



The Loneliest Number

Author: *Kenzie Quivers*

Category: Erotic, Romance

Description: I like to play.

I'm a single woman. A unicorn.

No real names, no real feelings. Just fun. And lots of it.

Until one night, I play with a man who leaves a lasting impression.

He offers me his number, suggests we hook up again, but I never reach out.

So, imagine my surprise when he shows up as the new owner of the building across the road.

He's too good to be true.

Scottish, sexy, and willing to share me in all the best ways.

We can have some fun. Experience some new things together.

I won't get attached.

He won't want more.

We won't catch feelings.

He won't make me see how lonely I've been, despite me pretending otherwise.

I like my non-monogamous lifestyle, but what if I don't have to live it alone? What if I can find someone who gets it? Can I really have a relationship and still get to experience the alternative lifestyle I crave?

This is a steamy romance with a polyamorous MF pairing (Dual POV). It's the third (interconnected standalone) book in The Thirst Trap series and can be read independently. This book is intended for adults only.

Total Pages (Source): 78

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

Chapter one

Pixie

Unicorn;noun

A mythical animal typically represented as a horse with a single straight horn projecting from its forehead

The national animal of Scotland

A person (usually a bisexual female) who joins a couple, either for a single sexual encounter as a threesome or for a longer-term relationship

Glasgow, Scotland

If I don't get at least one screaming orgasm from this experience, I'm giving up being a unicorn. And that would be sad, given that Scotland's national animal is a unicorn.

Low-level classical music plays inside the hotel lift; the numbers on the panel increasing as it ascends. I have the carriage to myself, and I use the opportunity to stick my tongue out at the image of my reflection in the smoky mirror opposite where I stand. This place is fancy. The marbled floors of the lobby were so shiny I would be able to see my face in them if I got down on my hands and knees to look. I dread to think what a hazard that must be when it rains. And in Scotland, it rains a lot. It's been drizzling consistently since Laura and I arrived a couple of days ago. This evening has been the first break in the gloomy rain, and I wonder if I should flag this

rendezvous and take advantage of the fairer weather to wander the city. The architecture of the buildings fascinates me, and this city is full of interesting people and street art.

I wish we were staying longer. I'd love to explore more, but this is our last night here, so I've left my friend, Laura, to catch up with her brother, Alex, before we head back down south tomorrow.

It'd been easy to open up the hook-up app I've used on and off over the last couple of years, to search in my current location and see what other people have posted. I learnt early on not to set up my own listing. Unicorns are rare, and when I first advertised my desire to join established couples for a night of fun, I was inundated with requests. No, thank you. Now I only look at others' listings and lean heavily into the vibes I get from the adverts before I make contact.

The listing I saw this afternoon intrigued me, posted only a few minutes before I started scrolling the ads. Call me basic, but the image of a beefy, tatted guy in a kilt lured me in. Even though I couldn't see his head. I swiped to see a photo of a wonderfully curvy woman (again, headless) in a t-shirt emblazoned with the words, 'I love men who whimper' and I was fully onboard. That was before I'd even read the words accompanying the photos.

Come play with us. Looking for a fierce woman to join us for a night of fun. We're celebrating with orgasms. Wanna join in?

How could I resist?

The lift dings with its arrival at the top floor. I wipe my palms on my jean-clad thighs and draw in a steadying breath before stepping out into a big lobby area. The first thing I notice is there's only one door, situated between two giant plants in pots taller than I am, standing like sentries on either side of the entrance.

Is this the right place? I check my phone and open up the text convo I had earlier with 'Saffy'.

Yep, I followed her instructions to the letter. But this looks more like an apartment than a hotel room. Ooh, this must be the penthouse. The previous fancy score has just gone up a notch.

I open up my texts with Laura and quickly type a message:

Me:

This place is fancy AF - I'm going into the only room on the top floor of the hotel I sent you the dropped pin for. Just so they know where to find my body later *winking face emoji*

Her reply is speedy.

Laura:

Please don't joke about stuff like that. Any hint of red flags and promise me you'll leave straight away.

Me:

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

Honey, you know this isn't my first rodeo. Trust me - I will keep my wits about me. I'll message you by midnight, so you know I'm safe and hopefully completely zenned out on orgasms at that point.

Laura:

TMI. But also, enjoy!

Before I can lose my nerve, I stride across the hallway to press the doorbell. I'm on full alert, listening for sound on the other side, and hope I'm not about to be kicked out for trespassing. Footsteps approach from the other side, and I draw in a breath while trying to school my features into something pleasant.

The door swings open and a curvy woman wearing the 'I love men who whimper' t-shirt stands before me. This must be Saffy. Her auburn hair flows down her back in loose, beachy waves, and there's a delightful sprinkle of freckles across the bridge of her nose. I meet her green eyes, and they twinkle with what could be delight.

"Hey." Her voice is breathy and husky, and all I can think about is how good she'll sound when she's moaning. She steps towards me, holding her arms out. "Are you a hugger? Because I am." She grins, showing off dimples in her cheeks, and her Scottish accent is perfection.

"Usually only with people I know," I say, but I'm eager to be closer to her, so I add, "But what the hell. Sure." I step into her embrace and instantly feel cosy as her arms wrap around me.

“I’m Saffy. And I’m guessing you’re our unicorn, Pixie?” She grins, showing off perfect white teeth as she closes the door.

“Sure am. And where’s the other person in this equation?” I quirk a brow, trying to peer past her shoulder, but she’s a few inches taller than me and blocking the view.

“Cam’s just inside. This is...” Her voice fades, causing me to look straight at her, trying to get a read on what exactly is going on here. She bites her lip. “It’s a surprise. He doesn’t know you’re coming.”

“Oh,” slips from my lips. “I like everyone involved to consent before we start. Is this the first time you’ve done something like this as a couple?”

Her hand comes up to cover her mouth as she lets loose a husky giggle. “We’re not a couple.”

“I think we’ve got crossed wires then,” I tell her. The vibes don’t feel off, but this isn’t what I expected when I was chatting to her earlier.

“Come in and I’ll explain.” She grabs my hand to tug me inside an open plan kitchen and lounge area. “If you’re not happy with the arrangement, you can leave, but please just hear me out.”

“Saffron, what the fuck are you doing?” comes an agitated, deep Scottish drawl from one of the rooms. I look in the direction it comes from, but the door is closed. I grimace at his tone.

“Just a minute, Cam,” Saffy calls out. “It’s a surprise.”

There’s a quietened sound of cursing, which sounds even better in a Scottish accent.

“He sounds grumpy,” I say with a wince.

“Oh, he is. But together, we can cheer him up.” She steps towards the kitchen island.

“Would you like a drink?”

“Just water, thanks.” I rarely drink alcohol in these situations. It pays to keep my wits about me. She takes a glass from a cupboard and fills it from a filter tap before handing it over. I take a sip, looking at her expectantly.

“So, we’re not a proper couple. We’re friends that bang occasionally. We’re both non-monogamous at the moment. Cam’s been having a rubbish time, hence the additional grumpiness. I’m hoping you’ll be willing to help me give him a good time.”

I draw my lips in and try to get a sense from my gut. There are no alarm bells ringing, even with a different arrangement to the one I was expecting when we set this meeting up.

“I think I need to meet Cam, too, and then I’ll decide from there,” I tell Saffy. She nods, and her eyes dart across to the door across the room.

“That seems fair. But he’s a little tied up right now.” Another of her husky giggles slips out. “Literally. How do you feel about meeting him if he’s tied to the bed and blindfolded?”

My eyes bug out. “Is he dressed?”

“Nope, stark bollock naked.”

“Maybe cover him up then, and I’ll talk to him. Is that okay?”

“Aye. Just give me a moment.” She struts across the room and sneaks around the door without pushing it all the way open, meaning I still can’t see him, Dammit.

“It’s fucking Baltic in here, Saff. What the fuck is going on?” Without being able to look at him, I make sure to really listen to his tone. I consider myself strong—the regular weight lifting helps—but my small stature often puts me at a disadvantage with bigger guys. At least until they realise how scrappy I am. I don’t have a problem spending time with bigger guys, and when I’ve built up some trust, I enjoy it when they can throw me around. But this guy sounds pissed, and he looked huge in the photo Saff posted on the ad.

There’s a murmur of low voices, but I can’t make out what they’re saying. His deep voice blends well with her huskiness. Combine that with the strong Scottish accents, and it makes them hotter. As long as he’s not an arse, that is.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

“Hey, he’s decent. Come in,” Saffy calls.

Here goes nothing. A mixture of excitement and nerves skitter through my veins as I step towards the doorway.

Chapter two

Pixie

I push the door open, my eyes widening at the mountain of a guy tied with multi-coloured scarves to the four corners of the bed. His limbs are long and packed with muscle, and both his thighs and arms are dotted with ink. His chest is thick with dark curls, the shade matching the short hair on his head and his beard. He’s barely covered, just a small hand towel over the essentials and a black blindfold shielding his eyes.

I step closer. “Cam, this is Pixie,” Saffy tells him.

“Any chance of getting this blindfold off so I can see who you’ve invited into my bedroom?” Even with the cover on his eyes, I can still make out the quirk of his brow.

“Nah, where’s the fun in that?” Saff says, tapping him on the pec from where she’s perched on the bed beside him.

He lets out a huff. “Well, does this pixie speak? For all I know, you could be making this up, Saff, to get twice the orgasms.” Sarcastic amusement tinges his tone, and my

shoulders start to relax. I hadn't even realised I was holding them tense.

I remain close-lipped, enjoying the banter between the two of them. It helps me get a better idea of who I'll be sharing a bed with.

"She does speak, but I think you scared her with all that grumpy shouting." Saffy gives me a wink.

"Sorry, hen. I'm not used to being at this one's mercy and not knowing what's happening. I'm usually in charge. Saffy said you want to join us for the evening." His tone is curious, and I realise it must be weird to be tied up and not be able to see when you first meet someone. Despite his earlier grouchiness, he seems to be taking it in his stride, though.

"Hey," I say quietly. "I'm... Pixie." I'm used to using a nickname for encounters like this, so it's odd that my actual name almost slipped out there.

"And you set this up as a surprise?" He tilts his head to where Saffy sits beside him, and the blush blossoming on his cheeks intrigues me.

"I did. I wanted to cheer you up with some playtime."

"How do you see this working out?" he asks Saff, his face turned towards her. I take the opportunity to take a step closer and study the ink on his tree trunk of a right thigh. It's an intricate woodland scene with animals and the moon done in black and white; the shading is incredible.

"I thought Pixie and I could blow your mind. Help you forget everything else going on..." I peek towards them when Saff trails off. Cam's shoulders tense and his lips thin, but she rushes on, "... enjoy a night together, with plenty of orgasms for all."

“Hmmm.” The hum is low and deep, and desire curls in my belly at the vibrating sound. I want to feel that sound on my skin. “And what about you, Pixie? What do you get out of this?” I’m fairly certain he can’t see me with the blindfold on, yet his chin points towards me, and I still have that sense I’m being watched. I wonder what colour his eyes are. I want to kneel on the bed beside him and ease the covering up so I can see his entire face.

“I’m just visiting. I head back down south tomorrow. And I thought I’d try for some fun on my last night here.”

“Have you done anything else like this before?” he asks, with a hint of curiosity.

“Yeah, a few times now. It can be a bit hit or miss, but the good times make up for the less good ones.” My words tumble out fast, and my heart beats in my chest. Nerves? How is it this feels like some kind of interview when the guy asking the questions is tied to the bed, naked, and covered only in a small towel?

“And what would make it really good for you?” His pitch drops even lower, causing my toes to curl inside my shoes.

“More orgasms than I can handle. Everyone having a good time and no-one being left out.”

Saff nods with a smile on her face. “Sounds like you’re in the right place, then,” she tells me. “Eh, Cam?” She nudges his chest again.

“I’ll try my best,” he vows. “I think it would be better if I wasn’t tied up though...”

“Ha! Not yet,” Saff tells him. “If Pixie’s on board, I thought we could start exactly like this.” She glances over at me with her brows raised. “What do you say, Pixie? Willing to give us a go?”

Hope sits lightly in my gut. These two could be a lot of fun. Even if they just talk to me all night in that delicious accent, I'll be turned on. They're both hot AF. I'd be daft to turn them down, and so far, nary a red flag.

"I'll stay." It comes out as a whisper, so I clear my throat and repeat it louder.

Movement catches my eye, and my mouth drops open when the tiny towel covering Cam's dignity begins to twitch. Is he turned on just from my agreement to stay and join them?

"Did you get the test results I sent through on the app?" I check before we go any further. "I'm STI-free. I prefer to use condoms for penetrative sex as an extra precaution."

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

“That’s all good with me. Cam?” Saff checks, and he answers with a nod. “You saw our results?”

“I did. Thank you for sending them. It makes everything so much easier when everyone’s on the same page about this stuff.”

“So we’re good to go?” The eagerness in Cam’s tone is unmistakable.

Saff lets out a husky giggle, patting his thigh. “Come over, Pixie. Let’s get acquainted.”

I toe off my shoes, kicking them to the side, and make my way around to the other side of the ginormous bed. I’m wearing jeans and a band t-shirt as I didn’t want to give the wrong impression by turning up in something fancy. It had given me pause when I arrived downstairs, but there doesn’t seem to be any artifice with these two, and I don’t feel out of place. I keep my clothes on and kneel on the bed, shifting so I’m close to Cam’s other side, but not making contact.

His chest rises and falls with every breath, and the towel is moving even more now. I lean down, close enough to whisper in his ear, “What’s your wish for tonight?” His face angles towards me, and I back up so we aren’t touching.

“To see your face, to hear you come, and you straddling me while you ride my cock.” Fuck, his voice is going to be the end of me. Especially with the dirty talk.

“Can I touch you?” I ask.

His whole body shivers. “Aye.”

I don’t know where to start. I want to touch him everywhere, all at once. I jolt when Saffy’s hand reaches across Cam’s chest to grasp mine. Our eyes meet, and that sparkle shines through.

“Together?” she mouths, not making a sound. I nod. She brings our clasped hands down to Cam’s chest. He lets out a shuddering breath at that first contact, causing a sensual power to swirl in my blood. There’s a tremble in my hand as I spread my fingers wide, trying to touch as much of his skin as I can at once. Saffy’s hand sits atop mine, and her soft fingertips contrast with the wiry, thick hair on Cam’s chest. It makes me wonder how it would be to be in the middle between them. She doesn’t push me, but her hand remains on mine while I stroke across his pecs. I glide my fingertips up towards his neck, taking delight when he lifts his chin for me. I inch them further upwards, resting them lightly at his throat. A gruff moan slips out between his lips, causing my heart to race.

Saffy’s hand leaves mine and makes its way downwards. I keep my hand on his neck and shift so I’m settled beside him, enabling me to add my other hand. I use that to brush his dark hair, trailing my fingers down his cheek. His face shifts to the side, and his lips pucker to kiss my fingertips. A groan rumbles up from his chest with a heavy vibration.

“Saff, you minx,” he rasps. She removes the towel with a flourish and a grin painted on her face. I couldn’t not look even if I wanted to. His shaft is thick and resting on his lower belly. My tongue darts out to lick at my lips, eager for a taste of him. Saffy’s fingers tap lightly on his erection and he curses, “Fuck,” exactly like that video I have saved of Cavill as The Witcher that I watch over and over again.

His cock bobs with enthusiasm, and I bite my lip to hold back my giggle. Saffy might be a bigger tease than I am because she moves her hand, stroking his thighs next. I

remove my hands from his body, emboldened by the sigh he gives at the loss. I fidget and lick my lips as I stare at his erection. I want to kiss it.

“Go on,” Saffy urges me in a husky whisper. Our eyes meet, and she nods her encouragement. I draw in a breath, realising this is another step towards spending the night with them. I want to do this. I need this.

I place a hand on Cam’s furthest-from-me hip, to hold my weight so I can lower my head down. I stop just short of his shaft, letting my warm breath caress him before I touch him with my mouth. His cock bobs once again and he’s silent, holding in a breath. I close the short distance, planting a kiss halfway up his length. The breath escapes him in a rush and mingles with Saffy’s giggle. I’m aware of her moving off the bed, but choose to focus all my attention on what’s right in front of my face. I flatten my tongue against the base of his shaft, slowly easing my way to the tip. When I reach the top, I’m met with the salty taste of pre-cum. I lap it up then draw the head of his cock into my mouth and suck, relishing in his tortured moans and his back arching off the bed. I alternate between licking up and down and sucking him deeper into my mouth each time, losing track of everything apart from this. My pussy gets wetter and has its own heartbeat, keen to be involved.

I jump slightly when a hand caresses my back.

“Okay?” comes Saffy’s question.

I nod, my mouth full of Cam’s cock.

“Tell me what’s happening. If I can’t see, I want you to describe it to me,” Cam rasps. I like that idea.

“You already know that Pixie’s got her lips wrapped around your cock. Do you like the way she sucks you?” Saffy asks.

His reply of “So fucking much,” makes my cheeks warm.

“And I’m stood behind her, running my hand up her back.” An upward stroke of my spine accompanies her words, and I fidget, wishing her hand was on my bare skin.

“Is she naked?” He’s so gruff. Why is that turning me on?

“Not yet, and neither am I.”

“How’s that fair?”

I move back from his cock with a chuckle as I answer him, “You’re getting your cock sucked, honey. I’d say you’re getting a decent deal.”

Saffy’s answering giggle is close to my ear as she leans closer to kiss my neck. I hum my delight.

“You want us naked, Cam? Even though you can’t see?”

The slogan on her t-shirt is clearly spot-on because she lets out a smug sound at his whimper.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

“Yes, I want you both naked. I want one of you riding my cock while the other sits on my face.”

“All while you’re tied up and blindfolded?” I add to the conversation.

“Fuck, yes.”

“May I?” Saffy asks in a soft tone as she takes hold of the hem of my t-shirt.

“Yes,” I tell her, surprised by the huskiness of my voice. “I’ll make it easier for you.” I move back off the bed, saddened to leave Cam’s cock but eager to see where this is going.

“I want to know who’s doing what, to who, when.” His voice is commanding, and my eyes narrow at his high-handedness.

“I think you’ll find you’re at our mercy right now. You’re not calling the shots here,” I tell him.

“Please,” he purrs, causing desire to curl in my belly. “Please tell me what’s happening.”

Anticipation causes goosebumps to explode on my arms, and I can’t wait for what’s coming next.

Chapter three

Pixie

Saffy's fingertips graze my mid-drift as she gathers up the hem of my shirt to draw it over my head. I lift my arms to help her and am rewarded with the brush of her hands down the underside of my arms and my sides once she's cast my clothing aside. I sigh with pleasure.

"She's taken my shirt off and is stroking my sides."

Our eyes meet, and it's one hundred times hotter to be commentating the whole experience. It makes it even more real when I talk through what she's doing to me. Like my body and my mind both know what's happening. I'm having to process each movement she makes to be able to tell Cam. This is not a time for mindless pleasure, and it helps me stay grounded in the moment.

"She's stroking a hand down my face and running her thumb over my bottom lip." My words are muffled with her hand in the way, but I'm certain Cam can hear me because he groans.

"If I was untied right now, I'd join in and we'd both worship you, Pixie. Would you like that?"

"Yes." I don't even need to think about my answer, hoping that by the end of this evening, I find myself between them both.

"What's she doing now?"

"She's cupping my breast through my bra." A groan slips out as she fondles me, causing my nipples to stiffen.

"Take it off her, Saff. You know you want to."

“How is it you’re still trying to control the situation while you’re over there, all tied up?” she asks him with a sarcastic tone. But even with the snark, her hands reach round behind to unlatch my bra and ease the straps down my arms.

I’m bare from the waist up. She casts my bra aside and pauses to look at me. Goosebumps break out across my arms as her gaze smoulders.

“Fuck, Cam,” she mutters.

“What?”

“She’s stunning. She’s tiny; a proper little pixie. With magical lilac-coloured hair and green eyes that sparkle.” I squirm, awkwardness making an appearance at being the subject of their chatter.

“Is she naked yet?” His tone is urgent, tugging the corners of my mouth into a smile. His obsession with me being naked heats my blood. This man hasn’t even seen me yet, and he wants me. There’s a power in that.

“Patience.” Saffy’s voice is commanding. Her previous huskiness disappears with the order. And my underwear gets even more damp. Is she going to order me around too? Will I like it? Our eyes meet, and she places a finger over her lips in a shushing motion. Her brows raise as she reaches her hands toward the fastening of my jeans. I nod, knowing what she’s requesting. I draw in a shaky breath as she loosens the button, and the rasp of my zip being drawn down is loud in the otherwise quiet room. Cam lets out a moan and another low “fuck”.

Her hands push inside my jeans on either side, and she eases them down. She kneels at my feet to remove each leg. She may be the one on her knees, but we all know that she’s the one in charge here. She’s the one who has brought us all together this evening, and she clearly has plans for the both of us.

“She’s wet, Cam.” The huskiness is back. “Her underwear is ruined.” His groan reverberates through his chest. “Do you want to taste?”

“So fucking much,” he declares, and I’m amazed how someone completely at the mercy of others can still sound so commanding.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

She hooks her fingers into my underwear and draws them down my legs. Her tongue pokes out between her lips as she does so, which elevates her cuteness level sky-high.

“Step out for me, hen,” she requests, and I do exactly as I’m told, eager to please this woman in whatever way I can. Her chin tilts upwards, and our eyes meet. I shiver involuntarily as the spark between us increases. “She’s exquisite, Cam. You’re going to lose your mind when you see how gorgeous she is.” It’s like she’s speaking directly to me as her gaze pierces mine. I swear, it unlocks something brand new inside me. I would happily crawl across the floor for this woman if she asked me right now.

“When can I see her?” His voice has a hint of pleading to it, and I enjoy the idea of him begging to see me.

“Soon.” She gives me a wide grin, her white teeth showing between her plump pink lips. “I think you should taste her first.”

I draw in an unsteady breath as Cam fidgets within his restraints. “Fuck, yes,” he responds.

My eyes are wide as she leans forward, nuzzling my strip of curls with her nose. “Hmmm, she smells so delicious. It’ll make you feral.”

She presses a kiss above my curls, making me ready to sink into pleasure as my thighs tremble, but disappointment clouds over me when she moves back and gets to her feet. When she catches sight of my face, she giggles. “I promise it will be worth the wait,” she tells me as she clasps my hand and urges me up onto the bed. She steps

close, pressing her lips to my ear to whisper, “I’m going to position you over his face. I want you to hover, no matter how much he begs, okay?”

I nod. She helps me straddle Cam’s head with a knee on either side. I’m facing his toes as well as his angry-looking erection. The inside of my thighs brush against his ears. He’s holding his breath, and I do the same; both of us waiting for what comes next.

I don’t know where to put my hands, so I lean them down onto his chest, which pushes my breasts together. Saff stands and watches, her bottom lip caught between her teeth.

“We didn’t agree to this in advance, so I won’t, but you two would make the most stunning photo right now.”

“Sit down, Pixie.” Cam’s voice is coaxing, but it’s edged with frustration. “Please.”

“I can’t. She told me I couldn’t.” I’m staring at Saffy as I say it, and her eyes sparkle with mischief. She’s captivating.

“I’m going to undress. And you’re going to watch. You’re going to tell Cam what’s happening. And if you do a good job, I’ll let you sit on his face. Okay?”

My reply comes out shaky. “Yes.”

“Good girl. You may begin.” I want to whimper at her praise. I want to make her happy.

“She’s easing off her trousers down over her hips. Her thighs are bare, and she’s pushing them down to her ankles.” My speech comes out in a rush, and she seems to deliberately slow her movements. I try to rein in my impatience, but I need things to

move along, craving more.

“She’s stepping out, one foot at a time. Her feet are already bare.” Cam makes no sound underneath me, but the warmth of his breath skitters over my core, causing heat to spread through me. I have never wanted to sit down so desperately before this moment.

“Please, keep going...” he urges me.

“She’s pulled her t-shirt over her head. She’s just wearing her bra and knickers now.” I hesitate, wondering if he’s already seen them or if I should describe them. And to allow myself time to take in the sight of her sexy curves. I want to run my hands all over her, to cup her pussy through her cotton knickers, darkened with the dampness of arousal.

“What do they look like?” he asks, his breath against my thigh as he turns to the side and tries to nuzzle me.

“N-n-navy,” I stutter, distracted by his head between my thighs. “They’re navy. The pants are cotton with pretty lace trim. The bra looks more shiny and is a mix of solid navy and navy lace. She’s running her hands down her sides. I can see her nipples pressing against the cup of her bra.”

I’m convinced my pussy is going to drip onto his face at any moment. I’m so turned on right now. This whole scenario is completely new to me and I fucking love it. Anytime I’ve been with two people at once, we’ve all had all of our senses. But having to explain what I can see to Cam is adding an extra dimension to this whole experience.

He nibbles at my thigh, and I look down at his neck straining where he’s reaching for me, letting out a low moan at the sight of his teeth on my flesh.

Saffy tuts loudly, drawing my attention. “He’s never been very patient,” she says with an air of fake disappointment. “Perhaps he doesn’t deserve what I have planned.”

“I’d like to see you laying in this position, Saff, and being able to smell how fucking wet her cunt is, and not try to do anything about it.” He growls the words, sounding as grumpy as he had when I first arrived. I squirm with the need now pounding through my veins.

“Fine, I’ll move things along then.” She quirks a brow at me as she reaches behind to unclasp her bra.

“She’s undoing her bra, and it’s coming off down her arms.” My voice sounds needy. I clear my throat, trying to regain my composure, but it’s nowhere to be found. No-one’s even properly touched me yet. This pair is going to ruin me. And I can’t fucking wait.

“She’s pushing her panties down her legs and kicking them off. She’s naked now...” My voice trails off as Saff saunters over to the bed.

“Happy there?” she asks me.

“Yes,” comes my quick response.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

“So, I’ll take this end?”

Cam’s sigh blows air in all the places I want his lips and his tongue, causing me to wriggle.

I nod my agreement as she grabs a condom from the nightstand and rips open the packet to roll it down his shaft before lifting a leg over his waist so we are each straddling him and facing each other.

“Hey,” she says in a whisper, leaning forward to kiss me. Her lips press firmly to mine before she dips her tongue into my mouth. I moan, causing an echo from Cam between my legs. “Sit down, Pixie,” she orders as she breaks our kiss.

My thighs are on fire from staying upright so long, and I release my kneeling-up position to ease them. I land on Cam’s tongue. He’s clearly ready for me, moaning at the taste of me, causing another wave of wetness as he gets to work. He laps at my centre, spearing his tongue inside me. I want to close my eyes to concentrate on how good it feels to have his mouth on me. But I’m distracted by Saffy, who backs up, notching his fierce lookingcock at her entrance, sinking onto him. His moan reverberates through my folds as his cock vanishes inside her, causing me to hum with delight. He moves his attention to my clit, changing up the pressure until I let loose a feral moan. My eyes roll back as he concentrates all his efforts on the exact right spot, causing a flood of wetness. His pleased purr vibrates through my core, driving me closer to the edge of the precipice.

Saff’s eyes twinkle. “Hmm, shame his hands are tied up. Guess I’ll just have to touch my own clit.” She reaches out two fingers, and I draw them into my mouth to moisten

them. “Pixie’s getting my fingers nice and wet with her mouth, Cam, so I can rub my clit and come all over you.”

“Fuck,” comes his garbled response. How is he getting any air down there? I try to lift to give him some space, but he lets loose a guttural growl in response. “Don’t you dare,” he tells me darkly. Usually, that kind of talk would have my back up, and my contrary nature would have me moving away from him. But nothing could convince me to give this up. I ease back down, looking between my thighs to see his whiskered chin covered in my juices.

A low moan from Saffy draws my attention. She’s pinching her clit between the two fingers I sucked while she grinds on Cam’s cock, with her head thrown back, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes squeezed shut. She is divine. I get what she said earlier about wanting to take a photo. I’d love to capture her in this exact position—right on the edge of ecstasy.

Seeing how turned on she is only increases my own arousal. Paired with Cam’s talented tongue, my thighs quiver around his head. I lick my lips and gasp as Cam sucks my swollen clit. My hands on his chest slip with the sweat we’ve both produced, and I readjust so I don’t fall. I grind my hips, trying to experience as much of this as I can all at once. My whole body is alive with a feeling I can’t contain anymore. My pussy clenches as I break apart, letting go and flooding Cam’s face with my release. My brain is only aware of the pulses of pleasure; there are no thoughts, which is exactly why I do this. I crave the bone-deep satisfaction that lets me forget everything else. I pant my way through the orgasm, which is extended when I hear Saffy’s cries of pleasure. My eyes crack open—I don’t even remember closing them—to see her riding Cam’s cock and his roar signals his own release.

Fuck. Me. That was incredible. I can’t remember a time when I’ve come that hard first time around with strangers. I want nothing more than to collapse atop Cam and get my breath back, but there are too many bodies. Instead, I lift a thigh over his head and

collapse beside him and Saff on the bed.

Saffy rests down on Cam's chest for a moment, a dreamy grin on her face.

"Please, Saff, untie me," Cam whispers with a rasp, after our breaths start to even.

"Seeing as you asked so nicely. Are you recovered enough to help me, Pixie?"

I nod, shifting to the head of the bed. As I loosen the first scarf, I give his wrist a soft massage to bring the blood circulation back. I try to lean over him to reach the other arm, but it's too far. As I start to pull away to move around the bed, his free hand comes up to my waist, stroking at my hip. I pause, savouring his touch.

"Let me just move around and I'll get your other hand." I hop off the bed and walk round as Saff releases his second ankle. She rubs at the red marks where the ties held him in place, and he lets out a husky groan as he bends his knees.

Saff takes the condom off him, wrapping it in a tissue before placing it in the bin.

"What do you need, honey?" Saff asks him as I untie his other wrist and give it the same massage treatment as the first.

"Some water would be great." He smiles at her, but the blindfold still covers his eyes. His hand reaches up to it, but he pauses. "And permission to remove this."

"Of course." She bends down and kisses him on the cheek before sauntering out of the bedroom in all her unashamed, curvy glory.

I stand next to the bed, aware of the tap running in the other room, but my eyes are riveted to Cam. He sits up, and both hands come up to ease the blindfold over his head. He blinks at the light to adjust, then his gaze starts at my toes and burns all the

way up. Barely minutes have passed since my amazing orgasm, and yet my belly flutters with arousal at his slow perusal. He licks his lips when his gaze skims over the blonde curls between my thighs, causing me to squeeze them together. He swings his legs round to place his feet on the floor, bringing him much closer to me.

His chin lifts as he looks at my breasts, the pointed nipples practically screaming for his attention. And when our gazes meet, I get a jolt. His chestnut eyes pierce mine. His pupils are blown out, showing only a small ring of brown, like a frame, around the rim.

“Pixie.” His voice is low and his accent thick, making me want to get on my knees and worship at his feet.

“Cam,” I reply, my voice shaking.

“Saff was right; You're gorgeous.” I hope that the blush rising on my cheeks is hidden by the glow from all the sex.

“Ahh, you two are properly meeting, and both stark bollock naked, just the way it should be.” Saffy struts back into the room and holds out a glass of water for Cam. She comes to stand beside me, grasping my hand as she murmurs, “All okay?”

I blink as I look across at her. I sway on my feet as the room spins and a round of dizziness hits me out of the blue. “Oh,” I gasp.

Cam slams his glass on the bedside cabinet as he reaches out to grip my hips, holding me upright when my body wants to pour itself into a puddle on the floor.

“Easy, hen,” he murmurs as he tugs me onto his lap. “Okay?” His warm breath skitters across my cheek, an echo of the sensation I’d felt earlier on my thigh.

I close my eyes, checking in with myself, trying to figure out what happened. “Just give me a moment, please,” I say quietly. The bed dips as Saffy sits beside us, and her hand comes up to give my shoulder a gentle squeeze.

“Of course, take your time.” Her voice is soft and warm.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

Did I come too hard? I haven't drunk any alcohol. What's wrong with me?

And then, as if it's answering my question, my stomach rumbles and gurgles so loudly it causes me to jump. Cam's arms tighten around me, and a sense of safety blankets me.

"When did you last eat?" he asks. I wince, opening my eyes to look straight into his.

"Lunchtime. I thought we might have eaten before we got started," I tell them both.

Cam's brows knit together, and his eyes spark with what looks like anger. I gulp at the sudden change in him, but then he draws in a breath and his face relaxes as he speaks, "Well, we can't have that. Let's get some food in you. How about some crackers and cheese to tide you over, and we can go get a bite?"

"I'll grab them," Saffy says, tugging her t-shirt over her head this time before she leaves.

"If you guys have other plans, I can just stop for something on my way back to my hotel. You don't have to include me."

"You think I'm done with you, Pixie? Because I can assure you, I am not." Cam's timbre is gruff, which I'm starting to realise might be his usual tone. I wet my lips in anticipation, desperate to know how he sees the rest of the evening panning out. "Let's get you fed, little one. You gave us a fright."

From anyone else, that nickname would annoy me, but I can't deny that it fits. Rather

than allowing myself to enjoy his need to take care of me, I try to brush it off. “I just get dizzy sometimes when I’m hungry. It’s nothing.”

“Not nothing. You need to be taking proper care of yourself. And I want to help you do that tonight. How do you feel about Italian?”

“Italian sounds amazing,” Saffy declares as she comes back in, holding a plate of crackers and cheese. They’re heaped up, and I frown, not wanting to spoil my dinner. But then, Cam reaches out his meaty hand and snatches two, wedging a thick slice of cheese between them, and putting the sandwich into his mouth in one go. A couple of crunches, and he swallows before reaching for his glass of water and guzzling most of it down. I quirk a brow at him.

“What? Sex makes me hungry and thirsty. Why haven’t you eaten yet?”

“I don’t think she could get in there with your big bear claws in the way,” Saffy teases as I reach for a singular cracker. I break one of the cheese slices in two and add it before eating it in several bites.

“Here, I saved you some.” Cam holds out the glass he just drank from. I can’t be precious about germs when we’ve just had our mouths all over each other, so I shrug as I reach for it and take a few sips. “Another,” he demands, adding the other half of my cheese to another cracker and approaching my mouth with it.

“I can do it myself,” I tell him, mutiny apparent in my tone as I grab it.

“I know,” he leans close to my ear, “but sometimes it’s more fun when you let others take charge.”

Chapter four

Cam

The three of us are squeezed around a tiny table at Enzo's Italiano. The place is packed, a sign of how bloody good it is. Although, I wasn't expecting it to be this crazy mid-week.

"Pixie's not your real name, I take it?" Saff asks our date for the evening.

"No, it's not."

"You don't want to share?" Saff asks with a hopeful lilt.

"Don't be pushy," I tell her, reaching across to tap her nose.

"I find it's best to keep everything anonymous," Pixie states. I can't help but wonder if there's a story there that led her to feel that way. But I respect her decision, deciding to steer Saff away from her nosiness. Even if I'm intrigued and eager to know more.

"Are you working tomorrow?" I ask Saff.

"Yes, although I don't need to be in the studio until 11, thank goodness." She turns to Pixie to explain. "I'm a photographer. Mostly portrait stuff. I've been branching out into boudoir recently. That's where my comment came from earlier. I'd love to take even more intimate photos— of people in the throes of passion."

"Huh, that's interesting, because there was a point earlier when I wanted to capture you in an image," Pixie tells her. Saff's delight lights up her face.

"Really? When?"

“When we were right in the middle of it all. Your head was thrown back, and you looked divine, all coiled and ready to let go. It would have made an amazing picture. Perhaps you should try shooting yourself, with a remote control or a timer?”

“That’s an amazing idea. Dammit, I wish I had the equipment with me today. We could have done it when we head back.”

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

Our conversation slows when the waiter brings out steaming dishes of pasta for us all. I'm happy to see both women eating big bowls of food. Pixie's dizzy spell earlier worried me. I'd been frustrated at myself and Saff for not checking she was adequately prepared for our session. But these things happen, I guess. And she's digging in now.

I make a start on my linguine dish, breathing in the aroma of basil as I chew the morsels of chicken threaded through it.

"What do you do?" Pixie asks. I lift a brow. I respect her privacy, but it's interesting that she wants to know more about us. She notices my pause. "Sorry, that was nosy. You don't have to reply."

"He works too bloody hard," Saff interjects with a huff. I cast her a side eye. Not the time, Saff.

"It's okay. It's just a complicated answer." I tell Pixie. "I'm actually between projects at the moment. My last one finished up a while back, and I'm taking a break before I do something else. Might be time for a change of scenery." I blow out a breath. That wasn't too hard, was it? I don't have to go into the details of how life has thrown me plenty of curveballs lately, and I've been feeling like I've lost my way. That a failed work project I'd poured my heart and soul into and losing Gran has me questioning everything.

And just like that, the swell of grief rises from my gut, threatening to drown me. It moves swiftly to my chest, clawing at my heart. I take a gulp of the water I'd thankfully stuck with for the meal. Both ladies had chosen non-alcoholic drinks, so I

decided to join them. I've noticed lately that it's all too easy to have a couple of drinks to loosen up and forget. And that's not a path I want to continue down.

Saff reaches across and grips my hand, giving me a sad smile. There's nothing she can say that will make it any better. But I appreciate the gesture of support and her attempt today to have some fun, something other than me wallowing in a pit of grief and uncertainty.

"This is delicious." I look across to see Pixie closing her eyes as she savours her ragu, which is smothered with parmesan cheese. She's exquisite. I hope she'll agree to another round after dinner so I get to see the pleasure on her face this time and not just taste it on my tongue. Her eyes open, and she looks straight at me with an encouraging smile. Grateful for her change in subject, I try to keep the conversation flowing.

"So you do this kinda thing often?" Perhaps if I keep the questions hook-up related, she'll open up.

"Fairly often," she replies after chewing and swallowing her mouthful of pasta. "I consider myself polyamorous. I don't do the dating or the monogamy thing—I don't see the point in it, but I enjoy sex. Sometimes I use the hook-up app and do the unicorn thing, other times I go to play parties." I want to prod at the monogamy statement, but my gut tells me she will clam up. Saff perks up at the mention of play parties.

"There's some good parties up this way. That's how Cam and I started playing. I wanted someone to go along with me, and he offered to come."

"So you guys really aren't together?" Pixie's gaze flits between us. "You seem so in sync."

“Just occasional fuck buddies. We’re friends more than anything else.” Saff flashes a smile at me.

“What are your preferences for play partners? If you don’t mind me asking. I know there were some listed in the app, but I think sometimes people get happy with the options and tick bloody everything.” Pixie’s silver-green eyes are full of curiosity. They’re so expressive, and I want to drown in them.

Saff answers first, “I’m good with he’s, she’s, and they’s. It’s more about the vibes for me than how someone identifies.” Pixie nods her agreement before she turns her attention to me.

I take a sip of my water as I contemplate my answer. “I’m bisexual and have experience with men and women, but I’m open to other possibilities.” Her soft smile is like a reward. I could happily sit here all night and get to know her better. “So, you head back down south tomorrow? What brought you up here?” I ask Pixie.

“I came with a friend. Her brother, he’s my friend too, just moved up here for six months. I’ve always wanted to visit, so I offered to travel up with her.”

“How long have you been here?”

“Tonight’s our third night. I would have loved to have spent longer or gone further up north. I’d love to visit the Highlands and especially Skye.”

“Cam’s from up that way,” Saff interjects. “He could give you a special tour.” She nudges me with her elbow. Always meddling, that one. She’s noticed I’m rather taken with this pixie.

“Bit late now, unfortunately. But if you’re ever going to be up this way again, perhaps you can reach out and we can arrange something?”

“That would be good. I can contact you via Saffy on the app?” she checks.

“I’ll give you my number. No pressure. I don’t need yours back,” I tell her. She glances downwards as she mulls it over.

“All right then, thank you,” she says with a hesitant nod.

A week later, I can’t help my eager anticipation when the vibrating buzz of my phone makes itself known in my pocket. Could this be her?

After our Italian meal, we headed back to my place and had another incredible round of debauchery. Pixie and Saff certainly made it a night to remember.

I’d been frustrated when she’d climbed from the cuddle pile not long after we’d all got our breath back, and started to dress. Saff tried to coax her to stay, but I could tell from the glint in her eye that she’d stubbornly decided that was that, and it was time to go.

I’d recited my number and watched as she typed it into her phone, just before she snuck out the door. My disappointment increased when she refused a lift to her hotel. I’d been so tempted to follow at a safe distance to check she was safe, but it felt like a step too far when she was already so cagey about her real identity.

I’d found myself skimming the local news for the next couple of days, checking for reports of a missing tourist or any attacks. Despite not finding any, unease still floats in my gut each day that I don’t hear from her.

I give myself an extra moment of hope before easing the phone out from the pocket of my jeans. A glance at the screen squashes that dream when it shows the name of my grandmother’s lawyer on the caller ID. I’ve had plenty to keep me busy, trying to sort out the estate. And in doing so, at least I feel helpful, taking some of the

workload off my parents.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

“Cameron Macleod.” My greeting is brusque because I’d much rather be talking to a certain lilac haired pixie.

“Mr Macleod, I’ve found something in the paperwork you supplied. I think you need to see this.”

“What is it?” I ask, not wanting to trek across town to the stuffy solicitor's office if I don’t have to.

“I’ve found some deeds to a building.”

“Where? In Glasgow? Or on Skye?”

“No...” there’s a pause, “that’s what’s a little unusual. The building is in a suburb in London. But there’s a personal letter with the paperwork. I would rather not read it over the phone. It contains some... delicacy that would be better read in person.”

Well, colour me intrigued. The solicitor almost sounds embarrassed by this letter. I need to know what it says.

“I can make it this afternoon. What time would suit?”

“I have space at 2 pm, Mr Macleod. Why don’t you come in just before that and read the letter, and we can discuss it after?”

