

The Sealed Door

Book Four of the
Seven Spell Saga

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The Sealed Door
Book four of the Seven Spell Saga
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Chapter One

"Mr Dearing how very opportune you are here, we have drilled a camera hole in the sealed door area, and I have to say what we can see from just this first glimpse is totally fascinating".

Don was smiling and leaning forward to shake Tristan's hand and at the same time, you could tell he wanted Tristan to follow him to the tunnel. He angled his body towards the kitchen door saying, "If you have the time I can show you the view we have with the camera, there appears to be another sealed door at the end of a chamber, tunnel like chamber. There is a water feature of some kind; well a small pool and a place that looks like it could be a drinking fountain, in modern terms". He was jubilant and I smiled at his enthusiasm watching him almost bouncing on the spot, with each piece of information he gave Tristan.

"That sounds intriguing" Tristan replied and indicated his intention to follow Don by stepping towards the kitchen door.

"I do have time and would love to look" he and Don were already through the door and striding down the corridor. I followed to the edge of the big drawing room and then waited to be invited further.

Tristan and Don were bent over the screen of a laptop computer, Lily was at the keyboard of another laptop and she turned to me saying I could look too, "Chloe is interested too Don, that's ok she looks, come over Chloe".

I went over to Lily and looked at the screen; it was a dimly lit picture of the interior of the chamber as Don had called it. I thought more like a tunnel and I could see the water feature he had mentioned only as a pool of some kind to the left of the screen. At the end of this tunnel was another sealed door, it seemed like it was made of soil or was stone columns covered in soil, it was hard to see for me anyway.

Right then more light came from somewhere and the picture on the screen was much more distinct. I could see the tunnel had another opening leading off it to the right; it was just the entrance that was visible. The drinking fountain feature that Don had talked about was more visible now on the left, but only because water seemed to be trickling like a slow mini waterfall over the side of a carved stone area into the small pool below.

It was all, as Don had put it, totally fascinating; what had me in awe was that it was below where I lived well I think it was, what room would be over it, I wondered.

"What do you think of it Mr Dearing, worth taking a few stones out of the wall and going into this chamber or tunnel?" Don addressed Tristan who was still glued to the picture on the laptop. It had been Stefan who had lit up the chamber a little more as he now came from the fireplace saying, "Hello, how do you like that?" he was beaming.

He was carrying a computer, about half the size of my netbook in his hand, and clearly had been able to see what we could as he raised it slightly and turned the screen at us.

I smiled at him, "It's amazing" I said; even if he had not been speaking to me, I couldn't help but voice this.

"Isn't it?" Lily added nodding and smiling at everyone around.

I stood back from her as Tristan said, "Go right ahead and make room to get through the sealed door, I can hardly wait to walk in there myself, I can't believe I didn't know about it in all these". Tristan sort of cleared his throat and then continued, "Where do you suppose it is, under the kitchen or what? Well it must be under the garden don't you think?" and he turned to Don who was so excited he couldn't stop smiling.

"We'll get 'geo phys' in the garden because it looks like it may go that way, although you could be right it may be under the kitchen, it's hard to orientate right now".

Tristan was smiling too, "Please call me Tristan; sorry I don't know anyone's name".

Don supplied his own name and then introduced Lily and Stefan, Tristan nodded at each and they smiled back. He added that James Parker would be with them tomorrow and Leslie from the last dig. Tristan was smiling as he told Don he knew James and Leslie of course. Then he looked from one to the other of them, "I must apologise and leave you to it now, I have to get back to work, but as soon as you have breached the sealed door and can walk in there let me know I would love to go in".

Don was nodding "Naturally we will keep you totally up to date, Tristan".

Tristan looked my way and I gave them a little wave and went ahead of him up the long hallway to the kitchen.

Once there he put his arms around my waist holding me close, he kissed me on the side of my neck and then the side of my mouth, I was smiling and moved to kiss him too. He kissed me gently and then leaned a little away from me to look into my eyes.

"I can't believe what they found, I very nearly gave my age away in there and said I had no idea it was there for the last eight hundred years". He was smiling and his eyes were very blue, the kiss we had exchanged just before Don's arrival in the kitchen had been melting and I was feeling very in love with Tristan. I didn't reply straight away but kissed him again and then said almost against his lips, "I noticed that, I think this is an amazing find, where do you suppose the water comes from?"

He hugged me and then we drew apart, "Well it must just be some spring that comes out of the rock down there, there's no sign of damp in the house is there? I know it's very well heated, you know I made sure the central heating was a really good installation with plenty of radiators."

I laughed at his seriousness, "It's great Tristan not that we are using it yet but I guess in a few weeks time. Oh no wait a minute, mom did have it on for two days that really rainy week after the big drawing room had flooded, it's excellent. I nearly boiled before I discovered I could turn down my radiators with that silver dial thing".

He had walked to the French door and was now standing looking out at the garden with his hands in his pockets,

"Why don't I know about that tunnel, I must have passed the sealed door behind one of the tapestries back in the eleven hundreds, just as I did the secret

box in the tunnel? Weird stuff, don't you think?" he had turned to me as I reached him.

"I seem to have been going around with my eyes closed back then, and er, I think I've said that before" he laughed. I looked at him and smiled a little, "You weren't looking for secrets then; you know just living your life as a young person unaware of the intrigue that was going on or whatever".

He took my hands and put them against his chest "Chloe, you always comfort me, you never see any fault in me, but I was spoilt back then, maybe arrogant too, that's why I crossed the river where I did. I just assumed I would be safe, that the ice would be just the way it always was; I was untouchable."

He started to laugh again, "The good freezing I got cured me of that notion". I put my hands up around his face and kissed him quickly, "Do you have to go back to work like you told Don?"

He smiled, "I do in fact, but I can be convinced to have coffee and cuddle up to you for a while longer".

"Maybe I could just come up to the greenhouses with you; it would be nice to watch you work for a while".

"Would it?" he looked surprised.

"Oh yes" I just didn't want to be apart from him right then.

"What about Don and company?" he wanted me with him I could tell from his expression.

"I'll just go and tell them I have to go out for while and ask when they plan to leave, if they are anything like last time it will be about seven tonight".

I left him in the kitchen and scooted down to see Don, or Lily, whoever was available. Lily was alone in the drawing room; the men must be down in the tunnel. As I got close, I could see them on her computer screen they were working on the sealed door.

"Lily, I need to go out for a while, when are you planning on leaving?"

She turned to me, "About six I think, is that ok?"

