

# **THE TIDE**

**JUST BUSINESS: SECOND EPILOGUE**

**MAYRA DE GRACIA**

**THE TIDE**

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## THE TIDE

*To you.  
For giving me & this story a chance.*

# 1

## -SAM-

The wind is making the palm trees dance. The moon reflects on the water, and the waves crash against the rocks. I can feel the cold sand under my feet hugging my toes, and little shells that have been here for a long time now brush against them. I've always had a soft spot for the beach. It calms me, gives me peace, and the salty air fills my lungs relaxing me. I haven't been to many beaches in my lifetime, but the few times I've visited it, it has captured me.

Now more than ever, because I'm sharing the ocean with the human I love the most. I'm holding the hand of the one I'm meant to be with—another one that has captured a part of me. In this case, my heart. We are sharing the same salted air and look at each other under the light of the same moon. We are looking at it at the same time and in the same place. We're not apart like when we came back from Europe, and we'll never be apart again. Because all of the issues I caused us are now behind us. I do regret them, but somehow, I feel they happened for a reason.

I had to fail us, to improve us. We both needed time to find ourselves—especially me. I needed to grow, and prioritize what was really important. As we sat down on the sand with the waves crashing at our legs, I had a big urge to just lay there with him, and fall asleep just with the moon as our background.

Brandon wrapped me in his arms, and I finally felt safe. I leaned on his chest and took a deep breathe. I finally understand that this is my home. Wherever we are, if I'm with him it will always be my home. Just like right now. Our home is physically in New York, but even though we're in Greece right now, I know I could start from scratch even if we had to. Just being with him feeling his addicting touch is enough for me.

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Holding his hand till sunrise connected as one—letting the ocean be our only witness. The impulse to plan my life till the mere second exhausted me. No one was rushing me even though it felt like it was. All I can remember is me at twenty years old feeling like time was running out when it actually was just starting. Just like a ghost chasing me through an abandoned manor and cornering me with no room to escape. And... he appeared back in my life. Not the ghost, of course, but Brandon. He came back and set us both free.

We helped ourselves, and each other.

Gosh, I want to stay here on this beach forever with our heartbeats synchronized with the force of the tide. With our souls dancing together under the stars as the ocean comes closer every time. We got married in secret a month and a half ago in Barcelona. You can say we eloped, but Brandon doesn't like calling it that. When I called my mom, she was upset.

I thought she was going to be mad, but surprisingly she wasn't. Although, she was upset because she wasn't going to have the chance to make *sopa borracha* for our wedding reception. I'm not mad about that. I don't think I would've liked seeing people getting drunk by eating sponge cake soaked in rum. It was a similar story with Brandon's family. They were okay, but upset because of certain details. Natasha was happy for us but angry she didn't get to be a bridesmaid.

Mr. Hugh congratulated us and told us Lily would've been happy too but was sad he wasn't there to witness it. Still, he understood our choice and also said that us getting married at the Sagrada Familia, in the crypt of a church that would never be finished, was symbolic of the end of our old life.

I asked him to write it down for us, I really liked that because it was true. Now, another life was starting for the two of us without self-indulgent barricades.

Rosie and Kevin were pissed. More her than him, though. She was mad at me for not having a bachelorette party, being registered for gifts, or having her as my maid of honor. Kevin just wanted to party, but still congratulated us. I'm one-hundred percent sure he would've taken Brandon to a strip club, but we won't talk about that. We promised not to discuss it.

Even Preston called us when he heard the news! And sent us pictures of the gift he got us. Brandon almost fainted and made us go back home. Four Beatles vinyl discs autographed by Paul & Ringo.

I also screamed a little, not gonna lie, that was an amazing gift. The rest of our friends also congratulated us and told us they would send our gifts to Mr. Hecox's house, because we don't have one as of right now. I mean, we do, technically it's Brandon's apartment at the Upper East Side, but that's filled up with all my furniture. After Preston O'Doherty's tour ended we came back to the city, moved all of my stuff to his apartment and stayed at his dad's house because there wasn't any room left for both of us. I mean, it didn't make sense for me to still be paying rent on an apartment I wasn't using because I was always at Brandon's.