“See you then.”

Gran, what on earth have you been up to that's got this guy all flustered?

The receptionist leads me to a small meeting room with two small armchairs and a round coffee table. The bookshelves that fill one wall are full of volumes of official-looking books. I poke my fingers through the slats in the blinds, trying to get my bearings, ignoring the manila folder on the coffee table, which, according to the receptionist, contains the mystery letter, for just a moment longer.

No wonder they keep the blinds closed. All I can see is tall brick buildings and office windows.

I turn to the table and stare at the folder. After my earlier chat with the solicitor, I'd been curious enough. But as the last couple of hours passed, I got more antsy about the whole thing.

I can't help but wonder how I didn't spot a personal letter amongst the paperwork when I'd sorted it out for the lawyers to do the official work of the estate. Would I have opened it if I had? I don't even know if it's addressed to anyone. The sensible thing right now would be to plonk myself down in that chair, pick up the folder, and open it. But something holds me back. I pull out my phone to check the time, hopeful a call comes in right at this moment or there's a text that needs answering.

Pixie, now would be a great time to reach out.

I blow out a sigh, exasperated that I'm putting this off. I've only got ten minutes until I'm meeting with Mr Richards. I need to get this letter read and work out what the fuck is going on.

I pick up the folder, lowering myself into the armchair facing the door, and spread it open on my knees. On the top is a compliments slip with a handwritten scrawl:

Mr Macleod,

As discussed, please read the contents of this folder, including the letter. I've put it all back together as it was found.

Regards, Simon Richards.

The first sheet is yellowed with age. I run my thumb over the imprinted words from a typewriter. It's titled: DEED OF SALE and is dated well before I was born.

I study the document, taking in the details. The address listed holds no significance to me. I've never heard of this building. There's a rusty, golden staple on one corner holding the pages together. As I lift the top sheet, I spot the envelope.

It's hand addressed to 'Elizabeth'.

My hand trembles as I reach for it. I always knew my grandmother as Beth, but someone used the full version here, although they weren't formal enough to use her full name with title and surname.

The envelope is a cream colour and sturdy. It's stood the test of time, although the gum has gone orange and flaked off in places. I ease out the sheet of writing paper and unfold it, grateful it's written in a readable hand.

My dearest Elizabeth,

I'm sorry, my love. I have brought so much trouble to your door. It was not my intention. I hope you can find it in your gracious heart to forgive me. If only, so that it brings you peace.

I know you said you want to brazen it out and stay close to family and friends, but I

want to give you an option in case you feel the need to flee.

These deeds are for a building in my hometown. I have signed them over to you. To make it official, you had to have paid me something. I hope you won't find me too sentimental to have listed the sale price as the same amount of money you gave me for my train ticket back to London.

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

Your signature has been added by proxy - should you need to contact them, it's the wife of my solicitor, who is a romantic and wanted to expedite this official paperwork for you.

It's there if you need it. It's tenanted and managed by the solicitor listed on the deeds. I have nothing to do with it anymore. I signed the management rights over to him the same day I transferred ownership to you. You'll need to contact them with your bank details for any profits from the rentals, but there shouldn't be any expenses for you to incur, as there's a trust in place to cover that.

Sell it, live in it, rent it out. Whatever you need to do. It's yours. A gift for the time we spent together. It meant the world to me. I only wish we could have made something from the passion we shared. But we come from such different worlds, it wasn't to be.

Please know you will always hold a place in my heart,

Faithfully yours,

William x

I stare at the handwritten note in astonishment. None of it makes any sense. I knew nothing about this building before today. My grandmother came from a wealthy family, but I didn't know they owned property outside of Scotland. My eyes scan over the next page, showing the very low sale price, and it's signed and witnessed at the bottom.

Who is this William guy? Why have I never heard of him? And why did he gift my Gran a building?

Chapter five

Pixie

I raise my face towards the blue sky, and the sunshine filtering down warms my skin. I breathe in, trying to soak in my favourite season. A bird sings a cute little tune somewhere, and I search the tops of the buildings to find it on the telegraph pole. It's a tiny thing making a hell of a lot of noise. I head down the high street towards The Thirst Trap, where my shift starts soon. I'll be ten minutes early, so I have enough time to water the hanging baskets and tend to the flowers outside before I prep the bar for service.

I'm opening up today. It hasn't got old yet, this level of responsibility that Tom handed to me months ago. I still don't feel adult enough to be listed as assistant manager of the bar, but it's teaching me a lot.

I've worked with Tom for years now. He took a chance on me, a scruffy little thing always looking for an argument. And not a day goes by that I'm not grateful for that. He's shared his own background since then, and I realise he might have recognised his own story in mine. He's been like a big brother to me. And now he's in a relationship with Jack and Cassidy, it feels like my found family has grown.

I pause at the corner to check before crossing the street, and activity across the way catches my eye. I stand on the edge of the kerb, staring at the building diagonally across the crossroads: The Juniper. It's been boarded up for years, which is a real shame because the rest of the neighbourhood has been thriving with its bar, cafe, bakers, and florist. The abandoned building has been a bit of a blight.

It's a stunning building with carved stone and ornate details. I've spent hours daydreaming about what I would do with it if I was rich enough. I'd bring it back to its glory. A rounded turret-like tower sits out on the corner and spans the three floors. There's also a hint of a basement with the floor level long rectangular glass panes to filter some light through. There's a grand doorway, and a gargoyle sits above the arched entrance, poking his tongue out at passers-by. How amazing it would be to live on the top floor and set that circular corner space up as a cosy den for people watching out the many windows?

The windows have been boarded up for at least three years. And yet, two men are removing the boards from the ground floor ones. I crane my neck to see that the doorway has also been cleared.

I hurry across the crossroads, grateful for the lull in traffic to jog to the other side. I'm desperate to see inside, to see what it looks like. I stride towards the doorway, eager for my first glimpse, when a group of people in hard hats and high vis step outside.

"Crazy bastard. He's got his work cut out for him," one of the men says to the others. Frustration simmers in my belly as they spread out, blocking any view inside.

"He's got a reputation for doing amazing restoration work though. It's going to be a wonder when he's finally finished," another chips in.

"That's if he doesn't run out of funds. It needs so much done."

"Why isn't he here today?" the first one asks.

"He's not local. He's from up north, Scotland, I think. Should be getting in later today."

My heart skitters at the Scottish reference. But there are millions of Scots. Of course,

they're not talking about the one whose number has been burning a hole in my pocket since he gave it to me three months ago.

Three long months that I've been unable to delete it from my contacts... just in case. Just in case what? There's a wistfulness for the offered tour of the Highlands and Skye, with the added bonus of some of the best orgasms of my life.

Multiple times, I've opened up his contact late at night and stared at his number. I could recite the number by heart now, I've stared at it for so long. I've found myself wondering what he and Saffy have been doing. Have they met up with other unicorns like me? Or has he been with people in other combinations? And was it as explosive as the night the three of us had together?

I've also contemplated reaching out to Saffy on the app with a friendly hello. But something has held me back each time. I'm usually more than happy with a one and done, but the memory of my night with the pair of them is proving impossible to move on from.

"Miss, I said, can we help you?" One of the hard hat crowd steps towards me.

They are all staring at me. I blink.

"Oh no, I was just being nosy. It's been boarded up for so long." I gaze above their heads at the gargoyles. "I'm glad someone's going to fix her up."

"There's a lot that needs fixing, that's for sure," the guy who spoke to me responds. I still can't see past the crowd to the inside of the building, but if work is going to start, hopefully, there will be more opportunity for me to catch a peek. I give the workmen a vague smile and head down the street towards work.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

It's only when I get to The Thirst Trap that I realise I didn't ask them what it was going to be.

"Flats maybe? Office space?" I suggest after Tom arrives and I fill him in on the building work.

"I don't know, Abs. I guess we'll find out soon," Tom replies as we work behind the bar to stock the fridges for the evening rush. "Why are you so interested, anyway?" he asks, a curious look in his eyes.

"I dunno. I just always daydreamed about the place. That was going to be my project if I ever won the lottery. I'd love to live on the top floor."

"But, Abby, you don't even play the lottery, do you?" Cassidy asks from her perch on the other side of the bar. She's taken to coming down some days and working here for an hour or so while we bustle around her. She likes having company while she writes her latest book. And I love having the opportunity to sneak a glance over her shoulder to see what smut she's writing.

"No, that's true. Dammit, why didn't I buy a ticket?"

"I didn't even know the place was up for sale. There was no signage or anything," Tom says with a frown.

"Can't you look up planning permission applications online?" Cassidy asks, peeking over her laptop at me. "Surely they've already put the application in if there are people there starting to do stuff." She stares at me for a moment before going back to

her laptop and typing. I shrug and carry on filling the fridges with soft drinks, assuming she'd gone back to her work in progress when she yells, "Found it!"

"What have you found?" Tom asks, puzzlement drawing his brows together.

"The planning application. I'm just opening up the file now."

I stand up from my kneeling position, dusting off my jeans with my hands as I do.

"Oh." Disappointment edges her voice.

"What is it?" I ask, wondering why she'd sound like that.

"It's a mix of uses, but it sounds like one of them is going to be a bar." She winces at Tom as she says it. "Were you informed someone else locally had applied for a bar licence?"

"No, but I'm behind on my emails. There's the possibility I got something about it." His tone is infuriatingly nonchalant. I reach across, slapping Tom's bicep. "Ow, what's that for?" he asks with a scowl.

"If we'd known, we could have put in a protest. Dammit, Tom. Now some rich guy is gonna open a swanky bar and steal all our customers, and I'll be out on my ear."

"Abs," Tom sighs as he tugs me into his side in a one-armed hug. "It'll be fine, even if it is another bar, there's enough room for two of us in this town. It's good to have some competition. It'll keep us on our toes."

"That's the spirit, my love," Cassidy says, giving him an encouraging smile.

But I'm not convinced. This feels like it could rock my stable boat. And it took me a

long time to feel this way. Is this the storm I've been expecting to hit when life got easier and I wasn't convinced I deserved it?

Chapter six

Pixie

Despite seeing plenty of vans parked up outside and hearing building-type noises from inside each time I make an excuse to walk past The Juniper, I am yet to catch even the smallest glimpse of the inside. It's making me antsy and becoming an obsession. I need to know. I've never been this crazy about a building before—not even my tiny bedsit, which is my den to hide away from the world when I need to. I love that place. It may just be a rental, but I've carefully curated my second-hand and upcycled furniture to make it mine.

Tom, Cass, and Jack have just purchased their own place further out of town, and I'm excited to visit and get the tour, and make friends with the dog they're talking about getting.

But this old, crumbling building that has nothing to do with me, other than being just down the road from where I work, and that I walk past most days, has lured me. I even did an internet search last night, trying to find out the history of the place. I couldn't find much, but no doubt there's more digging to be done.

Deep in my search, I found mention of it being used as some kind of club for rich folks in the roaring twenties all the way through to the forties. I had visions of flapper dresses and people smoking cigarettes on long sticks a la Holly Golightly in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. I could picture the sparkling chandeliers and the Art Deco style. It seemed to be empty during the Second World War. More recently, it had been a pub and at one point also offered hotel rooms on the upper floors.

Today, I'm heading towards work a little earlier. I'm going to visit the bakery across the road from The Juniper and hope there's space at one of their tiny outdoor tables to grab a coffee and a cake before my shift. Perhaps there'll be a little more activity at the building as I sit and watch. I was so tempted to borrow some binoculars, but realised that would border on levels of crazy obsession that I'm not willing to tell my friends about. I can't even decide which of my friends would be more likely to own binoculars. Perhaps I should buy some. You can get anything delivered these days, including spy equipment.

My mind takes one of its tangents, and I imagine planting a listening bug in the building to hear what they're doing. And I might even hear the plans for the place that could help Tom and The Thirst Trap.

I rub at my chest, at the conflict of wanting this beautiful building to be made good and brought back to life, but the fear that it could lead to my home and family of choice at The Thirst Trap being under threat. Maybe it will be a stuffy old man's pub, attracting completely different customers to our place.

'Our' place. It's not really. It's Tom's. But after so many years, it feels like mine too. I'm there most days. I've cleaned every inch of it. Made friends with the regulars and got to know their names and their drink orders. The Thirst Trap has become my safe place, and my boss and his partners are the closest thing to family I know.

My steps speed up as I head towards the corner. A van pulls up, and a guy in what can only be described as workman's clothes steps out. He's tall and chunky and his gait sparks a memory of chatting with Saffy as we headed towards that cute little Italian restaurant. Cam had trailed behind us while we talked but overtook us to hold the door open. I shake my head. Over five million Scots, Abby. It won't be him.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

He opens the back doors of the van and lifts out a toolbox that he sets down at his feet. He leans back in to reach for something else, and I can't help but admire the way his black multi-pocketed trousers stretch across his arse.

My steps slow this time, for two reasons: to take the time to admire this guy as he pulls more tools from his van, setting them at his feet before reaching in again. He even straps a tool belt to his waist. I also hope that by the time he's got everything he needs, I'm positioned appropriately to offer help to take them inside and get a proper look. I might even be able to talk to him about the plans for the building. I stop to admire some brightly coloured pansies in a planter outside a shop, keeping one eye on him. He can't plan to carry all of this in one go, surely?

He finally closes the doors of the van and locks it with a click of his key fob. This is my chance. I move forward, ready to offer my assistance, when he turns towards me.

No.

It can't be.

This has to be all in my mind.

I've conjured him from all that late night staring at his phone number.

I reach up to rub my eyes, suddenly understanding why it's the go-to reaction for cartoon characters who can't quite believe what they're seeing. It doesn't change anything. I don't know what to do.

But my mouth, the body organ that gets me into the most trouble, does. And I shout, “Cam,” to get his attention.

Chapter seven

Cam

I will not take more than one trip. As I pulled each item out from the van, it had become a challenge. I can't leave any of these expensive tools out on the street while I carry some of them in. So it all needs to be in one. But I can't help cursing myself as I lock the van and look at the pile at my feet. There's no way. I contemplate pulling my phone out to call one of the guys inside to help me. But that feels like admitting I'm not as strong as they all think. So, fuck that. I will do this even if it kills me. I start by gathering up the power drill case and my toolbox in one hand, wedging another item in the crook of that arm. And contemplate the pile that's left. Maybe I should chuck something back in the van and come back?

“Cam.” I jolt at the cry of my name, standing up straight to take in the sight before me.

Pixie?

It can't be.

A grin splits my face at the sight of her. It may be a shock to see her, but it most definitely isn't a bad one.

“Pixie.” Her moniker comes out in a low rasp. The shock of seeing her stealing my ability to speak.

Her brows are high, and her mouth is open in an adorable O shape, showing she's just

as shocked as I am. Her lilac hair tumbles around her face, and I feel the sudden need to be closer to her.

“Let me help.” She rushes forwards, looking down at my hands. I follow her gaze, having completely forgotten I’d been overloading myself with heavy tools. I drop them all beside me and use the momentum of her movement forward and my now free arms to capture her in a bear hug.

“I thought you were dead,” I whisper in her ear, refusing to let her go anytime soon.

“What?” Her laugh is warm against my neck. “Put me down, you big oaf.”

I’ve lifted her clear off the floor, and it’s a wrench to set her back down. I want to keep my hands on her, to be certain she doesn’t run off on me again.

“What the fuck, Cam? What are you doing here? What do you mean, you thought I was dead?”

“I didn’t hear from you. Not even a quick ‘I’m back safe at my hotel’ the night you left.” I try to keep the frustration from my tone, but the blush rising on her cheeks must mean she can hear it.

“I didn’t say I would,” she tells me, having to lift her chin to look up at me.

“Neither you did.” Her head tilts as she tries to decipher the Scottish term. “But I still hoped I’d hear from you. We had a good night, didn’t we?” I ask her, desperate for confirmation from her lips that the night blew her mind as well as mine. Despite not knowing her name or having any way to make contact, I haven’t been able to forget her.

“We did. I did think about reaching out, but it seemed daft when I was down here and

you were all the way up there.”

“You live here?” I ask her, hopefulness perching in my heart like a bird on a gently swaying branch.

“Err, yeah.” She’s got that cagey look on her face, the one she had each time conversation veered too close to the personal on the night I’d spent with her and Saff.

“What are you doing here? You’re a long way from home.”

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

“Some work of interest came up when I needed a change of scenery, so I thought I’d take it. Feels a bit odd to be so far south though.” I wince. But it’s brought me to Pixie, so it can’t be all bad, can it?

“Wow. How long are you here for?” she asks, staring up at the building.

“Six months initially, and then we’ll see from there.”

“That long?” Her eyes widen as she switches her gaze to me.

“Maybe we can catch up over dinner?” I ask, hoping she’ll agree.

“Maybe. What are the chances of a tour?” She nods towards the crumbling building, which I’d known nothing about just a few months ago and has now become my sole focus. “If it won’t get you in trouble, that is.”

I scratch my chin, eyes fixed on her. “The upper floors aren’t for visitors yet, but if you can give me a hand with some of this stuff, I can show you the ground floor.”

“That would be amazing.” Her eyes twinkle with glee. “Yes, please.”

I unlock the van and swing the door open to get her a hard hat. It’s too big when I sit it on her head, pushing her lilac hair down so it covers her eyes. Fuck, she looks cute. Pixie by name, pixie in looks. I let loose a chuckle at the sight.

“Hang on, it adjusts,” I tell her, taking it back to tighten the inner lining strap. “That should be better.” She reaches for it, and I give a nod of approval when she perches it

on her head.

“Don’t you need one too?” she asks with a side glance. I grab up my blue hard hat with a white saltire painted on it. “Very patriotic. Why do I have to wear a crappy yellow one and you get a personalised one?”

“Because you’re a visitor and I’ll be a regular.”

“What is it you do, exactly? You know, it’s so funny. I heard some of the guys talking about the owner being Scottish, and it made me think of you. What a strange coincidence that you’re working here, though.” A smile tugs at my mouth as she chats faster than my Scottish granny used to, refusing to stop for breath. She’s watching me expectantly. I’m not sure I’m ready to admit ownership yet; Gran’s bequest to me still feels so fresh, and I don’t even know why it feels awkward to talk to her about it. Perhaps because she’s such a closed book herself? But I can be truthful about why I’m here.

“I specialise in renovating buildings from this era. I’m a stonemason by trade, and this one needs a lot of work.” I barely hold back the wince at the thought of what’s waiting for me inside.

“You must be good if they’ve got you all the way down from Scotland.”

“Aye, something like that,” I tell her, bending to lift the tools and piling them into my hands. Pixie joins me, picking up a couple of heavier items. She’s strong. She gives no indication they’re too heavy as she makes her way over to the side door.

This woman intrigues me; I can’t believe I bumped into her like this. Will she agree to spending time with me while I’m here?

The side door is already unlocked, so I give it a push with my shoulder to get us

inside. I hold it open so Pixie can precede me in, her head on a swivel as she tries to look everywhere at once. Her eyes are like saucers and her mouth agape as she stands and takes in all the details.

The bones of this building are unreal. Gran hadn't been messing around when she gifted it to me. The need to know more about the whole situation grips at me, and not for the first time. Had she visited the building? When did she decide to give it to me? Who the fuck is this William guy? And why did he gift her a grand old beauty like this one? Instead of getting answers to my original questions when I first found out about the building, I've only ended up with more, including the perplexities of the date of William's letter and my grandparents' wedding.

"Just pop them down here," I tell her. She sets the heavy tools down, and I can't resist the urge to look her body up and down. She's tiny compared to me, but there must be plenty of muscle packed in there.

"Where are you working?" she asks, spinning around to stare at the details.

"Mostly assessing this week and peeling back the layers, then coming up with a priority list. I'll be working with a team to tackle one section at a time. We'll probably be starting with the basement. Come on." I take a chance, clasp her hand to tug her along. We walk past a group of guys standing at the top of the stairway to the basement. "Morning," I acknowledge as we pass.

"Hey, boss," Archie says, his gaze going straight to Pixie. "Another new team member?" He steps forward, holding out a hand to her with a grin, and I want to punch him in the face. "I'm Archie." His voice comes out smoother than I've ever heard it. "Need a tour, love?"

I'm counting to at least five before I can answer him when Pixie speaks up. "Just visiting, but thank you. Cam's showing me round." She gives him a curt nod, and a

warmth spreads through me when she does nothing to encourage him. She looks up at me. “Shall we?” She gestures forward with our joined hands.

“Aye, come on. I’ll catch up with you in a bit and we can make a plan for the day,” I tell Archie and the others.

“He called you boss,” Pixie whispers as we move towards a large archway leading to the main room on this floor.

“Did he? I didn’t notice,” I tell her, hoping the warmth in my cheeks isn’t apparent. Seriously, what is wrong with me right now? Being all secretive about owning a building and wanting to punch one of my guys for talking to a woman whose real name I don’t even know. “Hey, given we’re going to be local to each other for a while, would you be willing to share your name?” I ask.

She purses her lips before asking, “You don’t like Pixie? It doesn’t suit me?”

“It suits you wonderfully, hen. But it would be lovely to know your real name.”

“Maybe. Not yet.” The look on her face can only be described as pure mischief. “How ‘bout you earn it when I get to look around the whole building?”

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

“That could take months,” I tell her, doing the calculations to work out if I can hire a big enough team to make it weeks instead.

“Perhaps it will keep you motivated to work hard then.” Her wink has me gripping her by the hips and turning her to face me. We’re tucked around the corner from the group of men in the hall, but I glance across to check we are alone.

“I knew you were trouble the moment I met you.”

“Was that while you were blindfolded and tied to the bed or afterwards?” she asks, her eyes sparkling.

She does nothing to keep her voice down, and I bite my lip, thinking of how I could get her to keep quiet.

“Cat got your tongue?” She prods at the beast inside of me, eager to get a rise. My cock throbs in my boxers, a huge fan of her utter cheek.

“Not at the moment, no, but it can be arranged.” I purposely look down towards her jeans-clad crotch, licking my lips.

“Are the knees in those trousers padded?” she asks, not missing a beat.

“They are indeed.” I lay my accent on thick, remembering that it makes her wet.

“You know, those combined with the tool belt... it’s the workman’s version of lingerie.”

“I thought that was grey sweatpants?” I say, brow quirked.

“Mmmh, those too. Do you have some?” Eagerness sparks in her gaze, and I’d be willing to buy ten pairs if it meant she’d grace me with her company.

“Come and have dinner with me, and I’ll show you.”

“Dinner sounds rather prosaic, given our initial meeting, Cam. You’ll need to do better than that.” Her challenge sets me on fire, and I want to stand here and quip with her all day.

“How about I’ll eat you for dinner and then you can bounce on my cock for as long as you like before I model my sweatpants for you.”

“That’s more like it.” Her grin turns salacious.

We are toe to toe, having got closer during the exchange. I want to lean down and kiss her; to peck her nose. There’s an easy grin on my face and a lightness in my chest that hasn’t been there for a long time. I could become addicted to her so easily.

“Do you play with just guys? Or do we need to find a third?” I ask with curiosity.

“Given I’ve already given you a test run, I’ll happily spend an evening just with you. As long as you make it worth my while.”

“And what would it take to make it worth your while?”

“An orgasm ratio of at least three to one.” Her smirk is shameless.

“And if I make it five to one?” My blood heats at our exchange.

“Maybe I’ll keep you on call if you can manage that.”

“So, how often do you do the unicorn thing?” I prod, trying to draw more from her. Dammit, Pixie, give me something here.

“Ah, Cam, you’re definitely going to need to butter me up before you get more information out of me.”

I raise a brow, my breath coming out in bursts as we tease each other with words. My cock throbs, but there isn’t enough room in my trousers for it to harden properly. I need to reach down and adjust, but it would mean removing a hand from Pixie, and that ain’t happening anytime soon.

“Does your brain glitch or something?” She tips her head quizzically.

“What do you mean?”

“You match me well with words, but every now and again, you pause.”

“Just imagining all the ways I could make you talk.” The flush that starts to creep up her cheeks is satisfying as hell.

“Oh, yeah?”

“Mmmh,” I hum. Her eyes track down to my lips, and I dart my tongue out to lick them. She gulps. Fuck, I want to get on my knees and make her come right here. But I can hear the murmur of voices in the other room.

I spin us round and crowd her until her back hits the wall. “What are you doing?” She’s breathless as I pull my hard hat off and place it on a shelf beside us. I push hers back and have to bend my knees and dip my head to get anywhere near her mouth. I touch my lips to hers and move back just enough to answer her.

“Warming you up.” I lick at the seam of her lips, and she gasps, allowing me access. I gather her up in my arms and lift her, resting her back against the wall. She wraps her legs around me, and nothing has ever felt more right. She grasps the back of my head and holds me close to ravish my mouth.

We’re like twin flames, urging each other on. Heat spreads through my whole body as the desire floods every cell. I want this woman. I need this woman. Right. Fucking. Now.

I reach a hand between us and unfasten the button of her jeans. She cottons on to my intention, shifting her hips so I can push her zipper down. It’s a crazy-tight fit, but I’m able to flatten my hand and ease into her underwear. Her curls are damp with her arousal, and I groan into her kiss.

“Okay?” I ask, almost too out of my mind to check if she’s happy with my finger inside her with a group of men standing and talking about building codes in the next

room.

“Oh, yes, touch me. Please.” Her ‘please’ almost brings me to my knees.

Chapter eight

Pixie

I’m panting in Cam’s ear. I can’t help it. He’s got me riled all the way up. Our teasing discussion got me wet. I love it when a man knows what to do with his mouth. And I know for a fact that Cam’s mouth has multiple talents, not least of all, that wonderful fucking accent of his.

His hand eases into the front of my underwear and I suck my belly in to make more space. I need his touch. I need his thumb on my clit and his thick fingers fucking me.

He groans softly as he teases my entrance with the tip of his finger. The voices from the entranceway up my excitement: I want to get caught. I love the indecency, the naughtiness that comes with doing something you’re not supposed to, somewhere you shouldn’t be doing it. I bet that Archie guy would happily watch. And fuck, I love an audience, whether it’s one person I’m with or a crowd.

Cam’s got me pinned to the wall, and it’s a turn on to know this guy could throw me around any way he liked, and yet, he checked for consent today and took good care of me when we spent the night together in Glasgow. Thank goodness for green flags. I’ve seen enough red ones to last a lifetime, thank you very much.

He shifts his footing to change the angle, enabling him to thrust his finger deeper inside me. I moan at the sensation of my wet pussy making way for him.

“Hush. Or I’ll have to stop.”

“Please don’t.” I need him to keep going. His finger curls inside me, causing my toes to scrunch up in sync with his movements. I close my eyes, concentrating on how good it feels. He grinds the heel of his hand against my clit as he thrusts deep and I let out another long, low moan.

“Pixie.” His warning tone just makes me wetter. I want to be bad. I want him to tell me off.

“It feels too good to stay quiet,” I tell him.

“If you can’t be quiet, I won’t let you come,” he rasps. My eyes spring open to stare into his. He has a brow raised, his finger still inside me. “Can you be quiet?” I give a shaky nod and fail immediately when he resumes that maddening stroking, letting loose a purr of pleasure.

His other hand comes up towards my throat and rests there. “Do you want to come or not?” His accent has become thicker than I thought possible.

“Yes,” I try to whisper, but it comes out on a moan.

His hand withdraws.

I whimper in desperation. I can’t help it. “I was so close,” I plead, watching as he licks his moist fingers.

“But I can’t trust you to be quiet. We can’t let the others know what we’re doing here. We’ll get in trouble.”

“I promise I’ll be quiet.” He gives me a ‘yeah, right’ look and chuffs out a laugh. “Put your hand over my mouth. I promise I’ll try.” He’s still effortlessly holding my body up against the wall. It makes me feel weightless.

“I can’t trust you,” he rasps into my ear.

“You can.” I plead, needing him to continue. I might not have expected to see him again, but now he’s here, I hunger for him.

“You’ll have to earn your orgasm.”

I frown. “What do you mean?”

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

“I’ll give you five orgasms later if you agree to meet me. And you can be as loud as you like.”

“I’m working today.” I pout, the promise of getting my rocks off seeming to dissipate more with every passing moment.

“What time do you get off?” I smile at his question. He rolls his eyes. “When do you finish work, you heathen?”

“Officially 9 pm, but I usually just stay until closing if I’ve nothing else on.”

“And what time’s that?”

“11 pm on a weeknight.”

“But you can finish at 9?”

“Yeah, as long as we have enough staff in.”

“Bar? Or restaurant?” he asks. I stiffen at the question.

“What makes you think it’s one of those?”

“The hours you’re keeping. What bar is it? I can come and pick you up.”

“Ha, nice try. But I can come and meet you. Where are you staying?” He names the fanciest local hotel, and my brows spike up in surprise.

“I would have thought you’d be in the Travelodge. Isn’t that where they normally put the workmen?” I ask.

I swear a blush rises on his cheeks. What’s that about? “I had some points to use up. I decided to splash out for the first week.”

“Well, in that case, I’m happy to help you make the most of it. I can come there from work. Should be with you by 9.15 pm.”

“How will you get there?” He frowns. I fidget, realising he’s still pinning me up on the wall. It’s pretty comfortable, even with my jeans still open. I push at his shoulders. and he eases me down to my feet. I reach to button up my trousers, but he gets there first. I tremble when his knuckles graze my belly as he does up the zip and button.

“Thank you,” I murmur.

“How will you get there?” He repeats his question.

“It’s not far. I’ll walk.”

He shakes his head mutinously. “No.”

“What do you mean, no? I’m a grown ass woman. I can do what I like.” My defiance raises its head.

“Get a taxi.” His tone is bossy.

“For a five-minute journey that I can walk in ten? No, thank you.” I’m arguing for the sake of it now.

“Then the arrangement is off.” He sounds so final. Is this it? The moment when I’ve finally been out-stubborned? It had to happen sometime, but I’m proud of my thirty-year streak.

“Come on, Cam. I live here. I know the routes to take to stay safe. You don’t need to worry.”

“Call me,” he says. “Call me before you leave your work building, and we can talk on your walk over. Or just keep an open line in case you need it.”

I ponder it for a moment. It would mean he’d have my number. But if the man is promising me a ratio of five orgasms to one—and I’m not doubting that he can deliver that—then I think he’s probably earning the right to my phone number.

“Okay. But only on the proviso that you don’t use my number for anything too serious. Drunk booty calls and ‘you up’ messages when you’re horny only, okay?”

He lets loose a chuckle, causing a warmth to spread through me. “Of course,” he agrees.

I guess that’s alright then. I’m doing this. If only to see if he can pull off the five orgasms. And maybe a little because it’s really damn good to see him again.

Page 18

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

“You sure it’s okay if I go early?” I’m leaning against the doorjamb of Tom’s office as he sits behind his desk, tapping away on his keyboard. He stops what he’s doing to turn and face me with a frown.

“Abby, your shift ends at 9 pm. You’re not leaving early. You’re leaving on time.” He runs a hand down his face.

“You look tired. You should head home. My thing isn’t important. I can stay and lock up,” I offer. Yeah, the promise of orgasms sounds good, and I’m not avoiding Cam. But I want Tom to know he can depend on me, especially with this new bar opening up in The Juniper building.

“I’m fine, Abs. You know book-keeping and accounts always make my eyes cross. I’m grateful to head out front and leave this for another day.”

“If you’re certain.”

“I am. What are you doing anyway? Got a date?” His lips curl into a smirk, clearly at the ready to rip the piss out of me at any opportunity.

“Just catching up with an old friend,” I tell him, enjoying the air of mystery I’m conjuring.

“Anyone I know?” he asks as he pushes back from his desk and rounds it to walk towards me.

“Nah, but I think you’d like him,” I say, tilting my head to the side as I realise that he

probably would.

“If you mean I’d like him, you know I’m strictly a one-woman and one-man guy these days.”

“I mean, he’s hot and you’re not blind. But I just meant, I think you two would get on.”

“Maybe you should introduce us, then?”

“Yeah, maybe.” I let myself imagine it for a moment. Cam sitting up at the bar beside Jack and Cass, while Tom and I work behind it, all of us chatting and laughing. That would be kinda cool. But Cam doesn’t know anything about me. Although if he’s going to be around for six months, perhaps I could consider a temporary fling. Just while he’s here. I’ve never had any relationship last that long though, so perhaps not. Best I stick to my usual terms and stay as mysterious as possible.

I wave goodbye to the guys behind the bar after getting my bag and jacket from the staff room. I’m out the door and about fifty metres down the street before I remember my earlier promise. I wonder if I should just head to the hotel and surprise him, but I need to check his room number anyway. A call seems a bit much though, so for the first time in the three and a half months I’ve had Cam’s number saved on my phone, I shoot him a text:

Me:

Hey, it’s Pixie. On my way now. Should I come straight to your room?

My phone almost instantaneously starts to vibrate with an incoming call from the man himself. I blow out a sigh as I answer.

“You said you’d ring me.” His grumpy Scottish accent has excitement curling in my belly. Why do I enjoy winding this man up so much?

“Well, I texted you instead. I’m usually a text girl rather than a call girl. But perhaps, given your accent, I can get on board with the call thing. Only if you whisper dirty things to me though.”

He huffs out a laugh. “You really are a menace, aren’t you?”

“I’ll have you know, I’m a fucking delight.”

“Well, yeah, I do remember the delightful fucking, but you’re rubbish at following instructions.”

“I’m great at following instructions when they make sense. But there was no need to call you on the way over. I walk these roads at all hours. I know how to keep myself safe. And probably being on the phone and distracted by your sexy voice is less safe than if I had all my wits about me.” I wait for his banter back, but the line is silent. “Cam? You there?” The sound of his sigh comes across loud and clear.

“I’m still here. Don’t want to cause a distraction. Keep the line open, and we can chat when you get here.” His voice is brusque, causing a shiver in my shoulders. I’m torn between wanting to obey his every command and being the brattiest brat to ever brat just to see if he’d punish me. Uh-oh, we’re in trouble.

I listen hard, and there’s a comfort in hearing his breathing on the other end of the line. Minutes pass as I head towards his fancy hotel.

“Hey, what room are you in? Where will I meet you?”

“I’ll get you at the entrance,” he says briskly, and I can hear movement.

“You don’t need to do that. I can come straight to you.”

The entrance is still a few hundred metres away when a large figure steps out onto the street, looking both ways.

“That’s you, isn’t it?” I ask into the phone. He doesn’t reply, but the figure jogs towards me. I let out a low whistle when he gets close enough for me to take in the sight of his grey sweatpants. And my breath escapes me when he gets closer still and the clear imprint of his cock is outlined in them. I press my lips together, but a chuckle still lets loose. I pull the phone away from my ear, not even looking at the screen when I hit the end call button, riveted by the sway of his bulge as he jogs ever closer. I come to a complete stop, wanting to stretch out this sight for as long as possible.

Page 19

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

He slows down as he gets close and comes to a stop right in front of me.

“Hi,” I squeak in the direction of his crotch, which I’m sure has started pointing at me.

“Eyes are up here, Pixie,” comes his sardonic drawl. I pout for a second, sending a telepathic message to his dick that I’ll be seeing him properly soon before I drag my eyes up over his torso, clad in a zip up hoodie, chest hair poking above the top of the zip. I finally meet his eyes and bite my lip at the look I see there. There’s sarcasm in his expression mixed with so much heat I can’t quite understand why we’re not both engulfed in flames right now.

“Hey,” I greet his face this time.

“Come on, menace.” He wraps a beefy arm around my shoulder, drawing me close into a half hug before leading us both back up the path to the hotel entrance.

“You keep calling me menace. You know my name is Pixie.” The side eye he gives me causes flutters low in my belly.

“They both suit you.” His voice is pitched low, and I swear my pussy weeps at his accent. This man and his voice are going to be the end of me. He changes the subject.

“Have you eaten?”

“Yeah. I had a meal from the kitchen about half seven. Tom’s obsession with feeding people is similar to yours.” I do nothing to hold back the eye roll.

“Excuse me for checking you weren’t going to faint on me again, like some kind of Victorian maiden.”

“I hardly fainted. I just got a little dizzy, is all.”

“Well, it’s not happening again on my watch. Who’s Tom?” He shoots the question, his gaze focused on my face.

“My boss.”

“And he feels the need to check you’re well-fed?” We’ve reached the entrance now, and it’s even fancier than I remember, with a red carpet rolled down over the steps. Despite the late hour, there’s a doorman dressed in a suit with brass buttons.

“Mr Macleod.” He nods at Cam as he opens the door for us. He doesn’t look at me at all.

“Thanks, Harry,” Cam says as we enter the lobby. More marble floors and chandeliers. Cam is clearly some kind of snob about where he stays. This place is just as fancy as the place I met him and Saff in Glasgow. I still can’t work out if he actually lived there or if it was a hotel room. And I’ve thought about that a lot over the last few months.

“You really like fancy places, huh?”

“I appreciate good architecture. It comes with the job.” He gives a shrug.

“Is this what The Juniper will look like when you guys are done with it?” I ask, unable to hold back my curiosity.

“Not the whole building. It’s going to be something of a mix. The foundations will all

be based on the period it was built in. But there's going to be various functions and the decor will depend on the purpose."

I could listen to him talk all night. His voice equally soothing and arousing at the same time; kind of like being the little spoon and being fucked to sleep.

"You want to stop at the bar for a drink, Pixie?" he asks in a husky tone.

I shake my head. "I want a tour of your room."

The smile that lifts each corner of his mouth is filthy.

Chapter nine

Cam

"Come on then," I steer her towards the bank of lifts, pressing the call button while I keep her tucked under my arm. I don't want to let her go. I'm glad she didn't want to stop at the bar for a drink, but there's also a hint of nerves. Last time we did this, Saff was there too. I know very little about this tiny woman, held tight to my side, but I do know she doesn't do monogamy. She'd been pretty clear about that over our Italian dinner in Glasgow. I distinctly remember her saying she didn't see the point in it.

And I'm okay with that. I've been looking for fun myself and don't feel the need for a steady relationship any time soon.

But I also can't hold back the excitement of knowing she's here with just me tonight, and I get her all to myself, even if it is only for a couple of hours.

The lift signals its arrival with a ding, and I guide her inside. It's just us in there, surrounded by mirrors on three sides of the box, giving me all kinds of dirty ideas of

what I can do to her before we get to the floor I'm staying on. But at the last minute, I hear a "hold the lift," and a hand reaches to stop the doors from sliding closed. It's another couple. A guy dressed in a tux, the bowtie loose and hanging around his neck. A woman poured into a silver sequined dress with a slit going all the way up her thigh. They are laughing, and the woman puts her mouth close to his ear but does nothing to lower her tone when she says, "Why the rush? Would have been more fun to have the place to ourselves." He reaches down and grips a handful of her arse and whispers something back that I can't hear.

Warmth prickles at my cheek as Pixie stares at me in the mirror. There's a hint of a smile on her face as she leans towards the couple and in a staged whisper, says, "Don't mind us. We like watching."

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

My mouth falls open as I stare at her. She gives me a wink and her hand comes down to squeeze my arse, copying what the guy is doing to the woman.

The woman giggles. There's something about the way she surveys Pixie that I don't like. And she stares at my crotch like I'm a piece of meat as she licks her lips.

Huh, funny how it had caused a completely different reaction when it happened downstairs with Pixie; my cock swelling with excitement of what was to come. And yet, it's trying to shrivel inside itself now as this woman eyes me.

She quirks a brow at me. "Do you share?"

"Me or her?" I ask, trying to work out which one of us she wants.

"Both of you."

"Sometimes, but not tonight," I tell her with a smooth smile, amused by the frown on her face.

Pixie gives my bum another squeeze, and it feels like an encouraging sign that I said the right thing. The lift dings its arrival at my floor, and the couple moves to one side to let us through.

"Well, Cam, that woman wanted to eat you up." Pixie chuckles as I lead her down the corridor to my room at the end.

"Yeah, there was something off about her, right?" I ask, tilting my head to the side.

“You felt it too?” Her eyes widen.

“Yeah, the vibes were definitely off,” I say. Pixie’s mouth falls open as she gapes up at me in astonishment. “What?” I ask, trying to work out what’s surprised her.

She shakes her head. “Nothing, it’s all good. Just glad we are both on the same page. So, you want me all to yourself then?” She changes the subject swiftly, but I’m curious about what stopped her in her tracks when she’s usually quick with her responses.

“Well, I know I can give you the five orgasms I promised. I doubt they could have kept up.” I wink, delight sitting in my chest at her laugh as she pats me on the pec.

“Still confident with the five?” she asks. I pull the room key card from my joggers and hold it to the lock to open the door.

“Oh yes, any requests, or do I have free rein?” I ask.

“Free rein sounds fun. I want to see what you can do.” She winks as she walks into the suite. “What? Where’s the bed?” she asks, bafflement in her tone.

“It’s a suite. This is the lounge, and the bedroom is through those double doors.” I point towards them. “The bathroom is beyond that.”

She places her hands on her hips, inclining her head to the side, and asks, “Just how much does a stonemason make? You don’t give me rich arsehole vibes, but you seem to stay in pretty nice digs wherever you go.”

“What can I say? I like a comfy bed and plenty of space.”

“Hmmm,” I feel like I’m some kind of specimen she’s inspecting as she stares up at

me.

“Want the tour?” I ask, reaching out a hand, pleasure coursing through me when she takes it.

“Of course I do.”

I show her round, pointing out the massive bathtub and the rainfall shower head in the double shower. She looks on in wonder.

“How long did you say you’re staying here?” she asks.

“Booked to the end of the week, then we’ll see.”

“Where’s all your stuff?” Her brows knit as she glances around the bedroom.

“I’ve mostly just got clothes up here. The car park is underground and secure, so I’m keeping all my tools and equipment in the van down there rather than dragging it up every night.”

“So, what’s the plan here?” She’s standing a couple of feet away, turned to face me front on.

