

It was odd how comfortable the bed in my truck was. Seriously, it was a relatively thin piece of foam but it felt great. Even as tired as I was, I had to get up. There was something important I needed to do before I lost my nerve.

“Hey,” Amelia smiled in surprise. “I didn’t expect you until tonight.”

“I found a way to hurry things up a little. I wanted to see you.”

“Oh? Why? You know I’m always happy to see you, but why the rush?”

“I’ve been thinking... A lot. I wanted to stop wasting time, Amelia. I’m tired of being alone. I want to be with you.”

She took a breath so deep it made my stomach churn. “So you’re ready to give it all up? Trucking? Hiding from the ghosts of your past? You’re ready to be here with me?”

I nodded. “Yes. I am.”

“What did you think I’d say, Jordan?” Her eyes filled with tears. “Come here, you big doofus.”

Amelia had kissed me more than once in all the years we’d been together, but kissing my fiancée was an entirely different and more wonderful thing.

“I’m sorry I didn’t do this sooner,” I whispered after we’d parted.

“I’m not,” Amelia said softly. “I needed to know that you were sure you were ready to move on. With me.”

And when I slept that night, I finally did.