

## Witty Wolf Chapter 15 - Tips

Dalia ran her brush over her painting, dabbing on little flecks of yellow and then pure white to bring the painting alive. She hadn't been as productive as her gallerist wanted. How could she be with everything that was going on?

Before she had mated with Tate, she never would've considered allowing someone new to move into her home. After he'd claimed her, that all changed. She knew to the very core of her being that they would always be together and would always be right for each other.

He could feel her heart and she could feel his. Only kindness and love could exist between them. To hurt each other was to hurt themselves. It was a blessed experience.

Tate walked into the studio and kissed her cheek as she stood inspecting her work.

"All that's left is to sign it," she said, leaning forward to sign her work.

"That one's beautiful. We should hang it over the mantle."

"Marsha has been begging for more paintings, but I kind of want to keep this one. It will remind me of this time."

The storm-tossed sea didn't seem like the most romantic image to remember her courtship with Tate by, but it did represent the truth. They'd both had to work through many different emotions. Coming together had been like overcoming the stormy sea. She had experienced her Tower moment.

Now that they had their new life, she wanted to paint spring and sunshine. Her heart had thawed, like the daffodils breaking through the once frozen ground. This was her brand-new life.

"I love living here with you," Tate said as she cleaned her brushes.

He checked his cellphone and smiled. She put her brush in the drying rack and raised an eyebrow.

"The video I uploaded of the open mic night has gone viral. I already have three thousand followers online."

"Now you can tell your jokes to the world," she said, kissing him on the cheek.

She was so happy for him. He pursued his passion and the world was acknowledging his hard work and his talents.

“I made you some tea,” he said, knowing that she would get into her zone and work without eating or drinking. “I got some pastries from River’s Bakery.”

They went into the kitchen and sat at the counter together, drinking tea and eating pastries. He’d put dinner in the crockpot, as was his new habit. He loved to take care of her and help protect her time.

She sipped her tea and watched him as he talked about the funny comments on his video online. He looked up at her with his boyish smile, and Dalia knew she was destined for happiness.