I watch her carefully for a moment, trying to gauge her mood. She seems a bit thrown by the nice hotel room, but I’d rather she was distracted by me, my body, and the pleasure I know I can give her.

Page 21

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

“So you like to watch, huh?” I ask her, recalling what she’d said to that couple in the lift.

“Sometimes. I actually prefer to be the one who’s watched.” Her eyes twinkle as she says it.

“Solo? Or with others?”

“Any way it comes.” I can tell that her smile hides a multitude of secrets.

“And how about taking orders? How do you feel about that?”

“Depends on the day of the week and what mood I’m in.” She looks down at my grey sweatpants again, licking her lips.

“So, if I told you to strip now, would you be inclined to do it? Or not?” I can’t decide if I want her to docilely agree, so I can be in charge, or if I want her to push back. I enjoy her feistiness, but I think her acceptance would be a vote of her trust in me.

Her eyes flicker as if she’s measuring her response. She says nothing, but her hands come up to the fly of her jeans and work them open. She crouches down to untie her laces and kick off her shoes and socks, then rises back to her feet. Her eyes pin me to the spot as she shucks the jeans down her legs. It’s not exactly a strip tease—she adds no flourishes or overtly sexual moves—but it doesn’t prevent my cock from standing to attention. Or my heart to thump with satisfaction as she does as I asked. Our gazes stay locked, but the view in my periphery is one of her shapely legs once she’s peeled the jeans all the way off.

My cock throbs and I want to reach down and cup it, try to relieve some of the tension. But I don't want to do anything that disturbs her actions. I wait, my face neutral as she clasps the hem of her t-shirt. I take the moment our gazes break to sweep mine over her midriff as she pulls the top over her head and throws it to the side. She's wearing simple black panties and a matching bra. Again, there's nothing overtly seductive about them, and yet she's the sexiest thing I've ever fucking seen.

She stands, arms at her sides as her gaze skims down my body to the outline of my hardened cock in my joggers. Just like earlier, her eyes on me cause desire to course red hot through my veins.

"Now what?" Her voice is low but in no way submissive. Her chin juts out as she stares me down.

I swallow my desire in order to get my words out. "I'm going to sit in this chair." I step towards the armchair, which is diagonal to the bed, and lower myself into it. "You're going to touch yourself for me."

She pouts, making me want to laugh. "You promised me five orgasms."

"Aye, I did. But we didn't discuss how they were going to happen. I want to watch you come, Pixie. To see how you bring yourself pleasure. I want to know what you like."

Her hands touch her thighs and trail up her sides. She reaches behind to unclasp her bra, and I swallow hard when she eases it down her arms, exposing her breasts. She gives a wiggle.

Her breasts aren't large, but they are a delicious handful, and I enjoy the jiggle as she moves. Her pinkened nipples jut out, begging for my lips to be wrapped around them. But I exercise the patience that I know will be worth it in the end. I place my hands

on the arms of the chair, mostly to stop myself from reaching into my joggers and fisting my solid cock. I don't think it will be long before the light grey material shows a damp patch from the precum collecting at the tip.

I draw in a steadying breath when she reaches for her panties, tucking her hands in to move them down her legs. She hooks them off her feet and throws them in my direction. I catch them in one hand, squeezing to feel the dampness there. I keep a tight grip on them, resting my closed fist on one knee as she backs up a step or two to the bed. She sits down, spreading her legs so her wet cunt is on display. What the fuck am I doing over here when I could be on my knees worshipping her with my mouth?

Neither of us say anything, but it's difficult to contain the low moan that wants to escape when she brings her fingers to her mouth to suck on them. The noise is filthy in the otherwise quiet room. She gulps as she removes them and strokes them down her body, diverting to her left nipple for a quick tweak. Down further, brushing over her belly until she reaches the top of the curls above her folds. She pauses to repeat my earlier words, "My eyes are up here, Cam."

I chuckle but keep my gaze between her thighs as her fingers tug at the tuft of hair before delving lower. Her breath is loud as she makes contact with her slick wetness. My cock throbs as my brain reacts to what I'm seeing. Her moan is quiet, but I'm fully attuned to her, so I don't miss it.

Two fingers push downwards, brushing over her clit and further to her entrance. She plunges them inside, taking my breath away with the beauty of it. Her fingers sink deep, the slick sound clear as she pushes them into her wet cunt. I bite my lip hard, trying to ground myself in this moment so I don't blink and miss anything.

Those naughty fingers pull out slowly and my groan escapes as I take in the wetness on them as she draws them up and circles her clit. Her breath hitches as she exerts pressure on that bundle of nerves. I remember how good it felt to have her ride my

face, to use my tongue to tease at her clit and push inside her.

Her other hand comes up to cup her breast, her fingers plucking at her hardened nipple. I raise my view to her face; her eyes half closed in pleasure.

“That’s it, Pixie.” My tone is gruff, like I’ve swallowed sandpaper. “Make yourself feel good.”

She lets out a moan of pleasure, causing my balls to ache with need.

“You like me watching, don’t you?”

“Yes.” Her voice is soft and cuts me in two. If I was standing, I’d have collapsed to my knees at the sound of pleasure in her tone.

“Do you just want me to watch? Or do you want me to touch myself while I watch you?” Her eyes widen, and her dreamy expression meets mine.

“Please,” she begs.

“Please, what, Pixie? Tell me what you need?”

“I need,” she pauses to pant, her fingers circling her clit ever faster, “to come.”

Page 22

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

“You can come, sweetheart, any time you fucking like. I’m never going to deny you pleasure. You take as much as you need.”

Her eyes close tight as she reaches her edge. The sight of her tipping over it almost makes me come. I let loose a sigh of appreciation while she splinters apart, grateful to bear witness to it.

Chapter ten

Cam

It’s an honour to sit here quietly and watch her come down from the orgasm. Her legs spread, one hand holding a breast, the other still tangled between her thighs. Fuck, she’s a picture. I wish Saff and her photography skills were here to catch this on film. I’d have it enlarged and hang it opposite my bed.

Her eyes flutter open, and I wait for her to come back down to earth.

“You’re beautiful,” I tell her, my tone soft.

She’s already flushed from the orgasm, making her appear bashful when she looks over at me from under her lashes. “Thank you,” she murmurs.

“Ready for more?” I ask, checking in with her.

“Always.” She leans back with her hands on the mattress, her gaze clear as she stares at me. Her legs remain open, and I love her shamelessness. I have no plan. Other than

to make this woman come so hard, she sees stars. We've had the prelude. Now I'm ready to take an active role in her pleasure.

I know as soon as I touch her, I'll lose my damn mind, so I say the important stuff before I move. "I've got condoms and I've not been with anyone since my last test results were clear." I don't add that I've not been with anyone else since that night with her and Saff.

She rewards me with a smile. "I'm clear, too. I have the results saved on my phone if you want to see them."

"I trust you," I tell her. "Do you want to see my results?"

She shakes her head with a gulp. Am I making headway with her faith in me? Regardless, it's time to move things along.

I rise from the chair, unzipping my hoodie and shrugging out of it. I kick off my trainers, leaving my feet bare, and rest my hands on my hips.

"So, you like my grey sweatpants then?" I ask, quirking my head to the side.

"Yes, I do." She purrs the response causing my cock to bob. She grins as she sees the movement. "But don't be shy, honey. Take them off." I push them down, allowing my stiff shaft to spring free and hit my lower abs. I step out of the sweats and kick them to the side. Staying where I am, I allow her to look me over in the same way I've been doing for her.

I tip my head to one side, then the other, and roll my shoulders, trying to loosen up from the arousal that has my whole body tight on a leash. It's going to be a long night if I get my way. I need to relax and focus on Pixie first.

Prowling towards the bed, my hard cock bobs with each step. I stop between her thighs. I want nothing more than to sink into her right now, fill her to the hilt, and make us both feel good. But I have a feeling once the main event is done, she will be up and out of here faster than I can blink. So, we're going to play this a different way, and then I can keep her here as long as possible.

I lower to my knees, grateful for the height of the bed, which means I won't need to stoop. I place a hand on either side of her hips as she draws in a deep breath. Her breasts move with the inhalation. I bend to kiss her pubic bone, maintaining eye contact. Her eyes dance with delight as I press kisses lower until I'm pressing my tongue to her swollen clit. She moans. I fight the urge to explode right here, just from this taste of her.

I don't stay long on her clit; I'll come back to that later. I work my way down and spear my tongue inside her. She's sweet, and I want to lap up every drop of her nectar. Her back arches on the bed.

"Cam." One of her hands comes up to grip at the back of my head. I take that as a cue to stay where I am and fuck her with my tongue, savouring her honeyed moisture. I replace my tongue with two fingers that easily slip inside as I circle her clit with my lips. Fuck, she's soaked. Her moans amp up my arousal. I stroke my fingers against her front wall, and her hips shoot upwards as she groans. I ease back with my mouth, trying to prolong things for us both. I've lost all track of time. There is only her, her exquisite taste, and being so aware of her body and how close she is to orgasm.

"You are a delight," I growl as my fingers fuck her. It might be easier to do this now when she's laid out like a feast before me, but I think we both enjoyed the naughtiness of earlier when my fingers had been crammed inside her when there was a group of people just a few metres away. She likes to be watched. She's turned on by the thought of being caught. How can I work that into this evening? An idea brings a smirk to my face. I withdraw my fingers, raising them to my lips to lick at her juices.

“Cam,” she moans, “why did you stop?” She raises her head, pink cheeked and hair dishevelled, and glares at me. “That’s twice today you’ve done that to me.”

“Do you want me to make you come here, like this? Or do you want to stand in the window while I fuck you with my fingers?” We are high enough that I hope she will get the thrill of being watched without being caught for public indecency.

She glances across to the floor-to-ceiling windows, the lights of the city twinkling beyond the glass.

“Make me come here. And then fuck me against the window.” She smirks.

“Good plan.” And I don’t wait around. I dive back between her thighs, sucking on her clit as I shove three fingers inside her. Her shout of pleasure causes my cock to throb. I’ve been trying to ignore it and concentrate only on her, but I can’t resist dropping my free hand down and squeezing it tightly.

Her inner walls clench around my fingers as she lets go, and a gush of moisture floods my hand. “Such a good girl. That’s so fucking hot,” I retreat just enough to praise her before lapping up all her juices, gentling my motions to help ease her back down from the high.

Her hand grips a handful of my hair and pulls me away. “Just give me a damn minute.” She pants. I turn my head to nuzzle at her hand instead.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:34 am

I rise from the floor and kneel on the bed, gathering her up in my arms to move us both. I tuck her under my arm, her head resting on my chest, and my hand stroking circles on her back while she recovers. She's so much more pliable after an orgasm, and I'll take every chance I can to snuggle her.

"Okay?" I ask.

"How is that only two? I already feel like we've been at it all night."

"Just take a moment to rest. There's no rush. Have a nap if you need one."

She frowns at that suggestion. "Are you saying I can't keep up with you?"

"It's not about keeping up with each other. It's about pleasure, and if you need to take a breather between bouts, I am more than happy with that."

She lets out a grunt, and her brows are still knitted with annoyance. "I thought..." She trails off. I angle my head to meet her gaze, wondering what's holding her back. "I don't..." She shakes her head and her lips form a mutinous line.

"What about a bath?" I suggest, trying to work out the best way to chill her out. I decide at this moment that some arbitrary amount of orgasms means nothing. I want her to feel comfortable enough to open up to me. I want her to relax and feel at ease.

"I've never been in a bath that big. I might get lost." She sighs.

"It's okay. I'll get in with you and provide an anchor." I lean towards her to plant a

kiss on her forehead, causing another sigh. “I’ll go run it and then come and get you when it’s ready,” I tell her as I ease from the bed, my cock throbbing with every move. I push my own arousal to the side, knowing it will be well worth the wait.

It’s a fast running tap, and despite the pool-like measurements of the bath, it fills quickly. I pour in the whole mini bottle of bath soak and realise too late that it might be too much when the bubbles threaten to engulf the bathroom.

I head back to the bedroom to see Pixie curled up in a ball with her eyes closed. I pause at the doorway, taking in her even breathing. Is she asleep? I frown. She had more stamina that night in Glasgow with Saff and I, but she had worked a shift before getting here. I pad over to her and place a hand on her shoulder. Her eyes pop open and she gives a grimace.

“Sorry—just resting my eyes a moment. Is the bath ready?”

“Aye, it is, come on.” I gather her up in my arms and carry her through, lowering her to her feet and holding her hand to help her step in. Then I get in behind her and we both ease into the hot, bubbly water that envelopes us like a comforting hug.

“Jeez, Cam, how much bubble bath did you use?”

“It was only a tiny bottle, so I used the whole thing.”

Her giggle brings warmth to my chest. I pull her so she’s sitting between my legs.

“Relax, Pixie. I’m knackered myself. Let’s just chill for a moment.” It’s like my words have the opposite effect on her, and she rubs her hands up my thighs, drawing her nails across the wiry hair there. My arousal, barely brushed aside, surges to the forefront as my cock pulses with need.

“Abby,” she whispers. “My name is Abby Martin.”

The breakthrough causes my heart to skip in surprise, and joy washes over me like a hot shower at the end of a long, hard day.

“Pleased to meet you, Abby Martin. I’m Cameron.”

“I want to hear you say my name when you come inside me later.” Her voice is full of mischief. And I’m glad she seems to be more like her usual self than she did ten minutes ago.

“I can do that, Abby.” I want to say her name over and over again now she’s granted me the gift of knowing it. It’s a step closer to knowing her. I nibble at her earlobe while I use a foot to nudge her legs apart, dipping my hand between them. “How about a nice, easy orgasm here, now? And then I’ll fuck you against the window if you’re still up for that?”

“Yes, please,” she gasps as my finger circles her clit before giving it a tap.

A warm contentment settles over me, knowing that she trusts me enough to share more of herself. It makes me even more determined to bring her as much pleasure as possible and find a way to keep her in my life. And perhaps I should open up more with her, too.

Chapter eleven

Abby

Steam rises from the mountain of lavender-scented bubbles. I could get used to this.

I really don’t know what came over me. Two orgasms, and I was done. That’s really

not like me. And I'm annoyed at myself that exhaustion seemed to take over. That must be what it is. It can't possibly be that I'm so comfortable with Cam that all I wanted to do was snuggle and doze off. The poor guy hasn't even come yet and while his cock isn't as rock solid as it was earlier, it's still making itself known, poking into my back as I lay on top of him in the bath.

I'm usually all about making sure everyone gets some before we're done, but I guess it was a busy shift at work earlier. His suggestion that we chill for a moment seemed to trigger my competitiveness, and now I'm ready to go again. I shimmy down a bit, giving me space to roll onto my knees and face him. His head is thrown back on the edge of the bath, and his eyes are closed. He looks relaxed. But then one eye peels open with a quirked brow.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“What are you up to, menace?”

“I just realised that you’re lagging behind, and that doesn’t seem fair.” I reach for his cock, pleased when it hardens in my fist. He lets out a low moan that has arousal curling inside me. That little cat nap and the soak must have helped me rest enough because I’m now more than ready to go again.

I stroke his shaft up and down, enjoying having this giant of a man completely at my mercy. I want to bend down and flick my tongue across the tip of his cock, but the water is too deep, and I’d rather not drown.

Instead, I use both hands to grip him tight, savouring the whimper he gives.

“Fuck, Abby.” I don’t know what came over me when I shared my real name. I didn’t make the decision to do it. It just slipped out in a moment of madness that I followed up with the suggestion that I wanted to hear him say it when he came. But hearing it on his lips now, I know it was the right thing to do. My name has never sounded so sexy as when it’s said in his hot accent and gruff tone. And I needed to give him more of me.

I use both hands to pump his shaft before reaching down to stroke and softly tug on his balls. Every noise he gives is like a reward, and I’m eager to unravel him like he did me. No, make that more.

His hand comes up to stroke my hair. I want to reach over and plant a kiss on his lips, but the awkward angle of my position makes it impossible. His pupils are blown wide as he takes in the sight of me. I rely on those delicious moans and whimpers he

makes, easing off every time he gets more feral. After doing that a third time, he roars out a moan and grips my shoulders, dragging me onto his rapidly rising chest. His fierce chestnut eyes meet mine with such an intensity that I'm ready to do anything he wants.

"I need to be inside you," he rasps as he lifts me and steps out of the bath. He reaches for a big, fluffy white towel and wraps it around my shoulders while using another to pat himself dry. His impatience brings a grin to my face. He discards his own towel and then focuses his attention on me, drying me off in the same brisk manner before pulling me through to the bedroom.

He tugs me over to the floor-to-ceiling length window, pushing my naked body against the glass. The cold surface after the warmth of the bath brings out a gasp.

"Stay," he says and takes a step back. There's a crinkle of foil as he swipes up a condom packet and tears it open.

"I'm not a dog," I tell him with an eye roll.

"I just want to look at you for a moment," he replies with a huff.

I ease back slightly so I can watch his reflection in the window. His cock is in his palm and he gives it a few long strokes before rolling the condom on. I place my hands on the glass and push my hips back to present myself to him. It's impossible to resist wiggling my bum.

"Fuck me, Cam," I tell him. Thankfully, he doesn't make me wait any longer. He palms my pussy, sinking a finger inside me. I squirm, eager for his cock to fill me up.

"Hmmm, so wet. Fuck, Abby." He hums in my ear as he removes his hand and replaces it with his cock. One push and my eager pussy takes his whole length. I let

out a long moan at the sensation of being completely filled. My eyes may be open, but I can't focus on anything apart from how good it feels. Lights twinkle across the dark city and a thrill works its way through me when I picture how I must look being pinned against this window and fucked. Thankfully, we're on a high enough floor that we won't get in trouble.

His thrusts are steady, working me up to yet another release much quicker than I would have thought possible.

"That's it, love, take my cock. Squeeze it with that delicious cunt. Milk me dry," he rasps in my ear. Fuck me. I let out a giggle as I realise that's exactly what he is doing right now. His hand comes round and slaps at my mound as he grinds his shaft deep inside me. My walls clench around him and I lose it when his finger brushes against my clit repeatedly and in time with his thrusts.

"Oh, fuck." It's me whimpering now, and I let everything go, drowning in another wave of incredible pleasure.

"Take my cum, take it all." His thrusts come in a frenzy now, and he bites down on my shoulder with a prolonged groan as his hips give one last, deep thrust and he fills the condom. I wish he was naked; I want to feel him dripping out of me all night. This Scotsman seems to have brought out a breeding kink I didn't know I had. What is he doing to me?

We both stay there, panting for a moment.

I'm on a high. I love being on display like this. It elevates the pleasure tenfold, and this man knows how to play my body like an instrument. My pussy gives his length a final squeeze as he pulls out from me before removing the condom with a tissue.

"Okay?" he asks, kissing the place on my shoulder that's probably marked from his

bite.

“So much more than okay,” I say, panting as I turn round to face him. A sense of pride bubbles up at the look of bliss on his face, and I wonder when I’ll get to see it next. His hand comes up to my cheek, and he brushes his thumb across my lips.

“Stay,” he repeats his earlier command, but the tone is different. This one feels like a plea.

I glance over at the big, comfy bed. I mean, what’s the worst that could happen? If I’m lucky, I might get more orgasms, and even if all we do is sleep, at least I’ll sleep well within those luxurious cotton sheets.

I don’t want to leave. I want to stay. It doesn’t have to mean anything. I can do what I want.

“Okay,” I say with a shrug.

I’m disorientated the next morning when I wake up, draped all over Cam. We never did get around to closing the curtains, and light pours into the room. “Morning,” comes his greeting, and I blink, realising he’s awake too. I lift my chin, and he gives me a satisfied smile as he squeezes me close with the arm that’s wrapped around me. “I’m glad you stayed.”

I am too, I realise. I’m not used to waking up in someone else’s bed, usually choosing to head back to my place once the fun and games are done. But this is a hotel room, so maybe that’s why it feels different.

“What’s the time?” I ask.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“The back of seven.”

“What does that mean?” I say as I sit up, stretching my arms out. There’s a delicious ache between my thighs. A sign of an evening well spent.

“Just after seven am. I need to head off in a bit. I’ve got a breakfast meeting. But you can stay as long as you like. There’s no rush to get up.”

“No, it’s okay. I’ll leave with you,” I tell him as I crawl across the wide bed. I grimace as I realise I was well and truly on ‘his side’ even with the ginormous size. I glance around and locate my clothes, gathering them up before heading to the bathroom. I can shower at my place, so I do my business, then run my fingers through my hair and splash some water on my face before getting dressed.

I step out of the bathroom, and Cam’s still laid out on the bed, the sheet pulled up over his hips. He watches me with a smirk as I walk back towards him.

“There’s something I want to talk to you about before you leave,” he says, patting the bed for me to sit.

“That sounds ominous.” My face pulls in a grimace as I perch a hip on the edge, facing him.

“It’s not. I just really appreciate you sharing your name with me last night.”

I struggle to meet his gaze as a blush creeps up my cheeks. I have done filthy things with this man, and yet, it’s the openness and intimacy that have me embarrassed. Am

I broken?

“I want to be open with you, too. I don’t know why I didn’t just tell you yesterday. I’m still getting used to it, I guess. It’s a massive project, and it just came out of the blue.” He trails off as he twists the sheet in his hands, eyes down, but they come up to meet mine before he carries on, “I own The Juniper. She’s mine.”

“Oh.” A weight drops low in my stomach, goosebumps break out on my forearms, and I try to swipe them away with my hands. Somehow, I’d reconciled the fact that he was working there. It gave me an in to be nosy about this building I’ve fallen for and to keep track of progress. Ownership means something else completely; it threatens my home at The Thirst Trap.

“I thought you were a stonemason?” I speak in a quiet tone, even though my blood is thundering.

He rubs a hand across his bearded jaw. “I’m trained as a stonemason. My grandpa trained me. But it’s more of a side interest these days. My main focus is project managing renovations of buildings like The Juniper.”

“You’ve done this before?”

“A few times, mostly up in Glasgow. And usually for other people. This is the first building I’ve solely owned. And it’s really fucking scary.” He grimaces.

“What do you mean, scary?” I ask. “And why here? Why The Juniper?”

“I inherited it from my grandmother and I’m feeling the pressure to not fuck this up. I didn’t know of its existence until recently. It was a few weeks after we first met actually.” A small smile tugs at the corners of his lips. “Strange coincidence, right? My grandmother owned a building that no-one in the family knew about. And it’s

something of a mystery how she came by it. Then she bequeathed it to me. And it brings me practically to your doorstep.”

I snort. “What? Like fate?”

“I don’t know. I was just so taken with seeing you again, and you were still a mystery to me. There’s been a lot of mysteries in my life lately.” His brows knit together in a fierce frown.

“So you were holding back because I was holding out on you?”

He lifts his shoulders in a shrug. “Not as a conscious decision, but maybe, yeah. I knew nothing about you, other than the amazing chemistry we had that night in Glasgow with Saff.”

Where the fuck do I go from here? I wasn’t completely open with him, withholding my real name until it spilled out last night, so it would be hypocritical of me to judge him for holding something back. But spending time with him feels like a betrayal to Tom and everyone else at The Thirst Trap.

“I need to head off,” I tell him. I need space to think about it.

“That’s it? Are we okay?”

“It’s fine, Cam. We had a fun night. In Glasgow and again last night. We don’t owe each other anything, and you said you’ve got a meeting to get to.” I keep my tone breezy, trying to ignore the look of hurt clouding his eyes.

“When can I see you again?” he asks.

I pause, unsure how to answer. I’m not usually one for repeats. Yes, we did have a lot

of fun, but my loyalty to Tom and the bar has to come first, right?

“Text me when you need to get laid and I’ll think about it.” That’ll give me a chance to get my head around it all.

“That’s going to be tonight.” His tone is matter-of-fact as if his wanting me is a foregone conclusion.

“I don’t do the regular thing. You might need to find yourself someone steadier.” I stand and slip my hand into my pockets, rocking back on my heels.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“Fuck that. I don’t want steady. I want to fuck you until you can’t stand up.” He slides out from the sheets, padding around the bed to stand, stark naked, in front of me. My eyes are drawn to his thick thighs and the forest tattoos inked there. “So, same time tonight?”

“I can’t do tonight. Maybe next week.” I can’t look him in the eye—if I do, he might convince me. I need to step back and work out exactly what’s happening here and what I want to happen.

His sigh is heavy. “I’m not asking you to marry me. Don’t deny yourself pleasure because you don’t do commitment. We can find our own way of making this work.” His hand gestures between our bodies.

“I need to think about it.” Perhaps we can do the casual thing on the regular, or perhaps I should never see him again. I don’t want that. I have to see him again.

“Don’t take too long,” he says gruffly before adding, “text me.” He gathers me up in his arms, lifting me off my feet as he squeezes me. He lowers me, placing a kiss on my forehead, and pats me on the bum.

“Make sure you eat, Abby.” His tone is brusque, which seems to have a direct link to my eyes rolling.

“Will do. I’ll maybe catch you later,” I say, heading out of the suite and towards my place. I just have to hope that the distance will help me overcome this confusion. I want to see him again, but should I?

Chapter twelve

Abby

I'm still mulling it all over a few days later. It's been going around in circles in my head.

I don't know what to think. What to feel. What does it matter that he wasn't honest with me? It's not like we're in a relationship. But it hurts. Hurts to know he's not been open with me. I have to give an unhumorous laugh because, how for one second can I expect him to be open and honest with me when he didn't know my name until the other day? He still doesn't know where I work or live.

Fuck. Why does this even matter? I can walk away now. None of it matters.

But we had fun. And there's a part of me that wants to spend more time with him. This all feels so new to me, although I have to admit that I want to see where it goes.

Before I drive myself insane with all the back and forth, I pull my phone out of my pocket as I walk to the bar for my afternoon shift and shoot off a text to the Smut Club group:

Me:

Hey, any chance of an impromptu catch up tonight? I need a distraction and have an AITA question.

I really need to know if I'm the asshole in this situation and I can trust my friends to be honest with me. Cassidy's reply is fast.

Cassidy:

I can make it. I was planning to come to the bar tonight with Jack. Are you working?

Me:

Yeah, but Tom said I can finish early – around 8 pm if it's not busy.

Mel:

I can make it. Be good to get out the house. What makes you an asshole?

Me:

Let me get my head straight, and I'll try to explain later.

There's no reply from Laura, but at this time of the day, she's likely to be deep into inking someone's skin. Hopefully, I'll hear from her later.

With a bit of luck, I'll be able to round them all up. I could really use some external input on this whole Cameron situation.

We decide to stay at the bar. If I'm not working, I may as well put some money in the till. Carl stays ten minutes later to make us all a snack platter to share. I'm munching on onion rings and drinking a glass of Pinot Grigio when Laura and Mel walk in together.

I look Mel over, spotting the darker smudges under her eyes and realising her spark is still missing. She's engrossed in whatever Laura is saying to her.

"I'm worried about her," Cassidy says quietly from beside me as she chows down on a mozzarella stick.

“Who? Mel?”

“Yeah, she’s keeping busy, but I can still see the sadness in her eyes. Do you know what I mean?”

They spot us and wave, doing the universal glass tipping up gesture to see if we want fresh drinks. We both nod encouragingly.

“Yeah, I know what you mean. From what Laura says, Alex has been miserable without her, too. But maybe they’ll come to their senses soon.” With encouragement from Cassidy and myself, Mel had a fling with Alex, Laura’s brother. He’s fifteen years younger than her, and she tied herself up in knots over the whole thing before calling it off. He took a job in Scotland for a clean break and, while I’m grateful it meant I ended up there with Laura and got my night of fun with Cam and Saff, I know it’s tearing her heart in two. Another example of why I avoid monogamous commitment.

“Do you think we should try and set her up with someone new? Maybe you can take her to one of your sex parties?” Cassidy nudges me with a smirk, despite the serious topic.

“I’ll take her if she wants to come. But I’m not convinced that’s what she needs right now.”

“No, maybe not.” We go quiet as Mel comes to sit beside us.

“Hey, ladies. First rounds on Laura. She sent me over here to see if there were plenty

of snacks.”

“Sure are.” I lean over, wrapping an arm around Mel’s shoulder to hug her to my side. Her head bends to touch mine. “How are you doing, honey?”

“I’m alright. Eager to see what mischief you’ve found yourself in. And why you think you’re the asshole in whatever situation it is.” Her smile is warm, even if it doesn’t quite chase away all the sadness from her eyes.

Laura makes her way over with the drinks. “I bought a bottle of the wine you’re drinking to share. That okay?”

“I can definitely get behind that plan,” I say, reaching over to fill the new glasses and top up my own and Cassidy’s.

“So…” Cass looks at me with a quirked brow.

“Straight into it then?” I ask, stalling without knowing why.

“You called this extra meeting of Smut Club for a reason, Abby. Let’s hear it.” Laura smiles at me as she uses the hair tie on her wrist to pull her electric blue hair up into a loose bun.

“Okay,” I pull in a deep breath. “You know the Scottish guy I met in Glasgow when I had the threesome?” They all nod. “And I sent the text about how he showed up here, doing work at The Juniper building?” More nods. “So we got together again, just the two of us this time, and had an incredible night.”

Cassidy claps her hands with glee. “I’m so happy for you.” But moderates her tone when she sees me wince. “What happened?”

“It turns out he doesn’t just work at The Juniper; he owns it.”

Realisation flashes across Cassidy’s face. “Oh, shit.” She gasps.

“What?” Mel asks, bafflement in her tone.

“He’s going to be opening a business in direct competition with The Thirst Trap.” I rub at my temple, which is sore from all the circles my thoughts have been running in since I found out.

“So, what does this mean?” Laura asks, looking as confused as Mel.

“It means I shouldn’t see him anymore.” Just like in his hotel room, a heavy weight sits in my chest at the thought of not spending more time with him.

“Pah! No, it doesn’t,” Cassidy interjects.

“Cass, his business is potentially going to have an impact on my job here. If they take our business away, Tom might not need an Assistant Manager anymore. And Cam didn’t tell me. He kept it to himself.”

“Well, that is a bit shit,” Mel agrees. “But what makes you question if you are the asshole then?”

“I only just told him my name. And I haven’t told him I work here and why it might be a problem that he owns the building.”

“Ah,” comes Mel’s soft reply. Her face remains neutral, and I can’t tell whose side she’s falling on.

“So, he’s not the only one to hold information back, but I was just being cautious.

And I like him. I liked the idea of having a fun fling while he was working on the building.”

“You can still do that, Abby.” Cassidy is using her most convincing tone. “Please don’t stress about your job. As if Tom would let you go. The place would collapse without you here.”

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“And you’re saying it’s only a fling, Abby. It’s not like you’re serious about the guy. Have some fun,” Mel encourages, and yet, she knows where having some fun can lead. To heartbreak and sad eyes. Not that I’m not going to fall for him.

“It just feels like I’m being a traitor to Tom and this place.”

“I don’t think you are, and I doubt that Tom would think that either. Have some fun. You deserve it,” she says with a wink. “And if you’re still worried, talk to Tom.”

I guess I could. Maybe if I keep it completely fun, it will help. I remember Cassidy’s earlier comment. “Perhaps I could see if he wants to come and play at the Clubhouse later this month. If we play with other people, at least I won’t feel like I’m giving him all my attention. But damn, that man is good in bed. It would be a shame not to enjoy his company again.”

“That’s the spirit, use him for sex.” Cassidy grins. Mel and Laura nod in agreement. I guess that’s settled then. But I’ll speak to Tom first.

I’ve still not reached out to Cam. It’s been almost a week since my night with him, and I’m feeling antsy. Now I know he’s close by, it’s even harder not to reach out and text him. He’s been surprisingly quiet. I was half expecting daily booty calls since I left his hotel room, but there’s been nothing. Maybe he’s moved on with someone else. I frown, not liking that idea. Especially after the girls helped me decide a fling would be fine.

I’ve been avoiding walking past The Juniper, not wanting to seem like I’m stalking him, but today I can’t resist the urge any longer.

It's disappointing when I saunter past at a snail's pace, trying to catch a glimpse of Cam. There's plenty of activity and yet, no sign of the man himself. I have no reason to pop my head around the entrance and see if he's there, so I don't let myself. If he wanted more, he would have been in touch by now.

I let loose a sigh as I head towards work. I'll be early now, but there's always something to keep me busy.

The unlocked door surprises me when I get to the bar. I'm early enough that I thought I'd be the first one here.

"Hello?" I shout as I enter the doorway, but there's a strange stillness that comes from an empty bar. I'm so used to it being full of patrons that I've come to appreciate the quiet when I'm here alone. But if that's the case, why was the door unlocked? I head towards the staff room to check the roster as I didn't lockup last night. Surely it's not been left unlocked all night. I'm going to lose my shit if it has.

As I step towards the corridor, muffled voices come from the direction of Tom's office, and relief loosens the muscles I'd inadvertently tightened with my worry. Thank fuck for that. No-one has to lose their job. Tom's door is shut and the voices are pitched low enough that I can't make out who's in there. I head past to the staff room, jumping when the door swings open to show Carl, the cook, sitting at the table reading the paper.

"Oh," I gasp. "Why's everyone so bloody early today?"

"Hey, Abby. I got an offer of a lift and took it. And luckily, the boss was just arriving at the same time and let me in."

"Who's he meeting with?"

“I dunno, didn’t recognise him. Some massive Scot. They’ve been holed up in his office for at least a half hour.”

I try to keep my face neutral at the mention of a Scot, reminding myself of the five million Scots, but then, it did actually turn out to be Cam the last time I thought that.

I chat with Carl for a bit, as we don’t get much time to catch up all that often. He’s usually busy in the kitchen and finishes before closing, while I’m behind the bar.

“I’m gonna go and water the hanging baskets,” I tell him, reaching for the watering can I keep at the top of the lockers and the stepladder from behind the door.

“Catch ya later, let me know if there are any specials you fancy next week, and I’ll add them to the menu.”

“Will do.” I love that he always asks the staff what they like and ensures we get a portion when we’re on a long shift.

I fill the watering can and carry it, with the ladder, out to the front of the building. It’s a bit of a faff because the watering can isn’t big enough, so I have to keep going back and forth to fill that as well as move the ladder between each of the baskets. But on a sunny day like today, I enjoy the task. I’m deadheadingsome of the marigolds in one basket, the watering can perched by my feet on the step stool, when the door of the bar opens.

“Careful,” I shout, so they know someone is right by the door. I look down from the ladder, and my mouth falls open as Cameron steps out. I jolt, knocking the watering can from its precarious perch, causing it to tip towards him. A gasp escapes me as I watch it unfold, but his gaze is focused on me, and he doesn’t see it happening.

The water hits him in the crotch, soaking through his smart looking slacks.Huh, he

does look smart today. But what the hell is he doing here?

He looks down at the large splash in the unfortunate position with a grimace as his hand comes up to grip the top of the stepladder. His other hand wraps around one of my thighs.

“You shouldn’t be doing this by yourself,” are his first words to me since I left his hotel room. And his tone is grumpy AF.

“I’m so sorry. You surprised me.” I’m frozen to the spot, the warmth of his hand holding my thigh spreading through my whole body.

“Oh shit, I’ll grab you a cloth,” Tom says, making an appearance at the doorway, and taking in the scene.

“You should have someone else holding the ladder while you’re doing that.” Cam’s gruffness is increasing with each word. I guess having an unexpected soaked crotch (and not in a fun way) will do that to a man.

“It’s fine. I’m not up here long enough usually. You just took me unawares.” I grip the top of the ladder, my pinkie brushing against Cam’s solid grip as he holds it in place, and I give him a tentative smile.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

It's an unusual feeling to be towering over him when he usually dwarfs me, and the shock of seeing him here holds me in place. I don't want the disadvantage of crawling down and having to look up at him.

"Fancy seeing you here," he drawls, licking his lips.

"What are you doing here?" I ask with curiosity.

"I had a meeting with Tom," he says. "What about you?"

"She's my assistant manager," Tom adds as he steps out with a clean bar towel to hand Cameron. "You guys know each other?"

Chapter thirteen

Cam

Now, would you fancy that?Pixie. Menace.Abbey.Right here, just down the road from The Juniper. Perched on a stepladder, tending to the hanging baskets. That definitely wasn't on my bingo card when I walked over earlier to meet the owner of The Thirst Trap.

Tom seems like a decent guy. He was happy to meet with me, and I wanted to do some outreach with local businesses to stay on their good side with the building work. And yes, while my plans for The Juniper could be considered competition for the Thirst Trap, I'd much rather find a way to work alongside each other rather than compete. Tom seems to be in agreement, which is great. I'm calling the meeting a

success, and it feels like a huge bonus prize to find my Pixie in the wild.

“Tom and I had a business meeting, given we are almost neighbours. I’ve been reaching out to local businesses about my plans with The Juniper. Seeing where we might be able to collaborate.” Her head quirks to the side, her forehead wrinkling. “I’ve been meaning to message you. Can we meet up again? What about tomorrow?” I ask. It’s less than ideal to stand here holding a stepladder with a wet patch on my crotch, but I don’t want to walk away without knowing.

“I’m working,” she says, still looking mystified. Is she annoyed that I’ve found out where she works?

“What time do you get off? I can come and meet you.”

“It depends how busy it is.”

“You’re only on until 9 pm tomorrow, Abs,” Tom says. She flashes him a look of annoyance.

“Yeah, but I don’t mind staying if we’re busy.” I swallow down the hurt that she’d rather work overtime than see me, especially after not hearing from her all week. It sinks like a weight in my chest, and I can’t help but wonder if she’s done with me.

“I doubt it, midweek. In fact, you can probably finish earlier if you want to make plans.” She frowns at him over my head. “Or not. I’m gonna head back inside, but it was good to meet you, Cameron. I’ll see you soon.”

“Aye, see you then.” I give him a polite smile while trying to work out how to get her down safely.

“Here, step down, lass,” I say.

“I’m not finished yet.” She plucks at flowers in the hanging basket, mutinously.

“I think you got all the dead ones.”

She blows out a sigh, and I catch an eye roll. “I still need to do the one at the end. I should have got Tom to refill the watering can, dammit. Why are you seeing him soon? Is he getting a tour of The Juniper? Is he going upstairs?” she asks as she takes the hand I offer to step down carefully.

I chuckle. “No, not yet. You’ll be the first to know when that’s a possibility, I promise. So, can I come and pick you up tomorrow after work?”

Her gaze shifts to the final hanging basket as she contemplates it. Or perhaps she’s working out how to let me down gently.

“I need to do the last one,” she says, ignoring my question. How can I convince her?

“I’ll wait and hold the ladder for you,” I tell her. She seems bemused by the suggestion but is back swiftly from inside with the watering can topped up. I hold the ladder and the can while she deadheads the flowers. And once again, hold her hand as she steps down, loving the feel of her small palm gripped in my larger one.

“Thank you. This week doesn’t work for me, but maybe soon.” It sounds like a dismissal.

“Oh,” I can’t hold back the disappointment.

“I just need some time. I’m not used to seeing people regularly.” She presses her lips together so tightly they turn white.

“Right, well, I best go get some work done,” I tell her, deciding to leave before I start

begging.

Chapter fourteen

Abby

“What’s up, Abs?” Tom asks as I take a seat in his office.

“I want to talk to you about Cameron.” I blow out a sigh, trying my best not to bounce my knee.

“He seems like a decent bloke. I appreciate him coming to speak to me about his plans for The Juniper. How is it you guys know each other?”

“He’s the guy from the other day, the one I thought you’d like.”

“You’re seeing him?” His tone is full of surprise. He knows me well enough to realise that repeats are not my *modus operandi*.

“It’s complicated.” I close my eyes for a moment, trying to work out how much to say. “Without TMI, I met him a few months back, when Laura and I visited Alex in Glasgow.”

“Huh,” comes his response.

“It was just a one night thing. He didn’t even know my name. And then it was really random, but we bumped into each other by The Juniper one day.”

“No way.” Tom leans forward in his seat. Clearly, Cass, Jack and their nosiness have been rubbing off on him because he seems invested in this story.

“Yes, way. I thought he was just contracting there, and we’d had fun, so I saw him again that night I left early.”

“You mean on time.” He huffs out a chuckle as he says it.

“Well, yeah. But then the next morning, he told me he owned the building. And now it feels weird.”

“What makes it weird?” He narrows his eyes in confusion.

“You mean a lot to me, Tom. You’re like a brother, not that I really know what that’s like.” I squeeze my lips together. “And The Thirst Trap is like a home to me. I don’t want anything to happen to it. I don’t want to lose you or the bar.”

“Why do you think that might happen?” He rubs his palm over his chin.

“With Cam planning to have a bar at The Juniper, it’s going to threaten what you have here.” I gesture around us with my hands. “You and the bar are more important to me. I don’t have to see him again. It’s just a fling, nothing serious.”

His frown deepens. “You’re important to me, too. Here at work, I don’t know where we’d be without you. You keep this place running smoothly, and I really appreciate it. I also value our friendship, but I don’t want either of those things to get in the way of your relationships.” He holds up his hand when I open my mouth to protest. “I don’t care if it’s just a fling. I think this guy means something to you, given he’s a repeat.” If he was wearing glasses, he’d be looking at me over the rim of them right now, such is the superiority on his face. The guy ends up in a throuple and now clearly thinks he’s some kind of relationship expert.

He continues, “As I said, Cameron seems like a decent guy to me. It certainly didn’t strike me that he’ll be going out of his way to steal our customers. And, if he tries, a

little competition is good. If our customers have more choice where to spend their money, it just means we need to bring our A-game. And I know your competitive streak will mean we win.” His smile is smug.

I sit back, letting what he just said sink in. I hope I know him well enough after all these years that I’d realise if he was hiding any concern or worry about The Juniper.

“It really is just a fling,” I tell him, unable to stop the pout.

