EXCLUSIVE

BONUS Epilogue

FOR

Still Yours

SOME LOVE STORIES
DON'T END.
THEY COME HOME.
AND STAY.

ALISON REID

Exclusive Bonus Epilogue

Still Yours

by Alison Reid

Seventeen Years Later…

Andrew looked up from the papers spread across his desk as Kiera crossed the sitting room toward the terrace doors, sunlight catching in the dark gold strands of her hair. She was smiling faintly at something on her phone, her expression distracted in that way she'd been lately—half present, half somewhere else entirely.

He finished the overseas conference call and slipped his phone into his pocket as he walked toward her.

He watched her thumbs move quickly over the screen. Then she glanced up. The moment she saw him approaching, the phone tilted subtly in her hand. Not dramatic. Not guilty, exactly. Just… hidden.

Andrew slowed.

Kiera smiled immediately, smooth and effortless.

"You're done already?"

"The conference call ended earlier than expected." His eyes flicked toward the phone. "Who's that?"

"No one important."

Too quick.

Her attention drifted back to the screen for a fraction of a second before she locked it and slipped it onto the table beside her coffee cup. Andrew said nothing, but something cold and unpleasant shifted low in his stomach.

Kiera stepped closer and kissed his cheek lightly. "I need to change before breakfast."

Then she was gone upstairs, moving quickly enough to make him stare after her. For a long moment he remained where he was.

No one important.

The words lingered unpleasantly. Because Kiera had never hidden things from him. Not in all their years together. And lately…

Lately something felt off. He told himself he was imagining it. At fifty, a man shouldn't become suspicious because his wife angled her phone away. But the unease remained.

* * * * * * * *

It followed him downstairs an hour later into the morning room, where sunlight streamed across silver dishes and fresh flowers while Evelyn sat at the table scrolling lazily through messages on her own phone. Their daughter looked up as Kiera entered.

"Mum, can you pick me up from school today? Charlotte's mother is taking everyone for smoothies after rehearsal."

Kiera reached for coffee. "I can send a car."

Evelyn frowned immediately. "But can't you come?"

"Not today, darling."

Andrew looked over the top of his newspaper. "Busy day?"

Kiera stirred sugar into her coffee, avoiding his eyes just slightly too long.

"I've got an important client meeting at the gallery."

There it was again. That careful tone. That tiny hesitation. Andrew watched her closely as she sat down across from him. She looked beautiful this morning. Cream silk blouse. Minimal makeup. Wedding rings flashing softly against porcelain as she lifted her cup.

Beautiful. And distant. His mind drifted unwillingly to the night before. They had made love. But even then she'd seemed distracted somehow. Not cold—never cold—but her mind had felt elsewhere. Her responses delayed. Her attention fractured. At the time he'd blamed exhaustion. Now he wasn't so sure. And it had not just been last night.

For weeks she'd been constantly occupied: phone calls, meetings, trips into London, last-minute changes to schedules. The other week she had even stayed overnight in their London penthouse without him because of *'gallery business'*. Kiera had never done that before. Not once in seventeen years of marriage. A muscle tightened in his jaw.

Evelyn was still trying to negotiate. "You always send a car."

"That's because you're incapable of arriving anywhere quietly," Kiera said absently.

"I learned from Dad."

Andrew barely heard them. His eyes stayed fixed on his wife. She was looking at her phone again beneath the table. Then footsteps thundered down the corridor.

"Morning."

Lucas wandered into the room in school uniform, tall already at fourteen and carrying the same careless masculine confidence Andrew remembered having himself at that age. He dropped into a chair and immediately reached for toast.

"Dad, are we still going to the match Sunday?"

Andrew dragged his attention away from Kiera with effort. "Unless your sister schedules another social catastrophe."

"Excuse me?" Evelyn said indignantly.

Lucas grinned. The familiar sibling argument started instantly. Andrew answered absently when Lucas asked another question about the game, but halfway through the conversation he noticed movement from the corner of his eye. Kiera had risen silently from the table. Phone already pressed to her ear. She moved toward the doorway quickly, one hand covering the other ear as if trying to hear better.

"Yes," she was saying quietly. "No, he has not idea."

