

# CHAPTER ONE

## *CLAYTON*

“Mr Joshua Blake has arrived sir”

Helena’s voice ringing through the intercom shatters the quiet ambience of my office, I take a deep breath and let it out slowly. I feel like I’ve been swimming under water for a long time when I take another refreshing deep breath and closedown the spreadsheet, I’ve been working on for the last two hours. I stand and stretch, my back muscles and spine creak from being hunched over the desk for so long.

“Send him straight in” I punch the intercom button, settling back into my chair. A distant memory of Skye on her knees under my desk, sucking me off springs to mind. My dick stirs, it’s been too long since we last played in my office and the fault is all mine. I must remedy that. I mentally run through my schedule to see if I can make time. I don’t get far when the door bursts open.

“Tell me baby bro, what do you buy a woman who has everything and wants for nothing?” Joshua, my eldest brother says as he saunters across to my desk with a huge smirk on his face.

His overly gleeful smug look doesn’t alter as he settles into the plush leather chair on the opposite side of my huge mahogany desk. The bastard is trying to wind me up, if it wasn’t for the fact I respected the hell out of him I’d have smacked the smug smile off his handsome face before his ass made it to the chair, but it’s me who’s going to have the last laugh, I’ll soon swipe the self-satisfied look off his face. I lean back in my chair, the leather creaks and groans as I push back into the reclined position, and grin evilly back at him.

“My dear brother, you are about to find out. I’m just waiting for someone else to join us” Joshua raises an expectant eyebrow for me to elaborate, which I ignore I’ll let him stew for a few more minutes “Have you got your

costumes for the party?” I ask deliberately changing the subject.

For our first wedding anniversary, Skye suggested since it was also my birthday and Halloween, we hold a fancy-dress party celebrating everything all in one hit. It was a huge success, so every year since we’ve held a party. In a few days we will celebrate five years of wedded bliss.

“Yes, although Lucas and Sam keep changing their minds” Joshua chuckles “you know Elizabeth threatened the pair of them yesterday that she would decide for them. Lucas pipes up “I know what we can go as. I’ll dress up as dad and Sam you can go as Uncle Clayton” then Sam says “Cool that means I get to spend all night with Auntie Skye.” Then the little buggers started arguing because Lucas decided he wanted to go as you instead.”

I laugh at that as I imagine the scene. Both my nephews are crazy about Skye, they’ve been smitten from the first day they met her. Now at eight years of age the twins are even worse, they hero worship her! As they got older and understood exactly the kind of work Skye did and how she is the creator and designer of the characters in their favourite video games in their eyes she is the coolest adult alive. Just last week they got Skye to give a talk to their classmates on ‘Bring a Parent to School Day’, they didn’t want Joshua or Elizabeth to go, oh no! It had to be Auntie Skye.

“I should feel insulted that neither son wants to go as me” Joshua shakes his head “but I don’t envy you as you’ll be fighting them off all night just to get near Skye”

“I’ll get Paul, Bruce and Alan to set up an exclusion zone around Skye, that’ll keep them at bay” I deadpan.

“You would as well” Joshua barks out a laugh, he’s right I will if I can get away with it.

The only thing stopping me is Skye will bitch slap me to high heaven when she found out, there is no ‘if’ about her finding out. Somehow, she will and the consequences don’t bear thinking about. An involuntary shudder runs through

me just at the thought of being cut off. A knock on the door and Helena walking in brings an end our conversation. I stand as I see Billy behind her.

“Sorry I’m late Mr Blake the traffic from the airport was terrible” Billy says shaking my hand.

“Don’t worry about it, thank you Helena” she nods and closes the door “Joshua, this is Billy Quinn”

“The property guy” Joshua says rising and shakes Billy’s hand “I’ve heard a lot about you over the years, nice to finally meet you” Billy blushes, his eyes flick to me and I can see uncertainty in them.

“This is my brother, Joshua, who is also my lawyer” Billy nods in understanding “Please take a seat” he sits in the chair next to Joshua “Can I get you a drink?”

“Water please” Billy says as he starts to take out documents from his satchel “Do you mind if we use your computer Mr Blake? The battery on my laptop has died” Billy looks sheepish as he says this. I know the guy well enough to see he’s also embarrassed, in all my dealings with him Billy is the consummate professional.

“Of course” I say placing his drink on the table and slide the keyboard over to him then turn the screen so we all can see it.

Billy quickly brings up a property agent’s website “I found three possible properties. All of them are represented by this company, who I might add, it’s owned by my second cousin, but I didn’t know that at the time of short listing”

“This company is in the UK” Joshua says pointing at the screen.

“Sorry Joshua, I forgot to mention. I sent Billy to England to find a property for me that will become Skye’s anniversary present” now it’s my turn to look smug as Joshua’s jaw unhinges in astonishment, then he starts to laugh “so Billy show me what you’ve found”

Billy looks at me then Joshua with a lost bewildered look then seems to collect himself “Okay, I found three

properties as I mentioned but it's the last one I came across I think will really appeal to Skye"

I trust Billy and his instincts as to what Skye will like; he's worked for her long enough "Show me that one first then"

Billy's face splits into a wide grin as he brings up the property details "This is Dove Mill Hall; it's situated on the outskirts of Dove Mill village. The nearest town being Henley-on-Thames about five miles away and it's just over thirty-seven miles north of London" Billy says proudly sitting back so Joshua and I get a better view of the building.

