EXCLUSIVE

BONUS Epilogue

FOR

The Billionaire's Bargain

SOME DEALS
ARE MADE IN BOARDROOMS.
OTHERS ARE SEALED
WITH A KISS.

ALISON REID

Exclusive Bonus Epilogue

The Billionaire's Bargain

by Alison Reid

Twenty Years Later…

"You're holding it wrong."

Riccardo Lombardi groaned. "For the hundredth time, Marcus, there is no wrong way to hold a fishing rod."

"There absolutely is."

"There isn't."

"There is."

Luca sat back in his chair and watched the argument with amusement. The early morning sun glittered across the crystal-blue waters off the Sicilian coast while the charter boat rocked gently beneath them.

For the first time in months, he had absolutely nowhere to be. No board meetings. No acquisitions. No charity functions. No international flights. Just a fishing trip with his son and his best friend. A gift from Willow for Riccardo's eighteenth birthday.

Their son had mentioned over dinner six months earlier that he had always wanted to learn how to fish. Three days later Willow had quietly booked the entire trip. Because that was who she was.

Twenty years later and she still remembered every casual wish spoken by the people she loved. Luca smiled at the thought of his wife. Marcus noticed immediately.

"You're thinking about Willow again."

Luca didn't bother denying it.

"When am I not?"

Marcus laughed.

"Fair point."

Riccardo made a gagging noise.

"Can the two of you please stop being disgusting?"

Luca raised an eyebrow.

"Your mother will be devastated to hear you disapprove of our marriage."

"I approve of your marriage."

Riccardo adjusted his line.

"I just don't need constant reminders that you're both still ridiculously in love."

Marcus barked out a laugh.

"Good luck. Those two are hopeless."

Luca's smile deepened. Twenty years. Twenty years since a terrified young woman had flown to Rome to save her sister. Twenty years since she'd walked into his life and turned it upside down. And somehow he loved her more now than he had then.

The years had given them so much. A son. A daughter. A family. A life neither of them had dared imagine when they first met.

His phone buzzed with an incoming text. A photograph appeared on the screen.

Willow.

She stood inside an elegant Roman boutique wearing a dark emerald evening gown. Her long brown hair fell over one shoulder while fifteen-year-old Isabella stood beside her grinning in a pale blue dress.

Found our gala dresses.

A second text arrived immediately.

Your daughter has expensive taste.

Luca chuckled. Riccardo glanced over.

"Mum?"

"Your mother."

Another message appeared.

Tell Riccardo happy birthday again.

And tell him I'm still expecting photographs of his first fish.

Luca quickly typed back.

That requires him to actually catch one.

Almost instantly three angry emojis appeared. Luca laughed. Marcus shook his head.

"Still texting your wife every hour?"

"Every thirty minutes."

"Pathetic."

"She likes hearing from me."

Marcus rolled his eyes.

“You can’t talk. You’re just as bad with Elena,” Luca reminded him.

Marcus laughed.

“True. We got lucky, didn’t we?”

Luca glanced at the photo of Willow and Isabella on his phone. His expression softened immediately.

“Yes,” he said quietly. “We really did.”

Before Marcus could reply, Riccardo suddenly jerked upright.

“Dad.”

Luca looked over. His son’s fishing rod bent dramatically.

“Dad!”

The excitement in Riccardo’s voice made both men jump to their feet.

“Easy,” Luca said immediately.

“Easy?” Riccardo practically shouted. “I think I’ve got something!”

“You definitely have something,” Marcus agreed.

The line pulled again. Hard. Riccardo nearly lost his balance. Luca moved beside him, placing a steadying hand on his shoulder.

“Slowly.”

The eighteen-year-old was grinning now. A huge, boyish grin Luca hadn’t seen since childhood. The line surfaced. A flash of silver appeared beneath the water.

“No way.”

Riccardo’s eyes widened.

“No way!”

Five minutes later a sizeable fish landed on the deck. For a moment nobody spoke. Then Riccardo let out a victorious shout.

“I DID IT!”

Marcus laughed. Luca laughed. Even the captain joined in. Riccardo looked absurdly proud of himself as he posed for photographs. Luca took at least twenty. Most of them terrible. None of them mattered. His son was happy. That was enough.

