EXCLUSIVE

BONUS Epilogue

FOR

A Wife for his Revenge

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.
A PLAN FOR REVENGE.
AN UNEXPECTED LOVE.

ALISON REID

Exclusive Bonus Epilogue

A Wife for his Revenge

by Alison Reid

Nine and a half Years Later…

"Are you absolutely sure you won't tell me where we're going?"

Kymberly glanced across the car and smiled far too innocently.

"I've already told you."

"You told me to wear something nice."

"I did."

"And that we'd only be gone a couple of hours."

"Also true."

Rose folded her arms, unable to suppress a laugh.

"You're impossible."

"So I've been told."

Outside, the familiar streets gave way to quieter roads lined with old oak trees. Rose watched them pass through the window, trying to work out where they were headed.

It wasn't until the church came into view that she frowned.

"Kym..."

The car slowed before the stone building.

"What are we doing here?"

"You'll see."

"Kymberly."

"Trust me."

Rose looked at her friend for a long moment before sighing.

"I've learned that's usually dangerous."

Kymberly laughed.

"Only a little."

They stepped out into the warm spring morning. The church was beautiful. White roses framed the ancient stone doorway, their scent drifting on the gentle breeze. Soft ribbons fluttered from the pew ends visible through the open doors.

Someone was getting married. Rose smiled.

"So, whose wedding have you dragged me to?"

Instead of answering, Kymberly took her hand.

"This way."

She led Rose through a side entrance and along a quiet corridor before stopping outside a familiar wooden door. The bridal suite.

Rose looked at her, confused.

"Kym... I think we've come to the wrong room."

"No."

Kymberly rested her hand on the doorknob.

"I think we've come to exactly the right one."

Before Rose could question her further, Kymberly pushed the door open. Rose stepped inside. Then stopped. The room was empty. Except for one thing. A wedding dress.

It hung beside the window, sunlight spilling across ivory silk that shimmered with understated elegance. There was no heavy lace. No elaborate beading. Just clean lines and quiet sophistication.

It was exactly the sort of dress Rose would have chosen.

On the dressing table sat a white box tied with a satin ribbon. Her name was written across the lid. In Finn's unmistakable handwriting. Rose crossed the room on unsteady legs. With trembling fingers, she lifted the lid. Inside lay a veil. A pair of pearl earrings. And a folded envelope.

She opened it carefully. Inside was a single sheet of paper.

My darling Rose,

Ten years ago, I asked you to marry me for all the wrong reasons.

You deserved flowers.

You deserved family.

You deserved laughter, music, photographs, and every promise spoken because they were meant—not because they were necessary.

Most of all... you deserved to know, without question, that the man waiting for you loved you more than his own life.

A decade later, there isn't a single day I haven't thanked you for choosing me anyway.

Today, I'd like to give you the wedding you should have had all along.

If you'll have me...

Will you marry me again?

Always yours,

Finn

By the time she reached the end, her vision had blurred. A tear slipped silently down her cheek. Then another.

"Oh..." she whispered.

Kymberly appeared beside her, wrapping an arm around her shoulders.

"I've been waiting six months to see your face."

"You knew?"

"I helped organise every last detail."

Rose laughed through her tears.

"Of course you did. Is that why you've been bombarding me with questions about flowers and wedding dresses?"

Kymberly laughed.

"Of course. I had to make sure you got the wedding you wanted. The one you'd love."

Rose looked back at the dress, her smile trembling.

"You've all been keeping this from me?"

"For six months," Kymberly admitted with a grin. "And do you have any idea how difficult it is to keep a secret from someone who notices everything?"

Rose laughed, shaking her head.

"I can't believe you all kept this from me."

A knock sounded at the door.

"Come in," Kymberly called.

The door opened, and the nanny stepped inside, followed by Finn and Rose's seven-and-a-half-year-old daughter.

Marie.

She looked every bit the little princess in a delicate ivory flower girl dress, its full skirt swaying as she hurried into the room. Tiny white blossoms had been woven through the curls that spilled over her shoulders, and her face lit up the moment she saw her mother.

"Mummy!"

Rose barely had time to set the letter aside before Marie threw herself into her arms.

"Oh..." Rose laughed through fresh tears, kneeling to hug her tightly. "Look at you."

"Daddy said I had to wear the prettiest dress ever," Marie announced proudly, smoothing her skirt. "Because I'm your flower girl."

Rose looked up at Kymberly, emotion catching in her throat. Before she could say a word, another small voice echoed down the corridor.

"Mummy!"

Five-year-old Cole came racing into the room, his little legs carrying him as fast as they could before he launched himself into Rose's arms.

She laughed, wrapping him in a tight hug.

"There's my big boy."

Leaning back, she looked him over. He was dressed in a tiny black suit, complete with a crisp white shirt and miniature tie.

"And don't you look handsome."

Cole beamed.

"Everyone says I look just like Daddy."

Rose smiled, brushing a hand through his dark hair.

"They're right. You do."

Kymberly clapped her hands softly.

"Come on, everyone. We'd better get you dressed."

Rose looked from her children to the wedding dress waiting by the window. A smile spread across her face. For the first time, she was going to be a bride. Cole's eyes suddenly widened.

"Can I go and tell Daddy you're coming?"

Rose laughed softly.

