spacious kitchen boasted an island perfect for family meals. But it was the backyard that sealed the deal—a wide-open expanse of grass bordered by tall trees, creating a serene oasis.

“This place has so much potential,” the real estate agent gushed during their walkthrough. “Imagine the kids running around out here, hosting barbecues, or setting up a little playground. It’s practically made for your family.”

Christopher glanced at Robyn, who was already envisioning Christmas

mornings spent in the cozy living room and summer evenings watching fireflies dance in the yard. “What do you think?” he asked softly.

“I think...” “I think this is it. This is where we’ll build our life together.

### *Interior Decorators’ Meetings*

Once the papers were signed, they wasted no time hiring an interior designer to transform the house into a warm, inviting haven. Together, they chose soft neutral tones for the walls, plush furniture for the living areas, and personalized touches like framed photos of their wedding day and ultrasound pictures of Christian and the kids.

During one meeting, the decorator held up fabric swatches for curtains. “How about these? They’ll bring warmth and elegance to the master bedroom.”

“It’s perfect,” Robyn said, imagining waking up every morning in a space that truly felt like theirs.

Finally, the day came when the renovations were complete, and they invited the kids over for a visit. The moment they stepped inside, their faces lit up with awe.

“Wow, this is awesome!” Christopher’s son exclaimed, running straight for the backyard. “Can we live here forever?”

Robyn laughed, watching as the kids explored every corner of the house. Her son spun around in the living room, arms outstretched. “It’s so big!

Christopher wrapped an arm around Robyn, pulling her close. “Looks like everyone approves.”

She leaned into him, feeling a wave of gratitude wash over her. “This isn’t just a house, Chris. This is our home. Our beginning.”

*Choosing a Church*

The soft glow of the table lamp bathed the living room in warm light, creating an atmosphere of calm and intimacy. Christopher and Robyn sat together on the couch, their legs tucked beneath them as they leaned slightly toward each other. The house was quiet except for the faint hum of crickets outside and the occasional creak of the wooden floorboards settling into the night. It was one of those rare moments where time seemed to slow down, allowing them to focus entirely on each other and the conversation at hand.

Robyn absentmindedly traced the edge of the throw pillow resting on her lap, her brow furrowed in thought. She had been mulling over this decision for days now—choosing a church wasn’t something to take lightly, especially not after everything they’d been through. Finally, she broke the comfortable silence.

“You know,” she began, her voice soft but deliberate, “I’ve been thinking

about our church decision a lot lately. I feel like the one we've been attending... it's been such a big part of our journey. Through all the ups and downs, it's felt like home.”

Christopher tilted his head slightly, his expression thoughtful as he considered her words. He reached out and placed a gentle hand over hers, giving it a reassuring squeeze. “I agree,” he said, his tone steady and reflective. “There’s something special about that place. It’s where God started rebuilding us individually, and then brought us back together. Staying there feels right.”

Robyn nodded, a small smile tugging at the corners of her lips. “Exactly. It’s more than just a building or a congregation—it’s where we found healing, forgiveness, and purpose. And now, as a family, we can continue growing there together.”

Christopher leaned back against the couch, his gaze drifting momentarily

to the ceiling as if searching for the right words. When he spoke again, his voice carried a sense of conviction. “Plus,” he added with a grin, “we can serve there together. Imagine working side by side—leading Bible studies, mentoring young couples, maybe even starting a music ministry. We could really make an impact.”

Robyn’s eyes lit up at the idea, her smile widening. “That sounds amazing. Serving together would be such a beautiful way to honor what God has done for us. To show others that no matter how broken you are, He can restore you—if you let Him.”

For a moment, neither of them spoke. Instead, they simply sat there, holding hands and letting the weight of their decision settle over them. The room felt warmer somehow, as if the very presence of God was affirming their choice.

Finally, Christopher broke the silence with a chuckle. “Well, I guess that settles it. We’re staying put—for now, at least.”

Robyn laughed softly, leaning her head against his shoulder. “For now,” she echoed, her voice filled with contentment. “But honestly, I can’t imagine being anywhere else. This is where we belong.”

As they sat together, basking in the peace of their decision, they both knew this was more than just choosing a church—it was reaffirming their commitment to walk this journey of faith hand in hand. Together, they were ready to face whatever lay ahead, trusting that God would continue guiding their steps every step of the way.

### *Community Service Event*

The park buzzed with activity as volunteers hustled to set up tables laden with food, drinks, and supplies under a

canopy of colorful tents. Children played nearby, their laughter mingling with the hum of conversation and the occasional clatter of utensils being arranged. Despite the organized chaos, there was an undeniable sense of purpose in the air—a collective effort to bring hope and nourishment to those who needed it most.

