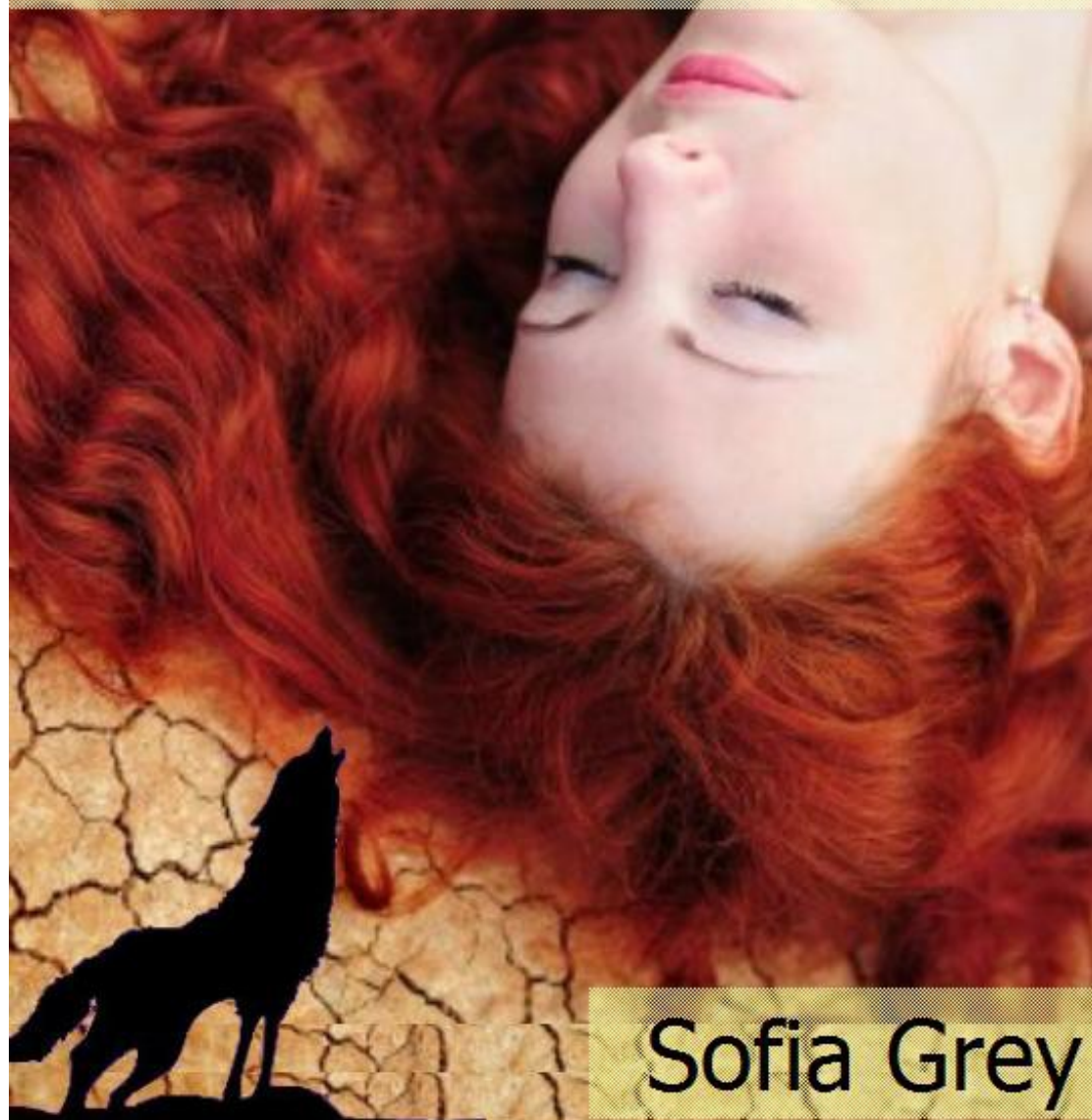


*Interview
with Ella Hart*



Sofia Grey

A Snowdonia Wolves vignette

An Interview With Ella Hart

(takes place a few weeks after Wolf At The Door finishes)

Olivia Wright's interview with rock star Ella Hart and her new husband Jake Bledri

I'm ushered into a plush hotel room overlooking a rugged mountain range, in the heart of rural Wales. Despite it being the end of April, there are still traces of snow on the peaks. I'm here to catch up with Ella Hart as she completes her current tour and it's been hinted she has something big to tell me. Recently married, this is my first chance to meet her husband and to see them together.

Ella greets me with a kiss on each cheek and leads me to a comfortable sofa. As always, she looks stunning. Her bright red curls are tied back from her porcelain smooth skin with just a few tendrils escaping. "Hello again, Olivia. How long is it since I last saw you?"