I was nodding, "Sure, I will only be a couple of hours at the most and my brother Steven may come home too soon, please help yourselves to tea, coffee, and there are cakes, biscuits and stuff in the fridge if you want anything".

I smiled and left her going quickly back to Tristan, I took his hand, and we went out to the old truck he was using that day.

It was easy to kiss his cheek through the open window, as he was about to close the door after I had got into the passenger side, and he sighed and smiled as he closed the door. When he got into his own side he leaned over and kissed me, "I seem to be unable to stop kissing you today, but then you are kissing me back," he said smiling again as he let go of me and started the engine. I grinned and looked out of the window.

Tristan parked in the end of the Dearing house car park,

"The tiny parking space by the greenhouse is already full, and Jo has the trailer in there today in order to load the conifer order. So we will walk from here". Tristan was still smiling.

I got out of the truck, but Tristan still came around to me and put his arm around my shoulders as we walked over to the greenhouses. It was just far enough for us to discuss the new tunnel some more

"Tristan I can't help feeling that tunnel will hold some mystery since you know nothing of it". I said, and he inclined his head to me, and slowing down hugged me a little closer, "Maybe it will, but at least on first glance there is no giant portrait of my father's love interest". He kissed my temple and I smiled, "That's true".

When we reached the greenhouses, I could see two people in the first one and they had the side sliding doors open and were loading what looked like tiny empty pots arranged in rows in large flat boxes. They brought these into the greenhouse and placed them along the workbenches in there. Tristan called out to them, "Jo, Andy how's it going did you get the conifers loaded?"

A tall red headed girl, her long ponytail swinging as she turned sharply to answer Tristan called back, "We did, since you seemed to have gone for the afternoon and look Andy thought we would do you the favour of bringing over the seedlings".

Tristan laughed, "Thank you both, I really appreciate the help, I have to go out to the White Wood greenhouses later and cut some flowers for the weekend wedding order".

The man with the girl who I assumed was Andy waited for Tristan and I to get closer then said, "Pleasure Tristan, we'll finish this, there are quite a few more trays and then we will get off if that's ok?" he was smiling and had dimples in each cheek one of which made a crease right down the cheek. He smiled at me too and nodded, Tristan told them who I was, and Jo called hello from outside the greenhouse. Andy smiled more as Tristan answered his original question, "Thanks for this; it will be fine for you to get going I will be here until late now, see you tomorrow".

We left that greenhouse and went into the second one, this was much longer, and Tristan stopped here and there to pinch out a leaf or turn a pot around. He was talking about the flowers for the wedding saying he couldn't get the exact shade of pink that the florist wanted, in the rose they requested but had been over there yesterday to show him a different breed that was actually more vibrant. When he stopped for breath, I asked him about the White Wood greenhouses.

"Tristan I didn't realize you had more greenhouses I thought the White Wood area had been made into the car park for the arts holiday accommodation".

He turned around gracefully to face me and opened his arms to hold me. "Yes the space there by the house side of the woods is the car park but through the woods are four more greenhouses. We used to own a house and the land it was on as well and the greenhouses were fenced off for us to keep as they are part of the whole business but the house and the land beyond that was sold".

"Oh, what about the woods are they still part of the Dearing estate?" I remembered him saying something had been sold that he had not wanted to lose and I wondered if this was it.

"They are, because its part of a reforestation agreement we have with the county forestry commission, what we use we have to replace, that's cool I think". He smiled at me as I watched him talk; I wanted to kiss him. "It is cool Tristan, and could I just ask is that house and the land the place you once referred to as having been sold by Jack. Don't answer if you don't want to". I added this as an emotion went across his face that was hard to gauge.

"Yes it was Chloe, it was where I was living, and it was supposed to be agreed that I could live there since I run the horticultural part of the business, but it got sold and I'm over it. I kind of like my room in the big house now but anyway since I have actually bought the stables I can live there if needs be. I wasn't impressed at the time, I had a sneaking suspicion Jack had done it not just for the money but also to have me less independent. I was probably wrong; in retrospect, it more than likely was just the money".

I didn't answer but I was thinking Jack has had a lot of different motives for things and maybe each factored all the time in what he did. I just looked into Tristan's eyes and his expression softened, he put his forehead against mine,

"I need to get working, the pink roses are in the White Wood greenhouses, are you coming over there with me?" he kissed me softly at the end of his question.

As if I wasn't, I was interested to see the place and also I wanted to be with Tristan.

I kissed him back it was like dissolving and drifting into the atmosphere, whatever was going on with us, it was addictive.

"I am certainly" I managed to say.

He let me go, "Chloe I'm just about to die from".

I finished the sentence "Wanting to kiss you all the time".

"What?" he put me at arms length "is that how you feel? I was about to say from thirst, so let's have coffee or tea or something before we go". He was smiling but maybe it was true. I felt really silly about what I had said, and was about to try and dig myself out of the hole I thought I had put myself in, when he smiled.

He held my face, "I'm joking, it's what you said, I just about can't think of anything but you. I love you so much and the last couple of months when you seemed more distant, there was Emma and Gui, and Corbett to deal with I was so very sad. Last week I felt you love me again and I don't care what else happens nor if you love Oliver as well, I just want you. Want you to love me too". He had taken a breath mid sentence and it had added to the sadness of what he was saying. I just nodded before he kissed me again; I put my arms around him as he hugged me to him. "Tristan I love you, I do". I told him.

He was very gracious and didn't question me about what I had said before. He took my hand and we went out of the greenhouse and down to the truck, he drove us around to the other greenhouses. It was a short drive, but it was along a dirt single track road that skirted the woods, and passed a fenced in house on the right side, before diverting once more through the trees and into a clearing where four greenhouses stood almost side by side. There was a big gravel parking space in the front of them and another truck stood there. It was

white, single cab with a tray top, and a little newer than this red one we were using.

"Is someone here already?" I asked Tristan as he parked next to the truck.

"Possibly not, it's sometimes just parked here as someone will come along in their own car and then use the truck for the day, then it gets left here. No problems it's safe enough. We all just drive anything that's available; we have multiple keys", he laughed then and I smiled at him.

There was no one around and Tristan took unmade-up boxes and made them into the long flat ones I had seen him use, I watched him do a couple and then asked if I could help. I found it harder than I expected at first, but soon got the knack and made the boxes whilst Tristan cut flowers and then put them in the boxes. We soon had twenty boxes of various roses and greenery.