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Several hours later they returned to the marina. The afternoon sun hung low overhead while the three men walked along the jetty. Riccardo was still carrying enough photographs of his fish to last a lifetime. Marcus continued teasing him relentlessly.

Luca found himself smiling. Life was good. Perfect, even. Then his phone rang. He glanced down.

Enzo.

His regular driver in Rome. Luca almost ignored it. Then something made him answer.

"Enzo."

The laughter around him faded immediately. Because the man didn't respond. For several seconds there was only silence. A cold feeling settled low in Luca's stomach.

"Enzo?"

"Signor Lombardi..."

The driver's voice sounded wrong. Unsteady. Fearful. Luca stopped walking. Marcus instantly noticed.

"What is it?"

Luca raised a hand. The world seemed to narrow.

"What happened?"

"There's been an accident."

Every muscle in Luca's body locked. The marina disappeared. The sunlight disappeared. Everything disappeared except those three words. An accident.

"My wife."

The words came out rough. Barely recognisable.

"The limousine was struck by a truck."

Luca couldn't breathe. For a moment he genuinely couldn't breathe. Beside him Riccardo had gone completely still.

"What about Isabella?"

The answer came immediately.

"She is unharmed."

Relief hit him so hard his knees nearly buckled. His daughter was alive. His daughter was safe. Then another thought slammed into him.

Willow.

"Enzo."

His voice was deadly quiet.

"My wife."

The pause that followed was far too long. Far too long. When Enzo finally spoke, his voice cracked.

"Mrs. Lombardi protected Isabella."

The blood drained from Luca's face.

"She threw herself over her daughter before impact."

A roaring sound filled his ears.

"What hospital?"

"San Camillo."

Luca was already moving. Running. Riccardo and Marcus racing after him.

"How badly is she hurt?"

Another terrible silence. Then—

"She has a head injury, signor."

Luca nearly stumbled.

"She has not regained consciousness."

The world shattered. And for the first time in twenty years, Luca Lombardi was terrified.

* * * * * * * *

The helicopter landed on the hospital roof less than forty minutes later. It still felt like a lifetime. Luca barely waited for the rotors to slow before jumping out. Riccardo and Marcus were right behind him as they sprinted across the rooftop and into the stairwell.

Please.

Please be alive.

The prayer repeated endlessly in Luca's head as they raced down flight after flight of stairs. When they burst into the emergency department, Luca scanned the crowded waiting area desperately. Then he saw her.

Isabella.

His daughter sat curled into a chair, wrapped in a hospital blanket. Elena sat beside her with one arm around her shoulders. The moment Isabella looked up and saw him, she broke.

"Dad."

Luca crossed the room in seconds. She launched herself into his arms. His knees nearly gave out from relief. She was alive. His little girl was alive. He held her tightly against his chest.

"You're okay," he said roughly.

“You’re okay.”

Isabella nodded against him, tears streaming down her face.

“I’m sorry.”

“You have nothing to be sorry for.”

Luca pulled back just enough to look at her.

“Are you hurt?”

She shook her head.

“No.”

The single word nearly undid him. He kissed the top of her head before forcing himself to ask the question he feared most.

“Your mother.”

Fresh tears filled Isabella’s eyes. Luca felt his stomach drop.

“Dad...”

Her voice cracked.

“We got into the limousine after shopping.”

She wiped her cheeks.

“Mum was already nervous. You know how she gets during storms.”

Of course he knew. Over twenty years later and thunderstorms could still bring back memories of the night Willow lost her parents. Luca had spent countless nights holding her through them. Isabella took a shaky breath.

“We were talking about the gala. I was showing her photos on my phone.”

Her hands trembled.

“Then suddenly she looked out the window.”

A sob escaped her.

“And she started screaming my name.”

Luca’s heart stopped.

“What happened?”

“Mum saw the truck.”

Tears rolled down Isabella’s face.

“It lost control.”

Her voice broke completely.

“It was coming toward my side of the car.”

The waiting room seemed to fall silent. Riccardo stood frozen. Marcus lowered his head. Even Elena looked away. Isabella stared at her father.

“Mum didn’t even think about it.”

More tears spilled down her cheeks.

“She just threw herself over me.”

Luca closed his eyes. God.

“She covered me with her body.”

The words shattered what little composure he had left.

“I remember her holding onto me and yelling my name.”

Isabella’s shoulders shook.

“Then the truck hit us.”