He chuckles. “Really? That’s all you’ve got to say in response?”

I push my tongue firmly into my cheek. “And yes, I’ll make sure we win.”

“I know I can count on you.” A warmth settles in my heart. It feels good to belong, to be part of something bigger than myself. “I’m glad you spoke to me about this, but I don’t want you to worry, okay? We will take this as it comes.”

“Thanks, Tom, I appreciate it.”

“So you’re gonna see him again?” There’s curiosity in his tone and a twinkle in his eye.

“He is fun. Probably,” I say it with a shrug, and yet, relief washes through me. I don’t believe in women needing a man’s blessing for anything, but Tom is my friend as well as my boss, and his understanding means something to me.

I don’t contact Cameron for a few days after spilling water all over his crotch. In part, there’s a perverse pleasure in making him wait to hear from me. But there’s also an uncertainty. Seeing someone on repeat is new to me, and I need to take it slow, even if my indecision is driving me crazy. The date of the next play party is fast approaching though, so I shoot him off a text on my walk home from work late one

night.

Me:

Fancy a playdate? There's a regular play party on next week. I've got the night off to go.

Page 31

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

Given it's after midnight, it's a surprise when he replies almost instantly.

Cameron:

100% yes. Where and when?

I send back the details, including the form he needs to complete to submit his STI test results, and close out the text conversation as I get back to my flat. But it vibrates in my pocket as soon as I put it away. I wait until I'm inside with the door locked and my work clothes pulled off before I let myself look.

Cameron:

Can we catch up before that? Clear the air?

Me:

How about we meet for a drink before the party?

I think that's for the best—sets the tone that we are just meeting up to play. We make arrangements to meet in the bar at the hotel he's staying at.

There's a frisson of excitement about seeing him again and getting to see him in the play party setting. I know he's been to play parties before, but I can't wait to see what he thinks of the Clubhouse.

It's something I've attended fairly regularly when I can get the night off work, but

I've missed the last couple of monthly events for various reasons. I wonder who we'll see there. Heading over to my wardrobe, I plan my outfit before jumping in the shower.

Chapter fifteen

Abby

I'm oddly skittish the day of the party. I've ended up with the whole day off and tomorrow too, and I don't know what to do with myself. I cleaned my flat from top to bottom and read some of the book Mel chose for Smut Club this month. Late afternoon, I had an 'everything' shower and now I'm lying on the bed recovering from that. There isn't a part of my body that hasn't been attended to somehow, be that with a razor, moisturiser, or a loofah.

My outfit hangs on a hook on the back of my door. A leatherette pinafore dress with fishnet stockings and an electric pink crop top to wear under the dress. I also have matching underwear, but I'm still deciding whether to wear them or not. I have a long coat I can put over the whole lot to keep me hidden from the unsuspecting, non-sex-party-attending general public. But I can't wait to see Cameron's response to the getup.

Arousal has gradually been building all day as I think about my plans for the evening. I'm looking forward to the party. But I think I'm more excited to be with Cameron again. I want to see how he interacts with other people. I'm hoping we'll end up playing together tonight, but who knows what the night will bring. That's what I love most about this lifestyle and the decision I've made to be polyamorous. I like surprises. I want life to be one massive adventure filled with fun. It's why I do the work I do. I love working behind the bar, getting to know everyone, and celebrating with them.

The time ticks ever closer. I take my time with my make-up, keeping it fairly light everywhere apart from the smoky eyes that are heavily done. I even add some false lashes and plenty of eye liner. Of course, it could all be ruined when I swallow Cam's cock so deep it makes my eyes water. But fuck it, I want to knock him over when I arrive tonight.

I catch a cab from my place to meet him, sensible enough to not walk around by myself in the evening dressed as I am. Once I've paid the driver, I slip out of the taxi to stand in front of his hotel.

Striding up the steps, I nod to the doorman when he opens the door wide for me. I step inside, trying not to teeter on the ridiculously high strappy heels I added at the last moment. I was going to go for something a little less ankle breaking, but in the end, my need to blow Cam's mind took precedence. And hopefully, when he picks his tongue up off the floor, he'll help prop me up so I don't do myself damage with a fall.

I strut into the foyer, headed in the direction of the bar where we agreed to meet, coming to a sudden standstill at the sight before me.

There's Cameron, filling the space with his powerful presence. He looks hot, wearing smart, dark slacks and a crisp, white shirt. His biceps fill the sleeves, ready to burst out at a moment's notice. And over the top, he's wearing some kind of leather strappy harness. It's a nice touch to the otherwise smart outfit that could be considered generic. My face scrunches when a set of polished fingertips clasp the bicep I'm busy admiring. Beside him stands a willowy woman, wearing a fire engine red dress. Her strappy heels are even more lethal than mine, and her mouth is curved in a hungry smile as she looks up at him. His expression is open as he talks to her, not doing anything to remove her hand from his arm, where it's now stroking him.

Dammit. That's derailed my plans to have him eating out of my hand on arrival. I

stand for a moment, wondering if it's time to backtrack. This was a daft idea. He's obviously not stuck for company. I'm positive this woman would keep him entertained. Agitation causes me to fidget, and perhaps it's that which draws his attention. His head comes up, and his eyes meet mine across the foyer. His gaze sweeps over me, leaving heat in its wake as he raises his brows in my direction.

I shake off the rabbit caught in the headlights feeling and carefully walk towards him, sending prayers up to a god I don't even believe in that my ankles and the rest of me remain upright.

"So, do you have plans for tonight?" His red-dressed companion asks, that fucking hand still pawing at him. I want to hiss at her and pull him closer to me. What the fuck has got into me? This isn't like me at all. I don't get possessive of my playmates. It's one of the reasons the poly lifestyle works so well for me. And yet, I need this woman to move away from him. Right. Now.

"I do, but maybe I'll catch you another time." He smiles at me as I step within a metre of them, finally drawing the woman's lecherous gaze away from Cameron. She does her own sweep and must find me lacking because she dismisses me without any acknowledgement.

"Hope to see you soon, Cam." She bends closer, tipping her cheek to him, and amusement clouds his face as he offers an air kiss. She stalks away, looking much more confident in her red-soled shoes than I do in my knockoffs. There's a desire to call her by a rude name, but I shake it off.

"Pixie." His use of my nickname washes warmth over me, and the earlier arousal hits me at speed. I'd love nothing more than to sink to my knees right now and blow this man... and his mind. A smirk sneaks out at the thought, and he doesn't miss a thing, raising a brow suggestively. His hand comes up to my arm, and he draws me into a hug. I'm pressed into his chest and it feels just right. Dammit, Cam. Don't make me

feel cosy. Just bang my brains out.

“Let’s grab a drink,” he says as his lips kiss across the top of my head before he pulls away to lead me into the bar. The soft kiss causes a flutter in my tummy. He steers me over to an intimate semi-circular table in the corner, seating me on the padded bench and checking what I want to drink before going to order.

I can’t look away from him. He moves with intent, and he comes across so comfortable in his skin. He’s never shown a hint of discomfort in my presence, despite the various states of undress we’ve been in together.

He’s back before I know it, setting down a bottle of beer for himself with my glass of wine. It will be the only drink I have tonight, preferring to stay sober for the play parties to keep my wits about me. While the event is the safest and best organised I’ve ever attended, it doesn’t hurt to stay alert to my surroundings.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

I wait until he sits down before I rise back up to remove my coat. The heat scorching my exposed skin as he watches is exactly what I was hoping for. I drape the coat over the back of the bench, lowering myself back down so our thighs brush. “I like this,” I whisper coyly, playing with the leather harness. “What’s it for?”

Amusement sparks in his gaze as he looks down at me. His tongue pokes out to lick at his bottom lip as he takes in my pinafore and the pink crop top bra underneath.

“Mostly just for appearance. Couldn’t look too buttoned up for the Clubhouse.”

“You looked it up?” I check, my tone filled with praise. I do like a man who does his research.

“Aye, I did. Sounds like it’s gonna be a fun night.”

“Did you complete the form with your test results?” He gives me a nod. “You’ve been to play parties before, right?”

“I went with Saff to a couple in Glasgow. But not for a while.”

“And do you like to watch? Or do you play?”

“That depends on you, Pixie. I’m happy with either. What do you want to do tonight?” We’ve moved closer to each other as the words have flowed, and our faces are angled towards each other.

“I’m happy to play,” I tell him, my voice pitched low. I enjoy the fidget he gives, one

of his hands adjusting the crotch of his trousers. I reach over and take a sip of my wine, grateful for the moisture in my dry mouth.

His focus is fully on me. There's no doubt in my mind that if a troupe of half-naked women can-can through the bar right now, he wouldn't even notice. I take another sip, savouring the fruity taste, my eyelids fluttering down so I remove the temptation of Cam from my sight. I jolt when his hand brushes at my hair.

“You're so bloody gorgeous, Abby.”

That accent. That voice. The way he says my name. There's an intimacy that comes with sharing my real name; one that I rarely gift to playmates, and I can't decide which name I like him using best. My thighs clench together. I wonder if I should just drag him upstairs and keep him all to myself. There's something about this man that has me questioning my need to keep him and others at arm's length. I open my eyes and he's staring right at me, his body angled to face mine. We're in our own little world in this quiet corner of the bar. And I like it.

“You're not bad yourself,” I respond, gripping his thigh with my hand. I squeeze and he lets out a low, rumbling groan. It takes me back to the times I've been intimate with him. He makes the best sex noises I've ever heard. “I think I could probably come from just listening to you. Do you know that?” I tell him with a grin. It's safer to keep the conversation on sex and push my growing affection to the side.

“You like the dirty talk?”

“Cameron, you could recite the sodding phone book and my underwear would be damp.”

He chuckles, putting his own hand on top of mine. I hold my breath as he pushes my hand ever closer to the bulge now evident in his trousers. But, just before my fingers

touch him, he pauses, letting out a gentle, “Fuck.”

Worry bubbles inside me. “What is it?”

“We’re supposed to be clearing the air. And here you are, seducing me so I can’t think straight.” He edges away just a bit so there’s breathing room between us. “Don’t get me wrong, I can’t wait to get my hands on you, but I need to know we’re okay first.” He quirks a brow, watching me with intent.

I draw in a breath. Are we okay? “I spoke to my friends about you.”

“Yeah? That sounds terrifying. What did the committee decide?” The corner of his mouth quirks with amusement.

“They decided I should have some fun with you.”

“Thank fuck for that. I wholeheartedly agree.” He lets out a sigh of contentment. It would be easy to joke back, but I want to give him more.

“I was uncomfortable with you not being honest with me, and I know I didn’t have any right when you only just found out my name. It’s just that The Thirst Trap is important to me. Tom is like family, but the decent kind.” I grimace.

His gaze is intent as he pauses before speaking. “I know you must have your reasons for keeping your identity protected.” I study his face, looking for any hint that he’s prying. But I only see compassion and openness. “I’m honoured that you shared your name, and I’ll take whatever else you’re willing to give. I like you, Abby. I’m glad you reached out about tonight. I wanted to give you space to figure it out, but I missed you.”

I snort, mostly to cover up the thought that I missed him too. “We barely know each

other,” I tell him with a chuckle.

“I know how you sound when you come. I know how far down your throat you can take my cock. I know that you secretly like to snuggle afterwards, even if you would never admit that out loud.”

Dammit, he’s observant. And there’s something attractive about that. I’ve been so used to flitting between sexual partners and playmates, trying not to be too serious. And yet, two nights with this man and he has picked things up that no-one else has. I scowl.

He laughs as he pulls me in close to his side in a half hug. “I promise I won’t tell anyone, Pixie. Your secret is safe with me.” And while it’s said in jest, I can’t help but feel that my secrets would be safe with this mountain of a man. And I find myself leaning into his warmth and taking comfort there.

Chapter sixteen

Cam

The cab pulls up to a terraced building in a decent part of London. I'd done my research after Abby invited me, and it sounds like it's going to be an interesting night. The Clubhouse isn't a permanent addition to this building. It's brought in specially every month for one night only.

There's a crowd outside, wearing all kinds of outfits. Leather, PVC, satin, lace, a collar and lead.

I pay the driver as quickly as possible, as anticipation floods my veins. I climb out, reaching in to clasp Abby's hand to help her. I'm in awe as she stands straight on those killer heels. Literally killer; she could stab someone with them if she wanted.

I'm glad I'm here with Abby and that we both want to play. The first time I came to something like this, I just watched with a rock hard cock the whole fucking night. I enjoy watching, but it's even more fun to participate, knowing others are turned on from watching you. I can't wait to see Abby's exhibition streak in action tonight. She's going to be glorious, I just know it.

"Ready?" I ask, wrapping her arm in mine to help support her. "Tell me, do the shoes stay on?"

"Oh, honey, they can do. You only have to ask if you want to see them next to your ears." Instant boner. Fuck. She's going to be the end of me. "I have some flats in my bag I can change into when my feet get sore." She leans close, mischievousness twinkling in her eyes under the amber street light when she adds, "But I'm hoping I

won't spend too much time on my feet."

I grin at her. "You do look good on your knees. And your back. And straddling me. I can't wait to see what positions you contort yourself into tonight."

We've reached the entrance, and Abby holds out a code for scanning on her phone. "I pre-ordered the tickets, so we didn't have to queue," she tells me as the woman waves us through.

"Clever girl." I lean my mouth to her ear to whisper the praise and love the way her body trembles against mine.

"There's changing rooms and lockers through there. Do you need to get changed?" she asks.

I hesitate, unsure of the set up here. "What are you going to wear?"

"I'm going to leave my coat and bag in a locker and keep everything else on for now. I've got a change of clothes for after. There are hooks on the doors and cubby holes for non-valuables."

"They've thought of everything." I'm impressed.

"Come, let's find a locker. We can share." She grips my hand, tugging me through to the unisex changing room. There are people milling around in various states of undress. I can hear the flow of a shower somewhere as Abby guides me over to the wall of lockers. She scans another code on her phone, and a door springs open so we can pile our belongings inside.

"What now?" I ask, happy for her to take the lead.

“We can choose wristbands by the doorway there. They let people know what we’re happy doing. There are condoms near the entrances of the rooms.”

Abby takes a gold wristband labelled for playtime, a rainbow one for LGBTQIA+ friendly, and a black one for paddles and whips. I stand and look at all the options, my cock twitching with anticipation as I pick up the same ones as Abby and also add a red one for rope play.

She smiles as I line them up on my wrist. “Ropes.” She hums. “Of course, that makes sense when you were tied up when I first met you.”

“Saff wants to learn shibari. It wasn’t rope that night, but she’s practiced on me a few times.”

“She must need a lot of rope for your build.” She looks me up and down, hunger evident in her gaze.

I take hold of her chin, leaning down to plant a kiss on her lips, unable to resist.

“Ready?” she asks, breathless as she pulls away.

“As I’ll ever be. Lead on.”

She grasps my hand, tugging me along behind her as we make our way into a large room. The lighting is set low, but there’s enough to see where you’re going and get a glimpse of what everyone is up to. There’s a bar on the far side with bar stools and leaner tables placed in front of it. The other side of the room is taken up by one long bench seat with other stools and chaise lounges planted around.

For the most part, this seems to be a place to warm up rather than get down and dirty. Most patrons still have some clothing on at this point, although my mouth waters as a

woman dressed in a PVC cat woman costume with cutouts for her breasts walks past. Her nipples are hard and pierced with something twinkly, and she gives me a salacious grin, trailing her fingertips across my harness.

I look to see Abby's reaction. There's a neutral expression on her face and she looks wistfully at Cat Woman as she walks away, swaying her arse like a supermodel.

"She was hot," Abby says, fanning herself. "What do you think?"

"Uh-huh. I love the outfit," I tell her with a grin. "You'd look incredible in something like that."

"Do you think? I dunno if I can pull off ears and a tail." She winks. "Want a drink or a tour first?"

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“We just had a drink. I’ll take the tour.”

We make our way across the room to a corridor on the other side.

“This is where you’ll find the specialist rooms,” she tells me as she guides me along. “The doors stay open so you can peek in to see if it takes your fancy. There’s a shibari room you might want to check out. There’s male only, female only, a couple of mixed rooms, including an LGBTQIA+ space. And at the end here,” she points to an arched doorway. “is basically a massive orgy space. Pretty much anything goes. Oh, and there was a doorway from the first room... that leads to the exhibition space. It’s great for voyeurs but also just to warm up. Shall we head there first?”

“Happy to follow your lead, Pixie. I take it you want me to use that name tonight?”

“Yes, I’d appreciate that. Thank you.” She reaches up to kiss my cheek. “Any special nicknames for you?”

“Just Cam is good.”

We make our way back down the corridor, pausing to look in the doorways as we go. Abby explains that it will start getting busier any time from now, but this is still fairly quiet.

“Makes you wonder if these guys have amazing stamina and stay all night. Or like to come and go as it were,” Abby says as we pause at the mixed room. I can count eight bodies in there, all mostly nude. Two guys share one woman, one taking her mouthwhile the other pounds into her doggy style. A male-female couple is laid out

on one of the benches, his head between her thighs and to the side of them, another trio, but the lighting is darker, and it's hard to make out who's who.

“What time does it finish?” I ask, hoping I have enough stamina for whatever she has planned.

“One in the morning.”

I took my watch off and left it in the locker with my phone and coat, but we've not been that long, so I'm guessing it's about 10 pm right now.

“Jeez, this place is like a Vegas casino, isn't it? How do people know when it's time to go home?”

“They do actually ring a last orders bell around 12.30 am and then the lights gradually start to come up just before it ends.”

“Is there anything in particular you want tonight?” I ask her.

“I want to be watched. It gives me a real high. I'm hoping you're happy to create a show with me.”

“Aye, I'm up for that.” My response rattles my chest when it comes, as my tone is so low. My cock has been at half-mast since her comment about her on her back and her heels at my ears. And seeing all this fucking out in the open, people seeking their own pleasure, has done nothing to dampen it.

She leads me back through the bar, but we get waylaid on our way to the exhibition space when a tall, black guy approaches Abby, pulling her into a hug.

“Pixie, how are you? It's been a while.” His eyes are all over her. She likes that. His

hand strokes up her bare arms, and she quivers.

“Dan, hey.” There’s enough light here to see her whole face fill with joy. “Working or playing tonight?” she asks him.

“Playing. You got any space on your card?” His gaze sweeps over me, and his eyes twinkle as he takes in the wristbands at my wrist. I do my own recon and see he also wears the gold and the rainbow wristband. I give him a nod, and his face lights up with a grin.

“I do. I want to make a show. You up for it?”

“Of course. Tell me what you need me to do.” She leans in close to whisper. His eyes hold mine, so I see them widen as she spills her plans. Shame she’s not sharing them with me. Why not? And why does not knowing turn me on?

“Sound good?” she asks. He licks his lips salaciously.

“Sure fucking does. I’ll meet you in there in ten minutes.”

“Give us thirty. I want to warm this one up first.” She jerks her head at me, and now it’s me widening my eyes with surprise.

“Come on, big guy.” She smiles at me over her shoulder. And I follow her, completely enchanted by her and so fucking horny I will agree to anything right now. I’m getting used to her hand gripping mine and tugging me along now. She’s freakishly strong.

The exhibition space is the biggest room we’ve been in so far. It’s split into quadrants with a stage in each corner and chairs fanned out around each one. As I look around, it reminds me of the basement space at The Juniper and I wonder briefly if I should

consider something like this. Two stages are in use right now. One holds a bed with a couple on it, fucking in the missionary position. I love the simplicity of it. They're not trying to be fancy or show off any kinks. They are just getting down and dirty with an audience. People are sitting in the chairs watching, as well as some standing behind them.

Opposite, there's a Saint Andrew's Cross with a naked woman tied to it. There's a slightly bigger crowd watching this set up. Another person sits on a chair on the stage, cock in hand while they watch a third man stalking around the cross with a tasselled whip, striking the woman. I can't decide if I'd prefer to be the one on the cross or the one with the whip, but I know the list of things I want to try with Abby is getting longer by the minute.

I pull in a deep breath, wondering what Pixie has planned for us. I feel her gaze on my face, and look down at her.

"Okay?" Her hand strokes up my arm as she checks in with me.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

I nod. “Yeah, it’s an amazing set up. Just wish I knew what you had planned.”

“I want to use that stage,” she points across the room to where there is a spanking bench, “with you and Dan.”

“Okay.” I nod, picturing her spread out on the bench while we each get an end.Fuck.My cock is dripping pre-cum as I imagine how good it will feel.

“There’s a couple of options...” she hesitates. My focus is solely on her, despite the low moans coming from each stage and the slapping of skin. “It could be me on the bench. Or it could be you.”

Surprise skitters through me. And admiration that she’s full of such naughty ideas.

“And how do you see that working if I’m on the bench?” I ask, my lips pressed against her ear so she can hear me.

“We could start you on your front and use the bench for its intended purpose.” Her eyebrows waggle as she gives me a light tap on the arse. “Then we could flip you over, tie you up. I could sit on your face while Dan fucks you.” She’s watching me very closely as she spells it out, and I appreciate her thoughtfulness in checking with me first and being observant of my reactions.

I mull it over. As much as I love the idea of her laid out at the mercy of me and Dan, I’m not against her other suggestion. Not at all, if my twitching cock is any indication, and it’s something I’ve enjoyed previously.

“How about we start with you on the bench, spanking you... and then give the crowd a surprise when it ends up being me on there on my back?”

“Yes.” Her eyes light up with glee. “One hundred times, yes. I knew you’d be fun.” Her hands land on my shoulders, and she rises on her tippy toes. I still have to bend down and meet her halfway to kiss her on the lips.

“Let’s do it,” I whisper, pulling my mouth away from hers just enough to tell her. She gives me a squeeze and takes a step back, her attention caught by Dan striding across the room to us.

“Hey,” she greets him. “Everything okay?”

“Yeah, but I’m needed in about an hour elsewhere, so I was wondering if you guys are ready or want to push it back until later?”

She looks across to me and I nod. “We’re ready.”

Dan gives me a grin. “She filled you in? You’re happy?”

“She did. We’ve decided to change it up a bit though.”

“Ooh, I like a surprise. Don’t tell me.”

Chapter seventeen

Abby

Delight settles in my veins alongside anticipation and good, old fashioned arousal as we move over towards the stage with the spanking bench. I eye up Dan and Cam stood in front of me. Both big men. And both more than capable of blowing my mind.

This is going to be so damn pleasurable.

“Naked from the get go?” I ask them both, as I grab the hem of my pinafore and pull it up and over my head before kicking off my heels. I enjoy their eyes on me, both tracking my every movement as I’m left wearing my hot pink crop top and matching knickers.

I’ve played with Dan at parties before. A few months back, we put on an amazing show using the bed stage. He’s a showman, working as a dancer in his day job. He’s tall and lithe, less stocky than Cam. Tonight he’s wearing white chaps with a g-string pouch underneath, and his chest is bare.

“Let’s start as we mean to go on,” he says as he shucks off the chaps and turns around to wiggle his bum at me before removing his g-string. I plant a hand on his cheek and give him a squeeze with a laugh.

“What you wearing under all of that, big guy?” Dan asks Cam in his most flirtatious tone. Did he hear me call him that earlier or come up with it on his own?

Cam unlatches his harness and pulls it down his arms so he can unbutton and remove his shirt. My mouth waters as I watch him uncover his body.

“Please, put the harness back on,” I say.

He catches my eye with a wink. “Seeing as you asked so sweetly. Plus, it’ll give you something to hold on to, should you need it.”

Once it’s back on, he loosens the slacks and pushes them down his legs. Underneath, he’s wearing snug, short black boxers. Even with the low lighting, his excitement is unmistakable. I run a finger along the ridge of his cock, from top to bottom. He lets out a whimper before removing the boxer shorts.

Dan steps up close to his side, his own length pushing against Cam's thigh as he runs a hand over his chest and the harness there. Arousal thrums through me as I admire how good they look together, and that soon they will be doing more than just standing beside each other.

"Pretty," he tells Cam, fluttering his lashes at him. Cam looks at him with amusement. I thought they were a similar height, but Cam's got a few inches on him, which is going to make the second part of our show even more fun.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

There's already a couple of people loitering near the seats with curiosity on their faces. I smile over at them and hold up a finger so they know we won't be too long.

I chuck our discarded clothes in the cubbies nearby and take in a deep, fortifying breath. I wouldn't say I was nervous as such, but there's a slight tremor of anticipation running through me for what is coming, and that people will be watching us as it does.

I stop by the display next to the stage, which has hooks holding up various whips and paddles. I trail my fingers along them all, working out which ones I want slapping against my skin tonight. I take down a leather paddle, whacking it against my palm to get a feel for it. Next, I select a flogger and smack it against my thigh. A tremble works through my body at the impact. I turn back to the guys, holding the paddle out to Dan and the flogger to Cam before grabbing some condoms from a bowl beneath the display.

"We doing this?" I ask them, a grin spreading across my face.

Cam reaches down and places a soft kiss on my forehead. "At your command, Pixie," he replies, before stepping up to the stage and striding to the bench there. He circles it as he's getting a good look at all the features, such as the hooks for rope and chains. "Come and get comfy." He pats the bench and beckons me with his fingers.

I take one last breath to centre myself before stepping onto the stage, condoms in hand. A few more people are now sitting in the front row, their gazes causing a prickle of awareness along my spine.

I stow the protection on a shelf on the spanking bench before mounting it, placing my knees on the ledges on either side and taking a moment to do some cat-cow stretches to loosen up my back.

“Okay, honey?” Dan checks in with me, running his hand down my spine, making me want to arch into his touch.

I give him a grin. “Oh, yes.”

“Good girl,” he says as he follows his hand with the edge of the paddle. Nerve endings spark up along my back as he toys with me. He guides the paddle down and over my bum, and then it’s gone. I try hard not to brace, knowing it will make the impact worse, but it doesn’t come. Instead, the tassels of the flogger that Cameron is holding follows the same path. I close my eyes, enjoying the tickling sensation. That also disappears. They haven’t told me to keep my eyes closed, but I make no move to open them. It’s this moment, right here, the anticipation when you’re playing with someone that’s just as good as any other high.

It’s the flogger that hits me first. It’s a mild slap and there’s no sting. But it’s followed by three sharper bites from the paddle. My breath comes out in a gasp as my body absorbs the impact.

God fucking help me, they’re teaming up on me. Exhilaration floods my veins as I bask in the focus of these two men and the show we’re putting on for the building crowd. I can sense the buzz in the air and the hum of noise as more spectators take a seat. I give in and pry an eye open to look, astounded to see the whole front row full and more people sitting in the second.

Someone strokes my bum cheek and thighs, and I glance over my shoulder to check who it is. My eyes meet Cam’s. He’s stood back a step, arousal flaring in his gaze, his pupils blown. I give a little wiggle, resulting in the sharpest blow yet from Dan’s

paddle.

I wince as I adjust to the sting, blowing out a breath. Next comes the flogger. Much harder this time, but it's a more widespread sensation than the directness of the paddle. I whimper as my body bucks with each strike. My pleasure builds, and I pant with relief each time they give me a break. My arousal heightens along with the burn as they spank my arse and thighs repeatedly. I imagine my skin is a bright pink colour right now. Next time all the activity stops, Cam steps up towards my head.

"Let's keep your mouth busy while Dan keeps working on you. He's doing a grand job," he tells me. His voice isn't pitched as low as it has been in our previous intimate encounters, and I wonder if he's speaking loud enough for the gathered crowd to hear.

I lick my lips as pre-cum threatens to drip from the tip of his exposed cock. His hand comes up to my cheek, his thumb brushing over my cheekbone as he steps closer, feeding me his length.

He pushes all the way in until his tip touches the back of my throat. As he does that, Dan gives me three hard strikes of the paddle on each cheek, with no rest in between. As much as I enjoy the pain, I am grateful for Cam's touch on my face which keeps me grounded. I moan, my mouth full of Cam's cock as I absorb another strike. Wetness builds between my legs.

The nature of the bench and my position means I have to use my hands to hold myself up, which doesn't allow me to hold on to Cam in any way. He's completely in control right now, and I delight in being at his mercy. He fucks my throat while keeping a hand under my chin to support my head. I gaze up at him, tears welling in the corner of my eyes from the strain of swallowing him. The look on his face is determined, his eyes boring into mine as he fucks my mouth. I do my best to relax my throat, and he pushes even deeper. He's not even halfway, which frustrates me, but it

will take some training to take him all the way.

Dan ditches the paddle, spanking me instead with the palm of his hand. It's much warmer than the leather, adding to the hot sting from the strikes I've already taken. His lips kiss my inflamed cheek and I sigh around Cam's cock.

Then there's the nudge of his tongue at my entrance. He must be on his knees at the end of the bench.

"Tell me how she tastes," Cam rasps.

"Fucking delicious," Dan responds, satisfaction in his tone as he pulls away to answer.

There's a collective moan from the crowd watching, and it makes me even wetter when combined with these two worshipping my body.

"Get your fingers wet. I want to taste her." Cam slows his movements.

Dan's fingers glide inside me; the way eased from how aroused I am right now. He pushes them in and out and I whimper around Cam's cock at the sensation. My eyes squeeze shut, but not for long.

"Eyes up here, Pixie." Cam's hand on my chin grips harder to get my attention. There's a sucking sound as he tastes me on Dan's fingers and his cock throbs in my mouth. "So fucking delicious," he growls as he leans back. And then, "Eat her, don't stop until she's shaking with pleasure and screaming around my cock." This scene might have started as my idea, but his taking charge exceeds my expectations of how it would go. The dominant tone of his voice makes me want to sink into pleasure.

Dan gets to work using both his fingers and his mouth to tease every nerve ending I

have between my legs. Pleasure radiates outwards from my belly down to my toes, which curl as he plunges his fingers inside me while sucking on my clit. I can't even work out what position he must have contorted himself into in order to reach everything, but I can't think about it. My brain is mush.

Another squeeze of my chin, and my eyes snap up to Cam's. He slowly withdraws his cock until I hold just the tip between my lips.

"Look at you, taking my cock so deep while Dan takes care of you. And all while these people watch." He gestures his hand to the crowd before turning his head towards them. "You want to see her come, don't you?" he asks the gathered strangers. Their murmurs of agreement, combined with Dan's ministrations rush me towards my peak. My legs shudder as the sensation builds. "You can come, Pixie," Cam rasps and I do. I let go of everything, surrendering to the rush of pleasure.

Dan lets out a hum of delight as he slows down his pace, lapping up the last of my juices, and cool air hits my pussy when he moves away. Cam withdraws completely at the same time, and I'm bereft for a moment.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

But my eyes are open wide as Dan steps up to Cam, tugging him closer with his hand at the back of his neck and crushing their mouths together. They both moan as they share the taste of me, setting off a wave of an aftershock. I may be an exhibitionist, but I also take enormous delight in watching those I'm with claiming their own pleasure. Dan and Cam's kiss has me desperate for what comes next. They break away, both grinning like madmen and turn in unison to stare down at me.

It's crazy to think they hadn't met before tonight because they work so well together.

"Didn't she do well?" Dan asks as he strokes his fingers down my arm, catching my fingers in a little clasp at the end. His way of checking in. "Up for a change of plans?" Cam asks. I frown at that, liking our earlier agreed plans. He leans close to my ear so the crowd can't hear. "I want you riding my cock, not my face, while Dan fucks me."

My belly pitches with a thrill. "I can definitely get behind that," I tell him, my voice croaky from the overuse of my throat.

He lifts me, taking me by surprise and flipping me so I'm sitting in the middle of the spanking bench, facing him and Dan. They both lay their hands on me like they can't bear not to touch me. I reach down to where I stowed the condoms earlier and pass one to each of them.

I'm facing away from the crowd, but I know they're there, watching, waiting for whatever we are going to do next. And I can't fucking wait to continue the show and do filthy things with these men.

Chapter eighteen

Abby

Cam shifts to face Dan, who raises on the balls of his feet so their cocks align. Cam wraps his meaty fist around both shafts and works them up and down, causing them both to moan. I squeeze my thighs together. I could watch this all night.

“We can’t see,” comes a shout from our audience, making me chuckle.

“Sorry,” Cam says, giving one last stroke before stepping closer to me to hold out a hand. I use it for balance as I step down from the bench, and Cam takes my place. He scoots down so his bum is right at the end, and Dan steps between his legs and grips his hips to hold him in place.

Dan raises a brow at me. “Come and help me get him ready, Pixie,” he says with a grin. Anticipation skitters through me as I step closer, grabbing a bottle of lube from beside the bench and squirting some onto Dan’s hand as well as my own. I lube up my palm and work Cam’s covered cock with it, enjoying the slippery sensation. My fingers don’t meet around his girth, but I don’t let that stop me from massaging him from root to tip.

As I do that, Dan uses a lubed finger to rub at Cam’s hole until he pushes it in. Cam’s groan of pleasure is low and long.

“You like that, big guy?” Dan checks in. I look up to see Cam biting his lip as he nods his agreement. “Can you take two?”

“I’ll need to if I’m going to take your monster of a cock,” Cam teases, as his thighs tighten with desire. I reach down to cup his balls and lift them to give Dan better access.

His balls are heavy with need, and I don't even try to resist the urge to bend down to draw one in my mouth. His low "fuck," at the sucking sensation brings me joy beyond measure.

Dan scissors his fingers, stretching Cameron open, and looks over at me. "You ready to climb up?" he asks as his chest rises with a deep, steadying breath.

I step up on the side of the bench closest to me and swing my other leg over, straddling Cam's waist, finding the foot support on the other side. I wiggle a little, his hardened cock nudging at my cheeks. I grip his harness in my hands and use that to support myself enough to bend down and bring our faces close together.

"How are you doing, big guy?" I ask him, lowering my lips to his, brushing lightly over them.

"So damn good," he tells me, his eyes drowsy with pleasure. "Ready to be inside you," he adds.

I look over my shoulder to check in with Dan, who gives me a nod as he grips his cock with one hand and continues to stretch Cam's arse with the other. I shimmy backwards, pausing when Cam's tip brushes between my pussy lips.

"This is going to feel divine," I tell Cam with a wink as I sink lower, his cock spearing inside me. I do nothing to hold back my pleased moan, aware of the vibes from the crowd getting worked up as they watch the three of us.

I'm stuffed full of Cam, savouring the stretch.

"Stay there, Pixie." Dan brushes a hand on my spine. "He's going to take us both."

Cam's groan is guttural and animalistic, and I know that Dan has breached him. My

pussy clenches as my skin dampens with sweat. I almost wish I was in the centre of the front row watching this all play out for myself. It's incredible to be a part of, but I want to see everything, dammit.

"You're so tight," Dan groans, and Cam's hands grip my hips in a firm hold, his fingers squeezing slightly before relaxing. "That's it, big guy. Take all of me."

The moans of both men harmonise, making me desperate to move and chase the pleasure, but I pause a moment while everyone settles into position.

Dan's body is pressed against my sweat-slicked lower back as he pushes deeper inside Cam. His fingers grip on top of Cam's, holding on to my hips, and we all draw in a breath at once. I forget the audience and the show we are putting on, and just sink into the delight of being sandwiched between them. I grin down at Cam, whose eyes are closed with rapture.

"Okay?" Dan asks him, over my shoulder, and his eyes spring open as he says,

"So fucking okay. Give it to me. Both of you."

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“Remember, you asked for it,” Dan’s breath skates across my shoulder, making me arch my back. He draws back, and I follow his lead, rising from Cam’s shaft so he sits just inside my entrance. I lower back down as Dan thrusts inside Cam. Cam shudders as Dan and I take what we need from him. It takes a few goes to get the rhythm just right, but it’s driving Cam insane if his constant groans of pleasure and expletives are anything to go by. Dan answers him in grunts as he really goes to town. My participation in Cam’s undoing is thrilling. Working with Dan to blow Cam’s mind with pleasure lights me up. Yes, I love being on show. I enjoy being the centre of attention, but it’s also about making sure that each one of us finds their bliss. This, right here, is why I love polyamory.

Dan sets the pace, and I’m happy to work with what he’s giving Cam. To mix it up, I pause for a few moments and then sink down on Cam, taking his entire length as Dan pulls out. It’s hard to know which Cam likes best because he’s equally vocal about both. I grip his harness and, knowing everyone else is having a good time, I concentrate on my own pleasure.

Cam’s thumb sinks down my thigh, and I give him a nod of encouragement. It brushes over my swollen clit with a gentle touch. I frown because it’s not enough. I need more. But he’s just teasing because the next moment he’s using firm pressure to circle it. I see stars as pleasure pulses through me. Sweat drips off all of us as we work towards our peak, and his thumb threatens to tip me over the edge.

“I need to come,” Dan moans in my ear, and I nod in agreement. We both pick up the pace and Cam licks his lips as he continues to work on my clit, laying there and taking everything we give him.

“Wish I could taste you again,” Cam tells me. “You tasted so good on Dan’s lips.”

“Fuck,” I moan low and slow, my body giving in to the explosion of pleasure bursting like a firework in my centre. I gasp as I throw my head back and let the orgasm take over every cell in my body. Cam’s grip on my hip is firm, and he squeezes as he lets go, crying out with a hoarse moan and his cum fills the condom inside me. Finally, Dan comes, shudders wracking his body as he grinds his hips into Cam and gives him everything.

I collapse onto Cam’s sweaty chest, heaving in giant breaths as I try to find my equilibrium. But I think it shot up into space when the orgasm kicked in. Fuck me, that was insane.

Dan moves to the side of the bench, leaning his face close to where mine lies on Cam’s heaving chest.

“A pleasure working with you both.” He winks. “Ready for clean up?” he asks, and there’s a tender tone there that I appreciate. We don’t ever see each other outside of this playful setting, but he’s always done his best to provide aftercare and ensure I get just as much pleasure as he does from every experience.

“Yes, please.” I lift my heavy body from Cam and grip Dan’s proffered hand to swing my leg off the bench and step down. Cam sits up and swings his own legs round to capture me in a koala hold, his legs and arms wrapping around my body. Despite the sweat and stickiness from the fun we just had, I welcome the affectionate hug.

“What are you doing?” I ask, with a joking tone, trying to cover up the sappiness that wells up inside as he embraces me with tenderness.

“Come here.” Cam motions for Dan to come closer, and I let out a contented sigh as

their tongues tangle. “Thank you, Dan. That was incredible.”

“Anytime. It was my pleasure. Let’s get off the stage.”

Cam releases me, albeit reluctantly if his groping of my boobs means anything as he loosens his arms and legs. He hops down, and scoops up one of my hands to tug me behind Dan as he heads back down the steps to where we left our belongings. Both men remove their condoms, placing them in the bin provided.

I shiver, the aftermath of the sweaty sex and the orgasm catching up with me. Dan reaches for one of the robes on the hooks by the stage and brings it to me with a soft smile.

“Let’s get you wrapped up,” he says, holding the robe up so I can push one arm in and then the other. Once it’s on, he wraps it around my waist and ties a loose knot in the belt. He gives me a pat on the head, which completely ruins the impeccable aftercare up to that point.

I scowl up at him and he gives me a lopsided grin before looking over my shoulder to Cam, who's pulled his boxers back on and his shirt, but it’s unbuttoned and on over his harness. “You good to take care of Pixie? You sticking around?”

“Aye, go do your thing.” And I remember that Dan said he had to be somewhere. I reach up and give him a quick hug.

“Thanks, Dan, that was fun. Just what I needed tonight.” I tell him, reaching up to pat him on the head, giving it right back to him. He pokes his tongue out at that before clapping Cam, none too gently on the shoulder, and sauntering off, butt naked. Guess he’ll be picking his belongings up later then.

I turn slowly towards Cam, noticing the thinning audience now the fun is finished. A

couple head towards us from the front row while most others saunter off to see what else is on show tonight.

“That was amazing. I’m in awe,” the woman tells us, a grin on her face. She’s decked out in a PVC playsuit, and it hugs every one of her curves.

“Thanks. You look incredible,” I tell her, believing in credit where it’s due and her answering blush is cute as fuck.

“I didn’t know what to wear.” She leans closer so she can whisper, “It’s our first time.” She holds up her wrist to show off her white bracelet. “We’re just watching tonight.” She looks over at her partner. He gives a bashful smile and a nod, but says nothing.

“I hope you have an amazing night. This really is the best place I’ve found to explore stuff like this. I’m a regular, so happy to answer any questions you have.”

“Do you play with couples? As a couple, I mean,” she asks, and I smirk as I look over at Cam.

“We’re not...” I trail off. I don’t even know how to explain what we are right now. “...together.” I finish. But that doesn’t feel accurate at all. “And I’m usually open to suggestions. Maybe if I see you here another time, we can see how we feel. It doesn’t have to be on stage. I’d recommend the smaller rooms to start with. It’s a bit easier to lose your inhibitions there.” I’m aware of Cam’s gaze burning into the side of my face.

“I’m hoping I can convince Michael to try something with another guy, but he seems more keen on adding another female first.”

It’s hard to hold back the eye roll. Most of the threesomes I’ve ended up in with

hetero couples have been because the guys would only consider it if it was another girl. Do they not realise the fun we can have with more than one cock?

“It’s important to keep communication flowing. And watching to begin with is always a good way to start. It gives you an idea of what you might like. Maybe you’ll convince Michael to add another male. I wholeheartedly recommend it, whether you’re in the middle or one of them is.” I waggle my brows at her, and she lets loose a musical giggle.

The couple head off and I turn to face Cam. His hands come up to hold the tops of my arms. “What would you like to do now?” he asks me.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“Up to you. Anything else you want to experience tonight? Or we can head out?”

“Wanna go and get a shower together?” he asks.

I realise I’m not quite ready to say goodbye and call it a night just yet.

Chapter nineteen

Cam

I hold in a breath, hoping she’ll agree. Pleasure spreads through me at her nod.

“How about at my place?” I push my luck.

“There are showers here,” she replies.

