

Chapter 19

Sophie immediately called Detective Michaels with the new information, and he called the FBI, who put in an order for Micah's cellphone records. In less than an hour, Detectives Michaels and Anderson, along with Special Agent Reynolds arrived at Design & Structure. Sophie appointed a small conference room for their use, and Rivka was ushered in with them. By this time, it was well after six o'clock in the evening.

"She might not even have to keep texting," Mort said. He and Micah, along with Sophie, Meredith and LaKeisha were waiting it out in Sophie's office while the manhunt commenced.

"Why's that?" Sophie asked.

"All they need is a general area," Mort answered. "And they already suspect he may be in Canada. Chances are, when Micah's cellphone records are retrieved, they'll be able to locate a tower that the old fox pinged off. After that, he's as good as caught."

Micah shook his head. “I don’t see how. They don’t even know what name he’s operating under.”

“They’ve got the two names that Sophie gave them, and I’m betting he’s using one or both of them.”

Meredith was nodding. “I saw this episode of *Forensic Files*—” but was interrupted by everyone’s laughter.

“That’s Mort’s gig,” Micah said, trying to contain his laughter.

“I’m serious,” she began again with a smile. “They figured out that this murderer was using his cellphone in a certain area and they went looking for him and found him. That’s how it’s going to go with Fred.”

Sophie sighed. “Well, now we know who the *unnamed* source is.”

“He must have accessed all of my emails as well,” Micah said. “That’s how the paper got the information about the partnership offer, and my investments. Thankfully I don’t keep my banking information on my phone. He probably would have robbed me blind.”

Mort frowned. “Don’t you have a password on that thing?”

“No,” Micah answered, looking at the floor.

LaKeisha giggled and said, “Because he couldn’t remember it.”

At that moment, Detective Michaels popped his head into the office and said, “He’s in Montreal. We can get out of your hair now.” He ducked out and they heard him hurry down the hall.

A round of cheers went up, and Micah immediately reached for Sophie. He took her into a loving embrace and said, “It won’t be long now and we can get on with the rest of our plans.”

Mort’s ears seemed to perk up, and he looked at the two of them. “What plans?” he asked curiously, oblivious to the fact that it might not be any of his business.

Micah looked at Sophie, unsure if she was ready to share their secret. After all, they’d only been engaged for a matter of hours. They hadn’t even told their families yet.

“Can you keep a secret?” she whispered.

Everyone leaned in and waited.

Sophie giggled. It was like living out a fantasy that she’d had for the last fifty years. She held up the scintillating diamond ring on her hand.

The young girls squealed and jumped, throwing their arms around Sophie at once. Sophie held them at the same time, and the three of them burst into tears.

Mort reached for Micah’s hand and gave it a firm shake. “Congratulations, man,” he said. “I’m really happy for you.”

A soft knock in the doorway interrupted them and they turned to see a fairly timid Rivka standing there.

Meredith, though teary-eyed, was instantly professional and took a few steps toward the woman. “Can I help you?” It came out as more of a demand than a request.

“I just wanted to tell Micah that I’m leaving,” she said, her voice many decibels lower than it had been earlier. “And I hope they catch the man that’s done these terrible things to you and...and to Sophie.”

“Thanks for everything,” Micah said, his tone slightly less professional than Meredith’s, but chilly nonetheless.

“You’re welcome,” Rivka replied. She looked at Sophie and said, “I’m sorry about earlier.”

“It’s okay,” Sophie said, allowing a gracious smile.

Rivka hesitated for a moment. “You know,” she said quietly, “Micah was always sweet on you, Sophie.” She gave her a sad smile and said, “Good luck.” With that she turned and left.

Micah and Sophie jumped in his car and headed for the Phoenix in Sterling Heights. During the drive they made calls to their families, announcing their engagement. Everyone was delighted, but not surprised—except for Luke who said he couldn’t believe it took Micah so long to pop the question.

“So, what kind of a time frame do we need to plan something like this?” Micah asked as he held the door for Sophie at the Phoenix.

She paused in the entryway, closing her eyes and inhaling deeply. “I love that smell,” she whispered.

Micah chuckled and touched the small of her back. “Come on, I thought you were starved.”

She opened her eyes and made her way to the counter. Taking a seat, she glanced down at the diamond on her hand and her stomach felt as if she were going over a hill. The dream of someday wearing a real engagement ring had died long ago. The thrill of seeing it sparkle on her finger was almost more than she could believe.