"But it's a derelict shell of a building" splutters Joshua in shock.

"Skye will love it" Billy and I say together.

Billy blushes making me laugh; he really does know Skye and her taste in property "Well done, tell me more about it." I know he will have found out as much as he possibly could about the place.

"The Hall was destroyed by fire over twenty years ago and the family couldn't afford to rebuild due to the insurance refusing to pay out. It's believed the fire was started deliberately in order to claim on the insurance, allegedly" Billy adds grinning at Joshua "the ensuing legal battles left the family completely broke. Due to various covenants on the property and land that comes with it meant the family couldn't sell to the developers that came forward over the years plus it made finding a buyer willing to deal with all the restrictions extremely difficult. In a nutshell the property must be restored to its former glory" Billy riffles through the papers he put on my desk "I managed to find some old photographs of the place, here" he hands them over to me.

The pictures are grainy black and white, but it doesn't detract from the fact the house was once a very grand and imposing Gothic looking building. Multiple chimneys and what look like Corinthian columns, huge double doors, floor to ceiling arched windows over two floors, it also has

what appears to be circular turrets at either end of the sprawling building.

“From what I could find out the Hall was originally built in seventeen twenty and had many extensions added over the eighteen and nineteen hundreds. I was also told it’s rumoured Henry Holland had a hand in designing parts of it but I couldn’t find any concrete evidence” Billy pauses, I must look as clueless as Joshua, who in hell is Henry Holland? “He was an architect to the English nobility. Those pictures are from the nineteen fifties, unfortunately I wasn’t able to get any later photographs. Just before I left, I found out there is a surviving relative who still lives in the village it’s possible they may have more recent pictures”

“You’re right Billy, Skye will absolutely love this” I say as I hand the photographs over to Joshua “what else do I need to know?”

“The property sits in one hundred and twenty acres. It also comes with woodland and three cottages situated in the village along with a fifty-hectare farm with working tenants” Billy clears his throat and shifts in his seat “I took the liberty of contacting the English Heritage to get information about the Hall and restoring it” Billy pats the pile of papers “This is what they gave me, also through my cousin I got a list of companies specialising in this kind of restoration project”.

“Excellent, as usual Billy you have gone above and beyond the call of duty. So, how much do they want?”

“I got them down to eight and a half million pounds, sterling”

“Cash?” I ask, Billy nods.

“Are you mad?” Joshua bursts out “For a derelict shell of a building!”

“Plus a farm, three cottages, woodland and a load of land. To see the smile and joy on my beautiful wife’s face when I give it to her” I pause imagining Skye’s reaction “It’s worth it, so yes, I am mad” Joshua rolls his eyes at me. I look at Billy “Go ahead and confirm. How quickly can they get the papers to me?”

Billy opens his satchel and hands me a manila envelope  
“Is that quick enough sir?” Billy smiles at my stunned face  
“Another liberty I took when I was in the area was paying a visit to the law firm handling the family’s estate”

“Ha!” I bark out a laugh “Billy you are too good”

Billy blushes again at the praise “Although I do need to confirm” he says waving his phone.

“Go ahead”

Billy rises and moves to the other end of the office to make his call. I hand the envelope to Joshua “I want the deeds in Skye’s name”

“Okay, why England?” I can hear the puzzled curiosity in his voice.

“In about eighteen month’s Skye has to go over there with work, so I thought why not make it so she has somewhere nice to stay and a place we can call home whilst we’re there”

Skye knows her work commitments well in advance due to the two-year waiting list she has for private commissions; she’ll be working in England for at least nine months with a strong possibility it could be longer.

“We, does that mean you are going with her?” Joshua says shocked. It puzzles me he’s so shocked, everyone knows I go with Skye when she works away and in the five years of being together there has only been one instance when I couldn’t join her, it was the longest and most miserable fortnight of my life and I vowed never to be apart from her ever again.

“Yes, and no, I haven’t told Mom yet. So don’t go blabbing to her” I threaten pointing my finger at him.

Joshua holds his hands up in surrender “She won’t hear a peep out of me. Only promise me I can have a front row seat when you tell her” Joshua’s smile is positively wicked as we both know mother will go thermonuclear when I tell her. Skye suggested we take her with us, I soon squashed the idea. However, I will tell her she can come and visit whenever she wants.

“All confirmed” Billy says coming back to my desk “you have the solicitors contact details in the envelope, my cousin is more than happy to help should you need it, or you can use me to liaise with him, whichever you prefer”.

Billy glances at his watch and bends to pick up his satchel, I stand “Thank you for all you’ve done Billy” I shake his hand “We’ll see you at the party”

“Looking forward to it” Billy smiles, then shakes Joshua’s hand “Nice meeting you, sir”

Joshua is looking through the papers when I return from showing Billy out “At first glance it all looks straight forward enough. I’ll take this with me and double check on these covenants Billy mentioned and call you early evening with my findings. All being well you should be able to sign tomorrow” he says putting the papers back in the envelope.

