

FREED
Exclusive Excerpt for Pre-Launch Party Attendees

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 2011

It's the sound of the sea lapping against the hull of M.Y. Fair Lady that wakes me. The crew are on deck; I hear them, no doubt shining the brass and making their preparations for the day. We are moored in the bay outside Monte Carlo harbor. It's a blissful summer's morning in the Mediterranean, and beside me, Mrs. Anastasia Grey is fast asleep. I turn onto my side and study her, as I have done most mornings since we started our honeymoon. She is sun-kissed. Her hair is a little lighter. Her lips are parted, and she sleeps soundly.

As she should.

I smirk at the memory.

It was a late night. And she came and came and came.

She looks so serene; I envy her that.

Though I have to confess, I've relaxed a little.

There's been the occasional call from Ros and from Marco after the drama of last week's Black Monday. Marco and I avoided any substantial losses with some last-minute repositioning into defensive assets. We're both keeping a watchful eye on the markets and liaising on a strategy to survive the downturn.

But generally, no work and all play has been invigorating.

I smile fondly at Ana, and still she sleeps.

I have discovered new facets to my wife.

She adores London.

She loves afternoon tea at Brown's Hotel.

She loves pubs and the fact that Londoners spill out of them and drink pints and smoke on the sidewalks.

She loves Borough Market, especially the Scotch eggs.

She's not keen on shopping, except at Harrods.

She is not a fan of English ale, but then neither am I. It's warm.

Who drinks warm beer?

She's not keen on shaving...but she'll let me shave her.

Now, that's a memory I'll treasure.

She loves Paris.

She loves the Louvre.

She loves the Pont des Arts, and we left a padlock there to prove it.

She loves the Hall of Mirrors in Versailles.

"Mr. Grey. It is no hardship to see you from every angle in here."

She loves me...or so it would seem.

I'm tempted to wake her, but we enjoyed a late night yesterday. We saw *Le Songe*, a ballet based on Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, at L'Opéra de Monte-Carlo, then went to the casino, where Ana won a few hundred euros at the roulette table. She was thrilled.

Her eyes flicker open, as if I've willed her awake. She smiles. "Hi."

"Hi, Mrs. Grey, good morning. Sleep well?"

She stretches. "I had the best sleep and the best dreams."

"You are the best dream." I kiss her forehead. "Sex, or morning swim around the yacht?"

She smiles her oh-so-sexy smile. "Both," she mouths.

Excerpt from Freed: Fifty Shades Freed as Told by Christian.

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