“It’s really a beautiful ring,” she said as she gazed upon it. She looked at Micah and said with a smile. “Thank you.”

“Thank you for accepting it,” he joked. “And it’s just a solitaire. You can have it made into any design you want once we choose a bridal set.”

Sophie looked back at the ring and said, “I’ve always wanted to pick out a bridal set. I’d love to have matching rings.” She smiled at Micah again and added, “I’ll call Amanda and Art again tomorrow, ask about dates and planning and what we need to do. I’ve never planned a wedding before. I was Amanda’s Maid of Honor, but she and Art’s mother planned the whole wedding while I was in Ithaca. All I had to do was show up.”

“You two gonna order?” Came a gruff voice from the other side of the counter, and they looked up in surprise. A young woman was not-so-patiently waiting for them.

They both laughed and nodded.

“Two Detroit Coney’s with fries,” Sophie said. “And two Vernors Floats. We’re celebrating.”

The young woman nodded and scurried off.

Micah became serious then and said, “The only thing I’m really worried about is where on earth to take you on a honeymoon. You’ve already been everywhere.”

Sophie lifted one eyebrow and said, “There is one place that I’ve never been.”

Micah was surprised. “No kidding?”

Sophie nodded with a smile. “I’ve never been to Texas.”

Micah’s jaw dropped and Sophie laughed.

When he’d regained his bearings, he said, “Well, my investor owns a beautiful little house on the beach on South Padre Island. He’s always trying to get me to buy it. I bet he’d let us stay there for a few weeks. You’d love it there.”

“How hot does it get?” she asked, looking concerned.

“Pretty hot,” Micah answered honestly. “But, if we wait until after the summit to get hitched, which is in mid-October, it won’t be any hotter than it is in Detroit right now.”

“I can handle that...as long as it doesn’t get too humid.”

“It’s pretty humid,” Micah admitted, “but we’ll get some Tommy Bahama clothes—I’ve always wanted to do that—and we’ll stroll the beach like bums every day.”

Sophie smiled and nodded. “That’s what I want to do. And I want to do it just like that...with Tommy Bahama.”

Micah put his arm around Sophie, pulling her close. He kissed the top of her head, and she giggled. He laughed and held her a little closer, hearing his uncle's words echo in his mind, *make it right for all of us...grab that pretty lady and make a life with her...*



Wednesday and Thursday came and went without a word on Fred. Stan came back to work on Friday, delighted that his stitches had now been removed and he could give a full showing of his wound—which he did to whomever would have a glimpse.

“It’s a terrible looking thing,” Meredith complained in Sophie’s office that morning. “And he made me look at it—twice. I hope I don’t have to look again.”

Sophie laughed and shook her head, for she had been asked to view it as well.

“Nicollo wanted to cover it with one of his scarves,” Meredith added without humor. “The poor man was positively horrified.”

Sophie laughed again and said, “Can you imagine, one of Nicollo’s gorgeous Ralph Lauren’s wrapped about Stan’s shoulder?”

Meredith allowed a small smile then because the visual Sophie had painted was quite comical. She looked back down at her smartphone and then back at Sophie. “Benedict was wondering if you had a minute this morning. He’d like to see you.”

“No problem,” Sophie answered, getting to her feet. “Is he free now?”

Meredith nodded. "He said you can come in anytime."

"I'll be right back then," Sophie replied, and she left for Benedict's office.

He was reading something at his desk and didn't see her there, so Sophie knocked on the open door. He looked up and gave her a smile.

"Come in," he said, getting to his feet and coming around the desk.

She came into the office, and Benedict immediately embraced her.

"Congratulations, young lady. I'm so happy for you."

"Thanks, Benedict," she said with a smile.

"Can you sit down for a minute?" he asked.

"Certainly."

Benedict sat down on his luxurious leather couch, and Sophie had a seat in the chair nearest to him.

"It was only two weeks ago today that everything hit the fan," Benedict began. "But it feels like a year ago."

Sophie agreed.

Benedict smiled, his white teeth gleaming against his black skin, and his dark eyes shining with something that Sophie hadn't seen in them in a very long time.

"What's going on?" she asked with curious smile.

“Well, I’m still going to retire,” he answered. “But I got a terrific report from my doctors and it looks like I’m going to enjoy a lot more of my retirement than I originally thought.”