Robyn stood at the center of it all, her hands resting lightly on the small of her back as she surveyed the scene. Her pregnancy was unmistakable now, her rounded belly proof of the new life growing within her. Yet, she moved with determination, her presence commanding attention without needing to say a word. Every so often, she'd pause to adjust a tablecloth or straighten a stack of plates, ensuring everything was just right.

“Robyn, are you sure you should be doing this?” one of the volunteers asked, concern etched across her face as she watched Robyn lift a box of canned goods onto a table. “You’re seven months

pregnant—you shouldn’t strain yourself.”

Robyn waved off the comment with a warm smile, her voice steady and reassuring. “Don’t worry about me,” she said, brushing a strand of hair from her forehead. “I’m fine. Honestly, I wouldn’t miss this for anything. This isn’t just my ministry—it’s our family’s mission. If we can inspire even one person to give back, then every bit of effort is worth it.”

Her words carried weight, not just because of what she said, but because of how she lived them. She didn’t just talk about serving others; she embodied it. Whether it was coordinating logistics, offering encouragement to weary volunteers, or personally greeting each attendee with a hug and a kind word, Robyn poured herself into the event wholeheartedly.

A young boy tugged at her sleeve, his wide eyes filled with curiosity. “Are you having a baby?” he asked innocently.

Robyn crouched down slightly, meeting him at eye level despite the awkwardness of her posture. “Yes, I am,” she replied, her smile softening. “And when he gets here, I’ll tell him all about today—how people came together to help each other, just like Jesus would want us to do.”

The boy grinned, seemingly satisfied with her answer, before scampering off to join his friends. Robyn watched him go, her heart swelling with gratitude. Moments like these reminded her why she felt called to serve—to plant seeds of kindness and faith that might one day grow into something greater.

As the morning wore on, the line of attendees grew longer, stretching out toward the edge of the park. Robyn moved among them, greeting each person with genuine warmth. She stopped to speak with a young mother holding a squirming toddler in her arms. The woman looked exhausted, her eyes

shadowed with worry, but Robyn's gentle demeanor put her at ease.

"Thank you so much," the mother murmured, tears glistening in her eyes as she accepted a bag of groceries. "This means the world to us."

Robyn placed a comforting hand on her shoulder, her expression compassionate yet firm. "No, thank *you*," she said softly. "Your strength inspires me. Keep going—you're not alone. God sees you, and He's providing for you, even if it doesn't feel like it right now."

The woman nodded, visibly moved, before moving along to make space for the next person in line. Robyn lingered for a moment, watching her go, before turning her attention to an elderly man shuffling forward with the aid of a cane. His weathered face lit up when she approached him.

“You’ve done so much for us today,” he said, his voice trembling with emotion. “God bless you, young lady.”

“It’s not me, it’s Him,” Robyn replied, gesturing upward with a humble smile. “All glory goes to God. Thank you for coming.”

Every interaction left its mark—not just on those she served, but on Robyn herself. Each smile, each word of gratitude, reinforced her belief that this was where God had called her to be. Even amid her own challenges—her pregnancy, her busy schedule, the weight of organizing such a large-scale event—she felt a profound sense of peace. This was her purpose: to love, to serve, and to point others toward Christ.

From a distance, Christopher watched her with admiration, his heart swelling with pride. He couldn’t help but notice the way people gravitated toward her—the way her compassion seemed to radiate outward, touching everyone she

encountered. It wasn't just her actions that drew people in; it was her authenticity, her unwavering faith, and the joy she exuded despite the demands of the day.

"She's incredible, isn't she?" Robyn's best friend remarked, joining him on the sidelines. "I don't know how she does it—all of this while being pregnant—but she makes it look easy."

Christopher smiled, his gaze never leaving Robyn. "That's because she is incredible," he said, his tone laced with affection. "She's my everything—the reason I wake up grateful every single day. And seeing her pour herself into this work, knowing how much faith drives her... it makes me love her even more."

His words hung in the air, carrying a depth of sincerity that spoke volumes. As they stood there together, observing the unfolding scene, it became clear that this event wasn't just about feeding the less fortunate. It was about building

connections, fostering community, and shining a light in the darkness. And at the heart of it all were Christopher and Robyn—two imperfect individuals united by their love for each other and their shared commitment to serving God.

By the time the sun began to dip below the horizon, casting a golden glow over the park, the event had drawn to a close. Volunteers packed up the remaining supplies, chatting animatedly about the impact they'd made. Attendees lingered for a few moments longer, reluctant to leave the warmth and camaraderie they'd experienced.

