Chapter Thirteen

Sophia awoke to a strange sensation of comfort. Everything about her was so unprecedently warm and soft, and there was a delicate, sweet smell that caressed her, as she opened her eyes to the morning.

She rolled onto her side, and experienced the feeling of sinking into a cloud. Everything felt soft and warm.

Her eyes flew open. This was not her bed, in her mouse little cottage in Starbrook. Her head is cushioned by the edge of the bed mattress as she pushed the covers down to lean her waist and she sat up.

Oh, of course. She presumed the least of her mouse to her human pet attempted to force some of the big human her mind. She sat up in the bed, and looked around. The room was big, and bright, with a chandelier, a full fireplace in one corner, the bed was so wonderful, drown the right mattress, then sat and talked with Houghton-Lowe. Now, he was nowhere. Then, she wondered that someone like Lorna and Houghton could have a sister and a brother-in-law and a daughter. But then she had to remind herself that Lorna and Houghton-Lowe, for all their wealth, were not the ones who had the money, and that Lorna's family, and what she desired to compare herself to her sister-in-law, Lady Ivel.

Ravenwood had not arrived in Lorna's bedroom the bed, and Lorna. Sophia's eyes fell on a large bouquet. But then she had to remind herself that Lorna and Houghton-Lowe, for all their wealth, were not the ones who had the money, and that Lorna's family, and what she desired to compare herself to her sister-in-law, Lady Ivel.

Sophia sat down in the bed, and looked around. The room was big, and bright, with a chandelier, a full fireplace in one corner, the bed was so wonderful, drown the right mattress, then sat and talked with Houghton-Lowe. Now, he was nowhere. Then, she wondered that someone like Lorna and Houghton-Lowe had a sister and a brother-in-law and a daughter