“I know, but if you come to mine, we can snuggle after,” I say with a wink. Is she going to admit that she likes that? Or fight me on it?

“Do you have snacks?”

“It’s twenty-four-hour room service. How do hot chips sound?”

“Fucking amazing. Playing always makes me ravenous. Let’s go.”

Okay, so maybe it was the hot chips rather than my company that won her over, but I’ll take anything right now. Hopefully, I’ll be able to lure her into a snuggle once

she's full of potatoes.

"They do amazing hash browns too. We could order those as a side dish."

"Fuck, Cam, you just had me, but here you are trying to seduce me with potatoes."

"Is it working?" I ask.

"One thousand per cent, yes."

We make our way back to the changing room and Abby switches her robe for some leggings and a t-shirt, topping it with her coat. She adds the sky scraper heels which should look odd but my cock gives a twitch at the sight. Maybe I will get the heels round my ears before the night is through.

It's a wrench the next morning when I wake up alone, my muscles and arse sore from the pounding my body took as Dan and Abby had their way with me.

Last night was mind-blowing. And she'd been keen to come back for fries. I'd even convinced her to have a tiny snuggle. But she'd wriggled free of my bear hug much sooner than I'd hoped to head back to her own place. I could tell from the mulish expression on her face that her mind was made up, so that was that.

I wanted her to stay, but it's clear to me that her independence means a lot to her. If I can only have her for playtime and sharing potato-based meals, then so be it. That's what I'll take. But frustration twists in my belly as I hope for more.

Golden light creeps toward me across the white sheets as the sun breaches the windows. I rarely shut the curtains in this room, enjoying looking out at the city—seeing the twinkly lights at night and the hum of activity in the daylight hours. That's when I make it back to the hotel in daylight hours. I've been putting in long

days at The Juniper. Trying to get the team working well together. And this week, we've started rudimentary work on the apartment on the upper floor as well as the work we're doing on the basement. I'm planning to move into the top floor once the basics are ready: running water and a shower, a door to shut out the dust, and windows that don't leak. I don't need much, so a basic fit out will be fine for now and allow me more time to work in the building. We'll fit it out to a more luxurious standard as the rest of the work progresses. One of the ideas for the top floor was to turn it into a small boutique hotel with a couple of rooms. I'm still mulling that one over. For now, a luxury flat sounds like a good shout. And I don't even know what I'm doing when the building is finished yet. Sell it? That doesn't sit right with me when my grandmother bequeathed it to me. Or put a manager in? I don't have a clue how to run that kind of venue. I'll need some kind of help. Tom from the Thirst Trap comes to mind. He was really friendly when we met and eager for a tour, too. He did offer to answer any questions I might have about the hospitality side of the business, given he's been involved with that for years.

My phone buzzing from the nightstand draws my attention and I reach over to look at who's calling before answering with a smile. "Saffy, how are you?"

"Hey, I'm good. How are you? I miss you," she tells me, her tone sounding wistful.

"I'm doing okay. Getting stuck into the renovations now. Might even be able to move into the top floor in the next few weeks."

"I hope you're not working too hard," she says. "I know how intense you get when you're in a project. And I know this one means a lot to you."

"It does. I promise I'm trying not to overdo it. How's work for you?"

"Yeah, okay. We've had a big shoot this week, I'm knackered. Been working crazy hours to catch the morning and the evening light. But I'm really pleased with some of

the shots I got.”

She chats for a while about work, and I enjoy listening.

“It’s good to hear from you. Were you calling just for a catch up?” I ask when her flow begins to slow.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“I was wondering if I could come and visit you?” she asks.

“Of course. When?”

“I don’t have anything on next weekend and it would be nice to swap this city for another for a couple of days. Can you take the time off?”

“For you, of course. Actually, there’s someone else down here you might be keen to catch up with. And they might be helping me with the not working too hard thing, too,” I tell her, amping up my mysterious tone.

“What? Who?”

“Remember Pixie? The woman we—” I break off as she interrupts.

“You found her,” she exclaims.

“Well, she kinda found me. Turns out The Juniper is just down the road from where she works. She spotted me walking to work one day.”

“No fucking way. What a crazy coincidence,” she shrieks, and I hold the phone away from my ear to save my eardrum from any damage. “So, are you guys together?” she asks.

“I wouldn’t say together but we’ve hung out a few times. She’s fun. Her independent streak is even wider than yours though, so she tends to keep me at an arm’s length unless that arm is bringing her pleasure.” Her independence is what heats my blood;

whether it's frustrating me or turning me on. I quietly admit to myself that I'm enjoying the challenge of pushing back and seeing where it gets me.

Saff chuckles. "And do you know her name yet?"

"I do. It's..." I pause, wondering if it's okay to share. "How 'bout she can tell you herself next weekend," I suggest.

"Of course. I've got the flight options open now." She runs me through the flights and she picks out the best ones. I agree to meet her at the airport on Friday afternoon and drop her back there on Sunday evening.

"It'll be good to see you. We can have a proper catch up. And I'll tell you what, I'll keep the hotel for next weekend so you're not slumming it at The Juniper with no carpet or curtains."

"Thank goodness for that, although I would like to see the building."

"Of course, I'll give you the full tour."

And as we hang up, I remember I owe Abby the full tour as well, now we've got the flooring properly secured. Perhaps I can show them both together.

I fire off a quick text to Abby to see if she has any spare time next weekend and then get ready for my day.

It's a couple of hours before I hear back from her.

Pixie:

I'm working Friday afternoon and evening. And same on Saturday. I have Sunday

off. Why?

Me:

Saff is coming to visit, and I wondered if you'd like a tour of The Juniper with her?

Pixie:

So damn much. I don't think I can get the time off work though. I start at 2 pm on Saturday until close. There's footie on, so it will be all hands on deck.

Me:

We could do brunch and the tour on Saturday morning? She's here until Sunday night if you want to do something with us on Sunday.

Pixie:

Something? Is that a euphemism, big guy?

Me:

Page 41

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

Can be if you want it to be *eyebrow waggling GIF*

Pixie:

I'll keep Sunday clear, and we can play it by ear.

Me:

Busy week?

Pixie:

So so, but nice to have something to look forward to at the weekend.

Me:

Let me know if you're at a loose end this week, and we can do "something".

Pixie:

I'll keep that in mind. Gotta go. Catch ya later, big guy.

On Friday evening, I stand at the arrivals hall in London City Airport watching the people flood through from baggage collection. Saff's flight landed on time ten minutes ago, but I don't know how long it will take for her to come through. Surely for two nights, she just brought hand luggage.

But fifteen minutes later, I'm still waiting. I shoot her a text:

Me:

You did make the flight, didn't you? I'm waiting but I don't see you.

Saff:

Just waiting for my bags. It's so sloooooow. I'll see you soon, I hope.

And a few minutes later, I spot her auburn curls flowing freely as she follows an elderly couple through the sliding doors. She's talking to them animatedly and dragging a massive suitcase behind her. What the fuck?

She gives them both a big grin and says goodbye before she spots me waiting with the sign I promised I'd bring so she'd look famous or rich. I hold up the sheet of paper scrawled with 'Ms Saffron Stewart' and wave it in her direction.

"Pah, I don't think much of that. I was expecting it to be typed out and laminated at the very least," she says, pulling me down for a hug and planting a big, sloppy kiss on my cheek. "Fuck, I've missed you."

I give her a squeeze, surprised when she stays in situ, making no effort to step away from the hug. "Okay, Saff?" I whisper into her crazy hair in the vicinity of her ears. I pull back slightly, still keeping my arms around her, to see tears welling in her eyes. "Come on, let's get you out of here," I tell her, taking control of her suitcase while keeping one arm wrapped around her and leading us towards the door.

"You wanna experience the DLR and the tube on a Friday afternoon, or shall we just take a cab?" I ask her.

“How long will each take?” Her tears have dried up, which I’m relieved to see, but I’m still going to check with her later and find out what’s up. It’s not like her at all.

“They’re probably both as long as each other,” I say with a wince.

“Fuck it, let’s try the underground then. At least it’ll be cheaper.”

I lead her to the station, and we stop at the machines to buy her a ticket before heading to the platform. I’m pleasantly surprised that people aren’t quite packed in like sardines while they wait, so perhaps we’ll miss the worst of rush hour.

“Let’s head to the hotel and ditch your bag, then we can go and get dinner. Sound good?” I check, and she nods. “You’ve not been to London before?”

“Only once, as a kid with my mum and an aunt. But I’m excited to see it now. You gonna give me a tour?”

“Not of the whole city, but we can work out what you’re most keen to see and go there. How does that sound?”

We have a couple of changes to make to get to the tube station nearest my hotel and then traipse down the road to the main entrance.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“I asked the front desk to make up the sofa bed in the living room. You can have the big bed and I’ll take the couch.” I tell her as we make our way up in the lift.

“Thanks, Cam, I appreciate it.” Her smile is weary, and I wonder if now is the time to push for what’s up. We walk along the corridor to my room, and I give her the short tour and leave her in the bedroom to freshen up.

I’ve not heard from Abby since our text conversation earlier in the week, and I need to make arrangements with her about the tour. I’d been hoping she would have reached out to spend time together before the weekend, but she’s been quiet, and it’s been difficult to respect that. Perhaps it’s time for another push.

I check the time, realising that she’s probably already started work by now, so there’s no point in calling her. I’ll have to text her later to make arrangements for brunch.

Frustration bubbles in my gut as I think that it always seems to be me chasing her. When we’re together, I know she’s into me, but I can’t help but wonder if she’d make the effort if I didn’t approach her first. I force myself to shake off the disappointment when Saff re-emerges from the bedroom.

Chapter twenty

Cam

“Come on, Cam, it’ll be fun. And we can confirm the arrangements for tomorrow,” Saff pleads. She’s been a whirlwind since she freshened up earlier, not stopping for a moment for me to check in with her properly, and see how she’s doing. She’s

currently trying to convince me to go to The Thirst Trap for dinner and drinks so she can say hi to Pixie.

“We’re going to see her tomorrow. I don’t want to crowd her.”

She pouts. “Please.” Her voice is the most angelic I’ve ever heard it.

I blow out a sigh. “A compromise. We go for dinner somewhere else and then pop in for one drink. And if she’s busy, we don’t get in her way.”

Saff weighs up her options, which I assume are agreement or complete mutiny and finding her own way there. Dammit, I shouldn’t have let slip the name of the bar when I said Abby was working tonight.

A moment later, I get a nod of agreement. “Okay, where shall we go for dinner then?”

A couple of hours later, we walk up the street towards The Thirst Trap. I admire the hanging baskets from afar, charmed by them now I know it’s Abby who takes care of them.

I had thought about sending her a text to say we were popping in, but decided against it, as if it’s busy, we won’t disturb her.

Saff goes in the door first, and a wall of warmth hits me as I follow her. There are a lot of bodies in here. My height allows me to look over them all towards the bar, and I can see Abby, Tom, and another person, all busy serving.

“This is crazy. Maybe we should wait until tomorrow.”

The pout makes a reappearance. “Please, just one. We don’t even need to talk to

Pixie. Look,” she points towards the leaners set back from the bar, “one’s just come free. Let’s go.” She tugs on my hand and pulls me through the throng, somehow claiming the table before anyone else, a triumphant smile on her face. “I’ll keep the table. You go and get the drinks.”

“Bossy thing, aren’t you?” I tease, pleased to see the light that has made a reappearance in her eyes since she arrived earlier. We had talked over dinner, but she kept veering the conversation away from her personal life and spoke mostly about work. At one point, she started to say something, but she clammed up when the table next to us filled up with a busy group, and I couldn’t get anything else out of her. “What do you want to drink?” I ask.

She looks over the menu on the table. “I’ll take a porn star martini, please.” She grins at the selection.

I wade through the crowd towards the bar and try to gauge what section Abby is working. I may as well order from her and confirm a time for tomorrow if nothing else. I stand behind a trio of women ordering shots in the middle of the bar and wait my turn.

Abby spots me as she turns back with the card machine, her brows lifting with surprise. I give her a nod and stand patiently while the women down the shots as Abby pours them all a wine. Once they’ve got those, they head away from the bar, enabling me to step up.

“Hey,” I say, staring at her. She’s got a glow of sweat on, which makes sense in this busy crush. And there’s a smudge of darkness under her eyes causing me concern. Not that I’ll tell her she looks tired. Who wants to hear that? No-one. “You okay?” I can’t help checking in.

“I wasn’t expecting you,” she says. “What can I get you?”

I wince as I put in my request of the girly cocktail, “A porn star martini and a pint of the local IPA, please.”

“On a date?” she asks. Her tone is curious, but there’s an edge to it, causing me to frown.

“Saffy’s here. She’s over there.” I gesture over my shoulder.

She brings her palm up to her forehead. “Oh, Cam, I’m sorry. It’s been a mad week. I totally forgot.”

“Nae worries. Everything alright?” I can’t hold back the tone of concern in my voice.

“Just family stuff. Glad it’s busy tonight to take my mind off it.”

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“If you need anything, let me know.” I stoop a little to try and meet her gaze, but she’s busy mixing Saff’s outrageous drink. “We just popped in for one to make arrangements for tomorrow if you’re still keen for brunch and that tour. Can you make it?”

She scrunches up her face for a moment, clearly deep in thought, before glancing up at me. “I think so. Can I say yes, but let you know if anything changes?”

“Aye, of course. You’ve got my number. Just call if you need to. Any time you like.”

We agree on a local café and a time, while she hands me the drinks with a grateful smile.

“I know you’re super busy, but if you get a spare moment, Saffy would love to say hi.”

“I promise I’ll try. I’d love to say hello.”

“I didn’t tell her your name. I thought you’d want to do it.”

She presses her lips together and something clouds in her eyes for a moment before she shakes it loose. “You didn’t have to keep it a secret. But thank you. I appreciate you checking with me first.”

I take the drinks over to Saff and we take our time with them. The crush at the bar seems to go on forever and we’re chatting, heads close together, when I sense someone approaching in my periphery.

I glance up and Abby stands at the opposite side of the leaner.

“Hey, needed to do a glass collection run, so thought I’d pop over.”

“Pixie,” Saff exclaims as she steps down from the stool to round the table and draws Abby into a hug. “I’m so happy to see you. What a strange coincidence that you and Cam found each other again. I can’t wait to get to know you better this weekend.” Saff is talking at a million words a minute, leaving Abby looking a little stunned.

“Take a breath, Saff,” I remind her with amusement.

“Sorry, I’m just excited.”

“It’s all good. My name is Abby, by the way. Cam said he kept my secret, but I want you to know.”

“Abby? That suits you. Cam says you’re coming to meet us in the morning before your shift?”

“Hopefully, all being well. I’ve been dying to get the full tour of the building. Cam said he’d tell me as soon as it was ready.” She throws me side-eye, causing me to chuckle into my pint.

“Well, I’m glad we get to see it together.” Saff seems almost too enthusiastic here. There’s a strange awkwardness that I can’t quite put my finger on. What the hell is going on?

“Really hope to see you both in the morning, but I really need to head off now and collect those glasses.” She raps her knuckles on the leaner table in farewell and is soon swallowed up in the crowd.

Saff takes a seat and I take a long look at her.

“What?” she questions, swallowing the last of her drink and downing the Prosecco shot on the side.

“You’re being weird. What’s going on?”

“I wasn’t trying to be.” A blush creeps up her cheeks. She bites her bottom lip for a moment before continuing, “The truth is, I’m a bit jealous.” Her gaze drops to the table. I follow it down and see her ripping up a napkin.

“Jealous of who, Saff?” I prompt.

“You’ve reconnected with Pixie, which is awesome. But I really fucking miss you, Cam. It’s been pretty shit since you left. And I miss your friendship and your company. When you said you’d found her, I felt this swell of jealousy that she gets to spend time with you when I miss you so much. I know we’ve always just been friends with benefits and agreed we didn’t want more, but it’s been hard with you gone.” The tears from earlier this afternoon well in her eyes again. Dread sinks into my stomach. I should have made effort.

I draw in a breath, wrapping an arm around her and bringing her close to my side. She looks so lost right now, and it breaks my heart. “Saff, friendship doesn’t disappear because of distance. I’m sorry I haven’t been keeping in touch as often as I should. I was so caught up in the building and all the work that needed to be done, but that’s not an excuse. I want to be a good friend to you, even if we are five hundred miles apart.”

“I want that, too. I need a friend right now, Cam.” She sniffs as she burrows into my side. She’s always been so confident in the past and not afraid to ask for what she wants. I’m worried that she’s so down right now.

“Let’s head back to the hotel, and this time, no excuses. You’re going to fill me in with what’s been happening while I’ve been down here.”

“Okay,” she mumbles before drawing away and wiping her eyes as we get ready to leave. I glance towards the bar as we make our way out, and there’s a break in the crowd. Abby’s there, a neutral expression on her face. I lift my hand in a wave, and savour the satisfaction when she waves back. Something is going on with her this week though, and I make a mental note to get to the bottom of that tomorrow. But first, it’s time to be a friend to Saff.

We’re back in the suite, Saff and I lounging around in our pyjamas a short time later. I ordered us some tea from room service on the way up to the room, and we sit, taking sips.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“Come on, spill it. What the fuck have I missed? You’re not yourself, and I want to know why.”

“I had a bad experience.” Her voice is low, and I’m grateful for our proximity so I can hear her. “I thought I’d try the unicorn thing like Pixie... Abby.”

“Okay, what happened?” I lay a hand on her knee in a show of support. There’s a sour taste in my mouth as worry gnaws at me. She’s been hurt, and I want to work out how I can fix it.

“I turned up, and the guy was really nice. He was friendly, and I thought it was going to be a fun night. But then his wife came in, and something felt a bit off. I thought it was just nerves, you know?” I nod, giving her space to continue. “The three of us started messing around, just kissing and touching and stuff, but she seemed really distant. Her husband suggested we play a game of strip poker to get more comfortable with each other. You know I’m rubbish at poker, don’t you?” I dip my head in agreement. “It turns out they play it all the time, and they were both really good. A couple of rounds in, I’m down to my undies, and they’re both fully clothed. I didn’t really think much of it, but it got more awkward. The wife was staring at me. And then she said she couldn’t do this anymore.”

“Do what?” I ask.

“She said that she couldn’t pretend to be attracted to a fat girl, and that there was no point carrying on. She got up and walked away.”

My hand tightens on her knee as I wince. “Shit, Saff.”

“The husband seemed really apologetic about it all. I really thought he was nice. But then he kinda grabbed me and suggested we should still do stuff even though the wife wasn’t going to participate. I said I wasn’t in the mood anymore and he got really shitty with me. Said he was only doing it to make me feel better because he felt sorry for me.”

“You’re fucking kidding me.” I stand up, fury coursing through my veins. “Who was it? Where do they live?”

“It doesn’t matter.” Saff stares up at me with tears welling.

“It does fucking matter. The pair of them need to answer for this. It’s despicable.” I blow out a breath of pure frustration, wondering what I can do to fix this. “Did you get out safely?”

She nods. “Yeah, I chucked my clothes on and left. Blocked them on the app I used for the hook-up. It just really knocked my confidence, you know.”

I take a calming breath, realising that my anger isn’t helping her feel any better. I settle back down beside her, wrapping my arm around her shoulders. “Saff, you’re fucking amazing. Please don’t believe shitty, judgemental people like that. You’re stunning, and you deserve so much better than that.”

She draws in a shaky sob. “I’ve not really met up with anyone else since then. Just threw myself into work. But then, I decided a change of scenery might help, so I gave you a call.”

“And I’m so glad you did. When did it happen?” I ask.

“Not long after you left.”

“What do you need? What would make you feel better?”

“I just wanna have a nice weekend, explore a bit. I brought some of my equipment with me, and thought maybe I could shoot some photos of the building for you. And then come back again in a month or two and do some more.”

“That would be amazing. I’d love that.” I pause for a moment, trying to work out if I should ask or not. “Do you want to play with Abby and me while you’re here?”

Her head leans against my chest, and her hand comes up to pat my pec. “Maybe. Can I think about it? Maybe being with people that I know don’t judge me might help, but I’m not sure.”

“Of course, we can play it by ear. Whatever you’re ready for.”

Chapter twenty-one

Abby

My alarm wakes me the next morning. I roll over to switch it off before it wakes my bedfellow. Although she sleeps like the dead, and she had a later night than I did, so she probably won’t be conscious any time soon. I shuffle out of bed and over to the tiny bathroom that’s the second room in my bedsit.

I really could use more sleep. I hadn’t got in until 2 am myself, and I’d just been drifting off when my mother tried to wake the whole building by banging on the door.

“Where’s your key?” I’d hissed at her as I opened it.

“Dunno.” A shrug was all I got back before she slammed her way into the bathroom.

She huffed around for ages, and I knew there was no point trying to get any sense out of her, so I didn't try. But it had been a while until I'd got to sleep.

I brush my teeth and towel dry my hair after a quick shower. And then creep back out to pull on some jeans and a t-shirt. I look around at my usually organised flat in dismay. My mother really is like a hurricane when she decides to blow through. I just hope it won't be for long this time.

I'm surprised she's not asked for a loan yet, having been here four days already. She must really need somewhere to stay. Or need a lot of money and is working her way up to asking me. I shake my head as she snores in my bed, splayed out like a starfish in the middle.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

It's been at least a year since she last came by, looking for a loan. I'd given her a couple of hundred quid and seen her on her way. Each time she makes an appearance, she looks just a bit older and takes longer to get out of bed in the morning. Not really a surprise when she's been drinking and smoking her way to an early grave since before I was born.

Checking her handbag, I find my spare key in there. Lazy mare woke me up because she couldn't be arsed getting it out of her bag. I blow out a sigh as I pick up my jacket and bag and head out of the door.

I regret not pushing for the building tour first, but Cam suggested we start with brunch at a café near The Juniper. Saff and Cam are sitting at one of the outside picnic benches as I approach. Cam has his back to me, but Saff spots me and gives me a wave. They look cute together, her all curvy with those red curls and him being built like a brick shithouse. I wonder why they keep it casual and don't have a steady relationship. They clearly get on well and enjoy fucking each other. But, on the other hand, I'm grateful that their casual relationship has given me the opportunity to have that amazing night with them in Glasgow and all the nights I've had with Cam since. There's something different about Cam that has me coming back to him on repeat. He makes me want more. Even if I don't know what more looks like.

"Hey," I call as I approach. "Have you guys ordered?" I stand to the side of the bench.

"Just drinks. We were waiting for you to get food," Cam says.

I perch on the end of Saff's bench and pull a menu over to look. "If you decide what

you want, I'll order it with my drink when I go in."

"It's my treat," Cam says, looking ready to start a fight.

"Actually," Saff's tone is as sweet as the smile plastered on her face. "It's my treat. You wouldn't let me contribute to dinner last night, so I'm paying."

Cam huffs in annoyance, but he doesn't argue, which makes me think he's heard that tone before. I let loose a chuckle. He frowns at me. "What?"

"I'm just wondering if there's ever been three more stubborn people sitting together for brunch?"

"Probably not," Saff says, leaning closer to lay her head on my shoulder. I love her tactile nature and all the shit she gives Cam is fun, too. She lowers her tone to a whisper to add, "I've got plenty of tricks to win him over, though, if you want me to share."

Cam groans in despair, clearly having heard her.

"I'd like that, thank you Saff."

"You're welcome." She lifts her head off my shoulder, giving me a peck on the cheek before tapping the menu. "What are you having?"

"I'll have a full English, please. Eggs fried, white bread. And a cup of tea." I say with a grin.

"Ha, pretty much the same order as Cam. Except his eggs are poached, he has granary and a coffee," Saff tells me with delight. "But where the hell do you put it?" she asks me with curiosity.

I shrug. "I tend to work it off at the gym and at work. I'm usually ravenous."

"So's he. You make a fine pair," she says before heading inside to place our order.

A pair? Huh. I wait for the usual sense of ick to come, but it doesn't. I don't mind being paired with Cam. There's a contentment to being in his presence.

I swing my legs round and tuck them under the bench, my feet brushing Cam's shins as I move.

"Alright?" he asks, a brow raised. "Everything okay with the family stuff?"

I sigh, my shoulders heaving. "Yeah, for now." I look over his shoulder, watching people bustling around on this busy Saturday morning. "My mum's in town," I say.

"And that causes you stress?"

"What makes you ask that?" He's not wrong, but I'm curious as to why he thinks that.

"You sounded stressed last night when you mentioned family stuff, and you look tired." He pulls an apologetic wince. "I hate telling people they look tired, but you've got smudges under your eyes that I've not seen before."

"God, Cam, did anyone tell you what an absolute charmer you are?" I ask with a grin.

"Sorry, hen." He sounds so earnest.

"It's all good. I don't think she'll be here much longer. She just needs somewhere to stay for a few days or a loan. I can't work out which one it is this time. And then she'll flit away again. I did well to go a whole year without seeing her."

His brows raise in surprise. “You’re not close, I take it?”

“Nah, she’s got her own problems, and even when I was a kid, those problems were always more important than me.” I shrug. “I’m over it now. And I think it did me good. I’ve learnt not to rely on anyone but myself.” His face scrunches like he’s having trouble putting together pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. An Abby-shaped puzzle.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“Do you have other family?” he asks.

“An aunt and uncle and a couple of cousins. They live down South. My grandparents are gone. What about you?” I deflect, not wanting to dwell on my family circumstances.

“I’m fairly close to my parents. They live on Skye. I haven’t seen them since I’ve been down here working, but we keep in touch. I was also close with my grandmother, who left me The Juniper when she passed away about six months ago.”

“I’m sorry for your loss. Your family must mean a lot to you. You sound close-knit.” I murmur.

“Yeah and that’s what makes The Juniper such a family mystery—it was some random guy no-one’s ever heard of that left it to her, and we don’t know why.”

“I remember you mentioning that when I found out you owned it. You’re not tempted to do some detective work?” I ask, even more interested in the building now that I know there’s a mystery attached to it.

I’m about to ask him what he knows when Saff drops onto the bench beside me with a huff. “Sorry guys, it was manic in there. They said it’s up to an half-hour wait for food. I went with it because I assumed we are all in need of sustenance.”

“It’ll be worth the wait, I promise. The food is decent here,” I tell them before turning back to Cam. “So what exactly do you know about the building then?”

“That it had been boarded up for a few years. My Gran never visited it that we know of. It was managed by a legal firm, and when my lawyer looked into it, the guy in charge of the account died a couple of years ago.”

“Have you told her about the letter?” Saffy asks, her eyes sparkling.

“What letter?” I interrogate Cam, desperate to know more.

He laughs at my eagerness. “I’ve got it with my paperwork at The Juniper, you can read it. It’s from this William guy, gifting it to Gran.”

“It reads like it’s some kind of love story,” Saff says with a sigh. “Some kind of forbidden love, and he had to leave, but he gave her the building so she had a way to support herself.”

“We don’t know that, Saff. The letter is pretty vague. And the dates don’t match up for that.” His brows knit together as he stares into the distance.

“Which is why we need to read between the lines. People don’t just give other people buildings, Cam. Especially ones as grand as The Juniper. There has to be some real emotion at the heart of this.”

“Maybe,” he says, but his voice sounds certain in his disagreement.

“My friend, Cass, would love this story. She’s an author, and she loves stuff like this.”

“Oooh, what kind of books does she write?” Saff asks.

“The dirtiest, smuttiest romance I’ve ever read,” I tell her with a grin. “It’s amazing.”

“I love romance. What’s her name?”

“Cassidy Connor.”

“Oh my god, I’ve read her stuff. She wrote that amazing MMF book last year,” she exclaims, excitement sparkling in her gaze.

“She did. And she’s in a throuple in real life. With the two guys that helped her research that book.” I use my fingers to air-quote ‘research’ with a waggle of my brows, which sets Saffy off into giggles.

“Is that Tom’s Cass? Tom’s in a throuple?” Cam asks with interest.

“Yes, they’re so fricking cute together. Have you met Jack?” I ask him.

“No, although I should have realised because he mentioned them both when we were chatting.”

Saffy’s tapping away on her phone and holds up her screen to show me. “Look how many of her books I have on my Kindle app.”

“I can get you an introduction if you like? She loves meeting her readers. I bet she’d be happy to chat books and sign some paperbacks for you.”

“That would be amazing. And I love her even more now I know she’s in a poly relationship. That’s so cool.”

We’re all stuffed from our brunch when we waddle over to The Juniper. Cam unlocks the front door, locking it behind us once we’ve all stepped in. He reaches over to a counter just by the door and hands over two hard hats.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“This is a building site, ladies. On your best behaviour, please. What I say goes. Okay?”

“Ooooh, I love your stern brunch daddy tone, Cam,” Saff coos at him, patting his chest and fluttering her eyelashes, causing me to giggle.

He rolls his eyes as he places a hat directly on her head, a little firmer than necessary, before passing me mine.

“Let me just get my camera out, and I can shoot while we walk.” Saff slides the backpack from Cam’s shoulder and sets it on the counter. She pulls out a massive camera and fits a lens before wandering around the entranceway, snapping photos.

“Saff offered to take some progress shots for me while we look round,” Cam tells me. He grabs up a folder from the counter and rifles through it before passing something over. “Here’s the letter.”

“Oh, wow.” I take it carefully, aware of the age of the paper from its yellowed tone.

“Oh, wow,” I repeat myself once I’ve read the letter twice. I trace my pointer finger over the type. “I think Saff is right. This has to be some kind of forbidden love story. Your Gran never mentioned it?”

“Not to me, no,” Cam says, grazing his fingers over his bearded chin. “And my parents didn’t seem to know anything, either.”

“Did your Gran have any friends or other relatives who knew her around the time of

this letter?" I ask, my mind whirling with possibilities.

"I've got a Great Aunt on Skye. Perhaps I'll check with her."

"This building has always held a fascination for me, Cam. And this letter just sparks my curiosity even more. I'd love to know when you hear back."

He tilts his head to the side for a moment before he says, "Come to Skye with me. You can ask her yourself. I'm well overdue a visit to my parents, and you said you always wanted to go."

"Oh, I couldn't," I tell him, disappointed that I can't take him up on this offer.

"Why not?" he asks.

"I wouldn't want to intrude on your family. And I'm probably going to be a bit strapped for cash once my mum leaves."

"You wouldn't be intruding. They've got a guest house we should be able to use. And it would be my treat." His response comes so quickly, it's like he was expecting my resistance. It would be a fun adventure to try and solve the puzzle of this building, plus I'd get to spend more time with Cam.

"How do you get to Skye?" I ask him. The thought of meeting Cam's family is terrifying, but there's also an underlying excitement swirling in my gut at the thought of visiting his homeland and seeing him in that environment.

"Best way from here is probably a flight up to Glasgow and then drive."

"How long is the drive?" I ask, knowing Skye is a fair way up the coast.

“Five hours, give or take.” My jaw drops open.

He chuckles at my reaction. “There’s loads of scenery to admire and I enjoy the drive.”

“Okay, maybe then. If I can make it work with shifts. And I’ll buy my flight.” Please let it work out.

“We’ll see.”

“Can I go up the stairs, Cam?” Saff shouts across.

“Wait for us,” he replies, plucking the letter from my hand and tucking it back in the file before tugging me along with him to where Saff awaits us at the stairs.

Is it just the possibility of solving the mystery of this building that causes the excitement of a trip to Skye? Or is it this man?

Chapter twenty-two

Abby

“Oh my,” escapes me as we climb the staircase to the next floor; my first look at the levels above the ground.

“This is going to be a small bar area that serves coffee, set up like an old gentlemen’s working club, but open to all. And then each of the other rooms on the floor will be meeting rooms and working space. There’s going to be a room done up like a study in the same period as the building.”

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

Saff moves around, capturing images of each area as well as some close up shots. Her hand runs along a fancy, carved fireplace. “This is your work?” she asks him with awe.

He nods. “Aye, I’ve been tidying it up. Come up to the next floor.” He leads the way. This staircase is a little less grand and made of wood rather than marble. It turns halfway up with a switchback.

I lean over the balustrade at the top, enjoying the view to the ground floor.

“I’m thinking some grand lighting that starts on this floor and goes all the way down. Some kind of chandelier that twinkles.” Cam stands close to me, our arms brushing as we both look down. I haven’t ever been this drawn to touching someone in a non-sexual way, but my stomach flutters each time he gets close. There’s a pull between us that I don’t want to deny.

“Do you do the décor stuff as well?” I ask.

He chuckles. “No, but I’ll find the best person I can in the budget to do it. I’ve got it open for applications at the moment. I’ve got people I use up in Scotland and I’ve invited them to submit their interest and pricing. But I’ve also opened it up locally as well.”

“You’ve thought of everything,” I tell him, our eyes meeting. “Do you love what you do?” I ask, curious.

“I can’t imagine doing anything else now. I do love it. I enjoy the physical work and

being able to stick my hand in. And I like the management of it all and bringing professionals together that make an old building like this shine.”

My face curves in a smile, enchanted by his passion.

He heaves a sigh. “It’s not without its challenges though. I was involved in a project that failed just before we met. It was around the time that Gran died. That’s why I was feeling sorry for myself, and Saff decided to cheer me up.” He glances over at Saff, who’s busy snapping away with a wistful smile, before his chestnut eyes meet mine once more. “I’m really glad she did.”

“So am I.” I may not know exactly what this thing between us is or where it’s going, but it’s time to admit to myself that there is something. Perhaps it’s time to lean in to that.

“What about you. Do you love your job?” he asks.

I mull the question over. “I’m not gonna lie. I didn’t end up working in a bar because it was part of some grand life plan. But I do enjoy it. I like being busy and the people I work with and I enjoy the social aspect. Sometimes we are so busy, it’s just a matter of serving orders, but other times I end up having deep and meaningful conversations with customers and I love that. I love that pubs can be a haven for some people.”

Saff has wandered over to photograph the two of us chatting. A blush creeps up my cheeks as I tuck my lilac hair behind my ear. “I thought you were taking photos of the building,” I say.

“I’ve taken loads. You’re so photogenic, Abby. And this one,” she hitches a thumb in Cam’s direction, “is used to my candid shots. Do you mind?” she asks, curiosity in her gaze.

I shake my head. “No, but I’m just not used to it. Is it odd that I’ll have sex in front of an audience but feel weird about you taking photos while I’m fully clothed and chatting?” I laugh off my awkwardness.

“Maybe there’s a way we could get you more comfortable with it.” Saff exchanges a cheeky look with Cam.

“Did you go through the door at the end?” Cam asks Saff, changing the subject before I can ask what she means.

“No, I was waiting for you.”

“Good girl.” Even though it’s not directed at me, it causes a tremble through my spine. It sounds so good in his accent. “Come on, let’s go.”

We both trail behind him as he pushes the door open. We step into a big, airy room with massive windows, and in the corner, there’s the round space of the turret-like structure on the corner of the building.

I let out a gasp. It’s a stunning space. To one side, a rudimentary kitchen has been fitted with a sink and a freestanding oven, and hob. There’s a kettle, a toaster, and a small fridge plugged in. A big sofa takes up space across the room, placed on a giant rug.

“We’ve focused on this area this week because I’m going to move in here for the rest of the project.”

“Where will you sleep?” I ask.

He nods towards the sofa. “That folds out into a bed.”

“No curtains?” Saff asks with a cheeky grin. “You’re never going to lose that exhibitionist streak, are you, honey?”

“As if anyone can see me all the way up here. And I’ll mostly be working. It’s not like I’ll be walking around naked.”

“I’d pay good money to see it though,” I tell him.

“I’d pay good money to take photos of it,” Saff chimes in, leaning into my side. We let out a synchronised sigh of wonder, causing Cam to chuckle as he rolls his eyes at our antics.

He checks his watch. “I don’t think Abby has time today, but how about tomorrow before Saff flies home?” He raises an eyebrow in question.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“Here?” I ask.

“The light is stunning. I could set up some equipment.” Saff gasps.

“What do you say, Pixie? Want to come and play with us tomorrow while Saff takes photos?”

That explains Saff’s earlier comment. All I can think of is how hot that sounds. “Saff would be playing too?” I ask.

“If you’re happy for me to. I’ll set up the camera to take auto shots, and we can go through them after.” Saff fiddles with her camera strap, looking down at that rather than up at my face.

“I’d like it if you participated,” I say, and her face lifts, beaming with a smile. Was she worried I was going to say no? While I’m attracted to Cam and there is something I can’t explain between us, that doesn’t take away my need to play with others, and I can’t see that ever changing.

“Excellent, it’s a date,” she says, before lifting her camera to look through the viewfinder and capturing a portrait of me. I bite my lip, baffled by my inner exhibitionist being weirdly bashful about photos when I’m fully clothed.

“I’m gonna have good dreams tonight, thinking about what we can get up to tomorrow,” Cam says as he steps closer to me. It’s like we’re magnetic and he can’t stay away. His fingers trace from my brow line down to my chin, and I’m aware of the click-click of the camera, but I’m so lost in him gazing directly into my soul that I

don't even turn to check if Saff is taking photos of us or of the room.

"Got any ideas?" I ask him, desperate to hear what he has planned.

"Mulling a few things over. Any requests?" he asks. "Either of you." He tips his head towards Saff.

"I'll think about it," she says with a smile on her face.

"Pixie?"

"I want to spend more time with Saff. It was to cheer you up last time, and you got most of the attention."

"Hmm, I distinctly remember being tied up and blindfolded while you two played."

"And you loved it, didn't you?" I raise a brow at him.

"Yeah, cannae lie, I did."

The next day, I head straight to The Juniper to meet Cam and Saff. As well as playing with them both, I'm also excited to play in this building. It adds to the buzz I've felt around it for a long time.

Cam's waiting outside and waggles his phone at me as I get closer.

"Saw your text to say you were on your way, so popped down and we can lock up once we're inside." There's a serious expression on his face. "And..." He trails off.

I reach out to lay my palm on his bicep. "Okay?" I check.

“I’m good. Saff had a bad experience lately. It’s not my place to tell you any more than that. But I want to make today good for her, try to wipe the bad memory, or at least push it away.”

“Oh gosh, of course. Happy to help. Is there anything I need to avoid?”

“Let’s check in when we get upstairs, see if any of us have anything we want to try or aren’t interested in today, and take it from there.”

“Of course.” I pat his arm before walking in the entrance ahead of him, waiting for him to lock up so we can head upstairs together.

“Shit,” I exclaim. “I meant to bring some bedding.” I rub at my forehead with my hand.

“It’s okay, I’ve got some, and Saff got me to drag some more over along with her photography equipment. We need some comfort.” As we walk into the space that will be his flat very soon, Saff is laying out said bedding on the floor, making a very cosy-looking nest for us all.

“This looks so comfy,” I tell her with a grin.

“Hopefully. I’ll be honest, I’m setting it up mostly for the aesthetic. I want the juxtaposition of the rough state of the room and the softness of the blankets and sheets surrounding us. I think it will work.” She goes back to fussing with the bedding, and I wander over to the round turret space.

I stand, looking down at the street a few floors below. “This is such an amazing spot,” I tell Cam as he steps closer to me. “I think it might be my favourite thing about the whole building. If it was mine, I’d get some kind of cosy bench seat fitted and sit here reading and daydreaming.”

“It’s a strange shaped space to decide what to do with. I was thinking about setting up a desk in here for now to keep my laptop and paperwork away from all the dust downstairs.”

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“Ready?” Saff says as she walks over to us, her hands dusting down her jeans from where she’s been crawling about on the floor.

“Almost,” Cam says, a twinkle evident in his eye. “Let’s come over here for a second.” He grasps each of our hands and leads us both to the couch, encouraging us both to sit while he stands in front of us, looking down.

“You’re like a giant when I’m sitting down,” I tell him with a chuckle.

“Sorry,” he lowers down onto his haunches, which show off his meaty, muscular thighs straining against the material of the joggers he’s wearing. I can’t take my eyes off them, desperate for him to be naked so I can admire his body again.

“Abby.” He clicks his fingers in front of my face with a smirk.

“Oops, sorry.” I bite my lip, but it quickly turns into a grin when Saff nudges me with her shoulder as she giggles.

“Focus,” she whispers.

“I was,” I declare, and they’re both laughing at me now. “I’d kill for thighs that look like that. Do you know how many squats and lunges I do in any given week, and my thighs don’t look anything like that?”

“Your thighs are gorgeous. Stop fishing for compliments,” Cam says as he lowers down to sit on the floor with his legs stretched out in front of him. To fit, he has to turn to the side. And he’s almost at my eye height, even on the floor. Jeepers.

“Now we’re all paying attention, let’s talk limits and expectations. Who wants to start?”

Saff shrugs beside me.

“I can start,” I say, smiling at Saff. “I don’t think there’s any changes to my limits from last time. I don’t like being restrained completely. I’m open to try whatever ideas you guys have today. I want us all to have a fuck ton of fun.” I draw in a breath. “Oh yeah, I think I’m happy with photos, but can they just stay between us? And I’d rather not do video. That’s not an always no. But would rather start with photos and see from there.”

Cam gives me a smile and a nod of agreement. “All good with me, Pixie. I don’t think I have any limits with you two. I’ll let you know if anything comes up I’m not happy with. And I’d like you both to do the same, even if it’s something that you’ve enjoyed before but don’t want to do today, okay?” We both nod, and his satisfied nod in return does something to my insides. “Saff?”

“I don’t want to be the only one naked at any point.” Her voice quivers, and I reach over to give her hand a gentle squeeze. “I don’t want to be restrained today. And I don’t want any degradation, only praise.”

“Of course, Saff,” Cam vows.

“We can do that,” I tell her with a smile and another squeeze. “So, who’s in charge here?” I ask, because none of us have come out and said what we’d like to do or made the call to take control.

“Happy to let you ladies lead,” Cam says, causing my thighs to clench. What is it that’s so arousing about a giant of a man giving up his control to women half his size? I fucking love it.