Tristan laughed, "That's it, and I want to get these to the florist right away, let's go". He loaded them into the truck and we left. I noticed nothing had been locked up, I supposed it was the same as with the other greenhouses, but the plants must be valuable.

"Tristan how come you never lock any of the greenhouses up?"

"Well you know since its all glass if anyone wanted to get in they could, and no-one comes out here anyway", he shrugged, it didn't seem to matter.

I looked at the house that used to belong to the Dearings as we passed, it was a big house, really big, and had a formal garden laid out in the front of it as well as a drive up the side. That was all I could take in as we passed.

Tristan was delivering to the florist by the bridal shop and he double-parked outside it, he glanced at me, "I don't care if I am double-parked I just have to deliver these flowers it will take hardly any time". I asked if I could help but he said no if you just stay in the cab then if anyone asks questions you can say two minutes tops.

It was only two minutes and we were on our way again, this time back to my place.

The archaeology team were still there, the four-wheel drive and little truck still on the driveway. Steven's little red car was in the drive next to mom's Cherokee; she always used a taxi to Heathrow. Tristan parked on the lane, he stopped the truck and turned to me, "Chloe, I have a staff meeting at the stables at five, we have one once a month and so I will leave you now, but could I see you later, is anything happening?"

I wanted to see him, "Tristan that will be really good I would like that". I smiled at him, as he looked so happy, and he leaned over to me, I reached up to hold his face and kiss him.

I got out of the truck to go into the house but Tristan met me as I walked around the front and hugged me tight. I was laughing and so was he.

He walked down the drive with me, holding my hand and at the door hugged me again.

"I'll see you later", I told him and he nodded.

Inside the house I went down to the big drawing room,

"Hello Lily", I greeted her as she turned to check who was coming into the room.

“Oh hello Chloe, come and look at the opening we have in the door, tomorrow we are going into the chamber. There have to be a couple of safety checks first but we have established that the chamber is under the garden path”.

I was looking at the computer screen, “Wow, you have different views now, more cameras I guess, oh is that under croft, that must hold up the roof then under the garden. Wow, is that the water feature it’s bigger than I thought. How do you have the cameras so close if you have not been in the chamber yet?”

I was fascinated; this was going to be great fun actually going in there.

“Well they are all flexible we have fed them in and turned them to the places we want to see along with lighting, but Stefan has actually been just inside the chamber to make sure of a couple of things”.

“This is so exciting, I can’t wait to see what else you find”, I told her and she laughed.

“I know, it’s great work, I’m so lucky to do work I love”.

I nodded at her, “I agree, I’m really happy with what I do at the moment, but I came down here to check if you would like coffee or some tea, I’m going to make some and go back to my college assignment”.

I made them all tea and took my own cup up to my room to start work again on the assignment I had left hours ago. As I passed the library I heard soft music, I put my head around the door, Steven and John playing acoustic guitars I said hi as they looked up and asked Steven if he was having dinner at home. He said he and John were meeting the other band members at Will’s place and getting burgers on the way so no.

I grinned at this and left them to it.

It was maybe only half an hour later when Steven came to my door and said the archaeologists were leaving and so were he and John. So I went down and saw them all off, I would see them tomorrow before I went to work at the art and craft holiday project. They had left things set up and said that James and Leslie may be here in the morning quite early. I just smiled and nodded but I hoped that didn’t mean six am or something.

I had finished my assignment, finally, and went down to the kitchen for a drink of water; on the way down the stairs my cell rang and I took it from my pocket noticing it was Oliver calling as I answered.

He had been working all day and was working this evening too so we were meeting Thursday night at the Kool Kafé where Will’s band was playing the Thursday and Friday night gigs.

“Hello Chloe, what’s happening, are you having a good day, I miss you”; it was nice to hear his voice and I could picture his face.

“Oliver, how lovely to hear from you, it’s been quite a day, there is a chamber under the house; I spent some time with Tristan and did a college assignment. How did your work go today?”

Oliver had been doing computer work, re-networking a small business in town and setting up their intranet. I could hear he was smiling as he told me everything had gone really well and he was working at the restaurant from seven until midnight.

He said he was interested to see the new archaeology and asked laughingly if there were any wall paintings in the chamber. We talked for a couple of minutes and then rang off, as he needed to get ready for work.

I was thinking of him as I went back upstairs, even after being so close to Tristan for most of the day, I missed Oliver and would be very happy to see him Thursday night. I was back to my old ways of really loving both he and Tristan, it was not something I was proud of, I felt worse about it now than I had ever felt. I went and looked out of my window, it was growing dark, and there was a chill in the air. I stared out, not seeing the view, I just felt so wretched about having such intense feelings for Oliver and Tristan again. How was this going to work out? I had practically told Oliver only a couple of weeks ago that I loved him more than Tristan, but it wasn't true, if it had ever been. I felt bad for them both, what was the matter with me, how can someone love two guys.

I called Clare, she answered straight away, and I launched into my request. "Clare I was thinking maybe we could meet for lunch maybe Friday I haven't seen much of you for a couple of weeks".

Clare greeted me, "Hello Chloe, I'd love to meet you Friday only I am expected at a theatre meeting, will you be at the Kool Kafé tomorrow. I thought everyone was coming out to see Will's band, maybe we could meet a little early there and catch up. James will not be coming down until about nine, so what if we met for supper about six there?"

I told her that would be great and asked how her work with the theatre was going. We talked for a couple more minutes.

I was thinking of finding something for dinner when my cell rang again, "Chloe, hello" it was Tristan, "I was thinking maybe we could go up to the restaurant to eat, would that be ok?" I smiled as I answered him, "Tristan that's a lovely thought what time were you thinking of?"

He nominated seven thirty and I thought that was good I wouldn't mind cleaning myself up a bit.

I quickly went in the shower and as I dried my hair I was thinking it seemed to be getting longer maybe I could get mom to trim the ends when she got home from the States they looked a bit dry. I put on my new sweater and jeans; I put the new blue belt on and then took it back off. I decided to leave my hair down for a change and thought about wearing shoes with a bit of a heel and then decided against it and put my boots on. I took my iPad downstairs and set some music going as I made a cup of tea.

Staring out at the garden lit up as usual in white and yellow lights I could not stop thinking about the situation I was in, I needed to talk to someone and it was going to have to be Clare and I would have to wait until the next day. I heard Tristan pull onto the gravel driveway in a vehicle and went to let him in, he looked lovely. He had cut his hair, it was much shorter than he usually had it, spiked and slightly longer at the front, it really suited him, and he looked great. His dark blue shirt bringing out the colour of his eyes and making his hair look darker, he stopped in the doorway, "Chloe you look lovely".

