Chapter 11

Cooking was one of the few things she was confident in. Not because she was a great cook, but because it was the only thing she could do without being distracted by her own thoughts.

Tonight, she was making pasta from scratch. The kitchen was warm, the music was low, and for the first hour, she had managed to forget that Dominic was coming back in three days.

Then she had forgotten the salt.

She had forgotten the salt because she was standing in the doorway of her bedroom, looking at the photo he had left on the nightstand, and she had been looking at it for ten minutes and she still couldn't decide whether she was angry at him for leaving it or angry at herself for not putting it away herself.

The photo was from their wedding. He was standing behind her, his arms around her waist, and she was laughing at something he had whispered in her ear and she looked happier than she had been in months.

She had been happier than she had been in months when she had taken that photo.

She had been happier than she had been in months when she had married him.

She had been happier than she had been in months when she had woke up every morning for the first year of their marriage and forgotten that she was married to a man who was slowly disappearing from her life.

She had been happier than she had been in months when she had been pregnant and she had been sick every morning and he had been there every morning to hold her hair and say that it would be worth it and she had believed him because she had wanted to believe him and because she had been too tired to argue and because she had been too in love to see the pattern that was forming around her