Andrew went completely still. Kiera glanced back then. For the briefest second their eyes met across the room. And then she walked out into the corridor, lowering her voice even further as she disappeared from sight. Something dark settled heavily in Andrew's chest. Andrew stared down at the untouched coffee in front of him long after Kiera disappeared into the hallway.

No, he has no idea.

The words repeated themselves with brutal precision.

Lucas was still talking about football fixtures while Evelyn argued about school rules, but their voices had faded into background noise. Andrew answered automatically when required, his attention elsewhere entirely. On his wife. On the quiet secrecy that had wrapped itself around her these last weeks. And suddenly, against his will, his mind drifted back to the charity gala two weeks earlier.

He remembered standing at the top of the museum staircase watching her descend toward him. Forty years old. God help him, she looked barely thirty. Her honey-brown hair had cascaded all the way to her waist in loose glossy

waves, hiding most of the daringly backless gown she wore. The dress had been midnight gold, liquid against her skin, clinging softly to every graceful curve before falling in a sleek line to the floor.

Every man in the room had looked at her. They always looked at her. Andrew had long ago accepted that part with outward indifference. Men stared at Kiera everywhere they went—in restaurants, galleries, airports, hotel lobbies. Some discreetly. Some openly. It had been happening for twenty years. But lately he had started noticing something else.

She noticed less. Or perhaps she cared less. The thought sat badly inside him. That night at the gala she had been radiant, charming, warm. Laughing easily as donors and businessmen crowded around her throughout the evening. And she had danced. With several men.

Andrew had not objected. He was not insecure enough to hover possessively beside his wife all evening like an ageing guard dog. At least that was what he told himself. But there had been one man in particular. Tall. Early forties perhaps. Dark hair touched with silver at the temples. Some investor connected to the gallery world she had told him. Andrew could no longer remember his name.

What he did remember was how often the man had found reasons to return to Kiera's side. And how beautiful she had looked looking up at him. Smiling. Interested. The dance had gone on too long. Then later Andrew had crossed the ballroom toward them with drinks in hand and watched the conversation abruptly shift the moment he approached. Not dramatically. But enough.

Enough that he had noticed. Enough that instinct had stirred unpleasantly in his chest. Kiera had smiled at him immediately then. Warm. Loving. Familiar. But the man had looked uncomfortable. And afterward Andrew noticed it again. Twice more. Conversations changing as he approached. Kiera

lightly redirecting discussion. That same carefulness. At the time he had dismissed it. Now he wasn't so certain. His jaw tightened.

Did Kiera still love him?

The thought came suddenly and viciously. He almost rejected it outright. Of course she loved him. This was Kiera. His Kiera. The girl who had once loved him so fiercely she had hated him for it. The woman who had stood beside him for seventeen years through business wars, scandals, the loss of her father, endless travel, impossible schedules and every ugly thing life had thrown at them. But people changed.

Marriage changed. And he was fifty now. Fifty in a week. Older than David had been when Andrew first walked into Wickham Hall all those years ago. The realisation landed heavily. Kiera was still breathtakingly beautiful. Still young enough that men watched her when she entered rooms.

And him?

He caught sight of himself in mirrors lately and saw silver threading through dark hair. Harder lines around his eyes. Exhaustion he never used to show. Maybe she had finally grown tired of him. God knew he had given her enough reasons over the years. The idea hollowed something out inside his chest.

Across the table Lucas laughed at something Evelyn said, but Andrew barely heard it. All he could picture was Kiera standing in the ballroom beneath crystal chandeliers, her back bare beneath cascading silk and hair, another man leaning close while she smiled up at him with distracted, secretive eyes. And for the first time in nearly two decades of marriage, Andrew Foster felt something dangerously close to fear.

* * * * * * * *

Kiera turned her head slightly, watching Andrew's hands on the steering wheel as the car swept through the darkening countryside toward London.

God, he was still beautiful.

The thought came so instinctively after all these years that it almost made her smile. At fifty—well, almost fifty—he was devastatingly handsome. Time had only sharpened him. The silver threaded lightly through his dark hair now, mostly at the temples, and somehow it made him even more attractive. More distinguished. More dangerous.

