

Chapter 35

Excited to spend the day with Micah, I wake up early and run to my bathroom. Unfortunately, the packhouse being an old castle has not yet been modernised. I've complained to my Mum and Dad about it, but they say the castle is perfect the way it is and that what is good for the gander is good for the goose. So, it's apparently good to put more effort into things such as pumping the water ourselves instead of simply turning on a tap. So, I begrudgingly pump the water into the large, round wooden tub. Once it's full, I reach for the bowl of rose petals and scatter a handful into the water. Steam rises above the water along with the aroma of the petals. I pull off my nightie, toss it aside, and step into the water. Slowly submerging myself in the tub, I hold my breath for as long as possible. I fantasise I'm in the ocean, and Micah is swimming toward me. His hand reaches out towards mine. My hand, in return, reaches out to his. Our fingers touch, and we clasp our fingers together. Micah's free hand cups my face, and he slowly pulls me in for a kiss. Moments after our lips touch, his tongue enters my mouth. He works his tongue with fiery passion against mine while his hand moves slowly up my thigh. His fingers are about to caress the most sensitive area between my legs when I'm suddenly feeling light-headed. I abruptly sit up in the tub and gasp for air. I shuffle to the side and hang my head over it whilst holding the ledge for support.

'What in the wands was that?' I say, gasping for air.

I can't believe I almost passed out in the water, fantasising about an intense and very hot moment with Micah. I fan my flustered face with my hand.

Not wanting to stay in the water any longer, I quickly scrub myself with the soap and step out of the tub.

I wear a fresh pair of black leggings, a dark grey shirt, and a grey hoodie, put my boots on, and then sit at my dresser. Looking in the mirror, I put my hair up in a ponytail and notice my eyes are dark blue. So, I close my eyes and relive the moment Micah and I passionately kissed. A warmth spreads through me as I imagine his lips kissing me tenderly again, and I open my eyes to see they are bright sparkly blue. I nod at myself in approval and smile.

Even though I am fully clothed, I feel completely naked and vulnerable without my daggers. You can't blame a girl for relying on weapons to use when she has no wolf or magic to protect themselves in this world. I walk over to my collection and ponder on which ones to stash in my boots and the ones to tuck into the waist of my leggings. They mostly look the same, so I grab two randomly and tuck them in each boot, and another two I tuck under my shirt in the back of my leggings. Satisfied, I leave my chambers and join my family for breakfast.

A smirk appears on my face as I see the back of Leo whilst he stuffs his face with cereal. I approach casually as he leans over his bowl to scoop the cereal with his spoon. I place my hand on the back of his head and push his face into the bowl. Theo bursts into laughter as Leo flings his head back and gasps for air.

'What was that for?' He growls.

'That is for putting a frog in my bed in an attempt to scare me, which it didn't mind you,' I scowl.

'Oh...,' he says, looking away.

'You get what you sow, brother,' Theo laughs, 'Even I'm not silly enough to dare prank Lylah.'

I sit at the table as Mum and Dad enter the dining room to join us.

'Theo, why do you have milk all over your face?' My mother, Hope, asks. 1

'Because he wasn't wearing his bib,' Theo says, bursting into laughter again.

Leo flicks cereal from his spoon across the table, hitting Theo right in the cheek.

Now it's Dad and me laughing as Theo glares at Leo whilst wiping the cereal from his face.

'Oh dear,' Mum sighs, then looks at me. 'What are your plans for the weekend?' She asks me.

'I'm spending it with Micah, just like I do every other weekend,' I smile.

'Of course,' she smiles. 'Do you think you will move to Storm Glenn as soon as it's confirmed that you and Micah are mates, or do you plan on waiting until he becomes Alpha in the next month or so?'

I shrug my shoulders, 'I'm not sure. I'm not phased either way, though. As long as I'm with Micah, then I'm happy,' I reply.