I took his hand, "I was just thinking the same thing about you, you changed your hair, it's gorgeous," I told him as we went into the kitchen.

He turned me around and kissed me; I put my arms up around his neck and kissed him back. It didn't matter right then about all the things I had been thinking before he arrived, I couldn't help but kiss him back.

Tristan smiled as he moved back from me, "Oliver is working at the restaurant tonight isn't he?" I nodded in answer and he continued "Well if I am not as affectionate as I have been today that will be the reason why, which you would probably have guessed but I thought I would make it clear".

I smiled at him, "I would have guessed".

It was a little cold; autumn was well established and had come in faster and colder than expected after our lovely summer, we decided I would drive us up there in my Wrangler.

Even so when we went into the restaurant we naturally went out to the terrace tables but kept close into the restaurant, dad was thinking of putting some form of heating out there because everyone loved sitting at those tables with the view of the lake close by.

"Do you really want to be out here Chloe it's a bit cool?" Tristan asked and we moved to just inside at the end tables as Oliver came along to see us. He looked great and was grinning at us, "Hello, this is nice to see you; I hope you both came to see me more than for dinner. Excellent hair cut Tristan".

Tristan laughed, "Sorry Oliver it's probably about half and half, and yes I thought it was time I changed my appearance a little at least. You know put people off the notion I don't age".

Oliver turned to me, looking lovingly at me, "Did you finish the assignment you had? Hey how about that new find under the house?" he included Tristan then, looking from one to the other of us.

"I know, it's incredible, I can't wait to see it properly, I never asked Chloe, did Don or anyone say anything else when they left tonight?"

I watched Tristan and Oliver standing near, there was no sign of anything other than friendship, I felt that I had better preserve that by being very careful how I treated them.

I smiled at them,

"Lily, the lovely girl archaeologist told me they have established it's under the garden path, and safety checks tomorrow before they go in it. I saw undercroft on the computer this evening before they packed up, it's all well made down there by the looks of it. The water feature seemed bigger I think it could be a total blast going in there".

"Wow it sounds excellent fun, I'd love to see it all, maybe I could drop by and see it," Oliver said and Tristan added, "Me too, what are we doing Friday?"

I grinned and shook my head, "Me, nothing so far, Oliver?" I asked.

He grinned, "Well not free until afternoon".

Tristan sighed, "Not free until about six".

I smiled, "We could meet at the house about six, how about that, Don and team will be gone and we can snoop big time".

Both Oliver and Tristan smiled and nodded, "Ok let's do that" Tristan said.

"Are you ordering now because I may have to go to another table if not?" Oliver asked.

We did order and Oliver went off to pass it in.

I smiled at Tristan he was sitting opposite me and out of reach, which was a good thing. He smiled back, "You will be at the Kool Kafé tomorrow night Chloe, I guess so will Oliver".

I nodded at him, "Yes, we are meeting down there; I thought you were coming too, I will be down there with Clare early we are meeting to catch up".

"I will come down, the last time I was there something spoilt the night for me", he smiled but then became serious and put his hand across the table which was an invitation to me to hold it.

I did hold his hand for just a few seconds, he was referring to Emma stabbing me, and I smiled at him. He sat back in his chair and sighed giving me a look which made me feel like risking kissing him, but I didn't.

Oliver brought our order and grinned as he put it down, "Your dad said I could take my break with you in half an hour will it be an intrusion?"

Tristan spoke first, "Certainly not, it'll be good don't you agree Chloe?"

I grinned at his friendliness and courtesy, "That will be nice Oliver".

When Oliver had gone I looked questioningly at Tristan, I didn't need to ask him anything,

"Seriously Chloe, it's ok with me that Oliver join us, we are all friends besides everything else, let's not forget that".

I nodded, "Yes I know, I agree, and I can't tell you how wretched I sometimes feel about my behaviour, I mean caring for both of you" I tailed off.

Tristan just gave me a caring look; I didn't say any more what was there to say.

When Oliver came over for his break, he surprised us by telling us that he was thinking of having a party for his birthday.

"Oliver when is your birthday?" I asked him smiling; I was delighted to hear this.

"Yes Oliver when is it and how old should you be?" Tristan grinned at us both, as Oliver had pulled a chair a bit closer to me than Tristan.

Oliver laughed, "It's in about three week's time, well nearly four, twenty fifth of next month and I should be twenty".

I sighed, "Really Oliver, that soon, I suppose the years still add up we just will not show them huh?" I looked at Tristan as I said this and he nodded.

"That's about it Chloe; when is your birthday?"

Oliver looked at me with his eyebrows raised a little in question too, and Tristan smiled again at us both.

"December fifth, and you know what Tristan I have been meaning to ask when your birthday is for months now, ever since Will and Steven's party in fact but somehow didn't get around to it".

Oliver smiled at Tristan he was interested too.

"Funnily enough it's fifteenth of December, if I remember rightly, though I can't say I have celebrated it for well, a few hundred years actually". He didn't seem worried by this but Oliver looked at me, and I thought I saw a look of sympathy go across his face.

I'm not really into star-sign stuff but I had a friend in California who was, and almost planned her day around horoscopes she looked up on the internet each night, so I knew my star sign and I knew we were all the same one.

"Guys, we are all Sagittarians, do you realize, how weird is that?" I informed them.

"Well it is I suppose" Oliver shrugged his shoulders.

Tristan just shrugged too, "I know nothing about it".

I smiled, "Where will you have your party Oliver?"

"I don't know, not a big huge thing but a get together you know".

"Perhaps we should all three have a huge joint party on the lawns on your birthday Oliver" I suggested.

"We could if it was not likely to be cold or throwing with rain" Oliver grinned.

"Also it doesn't seem fair to crash Oliver's day really", Tristan said and added, "Plus I'd prefer not to draw attention to myself, I mean really people may ask how old I am and it could get awkward".

I hadn't thought of this and it appeared that neither had Oliver, as he looked thoughtful.

"Maybe we could just have a get together in the Kook Kafé, I'd be pleased to do a joint celebration with you Chloe since your birthday is only eleven days later. Maybe it will be the last time we broadcast our ages since we are never going to look any older than we do now".

Tristan sighed, "Sorry I feel somehow as if I have put a dampener on your plans Oliver".