Luca pulled her back into his arms immediately. His daughter buried her face against his chest.

“She saved me, Dad.”

His throat burned. Because they both knew it was true. Willow had seen death coming. And without hesitation, she had put herself between it and their child. Exactly the way Willow would. Exactly the woman she had always been. Luca pressed a kiss into Isabella’s hair and held her tighter.

Then he lifted his head and looked around the emergency department.

“Where is she?”

The question came out cold. Controlled. Dangerously calm. Elena’s eyes filled with sympathy.

"They took her straight into surgery."

Luca's heart dropped.

"Surgery?"

Elena nodded.

"The doctors said she has bleeding on the brain."

For a moment the world tilted beneath his feet.

"They don't know how bad it is yet."

Luca stared toward the double doors leading deeper into the hospital. Toward the woman who had given him everything. His wife. His heart. His entire world. And all he could think was that he hadn't even gotten the chance to tell her goodbye.

* * * * * * * *

Three hours later, Luca was coming apart. He hadn't sat down once. The waiting room had become a prison. Every minute felt like an hour. Every time the operating theatre doors opened, his heart stopped. Only to start again when it wasn't Willow. Marcus leaned against the wall watching him pace.

"Luca."

No response.

"Luca."

"What?" he snapped.

Marcus didn't react.

"Sit down."

"I don't want to sit down."

"You've been pacing for three hours."

"My wife is in surgery."

His voice cracked on the final word. Silence fell. Riccardo looked away. Because none of them had ever seen Luca like this. Not once. Not in business. Not during financial crashes. Not when competitors had tried to destroy him. Not even when his father had died. Luca Lombardi had always been the strongest man in every room.

Until now.

Now he looked terrified. He stopped pacing and dragged both hands through his hair. There was blood on his shirt. Willow's blood. It had transferred to him when he held Isabella after the accident. He hadn't even noticed at first. When he finally did, an hour earlier, he couldn't bring himself to change. The dark stains felt like the last physical connection he had to his wife. And he wasn't ready to let that go.

"She was fine this morning," he said hoarsely.

Nobody answered. Because there was nothing to say.

"She sent me photos of dresses."

His voice broke.

"She was laughing."

Marcus closed his eyes. Luca stared at the operating theatre doors.

"I should have been there."

The guilt was eating him alive.

"If I'd been there—"

"No."

Marcus stepped forward immediately.

"This isn't your fault."

"It should have been me."

"Luca."

"It should have been me."

His voice echoed through the waiting room.

"Not her."

Not Willow. Not the woman who saw the best in everyone. Not the woman who spent her life loving people. Not the woman who had thrown herself in front of a truck to save their daughter.

Riccardo suddenly stood.

"Dad."

Luca looked at his son. The eighteen-year-old's eyes were red. His face pale. Scared.

"My birthday trip wasn't your idea."

Luca frowned.

"What?"

"It was Mum's."

Riccardo swallowed hard.

"I only mentioned fishing once."

His voice cracked.

"She remembered."

Pain ripped through Luca's chest. Because that was Willow. Remembering every dream. Every wish. Every casual comment. Loving people in a thousand small ways. The strongest woman he had ever known. And she was lying behind those doors fighting for her life.

The operating theatre doors suddenly opened.

Everyone froze. A surgeon stepped into the waiting room. The room seemed to stop breathing. Luca was moving before the man had taken two steps.

"Doctor."

The surgeon removed his surgical cap. His expression was serious. Too serious. Luca's heart dropped.

"Mr. Lombardi."

"How is she?"

The doctor glanced briefly at Isabella, then back at Luca.

"The surgery was successful."

Relief hit so hard Luca nearly staggered.

Successful.

Thank God.

But the doctor's expression didn't change. And that terrified him.

"What aren't you telling me?"

The surgeon exhaled slowly.

"Your wife suffered a severe traumatic brain injury."

The waiting room went silent.

"She also has several broken ribs and internal injuries, but those are stable."

Luca barely heard him. All he heard was brain injury.

Brain injury.

"Will she be okay?"

The doctor hesitated. The hesitation nearly destroyed him.

"We relieved the pressure on her brain and stopped the bleeding."

Luca grabbed onto the only thing that mattered.

"So, she's going to wake up."

Another silence. Another terrible silence.

"We hope so."

Hope.

Not certainty.

