

Epilogue—Love Finds You in Sundance, WY

Angel stood beside Travis, her head against his chest as his arm circled her shoulders. “I’m so happy to be home.” She peeked up at her grinning husband. “What’s so funny?”

He shook his head but the smile didn’t fade. “We’ve been back from our wedding trip for five months, honey.” He waved a hand toward the sound of nearby hammering. “I’m glad the cowboys are making such good progress on Smokey’s new cabin. I never thought I’d see the day Smokey would be head-over-heels in love with a woman. His cook stove, yes, but married? Whew!”

Angel pulled away and planted her hands on her hips. “He didn’t marry just any woman. Grandmother is special and he knows it!”

“Maria is related to you, so of course she is. Now come here.” Travis tugged her back to his side and buried his face in her black hair. “I love you.”

She sighed and wrapped her arms around his chest. “I love you, too. But we can’t stand here all day mooning over each other; we need to get to work.” Joy surged in Angel’s heart as she gazed at the nearly completed cabin tucked into the trees a quarter mile from the main ranch house. “I’ve got curtains to hang and you need to make sure the cowboys finish the shingles on the roof. We want everything perfect when Grandmother and Smokey return.”

A cloud passed over Travis’s face. “I wish Arizona and Wren hadn’t headed south on that cattle drive. I miss them both. Why’d they have to leave when we were on our honeymoon, anyway?”

Angel bit her lip. Arizona had been smitten with her and somehow she'd not been surprised when they'd learned the two cowboys had struck off on their own. But she wouldn't hurt her husband by telling him so, not when worry clearly dogged his steps over losing his favorite hand. "I'm sure they'll be back—when they're ready. I think Arizona was longing for a bit of adventure."

"Maybe so." Travis gave her another quick hug then dropped his arm. "How do you think Smokey held up in Italy?"

Angel giggled. "Knowing Grandmother, she probably dragged him to every relative's villa to introduce him. She's so proud of her new husband."

"I'm glad they decided to return to her home for their wedding trip." He gripped her hand and drew her toward the single-story log cabin. James's almost grown puppy rushed across the yard bounding around them, barking a welcome.

"Yes, so am I." Angel nodded and brushed a curl from her face. "Stay down, Dakota. Where's James?"

Travis patted the dog then shooed him away. "He went with Libby and Nate to town for supplies. I'm glad we made it back for Libby's wedding, and they didn't decide to get married overseas."

"Me too. But I don't blame Grandmother for wanting the ceremony to take place in her hometown. We'll throw a big party for her when they return." She smiled. "Nate's wonderful with James, don't you think?"

Travis nodded. "The boy practically worships him. I've actually missed the boy tagging along after me lately."

"He's not going to be a boy much longer. James is fourteen now, you know."

Travis shook his head. “Doesn’t seem possible. Libby marrying Nate was the best thing that could’ve happened for James. I was worried about him for a while there, with some of the scrapes he got into and poor choices he made, but he’s so anxious to please Nate and willing to listen, I think he’s going to turn out fine.”

“Of course he is.” Angel reached up and patted his cheek. “He’s also got a wonderful uncle who’s taught him a few things since he arrived here a year ago.” She stepped up onto the porch and sank into one of the rockers situated not far from the door. “I can’t believe I’m tired this early in the day.” She patted the chair nearby. “Sit down, Travis.” Angel felt as though she’d burst with excitement. “I’ve been waiting for the perfect moment to tell you something, and I’m afraid I can’t wait any longer.”

He sat down abruptly a frown tugging at the corner of his mouth. “You’re tired? What’s wrong? Are you sick? I’ve never heard you complain since I met you. Not even when you got clawed by that mountain lion.” Reaching over to clasp her hand he cradled it in his own, stroking his thumb over her knuckles. “Should I get the doctor?”

A bubbling laugh broke from Angel’s lips. “Not yet. But you’ll probably want to have one on hand in, say—about six months, more or less.”

Travis stared as though he’d been struck dumb. “Six months? What? Why?”

She patted her midriff. “Another couple of months and your son or daughter will make himself felt.”

“You’re . . .” His gaping mouth snapped shut and he jumped to his feet. “Are you saying what I think you’re saying?”

Angel cocked her head to one side and smiled. “Depends on what you’re thinking.”

“A baby?” He jumped out of his chair. “Holy mackerel!” The words boomed across the clearing.

The hammering above them on the roof suddenly ceased and Bud’s voice sounded over the eaves. “Boss? You and Miss Angel all right?”

Travis slowly dropped back into his seat, a chagrined look on his face, and picked up Angel’s hand. “We’re fine, Bud. Sorry for startling you. Go on back to work and I’ll be up in a bit to help you and Charlie finish.”

Angel gazed at him, love swelling her heart, but uncertainty niggled at her husband’s response. “I’m hope the news meets with your approval, because this baby is definitely on the way.” She bit her lip. “Are you happy, Travis? You’re not disappointed that it’s not going to be just the two of us?”

Travis slipped off the chair and knelt by her side. “Oh honey, nothing you do could ever disappoint me. And believe me, other than the day you became my bride, this is the happiest I’ve ever been in my life.” He leaned forward and met her lips in a sweet kiss. “I don’t care if it’s a boy or a girl, or one of each. It’s going to be the most beautiful baby in the entire world.”

She laughed and pressed her lips against his in one more lingering caress. “Won’t Grandmother be surprised? A new cabin to go along with her new husband, and a great-grandchild to top things off. Life can’t get much better than this.”