And I have to accept, it was pretty funny spending days leading up to our next work trip with Brandon in his childhood bedroom. He has quite a few trophies and rock stars still decorating his walls. So cute. Also, we shared his twin-sized bed. He swore I was the first girl that ever slept there. I'm not going to deny it, knowing that fact was weird, funny and made me feel special at the same time. Yet again, no one knows we're in here.

After we finished recording the first half of Elections Season One, Brandon suggested we needed alone time and a honeymoon to remember forever. Of course, I agreed and he suggested Greece without hesitating. He could've picked anywhere in the world but chose a magical city. Just like the ones we are used to visiting. Right away, I pictured us exactly how we are right now, and it made me so excited. He told me he would arrange everything for us to stay here in Santorini for a week. And I've been having the time of my life.

Not caring about anything — just enjoying my time with my partner. The love of my days, and light of my life. He's brighter than the moon in my eyes, and I love him for it. A year ago, I was questioning everything about my life and now I'm here. Everything can change as easily as time changes from sunset to sunrise and it astounds me all the time. You know what I mean?

It just seems like just yesterday I went thrift shopping with Rosie and we had lunch at a Greek restaurant. Now I'm eating Greek food again, but with my husband in Greece. That is wild!

"What are you thinking about?" He spoke. Breaking the comfortable silence and caressing my shoulder, sand leaving a trace on my skin.

"About us..." I looked up from his chest and smiled. I'm the luckiest.

"Oh, I'm part of the equation, so enlighten me." He said and rose from my spot. I miss his warm embrace already. The Honeymoon phase is a real-life thing, my peeps.

"I'm just thinking about how grateful I am to be here with you right now. I've never been happier."



Standing up from where we were seated, I walked forward to the sea. The water it's too cold it made me shiver. I buried my feet in the sand and somehow, was even colder.

“As happy as the time when I surprised you with a Vespa in Italy?”

Appearing by my side, Brandon grabs my hand and brings it to his lips, kissing the top of it and it still sends a pleasant shiver down my spine each time he does it.

“Even happier.” I smiled and he hugged me from behind. Clasp his hands in front of me and hugging my waist from behind, he buried his head on my neck and left a kiss on my collarbone. “I’m glad,” he planted kisses all over my skin causing me to giggle “You deserve it all, darling.”

He wants me to die. He seriously wants me to pass out right here on the sand and never wake up again. The Greeks will make legends about me or even a statue in my honor! They’ll call it

*‘The Woman Who Passed Away Because Her Husband Called Her Darling’*. Ha, I’m a comedian — Also, I should be used to calling him my husband, but it’s still weird. I’m now Samantha Richards-Hecox, for legal purposes, and for the public, I’m Samantha Hecox. I like it, it has a nice ring to it.

When I was little, I used to tell my mom I wasn’t going to get married until I was thirty, had a stable job, and a home of my own. Teenagers should get a reality check class in high school because we think at twenty-five our life is going to be like in the movies. Life happens and we couldn’t have been farther from the truth of what reality really is.

But I’m glad how my life turned out — it was about timing more than anything else, really.

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“I’m so glad we came here, Bran” I chuckled. “For real, I never thought I would’ve been in a place like this for my honeymoon.”

He smiled and planted another kiss on my collarbone.

“You should know that by now my only duty is making all of your dreams come true.” He assured me. I’m so in love, I’m sorry if you all are suffering from our cheesiness. But, can you blame me? This man right here is my weakness.

“You’re just saying that because you’re my husband.”

“I love hearing you say that.”

He kissed my navel.

“So, where did your parents go for their honeymoon anyways?”

“I think they went to the Gold Coast in Australia. What about yours?” Brandon asked.

There’s no way I can top that.

“Atlantic City.”

We both laughed and he hugged me from behind. If you look up the definition of happiness in the dictionary, a picture of us right at this moment comes up.

This is for sure what happiness and contentment feels like.

## 2

-BRANDON-

My wife.

I don't think it'll ever be possible for me to get tired of calling her that. Sam is my wife now! What the heck. Am I dreaming? Nope, but I'm definitely starting to sound like her.