“Excellent” I say picking up the English Heritage stack of papers and flick through them. Skye will get a real kick out reading through all this; I’ll get a fancy box and wrap them up as part of her present I decide.

“Well baby bro you certainly took the wind out my sails for being a smug bastard and here I was thinking I would enjoy seeing you fret over what to buy Skye” Joshua huffs at himself “Any idea what Skye is getting you?”

“None and I don’t know whether to be shit scared or excited with anticipation”

“Be afraid, be very afraid baby bro” Joshua says gleefully rubbing his hands together “I can’t wait to see what she’s got you this year”

For our first wedding anniversary Skye booked me motorcycle lessons and my test. She did it because I was horrified to learn she could ride, and I foolishly tried to forbid her from getting on a motorcycle ever again. When I passed my test Skye then presented me with tickets for the Daytona Bike Week and a trip along Route 66. Needless to say, I thoroughly enjoyed myself and the experience, now we regularly go out on rides together. Then there was the year Skye took me on a tour of theme parks where we rode

the scariest roller coasters she could find. Sheikra in Tampa Florida, Stratosphere X-scream in Vegas, Kingda Ka in Jackson New Jersey, The Intimidator 305 in Doswell Virginia all spring to mind, she did that after I admitted I had never been on a roller coaster. “You’ve never lived until you’ve scared the crap out of yourself having fun” is what she said to me to justify going on the rides, and as much as I hate to admit it, she’s right.

Skye is an adrenaline junkie. Over the last five years I have bungee jumped from a bridge one hundred and sixty feet above the Cheakamus River in Canada. Paragliding when we vacationed with Mr C on his yacht, and we went soaring because Skye happened to see it on a TV programme and wondered what it would be like. I also made the mistake of mentioning I’d never been to a concert or gig; Skye does no more than drag me along to see one of her favourite rock bands. I swear to God it was three days before I could hear properly and my ears stopped making a hissing noise, now I make sure I wear ear plugs whenever we go to see a band play.

“That woman sure knows how to keep you on your toes” Joshua smirks at me as he gathers up his things, my family think it’s hilarious all the things Skye has gotten me doing.

“Tell me about it” I grumble “I’ve learnt to keep my mouth shut, the hard way”

“Hey, have you met Andrew’s new girlfriend?” Joshua says excitedly. I shake my head “He brought her to dinner at Mom’s on Monday, shame you and Skye couldn’t make it. Alicia, she’s called, seems nice enough. I’m assuming he’ll be bringing her to the party”

“Is she any improvement on the last four girlfriends?”

Joshua laughs “You mean is she going to get your seal of approval since Mandy?”

“Fuck off Joshua. I still haven’t forgiven that bitch.”

“I know” Joshua pats my shoulder trying hard to stifle his amusement “Even after five years the minute one of



Andrew's girlfriends has made a snide comment, and it's not even about Skye, your hackles go up and the girlfriend in question is out the door before you can blink. It's like watching a porcupine lift its spikes only I can see your hair stand up on end. Poor Andrew doesn't stand a chance finding the one."

"I'm that bad?" I sigh "Really?" Joshua nods "Christ, Andrew must hate me."

"Actually, he doesn't. In fact, he uses you as a gage and judge of character. He says since you never liked Mandy, he trusts your judgement on sussing out how genuine the women in his life are" I'm stunned, gobsmacked as Skye would say "He trusts you" Joshua reiterates, his hand tightening on my shoulder "and I must admit as much as it pains me, I think he's right."

"Huh, I wish he'd told me" I say a tad sulkily.

"And if he had then he wouldn't see your honest reaction. You'll be too conscious of your behaviour, and you'll over adapt or compensate. Look, forget I said anything and just be your usual bullish self when you meet her" Joshua looks at his watch "Got to go, speak to you later"

"Yeah sure" I say distractedly as I open the office door. I'm not sure I can forget what he's just said. Fuck! I don't want to be responsible for whether Andrew's relationship succeeds or fails. What the hell can I say to Andrew to convince him to stop using my reactions to make his decisions? I need to speak to Skye; she's good at putting this kind of thing into perspective. 'Love Walked In' starts playing from my phone, Skye's ring tone, brings me out of my thoughts.

My heart surges with overwhelming love every time it plays, and I'm instantly taken back to our wedding day. We had gone onto the dance floor to do the first dance, instead Skye shocked the shit out of me by making me sit in a chair Bruce placed in front of the stage and taking the microphone from Paul, she proceeded to tell our guests she

was doing away with tradition and the following song was dedicated to me. Then she sang, the music and words of the song resonating so deeply it brought tears to my eyes and I wasn't the only one, I don't think there was a dry eye in the house when she finished.

"Skye, baby I was just thinking about you" I purr down the phone. Her knowing husky, throaty laugh sends tingles of desire hurtling around my body and straight to my cock, never fails.

### ***DOVE MILL VILLAGE***

"Lady Farringdon, yoo hoo, Lady Farringdon"

Marjorie Brennan, the village busy body rushes out of the mini supermarket shop calling out at the top of her voice causing those walking home from a hard days' work to turn and watch the elderly plump woman waddle up the high street as fast as her short legs will take her.