“Why don’t you start us off then by stripping?” I tell him. “We can get you settled in the bedding, and Saff can check her equipment while the two of us decide what we’re going to do to you.”

Chapter twenty-three

Cam

I peel off my clothes, draping them over the arm of the pull out couch before sauntering over to Saff’s bedding nest. My cock is already at half mast as I anticipate what’s to come. I feel no inhibitions with either of these women, and I hope I can make them both just as comfortable as I am.

I lower to my knees in the middle of the bedding and look towards the camera tripod with Abby and Saff standing behind it. Saff bends slightly to look through the viewfinder.

“Where do you want me?” I ask. Should I feel daft kneeling here, completely starkers, while these two stand behind the camera? Because I don’t. I’d go so far as to say it’s turning me on.

“Put your hand on your cock,” Abby tells me, her voice pitched low. I do as she says, delighted to take orders, and grip the base of my shaft. I squeeze it, and it hardens all the way. Her teeth nibble at her bottom lip as she keeps her gaze pinned on my crotch. I can’t hold back my smirk as I move my hand up and down. Her focused attention on me makes the blood sing in my veins. My whole body warms under her watch.

“Shift slightly to the left,” Saff requests, and I do so, while continually stroking myself. Saff nudges Abby. “Go join him. I want to check the best place to get all of us in.”

“Clothed or not?” Abby asks her sweetly.

“Naked,” Saff says, placing a finger under Abby’s chin and smiling as she brushes their mouths together.

Abby steps round me to place her clothes with mine on the couch. Once she’s taken everything off, she comes closer. I hold out my free hand to give her something to balance on so she can lower down. But she doesn’t. She steps a little closer, placing her other hand on my chin.

“Hey.” There’s a power in her eyes as she looks down at me, kneeling at her feet. I lean closer, pressing my lips to her abdomen above her navel, enjoying the soft moan she makes. Her fingers comb through my hair, tugging gently at the roots. My hand is still at the base of my cock and I hold my breath, waiting for her next move.

“Do you think this would work?” she asks as she lifts a leg and places it over my shoulder, opening herself up to me. While I know she’s referring to this position, I can’t help but think about whether we could make this dynamic work. Would she be more open to a steady relationship with me if we played with others? One of the things I admire most about her is her independent streak, even if it does sometimes rub me the wrong way. She’s her own person, and I have no desire to change that. I want to explore every aspect of pleasure with her, and I’ll happily invite others into this dynamic to help us do that. Not to mention the gratification I’ll take in reclaiming her as mine afterwards.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“Looks ace from here,” Saff’s husky voice calls from the camera. It’s one of her tells—her voice always drops in pitch when she’s turned on.

I gaze up at Abby, unable to stop my tongue darting out to lick my lips. I draw in a breath, eager to experience her scent.

She quirks a brow at me before asking, “What are you waiting for?”

“Your permission,” I tell her, and she gives a shaky nod. I waste no time, angling my head to plant a kiss above her strip of blonde curls and dropping lower to run my tongue through her slick folds. She whimpers and I answer her instinctively with my own moan, which gets louder when Saff steps up to my back and places her hands on my shoulders as I worship Abby with my tongue.

“That’s it, honey, lick her,” Saff purrs. I circle Abby’s swollen clit with my tongue before dipping lower to lap at her sweet juices, in awe at how wet she is. Saff reaches over and draws one of Abby’s nipples into her mouth. Their moans of pleasure echo each other.

We both worship her as we work her towards a wave of pleasure. Her wetness soaks my beard and my lips as she shatters apart all over my face. I ease back, enjoying her honeyed taste on my tongue and the satisfaction evident in her unfocused smile.

Her eyes spring open as her body shudders the end of her release. As she catches her breath, she tells Saff, “Your turn now.” She lowers her leg from my shoulder, and I grip her standing leg to help support her. She pats my cheek with gratitude before bending down and kissing me full on the mouth, humming as she tastes herself there.

A layer of contentment settles in my bones from satisfying her.

“Is it okay if I undo your blouse?” Abby asks Saff, her tone gentle. I rise to my feet, stepping up to Saff’s back to provide her with my body warmth and comfort as Abby slowly undoes each button after Saff agrees with a nod.

Once the blouse is open, she dips her hands inside to run them down Saff’s chest. Saff quivers in response. I grip her hips and pull her into my erection, which nestles up against her lower back. I hold back from grinding. This is about Saff now.

Abby meets my gaze for just a moment, and all I see is empathy and kindness there. A warmth that I perhaps haven’t noticed properly before. It looks good on her.

“How about we take it off?” Her fingers come up the collar of the blouse, and she waits for Saff’s answer.

“Okay,” her voice is shaky, but I’m so fucking proud of her for agreeing to this. Abby removes her blouse, throwing it in the direction of the couch. Her fingers come up to play with Saff’s bra straps. My height allows me to look down and see exactly what she’s doing as she strokes her fingers over every inch of Saff’s skin. I bend slightly to sweep Saff’s auburn curls to one side, granting me access to press kisses to her neck. Her body is wracked with a shudder.

“Okay?” I hum the question against her nape, wanting to check it is arousal and not fear causing the shiver.

“Yes,” her voice hisses out her response as Abby dips closer and draws a puckered nipple, bra and all into her mouth to suck. “Fuck,” Saff’s head falls back against my shoulder and I continue to press kisses against her.

Next, Abby works open Saff’s jeans, her eyes searching Saff’s face to check she’s

okay. Saff's eyes are closed, but now there's no tension in her body, there's no sense of fear or nervousness. Abby carries on. She presses kisses against Saff's belly as she exposes it to the air. Her hands work into the side seams of her jeans and tug them down, taking Saff's underwear along with it.

Saff lifts her head from my chest to watch Abby's progress and assists by stepping out of the jeans once Abby gets them round her ankles. Abby's confidence in taking the lead makes my cockthrob. It's like she was made for this. Seeing her thoughtfulness with Saff not only fuels my arousal, but tugs at my chest, too.

"Beautiful," Abby whispers against Saff's soft thighs once she's fully naked. "So fucking sexy." The corners of her mouth rise in a seductive smile as she stares up at both of us. "Hold her tight," she tells me, before lifting Saff's calf and placing it over her shoulder in a mirrored position to how I'd just been between her legs.

She wastes no time, diving in with her tongue and her fingers simultaneously to explore Saff's cunt. Saff's soft mewls of pleasure bring a warmth to my chest and a throb to my rock hard cock. I stroke my hands up her sides, worshipping her skin as Abby worships her pussy.

Saff's breath hitches on a long, low moan, and I peek down to see Abby's hand between her thighs, palm up. Her forearm muscles flex as she moves her fingers inside Saff. Saff's hips begin to undulate with pleasure.

The wet noises cause pre-cum to leak from my shaft against Saff's arse cheeks, making it impossible to hold still. I grind my cock against her, chasing pleasure. What a fucking show. My eyes are fixed on the sight before me, so I don't miss anything. Sweat sticks my skin to Saff's as she rocks her hips back against my throbbing shaft. I hold her steady as her trembles increase along with her moans of encouragement. The slick noises coming from Abby's ministrations grow and I let out my own low growl as Saff works her way to her release. My balls tighten and I

close my eyes to focus inward and stop myself from coming all over Saff's arse. Saff's thrusting movements become more frenzied, her breath coming in fast pants as she gives in to Abby's mouth and fingers and lets go with abandon. It takes every measure of my control not to follow her into the abyss. Her head falls back on my chest once more, and I press kisses to her forehead as Abby eases back and Saff comes down from her orgasm.

"Fuck," Saff whispers low as her eyes open. She lifts her leg down from Abby's shoulder and reaches out to brush her fingers along her jawline reverently. "Thank you." Her voice is husky with what sounds like emotion combined with pleasure.

"Let's lay down for a bit," I whisper to them both, helping Saff ease down to her knees before following.

Abby wets her lips as she stares at my angry, engorged cock dripping with pre-cum. "Your turn," she whispers with a wicked tone that makes my balls clench.

"Yes, but let's just take a minute." I tug Saff under my arm, holding her close to me and reaching out a hand to Abby. She wiggles over on her knees to my other side. "Okay?" I ask them both.

"Very," Saff responds with a satisfied hum. I look at Abby. She gives me a nod and her signature naughty smile.

"Were there particular shots you wanted to take, Saff?" Abby asks in a tone of interest.

"I've got it automatically taking them every 10 seconds or so. There's a remote in my jeans pocket so we can pause and restart at any time."

"Clever," Abby says. "You want the remote to pause it just now?"

“Nah, I think we should blow Cam’s mind instead,” she giggles, and the lightness in her tone brings me a wave of happiness. I’m glad she’s here with us. I’m glad we can give her a positive play experience. And, who am I kidding? I’m glad I’m about to get some too. I’m so fucking ready after holding myself back to ensure Abby and Saff got theirs first.

I recline in the cosy nest, my eyes half closed as the women rise to their knees. Their bodies come together as their lips meet and I grip my stiffened cock as I watch their tongues tangle. Could lie here and watch this all day, not gonna lie.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

I'm almost saddened when they break apart, but I get over it when they turn their attention to me instead. They kneel on each side of my thighs and I warm under their watchful gaze as I continue to stroke my cock. Saff's hand rests over mine, and our eyes meet. Her eyes spark with a mischief I'm familiar with. She bends down, lowering her mouth towards my cock. I release my grip, instead bringing my hand up to rest against her nape. Abby's palm rests on my thigh as she also leans closer. Their tongues meet a few inches above my shaft, causing it to bob with excitement, eager to join in with their games. They take a side each, licking me from my balls right up to the tip. The wet warmth of their tongues causes me to shudder. My gaze is riveted to the pair of them as they work in tandem and my balls tense as if they want to empty. I'm forced to close my eyes and count backwards from ten thousand to stop myself from blowing my load early and making a mess of us all.

My lips move as I count down, eliciting a giggle from Saff.

"What's he doing?" Abby's tone is baffled as I sense her leaning towards my face.

"He's distracting himself from coming too early," Saff says, doing nothing to help my desperate situation and instead gripping my shaft hard and working it up and down in her palm.

"Safffffff," I groan, pained. "Don't tease me." Ah, fuck, I've lost count. These two are going to end me.

"Where do you want to come, Cam?" Abby's lips brush my ear as she whispers loud enough for Saff to hear.

“I... don’t... know.” It’s a challenge to push each word out as Saff undoes me with every movement and Abby’s lips suck at the tender spot on the side of my neck, her hands brushing over my chest.

“Want to come inside Saff, while she licks my pussy?” she asks and I gulp, sucking in air and trying to ignore the tingling in my balls.

“Fuck, yes.”

“Saff, do you want to get on your knees?” Abby asks. Saff’s clearly in agreement because she releases her grip on me, and the bedding rustles as she shifts into position. Abby passes me a condom, pressing a kiss to my shoulder before shifting and lying underneath Saff. I rise to my knees, enchanted by the sight of the two of them.

My eyes meet Abby’s over Saff’s shoulder, and she winks at me. Have I ever been this hard? This ready to explode?

“Give it to her hard. You know she wants it,” she orders, and Saff lets out a sigh of agreement.

Once it’s wrapped, I line up my cock to her entrance, and slowly push inside her tight heat. My eyes want to roll back in my head, but I refuse to let it happen until I see Saff’s face buried between Abby’s thighs. Thankfully, I don’t have to wait long. Saff gathers up one of Abby’s thighs in each of her arms, spreading her wide, and lowers her face to press a kiss right on Abby’s clit. My moans synchronise with Abby’s and Saff’s as I sink balls deep inside my friend while she eats out Abby. It’s heavenly. Saff’s pussy clenches around my throbbing cock as she plunges her tongue inside Abby. I try my best to savour every sensation: the sounds of my cock pounding into Saff, the laps of Saff’s mouth against Abby’s cunt; our harsh breaths and moans of pleasure. My mouth dries out with arousal, and I wish I could get my own tongue

shoved inside someone right now. I settle with licking my lips as Abby's eyes flutter shut, and she moans, long and low.

"I need to come," I growl out as I set a punishing pace, thrusting in and out of Saff. My hands grip her hips as her backward thrusts meet mine and I hammer into her.

"Then do it," Abby says.

"You two, first," I demand as I bend over Saff and reach round to swipe my finger between her folds. She's drenched and I gather up her juices, massaging her throbbing clit. Her mouth is full of Abby, but she lets out a muffled moan of encouragement. Abby's fingertips card through her hair.

"You can come, Saff, let go," she urges. Saff moves one of her hands to bury her fingers inside Abby.

What happens next is a blur. Too much is happening all at once, and I couldn't tell you who sets off the domino effect. My body locks as the pressure becomes too much and I explode with pleasure, my cock pulsing inside Saff, as I pour every last drop of cum inside the condom with a roar. Saff trembles around me, her pussy milking my cock as she reaches her release. And Abby's eyes squeeze shut with satisfaction after coming hard all over Saff's mouth and fingers.

I ease out of Saff with a groan, hoisting her up where she's semi-collapsed on Abby and laying her beside her instead, checking they're warm enough as they snuggle into each other.

I'm reminded of the camera from the series of clicks it gives and disappear to the side to remove the condom so that it captures these two in their sleepy embrace. A soft smile is plastered to my face, and I don't think it will ever fade.

Abby's hand reaches in my direction and tugs at my hand until I lay down at her back, resting my arm over her to reach Saff. Contentment and satisfaction fill every cell in my body. I am done completely. But so fucking well.

Wistfulness sneaks in, and I wonder at the possibility that life could be like this. This contentment could be the end game. Curled up with Abby at the end of every day. Playing with others. Entwinning our lives together. But how can I convince Ms Independent to give it a shot? I give myself a moment to imagine.

Chapter twenty-four

Cam

Abby decides to tag along to drop Saff off for her flight. We stand on the tube in a cluster, gathered around Saff's giant suitcase, all clinging to the pole. I'm used to Saff filling the space with chatter, and even Pixie is usually talkative, but we're all zenned out from spending most of the day in our sex nest. Fuck, it was fun.

We've come early, having plans to grab something to eat on the way to the airport before dropping Saff off at departures. I'm already wondering if I can convince Abby to come back to the hotel afterwards, but her quietness is making me wonder if she'll pull away.

Gratification has settled in my bones from spending the weekend with these two women I adore. But unfortunately, there's an underlying something there as well, making me wonder if it's all too good to be true.

The other shoe drops a little while later when we're all sitting around a circular table at the Asian fusion restaurant for a bite to eat. Saff clears her throat, glancing between me and Abby before she starts talking. "I've had the best time. I'm so glad I came." She smiles, but it's watery at best. My breath hitches as concern weighs heavy in my

chest.

“I wish you could stay longer. Do you need to go back?” I ask, reaching across to give her hand a squeeze where it rests on the table.

“I do. I’m booked out for the next few months. Although there are a few pockets of time where I might be able to pop down again. I’d love to see you both more and take more photos of The Juniper,” she says. “I’ll have a proper look at my calendar and get in touch. See if we can find some dates that work for all of us.”

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“That would be great. I love spending time with you,” Abby tells her with a smile.

Saff clears her throat again. “I’m not sure...” There’s a pause which focuses my gaze intently on her face, trying to get a read on her. “I think I’m going to look for a steady relationship. So I don’t know if I’ll be available to play next time. And I understand if that means you’d rather I didn’t come.” Her statement doesn’t shock me, it’s not the first time she’s talked about settling down, but I can’t help but wonder if it’s her bad experience that has triggered this decision.

“Don’t be daft,” Abby replies before I get the chance to open my mouth. “There’s never any expectation that we do that. I’d like to say we’re friends, Saff?” Saff’s head bobs with a nod. “We have fun together, regardless whether there’s sex and orgasms involved. I’d love to keep you as a friend, even if that means no more sex.”

I shift closer on the bench seat to plaster our sides together and hug Saff tight. “What she said. You’re my best friend, Saff. I’ll take you in any capacity I can have you. What’s got you thinking this way?”

“I’ve had fun playing with you over the years, Cam, and I think I always assumed I wouldn’t need anything more than casual.” My heart squeezes at her confession. “But when you left, and I had that awful experience, I realised I do need more. I hadn’t realised how much the friendship, along with the sex, was important to me. With you down here and you two...” she waggles her brows at us both, “you know. Well, I want to find my own version of that.”

Abby shifts uncomfortably in her seat, drawing my attention. Her brows knit, and awkwardness clouds her face, but she says nothing. Saff has picked up that there’s

more between us than either of us has verbalised. Although, Abby may need more persuading. I have to hope that I'll find a way to convince her because I'm in this—I want to be with her—and I know we'll be able to find a way forward if we both try.

“Guys, I should go. You clearly need to talk this out, and I'm in the way.” Abby's tone is higher pitched than normal, her gaze flickering everywhere apart from meeting my eyes.

“Nonsense.” Saff leaves my side, lunging towards Abby to mirror the one armed hug I'd just given her. “Please don't go. I didn't mean for you to feel uncomfortable. I wanted to get it all in the open while I'm still here in person.”

Abby swallows hard as she finally meets my gaze. “Do you mind if I'm here?” The perplexities that can sometimes come with any trio are rampant at the moment. The space we are in doesn't allow me the opportunity to gather them both close and provide comfort and that sucks.

“Of course not, Pixie.” I give her a lopsided smile. “I'm glad you're here.”

“Yeah, but you two have known each other so much longer. I'm just temporary.” Her voice is pitched low.

“I didn't mean to cause problems between you two with my announcement. I'm so sorry. I thought you'd already figured out what you two are,” Saff tells us both, softly. It's her turn to look panicked now.

I let loose a sigh. “I don't think we have worked it out. But I'm still glad you told me in person what you need. I don't want to lose your friendship, Saff. I know it's been an adjustment with me being down here, but I promise I want to stay in close contact with you. Maybe I can help you find someone?” I suggest, wondering what the fuck I'm volunteering for. What the hell do I know about serious and committed

relationships?

“Oh yeah, and how would that help work?” It’s a relief to see Saff’s cheeky raised brow as she looks at me with amusement.

“I don’t fucking know. It slipped out. I could ask around, see who I know that’s looking for something serious.” I shrug in helplessness, and Saff chuckles.

“No thanks. I need to do this on my own. Perhaps if I do meet someone and start to wonder if they’re the one, I could introduce them to you two and see if you scare them away?”

“I’m up for that if you are, Pixie?” I say with an answering grin.

“Sure,” Abby replies with a smile. “Always willing to convince people that monogamy isn’t the answer.” She makes me want to find a creative solution to keep her without her feeling trapped.

We finish our food and drinks, and I settle the bill, luckily without any arguments. We head out to the airport, me dragging Saff’s bag behind me as we stroll. “So, what did you think of London?” Abby asks.

“It’s alright. I’ll definitely visit again, but can I be honest and say it’s more for the people than for the place?”

Abby snorts in amusement. “You can. When we get another date arranged, I’ll see if I can organise a catch up with Cassidy so you can meet one of your favourite authors. How does that sound?” Saff lets out a squeal of excitement.

“I’d love that. Ooh, do you think I could meet her boyfriends, too?”

“Yeah, maybe I can get our smut book club together for a dinner. Mel and Laura, too. I came up to Glasgow with Laura when I met you guys.”

“That would be great.”

Elation rises in my chest. If Abby is thinking about future plans, perhaps she’s coming around to the idea that there’s a future for us? I fucking hope so.

We see Saff off at the departure gate, waving like loons until she’s completely out of sight. Once we can no longer see her and her riot of auburn curls, I turn to face Abby. The corners of my mouth rise in a smile, and excitement fizzles when she mirrors me. I reach out and clasp each of her hands with mine.

“Hey,” I say, unsure what I’m doing but wanting to keep the connection we’ve had these last couple of days.

“Hey.” Her grin is impish.

“I still have the hotel room for one night. I’m moving into the flat tomorrow,” I tell her.

Her brows raise with curiosity. Should I push my luck?

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“I don’t think we ever got round to fucking on the couch. Or the table,” I continue, the smirk a permanent feature on my face.

“No, we didn’t,” she agrees, but other than the smile, she gives nothing else away.

“So what do you say? Wanna join me for my final night there? Can I get you all to myself now Saff has gone?”

Her teeth worry at her bottom lip for a moment. “Will there be potato-based rewards if I do?”

My laughter spills out. “You can’t still be hungry after that meal,” I exclaim.

Her expression morphs into something serious. “Cam.” Her tone is admonishing. “There’s always room for potatoes. Notsure I have energy left for the fucking, but I have room for the tatties.” The impish grin is back, and my chest expands with joy at her using the Scottish term. I must be rubbing off on her.

“Let’s go,” I say as I drag her out of the terminal. “We’ll get a cab back. It should be quicker.”

“Stay with me.” My tone is pleading. We are sitting at the table in my hotel room, a tray of picked over food in front of us where she’s perched on my lap, but as soon as she’d had her fill of food, and I guess dick, she started squirming. “I’m going to get a complex if you keep leaving as soon as you’ve had your wicked way with me and the potatoes.”

She huffs, pushing against my arms that wrapped tightly around her when she made her move to leave. “Come on, Cam, let me go.” Her voice doesn’t request. It orders. She’s a fierce little pixie. I release my hold so she can stand, and I let loose a sigh of relief when she doesn’t go far. She turns to face me, laying her palm against my cheek. “What’s made you so needy?” Her head tilts to the side like she’s trying to solve a mystery.

“I thought you were going to spend the night. You’ll stay?” I ask, eyebrows raised to match the hopeful expression plastered on my face.

She purses her lips, still holding my cheek in her palm. I shift to rub my stubble against her hand, relishing her touch.

“I’ll stay. But only because it’s your last night here. Don’t be getting any ideas.” Her tone is brusque, at odds with her soft touch, and her gaze steadfastly avoids mine.

I don’t even care that I’m practically begging her to stay. I’m not ready for her to leave yet after spending the whole day with her. And I’m still a little sad that Saff is back on her way to Glasgow.

“I’m gonna go wash up and then curl up in that ginormous bed. What do you say?” she asks, her eyes finally meeting mine.

“Aye. Thank you. It’s been quite the day. I don’t think I’m ready to be alone yet.” I pour my honesty out, hoping that it will bring her closer rather than scare her away. I draw in a deep breath as she watches me closely. She says nothing but pats my shoulder and gives a nod before heading to the bathroom.

A short while later, she’s tucked under my arm, her head resting on my chest as we recline in the giant bed. Has anything ever felt so right?

“Are you sad about Saff?” Her question is quiet as she swirls circles on my chest with her hand.

I sigh, trying to make sense of everything that happened this weekend. “I feel bad I wasn’t there for my friend when she needed the support. I’m sad she had to go through that shitty experience and it’s knocked her confidence.”

“If you want more with her, Cam, I don’t think it’s too late.” Her words tumble out fast with a touch of vulnerability to them. “She’d be crazy to turn you down.” Shock reverberates through my chest.

“What? I don’t. I love her as a friend. I’ve enjoyed playing with her. But I don’t think either of us should settle when we both deserve more.” Has she been pulling back because she thought Saff and I were end-game? Hope trickles in now I can convince her otherwise.

“What do you mean, more?” Abby asks, gazing up at me.

“I don’t think I love her in that fully passionate way that she needs. I’m certain it’s the same for her, too. She wants true love. I think the love her and I share is more like a friendship love than some amazing love story.”

“Yeah, but all that nonsense about soul mates and one person for us is bullshit, right?” she asks, her gaze riveted on mine. “That’s why we all do the non-monogamy thing, isn’t it?”

I stare into her silver-green eyes, debating how much to say. I want to tell her that since I found her again, she’s become my anchor. Yes, we’ve played with others but I have no interest in playing with anyone if she’s not there. If I couldn’t see her for a while, it would just be me and my hand for company, along with every memory of the time I’ve spent with her. I want to tell her that if there is such a thing as soul

mates, then surely the fact that we stumbled into each other in the street outside The Juniper is more than a coincidence. It must all be linked somehow, right?

But I don't think she's quite ready to believe it. So instead, I answer her question with another one. "What got you started with non-monogamy? I don't think we've ever talked about that."

She blinks, her circling movements resuming on my chest while she contemplates her answer. "I don't think I've ever had a conventional relationship. Nothing long-term. Nothing that could be considered monogamy. I don't think I'm built that way. It's just not in my instincts to team up with one person, depend solely on them for what I need, and forsake all others." Her lips twist inward as a frown pinches her brows together. "It sounds like a trap. I can't imagine being anything other than independent. If I'm going to rely on one person for my emotional, mental, and sexual wellbeing, it's going to be myself." A few months ago, I would have agreed with her. But now I want to find a way to prove to her that we can work. "What about you?" she says with fire sparking in her gaze.

"I had a couple of girlfriends as a teenager, and then in my early twenties, I experimented a bit more and realised I was attracted to guys as well. Since then, I've had more fun playing. I had a steady relationship that came to an end in my mid-twenties, but it didn't even last a year. I've been so focused on my career that I didn't make enough time to have a relationship. I lether down." I wait for the familiar pain in my chest, but it doesn't come. "After that, I decided to keep sex as a fun thing on the side rather than anything serious. Saff and I would always end up getting together when we were both single." I huff out a laugh. "That started because she wanted to go to a play party and she thought I was the most game of all her friends and asked me to go with her. We don't tend to do stuff just the two of us. There's usually other people involved, or at least watching."

"Why do you think she wants something different now?" Abby asks, sounding

baffled, as if she can't quite believe that anyone would want to choose monogamy once they'd tried anything else.

"She has been in monogamous relationships in the past. It was only ever when she was single that we played. She had a shitty experience with a couple after I left and they've got a lot to answer for. They took away the playfulness for her and made it something mean." I grit my teeth, anger rising in my chest as I remember how devastated she'd been when she told me. Abby's hand taps my chest gently as if she's trying to soothe me.

"I know. People like that shouldn't play with others. They should be lonely and sad. I hope she does find what she's looking for, even if I struggle to get my head around it." I bend down to press my lips to her forehead and savour the feel of her here with me because who knows how long it will last.

Chapter twenty-five

Abby

I head back to my place after breakfast with Cam the next morning. He woke me up with his face buried between my thighs, which I'll be honest, made me rethink my whole not-usually-staying-the-night thing. Once I'd seen stars, he ordered room service breakfast, and I put away a full English before we left together. He headed down to his van to work at The Juniper and offered me a lift back to mine, but it's a stunning day and I wanted some fresh air.

Is it that, Abby? Or are you still keeping him at a distance? I sigh, shaking my head to dispel the thoughts, and try to be mindful of the walk and not end up in my own head. I have the day off work. Two days in a row feels like a luxury, but then I'll be working every evening this week and the weekend, so I'll take this respite while I have it. I need to head back to my place and see if Mum is still kicking around and find out what the hell she wants, and then I want to go to the gym. I check the time on my watch. On Mondays, I normally hit the gym at lunchtime with Jack—Cass and Tom's partner—as we're spotting buddies for each other. I didn't see him last week, so it's been a while.

I jog up the steps to my bedsit and unlock the door, wondering what I'll be walking in to. The door swings open, and I enter, looking around. Did she tidy? Weird. When she stays, her stuff is usually thrown all over the place, but her things seem to be packed into a holdall which sits on the messy bed. Okay, so she hasn't completely turned into Martha Stewart—the bed is still a massive mess.

“Mum?” I shout.

“Out in a minute,” comes the call from the bathroom. I head over to the kitchen and grab a drink from the fridge. A few moments later, the toilet flushes before she makes her way out. “Hey, have fun with your friends?” she asks.

“Yep, it was good.” This must be it. She’s tidied, and she’s asking about my life. This is where she asks for money.

“I’m gonna head off today. Thanks for letting me stay. I appreciate it.”

I nod my head, waiting for the question. When it doesn’t come, I ask my own one, “Where are you off to?”

“Remember my friend Janey? She’s got herself a place down South and invited me to go and visit. She’s got a spare room. Said I can stay a while.”

“That sounds like a good plan. Where do you know her from?” I steer gently around what I really want to know...whether this friend is a good influence or a bad one.

“I met her at an AA meeting years ago. She managed to stay on the wagon. Has done alright for herself; managing to hold down a job and get herself a place. At first, she was in a bedsit like this,” she gestures around at my place, “but a bigger place came up recently in the same building, so she was able to move across.”

“Nice. You’re gonna stay with her for a while?”

“I think so. We’ve been talking on the phone on and off for weeks. She says the place she works might have vacancies. She works in a supermarket. Gets a discount and everything.”

This is the most we've chatted this visit, and the small talk is driving me insane. It's like we are beating around a hundred bushes. I'm uncomfortable in my own skin while we stand here and pretend to have an ordinary conversation like a normal mum and daughter would when our relationship has never been like that.

"Do you need some money?" It bursts from my lips.

Mum shifts on the spot, and what could be shame clouds her features. "If you have anything spare, I wouldn't mind borrowing the money for my train fare. And maybe for some food when I get there. Just until I can get settled." She says it quietly, looking down at her hands clasped together.

"Of course, I've got £300 in cash. Is that enough?" I ask, wandering over to the kitchen cupboard and pulling the envelope out, stuffed with twenties.

"Well, if it's spare." I glance over and she's still fiddling with her hands, not looking in my direction.

"Hopefully enough to get you settled. And then your friend can help you get that job, yeah?"

"I appreciate it, Abby. I hope you know that."

"I do, Mum." I don't tell her about the other envelopes I have stashed in various places, in case she needs more. There's at least a thousand pounds in cash hidden around. And I've always been amazed that she doesn't seem to snoop when she visits because there's never been any missing. "I can send more. If it takes a while to get settled or your friend wants rent, let me know. I can transfer it to you."

"Oh, I'm sure there'll be no need. But thank you. If you have some spare, you should treat yourself." Her gaze moves around the room. "Get yourself a bigger place."

I won't tell her that I don't want anywhere bigger. It's easier to have a small place, so she doesn't outstay her welcome. My stomach churns with the guilt I feel for being a shitty daughter, but it's always been this way. I've always been on my own and done my own thing, and I don't want anyone else relying on me in the same way I refuse to rely on anyone else. It's better this way.

"Maybe," I say with a fake smile, just to get things moving again. "Is there anything else you need?"

"I think the train tickets are cheaper if you buy them online..." Her voice trails off.

"Yeah, usually. What station are you going to?" I pull out my phone and the ticketing app to check the times and prices for her. Neither of us mentions the envelope of cash she stashes in her holdall when I use my bank card to pay for the tickets.

"Well, I'll head off now. You take care." She pats my shoulder awkwardly.

"You too, Mum. See you around."

Page 56

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

The bedsit is too quiet once she's left. I start a playlist on my music app, putting the volume up as loud as I can without disturbing the neighbours, and make the bed. It's only when I'm running my hand over the creases that I decide to strip it and wash the sheets instead. I chuck them in the wash and then run the vacuum and duster around before tackling the bathroom. I clean like my life depends on it, singing along to my diva's playlist while I scrub. It's not something I enjoy, but it's a great distraction when I feel out of sorts on my day off. If I was working, I'd go in early and do something there. But I know Tom will growl at me if I turn up on my day off.

Once the place is spotless, I pull out my phone to shoot Cassidy a text:

Me:

Is your gym-obsessed partner going to the gym today?

I've got Jack's number and could text him directly, but I want to check in with Cass. Maybe I'll even be able to convince her to come along. Her response comes back quickly.

Cass:

He took his gym bag to work so guessing yes. How are you? How was your weekend of debauchery? *eyebrows raised GIF* Got any fodder for my next book?

Me:

It was good. Wanna come to the gym, and I can give you all the dirty details? Ooh,

and Saff, Cam's friend, has read your books! Hoping I can introduce you both next time she visits.

Cass:

blushing emoji It's still strange to know that people I don't know are reading and enjoying my dirty stories. I'd love to meet her. It's a no from me for the gym, but could meet you after for a post-workout snack? My workout being wrangling these words into a publishable book.

Me:

You're on. How about the café at the gym? If you come a bit early, you can ogle your man while he bench presses and squats.

Cass:

Now that's a fantastic idea. Maybe I'll come and spectate the whole session and do the editing later.

Me:

Are you going to let Jack know or shall I text him?

Cass:

You text him. I wanna surprise him.

It's a fifteen-minute walk to the gym, which serves as a good warm up. I think about what I want to work on today. Lifting weights. It makes sense when Jack and I can spot each other, and he's good at urging me on for a few more reps. Then we can

have another race on the treadmill where I can kinda keep up with him, even with his maddening long stride.

I wave hello to the staff behind reception as I tap my membership card and walk the long way to the changing rooms to get a sense of how busy it is. No sign of Jack yet, so I start with the small hand held weights, working on my arms and shoulders, making a note in an app on my phone of reps and weights.

I'm in the zone when I spot Jack's reflection approaching in the mirror.

"Fancy seeing you here." He waggles his brows at me. "Come here often?" he jokes.

"Don't be a dick," I counter, which I find myself saying at least once every time I'm in his company. "What's your focus today?"

"I wanna work upper today. You?"

"That works for me too. And then we could finish with a race again?" I quirk a brow at him, a smirk pasted on my lips.

"Think you can beat me, little lady?"

"I can run faster than you. I just can't cover as much distance because I don't have long legs." I realise I'm pouting.

"Let's do it."

We work our way round all the weight machines and spend some time with the free weights before finishing up with the treadmills, running as fast as we can. I beat him on a faster speed for a whole minute, which gives me the win, and we are both chuckling between gasping breaths as we gradually slow down. I glance over to the

cafe and see Cassidy sitting up at the bench in the window. She waves before her gaze flicks back to her man and his sweat-stained back.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“Hey, did you see the new summer menu in the café?” I ask Jack as we step off the treadmills, both guzzling from our water bottles. My question has the desired effect, and his gaze skates that way, a huge grin spreading across his face when he spots Cass there. He lopez over to the glass, planting a sweaty kiss lined up with where her lips are positioned on the other side. I can’t hear her laugh, but her face is full of joy. The three of them are so effing cute and it’s fun watching the dynamics between them as a trio and when there’s only two of them present, too. Perhaps relationships aren’t all that bad.

“You knew she was here?” he asks me, laying a sweaty arm along my shoulders and dragging me close so he can graze the knuckles of his other hand over my hair, mussing me up.

“I think she only just arrived. You may as well come and see her before you shower. You know that your sweaty arse is one of her weird kinks.” I slap a hand on his chest and he lets go, leading the way round the corner and through the side door to the café beyond.

“Hey, honey,” Cass says with a sultry drawl as we approach.

“Hello, love,” I say, pushing Jack out the way and planting a kiss on Cass’s cheek before he can get there first. He growls, he actually growls at me, making me double over with laughter.

“Hey, Jack,” Cass greets him as if the first greeting was for me. “Come here, let me sniff you.”

“You’re so weird, no wonder you write such filthy stories,” I tell her.

“Hey, we don’t kink-shame,” Cassidy tells me with a stern voice.

“No, but we are allowed to kink-ask-why, right?”

Jack rests his chin atop her head and takes a deep breath of his own.

I punch him on the arm, unable to help myself from teasing him. “She smells heaps better than you right now. Can I come closer and sniff her, too?”

“No.” His voice is deep, and he scowls in my direction. “Find your own. This one’s mine.”

“And Tom’s too.” I delight in telling him. “Don’t forget that.”

“Yeah, well, he’s not here right now, so I don’t have to share,” he answers me before drawing Cass’s head back to waggle his brows at her. “In fact, why don’t you come with me? I wanna show you something.”

“I saw that this morning, and knowing you, I’ll probably see it again when you get home from work. I’m here to meet Abby for a drink. You’re welcome to stay, but we will be discussing her love life.”

“Get your facts straight, Cassidy. My sex life. I don’t have a love life, remember?” My arms fold across my chest. She stares at me for a moment, pursing her lips like she wants to argue, but stays quiet. “You staying, Jack? Maybe you can pick up some tips for pleasing your woman.”

He grimaces. “Much as I’d love to hear about your sexual exploits, Abby, I have to shower and get back for a meeting.” He plants a kiss on Cass’s forehead, giving her

another squeeze before stepping away. “Thanks for the company.” He punches my bicep as he walks past and heads towards the changing rooms. He may be a dick, but I’m still glad I get to call him my friend.

“Just us, now I can steal you away,” I joke with her.

She laughs and pats the stool next to her. “What do you want to drink? I’ll go and order.”

She heads off to order us each a smoothie and is back before I know it.

“Okay, we have drinks... now, spill.”

“It was really fun. Cam and I spent time together with Saff at The Juniper. She set her camera up to take photos while we were at it. And once we were all worn out, we had a look through them.”

“That sounds really hot, I’m going to need to put that in a book,” she tells me. We chat for a while, and I share just enough information to hopefully inspire her future stories without giving away anything too personal about either of my companions.

I wince. “Perhaps I should have asked permission to share this with you.”

Her eyes widen. “They don’t know.”

“They know you’re my friend, and I did mention that you’re always looking for fodder for your books, but I didn’t specifically ask, no.”

“I don’t have to use anything you’ve told me. And most of what you’ve said has just been about positions rather than sharing specifics.”

“I’ll mention it to Cam. I didn’t expect to feel bad for spilling my guts. It’s never bothered me before.”

Cass’s head tilts to the side. “And why do you think it bothers you now?”

I scrunch my nose at the question. “I dunno, I guess because he means something to me. We’re good friends as well as lovers, and because I now feel I know him outside of playing with others, it’s different.” My eyes widen with acknowledgement as it sinks in. I’ve let him in. I’m closer to Cameron than I ever have been with a playmate before. Shit.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“I can see you starting to panic. It’s okay,” Cass tells me, her hand reaching across to squeeze my bicep.

“It just feels weird. I mean, it’s not like I only sleep with people I hate, but he genuinely feels like a good friend now, and I think there are some feelings there beyond desire. I’m usually good at compartmentalising people. You’re a friend. I can adore you and I know I won’t sleep with you. What the fuck am I doing? I’m trying to be friends with him and keep fucking him. Shit, shit, shit.”

“I know it’s hard for you to share stuff like this, but I feel privileged that you are comfortable enough to talk to me about it. We can discuss it anytime, you know that, right? It won’t go beyond us. If you need a sounding board, I’m here.”

She smiles at me sweetly.

“Thank you, I appreciate you. It’s not easy, but maybe this opening up thing isn’t too bad.” I wrinkle my nose at her, causing her to giggle.

“It’s okay to develop feelings for someone you’re sleeping with, Abby.”

“Yeah, for most people. But that’s not how I usually do things.” I gnaw at my bottom lip, staring through the glass towards the gym sightlessly.

What the fuck am I supposed to do now?

Chapter twenty-six

Abby

Avoid him. That's what I'm doing. After my chat with Cassidy, I realised how deep I'd gone, which was solidified as the week went on and I found myself missing Cam. It's now Friday, and I've not had any contact with him since Monday morning. The text he sent me on Tuesday asking if I had any time went unanswered as did the follow up he sent me this morning. My gut twists with guilt.

Luckily, work has been keeping me busy after my couple of days off. One of our bar staff has been sick, and I pounced at the chance to take on extra shifts. I'm on my third day of opening up and working until closing but I have a problem...

Tom is standing at the customer side of the bar, hands on hips and a serious frown on his face.

"What?" I ask, waspishly. I can guess what he's thinking, but if he has something to moan about, he can say it out loud.

"Why are you here? Every time I arrive and every time I leave, you're here. How many hours have you done this week?"

I shrug. "Penny's off sick. I didn't mind moving things around to cover her shifts. It saves relying on anyone else to fill in." I continue to polish the glasses, which I've been doing since I got here about half an hour ago.

"You don't have to do it all, Abs. The other staff would happily take on some extra hours. And I don't mind filling in."

Another shrug. "Well, you don't have to. I am happy to do it. My mum left." The last part comes out without my planning to say it. I scrunch up my nose. Fuck it, maybe it will help him understand why I've worked every hour the pub has been open this

week plus some extra. “I was at a loose end.”

“Because of your mum?” His brow quirks up at an angle, causing my cheeks to flush. “Is everything okay?”

“Yeah, she’s gone to stay with a friend, but I weirdly miss her.” Fuck, no I don’t, it’s someone else I’m missing. I raise my gaze and my chin towards the ceiling. “There might be some other stuff going on too.” I refuse to look him in the eye as I say it, but in my periphery, I spot him sitting on one of the bar stools.

“I’m here if you want to talk about anything,” he says in that annoyingly kind tone he has. The one that seems to encourage me to spill my guts, even when that’s not the plan. Why does he have to be a decent guy? Why can’t he just be some asshole that doesn’t care how hard his staff work because it gives him more opportunity to skive off?

I grip the glass in my hand, wiping it with the cloth until it sparkles, but force myself to set it down gently on the shelf rather than ram it down hard. I lift the next one in the row. I press my lips together, determined to keep my mouth shut even with these bullshit, empathetic silent vibes he’s giving me. I scowl in his direction, and he’s looking at me with a thoughtful expression on his face. He opens his mouth to say something else, but we are both distracted when the front door opens.

“We’re not quite open yet,” Tom calls out.

Cam saunters in, wearing his slutty, dusty workman trousers with all the pockets and the padded knees along with a tight black t-shirt that has his biceps popping. His thick, black hair looks perfect, despite the layer of dust on his clothes, and I eat up the delectable sight of him, squeezing my thighs together as I realise how much I’ve missed him.

“Sorry, Tom. Would it be okay if I had a quick word with Abby?” he asks with a polite smile.

“Of course,” Tom says, but he makes no move to leave us to it. He pulls his phone out from his pocket and starts scrolling. My jaw drops in astonishment. What the fuck is he doing? Why doesn’t he leave?

Cam clears his throat, having stepped up to the bar a bit further along. “Avoiding me, Abby?” I peel my gaze away from Tom to where he stands, a look of challenge on his face.

