

Chapter 97

Star

I followed the rose petal path for a few minutes, wondering where I was being led. As I moved around an enormous oak tree, I saw Storm waiting for me.

He is sitting with a long-stemmed rose in his mouth, my heart flutters at the sight of him, he looks so fucking cute. "Well, hello my sexy warrior wolf, are you waiting for me?"

I took the rose from him and cupped his snout, lifting his huge head to me and placed a kiss on his mouth, and scratched behind his ear, he whined at me in bliss.

I heard a twig snap behind me and turned to see Maximus and Hunter stalking towards me. My smile was so broad I thought my cheeks would split.

I quickly get undressed and shift into Saffron. Storm takes a step away as Hunter and Maximus come towards us. They both nuzzle us and sniff our stomach, before licking our face.

Saffy linked me, "they are so excited about the pups, as it's our last shift until after the pups come, they wanted to see me, but they are leaving us with Storm now."

We nuzzle them back and they turn and leave us. I hear a howl in the distance and Saffron and Storm howl in return. Storm stalks towards us, nuzzling our side.

Then he pounces and pushes us over, before taking off into the forest. Saffy growls and takes off after him. She is so fast she soon catches up to him, pouncing on his back.

They roll and spar with each other. Saffy manages to pin him and he growls at her playfully. Saffy takes off. They play for a couple of hours, and then Storm leads us further up the Tor. I have never been up here, there is no road and the terrain is very steep, so you need to be in wolf form to be able to tackle it.

The snow is still thick and is getting deeper the higher we go. Storm stops and nuzzles us, making sure we are okay. We nuzzle him back.

Staying beside us, Storm leads us into a crop of fir trees. In the center is a beautiful, rustic cabin, smoke is coming from the chimney.

Storm pushes my hind quarters with his head and we climb the steps to the porch.

Storm nuzzles us before shifting and wrapping a thick dressing gown around himself. Then he steps in front of us and drops to his knees.

"My beautiful Saffron, thank you for having this run with Storm and I. We love you so much, and we can't wait to be with you again once our pups are here."

He leans his forehead against Saffy's, she closes her eyes and leans into his warmth. Kissing her nose, he smiles and grabs another robe, placing it over our back.

"Shift baby."

My bones crack and rearrange themselves, as my body reverts to its human form. Once done, Lexi helps me to my feet and ties the belt of the robe.

He lifts me up and carries me through the door of the cabin. I sniff and the scents of Ace and Ash invade my senses. It's not fresh, maybe half an hour old. Lexi sees me sniffing and chuckles.

"The boys came while we were having our run, Ash had put dinner in the oven and Ace made sure the fire was lit. I could never have pulled this off without them.

The cabin is open plan, there is a cozy seating area with a couch and cushions everywhere, the dining area is compact but romantic, with a table set for two and the smells coming from the kitchen are divine.

Lex leads me up the central staircase which leads straight into the mezzanine bedroom, the hand carved balcony looks down over the living and dining area, the warmth of the fire rises to make the bedroom warm and cozy.

There are two doors to the left of the staircase, the first opens to a gorgeous bathroom and the other a small closet. Lex wraps his arms around me from behind and kisses my neck,

"Shall we shower before dinner? Ash said it would take about an hour for the stew to cook. Lex helps me into the shower and we quickly clean ourselves, as we are off the grid, there is only a limited amount of hot water up here, then he pulls on some silk pajama bottoms, and leaves me to get dressed.

I walked into the closet and found a long silk negligee and matching robe, hanging with a sign saying 'wear me'. I put them on, deciding not to add underwear, brush my hair and head down stairs.

Soft music is playing in the background and candles have been lit around the room. The crackling of the fire adds to the romantic atmosphere. I love it.

Large hands come around my waist and I lean back into a firm chest. He sways us in time to the love song coming from the speakers. I turn in his arms and wrap my arms around his neck as we move to the music.

Losing track of time as we sway in each other's arms, whispering words of love to each other. The sound of the kitchen timer going off makes us both jump. Laughing, he leads me to a seat at the table before heading to the kitchen.

When he returns, he is carrying a large casserole dish which he places in the middle of the table, then heads back for warm rolls. The smell makes my mouth water.

After serving us, he takes a seat opposite me and pours us glasses of nonalcoholic cider. While we eat, we chat about everything and nothing. He makes me laugh by telling me stories of all the mischief my husbands and their friends have got into over the years.

After dinner, we clean up and head to the living room. He lifts me and settles us on the couch, my back resting on his chest. he grabs a book from the side table and begins to read.

I turn to him in shock as I recognized the verse from my favorite poet, Alice Oswald. He grinned, "I did my research baby." he began to read again, his deep sexy voice was made for reading poetry, and I felt my mind drifting back to the first time I read this poem...

She could be any woman at all,
caught off-guard on-guard.

With her hands stroking or strangling and maybe
with her intentions half-interred.

But she is as she is. Her gaze is always
filing away at its cord.

And what she's really after
is you to love her.
She forgets who she is.
She could be so small
she almost has no smell.
She feels like anyone at all.
When you walk up to her,
she keeps quite still,
but what she answers to
is never loud enough to know.
Eaten away by outwardness,
her eyes are empty.
They could be watching you
or not. They work indifferently,
like lit-up glass and if you ask
why she won't speak, why should she?
When what she really wants
is silence.
You know what women are like:
Kay, Moira, Sandra.
They move through a dark room,
peering round under
the hoods of their names.

Alcestis, Clytemnestra.
She could be either of those.
She scarcely knows.
She goes on thinking something
just over your shoulder.
This could be the last night
before you lose her.
But what's the use
of saying one thing or another.
When what she's really after
is you to love her.

The poem is titled 'Full-length portrait of the moon.' I found this poem while researching an English assignment about a year after my parents were killed, and it felt like it was written for me.

I can't believe Lexi found it. I turned around and straddled him, cupping his cheeks. I stared into his eyes, "that was so beautiful baby, it's like you saw my soul."

Caressing my face, he wiped away a tear that I didn't know had fallen, "you don't have to search anymore baby, because I do love you, more than anything else. I would give you the world, but at the same time give up everything to be with you and make you happy."

Leaning in, I kissed his lips, "You already make me happier than I ever thought possible. I never thought I could find the love that you give me. The trust you have in me astounds me. I love you so much that at times I feel I must be dreaming, that one day I will wake up in my cot in the attic and it will all have been a dream."

He strokes my back, and pulls me in for his kiss. I pull him closer, nipping his lips till he opens his mouth to allow my tongue to explore his mouth, our tongues tangle together, as we devour each other.

Without breaking our kiss, he gets up from the couch, wrapping my legs around his waist and carries me up the stairs.