

So unlike the heart monitor I had just heard, her rhythmic breathing was incredibly soothing. It calmed me instantly. I turned my head so I could see her face in the moonlight and lie there listening and thinking.

Robert's attack set the chain of events in motion that landed me here. He tried to take my life, and in a way he succeeded. I lost my friends, the family I had known, and really the place I'd known for myself when I got sent away. Because of that, I found family that would stand with me through thick and thin in Uncle Ken and Aunt Cheryl. I also found Amelia – and that would have been enough all by itself.

It was an odd memory to carry, knowing that the moment that brought about the end of the life I knew also brought the beginning of the life I loved.

Amelia shifted in her sleep. There wasn't much room in my truck's bunk, so nestling closer to me was an innocent gesture.

The warmth it brought to my soul was unimaginable.

Time had been very much on my mind over the past week. The passing of it, the uncertainty of it – even the unfairness it held. I closed my eyes and drifted back to sleep on the thought that it was time to stop wasting time being away from Amelia.