Hope.

Fear gripped Luca's throat.

"When can I see her?"

The doctor's expression softened.

"She's being moved to intensive care now."

Luca was already heading for the corridor. The surgeon called after him.

"Mr. Lombardi."

Luca stopped. The doctor held his gaze.

"The next twenty-four to forty-eight hours are critical."

The words landed like a physical blow. Luca nodded once. Then turned and walked toward intensive care. Toward Willow. Because no matter what happened next, he was not leaving her side. Not now. Not ever.

* * * * * * * *

Thirty-six hours later, Willow Lombardi opened her eyes.

At first, she didn't know where she was. Everything hurt. Her head felt impossibly heavy. Her chest burned every time she breathed. The room was dark except for the soft glow of monitors. Machines beeped steadily nearby. Confusion washed through her.

Hospital.

Why was she in a hospital?

She tried to move. Pain exploded through her ribs. A soft gasp escaped her. Immediately a chair scraped against the floor.

"Willow."

The voice was rough. Broken. Familiar. Her eyes slowly focused.

Luca.

He was sitting beside her bed. His dark hair was a mess. Stubble covered his jaw. His shirt was wrinkled. Exhaustion lined his face. For a moment Willow simply stared at him. He looked terrible. Then she realised why. Memory hit her.

The storm.

The limousine.

Isabella.

The truck.

Her heart lurched.

"Isabella."

The word came out as barely a whisper. Luca was on his feet instantly.

"She's fine."

His voice cracked.

"She's okay."

Tears filled Willow's eyes.

"She's not hurt?"

"No."

Luca grabbed her hand carefully.

"Not a scratch."

Relief swept through her so powerfully she almost sobbed.

Thank God.

She closed her eyes briefly. Then opened them again. Luca hadn't let go of her hand. In fact, he was holding it so tightly she could feel him trembling. Willow frowned slightly.

"Luca?"

His jaw clenched. For a second she thought he wasn't going to answer. Then he lowered his forehead onto the back of her hand. And broke. A

strangled sound escaped him. Half laugh. Half sob. The sound of a man who had been holding himself together by sheer force of will.

"Oh God."

His shoulders shook.

"Oh God, Willow."

Fresh tears filled her eyes. In twenty years of marriage, she had seen Luca angry. Determined. Protective. Heartbroken. But never this. Never fear. Not like this.

"Luca."

He lifted his head. His eyes were bloodshot. Red. The eyes of a man who hadn't slept.

"You scared me."

His voice was almost unrecognisable.

"You scared me so much."

Willow's heart shattered. She squeezed his hand weakly.

"I'm sorry."

"No."

The word came out fiercely.

"No, don't apologise."

A tear slipped down his cheek. Luca Lombardi. Crying. For her.

"You saved our daughter."

His voice broke again.

"You saved Isabella."

Willow swallowed painfully.

"I didn't think."

"I know."

Another tear fell.

"That's what terrifies me."

He leaned closer. His forehead resting gently against hers.

"I nearly lost you."

The admission hung between them. Raw. Honest. Painful. For a moment neither spoke. Then Willow whispered the question she already knew the answer to.

"How long?"

Luca closed his eyes.

"Thirty-six hours."

Shock flickered through her. Thirty-six hours.

"You never left, did you?"

A sad smile touched his mouth.

"No."

The answer didn't surprise her. Not even a little. She looked past him. A second chair sat nearby. A blanket draped across it. An empty coffee cup rested on a table. Evidence of endless waiting. Of love. Of fear.

"Luca."

"Hmm?"

"You look awful."

For a moment he simply stared at her. Then, unexpectedly, a laugh escaped him. A real laugh. The first one in days.

"There she is."

Willow smiled faintly. The effort exhausted her. But it was worth it. A knock sounded at the door. Then it burst open.

"Dad, is she awake?"

Isabella flew into the room. Riccardo right behind her. The fifteen-year-old stopped abruptly beside the bed. Tears immediately filled her eyes.

"Mum."

Willow opened her arms as much as the injuries allowed. That was all Isabella needed. She carefully leaned against her mother. Trying not to hurt her. Already crying.

"I'm sorry," Isabella whispered.

Willow frowned.

"For what?"

"If you hadn't protected me—"

"No."

Willow's voice was weak but firm. She cupped her daughter's cheek.

"I would do it again."