Lady Farringdon continues walking, her beloved Labradors playfully dance around her as she debates whether to stop or not, she could pretend she didn't hear someone calling out, but her conscience and propriety wins. Her upbringing makes it difficult for her to be outright rude to people, so reluctantly slowing her steps it is enough to allow a huffing and puffing Marjorie Brennan to catch up.

"Lady Farringdon, have you heard the news?" Marjorie pants out, bending over putting her hands on her knees trying to get much needed air into her lungs.

"Marjorie please, I've told you enough times to call me Joyce and what news is so urgent you nearly give yourself a coronary to tell me?" Joyce says trying to hide her irritation by adjusting her head scarf against the bitter autumn wind.

"Dove Mill Hall, it's been sold" Marjorie gasps between gulping in air, standing upright and taking great delight in seeing Lady Joyce Farringdon's reaction to the news her childhood home is finally, after twenty-two years of being an eyesore and a blot on the landscape, off the market.

Trying hard Lady Joyce Farringdon struggles to hide her emotions as relief floods through her. At last, she will be rid of the speculation surrounding the ruination of a once beautiful building. "Sold, how do you know?" As much as she disliked Marjorie for being one of the village's biggest gossips, she couldn't help herself from asking.

"Well, I was just in the mini supermarket buying a few bits and pieces when I overheard Sally, you know she's one of Caleb Raven's grooms, she was talking to Eddie the estate agent. Apparently, there was an American over here a few days ago representing a potential buyer and confirmation of the sale came over late yesterday afternoon" Marjorie pauses to take a breath.

"Thank you for letting me know" Lady Farringdon gives Marjorie a smile she hoped comes across as pleasant and not as a grimace as she turns to walk away, she didn't care if she appeared rude, not now she has an urgent call to make.

Lady Joyce Farringdon, although she wouldn't gain anything from the sale of Dove Mill Hall is curious enough to contact her uncle to find out more. Joyce was fortunate enough to have married well so she didn't suffer from the financial hardship her mother's brother did when the insurance company refused to pay out as they suspected arson. Joyce knew it was true because her uncle told her his father, her grandfather, started the fire deliberately because he gambled away the family fortune, although the latter isn't common knowledge. Three months after the fire her grandfather died of a heart attack and her uncle inherited a shell of a building and huge debts. Due to so many covenants on the property and surrounding land he was in a no-win situation. After failing to overturn the insurance company's decision and a costly legal battle her uncle moved to London permanently where he works in the City, as far as she knew it's taken him years to pay off all the debt he was saddled with, so if he finally sold the place and he is making some money in the process she was pleased for him, he deserved every penny.

“I’m sick to death of being bloody skint, any spare cash we do get goes on those fucking horses” Gabrielle Raven screams at her husband.

“Those fucking horses, as you so delicately put it, are our livelihood. We are skint because of you and your excessive spending you stupid bitch” Caleb growls back through gritted teeth, deliberately keeping his voice low so his grooms won’t hear him, the last thing he wants or needs is his staff worrying about losing their jobs.

“Oh, that’s right, blame me!” Gabrielle screeches and jabs her finger at her husband “you will only be happy if I’m walking around in shitty clothes with holes in”

“Don’t be fucking ridiculous” Caleb hisses, his jaw is beginning to ache as he clenches his teeth tighter together to stop himself from saying anything else as he riffles through the paperwork, all bills, cluttering his desk “How the fuck can you justify spending six hundred pounds on a pair of shoes and eight hundred on a dress” he points at the credit card bill and glares at his wife.

That money alone will pay the staff wages for this week and buy horse feed for the month. Christ, Gabrielle really is a selfish bitch. ‘Why the fuck did I marry her? All I’ve had is eight years of bloody misery’ Caleb thinks to himself as he runs his hands through his wild unruly wavy black hair.

“So, you’re saying when we get invited to one of Lord Baxter’s dinner parties you want me to turn up in last year’s fashion? Oh! Or better yet, how about I go naked?” spittle flies from Gabrielle’s mouth, her red face twisting with hate.

What did I ever see in her? He wonders. A thought suddenly occurs to Caleb. Gabrielle wouldn’t make this kind of effort for him; a long time ago she stopped making herself look pretty for him.

“Who is he?” Caleb’s voice is low and soft, his question totally catches Gabrielle off guard, guilt flashes across her face, an expression Caleb catches, confirming his suspicion, she’s being unfaithful... having an affair... another one... yet again.

“Just because I decide to make myself presentable for a dinner party, all of a sudden I’m having an affair!” Gabrielle shouts defensively.

“So, who is he?” Caleb turns to face his wife making sure to see her reaction to his words, his emerald green eyes flashing dangerously, daring her to deny it “If you’re not having an affair then you have your sights on someone, so who is he?”

“You’re fucking unbelievable” Gabrielle screams in his face “How dare you!”

“I dare because I know you Gabrielle” Caleb’s voice is ice cold, matching his hard cold set handsome face “So I’ll ask you again, who’s the poor bastard you’ve got your claws into ready to bleed dry?”

Gabrielle stills, her clenching hands and the pounding pulse at the base of her throat are the only sign of her anxiety. Caleb has rumbled her there is no point in trying to deny it anymore “I’m not telling you” Gabrielle says defiantly lifting her chin, challenging him to push her for more information.

