

By Kate Merchant



# A Long Journey

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## True North

# Chapter 1: Yes or No???

## *Sophie's Perspective*

We were sitting on the steps, I was looking at the Venus and Geoff was looking at me. The sun was passing through and pushing a lot of natural light in the area.

"Sophie," Geoff asked, looking at me.

"Yeah?" I asked distracted, working on the shadowing.

"I have a question," he said.

"I have no idea where her arms are," I replied absentmindedly. Almost done, I thought as I finished that last section.

"That's not my question," he said and then kneeled in front of me.

"Geoff?" I asked, realizing that he looked suspiciously like Kevin when he proposed to Heather on the Queen Mary.

"Sophie, could you stand for a minute?" Geoff asked. I got up reluctantly as a crowd of amused people gathered around us.

"Sophie, I fell in love with you on these steps," he started to say. "Even when we were apart, you were with me. I love you so much, I don't care if our home is London or Santa Barbara. I just want us to be together. I want it to be official."

I looked down into his eyes. My eyes started to get blurry and it wasn't the contacts I was currently sporting. "It couldn't be any more official then it already is," I reminded him quietly.

"I want it to be official in front of everyone, in the eyes of God and the law. Sophie, I want to marry you and make a life together. Will you marry me?" Geoff asked, pulling a small black box out of his pocket.

My heart stopped for a minute, the world was only us. "Yes, yes of course," I squeaked, as Geoff stood up and pulled me to him. There was applause from the amused on-lookers as we kissed.

"I love you, take me back to the hotel," I whispered in his ear as we broke to breathe.

Geoff grabbed my bag, sketchbook and pencils, and me. A few minutes later he flagged a cab and we were back at our hotel. Smiling, we walked through the lobby and entered the elevator. Once inside, we started to make out like teenagers. We had done that in the cab too, ignoring the driver who could have driven us across Paris for all we knew. Geoff had thrown some cash at the guy to calm any issues he might have had with any PDA. I hoped that there were no cameras in this elevator as we were getting pretty close to being indecent. My hand was dancing over his crotch, feeling his length as his fingers were circling my nipple.

We barely made into the room when Geoff pushed me against the door. He started to assault my neck, while pushing his hand up my shirt. His fingers started to graze my breast. I moaned and moved my hand back to his erection.

Geoff stopped me. "Uh-uh," he said looking at my confused expression, "legs on my waist."

I nodded too lost in lust to question his plans. Geoff carried me over and laid me down, giggling, on the bed. The giggles didn't last because he managed to get my jeans and panties off before he landed on the bed. Dude, I didn't even see how he did that so fast.

"You're going to stop giggling now," he said as he went down on me. His tongue making a lap around my labia, then my clit and then my entrance, teasing me inside.

"Geoff," I moaned, the giggling stopped for the time being. The pressure started to build up, especially when he added two fingers, and before I knew it I was flying.

"You stopped giggling," Geoff said, with a devilish smile. He prolonged my climax, coaxing it with his fingers.

"I had something better to do," I panted, looking down at him. "Love me?"

"With pleasure," he said climbing and settling between my legs. "I will love you forever."

After that, we laid back in bed, with my head on Geoff's chest and his arms around me. "You know I had a whole different proposal in mind," he said.

"Tell me about it," I asked, drawing circles on his chest.

"I had this whole thing planned out on the boat for tomorrow evening," he said, "but you looked so damn adorable on the stairs drawing. I was thinking back to that picture I have of you from that trip we took. I had to ask. Sorry about the fuck up."

I leaned on my elbow and looked in his eyes. "That would have been nice too," I told him sincerely, "but I love how you did it. It was perfect for me. I told you, I'm not Michelin stars. I'm picnics on the beach."

"You deserve Michelin stars," Geoff said pushing my hair from eyes. "But I'm glad you loved it."

"Thank you," I told him, glad he wasn't getting moody. "Do you want a big wedding? If you do, that's fine. I know you have a lot of friends and business associates."

"Don't be ridiculous. I just want to be married to you. I told you before, whether it's Vegas or Westminster Abbey, it's about us," Geoff told me, bringing me up for a kiss.

"Any preferences?" I asked, thinking maybe a beach wedding back home would be nice or maybe his parents' garden.

"Only one – I would like my grandfather to perform the ceremony."

"Any special rules for me?" I asked, not knowing the ins and outs of marrying in the Anglican Church.

"None as long as you're marrying me," he replied with a wolfish grin. "Seriously, I don't think so, but I'll check with my grandfather just to be on the safe side."

"I'm totally fine with that," I said since I wasn't religious at all. "I guess the only question is do you think your parents would let us use their garden for a small wedding, fifty people tops?"

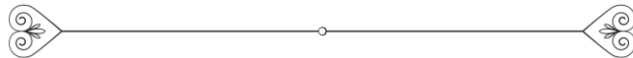
"I think my mother would love that," he said, pulling me back to him. "How about next spring? I don't want a long engagement."

"A year works for me," I answered, getting on top of him.

Our bliss was short lived. A few hours after our engagement, we got a call from Imogen who told us Rev. Carmichael had a heart attack. We were on the first train back to England. This one event would spark changes we hadn't even contemplated.

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