Instantly. Without hesitation. A thousand times over. More tears slid down Isabella's face.

"I love you."

Willow smiled.

"I know."

Then she looked at both her children. At Luca. At the family surrounding her bed. The family she almost never saw again. And suddenly she understood something. Life had given her twenty years with Luca Lombardi. Two beautiful children. A love story greater than anything she had ever dreamed possible. And somehow she had been lucky enough to wake up and keep it all.

Luca caught her hand again. Holding it tightly. As though he never intended to let go. And Willow realised he probably didn't.

* * * * * * * *

Three months later, the ballroom erupted into applause the moment Willow entered. She stopped in the doorway, startled.

"Oh, my goodness."

Luca's arm tightened around her waist.

"Get used to it, tesoro."

Willow laughed softly. The annual Lombardi International Charity Gala had never been postponed before in the company's history. Not for financial crises. Not for political upheaval. Not even during a global pandemic. But when Willow Lombardi had been fighting for her life, nobody had questioned Luca's decision to delay the event.

The ballroom glittered beneath crystal chandeliers. Hundreds of guests filled the room. Business leaders. Politicians. Celebrities. Philanthropists. Friends. Family. People from all over the world. Yet every single person seemed to have the same focus.

Her.

Willow smoothed a nervous hand over her gown. The emerald dress she'd chosen with Isabella all those months ago flowed elegantly around her figure. A small scar remained hidden beneath her hair near her temple. The only visible reminder of how close she had come to losing everything.

Beside her, Luca looked devastatingly handsome in a black tuxedo. Their son stood nearby looking equally impressive. At eighteen, Riccardo was almost as tall as his father now.

"You're both staring at me," Willow accused.

Riccardo grinned.

"We're making sure you're real."

Her eyes softened immediately. The accident had frightened all of them. Some scars couldn't be seen. She reached up and straightened his bow tie.

"There."

"You've done that three times."

"And I'll probably do it three more."

Luca smiled.

"Definitely your mother's son."

Before Riccardo could respond, a familiar voice interrupted.

"Willow."

Marcus and Elena approached through the crowd. Elena wrapped Willow in a careful hug.

"You look beautiful."

"So do you."

Marcus shook his head.

"You have absolutely no idea how happy I am to see you standing here."

Willow's throat tightened. Neither Marcus nor Elena had left the hospital much during those terrible first days. They had been family long before blood made them one.

"Thank you."

Marcus kissed her cheek.

"Never scare us like that again."

"I'll do my best."

Within minutes another guest approached. Then another. Then another. And another. Soon a small line had formed. Not because she was married to Luca Lombardi. Not because she was famous. Not because she was wealthy. Because people genuinely cared.

A woman Willow had worked with on a literacy charity clasped both her hands.

"We've all been praying for you."

A retired teacher she had helped through one of the foundation programs wiped tears from her eyes.

"You gave everyone such a fright."

A young scholarship recipient hugged her tightly.

"I'm so glad you're okay."

Again, and again the same words.

We're glad you're better.

We were worried about you.

It's wonderful to see you.

Luca stood back and watched. A lump formed in his throat. Because none of it surprised him. This was Willow. She had spent twenty years quietly changing lives. Remembering names. Helping people. Making everyone she met feel important. She never realised how deeply people loved her. But tonight she was finally seeing it.

The crowd around her continued to grow. Laughter. Tears. Hugs. Stories. A hundred small moments of affection. Willow looked overwhelmed. Beautifully overwhelmed. Eventually she found Luca across the room. Their eyes met. And suddenly she understood.

All these people. All this love. All these lives she'd touched. She had never truly realised the impact she'd made. Luca crossed the room and took her hand.

"You okay?"

Her eyes shimmered.

"Yes."

His thumb brushed across her knuckles.

"What is it?"

Willow looked around the ballroom. At the people who had come to support the causes she cared about. At Marcus and Elena. At Riccardo and

Isabella laughing together. At her husband. The love of her life. Then she looked back at him.

"I almost missed all of this."

Luca's expression immediately changed. The memory still haunted him. Every day. He pulled her closer.

"But you didn't."

Emotion thickened her throat.

"No."

Luca pressed a kiss to her forehead. The exact spot he had kissed every day while she lay unconscious.

"No, tesoro."

His voice was rough.

"You stayed."