Robyn finally allowed herself to sit down, sinking onto a nearby bench with a sigh of relief. Her feet ached, and her back protested the long hours spent on her feet, but her spirit remained buoyant. As Christopher approached, carrying two bottles of water, she looked up at him with a tired but triumphant smile.

“We did it,” she said simply, accepting the water he offered.

Christopher sat beside her, draping an arm around her shoulders. “You did it,” he corrected gently. “But yeah—we did good today. Look at what we accomplished—together.”

Robyn leaned into him, her head resting against his shoulder as they gazed out at the park. The tents were gone, the tables cleared, but the sense of fulfillment lingered. They had fed bodies, uplifted spirits, and planted seeds of hope—all in obedience to the calling God had placed on their lives.

“It’s just the beginning,” Robyn murmured, placing a hand on her belly. “Imagine all the ways God will use us to build His kingdom, especially with our little Christian growing inside me.”

Christopher squeezed her shoulder, his heart full. Together, they were

unstoppable—a testament to God's grace, love, and transformative power.

### *Gender Reveal Party*

The backyard was alive with laughter, music, and the mouthwatering aroma of grilled burgers and barbecue ribs wafting through the air. Twinkling string lights hung from tree branches, casting a warm golden glow over the gathering as family and friends mingled happily. The long banquet tables were adorned with floral centerpieces and colorful decorations that hinted at the big reveal—blue, pink and silver balloons tied to chairs, banners reading “Baby Brown is Coming!” swaying gently in the breeze.

Robyn stood beside Christopher near the dessert table, her hands clasped tightly together as she tried to contain her excitement. She glanced around at their loved ones—her mother chatting animatedly with Christopher’s dad, their kids playing tag on the lawn, and their

closest friends gathered in small clusters, sipping lemonade and laughing. It felt surreal to see everyone they cared about under one roof, celebrating not just their new home but also the next chapter of their lives together.

Christopher leaned down slightly to whisper in her ear, his voice low but filled with anticipation. “Ready to tell them?”

Robyn nodded, a wide grin spreading across her face. “Let’s do it.”

Christopher raised his glass, tapping it gently with a fork to get everyone’s attention. The chatter died down as all eyes turned toward the couple standing hand in hand beneath the fairy lights.

“I appreciate each of you being here today,” Christopher said warmly, his deep voice carrying easily across the yard. “We’re so grateful to have each of you in our lives—to celebrate this

housewarming and, well... something else we've been waiting to share."

Robyn stepped forward, her eyes shining with emotion. "We have some exciting news!" she announced, pausing dramatically as the crowd leaned in eagerly. "We're having a boy!"

A wave of cheers erupted, echoing through the night. Friends clapped enthusiastically, while family members hugged each other, congratulating the happy couple. Robyn laughed softly, feeling tears prick at the corners of her eyes as she soaked in the love surrounding them.

Christopher wrapped an arm around her shoulders, beaming with pride. "And we've decided on a name," he continued, his tone reverent. "His name will be Christian. It means 'follower of Christ,' just like my name, Christopher, which means "carrier of Christ.'

Her best friend wiped away a tear, calling out teasingly, “Well, I guess you two are officially starting your own little ministry now!” The comment drew laughter from the group, lightening the mood even further.

As the celebration continued, Robyn and Christopher moved among their guests, accepting hugs and congratulations. Their mothers embraced them both tightly, offering words of wisdom and blessings for the journey ahead. The kids ran up to congratulate them too, excitedly asking if the baby would play with them when he arrived.

Later, as the evening wound down and the sun dipped below the horizon, painting the sky in hues of orange and pink, Christopher pulled Robyn aside for a quiet moment. They stood together, watching the festivities unfold, their hearts full of gratitude.

“You know,” Christopher murmured, wrapping his arms around her

waist, "this feels like the beginning of everything we've ever dreamed of."

Christopher kissed the top of her head, his embrace tightening. "And this is just the start."

In that moment, amidst the joy and love, they knew they were exactly where they were meant to be—ready to welcome their son into a world brimming with faith, hope, and unconditional love.

### *Faith and Ministry Focus*

The sanctuary was filled with warm, soft lighting that cast a comforting glow over the attendees. Rows of wooden pews were packed with young people, singles, industry peers, and curious onlookers, all eager to hear Christopher and Robyn's testimony. The air buzzed with anticipation as they stood together at the front of the room, their hands intertwined, exuding an unspoken bond of love and faith.

Christopher adjusted his stance slightly, ensuring he could see everyone in the audience. Robyn took a deep breath, her voice steady yet filled with emotion as she began to speak.

