

The Billionaire's Prodigal Wife Epilogue

The End
Options

Alessandro had led Mackenna through the house he was wanting to purchase and waited her approval, his impatience showing as she hemmed and hawed over every tiny detail of the home, even though he had repeatedly indicated he was going to have many of the cosmetic details renovated.

"Let me get this straight," she stood looking out a set of patio doors exiting the master bathroom directly onto a patio overlooking the backyard. "This," she waved her arms around, "palace is where you want us to live?"

"It's smaller than the place in Milan," he shrugged.

"It's huge," she looked at him with her eyebrows furrowed deeply, "Portman's house is a street over and it's not half the size of this." She pointed to an outbuilding. "It has a guest house."

"Carlos can have the guest house so he can have his own privacy but will be close enough he can come barreling in if he needs. It has an extra bedroom if he has company."

"This house has six bedrooms."

"A guest room for my parents when they come," he shrugged, "and if we have parties then there will be lots of place for people to sleep it off instead of driving home."

"Two living rooms?"

"One to play music and dance to," he winked at her, "we'll treat it like our own salsa club."

"There's a theatre in this house Alessandro, complete with projector and screen."

"Yes, so when you're angry at me, I can play movies of sad dogs and make you cry on my shoulder."

"Emotional manipulation." He shrugged and she shook her head, "at least you're aware you'll piss me off."

"It is guaranteed, we are both highly passionate people, and you have tongue to rival your viper's," he held her gaze seriously.

"Camilla is protecting my interests."

"She called me to warn me if you ever left me again, she would handle your divorce pro bono."

"She's still mad about the baptism."

"Mm," he rolled his eyes and leaned against the rail of the balcony. "What about the view?"

She looked him up and down with a smirk, "fishing for compliments? Ego feeling fragile today?"

"I meant the mountains," he pointed at her. "Your head injury is well and truly resolved the way you're carrying on today."

"Yes, and my hand feels a lot better too. I'm going to work on Monday."

"How will you work with one hand?"

"The same way you would with one hand," she glared at him daring him to tell her she couldn't go to work.

"Fine, go to work but if the doctor gives you hell, I'm not defending you," he paused, "in fact if either doctor, Wright or Kirkland, give you hell, I'm going to just sit and enjoy the show." He pointed at her arm, "you still can't even shower yet."

"Then you can continue to make yourself useful and wash my hair and help me bathe," she grinned saucily, "you didn't seem to mind this morning."

"This morning I wasn't aware you were going to try to conquer the world by noon." He met her gaze full on. "So far you've arranged your entire walk-in closet in the condo, went for a walk and told multiple journalists to go screw themselves, though if I recall you used a stronger word with one of them," he folded his arms over his chest, "you've told Nuncio off for trying to buy your condo off you and now you're deliberately antagonizing me. Also, Nuncio sent a text the word you used at the journalist is trending."

"He deserved it."

“He did but now the entire world knows my wife has a mouth to rival a sailor’s.” Amusement etched his face. “My grandmother was horrified.”

“She’ll have to get used to it,” Mackenna made a half shrug as she walked to the balcony, stood beside him, and took in the breathtaking view of the mountains. “I’m not changing for anyone.”

“I don’t want you to,” he lifted a hand to touch her cheek. “With all we have been through, I appreciate the woman you are, and I look forward to the next chapters in our lives.”

She smiled and curved her cheek into his palm, “even with my sailor’s tongue?”

“I especially like the tongue,” he chuckled as she kissed his hand. He stood watching her take in the view from what he hoped would be their master suite. “So, what do you think of the house?”

“Truthfully?”

“Yes, if you do not like it, I’ll continue my search,” he paused, “I could even commission an architect and design my own house and just build from the ground up, but this seems a quicker option and I’m anxious to start living together on our own again.”

“Alessandro, I actually really like it,” she smiled. “I’ve been teasing you a bit, but I love the proximity to work, to the condo and Savannah, to the mountains and hiking trails. There are definitely some cosmetic things, such as the flamingo pink tub in the shape of a heart in the master bathroom,” she wrinkled her nose.

“You don’t want to keep it?” he deadpanned then laughed as she playfully punched his arm. “If you are in agreement, I’ll talk to a contractor and set out a timeline for renovations. We will stay at the condo until they are done but I’m quite sure Savannah and Nuncio are ready to start their lives on their own as soon as possible.”

“Thank you by the way for offering to design her wedding dress,” Mackenna grinned, “she’s beside herself.”

“I made her cry,” he grinned wickedly.

“I swear everyday you two are more siblings than she and I ever were,” Mackenna chastised him, “you torment the hell out of each other one minute and then are plotting thick as thieves the next.”

“What can I say? She’s grown on me. She’s incredibly smart behind the mess of blonde hair and blue eyes and I really respect how hard she has worked and everything she has gone through to come out on top like she has. She works hard and she never gives up. I feel she is becoming one of my closest friends and I value her. She is gift to us both. If there is anything I am grateful for Mackenna is to know she was put in your path and has been your companion and best friend, the last number of years.”

“Me too,” she smiled.

“She told me you paid off her debts,” he met her gaze quietly without any censure in his words.

“She would have done the same,” Mackenna shrugged as she fought the blush on her cheeks, “you two have talked way too much while I’ve been sleeping.”

“We have,” his smile was wide, “she is very honest and forthcoming. She likes to argue, and she’d fight me to the death on some things I’m certain of it, but there is one thing we are both very much in agreement on, and it is how much we love you.”

“Just both very differently,” she giggled, “I remember when you first met her you thought she was in love with me.”

He laughed at her comment, “I admit I think everyone is in love with you. How could they not be?”

She turned and moved into his embrace and rested her head on his shoulder. “Well, I only have romantic eyes for one man.”