I draw in a breath, annoyance making my chest tight. What is it with men today? Usually, when I find myself asking that question, I check my period tracking app. But I don’t think I need to today. These two are clearly here to fuck with me.

I strut down the bar to face Cameron. I stare into his piercing chestnut eyes and try to work out how to answer that question.

“Is your phone working?” He changes tack, the look of challenge changing to one of concern.

“Yes.”

“Did you get my messages?”

“Yes.”

“Cat got your tongue? You’re usually more loquacious than this.” Damn him and his fancy-arse words in that hot accent that’s causing the butterflies to dance in my stomach.

“I’m busy, Cam. Maybe we can catch up later.”

He heaves a sigh and looks down towards Tom. “Is it okay if I borrow her for ten minutes?”

My eyes plead with Tom to say no. I even chance a slight shake of my head. His eyes meet mine and there’s a sparkle in them I can’t figure out.

“Yeah, use my office if you want.” He gestures in the direction of his tiny cupboard of an office.

My gaze turns murderous, and I hope he can sense every single evil thing I’m thinking about doing to him right now.

“Abby, please, can we talk?” Cam asks. He doesn’t sound cocky or arrogant. He sounds genuine and dammit, that tugs somewhere in my chest. I give a nod.

“Sure.” As I stalk past Tom, I mutter under my breath, “traitor,” and his chuckle follows behind me as I meet Cam at the end of the bar and show him to Tom’s office.

It’s a tight squeeze. Cam is not a small guy, and this office wasn’t built for meetings. I gesture to Tom’s chair and step back so he can work his way around the desk to sit there. I close the door firmly, trying to send the signal to Tom that I’m pissed he put me in this situation, and lift one of the stacked chairs from the corner to pull up on the opposite side of the desk.

“Are you okay? Is everything all right with your mum?” Cam asks, leaning across the table with concern blazing in his eyes.

“I’m fine. Mum’s gone. We’re short-staffed, so I’ve been picking up extra shifts. Rushed off my feet.” I clamp my lips together. I’m babbling and annoying myself by doing so.

“And you’re okay after last weekend?” His voice is soft and husky, just like it was when we were curled up together—just the two of us in that massive hotel bed, post fucking.

“I’m fine, Cam. Just busy.” I stare at the pile of paperwork on the desk, avoiding his knowing gaze at all costs.

“When can I see you?”

I look at my watch. “You’ve still got five minutes of the time you requested from Tom.” I let the annoyance tinge my voice.

“Surely it’s more like eight minutes?” His smirk is teasing, but I refuse to give in to it. “You’re pissed I asked him instead of you?”

“Yes,” I exclaim, meeting his gaze finally. It’s easier to meet him head on when I’m annoyed.

“But if I’d asked you, you would have said no and used work as an excuse.” He’s not taking any prisoners with the frown drawing his brows together. “Wouldn’t you?”

I shrug. “Probably.”

“I was worried when you didn’t reply to either of my texts. Just wanted to check you were okay, and I thought you’d prefer we do that in private.” Warmth radiates in my chest at the thought of having someone worry about me. I’m glad it’s him.

“I’m fine.” I try to offer a reassuring smile. His cynical expression indicates I might be failing with my attempt.

“We didn’t really get round to properly talking about us, after what Saff said. I thought we were okay when you came back to the hotel with me, but now I wonder if you’re avoiding me.”

How the hell do I even begin to answer him when I don’t even know myself what the fuck I’m playing at here?

“I…” I draw in a deep breath. Cam’s brows are pinching together with two fierce lines between them. “I think I need some space. I don’t really know what’s going on between us. And I’m not looking for anything serious.” My throat prickles with dryness. I wish I had a glass of water. It would also give me something to do with my hands.

“What do you want?” he asks, his tone curious.

“I just want to have fun. I don’t want to be in a serious relationship. That’s not who I

am.”

“We have fun together, don’t we? Why can’t that continue?”

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“Because I think it’s leading to more. I don’t want more.” I stare down at the floor, feeling cowardly for not looking him straight in the eyes. That alone tells me I’m in too deep with him. I would usually have no compunction in laying my boundaries down. But there’s a part inside me that wants to please him—that doesn’t want to hurt or disappoint him.

“What’s wrong with more, Pixie?” His use of the nickname softens the question, and I have to dig down to find the courage to look at him this time.

“Usually nothing, for most people, Cam. But it’s not for me. I’m far better off by myself. It’s always been this way, and I don’t need anything else.”

“I don’t want to pressure you. But I don’t want to lose you either. You’re...” it’s his turn to hesitate, “... you’re special to me.”

“I think we should both take a breather.” I’m proud of the calmness in my tone. He heaves a weighty sigh and is quiet for a moment.

“I think you’re running scared.” He leans across the desk, staring me down with a glint in his eye. “And I can’t decide if it’s best to back off and give you your space or push you.” It’s like he’s thinking aloud, mulling over his options. Do I want him to push?

“Do you still want to go to Skye?” His change of topic confuses me, but I go with it because it’s easier than talking about feelings.

“Yes, I want to visit, but I don’t know if it’s a good idea for us to do that together.”

“I need to head up next week for a meeting in Glasgow and another on Skye. You are more than welcome to come. We could go as friends. It doesn’t have to be anything more serious than that.”

My first instinct is to refuse, even though I’m eager to visit. My desire to see him in that environment makes me even more certain the only answer can be no.

“I think it’s time I spoke to my great aunt and see if I can get some answers about The Juniper and the letter. The date on the letter is really bugging me.” There’s a scratchy sound as he rubs his hand against his beard, concern marring his face.

I want to reach my hand across and hold his on the desk, to give him a show of support in some way. I sit on it instead. And the other one too.

I turn the idea of going with him over in my mind, my usual decisiveness failing me. Surely it’s better to avoid him completely, but perhaps a couple of days away as friends could be the definitive end to whatever this morething is between us. Maybe I could go with him to Skye, support him while he tries to solve this mystery, help him find his answers as just a friend. It doesn’t have to mean more than that. And it will be a good opportunity to see if we can be friends.

“I’ll need to check with Tom and see if I can get cover for my shifts. When are you going?” I ask.

“I have a meeting in Glasgow on Wednesday morning, and I need to set up another on Skye. We could fly up Wednesday, first thing. Then drive to Skye after my meeting. Come back on Friday, as long as I can arrange a meeting with my great aunt.”

“Let me see if I can make it work with the bar. If so, I’ll come.” I offer him a tentative smile, and his answering one has my butterflies looping round in my belly.

“If I can’t make it, you should still go and see your aunt,” I tell him.

“Aye, maybe. Let’s see if you can come and take it from there.” He gives a satisfied rap on the desk with his knuckles before standing up to his full height, towering above me.

“You’re filthy,” I tell him, spotting even more dust and dirt on him than when he first arrived.

“I thought that was how you liked me, Pixie.” He steps round the desk, shucking my chin with his fingertips. I gaze up at him, captivated by the look on his face, like he wants to spread me on Tom’s desk and devour me. “Tell me, if I stay filthy and avoid affection, would you keep playing with me?”

I want to say something snarky back. But my mind comes up blank. “I don’t know. Maybe.” It’s the best I can manage.

“I had to come from work to check you were okay. I’m glad you are, but I don’t appreciate being ignored.” He presses his lips together and steps back, closer to the door. His tone changing from teasing to stern makes my pulse quicken. “Text me when you’ve cleared it with the boss. Then I’ll get the flights booked.”

I nod. I can use some of the cash I have stashed at home to pay him back.

“I’d tell you to be good, but I don’t think that’s ever going to happen, is it?” he says with resignation as he opens the door. I stay sat for a moment, trying to get my head around what’s happened. How did I go from avoiding him to pretty much agreeing to going away with him? What am I doing?

I hear the murmur of conversation between Tom and Cam, but can’t make out what they’re saying, and when I head back to the bar, Cam’s slipping back out the door.

“All sorted?” Tom asks from his position behind the bar, polishing the glasses just as I was before Cam arrived.

I stare at him, my eyes narrowed. “What’s your game, Tom?”

He shrugs, but the twinkle in his eyes gives him away. “No game, Abs. Just got the feeling you two had some stuff to sort out.”

I huff but refuse to answer him. And make a mental note to have a word with Cassidy and see what she’s been telling him about my sex life.

Chapter twenty-seven

Cam

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

I gesture towards the window seat, enjoying the closeness as Abby steps past. The scent of something floral hits me; it's such a feminine scent and quite at odds with her tough girl demeanour. I want to bury my face in her neck and inhale deeply, but we're on a plane, and there's a queue of people waiting to take their seats, so I settle in my own seat and stow my laptop bag. We're in the business section of the plane near the front, and I'm grateful for the extra room. I stretch my legs out in front of me as I draw in another breath, trying to catch another whiff of her scent.

It feels like a boon that we got here. After that little heart-to-heart at the bar the other day, I assumed she would use work as an excuse for not being able to come.

But I'd managed to get a short word with Tom on my way out the other day and suggested he consider giving her a couple of days off, given all the extra time she'd been putting in. He'd looked relieved when I said it, which seemed odd, before he'd added that it was usually impossible for him to convince her to take time off, and he would happily arrange to cover all her shifts so she could get the break she deserved.

Her text had arrived a few hours after I left her. Short and simple.

Abby:

Time booked off. I can come.

I'd booked the flights then and there, in the middle of a meeting with the site foreman and representatives from all the trades working on The Juniper. Sent the confirmation through within fifteen minutes, so she had no time to change her mind and take it

back. She doesn't strike me as someone who goes back on their word, but I figured the flight confirmation would help lock it all in.

"You need to let me know how much I owe you for the flights and travel," she says from beside me. "The confirmation didn't list it."

No, it didn't, because I purposely cropped it out.

"I had some credit to use. Don't worry about it," I tell her. She pouts but is distracted when the flight attendant comes by and offers us a drink.

We place our orders before Abby says, "I didn't even know they did business class on these short hops. You shouldn't have wasted your credit on me—I don't need this much legroom."

"Well, I do, so you're stuck up here with the leather reclining seats and complimentary snacks and drinks," I tell her with a grin. Although the bigger seats mean we are further apart when I'm itching to touch her.

"I guess I'll cope. It's just over an hour, right?"

I nod. "We'll be there before you know it. I should have asked. Are you a confident flyer?"

"We'll find out soon," she says with a grimace.

"What? You've not flown before?"

She shakes her head before adding in a teasing tone. "And I fear you've spoiled me for future trips by splashing your credit on business class seats. I can't possibly do economy now." Her sarcastic tone lets me know she's not daft and probably realises I

paid, but fuck it, she makes me smile. Why can't I buy her a plane ticket? Surprise skitters through me that this is her first flight and makes me want to take her further afield.

"I had you down as a well-seasoned traveller," I tell her.

"I've travelled around the UK and taken the ferry across to France and Belgium before, but no air travel as yet."

"How no?" She frowns at the Scottish phrase. "Why not?" I switch to the more common one.

"I've just not really had the opportunity. It wasn't an option when I was growing up. We didn't have enough money for luxuries. And since I was old enough to work, I've been busy doing that and getting my own place." She pauses, her teeth worrying at her bottom lip as she stares into space. "Since I've worked at the bar, I've managed to build some savings, but I'm always wondering if my mum is going to need to be bailed out." She gives a shrug. Her need for independence becomes more understandable to me the more I learn about her family and upbringing. And my heart warms every time she opens up to me. "What about you? Are you well-travelled?"

"Aye, I guess so. I've travelled a bit for work and pleasure as well."

"What's the furthest place you've been to?"

Her face is angled towards mine, and I want to reach across and kiss her. Curiosity on her face makes her one hundred times hotter. Possibly only topped by her feistiness.

"Probably New Zealand. I had a gap year and visited a few places, but that was the furthest."

“Oh wow, did you enjoy it?”

“Loved it. Would go back in a heartbeat.” I glance at her, and the desire to offer to take her one day rises in me. But I tamper it down, not wanting to scare her off.

We buckle in and listen to the safety demonstration while we sip our drinks, and then Abby grabs my knee as the plane taxis for take-off. As the speed increases, so does her grip. My hand swamps hers as I try to offer comfort.

I lean closer and whisper, “It’s okay, this is all normal. Look, we’re lifting off.”

Her gaze is riveted out the window as the ground gets further away, and mine is focused solely on her. In all the time I’ve known her now, I’m not sure I’ve ever seen her display fear or weakness, but there’s a vulnerability showing today. Not for the first time, I find myself wanting to gather her up in a giant hug and keep her safe from the world. And yet, I think her natural response to that would be to fight me. Fuck, if that doesn’t heat my blood a bit. I love her tenacity and her courage.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“With it being such a short flight, we won’t even level out much. It tends to be all the way up and then all the way back down, but they’ll serve snacks soon.”

She nods, but she’s not looking at me. She’s leaning with her nose pressed against the window. Her grip has loosened, and she seems more relaxed, but I don’t want to lose her touch, so I keep hold of her hand, threading our fingers together, imagining how good it would be to go on more adventures with her and beherperson.

“I don’t understand. Has your car been parked at the airport the whole time you’ve been working at The Juniper?” Her tone is baffled as we stand in the airport carpark, which has a chuckle rising in my chest.

“Nah, I had someone drop it off for me earlier today,” I tell her. “Hop in.” I open the passenger side of my gunmetal grey G-Wagon, supporting her elbow as she climbs inside before stowing our luggage in the back. As I get seated in the driver’s seat, she’s running her hands over the edges of the leather seat.

“Cam, this is fancy as fuck. Are you rich?” She grins at me, and I can’t resist answering with my own smirk as I start the engine and back out of the space.

“I do alright for myself.”

“Fancy hotels, fancy cars, business class flights. You’ve been playing me along with the tools and slutty workman’s clothes, haven’t you? Are you a secret millionaire?”

“What do you mean by slutty workman’s clothes?” I ask, baffled. And also grateful for the distraction from her other question.

“Those trousers with the padded knees and all the pockets. Sluttier than if you were naked.” Her giggle is musical and makes me want to keep making her laugh. “And don’t change the subject. What’s your net worth?”

“Ha, I dunno. Comfortable. How’s that for an answer?” I spare her a glance.

Her eyes narrow like she’s trying to analyse me and nerves prick in my belly. I can’t decide if wealth would actually have the opposite desired effect on this woman and scare her off.

“That first night, in Glasgow. Was that a hotel room?”

“It’s a suite at the hotel, but I was renting it long term,” I tell her.

“Huh. So how come you’re slumming it at The Juniper instead of staying in the hotel now?”

I think about her question. I could easily afford to stay in the hotel with all the creature comforts I could ever need, and yet, I wanted to spend more time at The Juniper, even without the fluffy carpets, maid service, and twenty-four-hour menu. “It makes it easier to put the hours in to move the project along.” I inwardly grimace, wondering if my workaholic ways are driving the decision. “And I’ve grown attached to the building. Realised I quite liked being there after everyone else was done for the day and living there really helps me get to know the place.” I give my head a shake. What a strange notion, but it’s true. “Too weird?” I glance at her with a cringe.

Her eyes twinkle. “Not at all. I swear that building has something magical about it. It seems to lure people in.”

“Yeah, well, hopefully my aunt might be able to give us some information about the whole mystery of The Juniper tomorrow.”

“You managed to set up a meeting with her?”

“Aye, kinda. We’ve been invited for tea and biscuits. As well as dinner with my parents tonight.”

“Family dinner?” Her eyes widen like saucers, and there’s a horrified glaze to them which has me chuckling.

“It’s fine, Pixie. I have made it very clear that you are a friend and you’re not here for my body and my inheritance.” Fairly certain my mum was listening when I spelled it out on the phone anyway. We’ll see. “It’s just a dinner. And my dad’s cooking. He knows what he’s doing. Food should be banging even if we aren’t,” I tell her with a wink. It’s easy to tease her, but deep in my chest, there’s a pull. I can only hope that with this time together, we can work out a way forward that honours her need for independence with my need for more.

Unfortunately, I have to pull my attention from her to concentrate on navigating the road at that point, checking I’m in the correct lane for the city centre. I weave around the streets, pulling up in front of the office where my meeting is being hosted.

“Come on, I’ll walk you down to Buchanan Galleries so you can explore while I’m in the meeting.” I hold her hand as she steps down onto the pavement and keep hold of it while I lock the car and walk her up the road.

“Cam, I can find my own way. I don’t want to make you late for your meeting.”

“It’s okay, I’ve got time. I wanted to point a couple of places out along the way.”

We saunter down the street, and I point out the first of two buildings I want to show her. “That bar is like The Thirst Trap—they’ll be open if you wanna pop in for a drink. I can always meet you there after my meeting.” We walk another few hundred metres

and I pull us to a stop, turning her slightly so she faces the building across the crossroads we are standing at. “And that’s mine,” I tell her, unable to keep the pride from my voice.

“What do you mean yours?” Her mouth drops open as her gaze is riveted on the building, so similar to The Juniper.

“Well, not mine, exactly. I have a stake in it. That was my first major renovation project a few years ago. The start of my project managing.”

“Can we go in?” she asks.

“I need to head back for this appointment, but you can go in and take a look. Or I can get us a booking in the restaurant for lunch after my meeting if you like? Before we get on the road to Skye?”

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

She turns to face me, eyes wide with excitement. “Yes, please. Would love to see how it looks inside.”

“Okay, I’ll call in the reservation on my way back up the road. You really don’t mind entertaining yourself for a couple of hours?”

“Cam, I’m fine. I’m looking forward to exploring again. I like this city.”

“Okay, I’ll meet you over the road for lunch at noon?”

Her nod is distracted as she studies the building across the way.

The meeting overruns, and I rush to meet Abby for lunch. She’s already seated and sipping a drink when I arrive. We both choose off the set menu for lunch, and it’s a pleasure to watch her tucking into the Scottish fare. I check my watch. “We should aim to get on the road soon. It’s about five hours without a stop, and I thought you might want to stretch your legs at Glencoe.”

“I’m ready when you are.” I’m fast realising that Abby is much more agreeable when she’s full of good, hearty food or I’ve banged her brains out—and even then it’s important to feed her afterwards. It’s no hardship tending to her needs to make her happy. And if she gave me the chance, I would jump at the opportunity to take care of her long term. She seems to think that her non-monogamous outlook will scare anyone off long term. But fuck that, if we’re both happy—what does it matter who we fuck? I just need to find a way to convince her we can mean something to each other and still be non-monogamous.

Chapter twenty-eight

Cam

It's early evening by the time I pull up into my parents' driveway.

"Abby." I rest my hand on her shoulder to give her a gentle shake. She's been asleep for the last hour or so of the drive. Her head rests against the window, and her eyes gradually peel open to blink up at me. "Hey, we've arrived."

She looks around in confusion. "I didn't mean to sleep. Why didn't you wake me?"

I shrug. "We had an early start at the airport, and I know you were working late last night. Plus, you don't snore, so I let you away with it." I tap her nose with amusement.

"I remember the castle and nothing after that."

"Yeah, you've missed the Skye scenery, but that's okay—you must have needed the rest. I won't take it personally." I glance over as light filters out from the front door opening. "Heads up. My family has seen us arrive. Prepare yourself for an invasion." The dogs bark as they fly out of the open door to greet us. "Take a moment. I'll get out and say hello," I tell her before hopping out from behind the wheel. I close my door, giving her some quiet in the vehicle before the upcoming madness.

The two border collies, Pip and Squeak, take a flying leap for me, making me laugh. It's been a while since they saw me, and their excitement is palpable.

"Hey, love," my mum says as she steps closer. Her gaze flicks to the vehicle to where Abby still sits inside.

“Mum, hey.” I draw her into a hug, feeling her hands come around my middle and squeezing me tight. “Abby was sleeping, so I’m just giving her a moment to wake up.”

“Of course, love.” Mum pats my cheek with her palm as the dogs go crazy, leaping around us in circles.

“Give us a minute and I’ll bring her in for introductions,” I tell Mum and make my way around the bonnet of the car towards Abby’s door once she’s headed back inside, calling the unruly dogs along behind her.

I smile through the window at Abby, who’s finger combing her lilac hair using the small mirror on the sun visor. “You look gorgeous,” I tell her as I open the door to help her out.

“I can’t believe I fell asleep. I’m lousy company. Sorry.”

“There’s no need to apologise. It’s good to see you rest.” She offers me a tentative smile as she steps down from the car. “Ready for introductions?”

She draws in a deep breath as she straightens her shoulders. “Ready as I’ll ever be.”

“I promise they’re not that scary. The dogs may try to leap all over you though. Are you okay with dogs?” I can’t hold back my worried tone, internally cursing myself that I didn’t check before now, as I grab our bags from the back seat.

“I love dogs.” She smiles as she precedes me to the door and then takes a sidestep so I enter first. Mum’s hovering just inside the hallway, fussing with some knick-knacks on a sideboard there. She turns to face us, her gaze taking in Abby from head to toe.

“Hi, I’m Becky. You must be Abby, Cam’s... friend.” Her tone is tinged with

curiosity, and my eyes narrow as she hugs Abby.

“Hi, yes, that’s right. Pleased to meet you, Becky,” Abby says, before crouching to say hello to the dogs.

“Cam, leave the bags just here by the door. Your father’s cooking. Dinner’s not far away, if that works for you both?”

“Sounds grand, thanks, Mum.”

Page 64

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

Abby stands up, raising her nose in the air to sniff. “Smells delicious, whatever it is.”

“Come and meet Gordon, Cam’s father.”

We all trail down the hallway and into the large kitchen at the back of the house.

“Gordon, Cam and Abby are here,” Mum tells him as we enter.

He looks over, the steam from whatever he’s cooking having steamed up his glasses. He grins as he removes them and uses his shirt to wipe away the condensation. I’m pleased to notice how well both my parents are looking.

“Hey, lass,” Dad smiles at Abby as he steps over to shake her hand. The pair of us tower over her short stature, and her expression is stunned as she peers up at Dad.

“Hi.” Her voice comes out in a squeak. Very un-Abby-like. “Pleased to meet you, sir.”

“Sir?” Mum giggles next to Dad. “Please don’t give him ideas.” She slaps Dad on the chest with mirth.

“I think it’s a fitting title. Thank you for bestowing it on me.” He gives Abby a wink before clapping my shoulder in greeting. “Hey, son.”

“Hey, Dad. What’s cooking?” I ask, sensing that Abby might be feeling overwhelmed and trying to move things along.

“We’ve got lamb with sweet potato, and I’m just steaming some green beans and carrots. Shan’t be long. Do you guys need to freshen up?”

I turn towards Abby with a raised brow.

“I wouldn’t mind using the bathroom.”

“Come on, I’ll show you.” As I steer her out of the room, Mum approaches my dad to whisper something in his ear, but I can’t catch what she’s saying. I lead the way to the powder room downstairs, switching the light on. “Okay?”

“Yeah, sorry. I think the nap confuddled me. I just want to splash some water on my face.”

“Want me to wait for you?” I ask. She shakes her head.

“I’ll be fine. I’ll head back to the kitchen when I’m done.”

“Okay.” She closes and locks the door, and I pause for a moment, drawing in a deep breath. I wasn’t expecting to feel such simple joy having her here in the family home. It’s strange.

“That was delicious, Gordon. Thank you.” Abby tells my father as she places her cutlery down on her plate.

“Glad you enjoyed it,” Dad tells her with a grin. I stand up to gather the plates ready for clean-up duty.

“I can help,” Abby offers, following me over to the sink with a stack of dishes. She fidgets with the hem of her top once her hands are freed up.

“You don’t have to. It won’t take long,” I tell her, trying to work out how I can put her at ease.

“Abby, would you like another glass of wine?” Mum asks. “While Cam clears up. You don’t need to help, honey, you’re a guest.”

“Okay,” Abby says, her eyes meeting mine. There’s something flashing in her gaze. Panic maybe? I send a soothing smile her way, and she turns back to Mum.

“Come through to the lounge. We can get a comfy seat,” Mum tells her. The women head through, leaving me in the kitchen, loading the dishwasher and cleaning the pans by hand. Dad hangs around, leaning back against the counter, watching me tidy.

“All going well with The Juniper?” he asks. “And all okay with the budget? Let me know if you need a second pair of eyes over anything.”

“I’m keeping a close eye, but thanks. I’ll let you know if I need some help.” My parents had been supportive when my previous project failed, and it’s their unwavering encouragement that convinced me I could give things a go with The Juniper.

“You’re not working too hard, are you, Cam? I know you’re eager to succeed and make us proud, but you need to be taking care of yourself, son.” His hand clasps my shoulder, concern flaring in his gaze.

“Some days it’s too easy to just keep working, but I’ve got a good team around me and I’m trying to have a life outside of the work.” I appreciate his concern.

“We worry about you down there with no-one keeping tabs on you.”

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“I know you do. You’re always welcome to visit,” I suggest.

“I’d love to come down and see it. Thought I could bring your mother down for her birthday next month. We can see you, see the building, and go to a show.”

“She’ll love that. And I’d love you both to see the building.”

“Abby’s nice,” Dad says with enthusiasm. “Just a friend, your mother tells me.” I glance over at him, trying to get a read on him. He folds his arms across his chest and stares me down.

“We’re friends. That’s all she wants at the moment.” That’s as much as I’m comfortable discussing with my family.

“But you want more?” he prods. I was expecting this from my mum at some point during this visit. Coming from my dad, it’s a surprise.

“Did Mum put you up to this?” I ask, washing the last pan and emptying the sink before drying my hands.

He chuckles. “She has your best interests at heart.”

“So she did, then.” I lean on the opposite counter to him, folding my arms to mirror his position.

“I’m guessing you don’t want to talk about your love life with either of us. I said I’d talk to you and check you were okay. Is it fair to say you are okay and I don’t need to

intrude any further?”

“I’m perfectly fine. Thanks for stepping up, so I didn’t have to answer thousands of questions from Mum.”

“You’re welcome, but she’s had Abby to herself for at least ten minutes now. You might want to think about going to rescue your friend.”

“Fuck,” I exclaim before heading through to the lounge.

“So yeah, it’s just my mum, but I’ve always found myself being more of an adult in that relationship than her.” Abby’s spilling her guts to my mum as I stroll in. Surprise skitters through me; my mum has a tendency to get people talking, but I’d been certain Abby would be a tough nut to crack. As much as I want to hold back to hear more, it only seems right that I offer her a rescue.

“I’m sorry to hear that. Ah, here are the boys.” Mum says as she tracks my and Dad’s entrance from her seat in her usual armchair. I catch Abby’s eye, silently checking in with a quirked brow. She doesn’t look harried or like she’s being interrogated, and yet my mum appears to have her spouting her family history within ten bloody minutes. Abby pats the chair beside her, and I take the offer before she changes her mind, settling in close at her side.

Mum clocks our proximity with a sparkle in her eye.

“Has Mum been dragging your life story out of you?” I ask Abby.

“No,” Abby chuckles. “Although I do seem to have been spilling all my family secrets. Becky, are you some kind of expert in questioning people? I don’t know how you did it.”

“I’m just interested in people. Love getting to know what makes people tick, and I’m not a huge fan of small talk. I’d rather get straight to the heart of it.” Mum says in an earnest tone. Dad has perched himself on the arm of her chair, stroking his hand in circles on her back.

I never thought about how tactile my parents were until a friend pointed it out a few years ago. It’s just the way they’ve always been. And it wasn’t something I ever saw for myself, intent instead to have plenty of fun, but lately I’ve been craving the closeness that has been present in my parents’ marriage for as long as I’ve been aware of it. Before, it would have felt at odds with the lifestyle I was pursuing, but as I spend more time with Abby, I crave that intimacy between the two of us and I’m starting to believe it’s possible to have it just for us, even when we choose to invite others to play with us.

“So what’s the deal with Auntie Ruth? She said you’d asked her for a meeting?” Mum asks.

“I want to see if she knows anything about The Juniper and how it came to be in Gran’s possession.”

“The letter was a real mystery, wasn’t it?” Abby adds to the conversation and then covers her mouth with her hand as my mother’s brows knit together with confusion.

“What letter is that?” Mum asks in bewilderment.

“I’m so sorry, I just assumed you knew.” Abby turns to me, her eyes wide with panic. “I didn’t know it was a secret.”

“Abby, it’s okay.” I reach out my hand and rub her shoulders. “It’s not a secret. I was just hoping to find out the answers and then speak to these guys about it once I knew more.” Abby’s chest rises and falls, and she clasps her hands together on her lap.

“Hey, I promise, it’s okay. I should have explained to you who knew what.”

“Cam, what’s going on?” Worry tinges Mum’s tone now.

“There was a letter in with the deeds for the building. From this William guy who gave Gran the building.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Mum asks, leaning forward, like she’s caught the scent of something and needs to chase it.

“You and Dad were busy after Gran’s funeral when the solicitor got in touch about it. To be honest, after the initial surprise, I kinda forgot about the letter and just focused all my efforts on working out if the renovation was possible. Saff mentioned the letter to Abby, and then I realised I always meant to try and speak to Auntie Ruth to see what she knew and see if we can get to the bottom of it.”

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“What’s in this letter, son?” my dad asks.

“I’ve got it in a folder in my bag. Do you want to see it?” I flick my gaze to my mum, who nods. “I’ll go and get it.”

“Cam, I’m so sorry.” Abby follows me out to the hallway, where I left the bags. “I should go to bed and leave you guys to it. I didn’t mean to blab and cause problems.”

To stem her panic, I give her a hug. “Hey, this is on me. Not you. I should have told my mum about the letter months ago, but I didn’t know what to make of it. It’s her mum. And she’s been grieving. But I think it’s good to get it all out in the open now. Please stay. She won’t tell me off for keeping it from her if you’re there to protect me.” I make it a joke, but it falls flat, and I realise my mum would have no problems dressing me down if she thought I’d done something wrong, even if there was a friend present.

I keep a hold of Abby while reaching down for my bag, but have to let go to undo it and pull the folder out containing the letter.

“I don’t mind heading to bed if you want to speak to your parents alone. Please don’t think you have to include me just because I’ve been so nosy about the building.”

“Come on, you’re in this now. May as well see it through until we find some answers.” I clutch her hand, pulling her along behind me as we go back into the lounge. My parents are where I left them, but their faces both look serious as we sit back down. Abby gestures for me to sit closest to Mum this time, which I do before I pass the clear folder containing the letter to her.

Mum pulls it closer, moving the folder so my dad can read along with her. I wait in silence and look across to Abby, who's watching Mum with her bottom lip caught between her teeth. I tug her lip free from her anxious nibbling. Our eyes meet. "It's okay," I mouth to her, not wanting to disturb my parents while they read. I stroke her jaw with my hand, which causes her gaze to flick across to my parents before coming back to me. She gives my knee a pat and gestures with her chin to my parents.

I turn to see them both watching us intently.

"How is Saff?" Mum asks, completely throwing me off guard. She's holding the letter on her lap but staring right at me. "You mentioned that Abby has met her. Everything okay there?"

"Yeah, all good. Still friends," I say with a smile.

"Friends." Mum repeats, flicking her gaze to Abby and back to me. "I'm glad you've got friends that make you happy, Cam. I hope you're taking care with people's feelings."

"Of course I am," I say, worried that it sounds like I'm guilty about something. "My friends are important to me and I look after them." I push down the churning in my stomach when I think about how I left Glasgow, and Saff felt somewhat abandoned. I'm going to do better now.

"He does," Abby speaks up from beside me, her hand gripping my knee. "He's a good friend. And I think Saff would say the same thing." She purses her lips as if stopping herself from saying anything else.

"I'm glad to hear it." Mum's gaze bounces between me and Abby again, and I can't help but feel this won't be the last thing she says about it. Thankfully, she changes the subject back to the letter, holding up the folder to wave it about as she asks, "So, what

have you found out about it?”

“Not much beyond the letter. My solicitor was able to verify what William’s letter says about the building being signed over to Gran and who managed it for her. It seems that the building was boarded up several years ago, around the time that Grandpa died and Gran was declining. The original solicitor who was managing it for her died. It sounds like it got passed around the office a few times, but no-one really followed up on it.” My parents share a glance but say nothing. “I’m hoping Great Aunt Ruth knows something about it and can fill in the blanks.”

“Have you tracked down this William guy?” Dad asks.

I shake my head before replying, “Not yet. I thought we could discuss it all once I’d spoken to Ruth and then decide what to do from there.”

“What made you keep this from us?” Mum asks with a puzzled tone.

“You were grieving, and I didn’t know what that letter meant. No-one seemed particularly surprised Gran had left me some random building none of us knew about. Yeah, she owned property, but why had none of us heard of this place before? So I thought I’d do some digging before I told you. And give you some time to process before I threw anything else at you.”

“I’m glad we know now. I guess we wait and see what Auntie Ruth has to say about it all tomorrow.” Mum gives me a watery smile.

And I just hope we get some answers.

Chapter twenty-nine

Abby

The discomfort in the room is thick, like a cloud. I feel shit for blurting out about the letter and even with Cam's reassurances that it wasn't my fault and he should have told his parents anyway, there's still a heavy weight in my gut.

"Who wants tea?" Gordon asks.

"Screw tea, Gordon. I vote for something stronger. Let's open the whisky from Mum," Becky says.

"We'll get it," Cam offers, helping me up by the hand. "Where is it?"

"In the cupboard under the kitchen island, where we keep the good stuff." Gordon winks.

"Come on, Pixie," Cam mutters under his breath as he draws me from the room. When we get out to the hallway, he doesn't drop my hand, pulling me through to the kitchen. His air of anguish has me gripping back to provide an anchor for him.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“What’s the rush?” I ask, my tone steady in the hope it helps to calm him.

“I just need some space to breathe.”

“Are you okay?” I ask. He’s come to a stop by the kitchen island, and I move to stand in front of him.

“I just...” He draws his palm over his face. “I didn’t want anything to come out to taint Gran’s memory. I’d hoped to do all this research and then I would tell them, but carefully so there wasn’t any more heartbreak.” Devastation marks his face.

My brows knit. “Is it because William wasn’t your grandfather?” I ask.

He shakes his head. “The date of that letter is after my grandparents got married.”

“Oh,” is all I can say in response. What else is there to say?

“Yeah. So, let’s see what Ruth says tomorrow. I’m guessing it may end up being a family meeting now rather than just us two popping over for morning tea.”

“I can stay here. I don’t need to come.” I feel like an intruder. One that’s opened up a whole can of worms, and I don’t know that I want to watch them crawl around all over this nice house and lovely family.

“I won’t judge you if you don’t want to come, but I’ll appreciate the company if you do.” His lips pull into a sad smile. “I feel so daft for not speaking to you about the letter and the date. I meant to on the drive here...”

“But then I fell asleep.”

“Well, there is that.” He lets out a chuckle. “But I had all day to tell you. I just forgot.” He shrugs.

It seems like quite an important detail to forget to mention though. My frown must give me away because he follows up with, “You’re a distraction, Abby. I spent most of the day trying to work out how to convince you we should make a go of this.” His hand gestures between the two of us, pairing us up. He closes his eyes, drawing in a breath.

I curse myself for falling asleep. He’s taken care of me all day; on the plane, the drive here, and just now when I blurted out about the secret letter. As scary as it seems to think about how we move forward, I need to know how he sees it working.

His tone is gruff when he adds, “Now’s not the time. How about we drop the whisky off with my parents and leave? I get the feeling they need some time to process this. And we can head over to the guest house?”

“Okay.” My tone is uncertain which fucks me off no end because I pride myself in being sure of my decisions. I straighten my spine and give him a nod. “Let’s do that.”

Twenty minutes later, we run through a rainstorm to the guest house, which is a tiny little cottage set up like a bedsit. It’s a similar size to my place but adorably quaint with an old Victorian style metal framed bed. The bed is so tall, I’ll probably need Cam to give me a leg up.

Cam drops our bags on a chair and then locks the door we just entered, shutting out the downpour and shaking off the rain. There’s still a steady thrum of the raindrops hitting the roof and I’m glad to be inside.

“Drink?” he asks, strolling over to the kitchenette.

“Please.” I need it after the last hour, and I’m not convinced we are done with deep and meaningful conversations yet.

He pulls open a cupboard and draws out a whisky bottle not dissimilar to the one he handed to his parents a short while ago. He grabs two glasses and ice from the freezer box, pouring us a couple of fingers in each glass, over the ice.

“Come on, let’s sit.” He leads me over to a navy, velvet chaise lounge in the corner of the room, squeezing himself into a jade green armchair while I have the luxurious long chair to myself. I sip on the wood-scented whisky, grateful for the warm feeling that spreads through my chest as I swallow.

“We don’t have to do this now.” I offer him the out, wondering if I’m being cowardly and trying to grant myself the same escape.

“What don’t we need to do?” He’s looking down at his glass, swirling the liquid around with the ice. His voice is pitched low, making me want to lean close to hear him better.

“We don’t have to talk about us. You’ve got enough going on with The Juniper and this family stuff.”

His chin comes up then, and his gaze pierces mine. I’m hyper-aware of everything all at once: my chest moving with each breath, with the quietness in this place, the cool, smooth glass in my hand, and his gaze heating me from the inside. “I think I need to talk about it.”

I nod. “Okay.” There’s an intensity to him that seems to sit under the surface most of the time. But it’s leaking out into the open the more I get to know him. Or maybe I’m

just more aware of it the more important he becomes to me.

“I want you, Abby. I want you in my life even though I know you don’t do monogamy, and you haven’t had any serious relationships. The monogamy doesn’t matter to me; I want your heart. I want your soul. I want to be your safe space.” His eyes drill into mine, and I gulp down air, trying to remember how to breathe properly, but everything is all muddled up.

“Why me?” I ask, because I can’t understand what makes him want more.

“You make me happy. You turned up that night in Glasgow and took my breath away. I was so desperate to see you again after. I’d been sad about my Gran and confused about what I was doing with my life. And then you appeared out of nowhere and blew me away. When you left without me knowing anything about you, I assumed you were a mirage, but I think you were just what I needed to help draw me back to myself and move forward.”

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

I raise my glass to my lips, needing to moisten my dry mouth.

“And then you strolled down the street towards me that day. I still can’t believe that. I’d given up hearing from you at that point. I was just head down trying to get stuck into the renovations. It’s odd, right, that the building Gran left for me was just down the road from where you work and live. How big is the world? Why do you think that happened?”

I jolt when I realise he is expecting an answer; that it’s not a rhetorical question.

“It is a strange coincidence. Especially when The Juniper has been a weird obsession of mine.”

“Why do you think that is?” He shifts to the edge of his seat, like the tether between us is tightening so neither of us can stay too far from the other.

“I think I was sad that it was all boarded up; it looked almost lonely. It wasn’t living up to its full potential. I could see how beautifully built it was. It just needed some love.” I smile wistfully. “And it has this strange air of mystery about it. No-one seemed to know what it had been, who was responsible for it. That drew me in.”

He takes a swig of his whisky and then sets it down on the side table beside the chairs, out of the way. “You like mysteries?”

“I like things that are different. I hadn’t seen many buildings like that before. I imagined myself looking out at the world from that top circular tower. It was fanciful.” I try to shrug it off.

“Where do you see yourself in the future?” The question comes out of nowhere, and I realise he has the same knack as his mother for pulling on threads and diving deeper into the heart of things.

“I want to be happy. I’d be happy working for Tom at the bar, spending time with friends, having fun. Maybe get a bigger place eventually. Travel some more.” And that probably is everything I would have said a few months ago. But as I reel off that list now, it doesn’t feel complete.

“And you don’t want to do that with anyone at your side, supporting and encouraging you?”

“I don’t need that,” I tell him, even though it doesn’t quite ring true.

“I know you’re independent and strong, and you don’t need anyone. But don’t you want it, even if you don’t need it? Don’t you get lonely sometimes?” He pauses, assessing me with his gaze.

Lonely? Is that what’s been weighing me down since my mum left, and while I’ve been busy avoiding him?

He continues, “Before Gran died, I think I would have said a similar answer to you. I’d be happy with my work, and my friends and having fun. But she turned all that on its head with the last words she said to me.” I tip further forward, unable to look away.

“What did she say?” I whisper the question.

“She said ‘a life without love is no life at all’. It’s a Leonardo da Vinci quote. I looked it up after...” His eyes grow stormy, and he quietens for a moment. “I thought she meant it was about Grandpa and her family, and she was telling me to settle

down. Then I saw that damn letter and it didn't make sense. But I loved my work, so I decided to throw myself into that.

It keeps repeating itself over and over in my head every time I'm with you. When we get to the end of our time together and I don't want you to leave. Every day I wake up and you aren't beside me, there's something missing." He heaves a sigh, leaning back in his chair and the loss of his proximity is sudden. We'd been sharing the same air, and now there's a gulf between us.

"I don't think I know how to love someone properly," I tell him, wanting to offer him something that keeps him in this conversation I hadn't been certain I wanted to have. "It's not something that I've ever done. I didn't have any good role models for it, either. Not until recently." His eyes flare and I'm glad he realises I'm talking about him as well as my friends.

"I don't think there is a proper way to love someone, Pixie." When I finally shared my real name with him, it was special to hear him say it. But now, that nickname tugs at my chest. "We just have to find our own way. We have to give it our all, give the person we love our whole heart and all our hopes and dreams, and demand the same in return. I don't care who you fuck. I hope that you'll be interested in playing with others together, but we can figure that out. What I want is your heart, and I want to serve mine to you on a platter. I want you to gorge yourself on the love I want to give you. I want you to feel loved and valued and worthy."

He pauses. I'm finding it hard to breathe, and I can't tear my eyes away.

"I don't want to lose you. I want to find our own version of love. Would you do that with me?" It feels like such an ordinary question—like what I want to order for dinner—and yet, my whole body trembles with something.

"I don't know." It comes out fast, like a gasp of surprise. "I need a moment. I can't

think.” I place a hand on my chest, my heart beating frantically. I stare at the rug on the floor, not really seeing the patterns but needing to focus on something other than Cam. He’s like the sun—I want to orbit myself around him. I want to belong to him. Shock tries to engulf me, but there’s a sliver of hope in my heart, threatening to crack my carefully constructed shell of protection wide open and have love pouring out.