Oliver shook his head, "No, not so, don't think like that, we will secretly celebrate your birthday this year too, so don't think you are getting away with it".

Oliver was so nice. I looked at them both for a moment, both so attractive, such lovely guys; if anyone said to me Chloe, you have to choose between them now or disappear in a puff of smoke and that's that, I couldn't, I would have no ability to do it and so would go up in a puff of smoke. It almost made me smile thinking this but the fundamental seriousness of loving them both stopped the smile from reaching my lips.

"My break is up really", Oliver was saying as I tuned back in.

"Oliver lets all talk about your party on Friday evening", I suggested as he stood up, he smiled.

"Ok, good idea", he replied and for a few seconds it looked as if he was going to bend and kiss me, but then he caught himself and smiling at both Tristan and I went back to work.

Tristan had a slightly sad expression on his face, "He nearly kissed you goodbye then, you realize", he commented and took a drink of his coffee.

I took a deep breath and nodded slightly.

"You know once in the last couple of months when we were a little surprised by events and you and Oliver were leaving in the Landrover, I think; you both kissed me. Oliver on my cheek on the left as he got into the driver's side and when I went around to the passenger side with you, then you on my right

cheek. I don't think either of you noticed and I didn't even think about it until a while later but it was there".

Tristan laughed out loud, "Really".

I was surprised at his reaction and sat there silently for a moment gathering my thoughts.

"You really are not jealous of Oliver at all are you Tristan?" I finally asked.

"No, you don't want me to be, do you, that was a strange tone you used there?"

"What no, never" I answered.

"I start being sad not jealous but only when you seem to stop caring for me", he looked intently at me.

I answered him, "I lost sight of how much you meant to me for the barest time and a little bit of that was thinking you might want to be with Emma, sorry, I don't know what I was thinking of". It was true, I don't know.

He smiled and reached across the table for my hand, he didn't even look around to check who saw. He held my hand for a minute, and looked into my eyes, something that totally unnerved me, and I closed my eyes to break the spell between us.

"Maybe we should go Chloe, what do you think?"

Tristan waited until we had gone half way across the car park before he put his arm around my shoulders. He kissed my cheek as I got into my Wrangler and laughed a little at the gesture, no doubt remembering what I had just told him.

When we got home Tristan hesitated for a moment, "Chloe I was thinking, it's not that late, you don't work until the afternoon tomorrow, maybe we could spend a little more time together before I leave".

I turned to him across the transmission, "I'd like that Tristan".

Inside we naturally went into the big kitchen, I checked the dishwasher as I had put the dishes from the day in there before I left earlier. Tristan surprisingly didn't make coffee, but looked out at the garden lights and the darkness that was the woods.

"I can't imagine life before you came to live here, I don't know what I used to do with myself", he said as I went to stand near him.

I took his hand, "I love you too Tristan", I told him softly.

Chapter Two

Thursday I let James and Leslie in the house at eight thirty so not too early, they smiled and said how exciting this old place had become; I had to agree.

I asked if they would have coffee or something since I was about to make tea for myself and left them in the big drawing room.

In the kitchen, I could tell Steven had not had breakfast, maybe not been down yet which was odd as he was supposed to have gone to John's place early today. I looked out of the front kitchen window to see his car still out there.

When I had taken Leslie and James coffee, I took my cup of tea up to my room and called in on Steven as I passed. He was in his bed reading, and laughed at me as I poked my head around the door.

"Yes Chloe I haven't left yet, we decided to meet at lunchtime, to do a bit of rehearsal and hang out before going to the Kool Kafé. We are doing the set we did at our party as it was very popular so, late start".

I grinned, "Cool, you know we are all coming down to see the band again, it's very cool having my brother in a great band; I'm working this afternoon and going to meet Clare after. I better look in on the archaeologists before I do that though huh?"

"That might be a good idea, see you later", he said turning back to his book

I took the hint and went on up to my room.

I drank my tea looking out of my window, the sky was blue and there was bright sun but the air through the open part was very cold. Something about the smell of the air reminded me of being in the eleven hundreds with Tristan when it was winter; maybe winter was on its way here now. I hadn't experienced an English winter before and I was interested to find out just how cold it would be.

As I looked out of the window, I thought about Tristan and the half hour we had spent last night before he went home to the Dearing house. It made me smile to think of his kisses and the way he had held me so close, it felt almost as if he had decided to let himself love me again after the Emma incident and yes after I had become a little distant from him.

I spent the morning doing some work to a new stained glass window design and then before I went to work with Liz at the Arts and craft holiday workshop I made sandwiches for the archaeologists and myself. Steven had let in Lily, Don, and Stefan before he had left for his rehearsal. I took the tray of food down to them and Stefan came back up to the kitchen with me to carry down their drinks. He told me they had been into the chamber and it was so interesting, the other sealed door we could see was a preserved wooden door, but only compacted earth and rubble was behind it. There was however, the start of a tunnel that they were sure led to the kitchen except that it was collapsed about a metre and a half in. They were really excited about the pool and the water shrine set in the wall, it was Anglo Saxon and beautifully carved he said. I told him I couldn't wait to see in there and would they be showing it to us soon; he grinned, "I'm sure Don will, he probably wants the owner to see it all first".

"So Stefan, that's it then, you've found what there is to find, will it get closed back up, I assume it's safe because of the under croft" I asked.

"No I think it will be left open, it is safe, remarkably sound according to the experts we had in this morning. It's really up to the owner what happens next, though I think some preventative work will happen, you know a bit of safety stuff in case we have somehow destabilized the place". I smiled at this and he shrugged as if it was just routine stuff. He was the last to leave and said they would be back tomorrow about midday to finish up.

My afternoon workshop doing mask making with the children went very well, although it was hard work because some of them just wanted to be silly.

They were just little kids though and loved their masks once they had made them.

I went home to change and then off to the Kool Kafé to catch up with Clare.

I found a park opposite the café, which was really lucky and probably available because of the time of day.

I went over to the café; Clare must be inside I thought, as there was no one at the outside tables.

I saw her at a table close to the counter as I went into the main area of the café, "Clare hi, great to see you", I said sitting on one of the free chairs at the table.

"Hello Chloe, what's happening with you?" she smiled, her lovely eyes sparkling. She was wearing her fabulous engagement ring and it flashed as she closed a printed document she was reading.

"I'm fine," I told her and yet all I wanted to do was blurt out how disgusted with myself I was.

She looked at me and laughed, "No you're not, I can tell you want to talk about something, what is it?"