Robyn stepped forward, her eyes scanning the crowd with a gentle smile. She wore a simple yet elegant dress, her pregnant belly visible beneath it—a symbol of new life and hope. Her voice carried warmth and sincerity as she addressed the group.

“Thank you all for being here today,” she began, her tone inviting. “I know many of you have heard snippets of our story, but I want to share more about how God has brought us back together—how He’s healing our wounds and transforming our lives.”

She paused briefly, letting the weight of her words settle in. “Our journey hasn’t been perfect. In fact, it’s been far from perfect. We’ve made mistakes, we’ve hurt each other deeply,

and we've both struggled with pain from our pasts. But through it all, God has been faithful. He didn't give up on us, even when we gave up on ourselves."

Her gaze softened as she looked toward Christopher, who stood beside her with a supportive nod. "He brought us back together—not just physically, but spiritually. And now, we're expecting our first child together. It's a miracle, really. A reminder that no matter how broken we feel or how messy our lives may seem, God can take those pieces and make something beautiful out of them."

Robyn paused again, wiping away a tear that had slipped down her cheek. "This is proof that God doesn't need you at your best. He wants you as you are. Just come to Him. Let Him heal the brokenness, fill the holes inside you. That's what Jesus did for us—and He can do the same for you."

Christopher moved forward, his tone steady but compassionate. "Robyn

spoke the truth. You don't have to be flawless to come to church. You don't need to fix all your flaws to be accepted. Jesus welcomes you just as you are. He will heal your brokenness and fill the emptiness you carry inside. Simply come as you are.”

He turned to face the audience directly, his eyes meeting theirs one by one. “Look around this room. Everyone here has a story. Some of us carry scars, some of us struggle with generational curses, and some of us are still working through bad habits. But here's the truth: none of that has to dictate your future. As long as you let God lead your life, anything is possible.”

Christopher glanced at Robyn, his expression glowing with admiration. “And, I, Robyn's husband, Mr. Christopher Brown, am proof that your childhood trauma, generational curses, and bad habits don't have to dictate your future if you keep God at the center of your journey.”

The audience erupted into applause, their faces reflecting a mix of inspiration and relief. Many nodded along, clearly resonating with the message. The room fell silent for a moment, the weight of their words settling over the audience. Then, a ripple of applause broke out, followed by heartfelt cheers and tears of joy.

As the gathering wound down, Christopher and Robyn lingered at the front, answering questions and sharing hugs with those who approached them. One young woman, visibly moved, whispered to Robyn, “Your story gives me hope. Thank you for sharing it.”

Robyn smiled warmly, placing a hand on her shoulder. “You’re welcome. Remember, you’re not alone. God sees you, and He loves you exactly as you are.”

The evening ended with a sense of renewed purpose and hope, as Christopher and Robyn stood together,

knowing their testimony had touched lives and reminded others of God's transformative power.

### *Christmas Celebration*

The air was alive with the scent of pine needles, cinnamon, and freshly baked gingerbread as family and friends filled Christopher and Robyn's new home on Christmas Eve. The house sparkled with festive cheer—twinkling lights draped over the mantelpiece, a towering Christmas tree adorned with ornaments that caught the glow of soft lamplight, and garlands strung along the staircase railing. Laughter echoed through the halls, mingling with the faint strains of holiday music playing in the background.

In the heart of it all sat their newborn son, Christian, nestled snugly in a bassinet surrounded by loved ones. Wrapped in a cozy white blanket embroidered with his name, he slept soundly despite the buzz of excitement around him. His tiny fingers twitched

occasionally, drawing coos and sighs from the crowd gathered nearby.

Robyn stood beside the fireplace, her eyes glistening with emotion as she looked out at the faces of those who had come to celebrate this special moment. Her hand rested lightly on Christopher's arm as she spoke, her voice warm and filled with gratitude.

"Thank you all for coming," she began, smiling as tears threatened to spill over. "We're so grateful for your love and support—not just today, but throughout our entire journey. This year has been nothing short of miraculous, and we couldn't have done it without each of you."

Christopher stepped forward, his gaze sweeping across the room before settling on his wife and their sleeping son. He cleared his throat, his voice steady yet brimming with awe.

“This is truly a miracle,” he said, his words carrying the weight of profound truth. “God has blessed us beyond measure. When I think about where we started, I can only thank Him for bringing us back together. And now... now we have this beautiful little boy to remind us every day of His faithfulness.”

A chorus of murmurs and nods rippled through the group, accompanied by smiles and misty eyes. One by one, guests took turns holding Christian, marveling at how peaceful he looked in their arms. Robyn’s mother kissed her grandson’s forehead, whispering prayers of blessing under her breath. Christopher’s sister gently rocked him, the children peeking curiously over her shoulder.