“Fair enough, pack your bags and get the fuck out. I want a divorce” Caleb says impassively, dismissing her he turns back to the paperwork on his desk, wondering how in hell he is going to find the money to pay all the bills.

Gabrielle can’t believe he is dismissing her like one of his employees. There was a time he will have fallen to his knees and begged her not to leave, swearing his undying love for her. Cold reality and dread settles in her stomach, she no longer has a hold over Caleb; his feelings for her are gone.

“You fucking bastard” Gabrielle screeches in retaliation and slams the door behind her.

Caleb leans back in his chair listening to Gabrielle’s footsteps stomping up the stairs, not long after sounds of draws being roughly opened and closed filter down. Caleb lets a breath out in relief. A tentative knock on the door startles him “Yes, come in” he snaps.

Sally, one of his longest serving grooms pokes her head round the door “Got a minute?”

Caleb nods and waves for her to come in. He notices her nerves as she enters which is unusual for her, dread settles in his gut. Whatever it is she has to say his instincts are telling him he isn’t going to like it.

“Promise not to shoot the messenger?” Sally says with a nervous laugh entering the room.

Caleb’s anxiety climbs up a notch, his expression is impassive and makes Sally shift nervously from one foot to the other “Go on” Caleb says softly.

Sally takes a deep breath “Dove Mill Hall has been sold” she blurts out in a rush. Oh! That’s just fucking great, that’s all I need, Caleb’s mind shouts “Confirmation of the sale came through late yesterday afternoon, apparently an American has bought the estate”

Sally’s words hang heavy in the air between them, she watches Caleb closely trying to read his expression but gets nowhere, not the slightest indication of what he’s thinking or feeling. His face is still impassive, an emotionless mask.

“Thanks for telling me. How did you find out?” Caleb asks after a few minutes.

“I saw Dodgy Eddie in the mini supermarket, you know the estate agent” she adds when Caleb looks at her clueless “Marjorie Brennan was in there eavesdropping, she couldn’t get out of the shop fast enough when she saw Lady Farringdon passing. No doubt the whole village will know by closing time” Sally snorts a derisive laugh. Caleb remains quiet, his eyes looking out the window but not seeing the yard or any of the activity taking place “What do we do about using the field?” Sally asks in a small voice.

What do we do? Caleb asks himself. Fuck! This is all I need. Looking back at Sally he smiles, hoping it’s reassuring “We keep using it until we are told otherwise by the new owner” hopefully it will be a long time before that happens, he adds silently.

Sally perks up and smiles, her blue eyes sparkling “Okay with any luck they love horses and let us continue using it” her optimism makes Caleb return her smile “I’ll get back to work and let the others know”.

“Thank you, Sally. I appreciate that”.

Caleb watches Sally’s plump womanly form disappear through the door, he admired her ability to find a positive in everything. Many times, over the years when he despaired, usually over money, Sally had the knack of seeing the silver lining and brought him out of his depression. He had been using the top field next to his land for years with the permission of Anthony Cookson, Lady Farrington’s uncle and now former owner of Dove Mill Hall.

Caleb Raven inherited the stables and training yard at the age of twenty from his Uncle Michael, he had lived with his uncle since the age of three after his mother died. Caleb knew nothing of his father, he walked out on his mother before he was born. All his uncle would say when questioned about his father was, the guy was a free spirit who broke his mother’s heart. His jet-black wavy hair and emerald green eyes are the only features he inherited from his father, according to his uncle his good looks came from his mother.

The yard and horses are Caleb’s life, it’s all he knows and over the years he built a good reputation for being an excellent trainer, especially with difficult horses and turning them into winners. The only problem, since marrying Gabrielle it seems he was always on the verge of bankruptcy. The yard and buildings desperately need updating and a lot of repair and maintenance work doing. For the last twelve months Caleb was losing owners to better equipped and luxurious training yards, being an outstanding trainer producing winners is no longer enough for many owners. Putting his head in his hands, gripping and pulling his unruly wavy hair in despair, Caleb mutters a prayer to whoever is listening asking for divine intervention.

“You’ll be hearing from my solicitor” Gabrielle’s high pitched spiteful voice intrudes on his thoughts and nerves.

Slowly, Caleb stands and drawing himself up to his full six foot five height, he can be quite intimidating when he wanted to be and right now he wants nothing more than to scare the shit out of his soon to be ex-wife, giving her a smile flashing all of his straight white teeth... a shark’s smile, he leans forward slightly into Gabrielle’s personal space “I look forward to it” he says sardonically. Gabrielle, unnerved, takes a step back stumbling over one of the suitcases she placed in the hallway “Let me help you take them to the car” Caleb laces his words with sickening politeness.

Before Gabrielle can respond, Caleb steps forward, picks up her cases and strides outside before she realises what’s happening. Shocked to her core, Gabrielle meekly follows. She really thought by packing her things she would call Caleb’s bluff and like previous times he will back down and beg her to stay on seeing her cases. “He’s toying with me, well two can play at this game” she mutters to herself stepping out into the yard.

All the grooms in the yard stop what they are doing and watch Gabrielle, on her six-inch heels, totter out of the house trying and failing to look nonchalant as Caleb practically throws the cases into the boot of the car then goes to the driver’s door and holds it open.