I smile at her friendliness. "Almost a year. A lot has happened since then, but you look amazing. Marriage must agree with you?"

Her cheeks colour briefly and her smile widens. "I'm very happy, thank you." She turns her head as a side door opens and I see Jake Bledri joining us. He's taller than I expected and broader in the shoulders, and I can see why Ella is so taken with him. He strides across the room to shake my hand in a firm grip. "Jake, this is Olivia Wright."

"Pleased to meet you." His accent is delicious and close to, he's even more yummy. I have to drag my gaze away from his chiselled cheekbones and bright blue eyes. Did I say bright? They're almost the colour of lapis lazuli, an intense blue I've never seen before. Does he wear coloured contacts? It's on the tip of my tongue to ask when Ella clears her throat.

"I asked you here today, Olivia, because I wanted to share some news with you. Have you heard any rumours?"

There are always rumours about a platinum-selling rock star like Ella Hart. Mentally shaking myself to focus on the job, I count them on my fingers. "One: you're pregnant. Two: you're divorcing already. Three: You're divorcing Jake because you're pregnant with Kurt's love child." She laughs aloud at this one and tangles her fingers with her husband's. He moves to stand behind her while she settles in the corner of the sofa. "Where did I get up to? Oh yes. Four: You're going into the movies to star in Kurt's latest blockbuster." I shrug and smile. "They're the main ones."

She glances up at the man holding her hand and then turns back to me with a smile. "None of the above. I'm retiring."

I truly didn't expect that. Music has been Ella's focus for the past ten years and it's made her a household name. "Spending the last five years on the road, huh. I guess you need a break?" I try not to stare at her stomach (flat as always).

"I'm not pregnant, Olivia. But I do want to spend time with Jake, and I can't do them both."

A nearby phone jangles and she frowns. Reaching out to take it, she glances at the display. "I need to take this, will you give me a minute?" I nod, but she's already getting up and leaving the room, the door closing softly behind her. My heart races. My chance to speak to her husband alone.

"Mr Bledri – can I call you Jake?"



"It's pronounced Blay-dree." His accent washes over me but I jump right in, conscious that Ella will be back at any moment.

"Mr Blay-dree. You've captured the heart of one of music's most popular artists in recent years. She's giving up her career for you. You must be something very special and yet the media knows nothing about you." He shifts his feet and his eyes darken a fraction, but he stays quiet. "What can I tell the world? Everyone wants to know how you've done it. Do you worry that you're her rebound guy? She was madly in love with Kurt Anderson just a few months ago."

There's a long pause and then the corner of his lips tilts up. I've amused him? I was trying to provoke a reaction. "You can tell the world that I'm madly in love with my beautiful wife, and you can ask her the question yourself when she comes back."

He's smart. I try another tack. "You're Welsh, I know that." I glance outside at the wild scenery. "Do you live near here?"

"Yes, we live in Wales." *Damn*, he's not giving anything away.

There's still no sign of Ella, so I have another try. "How – *where* – did you meet Ella?"

"We met when she was taking a holiday in the Welsh mountains. I was there, she was there... we clicked."

“She’s a rock star, used to bright lights and the city vibe, to adoring fans and media appearances. Do you worry that you’ll be enough to keep her satisfied? Surely she’ll get bored after a few months of playing house?”

Right on cue the side door opens and Ella rejoins us. She narrows her eyes at Jake and catches his hand again as she sits. “Sorry about that, did I miss anything?”

“Olivia was asking if you’ll get bored with me. Do you think you will, *Cariad*?” He murmurs the last word, an endearment, and my heart flips. What I’d give to have someone looking at me like that, as though I was the reason for his next breath. Ella giggles.

“It’s a good question, darling. What on earth do I see in you?” She’s teasing, I know and his wolfish grin tells me he knows it too.

“Must be my animal magnetism.”

Jake’s startling blue eyes glance at me, his eyebrows quirking and I can’t help blushing. There’s something tremendously strong about him and I have to admit, they look good together. I sigh inwardly and go back to my script. We discuss Ella’s impending retirement, her happiness with Jake and then I steer the conversation back to her very famous ex.

“So. Kurt Anderson has now divorced his wife and is single again. Any regrets that you’re no longer together?”

Ella snorts with laughter and squeezes her husband’s fingers. “You seriously have to ask that? Olivia, I have no regrets. Jake is my life now and I couldn’t be happier.”

As I pack up my things and shake both their hands, I feel a pang of envy for Ella. She has bagged a gorgeous guy who obviously dotes on her and if anyone deserves happiness it’s her. I wish them both the very best of luck.

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Sofia Grey
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