It's been a month a half since she took my last name. I suggested I should take hers, but she said the Hecox last name had a nice ring to it and she wanted it. I wasn't going to argue with that. Samantha Hecox. It's like she was meant to have it.

My idea to get married all of a sudden came way before Barcelona. Do you know the story about how I proposed to her under a bridge in Central Park? I suppose she's told you already. Anyways, ever since we got back together, I thought about how I was going to propose, how the wedding was going to be like and where we would go on our honeymoon.

Those plans went to hell when we broke up the first time. You know that story too—it happened when she got the internship at New Worlds. However, when we got back together the second time (in Rome) all of those ideas came back to me whilst we were on our short stay in Paris. Then we broke up again, and we went our separate ways for some time. But then we got back together after I sang *Just Business* in front of her and some other people (oh, by the way, the song is doing so good!

There are rumors that the Billboard Music Awards are nominating me for Top New Artist!

*Me! It's wild to think how things can change in a year*), and she apologized. We've come a long way together, and our story is just getting started.

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But the day before proposing and the Madison Square Garden show, I went to pick up the ring I designed myself with help of the jewelers. She went to visit my sister at the Hecox Companies building and I went to Tiffany & Co on Fifth Avenue.

I told her I had to be early for my soundcheck before Preston's and she bought it. I hid it in my guitar case and almost had a heart attack for a second when I couldn't remember where it was. But everything worked out in the end. I proposed, we kept the secret. Before going on the trip to start filming our show we told our close family and friends, they helped us keep the secret. And then all of a sudden, I had an urge to marry her in Spain. It was... weird, but it felt right.

Everything was happening so fast, and we were so focused on Elections: the show that we hadn't even talked about when or where the wedding was happening. Having friends scattered all over the country, and our parents in different states it made sense for me to have a ceremony just for the two of us. And we did it. When we found a priest, he refused to marry us at first, but we both tried to explain to him why we were doing it. After a few tries, he said yes.

I think he resigned because he was tired of hearing Sam try to speak Spanish with him. I love her, but my girl is so bad at it.

He married us, and we kept it a secret. And now we are here, enjoying our honeymoon. This trip was the only thing that came through from my original plan. I wanted to propose to her at the beach, wanted us to have our wedding in the Hamptons, and to have our honeymoon in Greece. Only the latter happened for real.

And why Greece, you might ask?

I've always been fascinated by Greek mythology, Greek architecture, and Greek food.

I love a good Pastitsio and Baklava for dessert. Greece has always been one of those destinations that has intrigued me. Its history goes back thousands of years and influenced the Roman Empire, and it keeps shaping civilizations today. I love it.

“I wish we could stay like this forever...”

Sam yawned, covering her face with the white sheets.

Santorini’s sun rays are peeping through the curtains of our hotel room, and another gorgeous Mediterranean day is waiting for us. Although, I wouldn’t mind staying here either. Waking up to my wife hugging my bare torso is a sight I will never get tired of.

“Me too, darling. But we have an amazing day planned. Don’t tell me you don’t want to keep sightseeing the city?”

“Well of course, but I wish we could just lay in bed, order food and swim wearing nothing but sunscreen.”

“That doesn’t sound too bad.”

I nuzzled my nose into her hair and the sweet lavender fragrance filled my nose. Oh, my Samantha.

“Of course, it doesn’t sound bad. Bran, we have a freaking pool on our balcony!”

“Fair enough. Anyways, we could come back early and use it. But I really want you to see what I planned for us for today.”

“What is it?”

“It’s a surprise...”

She sat abruptly on the bed, covering her chest with the sheet.

“Nu-uh, that word scares me. Nope.”

“Oh, baby, come on. Don’t be a party pooper.”

I said, propelling myself up with the help of my elbow.

“I’m not a party pooper. I’m just... trying to guard my safety.”

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Sam pouted her lips and I chuckled. She's the cutest.

"Please, for me?"

I kissed her shoulder.

"I don't even know what we're doing." She replied, leaving the bed still covering her body with the sheet. That damn sheet, I'll burn it if it wasn't the hotel's property.

I walked up to her and she turned her back against me. Oh, my love, two can play at this game.