Women still stared at him everywhere they went. Kiera understood why. His profile alone was enough to make her heart flutter stupidly in her chest even now. Strong jaw. Intelligent grey eyes fixed on the road ahead. Broad shoulders straining faintly beneath the dark shirt he'd rolled at the sleeves.

He looked powerful.

Controlled.

Composed.

Which was ironic considering she knew exactly how completely uncomposed he could become with her. Warmth spread through her at the memory of the previous night despite her exhaustion. She was tired. Completely exhausted, honestly. The last three weeks had been chaos.

Secret meetings.

Phone calls.

Guest lists.

Security arrangements.

Flights.

Menus changing repeatedly.

Trying to organise a surprise party for Andrew Foster without Andrew Foster noticing. Nearly impossible. And Jason had not helped. Her lips twitched faintly. The party planner had been charming, flamboyant, dramatic and utterly incapable of understanding why Andrew absolutely could not suspect anything. Every time Jason called her, he sounded as though he were orchestrating a royal wedding instead of a birthday celebration.

Which unfortunately meant Andrew had noticed him. Or rather, noticed her speaking to him. The charity gala two weeks ago had nearly been disastrous. Jason had spent most of the evening trying to discuss seating plans and entertainment while pretending to be nothing more than a friendly acquaintance from the gallery world.

Meanwhile Andrew had watched them both with those terrifyingly observant grey eyes. Kiera suppressed a sigh. Poor darling. He was suspicious. She knew it now. The secrecy was beginning to hurt him, and guilt tugged sharply inside her chest. Andrew thought they were simply spending the night in London because she had an early gallery meeting tomorrow morning.

In reality, the children were already there waiting at the penthouse. Evelyn had nearly exploded with excitement all week, while Lucas had complained endlessly about being forced into formal clothes for 'some ancient old man's birthday'.

Tonight the penthouse would be full: family, friends, politicians, artists, old business associates, people Andrew had mentored over decades. People who loved him. People whose lives he had changed. His actual birthday was Monday, but Kiera had chosen tonight deliberately so everyone could attend without business schedules interfering.

She wanted everything perfect. Because Andrew deserved nothing less. Her gaze softened as she looked at him again. He had absolutely no idea what he

meant to people. What he meant to her. She had loved him for more than twenty years with the same frightening intensity she'd felt at seventeen. If anything, it had only deepened with time. Because now she knew him completely.

Not the ruthless Andrew Foster the world feared. Not the brilliant businessman newspapers wrote about. Her Andrew. The man who still reached for her in his sleep. Who remembered every tiny detail about her. Who pretended to hate parties while secretly loving having his family together. Who could terrify boardrooms full of powerful men and then come home and stand behind her in the kitchen just to touch her for no reason at all.

The man who still kissed her like he might lose his mind from wanting her. Her chest tightened painfully. She loved him to distraction. And lately she had barely had time to show him properly. Last night especially she had felt the subtle tension beneath his hands when they made love. The way he'd watched her afterward as though trying to understand something she wasn't saying aloud.

Poor darling.

Just a little longer. Then he would finally know the truth. Andrew shifted one hand from the wheel and rested it lightly against her knee. The familiar touch sent warmth through her instantly.

"You're quiet tonight," he murmured.

Kiera covered his hand with hers and smiled softly.

"I'm happy."

His eyes flicked toward her briefly, something unreadable moving through them before he looked back at the road.

"Are you?"

The question caught her off guard. She looked at him properly then. The hard line of his jaw. The stillness in his expression. The faint tension beneath his calm voice. Kiera placed her hand more firmly over his.

"Of course."

For a moment, he said nothing.

"I hope so."

The quietness of the words caught painfully somewhere beneath her ribs. She didn't trust herself to answer. Instead, she turned her face toward the window, watching the lights blur softly against the glass as London drew closer around them. Very soon, he would understand everything.

* * * * * * * *

By the time they arrived in London, Andrew's nerves felt scraped raw. The drive through the city had done nothing to calm him. If anything, the silence between them had made things worse. Kiera had leaned against the window for most of the journey, watching the lights slide past while soft music played through the car.

Beautiful. Quiet. Distracted. Untouchable.