“Ever the gentleman” says Gabrielle smiling sweetly getting in.

“No, just making sure you fucking leave. Don’t bother coming back, ever” Caleb slams the door in Gabrielle’s startled face and walks back to the house without turning round at the sound of the engine starting and tyres screeching as the car leaves the yard at high speed.

“Thank fuck Boomerang has finally left” Marty mutters under his breath to Sally.

“Yeah, but for how long?” she whispers back feeling pangs of relief, happiness and sadness.



Relief for her wonderful, devastatingly good-looking boss who'll finally have peace now the selfish, conceited bitch has gone. Happiness because the mood and everyone's spirits in the yard will be lifted and positive. Sadness because she knows deep down one day, at some point in the future, the bitch will be back and Caleb like every other time will welcome her with open arms. Hence the reason Gabrielle is nicknamed Boomerang by the grooms... she always comes back.

Later that night in The Coach House, Chris the landlord is ecstatic. The pub is full to capacity and doing a roaring trade, people are packed in like sardines in a tin. He racks his brains, serving customer after customer, trying to remember the last time the place was so full and couldn't, the place wasn't this full last New Year's Eve. Everyone is talking and speculating about the same thing, who the new owner of Dove Mill Hall is and more importantly how rich.

Eddie the estate agent, or Dodgy Eddie as he's called behind his back, is holding court. He revels in all the attention and free drinks he's getting "The American that came over is my second cousin from my father's side. Billy was representing the buyer. He couldn't give me any details because he signed an NDA" he says for the umpteenth time whilst snatching the double Jack Daniels out of Chris's hand before it can be taken away. The fact his cousin said no such thing, and he didn't even bother to ask for details on the buyer, didn't deter Eddie from fabricating the truth and telling a few white lies. He was making a shit load of money in commission on this deal, even if his cousin had screwed the price down by two million.

"What's one of them?" Marjorie Brennan slurs, she'd been in the pub since speaking with Lady Farringdon earlier in the afternoon.

"Non-disclosure agreement" Chris the landlord supplies as he clears empty glasses off the bar.

“So, you don’t know the name of the buyer or where they are from?” Marjorie asks not hiding her disappointment at the lack of juicy gossip as she looks blurry eyed at Eddie.

Eddie opens his mouth to answer but a cultured female voice says loud and clearly “His name is Mr Blake. He has bought the property as a gift for his wife, and he lives in New York”

The whole pub goes quiet and turns to the source. All eyes bulge at the sight of Lord and Lady Farringdon standing in the doorway. Taking a deep breath Lady Farringdon walks up to the bar, people clear a path for them “I believe Mr Blake bought Dove Mill Hall as an anniversary present. Good evening, Chris, I’ll have a glass of white wine please” she turns to look at her husband.

“I’ll have a pint of bitter Chris. Oh, and I believe Mr Blake is a billionaire” Lord Farringdon adds smiling at his wife.

The stunned silence is now complete. The villagers are used to having wealthy neighbours. They have their fair share of titled gentry, millionaires and minor celebrities but they didn’t have a billionaire... until now.

“How did you find this out?” Caleb Raven’s deep raspy voice comes from behind them and breaks the spell of stunned silence, prompting a cacophony of noise that almost shakes the pub’s foundations. Locals shout out questions.

“When are they arriving?”

“Is it true they will be restoring the Hall?”

“How much did they pay for it?”

Lord Farringdon holds up his hand to stop the barrage of questions and moves to his wife’s side, by rights this is her moment, and he loves her dearly. He agreed to come with her tonight so she can give out the information she got from her uncle. Lord Farringdon hopes this will help his wife get over the stigma which has plagued her for their entire married life and puts a stop to the locals making her

the topic of wild speculations. In a rare public show of affection Lord Farringdon puts his arm around his wife's waist and squeezes her to him and places a kiss on her temple.

With a slight flush to her cheeks and drawing strength from her husband Lady Farringdon continues "After speaking with Mrs Brennan this afternoon" Marjorie blushes at being singled out by her ladyship "I rang my uncle. He confirmed Dove Mill Hall has been sold for an undisclosed sum and the exchange happened early this evening" Lady Farringdon knows the amount her uncle is receiving for the sale and she isn't about to share it with the locals, hoping Dodgy Eddie hasn't told any of them she gives him a meaningful look as she speaks "As most of you are aware the estate has various restrictions due to the covenants, I am pleased therefore to announce the Hall will be restored to its former glory. I understand it has been bought for that purpose alone. We have no idea and nor does my uncle know when Mr Blake will be coming over here or when they intend to start work on the Hall, we are not in contact with him so please don't ask"

Satisfied with the new information the locals all start talking at once, again the noise rises to ear splitting levels, speculating between themselves who will get what work on the restoration and how much money can be screwed out of the unsuspecting American billionaire.

"Well done my dear" Lord Farringdon murmurs in his wife's ear, his hand slips down and cups her bottom giving it a squeeze as he leans over to pick up his pint of bitter off the bar. Lady Farringdon blushes and a shiver of desire jolts through her, after almost twenty-five years of marriage her Lord and Master can still elicit sexual cravings from her body with the simplest of touches.

