

Epilogue

Ava

Two months later. . .

I have to stop Garrett from calling a fancy black-car service to drive us from the Copenhagen airport to the house where we're staying. Even though everything I've read about the city says that the metro is the easiest and cheapest way to get around, he insists on calling a taxi since I'm seven months pregnant.

I know it's going to take some convincing to get him to use public transit, but what can I say? Billionaire habits die hard.

Part of me wants to see Copenhagen the way the locals do — by foot or by bike. But since we have about six pieces of luggage between us, a taxi makes more sense.

I'm tingling with nerves as we walk through the airport doors into the crisp afternoon air. This is my first time in another country, and I'm dying to explore.

The driver drops us off near a colorful row of houses along the canal, which are blanketed in snow. Chunks of ice bob in the water below, but the starkness of winter makes the bright red, blue, and rust-colored houses seem even more cheerful.

Garrett takes my hand and guides me over the snow-packed walkway, stopping in front of a yellow four-story house sandwiched between a bright-red building and a sky-blue one.

"This is it," he says, staring up at the house with a slightly nervous expression.

I shake my head, at a loss for words. "I love it."

"Really?"

I nod, half incredulous that he doesn't believe me. What's not to love? The house's cheery painted façade is the opposite of the Aspen "medieval dungeon" aesthetic. The scent of freshly baked bread wafts from the bakery two doors down, and people on bikes zip past us along the edge of the canal.

The house belonged to Garrett's favorite great-uncle, who left it to him when he died. It's the one piece of property that belongs to Garrett, not his family, and the diamond ring glittering on my finger reminds me that it now belongs to us.

Garrett knows I've always wanted to travel, which is one reason we decided to move here. It's not Asia, but Denmark happens to be one of the countries with the best maternal care, and we plan to travel more as soon as the baby is old enough.

"Most of the house is still occupied by tenants," says Garrett, tugging me against him and wrapping his arms around me. "But the top floor is all ours. Once the current leases are up, we can take over the whole house."

"Or we could find new tenants and live on the rental income," I tell him, snuggling into his warmth.

"True," he says, sounding intrigued. Garrett's not used to having to think about money, so I'm not sure the thought ever even occurred to him.

"This place is huge," I point out. "We don't need this much space. Besides, it would give you the chance to stay at home with me and the baby."

Garrett tightens his embrace and gives me a peck on the top of the head. "That sounds perfect, angel. Come on. Let me show you the house."

Ever since the accident, Garrett hasn't let me lift a finger. He makes quick work of our luggage and then returns to guide me up the steep narrow staircase.

The upper story of the house is sparsely furnished, with a cute little kitchen that flows right into the main area. It's a mishmash of chipped rustic furniture and modern Scandinavian pieces. Garrett cringes as he looks around, but I can't stop smiling.

"It's perfect," I say, grinning from ear to ear.

"Really?" Garrett shifts his weight anxiously from one foot to the other, as though second-guessing our decision to move here. "It's not too . . . musty?"

"Musty?" I laugh and pivot onto my tiptoes to plant a kiss on his lips. "No."

I'd gone in for an innocent reassuring kiss, but there's nothing innocent about the way Garrett captures my bottom lip between his teeth. His hands drift up under my bulky wool sweater, and I feel that familiar surge of heat between my legs.

But there's something I need to ask him before we get carried away. "Are you sure you're all right?" I ask, pulling back to look at him while keeping my arms twined around his neck. "You really want to do this?"

He knows I'm referring to giving up his family fortune and stepping down as alpha. The latter was much more difficult for him, though he knew that he couldn't hope to maintain control of his pack from Denmark with his backbiting siblings working against him.

“This is all I’ve ever wanted,” he says, meeting my gaze with such certainty and resolve that it steals my breath away. He tilts his head to the side. “Come on. Let me show you the bedrooms.”

He takes my hand and leads me down the narrow hallway that branches off from the dining room. There are four bedrooms and two bathrooms — plenty of space to grow our family.

“This one is the biggest,” he says, throwing open a door to reveal a sun-drenched room with a beautiful white-oak bed in the center. The wood floors are covered with fluffy rugs, and several colorful pieces of art hang on the walls.

“And I thought we could make this the nursery.” Garrett opens the door right next to it, and I peek inside.

The room is about half the size, the walls painted a warm cream. There’s a bright-yellow rug on the floor and a natural-pine crib against one wall. A stuffed wolf sits in the corner of the crib, presumably to stand sentry over the baby.

“That’s my crib,” I murmur, staggering into the room and running a hand along the top rail. “The one I picked out months ago.” I turn to my left, where a plush cream chair rests in the corner, decorated with a yellow throw pillow. “And my glider.” I wheel around to face him. “How did you —”

“I might not be a billionaire anymore, but I still have a few tricks up my sleeve.”

Hot tears prick at the corners of my eyes, and I scrub my hands across my face. These days, just about everything makes me cry, but this actually warrants some happy tears.

“You think we can start our family here?” he asks, a twinge of insecurity in his voice.

“I’d start a family anywhere with you,” I whisper. “But this . . .” I shake my head as I look around the room. “This is more than I ever imagined.”