

# A Walk Around the Lake, Chapter 13

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That evening, they had decided they never wanted to be apart. He knew what he wanted. He wanted to marry her, to take her back to Texas with him, to live on the ranch, and to be his wife. He deserved a love like this, one where his wife loved him, as much as he loved her. Now, he wondered, if she wanted the same thing. She had said she did, but now, he was fraught with dread, that she might say no, when he proposed to her. He looked at her, sleeping peacefully nestled into the crook of his arm, her head resting on his chest. He kissed the top of her head gently, so as not to waken her and he let his thoughts wander to the life they would have together. She wouldn't have to work, there was no need for her to work. He was one of the state's richest men, with a cattle ranch, and oil to boot. He would give more of the day to day operation of his ranch to his foreman, and the oil, well, he could hire people to oversee that as well. He wanted her life to be full of all the fun things, things that they had both missed out on, in their previous marriages. He, by his cheating wife, and she by the loss of her beloved Michael. Funny, he felt no jealousy toward her first love. Michael sounded like a man he would have been friends with. He mourned her loss, for it had made her sad for so long. He could only hope that the smile he had put on her face would be one that last for as long as they were granted time on this earth. If he was lucky, they would be together, even in eternity. He had never thought that his life could be this good. It was a miracle, that they should find each other on a vacation, when they had been alone for so long. He wondered how she would react to the fact that he was wealthy. He wasn't sure how he was going to tell her. Perhaps he wouldn't tell her, with words. He'd seen that very exclusive jewellery store in Banff. He was pretty sure he could find an exquisite diamond engagement ring there. He would make reservations at the finest dining room in the Bow Valley Parkway. Flowers. Champagne. A slow smile spread across his face as he planned the night he would "pop the question". He imagined the look of love on her face, when he opened the lid of the velvet ring box to reveal a perfect diamond set in platinum. He curled into her side and held her gently in his arms. His heart was nearly bursting with the love he felt for this woman. He closed his eyes and sighed as sleep overcame him with the love of his life in his arms.