As the evening wore on, plates of food were passed around, stories were shared, and laughter bubbled freely. Someone suggested opening presents early, and soon the living room transformed into a flurry of wrapping

paper and delighted exclamations. Through it all, Christopher and Robyn remained close, stealing glances at each other and their son, overwhelmed by the sheer fullness of the moment.

Later, when the festivities began to wind down and the last of the guests prepared to leave, Robyn walked them to the door, hugging each person tightly. “Merry Christmas,” she said repeatedly, her voice thick with emotion. “Thank you for being part of our family.”

Back inside, Christopher stood by the window, watching snowflakes drift lazily to the ground outside. Robyn joined him, resting her head on his shoulder as they gazed at the serene winter scene. In the quiet stillness, they could hear Christian stirring softly in his bassinet behind them.

“You know,” Robyn murmured, breaking the silence, “I never imagined my life turning out like this. Not after

everything we went through. But here we are—better than ever.”

Christopher wrapped an arm around her, pulling her closer. “It’s because of Him,” he replied simply, nodding toward the cross hanging on the wall above the mantel. “He’s the one who brought us back together. Who gave us this baby. Who made us a family again.”

They stood there for a while longer, basking in the warmth of the season and the love that filled their home. As the clock struck midnight, signaling the official start of Christmas Day, Robyn leaned up to kiss Christopher’s lips.

“Merry Christmas,” she whispered, her breath warm against his skin.

“Merry Christmas,” he echoed, his lips brushing hers briefly before they turned to check on their son once more.

Christian lay peacefully in his bassinet, his tiny chest rising and falling

with each gentle breath. They felt it—the undeniable presence of something greater than themselves. It wasn't just the joy of the holidays or the wonder of new life; it was the overwhelming sense of God's grace woven into every detail of their story.

As the night drew to a close, their hearts overflowed with gratitude and hope. For Christopher and Robyn, this wasn't just the end of another chapter—it was the beginning of countless more, written with the ink of faith, forgiveness, and divine purpose.

"Look at us," Robyn whispered, her voice trembling with emotion as tears streamed down her cheeks. She glanced from their sleeping baby to Christopher, her heart swelling with gratitude. "From brokenness to wholeness. From doubt to faith. We're *proof* that God's promises never fail."

Christopher nodded, his arm wrapped protectively around her waist,

pulling her closer. “And we’re just getting started,” he said, his voice steady yet full of conviction. “There’s so much more ahead—more love, more healing, more serving. Whatever comes our way, we’ll face it together, hand in hand, trusting Him every step of the way.”

Robyn turned to Christopher, her expression fierce yet tender. “Do you remember when we thought we’d lost each other forever? When all we had were questions and regrets?” She paused, her voice rising slightly, filled with passion. “But look at us now! Look how far God has brought us. He didn’t just restore what was broken; He made it better. Stronger. More beautiful than we could’ve ever imagined.”

Christopher squeezed her hand, his gaze locking with hers. “That’s because God doesn’t give up on us,” he added firmly. “Even when we ran—from Him, from each other—He pursued us. And now, here we are. Together. Whole.”

With one final glance at their sleeping son, they shared a quiet kiss—a silent promise to continue honoring the journey God had crafted for them. As they pulled apart, Christopher leaned down, his lips brushing against Robyn's ear. "We are proof," he murmured, his voice low but resolute.

Robyn straightened, her eyes meeting his with unwavering certainty. Then, in a bold declaration, she raised her voice, her words ringing out like a victory cry:

"WE ARE PROOF!"

## Thank you for reading...

Dear Reader,

Thank you so much for joining me on this journey through the pages of this prophetic romance. It means more than words can say that you took the time to immerse yourself in a story where faith, destiny, and love intertwine.

I pray that something in these pages stirred your spirit, deepened your hope, and reminded you that God's timing is always perfect. This story was written not just to entertain, but to inspire — to remind us that when we walk by faith, love unfolds in the most unexpected and powerful ways.

If this story touched your heart, I would be honored if you share it with others. Your support — through a review, a recommendation, or simply a

prayer — helps keep the message  
moving forward.

May God's love continue to guide  
your steps, and may you always be  
reminded that His promises never fail.

With gratitude and blessings,

Karen Oke

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All it takes is a simple prayer of surrender and faith.

## **Lord Jesus,**

I know that I am a sinner, and I ask  
for Your forgiveness.

I believe You died for my sins and  
rose from the dead.

Today, I turn from my sins and  
invite You to come into my heart and  
life.

I trust You as my Lord and Savior.

Thank You for saving me.

Amen.

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