Sophie reached for his hand as tears of joy sprang to her eyes. “Benedict, that’s great news!”

“I still have to continue my treatments until next March, but more than likely this stuff they’re giving me is working.” He smiled and sighed with relief. “And I just wanted to make sure that I told my favorite intern first.”

Sophie felt her eyes brimming, and then her tears escaped and rolled down her cheeks. She’d always suspected—perhaps hoped—that she’d been the favorite. She’d always had his ear for her schemes, that was for certain, but there had always been something special about the way he’d listened to her hopes and dreams for the city and its amazing buildings.

He squeezed her hand, as if he’d read her thoughts, and said, “It was more than just dreams, Sophie. I think God put something in you that He wanted to share with the whole world—and look at how much of the world you’ve shared it with. If only I could have been gifted in such a way.”

“Oh, you are!” she whispered. “God gifted you with the obedient heart to listen to your father and go to college, when you would have rather taken care of gardens and lawns. And then He gifted your heart with strength and courage to conquer all of the animosity and hatred you had to face. That same heart He gifted with the discipline to put your head down and keep pulling even when your opponents were like steel resistance...and that same heart, God gifted with grace, tenderness and mercy when a girl with a bunch of stars in her eyes walked into this firm, desperate for a chance.” She smiled, feeling more tears on her cheeks. “And

I've never once heard you complain. You inspired me to see the good in all things and situations."

Benedict's eyes were full. "We made quite a team, didn't we Sophie," he whispered.

"We've sure seen a lot of great things."

Benedict raised one eyebrow and added, "A lot of awful things, too...like Fred McMasters."

Sophie chuckled through her tears. "He's been a pretty awful episode."

"I'm so glad you found Micah."

Sophie couldn't help but chuckle again, and she corrected, "I'm so glad you brought him to me. Thank you, Benedict."

"You are more than welcome. By the way, when's the big day?"

Sophie smiled and answered, "We're shooting for mid-October. That way we'll be done with the initial summit and our workloads will be more normal."

Benedict's eyes opened wide with surprise. "That's not much time to get ready for a wedding. For myself, I think I'll just hit the Justice of the Peace this weekend."

Sophie's eyes opened wide. "For real?"

Benedict laughed. "For real. None of us are getting any younger, Sophie." He leaned close then and whispered, "And I heard that your mom and Mike are thinking of doing the same thing!"

It was Sophie's turn to laugh then, for she thought that her parents had kept it a secret. She nodded and said, "And then we're all going to the game afterwards."

Benedict wrinkled his nose and pretended to frown. "That figures."

"Have you seen your stock reports, Micah?" Max Doolittle asked the moment he picked up the phone. "I've been trying to call you about it."

"Hi Max," Micah greeted. "No, I haven't seen them. Is everything okay?"

"More than okay," Max answered enthusiastically. "I thought that's why you were calling."

"Not today," Micah said, taking a deep breath. "I have a couple of things for you...first of all, this is my new number. I lost my other phone."

"Okay, I'll make sure my secretary keeps this one for me."

"And, also, I was wondering if you sold that place on South Padre Island yet."

"Nope," Max answered. "And I sure wish I could...it's just sitting empty. I doubt that I'll ever use it again. The last time I opened it up was when you held up down there after your wife left you."

Micah smiled. "Well, Max, I'd like to borrow that house again for a few weeks if I could."

"Sure. I can get someone to freshen it up a bit for you. Are you depressed again?"

Micah laughed out loud. “No, not at all. I’m getting married, Max—”

Max whooped on the other end and then he said, “Congratulations, son! I’m so happy for you! When’s the big day.”

“Mid-October,” Micah answered. “And this girl has never been to Texas, and I can’t think of a better place to take her than your beach house.”

“She’ll love it. I’ll get a crew over there to get it ready for you. Send us a list of things you need and we’ll stock the place.” Max chuckled and added, “And who knows, maybe she’ll love it so much you’ll want you to buy it for her. You can afford it now.”

“I don’t know about that...she’s a Detroit, and they like it pretty cold.”

Max laughed. “Okay, well just let me know what you need and we’ll fix you up.”

“Will do. Thanks, Max.”

“Not a problem.”

They ended their call and Micah set his phone down on the desk. He smiled with satisfaction and reached for the Tommy Bahama catalogues on the corner of his desk, one for himself and one for Sophie, and headed for her office.