"I think Daddy already knows I'm coming."

"But he's waiting in the church." Cole lowered his voice conspiratorially. "He keeps walking around and around."

Marie giggled.

"Uncle Leon told him to stop."

Cole nodded enthusiastically.

"And Uncle Leon laughed and said, 'She might not even turn up.'"

Kymberly burst into laughter.

"Trust Leon."

She smiled down at Cole.

"You'd better go and tell your dad to stop listening to Uncle Leon. Tell him Mummy will be out soon."

"Okay."

Cole leaned over and kissed Rose on the cheek.

"I have the most important job."

"You do?"

He nodded proudly.

"I have to carry the rings."

Rose smiled.

"Well, you'd better go then."

The nanny took both children's hands, and together they skipped out of the bridal suite, their excited chatter fading down the corridor. The room fell quiet once more. Kymberly turned back to Rose with a knowing smile.

"Come on. We'd better get you dressed and rescue your very nervous husband before he wears a hole in the church floor."

Rose blinked.

"Finn's nervous?"

Kymberly grinned.

"Oh, terrified."

A fresh wave of emotion washed over Rose. Ten years ago, Finn Blackwood hadn't been nervous to marry her.

Today, he was afraid she might not come.

* * * * * * * *

Finn had negotiated billion-dollar acquisitions without his pulse changing.

He had stood before boardrooms, hostile investors, and ruthless competitors without a flicker of uncertainty. Yet somehow, standing at the front of a small country church waiting for his wife, his palms were damp.

Leon folded his arms, watching him with far too much amusement.

"You know," he said casually, "she could still change her mind."

Finn shot him a flat look.

"She won't."

"I know." Leon grinned. "But you're making this far too entertaining."

Finn adjusted his cufflinks for what had to be the fifth time. Leon chuckled.

"You've been pacing for the last ten minutes."

"I have not."

"You've walked past me twelve times."

"I was checking everything."

"You were checking the same flowers."

"They could have moved."

Leon laughed outright.

"I've missed this version of you."

Before Finn could reply, a small tug on his trouser leg drew his attention.

“Daddy?”

Finn looked down to find Cole staring up at him in his tiny black suit, the ring box clutched carefully in both hands.

“Yes, mate?”

Cole beamed.

“Mummy said she’s coming.”

Before Finn could answer, Marie skipped over, taking hold of her brother’s hand.

“And Aunty Kym said not to listen to Uncle Leon.”

Leon placed a hand over his chest in mock offence.

“I can’t believe she’d say such a thing.”

Marie nodded with complete seriousness.

“She did.”

A reluctant smile tugged at Finn’s lips.

“Well,” he said, looking at his children, “then I suppose I’d better listen to Aunty Kym.”

Cole grinned.

“I told you Mummy was coming.”

Finn crouched until they were eye level.

“Yes you did,” he said with a smile.

Leon stepped beside them.

“Right, Mr Page Boy.”

Cole’s eyes lit up.

“When the music starts, you walk all the way down the middle. Nice and slow. No running.”

“I can do that.”

“And when you get to Daddy, you hand him the rings.”

Cole puffed out his chest.

"I won't drop them."

Finn smiled.

"I know you won't."

A second later, Marie slipped her hand into her brother's.

"Come on, Cole. We have to be at the end of the aisle before Mummy comes out."

"Okay."

Together, they hurried towards the back of the church, their excitement impossible to hide. Finn watched them go, his heart impossibly full.

His children.

The two greatest gifts Rose had ever given him.

Every day, they reminded him how extraordinary his life had become.

"I still can't believe how quickly they grow," Leon said quietly, his gaze drifting towards the pew where his own three children sat beside their nanny.

Finn smiled.

"I know exactly what you mean." His eyes remained on Marie and Cole. "There was a time I never thought I'd have any of this."

A wife who loved him.

Two children.

A family.

Before Leon could reply, the first notes of the music floated through the church. The quiet conversations faded. Every guest turned towards the entrance.

Leon rested a hand on Finn's shoulder.

"This is it."

At the end of the aisle, Cole took a determined breath before beginning his careful walk, the ring box held securely in both hands. A ripple of smiles spread through the guests.

Finn couldn't stop smiling himself.

A moment later, Marie followed, scattering white rose petals with complete concentration. Every few steps she flashed an excited smile at familiar faces before remembering her very important job and tossing another handful of petals.

Soft laughter drifted through the church.

Kymberly appeared behind her, making her own unhurried walk down the aisle before taking her place at the front. Marie slipped neatly in beside her, looking impossibly proud of herself.

Then the music changed. Finn lifted his eyes. And forgot how to breathe.

Rose stood in the doorway.

For one suspended moment, everything else disappeared. The guests. The flowers. The music. Even time itself. There was only her.

She looked breathtaking.

Not because of the dress, though it suited her perfectly. Not because of the veil resting softly over her shoulders. But because she was smiling.

Ten years ago, she had walked towards him carrying the weight of obligation. Today, she carried nothing but joy.

His chest tightened.

She wasn't walking towards freedom. She wasn't walking towards survival. She was walking towards him. To choose him. Again.

And somehow... after ten years of marriage. After building a life together. After raising two beautiful children.

He fell in love with her all over again.

Just as completely as he had the first time.

— The End —

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