

“Blake?” Her voice was whisper soft and filled with more emotion than I ever thought I’d hear from her again.

“Yeah, baby?”

“You love me, right?”

I sat back, stunned. I could only gape a moment as I struggled for words. “Of course I do. How can you—?”

“Do you think it can work this time?”

She didn’t have to elaborate. I knew exactly what she meant. Would I do something else to break us, to suffocate us? I wanted to say no, with everything in me, I wanted to. But I couldn’t lie. “I’m not sure, darlin’. If I could, I’d go back in time and erase all the hurtful shit in our past, but I can’t. All I know is that I love you more than my own breath and I’ll damn sure try. If you’ll let me.” I waited a beat, my heart tangled in my throat. “Please say you’ll let me try.”

She never answered me. Instead, fingers of ice cold air wrapped around my legs as she opened the door and stepped out. Everything in her body language screamed how worn out she was. Physically and emotionally.

I jumped out and locked the car, then rushed to catch her on the porch before she could escape into the house. I gripped her elbow and spun her around, leaving her key in the lock. She landed up against me, her palms pressed against my chest, her breath rushing out of her in a startled puff.

“Blake . . .”

I cut her off by slamming my mouth to hers. I’d force out her indecision, punish it into submission, if I had to. I could not lose my wife. It would kill me.