By late that afternoon, word had gotten all over the office about Sophie and Micah’s engagement. Many of their colleagues made special trips to their offices in order to share words of congratulations. Their news traveled throughout downtown Detroit as well. The main receptionist’s line was tied up all day with well-wishers and engagement greetings.

“They claim it’s like a zoo down there,” Meredith related as she and Sophie went over some last-minute schedule planning for Monday.

Sophie couldn’t keep the smile from her lips. It was the most exciting time of her life—well worth the wait—and she loved every minute of it.

Micah suddenly rushed into her office, waving his phone. “Michaels and Anderson are on the phone.” He hurried across the room and put his phone on her desk. “Okay, go ahead, gentlemen. You’re on speaker.”

“Hi, Ms. Young,” Detective Michaels greeted. “We’ve got some good news for you.”

Sophie’s grey eyes sparkled with delight. “What’s that?” she asked.

“We got him,” Michaels answered, and then he laughed. “We found a property in Montreal owned by a guy with the name of Charlie Phipps.”

“Yes!” Meredith said with a little dance.

Sophie giggled, stomping her feet, and Micah laughed out loud.

Michaels laughed again as well before he continued, “As you know we tracked the cellphone ping to an area around Montreal. There are some high-end condos in the area, with a place to play golf, and you’ll never guess where they found the old boy—”

“Golfing,” Detective Anderson interjected. “He’d colored his hair jet black, but Royal Canadian Mounted Police and our FBI attaché were able to identify him.”

Micah was shaking his head.

“And he was still trying to text your ex-wife,” Michaels added. “But we had her phone by then, leading him along.”

“So, what happens now?” Sophie asked.

“He’ll be extradited from Canada to the United States,” Michaels answered. “And if he doesn’t take a plea bargain, he’ll face trial. Either way, he’s going to jail for a long time—probably the rest of his life.”

“Great news, gentlemen. Thank you so much for everything you did,” Micah said.

“No problem,” Anderson answered. “And we hear congratulations are in order for the two of you.”

“Yes, congratulations,” Michaels chimed in. “I hope we get an invite.”

Sophie chuckled and said, “We’d love to have you at our wedding.”



Once it was learned that Fred had been apprehended, the gang members whom he’d employed for vandalism and violence started making deals with authorities. Not only did they give verbal testimony, but in many cases, they provided a decent paper trail that led straight back to Fred. He’d paid them with different gift cards and shopping certificates, and purchased phones at department stores, thinking these things were untraceable. But Fred had used his personal checking account. About that, Detective Anderson said, “He wasn’t the smartest criminal we’ve ever worked with, that’s for sure.”

With Fred's capture behind them, finishing the first phase of the summit consumed Sophie and her teams. With everyone back to full health and on-the-job status, the teams were able to come together with confidence and power. Corktown quickly moved to the head of the pack, well ahead of schedule. The other sites were good natured about the advance, but put their heads down nonetheless trying to keep pace with the once handicapped venue.

Sophie and Micah managed to carve out time for Braith Lewellen as well. There was an insurance policy to help with part of the expense of repairing the skywalk, and Lewellen's parents were able to help him with a loan for the rest. Micah and Sophie decided to do the drawing and engineering pro bono. Micah scoured the foundation and building structure adaptations, and Sophie designed compatible suspension supports that flowed beautifully with the original plans. It would take some time to complete the repairs, but it would finally be a safe structure—and quite stunning to behold.

In the meantime, there was a wedding to plan—and the summer was passing quickly. If the Tigers were playing in Comerica Park, Sophie and Micah could be found there with Sophie's family, her now-married parents, and Benedict and Liana. Micah had grown to love the game as much as Sophie and he looked forward to the time they spent together as a family. Between innings Amanda directed not only the preparation of the guest list, but helped Sophie and Micah choose their invitations. Amanda was the Matron of Honor, and definitely enjoying her position. Between cheering and hollering, they quickly completed the list, picked out elegant invitations, and then moved on to Amanda's next concern—colors.

“And I don’t think they should be architectural grey,” Amanda said, making Sophie and Micah laugh out loud. “I’m serious.” And the look on Amanda’s face told them that she was.

“But I love grey and white,” Sophie said with a smile.

“Lordy, don’t we know it,” Amanda replied, rolling her eyes. She got a round of laughs and nods from everyone near them. “But for a wedding it should be colorful—”

“Like purple and gold,” Art interjected with a grin. “Maybe a red metallic stripe here and there.”