"I dare you to look at me," I mumbled closely to her ear.

My lips softly brushed her skin.

"So that's how we're going to solve our disagreements in this marriage? Daring each other?"

"No, but it's fun."

I kissed the back of her ear, capturing the lobe with my mouth.

"If I agree to go on this surprise, you'll let me go shower?"

Sam asked.

"Only if I can shower with you."

Acknowledging my proposition, she agreed and grabbed my hand. Letting go of the fabric, the sheet fell to the floor.

"You definitely know how to seal a deal."

I said chuckling.

I'm so fucking lucky.

Sam and I have had our ups and downs. We've fought, cried, and forgiven each other. It's been a hell of a ride, but now we're here. In a hotel room on an Island in the southern Aegean Sea. Life works in mysterious ways, and every day I learn something new about it.

And today I learned that wearing nothing but sunscreen to be intimate with your significant other to swim, can be a possibility.

### 3 -SAM-

When Brandon Hecox says he has a surprise, run. You already know he goes the extra mile for it. But that's just the way he is.

After spending the morning together with the 'do not disturb' sign on our door handle, we finally decided it was time to start the day.

"So, where are we going?" I asked.

"We... are going to the beach. Didn't this basket give me away? We're flying a kite and everything."

Brandon answered, intertwining our fingers. He's doing it by force of habit, but I just know he's making sure I don't miss a step going down the stairs. Greece, you're amazing. But stairs on every alley?

My clumsy ass has fallen twice already, and I don't want a third time. "I've never done that! Rosie invited me once to her family's vacation house in Chesapeake Bay and I really wanted to fly a kite, but it kept falling to the ground."

"Poor baby," he leaned to kiss me on the cheek as we strode down a little market. I love Bougainvillea's, they're one of the best flower species. Mom told me that pretty much every house in Panama with a garden has them. "Don't worry, I'll teach you how to fly one."

*My savior.*

"Babe, what if we buy some of this?" I said, pointing to a fruit stand with piles of apricots, and figs. "They go amazing with the cheese you bought."

"Sure, give me a second." He walked up to the vendor and bought a pound of apricots, five figs, and cherries.

"Did you invite someone else, or...?"

I laughed. There's so much food we could feed an army.

“Nope, It’s just for us.”

He gave me an apricot and I snacked on it until we reached the beach. “Here’s perfect,” I said, when we reached a nice spot under a bungalow.

I helped him set the blanket, and we sat down taking out the food from the wicker basket. Brandon thinks of everything. I realized that last year when we spent Christmas in Paris. He’s a great event planner.

“My lady...”

Handing me a wine glass, we toasted and ate in silence looking at the ocean. There are many stories about the Mediterranean ocean, but the one we’re living in right now has to be my favorite. When I was in high school, I was obsessed with Rick Riordan’s books. I wanted to be just like Annabeth—being Athena’s daughter, and a demigod definitely seemed appealing to me.

“What are you thinking of?” Brandon asked.

“I was thinking that I really like the name Annabeth.”

“Annabeth... for a baby girl you say?”

“Yeah,” I chuckled. “I know it’s silly, and we just got married! But I keep picturing us coming back here with three kids.”

He grinned, leaning back on the blanket.

“Oh, so we’re talking baby names now. Okay, I want to name my kid Nemo.”

I almost choke on my wine. “Are you calling our unconceived baby a clown fish?” I placed my hand on my chest and opened my mouth gasping. Am I offended for real? No, but he doesn’t have to know that.

“No! I really like the name.”

He must be joking. If there’s anyone out there actually named Nemo, please let me know how you survived high school.



“You definitely are a celebrity. You people always pick the most awful names for kids.”

“I beg your pardon! Baby, I’m not a celebrity.” Whining, he wrapped his arms around my waist, hugging me to his chest. “Ha! This month’s *People’s Magazine* cover differs from that. They might name you next year’s *Sexiest Man Alive*.”

Brandon chuckled.

I’m not kidding, I bet twenty bucks they’re obsessed with him over at People’s headquarters.

“I just want to be called that by *you*.”