Andrew parked in the private underground garage beneath the penthouse building and killed the engine. For a moment neither of them moved. Then Kiera unfastened her seatbelt and glanced at him with a small smile that failed completely to ease the pressure in his chest.

"We should hurry," she said lightly. "We're going to be late for dinner."

Dinner.

Christ.

He almost laughed. The last thing he cared about tonight was dinner. He got out of the car and walked around to her side automatically, his eyes catching her the moment she stepped onto the concrete floor of the garage.

God.

The black dress should have been illegal. Simple. Elegant. Sleeveless. The fabric skimmed every curve of her body with devastating softness, clinging lightly to her waist before falling in a sleek line to her ankles. Her honey-brown hair spilled loose down her back in glossy waves, and the diamonds at her throat caught the low light every time she moved.

Forty years old. Impossible. Men would stare at her again tonight. Andrew knew it before they even left the building. They always did. And suddenly the thought filled him with something dark and restless instead of pride. She said she was happy.

But was she happy with him?

The question had become unbearable. He took their overnight bag from the boot while she moved toward the private lift lobby ahead of him. Even the sight of her walking away made something tighten painfully inside his chest. Terrified. That was the humiliating truth of it.

Andrew Foster—who negotiated billion-pound deals without blinking, who intimidated cabinet ministers and CEOs for sport—was terrified of losing his wife. The lift doors slid open soundlessly. Kiera stepped inside first, smoothing one hand lightly over her dress while Andrew followed her in. The doors closed behind them with a soft metallic hush, sealing them into silence.

He rested his hand automatically against the small of her back. Warm silk. Warm skin beneath it. Familiar. Except lately nothing felt familiar anymore. Andrew looked down at her profile, at the soft curve of her mouth, and knew

suddenly he could not endure another night of uncertainty. He needed to ask her. Needed to know. Even if the answer destroyed him.

"Kiera—"

She turned before he could continue. And kissed him. Completely unexpectedly. Her hands slid up his chest into his hair as her mouth met his with soft, urgent warmth, stopping every thought in his head instantly. Andrew froze in shock for half a heartbeat before his arms closed around her instinctively. The kiss deepened immediately. Not distracted. Not distant.

Hungry.

Relief hit him so hard it was almost painful. Kiera pressed herself against him with a soft sound in the back of her throat, kissing him like she had missed him, and something desperate inside Andrew began to unravel all at once. His hand flattened against her back, pulling her firmly against him as he kissed her harder, deeper, weeks of growing fear and jealousy and confusion pouring into the kiss before he could stop himself.

The lift continued rising silently around them. Neither of them noticed. The kiss turned fierce almost instantly. Andrew backed her against the mirrored wall of the lift, one hand buried in her hair, the other gripping her waist hard enough to wrinkle the silk beneath his fingers. Kiera clung to him just as desperately, kissing him with breathless urgency, all warmth and softness and familiarity.

God, he had missed this.

Not the sex—they made love often. Not even the desire. Her. The certainty of her. Weeks of jealousy and fear and quiet misery cracked apart inside him every time she kissed him back harder.

"Kiera," he murmured roughly against her mouth.

She answered by kissing him again. The lift climbed silently higher. Neither of them noticed the soft chime announcing their arrival at the penthouse level. The doors slid open. And they were still kissing. Andrew vaguely registered light. Music. Voices. Then—

"Surprise!"

The shout exploded around them. Kiera jerked backward with a gasp while Andrew nearly had a heart attack. The penthouse beyond the lift was ablaze with light and people. Dozens of them. Family. Friends. Politicians. Business associates. Artists. Champagne glasses raised everywhere.

Evelyn was laughing hysterically near the grand piano while Lucas looked deeply embarrassed to exist anywhere near his parents at this exact moment. And standing near the centre of the room holding a glass of champagne was the man from the charity gala. Smiling broadly beneath a massive gold banner that read:

HAPPY 50TH ANDREW

Andrew stared blankly at the crowd. Then at Jason. Then slowly at Kiera. Who had gone scarlet.

"Oh my God," she muttered, horrified. "We were supposed to walk in normally."

