

Rain pours outside the wedding reception hall. Lyra and Jay stand beneath the cover of the large entryway. Everyone is gone. It's just the two of them now.

"You look beautiful," Jay says, smiling as Lyra's eyes light up in the soft white light. He's already said it once when they exchanged rings and again after they said their vows, but no matter how many times he says it, it never feels like enough. Each time, Lyra blushes and laughs as if she's hearing it for the first time.

Standing on her tiptoes, Lyra presses a kiss to Jay's cheek. "And you're handsome, my prince."

He chuckles, dimples forming in his smile.

Lyra cups Jay's face in her hands. "Why are you so cute?" she asks. "Now that we're married, I'm gonna pick you up and run away with you."

"Really?" he replies, his eyes brightening with amusement. "Can you do that?"

"Mmm." Lyra nods thoughtfully. "I can."

In her heart, she could do anything, especially for him. She'd crossed time and defied death. Nothing felt impossible anymore, though fate had stolen their happiness from them more times than she could count.

Taking Jay's hand in hers, she rubs her thumb over his fingers before resting her head against his shoulder. Being with him, feeling the warmth of his presence, was all she'd prayed for—all she'd ever wanted.

She closes her eyes, taking it in as she listens to the rain. The same sound she'd heard the day they first met.

When the limousine finally pulls up to take them home, Jay removes his jacket and places it over her head like a hood. It's so large on her small frame that it drapes nearly to her knees.

"Jay!" She realizes what he's doing. "You don't have to—"

Taking her into his arms, he holds his bride like a princess and smiles. "Sorry, Lyra. I forgot my umbrella."

"Jay!" she protests. "Your clothes!"

"Ah!" He looks down at his shirt. "It's okay, Lyra."

"Jay..." She crosses her arms, pouting.

It makes him laugh. "Can I be your umbrella?" he teases with a smirk.

"Damn it!" Lyra says, unable to hold back her smile when their eyes meet. She can't say no.

They rush down the steps of the hall, laughing as they jump into the car as quickly as they can. The driver closes the door behind them before starting the car.

Both soaked from the rain, Jay and Lyra shiver in the cold air. Jay turns the AC dial away, just as he did in their early days, adjusting it for her.

"Are you still cold?" Jay asks.

But a grin brightens her face as she wraps her arms around him and settles against his chest.

"I'm not now," she replies, closing her eyes and listening to his heartbeat. A sound that had gone quiet more times than she'd ever wanted to admit. A sound she never wanted to lose again.

He nestles his head against hers. Wrapped in the safety and warmth of each other's embrace, it was all they had ever wanted—more than they could have hoped for.

"Jay," Lyra says again, keeping her eyes closed. She likes saying his name. It feels good to have him beside her and to hear his voice respond.

"Lyra?" he replies, curious about what's on his wife's mind.

"Thank you." She squeezes him tightly and glances up at him.

"For what?" he asks, meeting her eyes.

"For everything." She lays her head back down against his chest. "For staying by my side... for loving me. Even when I didn't love you back."

Stroking her hair, he presses a kiss to her forehead before gently lifting her chin to meet his gaze.

"And thank you..." He pauses, becoming lost in her eyes. "For waiting... for saving me..."

Lyra's expression softens.

"I love you, Jay..." she whispers.

"I love you, Lyra..." he says, drawing her close.

Their lips meet, drawn together by the magnetic pull between them.

When they part, Lyra opens her eyes, smiling.

"Jay..." she says, her eyes widening at the shriek of an oncoming car.

In a flash of light, everything seems to disappear.

Jay wraps his arms around his wife, shielding her as the car slides into the side of the highway median.

They both crash against the door. Lyra hits her head against the window, blood running down her face.