Do I want this?

I think so.

But I’m so scared I’m going to fuck it up.

I pause in my uncertainty for too long. He’s standing up. Fuck, he’s leaving. I wasn’t fast enough. My eyes close, and I curse my cowardice for not embracing him with both arms. With my whole body.

And then something nudges my knee. My eyes open, and I find him standing tall above me. He takes my hand, lifting my drink from my other hand and placing it on the side table. Then he eases me out of the chair, drawing me into his arms.

“Please don’t panic, my love. I don’t want to rush you if you’re not ready. You can have as long as you want.”

It could be panic, but I don’t think it is. I think it’s a dawning realisation. It would be easy to claim that time, that space, to lessen this pressure on me. But I won’t be cowardly. That’s not who I am, nor who I want to be.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

I tip my chin, our gazes clashing.

“I want to try,” I tell him, relief rushing through me as I admit it out loud. My bottom lip wobbles as I try to work out what to say next. “I don’t have a fucking clue what I’m doing, but I want to try with you.”

Tears well in his eyes as he lifts me off my feet and spins me around with utter joy. “You’ve made me so happy. We can try. We can figure it out as we go.”

“But so help me, Cam, if you intend to serve me your heart on a platter, then you better never snatch it back because I will fight you for it.” He’s mine, and I’m ready to claim him. “Take me to bed,” I demand.

He lets out a growl as he flips me onto his shoulder and I relish in his inner caveman being set free.

Chapter thirty

Abby

If I had to guess how this would go, I would have said it would be frenzied and desperate. That we’d come together quickly to work through this milestone that we’ve reached.

But it’s not like that. Not at all.

He takes the lead, throwing me onto the bed, but then he slows the pace. I wait for my

usual impatience to hit as he lies, facing me, his hands brushing up my side and drawing me closer while he kisses me. Instead of the jitters, peace drapes itself over me like a comforting blanket.

There is no rush.

He's not going anywhere.

Neither am I.

And, fuck, the joy that brings warmth me from the inside out better than any shot of whisky.

His hand is on my arse, cupping me through my jeans, pulling me close until there's no air between us.

It could feel like drowning; but instead, a warmth of tenderness floods through me as I press myself against him. I lose track of how long we stay like that, entwined together on the bed, but when we draw back, his lips are puffy and full, and my own tingle with overuse.

His smile is soft and mirrored in the creases at the side of his eyes. His eyes twinkle with the evidence of his contentment.

One of his hands threads through my hair, and I lean into his palm. He presses a kiss onto the end of my nose and I can feel the curve of his smile as he does.

"Okay, love?" he asks with a low murmur.

I nod, worried my voice will be hoarse with feeling if I try to speak. The emotion is all sitting there, right in my chest. It's not painful, but I am aware of its presence and

it makes this intimate moment feel so much more real.

He moves away to stand beside the bed and I kneel up, shifting to the edge to stay close to him.

He reaches down to the hem of my t-shirt, lifting it over my head. His hands run over my exposed skin like he's trying to map it all with the pads of his fingers.

I manage to pull his top off, throwing it behind him so I can copy his movements. Our mouths must get jealous of the touching because they are drawn to each other once more.

He unfastens his trousers and pushes them down, along with his boxers, before removing them. He stands tall, naked, and I drink him in. His cock juts proudly from his body, pointing in my direction, which tips the corners of my mouth into a smirk.

I place my hands on his hips and smooth them up his rib cage, enjoying his shaky breath at the soft touch before hopping down from the bed.

“May I?” His voice comes out in a croak, exactly how I imagine mine would sound if I tried to talk. His hands come to the fastening of my jeans, and he dips his head to meet my eyes. It's then that I realise that checking for consent doesn't just have to be sensible and the right thing to do; it can also be an expression of love.

“You may.” The words come out rough and I swallow to try and lubricate my dry throat. “I'm all yours,” I add, although it sounds no smoother.

His eyes shine with joy at that statement and his teeth bite his bottom lip as he draws in a deep breath. He begins to undo my jeans, kneeling to draw them down my legs. Once they're discarded, he presses a kiss to my mound that's still covered by my knickers. His warm breath radiates through the material, causing my thighs to clench.

He looks up at me, from his knees at my feet, as he takes off my underwear. I am developing a solid appreciation for the way Cam offers himself up to me so openly. He holds nothing of himself back, and his doing so helps me crack open the defensive wall I've kept around myself. He makes me feel seen in a completely different way to anything I've encountered before. He's known things about me that I hadn't even admitted to myself. He wants me just as I am.

He grasps my bum with his huge hands while pressing kisses over my belly and rib cage. His hold makes me feel cherished.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

My hands stroke the hair at his nape. Tears well in my eyes, taking me by surprise. I will them away. There's just so much feeling, so much emotion, and my body doesn't know how to deal with it. I hold on to him tightly, knowing I can rely on him to ground me. And a weight, I didn't know was there, lifts from my shoulders.

This man wants to treasure me, and protect me, and love me. Suddenly, that impatience I had been expecting earlier hits, and I need him inside me right this second.

My hands grasp at his shoulders, trying to tug him upwards.

"Hey, what's the rush?"

"Please, Cameron, I need you. I need you now," I urge.

He stands and lifts me as if I weigh nothing, cradling me with an arm while he sweeps the covers of the bed back, and then lowering me onto the mattress with such gentleness that those damn tears make a re-appearance.

I scuttle further back on the bed, making space for him to join me. He doesn't keep me waiting, wedging a knee between my thighs as he looms over me, blocking out the light from above.

I open my legs as wide as possible, making room for him to settle between them. He holds his weight off of me with his forearms, but I wish he'd smother me with his whole body. I want to feel him everywhere.

“Hurry,” I beg. The warmth of his breath caresses my cheek as he chuckles at my rush.

“I’m not going anywhere, Abby. We’ve got all night.” His voice is smooth this time, and his accent still makes me shiver with pleasure.

“Please,” I plead.

“I need to get you ready. And I need to get a condom,” he says. “They’re in my pocket.”

“You don’t,” I whisper. He leans back, allowing more light in so I can see the bewilderment on his face. “I’m on contraception and both our test results have been clear.”

“I...” he stutters, that blank expression on his face that only shows up when his brain glitches.

“I need you inside me. I want all of you,” I tell him. “It doesn’t have to be tonight, but soon. We can get retested and go from there.” I pull back from my pushiness, not wanting to force him into something he doesn’t feel comfortable with.

“You’re certain?”

“Yes, but only if you are. I don’t want to pressure you.”

He doesn’t answer me with words, but in the way he settles his body closer to mine, the tip of his cock brushing at the apex of my thighs. His fingers find my swollen clit, pressing against it before dipping below to ease into my entrance. “Fuck, you’re already so wet,” he groans into my ear.

“I’m ready.” I lift my head to press my lips against the strained muscles in his neck. He grips the base of his cock and I sigh as he pushes inside.

My eyes flutter close so I can savour how good it is to have his hard cock slide deep inside me. He pushes his way in slowly, and I can’t help but clench around his naked shaft.

I’ve never had an unwrapped penis inside me. It’s a different sensation, velvet skin pressing firmly into my wet pussy. I’m glad it’s him and there’s no barrier between us. This is something I can give him. A part of me that no-one else has ever had.

He grunts as he bottoms out, and we both pause, drawing in breath. The rain still hammers down on the roof, like it’s keeping us in a cocoon.

I open my eyes, and he’s staring at me. He lowers his mouth to press a hard kiss against my lips.

“Mine.” It comes out as a growl, and my pussy floods with pleasure at the sound and the claim.

“Yes, I’m yours. Make me yours,” I tell him, lifting my legs to wrap them around his hips, changing the angle, and pushing him deeper.

He slides out all the way to the tip before pushing back inside. It’s tortuously slow to begin with, and I try to buck my hips to move things along. My hands are on his back and I slide them down to his arse, trying to urge him on.

But this man can be more stubborn than I am. He stays firm to whatever plan he has, at least until I stop trying to rush him. Finally, after more strokes of torment, he increases the pace.

“Yes,” I cry, pressing my mouth to the place where his neck meets his shoulder.

“You’ll take what I give you.” He rasps the words against my temple. “When I’m ready to give it to you.”

My rebellious side would have a ball with that statement, fighting him every inch of the way, but she’s not here right now. The woman lying below him, wrapped around him, is accepting of everything he wants to give her. She loves him.

Page 71

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

So I don't fight him. I reach a hand up to clasp the back of his neck and press my mouth to his.

He groans from deep in his throat, upping his pace, and I do my best to hold on and take it all. The bars of the headboard begin to thump against the wall, and if his hips weren't pinning me to this bed, I would be moving with every thrust. It's perfect. He's claiming me.

"Please, Cam, I need you to fill me up." I pant the words against his neck, unsure if he can hear me over the harshness of his breath, the bed hitting the wall, and the rain on the roof.

"Come for me, Pixie. Come around my cock. And then I'll fill you up."

I squeeze my walls tight and detonate underneath him as he pinches my clit as he thrusts deep.

"That's it, love. Are you ready for my cum?"

I can't express words as I shake from head to toe, still in the throes of my orgasm, but I manage a low moan as I cling to him.

I keep my ankles crossed at his back, angling my hips so he can sink deeper still and fill me. He fucks me hard, his body tensing and his groans of pleasure getting louder until his hot cum spurts inside me, coating my walls and setting off aftershocks of my own release. Satisfaction, like nothing I've known before, settles over me like a weighted blanket. I am his.

Breathless and covered in sweat, he somehow manages to find the energy to roll us over and I lay sprawled on his front.

He taps me on the bum with his warm palm.

“Perfect.” His tone is gleeful, even as his breathing still slows. “Let’s do that every day, forever.”

I can’t think of a witty comeback, and there’s really only one thing I want to say. So I do.

“I love you.” It’s not loud, but he hears it.

“And. I. Love. You,” he murmurs between peppering my face with kisses.

Chapter thirty-one

Cam

It’s hard to peel my gaze away from her as the early morning sun creeps in around the curtains. The rain stopped sometime after midnight, and the sun is here to chase away the damp.

I haven’t been able to keep my hands off her all night. She said she’d try. The relief I felt, the hope at that moment, was unlike anything I’ve ever experienced. We’d come together slowly. There was no rush when I knew I’d get her again. Every time up to then had felt more frantic, just in case she walked away again and I couldn’t get her back. We’d touched each other for hours, whispering as we sought pleasure. And after she’d demanded I move things along, when we’d got our breath back, I tugged her into my arms and held her there all night long. I wish we had days, weeks together, just the two of us without anyone intruding, but we have to leave tomorrow,

and before that, we need to go and visit Great Aunt Ruth.

“Okay?” I ask as she gets dressed beside me. She tugs on her jeans, jumping up and down to pull them all the way up and get them fastened before she pulls a white t-shirt emblazoned with a unicorn over her head. I raise a brow at her, and she pokes her tongue out, making me want to reach across and bite on it. But I can’t get distracted. I really need to check in with my parents, and then we need to be on our way to Ruth’s.

I sit on the edge of the bed to tug my boots on and lace them up. She steps close, her feet still bare, and strokes a hand over my beard. “I’m good, Cam. Are you?” Her lips are pursed with concern, her previous cheek forgotten.

“Yeah, I wanna check in with Mum and Dad on the way out, and then let’s see if we can get some answers.”

“You definitely want me to come? I don’t mind staying here and hanging out with the dogs.”

“I’d like you to come.”

She nods, moving away to slide on socks and trainers before grabbing her jacket. I take it from her, holding it open so she can put it on, then smooth my hands over her shoulders and down her arms, giving her a quick squeeze to tide me over until we can be alone again.

We head across the gravel driveway, and I knock on the back door before entering. Mum and Dad sit close together at the dining table.

“Hey.” My dad gives us a smile as we enter. “Fancy a roll and sausage with tattie scone? I’m guessing you’ve missed them since you’ve been down south. And a coffee?”

“We need to leave in about half an hour, but aye, sounds good.”

“I can help,” Abby offers, following my dad to the kitchen.

“Hey, Mum.” I take the seat Dad just vacated and place a hand on the back of her chair, trying to work out the best way to offer her comfort.

She looks over at me, her eyes puffy and red, and it breaks my heart. “Hey, love.” She leans into my shoulder.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“I’m sorry I wasn’t forthcoming about the letter before last night. I really was hoping to get it all cleared up before I told you, and I never intended to keep it from you.”

“I know, love. I have good and bad days. Some days I miss her so much, and I think the letter just brought it all up again. It doesn’t really go away. Some days it’s just easier to live with, you know?”

“I know.” I rest my chin on Mum’s head, wishing I could make it better. “Do you want to come to Ruth’s?”

“I think so. Dad’s not convinced it’s a good idea, but if she does know anything, she can tell us all together.”

“Okay, is Dad coming too?”

“Aye, can we take your car?”

“Of course. I was going to drive back the long way, take Abby to the Quiraing, but I can always drop you guys home first.”

“I’ll wrap up warm just in case. Let’s see how it goes. I don’t want to intrude on your time with your friend.”

I snort out a laugh. “Maybe more than a friend. She’s agreed to make a go of it.”

She claps her hands with joy. “Oh, Cam, I’m so pleased. I know you’ve had your own stuff going on, but I just want you to be happy. I haven’t spent enough time to really

get to know her yet, but she seems lovely.”

“She is. But don’t put too many expectations on us, okay? I don’t think it’s going to be a conventional relationship.” Mum frowns and I pause, unsure how much to say. “Neither of us are thinking about marriage and kids and white picket fences.”

Mum nods, glancing across the room to Abby, who’s making coffee while Dad prepares the rolls. “As long as you’re happy and she makes sure you don’t work too hard, I don’t mind how it looks.”

Dad and Abby come back with steaming mugs of coffee and crispy rolls filled with square sausage and tattie scones.

“So all the Macleod men are obsessed with potatoes then?” Abby teases before she digs into her roll.

“What’s this then? Some kind of intervention?” Ruth asks as we all pile into her sitting room. She’s sitting in her favourite armchair, next to the window, where she can keep an eye on what’s happening on the street outside.

After hugs and introductions, Mum and Dad take the two armchairs opposite Ruth, and I tug Abby down beside me on the loveseat opposite the window. Abby glances around the room, taking in all the framed photos and artwork covering every inch of wall space available.

“Good to see you, Cameron. It’s been too long.” Ruth turns her owl-like gaze on me. “You’re working down in London, I hear.”

“That’s right. I’m renovating a building down there. It’s called The Juniper.” Ruth’s eyes narrow shrewdly. “It’s the building Gran left to me.”

“That’s right, I remember.” Of course she does. My Great Aunt has the memory of an elephant. She may be in her eighties, but she still has all her wits about her. It’s her frailty that we all worry about.

Susan, Ruth’s carer-companion, bustles in with a tea tray. She sets it down on the coffee table and pours everyone a cup before passing round a plate of biscuits. Abby and I both make a move for the last chocolate-covered one. She gets there first, but I steal a bite. She gasps at my audacity as I chew and swallow. She shoves the remaining two-thirds in her mouth before I can steal any more and then swipes two bourbons as well. I chuckle before realising that everyone is staring at us. My parents look amused, and Ruth sits regally, her gaze switching between the two of us. Finally, she offers what looks like a nod of approval. “You’ll be good for him, lass. He’s grown up getting his own way. Don’t let him push you around.”

Abby holds her fingertips to her mouth while she swallows and then smiles towards Ruth. “I won’t. I’ll keep him in line, I promise.”

I bump my shoulder into hers, but she doesn’t look at me.

“So, what do you want to know?” Ruth’s gaze is back on me now.

“I wondered if you knew how Gran came to own The Juniper? If you can cast any light on the family history associated with it?”

“Hmmm.” She settles back in her chair, her gaze on a Skye landscape painting above my head before moving across to Mum. “I don’t know the full story, but I was aware of some of the circumstances.”

“It’s okay, Auntie Ruth,” Mum tells her. “Cam showed me a letter that was with the building deeds. From a man called William?”

Ruth nods. “I remember him. Do you have the letter with you?”

“I do.” I take the folder from my side and pass it to her.

We all wait in silence while she reads it, reaching the end with another nod. Her eyes flick to the top, I presume to the date listed there. “Ah, I see. It’s the date that’s got your underwear in a bunch.” She purses her lips.

“It’s dated weeks after Mum and Dad’s wedding,” Mum says, her voice shaking.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“Hmmm, I see that. I did wonder.” Her gaze sweeps from Mum’s face over to mine. There’s a pause before she adds matter-of-factly, “He was her lover.”

Mum lets out a gasp. Fuck. My brows raise. Abby lays her hand on my knee, giving it a comforting rub.

“I think she was in what you young ones call a love triangle these days.” There’s a wistful smile on her face. “She was seeing this William fella on the quiet, but he was English and wasn’t welcome with the locals. I think it started with her feeling sorry for him. Now, I don’t know if our parents knew she was seeing him, but it did seem odd that they seemed to pluck John out of nowhere and claim that there’d always been an agreement between the two families that her and John would marry.”

“Surely not. An arranged marriage?” Mum pipes up with a shocked tone.

“I don’t know that it was properly arranged. I think they’d caught wind of the English lad taking a fancy for their daughter and decided to put a Scotsman in his way.” Ruth takes a sip of her tea before continuing, “I knew she was seeing him in secret. I don’t know for sure if they were intimate, but she was smitten, even talking of going away with him. Then her and John were suddenly engaged and then married as soon as the banns had been read three times. Everyone thought she was knocked up.”

Mum lets out a gasp. Ruth shakes her head. “She wasn’t. I guess this William guy hung around for a while. He was working here. He was some kind of broker for property; just learning the job. One of the reasons the locals weren’t keen was because they thought he was selling off local property to the rich English.” She curls her lip in distaste.

“I’m confused why Gran had to give him the train fare for the journey home if he had a decent job,” I admit.

Ruth looks down to read that part of the letter again. “Hmmm, it is strange. Perhaps he didn’t have any Scottish money? Or had to leave in a rush, and the bank wasn’t open? He would have had to have caught the ferry to Mallaig and get the train down.”

“I guess that explains it.”

“I always thought Mum and Dad were in love.” Mum speaks quietly from where she’s cuddled under my dad’s arm.

“They grew to love each other, Rebecca. You came along a couple of years after the wedding, and I remember them both being so happy.” She smiles, a fond, faraway look in her eyes as they scan over the family pictures hung on the wall across from her. “John was a good man. Elizabeth knew that from the start, even when she was pining for her Englishman. They made a go of it, and they made it work.”

She watches Mum closely. “It’s never pleasant thinking about older generations having a love life, but from what I know, my sister was happy with John. He doted on her, from the get-go, as I recall.”

“I wonder if she ever heard from William again,” I say.

Ruth gives an elegant shrug. “She never mentioned him to me again after she married John. Have you looked him up?”

“Not yet. I wanted to keep it in the family first. But perhaps, if Mum is okay with that, I can make some enquiries,” I reply.

“Let me know what you decide. I’d like to know if you do locate him.” She gives a

nod of finality. “So this Juniper building then? Tell me what you’re doing with it?”

Chapter thirty-two

Abby

We’re perched on an outcrop of rocks at the Quiraing, surrounded by tufty grass waving in the breeze. Gordon and Becky suggested he give me the whistlestop tour when we dropped them at home. There’s a hiking trail here, but it takes a few hours, and I am not properly equipped with walking boots, so instead he drove us up to the car park and we walked across the skinny stony path to this sunny spot where we can sit and admire the incredible view. Green and blue for miles with little spots of creamy white marking the rock climbing sheep. Skye is laid in front of us, stunningly beautiful.

“I like coming up here to think. Always try to come whenever I’m visiting,” he tells me.

“It’s stunning. I don’t understand why you’d want to leave.”

“I like the idea of spending more time here in the future, but I had to get away. Needed to find my own way in the world. See more than just this island. If only to appreciate the beauty here every time I come home.”

There’s a contentedness in the way his eyes crease around the edges. Happiness is so hot on him.

“Does it feel good to get some answers?” I ask, snuggling into his side. It’s a beautiful day, but we are exposed up here, and the breeze feels chilly with only my light coat.

“Aye, it does. I’ll chat with Mum and see if she wants me to look into William, even if we don’t make contact. But I should let her make that call.”

“Do you think your mum is okay?” I ask.

“She’ll be alright. My dad takes good care of her. And I think the weight came off her shoulders after speaking with Ruth.”

“I can see why you’d want to make a go of us when you have the example of your parents. They seem like a good partnership.”

“They are. I’m lucky to have them. After I split with my ex, I lost the plot, decided that none of it was for me. I didn’t need a special someone. Worked my arse off and fucked around, but Saff kept me grounded. Then we lost Gran, and you snuck in and kept reminding me of Gran’s last words every time I thought of you. I meant what I said last night. I don’t mind if we’re not monogamous, if you want to sleep with other people. I just want to be your person. The one you come back to.”

“I never wanted my own person, Cam. I didn’t want one person to be solely responsible for my happiness and my dreams. But I want to keep coming back to you. I want to spend more time with you.” Sitting here on this rock, looking out at what could be the edge of the world, feels so right when he’s here by my side. Yes, it would be awesome by myself. But he makes it even better.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“Abby, you can give me your happiness and dreams, and I promise to take good care of them. But I don’t expect you to hand them over. How ‘bout you keep hold of them and I stay at your side and help when they get heavy or you need a rest?” Those crinkles are back at the side of his eyes. “I want to share your life, not own it completely.”

Relief washes over me. I think I get it now. “Have I been missing the point all along?” I ask him.

He chuckles, low and deep, like it’s bubbling up from his stomach. He shakes his head. “I don’t think so. I think you had to find the right person, but you had to prove you could do it all by yourself first. There’s nothing wrong with that. I’m so in awe of your independence and your tenacity and the way you don’t rely on anyone. You’re the strongest person I know.” Warmth floods my whole body. His praise means everything to me. He continues, “But it’s okay to not be so strong and independent all the time. I want to be the person that you can rely on when you need a break, when you want a hug, when you want someone else to make the decision for once. Let me be that person.”

“Yes.” I nod. I can envision it. “I want this, Cam.” I settle my head against his chest as his arm comes around to pull me even closer to his side. “Will you let me do the same for you?”

“Pixie, you’ve been that person for me for weeks, even if I wasn’t brave enough to tell you. You gave me a purpose outside of my work and The Juniper. Why do you think I kept coming back and butting my way into your life? Why I kept in touch? But it’s even better when I get to do it for you too.” I close my eyes, savouring his

warm hug as the breeze picks up, blowing my hair all over the place.

I don't know what else to say. I don't know that there is anything else I can add to this conversation now. I realise that what comes next is my actions. I need to let him in. I need to commit to giving a good go of this. As if it agrees, my stomach takes the opportunity to gurgle loudly. Cam's chest shakes with laughter at the noise.

"Oh goodness, did we leave you too long between meals?"

"I think it's because you stole that bite of the chocolate biscuit. That extra bit would have tided me over a bit longer."

"Shall we go and find some lunch?" he asks.

"Yes, please."

Of course Cam knows a cute little pub for us to have lunch in. We dig into our haggis, neeps, and tatties, which Cam insisted I try whilst in Scotland. The haggis has a spiciness to it I wasn't expecting, and I empty the plate in no time. "I feel like we're in a different world. This is so unlike London." I tell him as we watch people pour off the little ferry dock we can see from where we're seated.

He nods, "It really is. It's different even from Glasgow. Sometimes I think I'd go crazy if I lived here full time after time spent in the cities. But every now and again, I crave the peace."

"You don't own a place here?" I ask him.

He shakes his head. "I've thought about it a lot. Just need to wait for the right place to come up. I could probably run it as a rental most of the year and use it when I'm visiting." He brushes his thumb against his bottom lip, and I can tell there's a

question coming. “Do you want to stay in London long term?”

I mull over my answer for a moment. “Just a week ago, I probably would have said yes, but I do want to experience other places. I’d love to travel more and spend time out of the city. My job is there and I have friends there, but I have no solid ties.” I breathe out a sigh. My job and my friends have been my ties for such a long time. But perhaps my point of gravity has shifted now.

I continue, “My past self would be horrified that she was letting a man affect her place in the world. Although it’s not so much that you’re dictating what I do and where I go, I realise I want to spend time with you, where you are.” I gulp, running a body scan for any impending sense of panic at my words. I’m okay. “I’m open to the possibilities, Cam, even if I don’t know what they are yet.” He presses his lips to my hairline.

“I won’t abuse the opportunity to be your person, Abby, I promise. We just need to keep communicating. I think that’s going to be the key to figuring out what works for us.”

I agree with a nod.

“Wanna go and see a fairy playground?” Cam asks after we’ve paid the bill and are back in the car.

“What?” I ask, baffled.

“It’s called the Fairy Glen. It’s said to be magical, and there’s a lot of folklore around it. I think you’ll like it, Pixie.” He tugs a tendril of my hair.

“Sounds intriguing. Let’s go,” I tell him, excited for whatever he wants to show me. Today, next week, and hopefully forever.

Epilogue - Part 1

Cam

One year later

The Clubhouse is packed tonight. It seems to be busier every time we come. And we're definitely considered regulars these days, showing up most months. I raise my brows in greeting at Dan as he approaches, dressed in something silver and glittery. He really is the most beautiful man, and it's a privilege that I get to spend time with him here on the regular.

"Hey, how's it going?" he says as he plants a kiss on my cheek. "Nice outfit." He waggles his brow with a smirk.

"Pixie organised it," I say with a deep sigh, looking down at the black and grey tartan mini kilt showing off most of my tatted thighs and the harness I'd worn the first time I was here.

"Of course she did. She's got you wrapped around her pinkie, doesn't she?"

I shrug. "Aye, she does." There's no point denying the truth. "Since day one."

Page 75

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

He slaps me on the shoulder. "I'm glad you guys are happy. It looks good on both of you." We survey the crowd filling the room. "You sure about this?"

"Yeah, I am. I want her to have this. Is our fourth teed up?"

"They are." Dan gives a nod. "And I reserved the bed stage as you requested."

"Excellent. Thanks, Dan. I'll see you in there soon."

"Where's Pixie?"

"She went for a wander to see who's here tonight."

"Does she know what you have planned?"

"She knows I have something planned, just not what," I tell him with a smirk.

"Well, I reckon she'll enjoy her surprise." He pats me on the back before heading off, his arse looking fabulous in his spangled silver shorts. I bite my lip as I watch him strut away.

"Was that Dan? Did I miss him?" Pixie appears at my side a few moments later, her cheeks flushed and excitement sparkling in her eyes.

"It was. But it's okay, we're spending some time with him later."

The sparkles in her eyes intensify under the spotlights strategically placed to make

everything shimmer and shine. “Ooh, a repeat of our first time here? Is that my surprise?”

“Not quite, but you’ll see soon enough. What did you find?” I raise my knuckles to brush against her flushed cheek. “What got you all excited?”

“There’s a massive orgy happening in the back room. Body parts everywhere.”

“Yeah? You join in?”

“Nah, I watched for a while though. Someone was getting absolutely ploughed by that tall Swedish fella we saw here last month. The one that looks like a Viking.”

“Ah, yeah, I remember you had your eye on him.”

“Mostly for you, big guy. I’d enjoy watching that.” She reaches up to brush her lips against my cheek. “What’s the plan?”

“You’ve got time to hydrate, and then we’ve got the bed stage reserved shortly.” She wiggles with excitement.

A while later, she tugs me into the exhibition room and over to the corner with the bed, excited for whatever’s to come. The others aren’t there yet, and the seating area is mostly empty apart from a couple making out in the back row.

“When do I find out what you have planned?”

“Soon, my love.” I use my hand to angle her chin up towards me. “Thank you for letting me make the plans for tonight.”

“Turns out it’s fun to be surprised. And I trust you, Cam. I know, whatever it is, it’ll

be good.”

“Good lass,” I tell her, enjoying the way her face screws up in delight at the name.

“Hello, loves.” Dan approaches from behind Abby.

She spins round to hug him, and I move so I can see her face as she clocks who’s walking up beside Dan. She glances at me, jaw dropped, and then her eyes go straight back to the Viking.

“Have you met Henrik?” Dan asks Abby with a quirked brow.

“No, I haven’t had the pleasure. Hey, I’m Pixie.” She reaches out a hand and giggles as he takes hold of it to tug her closer to kiss her on the cheek.

“Pleased to meet you, Pixie,” he says with a hint of a Nordic accent. His eyes rake over her and then move to me, and I’m surprised at the heat that spreads through me as he looks me up and down, smirking at the slutty mini kilt Abby insisted I wear tonight.

“What’s the plan here?” she asks, looking between the three of us.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“We’re going to fill all your holes, honey. How do you feel about that?” Dan says with a grin, his tongue coming out to wet his bottom lip.

“Oh, fuck,” she exclaims, her eyes wide. A tremor rattles through her. Good, she’s excited. Playing with others never gets old, not when she’s always there with me. Over the last year, we’ve only ever shared other people between us, never by ourselves. The set up works well, giving us both the opportunity to explore and have fun whilst still being anchored to one another.

“Your man is being very generous. He’s gonna let you pick who goes where. We did talk about blindfolding you and making you guess, but you’re too clever for that.”

She turns to me again, brows raised in question. I give her a reassuring nod. “It’s completely up to you, Pixie. What do you say?”

She takes her time, looking each of us up and down. She purses her lips, and it’s almost like we can see the wheels turning in her mind.

“You,” she points at Dan, “get the back door.” She turns to the Viking. “You get my pussy.” She looks at me with a grin. “And you get my mouth. I want you to talk me through it.”

We all strip off completely—it’s easier that way—and step up onto the low stage, making our way to the bed. We take our time getting her warmed up. I’ve got three fingers in her tight cunt and we slipped a plug in her arse while Dan lathes his tongue over her nipple and Henrik runs the tip of his dick across her lips. Her tongue pokes out for a taste, drawing my attention. Greedy little pixie. I get off on seeing her used

like this, and the thought of claiming her later as all mine, once we're done with the others, makes the blood sing in my veins.

Our eyes meet and she stares into my soul while she licks Henrik's cock. It's not jealousy I feel here in this moment. It's sheer joy that I'm here, experiencing this pleasure with her. All I want is for her every desire to be met. If those desires include having all of her holes stuffed or having her face buried in someone's pussy while I plough into her, I won't deny her. I want her to have every experience she dreams of, and I want to share it all with her.

I can do that, knowing that it's my arms she walks into after the end of a long day. It's my lap she sits on to steal my breakfast. It's me that lies opposite her on the bed and listens to all her hopes and dreams. It's me that gets that secret smile that no-one else sees. It's me that she whispers, "I love you" to, just as I'm in that space between sleep and awake every night.

She's everything I never knew I wanted. She challenges me at every opportunity with her stubbornness, her feistiness, and her competitive spirit. She makes life fun, taking care of me by making sure I don't work too hard or take life too seriously. And she feasts on all the love I give her whilst offering hers in return.

I bend down to swipe my tongue against her clit, enjoying the way her body bucks from my touch. I tease her, but not for long. "She's ready," I declare to the other two.

"Up you get, love," Dan tells her fondly. "Let Henrik lay down." She does as she's told, clearly eager to move this party to the best bit.

Henrik lays down on the bed, petting his cock with encouragement. Pixie rolls a condom on him before straddling him and wriggling down to line his blunt head at her entrance. Dan puts on his own protection before kneeling between their legs. And I step up towards her face. "Ready, love?" I ask with a tender smile. "They're going

to go slow to start, get you nice and wet and then we're going to stuff you so full, you won't be able to walk out of here afterwards. I'm going to carry you out in my arms, and everyone here will know you're mine. And I'm yours. Okay?"

"Yes, please Cam," her voice pleads, and her hips shift downwards to take Henrik's cock inside her.

"That's it baby, you take that big Viking cock. Does it feel good with him stretching you?" She whimpers, and I give Dan a nod. He pulls out the plug and massages her arse cheeks before easing into her stretched, lubed hole.

"Oh, God," she moans as she's slowly filled with two cocks. Fuck, I wish I could take a photo of the pleasure on her face. She's a picture.

I stay close by, whispering encouragement as the two men work together to find a rhythm that suits them all. The grunts and groans of pleasure keep my cock hard and ready and I grip it at the base as I shift closer, clasp Abby's chin in my hand to get the angle right before pushing my cock between her lips. She lets out a low, strangled moan as she's finally full. Her eyes are wide and she tilts her chin so she can look up at my face as she takes my cock right to the back of her throat.

"Fuck, Pixie. You're doing so well. Look at you, taking three cocks at once. You're so beautiful when you give yourself up to pleasure like this." Her eyelids flutter closed as her orgasm builds. The Viking reaches down to press his hand against her clit, and she detonates. She's a quivering, sweaty mess, and she's never been more beautiful to me. I love her like this. Dan and Henrik increase their speed and follow her over the line.

I make a move to step back and let them all detangle, but Abby reaches her hand out and grips my arse tight so I can't go anywhere. "You want me to use your throat, pour my cum into you?" I ask her. She nods. "Okay, love." And I give it my all,

holding the back of her head while I fuck her mouth. It takes a few strokes and my knees tremble as my cum floods her mouth and she swallows it all down like the good girl she is.

“Fuck, Pixie, look at you. All messed up. Let’s get you cleaned up, yeah?” I manage to say when I find my voice.

Dan pulls out and helps her move across the bed. She sits on the edge of the mattress, and both men go up even further in my estimation when they take a moment to hug her, brush her hair back and check she’s okay. Dan passes her a bottle of water.

Her body droops, and if it weren’t for Henrik holding her up, I’m convinced she’d pour onto the floor like a puddle. I lift a couple of robes from the hooks, pulling one on before helping her into another.

“Thank you, guys. That was fun. Let’s do it again sometime, yeah?” I say as I lift Abby into my arms and carry her off the stage past our now thinning audience.

“Cam,” she says, her hand patting my chest. “Thank you. That was fun.”

“I’m glad you enjoyed it, Pixie.”

“Please, can we go home now? I want a cuddle.”

“I’ll do anything you want, love, you know that.”

Epilogue - Part 2

Abby

Another year later

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

I stand in my favourite spot, gazing down at the street below. I'm in the turret space on the top floor of The Juniper, and I have to pinch myself every day that this is my home now. I'm surrounded by luxurious furnishings, and I don't know if I'll ever get used to it. A window bench with throw pillows encircles the room, cleverly built with space underneath for bookshelves and other storage. I've spent many an afternoon in the armchair that stands in the middle of the room, my feet propped up on the bench, a book in my hand, often just pausing from reading to watch the world go by.

Footsteps approach, and I cast a look over my shoulder at Cam, his chest bare, wearing only a pair of joggers. It's an excellent look on him. He steps up behind me, wrapping his arms around me and propping his chin on top of my head.

"Okay, love?" he asks. "What do you need?"

"I've got everything I need right here." I clasp his hand in mine and savour the contentedness that runs so deep it lines my bones.

His fingers thread with mine, bringing my attention to the engagement ring on my finger, the lilac sapphire centre and surrounding diamonds glinting in the sunlight. The Art Deco-style piece been on my finger for a month, and I'm still getting used to it.

It's funny how my outlook has shifted. I would never, in a million years, imagine I'd be getting married. We discussed it multiple times before he got on his knee and asked. And by then I was confident that we get to choose how our marriage looks. I want to show my commitment to his happiness and for the life we are cultivating together. And celebrate the parts of our relationship that are so different from where I

was a few years ago. He's my person, and I'm his.

"I'm so glad you're home," I tell him.

He's been away all week, working, and I've missed him. He got back in the early hours of this morning after I'd closed up the bar for the night. He'd dragged me up here and peppered me with tiny kisses, reclaiming me as his.

"You've got the place covered today? You can take the day off?" he checks, his hands stroking my torso as he continues to hug me.

"I do."

"Thought we could go to The Thirst Trap for some lunch."

I chuckle. "Yes, let's. I wanna see if their new season menu is as good as ours." I run The Juniper now. Still can't quite get my head around that. But Cam stole me from Tom and The Thirst Trap to manage The Juniper bar. And I love it. Luckily, Tom was a good sport about it, and we both enjoy the healthy competition between the bars.

"I visited William while I was away."

"At the retirement home?"

"Yeah, he still doesn't have a clue who I am, but I was in the area, so it felt right to pop in and play some backgammon with him."

With his mum's approval, Cam did some digging to locate William. He eventually found him in a retirement home near York. He has long-term memory issues and doesn't know who Cam is but seems to appreciate the sporadic visits from him.

“And you’re all set to take the weekend off in a couple of weeks so we can head up to Skye?”

“Yes, Cam. It’s been booked for weeks. Your mum is texting me on the daily with suggestions for the wedding. Yesterday, she was sharing local florists and their Google reviews with me.”

He chuckles. “You know you only have to tell her if it’s too much?”

“I know. I think she’s more excited about this wedding than either of us. It’s awesome that she’s happy for us. Hopefully, the weekend will allow us to make some decisions and get suppliers confirmed and ready to go.”

Having never thought I’d get married, I didn’t have a clue where to start planning after Cam proposed. Becky has been helpful and is so chuffed that we decided to get married on Skye. I’m looking forward to getting all the details locked in, and then I plan to just enjoy it.

“Did you go to the Clubhouse while I was away?” Cam asks. His tone is casual, but I still turn around in his arms to see his face. It’s a picture of serenity, not even a hint of jealousy there.

I still feel new at this relationship malarkey and even after a couple of years, I’m still getting used to our dynamic. While he’s most definitely my person and I know that through and through, it took me a long time to stop wondering if something might come along and ruin this thing that we have.

“Nah, it’s no fun without you there,” I tell him with a smile. Since that day we sat on the rocks at the Quiraing, I’ve only played with others when my fiancé is there with me and I’m content with that. It feels just right to experiment together and not separately.

“Congratulations, my loves.” Saff draws me in for one of her signature squishy hugs, planting a kiss on my cheek once we’re officially declared husband and wife. She draws back and repeats her actions with Cam, who lifts her off her feet and presses a kiss to her forehead.

“Have I told you how grateful I am that you put that ad up that day? That you helped me find my wife?” he says to her as he settles her down and they break apart.

She rolls her eyes. “Only a million times, you dafty. But keep telling me what an awesome person I am. I can take it.”

“You are awesome and I’m glad you’re happy, too.” Cam taps her cheek. Her face lights up as her gaze moves to someone behind us with a grin.

She blushes before bringing her attention back to us. “I know you said you didn’t want gifts but, I thought today was the best day to give you this.” She reaches down underneath the chair beside her and pulls out a large bag, passing it over to me.

I peer in and hold it towards Cam, who pulls out the large box from inside.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:35 am

“What is it?” he asks.

“Open it and you’ll find out.” She reaches across to mirror his earlier face-tapping with her tongue firmly wedged in her cheek.

He opens the lid of the box and casts it aside to pull a photo album out. The thick cover is navy and plain. I gasp as he flips it open.

“Oh my gosh, Saff.” My fingers come up to cover my mouth. I want to curse her. “I managed to not cry through that whole damn ceremony, even when Cam recited his own personal vows, dammit. You’re a cruel woman to try and make me bawl now.”

She laughs wickedly, but my attention is on the images as Cam flicks through the pages. Endless photos of the pair of us; way back to the first time she visited The Juniper, and he gave us both the tour. There’s a photo of us standing at the top landing, me looking down to the floors below, and Cam’s yearning gaze pinned to me. Another of him holding me up, my legs wrapped around him, and sheer joy on my face. And more from every time we’ve seen her over the last few years.

“It’s beautiful. Thank you so much.” I grasp her face in my hands and plant a kiss on her lips.

“You’re most welcome. We should have some good ones from today, too. And if you need a photographer for Cam’s wedding present, you know who to ask.” She waggles her brows salaciously.

“What?” I turn to look at Cam, who’s baring his teeth at Saff. “What’s she talking

about? I thought we weren't doing presents."

"Mrs Macleod," Cam whispers against my lips as he squeezes me tight. "I can't believe I got you to the altar. Even yesterday, I thought you might run away."

"Where would I go? If I was going to run away, it would be with you, Cam." I reach up and cup my hands over his cheeks.

Our wedding day has been beautiful. We've been surrounded with family and friends. Even my mum came along. Although, it took Cam arranging everything to convince her to come; even putting her up in a fancy B&B down the road.

For a day I never saw in my future, it's turned out to be everything I ever could have dreamt of. Becky took care of all the details once we'd made some decisions. I only had to turn up, put on a dress, and say my vows to my husband. My husband. That's never going to get old.

"I think our guests are going to think we've run away if we don't get out there soon." I straighten the skirt of my dress, making sure it doesn't look like my husband just had it held up around my waist while he fucked me over the chaise lounge when we were supposed to be 'freshening up'.

"Do we have to go back out there? I just want to take you home." His voice is gruff.

"Yes, we do. I want to dance and see all the people who have come all this way to celebrate. I've not had the chance to thank everyone for coming yet. And I really should have a proper catch-up with Mum. I've not seen her since The Juniper opening party."

He huffs out a sigh. "It's just you look so hot in your wedding dress. I need you."

"You've just had me. That will tide you over for a few hours until we can get away."

I pat his cheek. “And we have to eat—the menu and the cake is the thing we spent the most time making the decisions on.”

“True. I just can’t wait to show you your wedding present.”

“Cam,” I exclaim. “You didn’t need to get me anything. I have everything I need with you at my side.” I draw in a deep breath, relishing the freedom and joy that comes from being loved and loving someone in return.

“I know, love. This is just something extra so we can have fun, even when we’re staying up here.” His grin is salacious, and excitement bubbles up from my stomach as I wonder what it could be.

“You can show it to me later.”