Samantha who was Clare's younger sister came up and asked if I wanted to order, and did Clare want to order now I had arrived. Lily, not the archaeologist, another Lily, who helped in the café too was behind the counter, and waved at me. I waved back I knew her from my brother's birthday party as well as the Kool Kafé.

Clare and I ordered cheeseburgers with extra salad and Samantha went off. I hadn't replied to Clare and now I sighed.

"Clare I do want to talk to you I hope you don't mind because you may be tired of the subject".

She started laughing, "I am guessing it's about Oliver and Tristan then".

I smiled just a little but I didn't feel in any way happy.

"Clare I just had to talk to someone, I find myself still really in love with both of them, and it just doesn't get any better. I found myself thinking a few weeks ago that I loved Oliver more but now I find even though I may have led him to believe that, I don't. It's such a mess, I feel wretched, about them. Oliver is such a lovely guy, and Tristan is so, well so dear to me, I feel like I am hurting both of them".

Clare sighed and looked at me with a slight frown, "Chloe, I don't know what to say, first you are so lucky to have them both, the way they just accept the situation is frankly unheard of. The other thing is I just don't know what you can do, not to be too personal but, well, how far into relationships with them are you?"

I looked at her, it didn't sink in very quickly what she meant and she added, "You know have you", but I got it and replied.

"We kiss, lots, but no".

She grinned at me, "Sorry, look I know lots of girls who have thought they were in love with the boy they were currently seeing and kissing, but then someone else came along and they thought the same about that boy. I can only speak from what happened with James and me; I knew he would be the one I

wanted to get more serious with. I wasn't exactly seeing anyone on a regular basis when I met him but I had gone out sporadically with a couple of guys. You know, I'd see a movie with one of them and we wouldn't catch up for a week or so and in between maybe have coffee with the other, I knew them in university".

She stirred her coffee that had arrived and I took a sip of my orange juice, I put my glass down. "Clare I've never been out with a boy before I came here, I know that sounds weird but unless I was in a group where other girls had brought along boys they were seeing, I didn't really even talk to them. Boys just didn't ever approach me, ever".

"Chloe, that's unfathomable, I mean you are so pretty" Clare shook her head.

"Am I?" I didn't think I was, "To be honest Clare it shocked me when Oliver was interested in me, and then Tristan too, I was surprised really I was".

Clare's expression was kind and sympathetic, "Chloe maybe its that, because you haven't had that kind of thing happen to you, maybe you think you love them because you have no other experience".

"No I do love them Clare, it's real" I replied perhaps a little too quickly.

She sighed, "What do they say? I think eventually one or the other will be fed up with it".

Our food had arrived and I didn't feel even remotely hungry now, "They seem to be ok with it".

I watched her cut her burger into four pieces and I was thinking, perhaps she was right. Let's face it Oliver must be under the impression that I had started to love him more than Tristan; I had given him that impression and had not even seen him alone to change that. Had I said the words out loud or had I said I thought I might love him more. I still loved him the same as ever, that had not changed; there was no change. It was just that Tristan had shone his light back on me and I had fallen back or deeper in love with him again. I sighed.

"Your food will get cold" Clare broke into my thoughts.

I looked up at her having spent the time thinking, staring at my food, "Clare thanks for listening to me, tell me about how you are going with the theatre".

She told me about what was happening with her work and then James and I listened as I tried to eat a little of the food I had ordered. It was good to concentrate on her and not my questionable behaviour.

The band had set up before I arrived and now appeared from somewhere; Will rushed up to our table smiling, with Steven, John, and David following behind. They all dragged chairs up to the table and had coffee before the place got crowded.

It was about seven thirty when the café started to become crowded and the CD music became louder. The band which had adopted the name Will's Band as its' real name was not on until eight thirty and then again at ten thirty since it was Thursday they would not go on as late as the Friday night gig.

They left the table about eight just as Liz, Laura and Corbett showed up to take their places at the table, saying how kind to have saved them seats being witty.

I was thinking that Oliver was a little later arriving than he had said he would be, when both he and Tristan came in talking and laughing. It was good to see them and Clare had seen me looking down to the doorway area half out of my seat; she turned to check who I was looking at, and then jogged my elbow. "They are gorgeous no denying, will they both kiss you hello Chloe?" I looked at her grinning at me and realized she meant it kindly and as a light-hearted comment. I smiled wanly at her, despite this, thinking it was unlikely unless we had all just seen something appear from a different time or something. I suddenly thought about Gui's sneaker left behind and if Tristan still had it somewhere just in case he could ever get it back to Gui.

Clare nudged me again, "Sorry Chloe, I didn't mean that unkindly", she said, as I had probably gone quiet.

Tristan and Oliver had stopped at the café counter and could be seen ordering something from Lily, "No its ok Clare I didn't take it unkindly" I told her.

Tristan and Oliver came over to our table where they both smiled and said hellos to everyone putting their coffees on the table. Ben and his girl had followed them into the café and almost immediately, both Oliver and Tristan were engaged in a conversation with Ben. From the snatches of this conversation that I heard, it seemed to be about longbows. Laura and Corbett had stopped dancing and were making their way towards us; Laura was smiling and leading Corbett by the hand occasionally turning around to him and saying something not audible from where I was. At the table, Laura flopped into the only available chair and Corbett straightaway joined in the conversation about long bows. I found it a little amusing as although his English was remarkably good by then, Tristan occasionally seemed to translate or speak to him in Norman French and Oliver in French, Ben too, which was interesting. I felt a little left out somehow, although I knew that was unreasonable.

I got up and asked people in general at the table if anyone wanted coffee or juice or anything as I was going up to the counter. Laura said how kind and that she would have some orange juice but James had arrived; so he and Clare were sitting with their heads close together and I guessed they didn't hear.

I made my way through the thickening crowd; people were coming in now ready for the band's late session.

At the counter Lily got my order of orange juice for both Laura and myself, I paid and was about to pick up the glasses and go over to our table when I felt my cell go off. As usual, I had it in the back pocket of my jeans and it was on vibrate; I knew I would not be able to hear it, but I would feel it. I took a look at the screen, it was mom, I answered, "Mom I will not be able to hear you I am in the Kool Kafé let me call you back I will go outside. I put the phone back in my pocket and took the orange juice down to the table then went outside to call my mom.

The night air was cold as I went out of the door onto the street, the outside tables had the chairs turned up onto them; I went over to one where only two chairs were upturned and leaned against it, calling mom.