"The usual Caleb?" Mandy the barmaid calls out breathlessly thrusting her chest out and giving him her best 'come and get me' alluring smile as Caleb muscles his way over to the bar. Only ten minutes ago, Mandy heard the

good news of Caleb kicking out his bitch of a wife and by all accounts this mountain of a hunk is back on the market. Tonight, Mandy plans on doing her damndest to get a roll in the sack with this fine specimen of a man.

Caleb runs his assessing green eyes up and down her body, then holding her gaze gives her a slow nod and a lazy smile as he points to the optics. Mandy feels the twang of her knicker elastic snapping and squirms under his intense gaze, her heart rate increases tenfold making her lightheaded.

“I’ll have another as well sweetheart” Rex Davies winks and slaps his empty glass down on the bar. Turning to Caleb, clapping his hand on Caleb’s shoulder he murmurs “Hey my man, sorry to hear the news”

Rex ignores the scowl Mandy gives him for ruining the moment she was having with Caleb. There definitely was a moment, she is sure of it. Mandy sets about getting the drinks when Caleb turns his attention to his friend Rex.

“Bullshit you are!” Caleb says on a derisive laugh.

“You’re right my friend, I’m not” Rex barks out a laugh picking up his refreshed drink and raises his glass to Caleb “Good riddance to the fucking bitch” they clink glasses.

“Here, here” mutters Caleb and downs his scotch in one go, wincing as he welcomes the burn of the liquor sliding down his throat, handing his glass back to Mandy he indicates for another round.

“Any idea who he is?” Rex murmurs in a low voice, leaning on the bar looking sideways at Caleb’s hard-set face.

“No” Caleb says paying for the drinks and winks at Mandy causing her to blush and flutter her eyelashes at him “Take one for yourself, Mandy” her come hither smile widens.

“You’re in there, mate” Rex nods in Mandy’s direction as she moves away.

“I’ve told her I want a divorce” Caleb says quietly.

Rex splutters and chokes on his drink, his friend just uttered the words he thought he would never hear. Caleb frowns and pats Rex on the back looking at him in concern.

“Seriously?” Rex squeaks around a bout of coughing. From the solemn look Caleb gives him he knows his childhood friend is deadly serious “And you’ve no idea who he is?”

Caleb sighs shaking his head “Whoever he is, he’ll be at Baxter’s dinner party and he’s welcome to the bitch. I’ve had nothing but eight years of fucking misery and being sucked dry of every penny. I’ve had enough. You know what, I don’t even care who the fucker is. I’m done”

“Jesus Christ!” Rex whispers in stunned awe “it’s finally over. I mean well and truly over”

“Yeah, you could say I’ve finally seen the light” Caleb says ruefully and knocks his drink back, he’s determined to get drunk tonight, steaming drunk, falling down my legs don’t work drunk and maybe have a drunken fumble with Mandy. From all accounts according to Rex she gives good head.

Remington Davies, Rex to his friends should know, after all, he is the village and surrounding town’s serial womaniser or man whore depending on who you speak to. There isn’t a woman who he hasn’t gotten into the sack once he decided he wanted them. They all succumb to the tall blonde haired, blue eyed, model good looks at one point or another. Plus, he’s filthy rich which just adds to the attraction.

Even his wife, ex-wife Caleb reminds himself, had succumbed. At least it happened before they got married. Rex warned him what a bitch and slut Gabrielle was, but he refused to listen. Back then Caleb was infatuated and in lust with her. Eight years on he is seriously wishing he could turn the clock back and regain those lost years. He finally realised the last time she left him all she cared about was herself and money. When she came back four months later with her tail between her legs begging forgiveness and promises she would change he gave in... again!

Caleb knew he didn't love her anymore, but pride got the better of him. He wanted to prove the doubters and gossips wrong. Over the course of their married life Gabrielle had left him four times, today being the fifth. Each time it was to a man who she perceived had more money than he did. It lasted anything from a couple of weeks to a few months. When the money didn't materialise, or she got wind Caleb was doing well and the horses were winning she'd hot foot it back to him, giving the same sob story and promising to try harder. Gabrielle would do her bit in the yard and help run the business for a week or two but inevitably she always, always went back to her selfish, whining ways. Well, enough is enough, no longer was he being taken for a fool and made to look a stupid twat.

When word gets out about his impending divorce, Caleb knows 'The Goats' will run a book on him, taking bets on anything from if the divorce goes ahead, to how long it will be before he takes Gabrielle back, or Boomerang as she's locally called behind his back. A nickname he knows originated from his own staff. He roared laughing to himself when he overheard his grooms first use the name, it's then he realised he no longer loved or cared for her, especially since finding the nickname so funny.

Caleb spies The Goats sitting in the far corner of the pub, huddled around a table in deep discussion. The three men are all named William; to differentiate them they are called Will, Bill and Billy. They notoriously bet on anything and everything, roping in as many people as they possibly can to bet on the potential outcome of the current scandal or gossip. It's all made legal by Will, who runs the local betting shop in town. As village residents Chris the landlord turns a blind eye to The Goats activity of taking bets off people in the pub, purely because they are his best customers. Caleb debates going over and asking if they've started the book on him yet.