Sophie looked horrified, and everyone laughed again.

Amanda frowned in Art’s direction, then put on a smile for Sophie and said, “It will be fall by then, but I know you prefer pastels, so how about some lemon or lavender?”

Sophie nodded. “I like lavender. I think we can work with that.”

“That’s good,” Amanda said, her smile broadening. She pulled a magazine from her tote. “Because I already found myself a dress that I want to wear.”

Everyone laughed again. Sophie smiled and looked at Micah. She really didn’t care what the colors were at her wedding, just as long as he was there.



Soon September and the Children’s Benefit were upon them. Besides working on the summit and a wedding, Meredith and Sophie worked tirelessly on the invitations and planning of the benefit. This year’s gala would be extra special

as Benedict planned to formally announce his retirement, as well as Mort and Micah's senior partnerships.

The thirtieth floor of the Camstead was prepared for the event in fine style. The theater seating was removed and dining tables were set in its place. A slightly elevated stage and dance floor were added. The shades on the panoramic windows were removed, and the glass was cleaned until it sparkled.

Sophie had designed a commercial kitchen for events such as this, and she employed the services of Soprano's to develop and serve the meal. They covered the tables with crisp white cloths, china and crystal. Blossoms in Midtown provided the centerpieces.

Mort and Micah visited in the back of the ballroom, watching the ushers show guests to their tables. Clad in black, debonair tuxedos, they exuded confidence and poise.

"I can't wait until this is over," Micah said under his breath. "I swear I haven't seen Sophie for two months."

"Well, you're the one who wanted to get married," Mort replied with a crooked smile. "That's the way these things go."

Micah smiled and nodded.

"It will be worth the wait," Mort added. "You guys will be in your Tommy Bahama's, walking on the beach...you'll probably forget that we even exist...maybe you won't even come back."

Micah smiled again. “You know that’s not true. The first time the temperature reaches a hundred degrees she’ll head back to Detroit on the first flight out of there.”

Mort laughed and slapped Micah on the back. “You guys are going to have a blast. I’m really excited for you.” He looked around and asked, “Where is Sophie?”

Micah looked at his watch. “She said she’d meet me here, but I haven’t seen her yet.” He looked around the room and at that moment he saw her enter. “There she is,” he said with a smile.

Sophie saw him and waved. She was wearing a navy gown delicately sprinkled with tiny rhinestones. It was sleeveless, gracefully swooping from shoulder to shoulder. Her pretty hair was swept into a classy French twist. Diamond earrings dangled from her lobes.

“Wow,” Micah breathed, waving in return. “She looks fantastic.” He glanced at Mort. “You’d better find Wendy. We’re all supposed to sit together tonight...I’ll see you later.” With that, he left Mort and made his way across the room to Sophie.

Mort chuckled as he watched Micah float across the ballroom.

The dinner was superb. After everyone had their fill, Lamont Williams gave a motivational speech that brought everyone in attendance to their feet with cheers. He then encouraged them to open their wallets and give to a good cause. Whether it was medical care, sporting fees for underprivileged kids, or educational tutoring, the Children’s Benefit Fund was a solid charity and worth giving to.

When Lamont had finished his speech, and had taken his seat, Benedict announced his retirement and then introduced the two men who would be Design & Structure's newest senior partners. Mort and Micah stood at their table and the crowd, again, got to their feet with a rousing round of applause.

When the crowd's acclamation had died down and they'd taken their seats again, Benedict added, "Make sure you walk over and introduce yourselves to these young pups." The crowd laughed politely. "And please don't forget to say 'thanks' to Sophie Young who orchestrates this fine event each year—" He stopped speaking abruptly, looked Sophie's way and swallowed hard. Through teary eyes, he went on, "Thank you for everything. You were a great delight to work with." More applause and another standing ovation ensued. Benedict chuckled and waited for everyone to be seated again. "Please stay for dancing and drinks, which will start now," he said, giving a sign to the group seated near the small stage. Three people took their places behind the instruments and began to play.

Micah and Mort were busy for quite some time shaking hands and making introductions with what seemed to them to be hundreds of attendees. Sophie and Wendy were lost in the sudden wave of people, until at last it seemed to clear and everyone began the regular process of mingling. Several couples had gone to the dance floor, including Mike and Eva, and Benedict and Liana, and many others were having conversations in smaller groups around the ballroom.