She told me my grandmother was ill, and she was staying with her for the next couple of weeks so they would not be coming over at the end of the week. I

was worried at first but mom said it was a bad flu and that gran's asthma had kicked in and she was just playing safe by resting up. She asked me to make sure Steven was ok for school next week and get in the shopping, was that ok could she count on me. I told her of course it was only a couple of weeks; leave it to me. I asked her to give gran my love and say to hurry and get well, then I asked mom about her work and had she managed to get some done before gran had become unwell. We talked about her work for a couple of minutes and then she asked me to tell Steven about gran, as she knew he was playing in the band, and that she had already spoken with dad. We rang off and I put my cell back in my pocket, I didn't go back into the café straightaway, instead I looked around at the clear night sky and although I was cold, it felt refreshing to be out there in the night. Admittedly, there were lights everywhere, fairy lights and coloured bulbs, the Kool Kafé had maintained a celebratory façade all year so far. A man and woman passed with a little brown and white dog on a long lead, they were arm in arm and talking, the little dog had one of his legs entangled in the lead and they hadn't seen it, he was hopping and trying to get his leg free. I watched him hoping they would either see him or he would disentangle himself.

I realized someone was next to me and turned quickly to see Tristan, "Chloe what's happening, I saw you come out here and you seem to have been gone for a long time so I came to check if you are ok".

I smiled at him, "I'm fine Tristan I just had to call mom back, my gran is sick and she is staying in California for another two weeks".

He looked concerned, "Oh no how sick? I hope she will be ok".

"She will, its flu and asthma so it's not desperate but she has to take care, that's all, thanks for asking," I told him as he slipped his arms around me and drew me close to him. He felt warm and I shivered suddenly as I noticed how cold I was, he hugged me. "Chloe you're freezing come back into the café".

Instead, I kissed him and he held my head to his as we just kept kissing each other. He stepped back and smiled, "We better go in there before someone else comes along to check on you or both of us".

We held hands until we were almost in the main body of the café when by mutual consent we let go and walked side by side.

Oliver was drinking coffee near the counter of the café and we went over to him saying hello. He looked interested in where we had been without saying anything, so I told him about mom's phone call as Tristan went off to talk with Corbett and Laura.

It was a strange night after that, the band was excellent and the crowd really enjoying their playing, but there was something a little quiet about Oliver. I bought fresh orange juice because mine had been left on the table too long to feel safe; we all know you don't leave your drinks around unattended. Standing close to Oliver, it felt as if he was waiting to talk to me.

When we were all preparing to go home, Tristan who had driven down with Laura and Corbett said he would see Oliver and me tomorrow as he left with them. Oliver turned to me and asked where I had parked. We went over to my car and Oliver took my hand as we crossed the road. At the car he turned to me hugging me close, "Chloe, it's an age since I held you, I miss you", and he kissed

me; "You taste of oranges, and I love you", he continued. I smiled at him, "Oliver you are so lovely, where are you parked I'll drive you to the Landrover".

It felt good to hold him, and something else, I needed to take care of him, I felt bad about everything.

"It's in the library car park, but I don't want to go home yet, take me there and stay for a while, please?" he asked and I nodded then kissed him.

I drove him around to the library car park and we sat in the car, he turned to me, "Chloe I could just come back to your place for a little while". I smiled, it was hardly any distance and I needed to be with Oliver again properly, "Ok Oliver that will be really lovely".

He had followed me home, for the five-minute drive; there were few cars on the road out to where I lived but some on the way from the area.

When I parked and got out of my car, I waited for Oliver to get out of his and catch me up before we went to the door. I took his hand even though it was seconds to the front door. As I was letting us in a cat came from somewhere, a lovely white cat, small, and friendly, it wove around Oliver's legs.

"Hey, hello there", I said as I bent to stroke it. I could hear it purr loudly as it wove around my legs then rubbed its' face on my feet. Oliver smiled, "Did you get a cat? I kind of love cats but I can't have one because my mother is allergic to them" he said joining in the stroking of the pretty animal.

"No Oliver, I've never seen it before, I wonder where it has come from". I let us in and left the cat in the front porch watching us and as I closed the door, it started to clean a paw sitting down on the doormat.

Oliver was only just inside the kitchen when he hugged me, and kept hugging me until I laughed and asked if he wanted to have some coffee.

We both went over to the work surface to make it and as the kettle boiled Oliver told me about his latest computer job. In between he kissed me on the cheek then the nose and just as I was about to kiss him I saw the little white cat on the window ledge. Oliver followed my gaze and saw it, the cat knowing somehow that it had our attention rubbed its face and back along the window, and looked plaintively in.

"Let it in for a moment Chloe, just in the kitchen here, it wants a drink," Oliver said and as he seemed enchanted by the little animal, I went to the French windows and opened one side.

"If it comes in then that's ok Oliver, how do you know it wants a drink?" I grinned at him and went over to the kettle to make our drinks.

"I don't know, it's just a guess", he grinned too and took the cup of coffee I offered him. We stood close together near the window and looked out at the garden, there were leaves everywhere, blown from the trees. I realized the trees that had shielded one side of the garden from the lane were almost bare, it was definitely fall. Oliver put his cup down on the table and came back to me taking my hand and turning me to him, he started to kiss me. I kissed him back and held him, I could trace his backbone through his cotton shirt, and I moved my hands up to his face and held him as I kissed him. He was so lovely, and I loved him dearly. I thought as I kissed him, how much I would like to make love to him, with him, why not, what if I lost him again, and I hadn't ever felt that. I wanted right

then to make love to him so that I would always have that in my heart no matter what.

Oliver was whispering something to me as he kissed me, I had to make myself listen because I was lost in his kiss and his voice was very soft.

"I wish we could, but I just can't yet, because then I would ask you to choose, it would have to be me. I would expect you to tell Tristan he was just a friend. It has to be special Chloe, I love you so much, but that would be the ultimate bonding for me. If making love with someone isn't special then what is it?"

He was kissing me and I know I heard those words in answer to what I had only thought. I held him close and kissed along his jaw and down his neck and he sighed.

I didn't speak but I was thinking how easy it would be to just go up to my room and why not, why not make love to him. He answered me again, and this time I knew he was not speaking out loud, the whispers I heard were his thoughts, he was thinking if I told him I loved only him then that would be it. If only I would tell him that.

I stood back from him just a little, and I asked him, "Oliver did you say something?" I held his hands and he closed his eyes and then opened them, "No, did you, did you say something Chloe?"