“It better be me,” his smirk unrepentant, “I don’t share well.”

“If I hadn’t met your sister, I’d suspect on your spoiled behaviours, you were an only child. Brat.”

He lifted her up and sat her on the rail, holding her protectively in his arms, “I may be a brat but at least I know it.” He held her eyes seriously, “I love you Mackenna and I will never apologize for it.”

So he wound her arms around his neck, “I would never want you to.”

“Good,” he smiled as he lowered his head and kissed her mouth, sliding his lips possessively across her supple ones. Her legs wound around his legs pulling him closer to her body, her fingers digging into his hair, holding his head close to hers.

When he finally released her from his kiss, she was breathless and heavy-lidded, “Alessandro, keep it up and we’ll be christening a house we don’t own yet.”

His laugh was low and throaty, “considering the real estate agent is somewhere on the grounds we should reign ourselves in I expect.” He lifted her down off the rail and took her hands in his. “Well, my love, are we buying a house?”

“Yes,” she said unequivocal in her confidence. “We are buying a house but we’re going to turn it into our home.”

He spun her around in his arms and laughed happily, “I’m so glad to hear this. Come, I want to show you something else on the grounds.”

He led her back through the house and then out the sliding doors into the backyard, he paused, “I think I would like to have this whole wall made of glass so we can see out from the kitchen, dining and main living area right through the back yard to the mountains.”

“Until one paparazzi sets up a camera on a trail in the distance with a very good lens,” she retorted.

“If they can climb that trail,” he pointed to the massive peak in the distance, “all the power to them.”

“If we have children, I’m not having them being photographed in the house they live in from a mountain,” she argued.

“We will look into whether there exists a mirrored type of glass for such a thing, we can see out, nobody can see it.” He offered the compromise.

“I’ll agree so long as it doesn’t look tacky. Imagine the jokes to be made if my model husband needs a wall of mirrors on his house.” She smirked at him daring him to disagree.

He rolled his eyes as he dragged her through the back gardens, past a pool and a tennis court.

She waved at this, “who the hell lived here?”

“It seems the missus in this relationship really enjoyed spending the mister’s money and there was something to do with the young man who maintained the beautiful pool which was their undoing.”

“Oh dear,” Mackenna giggled as she followed Alessandro down a trail through a hedge and then into a widened space where a gazebo was housed. “Oh, this is very pretty out here.” She patted his shoulder, “you should have started here, I’d have set yes right away.”

“You are trying my patience,” he grumbled as he pulled her to the gazebo. He stood watching her as she looked all around from where she stood in the middle of the area. He pulled a folded paper from his coat and waited patiently for her to look back to him.

“It’s stunning out here Alessandro, the views of the house and the mountains are incredible, the gardens are pristine and it’s simply so peaceful. I can see myself sitting here with a book and a cup of tea and relaxing on any day.”

“Could you see yourself getting married here?” he asked quietly

“What?” She turned to face him seriously. “It makes no sense, we’re already married.”

“Our marriage failed badly Mackenna because of all the things I did wrong. I hid you from day one, I rushed you, I bullied you and I disrespected you.” He passed her the paper and watched as she opened it up and stared at it.

“This is what you were sketching when you came home on Wednesday?” she lifted watery eyes to meet his.

“Yes, I want us to renew our vows. I want it to be a celebration of the promises we made six years ago and for me to make it truly clear to you and to the

entire world, you are my everything Mackenna. There is nothing I want more in this world than your happiness.”

“You want to marry me again?” she sniffed and wiped a tear off her cheek with the back of her hand as she stared at the wedding dress he’d designed.

“Yes, more than anything in the world.” He smiled, “I’d like to do it right here, with all of our friends and family in attendance. We can hire a photographer,” he winked, “I may know of a few, to do a spread for a magazine.”

“I’m not magazine worthy.” She shook her head.

“I disagree, and if we allow a photographer exclusive access, and we donate the proceeds of the sale of the photos to a specific magazine, then we are controlling the narrative of what happens with our publicity. I get to declare to the world I am your husband, and you get control over the publicity.” He paused, “we could donate the proceeds to the oncology ward at the hospital.”

She sobbed outright now at his suggestion. “Alessandro, I don’t know what to say.”

“Say yes,” he grinned as he pulled her into his arms and held her tight. “I love you Mackenna and I want to rebuild our lives together, the way we should have done it. I want to do it right, with respect, love, and friendship. I want to have no regrets. Say you’ll marry me again, amore.”

“Yes,” she smiled as she flung her arms around his neck, and he hugged her tight to his chest.

“Also, there is one other thing,” he pulled from his pocket, “I know we are going to renew our vows and I’ve already commissioned the ring,” his grin was arrogant as she shook her head at him, “but I would very much like if you put this one back on your hand.”

He held up a thin gold band and smiled as she sobbed hard. “It’s not so sad you should cry this much.”

“You kept my ring all these years?”

“Yes,” he felt his own tears sliding down his cheeks as he slid the ring back on her shaky fingers. “I had prayed for so long I would be able to put this back on your hand and now,” his breath shook, “I can hardly believe it’s real.”

She stared at her ring and felt her heart thundering. "I can't believe you kept it." She met his eyes as touched his dampened cheeks, "I love you so much Alessandro."

"I love you too Mackenna. I believe we will be incredibly happy here in Phoenix, in the home we will build with our friends and family around us."

Mackenna knew he was right and in her heart, she knew she was exactly where she belonged and with whom she belonged. No matter what the future held for them, there was nothing she could not get through. From the ashes of all the hellfire she had been through, she had risen above it all to claim her own future and destiny. As her husband leaned in for a kiss, she smiled as her lips met his. She was home.