And surrounded by the people who loved her most, Willow smiled. Because she had.

* * * * * * * *

They left the gala earlier than they normally would.

Nobody complained.

In fact, several guests gently shooed them toward the exit the moment Willow admitted she was beginning to feel tired. Recovery was going well, but she still fatigued more easily than before. Luca never took chances where her health was concerned.

An hour later, the penthouse was quiet.

Rome glittered beyond the floor-to-ceiling windows, thousands of lights scattered across the ancient city like stars fallen to earth. Willow stood barefoot

beside the glass wearing a champagne-coloured silk negligee. The fabric skimmed her curves and caught the soft glow of the city lights.

She wrapped her arms loosely around herself and smiled as she looked out over the city she had called home for more than twenty years. A city that had given her everything.

Love.

Family.

A future she had never dared imagine.

Strong arms slid around her waist from behind. A familiar shiver danced down her spine. Luca. He pulled her gently against his chest. His reflection appeared beside hers in the glass. Handsome. Powerful. And still capable of making her heart race after all these years.

His lips brushed the side of her neck. Soft. Tender. Willow's eyes drifted closed. A contented sigh escaped her. Luca kissed her again. Then once more. The touch lingered. Warm and familiar. She tilted her head slightly, giving him better access. His quiet chuckle vibrated against her skin.

"There she is."

A smile touched her lips.

"Who?"

"My wife."

He pressed another kiss beneath her ear.

"The woman who finally stopped terrifying me."

Willow laughed softly.

"I said I was sorry."

"You nearly died."

The words were quiet. Not angry. Not accusing. Simply honest. She turned within his embrace. Immediately his arms tightened around her. As though some small part of him still needed the reassurance that she was truly here.

Still alive.

Still his.

Willow rested her hands against his chest. The steady beat of his heart pulsed beneath her palms.

"I'm here."

His jaw tightened.

"I know."

But she could see it in his eyes. The memory still haunted him. Thirty-six hours beside her hospital bed had changed something in him. Made him hold her a little longer. Kiss her a little more often. Look at her as though she was the most precious thing in the world.

Which, if she was being honest, she probably was. At least to him. Luca lifted a hand and brushed a strand of hair behind her ear. His fingers lingered against her cheek.

"You looked beautiful tonight."

Willow smiled.

"So did you."

His mouth curved.

"I was wearing a tuxedo."

"You wear tuxedos very well."

A low laugh escaped him.

"There she is again."

Willow laughed and rested her forehead against his chest. Then she looked up and slid her arms around his neck.

“Here I am.”

Luca’s eyes softened immediately.

“Yes, you are.”

A smile curved her lips.

“And I think it’s time you made love to your wife.”

For a moment he simply stared at her. Then he closed his eyes and rested his forehead against hers. A shaky breath left him.

“Willow.”

She brushed her fingers through his dark hair.

“What?”

His arms tightened around her waist.

“You have no idea what hearing you say things like that does to me now.”

The teasing smile faded from her face. Understanding replaced it. Because she knew exactly what he meant. There had been a time not long ago when he hadn’t known if she would ever speak to him again. Ever smile at him again. Ever stand in his arms again.

“I know.”

His gaze searched hers.

“I spent thirty-six hours wondering if I’d lost you.”

Emotion tightened her throat.

“Luca—”

“No.” He gently cupped her face. “Let me say it.”

She nodded. He brushed his thumb across her cheek.

“I’ve built companies. Empires. Accomplished things most people only dream about.”

His voice grew rough.

“But none of it matters without you.”

Tears filled Willow's eyes.

"None of it."

The city lights shimmered behind them. Rome stretched endlessly beyond the glass. Yet in that moment it felt as though they were the only two people in the world.

"I love you," Willow whispered.

The words hadn't changed in twenty years. Yet they still affected him exactly the same way. Luca lowered his head and kissed her. Slowly. Tenderly. Like a man grateful for every second he was given. When they finally pulled apart, he rested his forehead against hers once more.

"I love you too, tesoro."

His smile returned. Warm. Certain. Endless.

"Now come to bed."

Willow laughed softly.

"That sounds suspiciously like an order."

"It absolutely is."

Still laughing, she let him lead her away from the window. Away from the memories. Away from the fear. Toward the life they had almost lost. And the future they would spend the rest of their lives sharing together.

— The End —

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