Mort went to find Wendy, and Micah sought out Sophie. He caught her eye as he strode closer to where she stood at the bar, having a conversation with Sarahi Perez. As he got closer, he could hear her speaking Spanish with Ms. Perez.

Impressive, he thought. *There is still so much I don't know about Sophie Young.* When he smiled at her, he saw that she smiled back right away.

“Mr. Bloomfield,” Sarahi said in beautifully accented English, extending a graceful hand his direction. Micah took it politely. “Congratulations,” she went on. She smiled at Sophie and then back at Micah. “And congratulations on your upcoming wedding. May you have many happy years.”

“Thank you, Ms. Perez,” Micah acknowledged.

“Please, take your bride-to-be as you wish, for now for I must catch someone else before this evening has ended.” She gave them both another gracious smile, nodded ‘good-bye,’ and left them.

Micah smiled into Sophie’s eyes and breathed, “Finally.” He took her hand into his own. “I’ve been wanting to tell you what a fabulous event this has been, and how amazing you look tonight.”

“Thank you, Micah,” she replied with a smile. “I think it’s the best we’ve ever done for the Fund.”

He looked out on the Detroit River Front, seeing the Ambassador Bridge glowing in the distance. “It’s sure beautiful up here—just like you said.”

Sophie followed his gaze and nodded. “This is one of my favorite places in all of Detroit. I wish I could spend more time up here.”

Just then the jazz trio began a new melody, and Micah smiled. “Do you recognize that?”

Sophie listened for a moment, and then nodded with a grin. “September Morn.”

“Come on,” he said, gently tugging her hand as he turned toward the dance floor. “Let’s have a dance.”

Sophie tensed and stood still; Micah sensed her uneasiness instantly.

He leaned close to her ear and whispered, “What is it?”

Sophie swallowed hard and whispered in return, “I’ve never danced, and I don’t know how.”

Micah slowly nodded. “I see,” he said, slipping his arm lovingly around her waist, holding her closer than he ever had before. “The girl who’s done everything has never danced.” He smiled and whispered, “If you stay close to me no one will ever know that you’ve never danced.”

Sophie took a breath and bit her lower lip. “I’m afraid,” she whispered.

Micah nodded again and replied, “If you can trust me, just this once, I promise to help you enjoy all the dances we’re going to have for the rest of our lives.”

She took a deep breath, slowly let it out, and then began to nod. “Okay,” she agreed, letting him lead her to the sparsely populated dance floor.

As she settled into his arms, he caught the faintest scent of her perfume and inhaled deeply. “You know,” he said, “this is sort of our song.”

Sophie chuckled. “Why is that?”

“Well,” he began, and then he softly sang in her ear, “...we traveled half way ’round the world, to find ourselves again...”

Sophie nodded, but couldn’t seem to find the words with which to reply.

Micah seemed to understand as he held her close and leaned in to whisper, “Just follow my lead. You’re doing great.”

Sophie smiled into his eyes, and then looked away as she whispered, “You know, Micah, there’s something I probably should have told you sooner.”

“What’s that?”

She brought her eyes back to his, frowned slightly and said, “I’ve never danced in my whole life.” She seemed to hesitate as she looked into his eyes, obviously trying to convey a message that she felt he should have, but without the words to formulate it.

Micah thought she was still talking about their current dance, so he assured her again, “You’re doing great, Sophie. Just follow my lead.”

Sophie looked away again and then back into his eyes. “But, Micah, when we go to Texas, I want you to know that I’ve never danced and I don’t know how.”

Micah suddenly understood, and he caught his breath. He pulled her a little closer and whispered, “If you can trust me, just this once, I promise to help you enjoy all the dances we’re going to have for the rest of our lives.”

Tears sprang to her eyes and she smiled as she whispered, “But I’m pretty nervous.”

He smiled into her eyes and tenderly kissed her lips. “Just follow my lead,” he whispered. In her eyes he saw that pretty young girl who loved to talk Tiger stats with anyone who’d listen. The girl he’d been afraid to talk to in the hallway. The girl who’d grown into such an incredible woman, and the one that he was

lucky enough to be holding in his arms. “I think we can make this work,” he whispered.

“Me too,” she quickly agreed.

“Well, that wasn’t too hard to suggest,” he joked.

Sophie giggled, and Micah softly kissed her.



THE END