And... now I’m back. I’ll stop being jealous. But can you blame me? My man is one of the world’s most wanted hotties. A girl from my high school even reached out to me on Facebook just to see if I would give her his number. The nerve of some people...

“Alright, I’ll call you that as long as you don’t name our kid Pixar’s beloved loved fish.”

“Hey! I could’ve suggested Mike, that’s a good name.”

“Really? Mike Wazowski?” I laughed. He’s lucky he’s cute.

“He is my favorite from Monsters Inc.”

Seating down, he passed me the cheese tray. If I wasn’t married to this hunk, I would’ve married Gouda.

“Do we really have to name our children from Disney characters?”

“No... but we could!” I rolled my eyes and bit the cheese. Kim Kardashian called; she wants to name her next kid Yzma or Kronk.

“We’re not doing it. Case closed.”

“Oh, and what about Matthew?”

He asked. I like that one.

“Matthew... it has a nice ring to it, and we could call him Matt.”

“I love it,” He replied, smiling and placing his right index finger under my chin. “Just like I love you.”

Is the sun burning my face? Or is he the one making me hot? Probably both.

“I love you more.” I leaned over to peck him on the lips. “However, I think as a future mother of that kid, I deserve to know, why do you like that one?”

“You know I left for a bit this morning whilst you were getting dressed, right?” I nodded, crossing my arms. “Well, I went to the little shop that’s on the corner from our hotel to buy these snacks. The old man behind the counter had a name tag, and I asked him if he understood me in English. He said *no, only Greek and Italian.*”

“So, you spoke with him in Italian, right?”

“Yeah, and he told me he owned the shop, and, you know, told me a little bit about his story. I was in full Elections-interview mode.”

“Ha, even on vacation it’s hard to stop working. Don’t think that you’re the only one, I’ve wanted to work too.”

I laid on the beach blanket and he copied me, resting his head on the palm of his hand.

“Tell me about it. Anyway, I asked the man what his name was because I couldn’t understand, and he said Matthaïos.”

“That sounds like Matthew.”

“It is. I googled it, and Matthaïos is the Greek form of the Hebrew name, which is the original form of the name. Matthew is the English version, and I really liked it.”

That sounds so cool.

“And what does it mean?”

“Matthew means gift from God. So, I thought, why not? It could be a good option for us if we have a boy. I like getting and receiving gifts, so if life gives us a gift *that* beautiful, I think it’ll fit us.”

I love that. A gift from life.

“Let’s write it down, I really like that one. Besides, it will make us remember this place.”

I sighed and glanced at the peculiar blue sky. This is one of the bluest I’ve ever seen. Greece, you’re spectacular.

“For sure. I also like Annabeth, though. But let’s settle on just Matthew for now, we have plenty of time to pick baby names, and even pet names!”

“A lifetime.” I grinned, placing my hand on top of his.

Gosh, I love him so much.

Life’s different by his side, and it was scripted so beautifully it’s hard to believe. But life can be beautiful, there’s always a silver lining.

“Okay... so does this means I can name our dog Nemo?”

“Brandon!”

## THE TIDE

### 4

#### -BRANDON-

Walking down the beach with the love of my life gives me a sense of infinite peace. It's overwhelming. These are the moments when I realize I've achieved happiness. I miss my mom, I know Sam misses her dad, and they should be here with us and the rest of our family to celebrate every single milestone we accomplish.

The tide rises and falls every day with a force that can drag anything at its pace; just like life and every situation we cross. The sky during the night is transparent, not black. It's like a mirror to a universe so big, all we can see is limited, but has endless possibilities we can't even imagine. Maybe our parents are indeed looking down at us—I want to think they are.

Seeing a sunset in Santorini is one for the books. People come from all over the world just to see one.

We're currently on the beach, seated in front of the ocean, just looking at it. If the sky itself could speak about love, it would self-describe it as a sunset. The brilliant red and orange colors of the star, mix in with a wave of pink and purple so gorgeous my eyes can't see at once. It disappears down the horizon, and the star lets our natural satellite make her big entrance. The sun and moon love each other so much, scientists keep track of when they connect with the earth. And even though people see these events happen every day, they still find it magical.

