

“I’m sorry.” Drew exhaled in a shaky whoosh. He swung his arms harder and higher. “You’ve lived through a rough time.”

“Now, we’re fine.” She trudged in silence for a few paces and then changed the subject. “If the forecast is right, this time tomorrow, you can leave.”

“Yep, with any luck at all, I’ll soon wave goodbye.” He smacked together his fists.

She clenched her jaw and crunched along with surprising compassion for his situation. “Don’t worry. So far, we’ve coped. We’ll make the best of the situation.” Still, confusion tempted her to shout words she couldn’t say. *Stay away from Noah. Why do you have to be a pilot? Quit being so nice because I want to hate you.*

Nearing the house, Drew cleared his throat. “Anyway, thanks for letting me join you for some fresh air and exercise.”

“No problem.” Maybe she actually meant it. She wrinkled her forehead and shivered.