Mother nods. As I'm about to finish my breakfast, there is a loud

knock at the door. Theo, Leo and I stand at the same time. We all know it's Micah at the door.

'I'll get it,' I say excitedly. I jump onto the dining table, run across, and jump back down on the other side.

Theo and Leo look to our parents, expecting them to growl at my unladylike behaviour, but instead, they shrug and resume eating.

I pull the door open and leap into Micah's arms. He holds me close, and we kiss tenderly as he carries me away from prying eyes. Micah places me down and removes his clothes. I watch as he shifts. I collect his clothes before climbing onto his back.

Instead of going to the waterfall, we run deep into the woods to the area we train. It's a small open area where the trees had been cut down years prior. As a result, the stumps are at different heights, making them perfect for practising high and low kicks, punches, and other moves.

Micah shifts into his human form. I pass him his clothes and begin practising my punching moves on the stumps as he dresses.

My movements are swift and elegant. I now move on to high kicks and spins. I fall back but land softly to roll and jump back on my feet in a fighting stance.

Micah claps his hands, applauding me as he walks over to me.

'You know, watching you fight is like watching you dance. Your moves are quick yet graceful. You hit with force but with passion. Your energy is immense, and your determination shines through,' he

says as his fingers brush over my lips. I slowly lean into his hand as it glides up my cheek. His lips suddenly devour mine. His tongue thrusts hungrily against my tongue, just like I envisioned in the tub. Our hands explore each other's bodies. I pull myself even closer to him and grip his hair. Our heads slightly fall back as we gasp for air, then gaze lovingly into each other's eyes.

Micah places his hand on my chest and feels the warmth of my beating heart seeping into the palm of his hand, 'You have a heart of fire,' he says.

'It was you who ignited my heart of flames. It burns for you,' I whisper.

His smile widens, and he reaches into his back pocket and pulls something out wrapped in light material.

'I want to give you your birthday gift now, if that's okay? I didn't want you to open it in front of your parents, in case they don't approve,' he explains.

He places the gift in the palm of my hands. I slowly and carefully unravel the material and become speechless as I look upon the magnificence and brilliancy of a silver sheath. Finally, I pull the dagger from the sheath and watch it shine and glisten in the sunlight.

'It's so majestic,' I say.

The blade is made of moonstone, opalescent of blues and whites and then forms into steel. I gently glide my fingertip across the blade. It's the sharpest dagger I've ever held. Blood trickles from my finger. I gasp as Micah takes my hand and sucks the blood from my finger, causing my insides to burst into song. It's as if an entire choir and

orchestra are performing inside me. Blushing as he gently releases my finger from his lips. I resume inspecting the beautiful dagger. The fuller that runs down the middle of the blade is diamond-shaped and has a stunning engraving that looks like an eye, a familiar eye at that, with a hint of sable. It shimmers as I tilt it. The spine and quillon are made of silver. The handle seems to be made from bone.

'Micah, I don't know what to say. I've never seen anything so incredibly beautiful as this. Where in the wand did you come by something so amazing?' I ask in utter awe.

Beaming proudly, Micah tilts himself back and forward from his tippy toes to his heels, 'Well, actually, I didn't come across it. I made it. It's taken me many months to forge. I wanted it to be perfect,' he smiles, 'I used the finest and rarest materials to make it. The sheath is made of silver, and the dagger is made from Moonstone and Silver. I engraved my eye into the fuller so you know I always have my eye on you,' he winks, 'And the hand of the dagger is made from dragon bone,'

'Dragon bone!?' I exclaim.

'Well, that's what the old man told me when I bought it off him. He said it was handed down through many generations and came from another dimension hundreds of years ago. He had no children to pass it on and decided it was time to move it on to someone else. Most likely, it's just an old animal bone,' he shrugs.

I fling my arms around Micah's neck and cover him in kisses.

'This is the most precious, most amazing present anyone has ever given me,' I say.

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'What else could I give my princess who has given me her heart of flames.' He says.

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