Just like us, everybody else on this beach, and the city who remains quiet daily during golden hour. Just as if they were waiting for it to tell them something.

On some level it does, it transmits things we can't describe but feel deep within us.

"There's no way to describe this other than beautiful. I wish there was another adjective I could say, but words are not enough." Sam mumbled, leaning her head on my shoulder.

"I know," I said, planting a kiss on the top of her head. "I don't know what to say. This is one of the most stunning things I've experienced."

"Do you think everything between us will change now that we're married?" She asked, biting her bottom lip and settling on the sand.

"Why would they change?"

"Because couples sometimes drift off, and I don't want that to happen to us." I sighed, setting my chin on top of her knees. I have to look at her directly into her eyes. She needs to understand this.

"That's not going to happen to us... I'm one-hundred percent sure."

"I've seen it happen so many times. We both got lucky with our parents, but... when Rosie's parents divorced, she stayed with me for three weeks because she couldn't bear to be around them." Looking back at the village, she stopped talking for a second. "The fact that marriages end sometimes scares the heck out of me."

"Do you want to know why I am so certain that will not be the case between us?"

"Yes..."

"Well, because you and I work out everything that comes at us. Remember when we were in Paris and got into that huge fight?"

She nodded. "Don't remind me, I still can't believe how selfish I was."

“Well, it took us a while, but we both figured things out. People need time more often than we think, it’s normal.”

“If our kids end up finding out all about our dramas, I’m blaming you.” She chuckled, and I gasped.

“Hey! And why me?”

“Because I’m sure they’re going to think their daddy is perfect, and I’ll have to change that even though I also believe it.”

“Okay, darling, whatever you say. Just know that if you do that, I’ll be ready to let them know how her mom abandoned their dad in the middle of Rome!”

“I didn’t do that!”

“Ah, look at you, how forgetful. When we were at the Sistine Chapel, silly! You abandoned me and I’m going to tell them!”

I placed my hand on my chest in mock offense and wiped fake tears from my cheeks with the tip of my index finger.

“Don’t you dare! You’re such a drama king.”

Sitting up, with her grin wide and cheerful, she pressed her hands against my shoulders. “Oh, *don’t* challenge me. I fulfill my promises.”

Peppering kisses on her cheek, I moved my hands to her waist and tickled her softly. She winced like a worm whilst laughing and squirmed on the sand, trying to fight against my attack on her ribs.

“Okay! Truce!” Sam shouted between breaths. “I can’t take it!”

“Alright, let’s go.”

I stood up and gave her my hand to help her get on her feet.

“Where are we going?”

“To the ocean!”

Sam grimaced. Oh no, not her giving me that look.

“I bet it’s cold, let’s come back later.”

“What? No.” I grabbed her effortlessly, and lifted her up with my arms bridal style, carrying her towards the water.

“Brandon, put me down! I’m not wearing a bathing suit!”

“I don’t care, you look amazing in that sundress.”

I’m not lying, she’s gorgeous. Since we’ve been in the sun so much, her face now is covered in little freckles. Under her eyes, on her cheekbones and on the tip of her nose. She looks like a mermaid. But the fantasy ones, not the real ones. Those creatures are scary.

“Put me down!”

“Never!” I shouted back and Sam laughed.

This girl loves everything I do, she can’t deny it. I love everything she does, but you already know that. I’m a simp.

“The tide is going to take me away!”

She said as I threw us into the water.

“I would never let that happen.” I grabbed her waist, and we jumped as a wave crashed against us. Sam extended her arms as reaching for the sky, and I lifted her up, smiling against her skin.

“Brandon...” She called me and I looked up.

Water was dripping from her face, and she had sand all over her hair.

“Yes, babe?”

“Thank you.”

My eyebrows rose, and I affirmed my feet on the sand so the water force wouldn’t move us. I lowered her gently without letting her go, and now we were back to the same height.

“For what?”

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“For reminding me how happy I can be. It’ll be a work in process until I stop worrying about everything, but if I have you by my side, I know we’ll be alright.”

“You don’t have nothing to thank me for, alright?” I placed a lock of her damp hair behind her ear, and she nodded.