Laughter erupted across the room. Someone wolf-whistled. Andrew remained completely motionless for one stunned second longer before realisation crashed into him all at once. The secrecy. The phone calls. London. Jason. The distance. Everything. It had all been for this. His chest tightened so sharply it almost hurt.

Kiera looked up at him anxiously, one hand still gripping the front of his jacket. "Andrew?"

For a moment he couldn't speak. Then he laughed. A real laugh. Deep and helpless and slightly disbelieving.

"You," he said hoarsely, staring at her.

Emotion rose unexpectedly in his throat.

"You terrifying woman."

Kiera's expression softened instantly as understanding dawned in her eyes.

"Oh darling," she whispered.

Andrew looked around the penthouse again—at all the people waiting for him, at the decorations, the music, the effort she had gone to—and then back at his wife. His beautiful, secretive, impossible wife. The woman he had spent weeks believing he was losing. And suddenly he didn't care about the guests watching. He pulled her back against him and kissed her again anyway.

This time the cheering was deafening.

* * * * * * * *

Andrew couldn't take his eyes off her. He tried. God knew he tried. People kept stopping him every few minutes—old colleagues, politicians, investors, friends he hadn't seen in years—but his attention drifted back to Kiera every single time.

She stood near the terrace doors now, laughing at something one of his former business partners had said, a champagne glass balanced elegantly between her fingers.

Beautiful.

The black dress clung softly to her body as she moved through the room with effortless grace, her honey-brown hair spilling down her back in shining waves. Candlelight flickered across her bare shoulders while half the men in

the penthouse watched her with poorly disguised admiration. Including, Andrew noticed darkly, several men who absolutely knew better. And she had organised all of this. For him.

Every detail.

Every guest.

Every surprise.

Because she loved him.

Relief still sat heavily in his chest, tangled painfully with lingering shame. He had genuinely believed she might leave him. After all these years.

What an idiot.

"You look emotionally devastated," a dry voice observed beside him.

Andrew turned. Jason stood there holding two glasses of champagne, looking unbearably amused. The same Jason Andrew had spent the last fortnight hating like a paranoid lunatic.

Christ.

Andrew took the offered glass with a grim expression. Jason glanced across the room toward Kiera and smiled slightly.

"You know that woman thinks you hung the moon."

Andrew's eyes moved automatically back to his wife. At that exact moment Kiera looked across the crowded room and found him instantly, as though she could locate him anywhere without effort. Her entire face softened. Not polite. Not social. Personal. Intimate. Mine. The look hit him with almost physical force.

Jason gave a quiet laugh beside him. "Yeah," he said knowingly. "That right there."

Andrew exhaled slowly, still staring at her. "I thought she was having an affair with you."

Jason nearly choked on his champagne. "You what?"

Andrew took a long drink with all the dignity available to a man currently dying inside from humiliation.

"For about two weeks, since the charity gala," he admitted flatly.

Jason stared at him for one astonished second before bursting into helpless laughter.

"Oh, this is incredible." He pressed a hand briefly to his chest. "Andrew Foster jealous over me. I'm framing this moment forever."

Andrew looked deeply unimpressed. "You were constantly around her."

"I was planning your party."

"You kept lowering your voice whenever I approached."

"Because she didn't want you hearing discussions about ice sculptures and fireworks."

Andrew closed his eyes briefly.

God.

Jason was still laughing. "You really thought Kiera Foster was sneaking around behind your back?"

Andrew's gaze drifted across the room again. Kiera was speaking to Evelyn now, touching their daughter's hair absently while smiling at something Lucas said. Warm. Radiant. Entirely his. And suddenly he felt almost sick thinking about how miserable she would have been if she had known what he'd been imagining.

"She's all I've ever wanted," he said quietly.

The honesty of it surprised even him. Jason's expression softened slightly then.

"Yes," he said. "That's pretty obvious actually."

Across the room Kiera looked at Andrew again. And smiled.

* * * * * * * *

Later that night, the penthouse finally fell quiet.

The last guests had gone over an hour ago. Evelyn and Lucas had disappeared to their rooms after too much cake and too much excitement, and the staff had quietly finished clearing away the remains of the party.

