**GODFATHER ENDING  by Margot, 6HR**

She took a deep breath. "Is it true?" The words left her lips in a shaky whisper. They hung in the air, filling the whole room – even the shadows where he lurked. He heard the trepidation in her voice, sensed her fear like a blow to his slouched body. Michael glanced up at his wife's angelic figure, golden hair glinting in the thin shafts of light. Such innocence was too much to bear. He looked away, searching for the right answer. Finally, he looked up again and they locked eyes. She was trembling, but her imploring gaze did not waver. "No." Firmness reigned in his measured tone. Relief spread across her face and she wrapped her arms blissfully around her husband. Then she drew back, beaming at him, taking in every aspect of his weary face and bounded out of the room. Out of the corner of her eye, Kay saw several dark-suited figures enter the study. In turn, they bent over Michael's hand and kissed it in a gesture of obeisance. "Don Corleone." one murmured deferentially. And then she knew that he had lied to her. She could only watch, a puppet whose strings had slackened, as the oaken doors were closed, separating her from her husband, shutting out the light.