“Our kids will be lucky to have you.”

“They’ll be lucky to have *us*. So, as long as we’re together, we’ll live many more adventures like this one when they come along. They’ll get bored of us.”

Laughing, I looped my arm through hers, and together we walked down the beach. Leaving our footprints on the sand, and the salty beach air engulfing our souls.

The tide won’t be able to take us, won’t be able to wash us away.

I’ll be by her side forever, and our story will never end.

## THE END



## PLAYLIST

Space Song – Beach House

Beach Baby – Bon Iver

The Tide – Niall Horan

Beyond the Sea – Robbie Williams

Kokomo – The Beach Boys

Island in the Sun – Weezer

### A MESSAGE FROM THE AUTHOR:

Last year when I published Just Business at the beginning of the pandemic, in two languages, whilst in my last year of university, never in a million years I imagined it would reach so many people in so little time. To the book community in Panama, thank you for interviewing me on Instagram Live and spreading the word about me out there.

To my amazing best friends who continue to support me every single day in everything I do: I love you to pieces. To my family! I surprised all of you with the news of me releasing the novel, I know it was shocking to most of you, but it made sense.

To my readers! We're growing together, and I'll never forget every single one of you that is staying by my side now that I'm starting in this industry. I'm so happy you're excited about my new projects, and all that will come. To my incredible English editor, Neroli, you're an angel that was sent to me by destiny at its finest. Without you, the story wouldn't be what it is today. And last but not least, I want to thank Booktok.

Somehow, I managed to build a little community thanks to TikTok? I never expected that one, but I love it! I want to thank Isabella, Avery, Ayman, Hafsah, Frédérique, Megan and many more who have been so kind to read Just Business and share it with the world. I think I've told you already, but your videos make me the happiest ever.

Thank you for believing in me, I'll be grateful forever. This story is just starting to grow, but I just know there will be a time when Sam and Brandon will be everywhere making people smile. If my words make you happy, that's enough reward for me.

**COMING SOON:**  
**MEET THE JADED BOYS!**

**BOOK ONE:**

**THE BOYBAND RECONNECTION**  
**(#1 PRESTON O'DOHERTY)**

**BOOK TWO:**

**THE BOYBAND CORRESPONDENCE**  
**(#2 BECKETT LAURENCE)**

**BOOK THREE:**

**(#3 TRAVIS ANTONOFF)**

**BOOK FOUR:**

**(TO BE REVEALED)**

**BOOK FIVE:**

**(TO BE REVEALED)**

**BOOK SIX:**

**(TO BE REVEALED)**

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Mayra De Gracia is a Panamanian author and journalist born in 1998 and raised in Panama City, Panama. She's an editor and creator of her own entertainment website. She's been an actress, director, production assistant and technical team for audiovisual productions. Mayra has won several writing competitions, and from a very young age has loved reading and writing. She lives in Panama with her family, loves TV & music way too much, and once jumped into a frozen river because she wanted to.

### CONNECT WITH HER ON SOCIAL MEDIA:

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## JUST BUSINESS SYNOPSIS:

Sam feels like she's on top of the world. Has always known what she wants, organized every little detail and controlled every aspect of her life. She has the job of her dreams at New Worlds Publishing House, a private office with views of all of Manhattan and the life in the Big Apple that everyone desires.

You could say she's living her dream life.

Brandon is a natural dreamer just like Sam, the only difference is that he hasn't been as lucky in this aspect.

Yes, he's a millionaire, the most handsome bachelor from the Upper East Side, and heir to the Hecox Companies empire. However, he's a frustrated musician who hasn't had a chance to shine.

When they meet, their lives change completely and the games of destiny play in their favor. But, all of this changes four years later when they discover that the publisher is going to be closed. So they'll have to work together to create a plan to save the company that means so much to both of them.

A plan that will lead them to venture on a trip to different cities and to find their love story again. Unfulfilled promises, a web show, gastronomy, a lot of music and two dreamers who will have to understand that love is their only business.

'Just Business' is a funny, emotional and inspirational novel. A romantic comedy that will make you laugh, fall in love with its characters, travel without leaving home and realize that all dreams are possible.