Now only the soft glow of London remained beyond the towering glass windows. Kiera stood barefoot beside them in the silence, one hand curled loosely around a glass of champagne she'd long since stopped drinking. The city glittered endlessly beneath her. Headlights streamed through the streets below like rivers of gold. The Thames shimmered darkly in the distance, reflecting fractured light back toward the skyline.

It was beautiful.

But not nearly as beautiful as the man watching her from across the room. Andrew loosened his tie slowly as he looked at his wife standing there in the black dress that had tormented him all evening.

His wife.

The realisation still hit him with fresh gratitude every few minutes tonight. She loved him. God, she loved him. Enough to spend weeks secretly planning an entire evening simply to make him happy. Enough to know exactly which old friends to invite. Which music he loved. Which whisky he preferred. Which stories would make him laugh. Enough to notice everything.

Andrew crossed the room quietly toward her. Kiera sensed him before he touched her. She always did. His arms slid around her waist from behind, pulling her gently back against his chest while his mouth brushed the side of her neck. Warmth spread instantly through her body.

“Mmm,” she murmured softly, tilting her head slightly to give him better access.

Andrew smiled against her skin and kissed her again slowly.

“Thank you,” he said quietly.

Kiera rested her hands over his arms. “Did you have a good birthday?”

“More than good.”

She laughed softly. The sound wrapped itself around him just as completely as her body did. Andrew buried his face briefly against her neck, breathing her in. Kiera turned within his arms then, looking up at him properly.

“Jason told me what you thought,” she said softly. “Did you really think I was having an affair?”

The penthouse lights were dim now, leaving only the city glow spilling silver across his face. He looked tired suddenly. Vulnerable in a way very few people ever saw.

“I was terrified you didn’t love me anymore.”

Her heart ached.

“You were truly worried, weren’t you?” she asked quietly.

Andrew held her gaze for a long moment before answering.

“Yes.”

No arrogance.

No evasion.

Just truth.

Something inside her melted completely. She lifted one hand to his face, brushing her fingers lightly along his jaw.

“Oh, darling.”

His eyes closed briefly at the touch.

"I couldn't bear it," he admitted quietly. "The thought of you not loving me anymore." His mouth curved faintly, almost bitterly. "Apparently fifty-year-old men can still behave like idiots."

Kiera's throat tightened painfully.

"You are the love of my life," she whispered. "You always will be."

Andrew looked at her then with an intensity that still stole her breath after all these years.

"And you," he said softly, "are still the woman of my dreams and always will be."

She smiled against his mouth as he kissed her again.

"You still don't understand, do you?" Kiera whispered, touching his face. "There was never going to be anyone else for me."

She pressed closer into his arms.

"I loved you when I was seventeen and furious with you," she murmured. "What chance do you think another man ever has?"

Andrew's expression shifted slightly, something darker moving through his eyes.

"I understand now," he said quietly. "How you must have felt about Sienna."

The words landed softly between them. But Kiera flinched anyway. Old hurt crossed her face before she could hide it. Not anger anymore. Not even bitterness. Just the lingering ache of a seventeen-year-old girl who had once believed the man she loved belonged to someone else. Andrew saw it instantly. His hand tightened around her waist.

"Kiera…" His voice roughened. "I never truly understood what it would feel like. To lose the person you love to someone else."

"You never lost me," she whispered immediately.

His eyes closed briefly.

"But I thought I had."

The quiet honesty of it wrapped itself around her heart. She touched his face gently, her thumb brushing the faint silver at his temple.

"We are meant for each other," she said softly.

Emotion tightened painfully in his chest. Neither of them spoke for a moment. The city shimmered around them beyond the glass, all light and shadow and distant noise, while Andrew simply held her as though he still needed the reassurance that she was really here. Really his.

Then Kiera smiled slowly. A beautiful, dangerous smile he knew far too well.

"I think," she murmured seductively, sliding her hands up his chest, "it's time you took your wife to bed."

Andrew gave a low, helpless laugh against her mouth.

"Yes," he said roughly. "I think that's an excellent idea."

— The End —

Ready for another happily-ever-after?

Discover more emotional, feel-good romances by Alison Reid on Amazon.

👉 **Browse my books on Amazon**