I shook my head and stepped closer again, looking up to be kissed; I could see questions in his eyes. I listened again, it's funny that I would call it listening because it was like that, only not with my ears; some part of my mind was able to listen. He was thinking, 'What's going on, I was sure we just talked to each other, god I'm losing it, I love her so much and I want her so badly I'm losing my mind, get a grip Oliver'.

He was talking to himself the way we all do in our heads.

I could hear his thoughts, how was that possible? Then again, he had heard mine; I must have put them in his head. This was spooky. He had kissed me in that time and I hugged him tight, he was precious to me and he wanted me to love only him, it made me sad. I caught myself, had I put those thoughts in his head? I listened no, he had no thoughts he was just kissing me and as I kissed him back it emptied my mind of anything but the feel of his lips and his face in my hands.

Suddenly the little white cat was there at our feet, threading through the slight gap between us, it meowed a couple of times and Oliver let go of me smiling as he said, "It came in, it's so pretty", and he picked it up. The cat nudged him with its' head against his chest and then his hand, it purred all the while.

"I could give it milk", I told him and went over to get a little dish from the cupboard. I put some milk in the dish and brought it to the cat placing it at Oliver's feet as he put the cat back down on the tiles. It sniffed the milk and took the tiniest lap then looked up at us.

Oliver laughed, "It doesn't like it, funny little cat, you don't like the milk, that's ok, we don't mind". He told it and the cat seemed happy that we didn't mind our offering had been rejected, it wove through Oliver's legs one more time and

then ran with its tail flagging out the window into the cold, crisp night. I watched its little white figure disappear rapidly in the blackness beyond the garden lights.

Oliver had picked up the dish and rinsed it out placing it in the dishwasher. "Sorry Chloe, I didn't expect it not to like milk". I smiled and shook my head, "It doesn't matter Oliver; I wonder where it lives".

I went to close the window and looked out before I did along the patio, I don't know why I did that, but it was good that I did because the other French door that led to the middle drawing room was open and swung out from house.

"Oh the middle drawing room door is open, I better go and close it", I said to Oliver and he followed down there.

"I have no idea how that was left open, unless Steven forgot it or something", Oliver took my hand as I said this.

He looked concerned, "Chloe maybe we should look around the house what if someone is in here?"

We went into each room downstairs and had a look around; the big drawing room was a little spooky that night, maybe because we knew another tunnel was down there.

Upstairs we looked into each room, and along the corridors into the bathrooms. My room was last and we went into it, my window was half-open as I had left it, Oliver checked my bathroom, "Chloe maybe we should look down the steps here, someone could hide half way down, it's possible", he emphasized as I looked sceptical.

"I don't think any one came in Oliver I think maybe it was just left open by someone".

Oliver was actually a few steps down the old stairs that led from my bathroom down to the kitchen.

"I'm going to look Chloe, I can't go home and leave you without knowing there is no one in the place", he called back and I followed him then because if anyone was on the stairs I wanted to protect Oliver as much as he wanted to protect me.

There was no one and we came back up the ordinary stairs to my room, as it was easier on the leg muscles. Oliver smiled and pulled me to him, "When do you expect Steven and your dad home?" he asked. I smiled back, dad about one in the morning and Steven is staying with John tonight.

"Ok, well I may stay until your dad is home because I don't feel happy leaving you now, I keep remembering the Max affair". I laughed at this, "It sounds like something from a spy movie".

Oliver was holding me close and I had my arms around his waist, we kissed each other. There was probably only twenty minutes or so before dad would get home. I wanted to ask Oliver about the thought stuff that I had experienced in the kitchen but I didn't know what to say, maybe I should wait and see if it ever happened again. Instead, I told him out loud against his lips that he was so very dear to me, that I loved him. He sighed and hugged me extra tight, "I wish, I wish it was just me". This time he had spoken and I leaned back from him with his arms still around me, "I know Oliver, I know that, but I love you so much if it's any comfort". He kissed me and because his lips were on mine I knew, what

I heard was a thought and not a spoken reply. I still wish you only loved me. It felt sad.

Later when he had left and dad was home I lay awake thinking about the bizarre and frankly unbelievable things that had happened. It seemed if I wanted to, I could listen to Oliver's thoughts and could also put my thoughts into his head as if I had spoken. Could this be part of the immortality that I had been given by Tristan? I felt like calling him and asking but it was two thirty in the morning and maybe he was asleep. Then there was the thing about just thinking why shouldn't Oliver and I make love to each other but strangely the most worrying part of that for me was the implied idea that Oliver would leave me and that I would have that at least to hold in my heart. What was going on, I didn't want to panic and have grown semi-used to weird stuff, but I felt a shiver go through me. Not fear but a kind of recognition that something somehow had been vindicated. How odd.

That was not the most bizarre thing that happened that night.

I had the strangest dream, I dreamed that the little white cat was on the end of my bed, it was asleep and then it woke up and came up to my face, and it actually patted my face with the cool pad of its' paw and I woke up in my dream. It asked me to listen because what it had to say was very important, in my dream I laughed at it and said no you are a cat you can't speak. The cat seemed to be saddened by that and I told it I would listen so talk to me then. What it said both in my dream and when I awoke in reality and thought about it, astounded me. The cat told me that Oliver was not my destiny that Tristan was my destiny, and that Oliver was Lily's destiny and would save her life, that she knew this for sure and wanted my help. I asked how I could help since I loved Oliver and could never stop, and the cat said you don't need to stop and then it simply disappeared. In the dream I felt distraught and called out come back cat, I love Oliver, then really I woke up, and I think I was saying that out loud to the darkness. I sat up and picked up my cell, it was four thirty in the morning. I got up put on the light and walked to my window; I opened it a little wider and put my head into the cold night air. I felt really scared and then started to tell myself it was just a dream, because Oliver and I had found the white cat last night and he had loved it. I went back to my bed and then had a real scare, in the place where the cat had been sleeping on my bed in my dream was a mark, an indent of what the little cat curled up would have left, I put my hand onto it and it seemed warm. This so spooked me I went looking around my room and bathroom to check if the cat was around; maybe it had come back into the kitchen when Oliver and I were not looking, maybe it really had been sleeping on my bed and that's why I had the dream. My subconscious had registered the fact that I couldn't put my feet there or something, I was casting around for plausible scenarios. I couldn't sleep again for a long time, and must have suddenly fallen asleep because my cell woke me at eight and I got up immediately because I knew I had stuff to do and I felt a strange sadness too.