"Listen Caleb, why don't we go to the club" Rex says excitedly bringing Caleb out of his thoughts "Come on

mate, it's been years since you last went. You can poke her any time" Rex subtly nods in Mandy's direction "Come with me and work over some decent girls, what do you say?"

Caleb glances sideways to see Rex waggle his eyebrows suggestively making him smile. "Sure, why the hell not" Caleb starts in surprise hearing the words slip from his mouth "Fuck it, let's go and have some fun and meaningless sex to celebrate my newfound freedom. I might even see if I can get my own private room back"

"That's my boy" Rex claps his hand on Caleb's shoulder as they head out of the pub "I also hear a rumour the place has a new owner, perfect excuse to see how true it is, don't you think?"

Mandy sighs wistfully as she watches Caleb walking out of the pub with Rex. Fantasising about the rippling muscles she knows he has hiding under his clothes. Last year, one day during the summer, she saw first-hand the gorgeous fit body he possesses as he worked the horses unaware, he was being watched. Caleb's retreating back covered in a heavy leather coat does little to stop her lusting over his broad shoulders, slim waist, narrow hips and tight arse.

## CHAPTER TWO

### *SKYE*

“Bollocks” I mutter under my breath as I rip up the piece of paper in frustration “This isn’t working, go to bed and get some sleep” I admonish then laugh at myself as I reach for yet another piece of paper and start drawing.

My mind won’t settle; it keeps jumping from one thing to the next. If it’s not running through the check list of things for tomorrow, I look at the clock, okay today’s party then it’s thinking ahead to the commissions I’ve got coming up over the next six months. Hell, my thoughts even stretch to the next twelve months. I have a lot of work coming up, a huge chunk of it overseas, which means I’ll be spending a lot of time in the UK and other parts of Europe but predominantly in the UK.

I feel excited and nervous at the same time. It’ll be the first time I’ve been to England in nearly six years, well it will be by the time I get there. I know my nerves or more accurately my anxiety is to do with seeing my relations. Since my grandfather passed and made me the main beneficiary of his Will, I haven’t heard anything from them, not that I expected to and nor have I made any effort to get in touch. But part of me wonders, no hopes, they might reach out when they learn I’m back in the country.

God I’m pathetic! Who am I kidding? They didn’t care about me when I lived with them and never bothered when I left home at eighteen. Actually, I got kicked out and disowned by my grandfather but let’s not split hairs over minor details, and I will definitely be kidding myself if I believe for one minute if they did get in touch, it’s because they want a family reunion. More than likely it’ll be about manipulating me into giving them money.

“Manipulate my arse, blackmail more like” my snide side says making a rare appearance, in my mind’s eye, I always see a rake thin, mean pinch faced woman, arms crossed over



a non-existent chest, hair scraped back in a severe bun  
“Don’t forget your cousin already tried that, so take off those rose-tinted glasses as the rest of them are no better” she reminds me.

A wave of sadness washes over me as I remember Alfie’s betrayal. On my eighteenth birthday he attacked me, brutally raping and beating me, as I headed home from a night out celebrating with my friends. I didn’t know it was Alfie at the time, I found out five years ago he was my attacker and his best friend Pete stood by and did nothing to stop him. Alfie thought I overheard his conversation arranging a shipment of drugs and subsequently he convinced himself I told our grandfather. Alfie’s vicious attack was to try and establish what I knew and what information I had passed to grandfather. All he achieved was putting me in hospital dangerously close to death.

Alfie and Pete devised a plan to blackmail me, using the rape and the fact I changed my identity as leverage. The plan failed, thanks to Pete’s piss poor attempts to get information out of me and his psycho bunny boiler of a girlfriend who stalked and shot at Clayton, only to be killed by the police when she turned on them.

The last I heard, thanks to Nessa and Detective Sanders, Pete is now in witness protection somewhere in the world, since he helped various drug enforcement agencies around the globe arrest and prosecute several drug barons and cartels. If Pete is still alive, he seriously is the epitome of a dead man walking. Thanks to Pete squealing, Alfie is serving time at Her Majesty’s pleasure for his part in an international drugs ring. The case made headline news in England due to the scale of the operation, the millions of pounds’ worth of drugs seized and the fact he was the grandson of a much-respected business tycoon, all juicy stuff. Nessa avidly followed the case mainly because it involved someone she indirectly knew and kept me informed. Alfie is serving a life sentence because the dumb idiot stashed all his drugs in his house along with his ill-

gotten gains. The police recovered five hundred thousand pounds in cash along with twenty bricks of un-cut cocaine. Good riddance to the pair of them, they deserve everything they get.

I look at the drawing in front of me, then tear it up. I'm just not in the mood to produce erotic works of art. Mr Dario Benenati will have to wait a bit longer for his rough sketch ideas for his new club. Clearing up the mess I've made, I think back over all the work I've done for him in the last five years. The first commission was five paintings for The Gentlemen's Club here in New York, since then he's opened in Las Vegas, LA, Miami, Moscow, Milan, Paris and he informed me this morning he has bought a club somewhere on the outskirts of London. I've produced work for all his American clubs plus he's on the waiting list for his other clubs. I'm currently working on ideas for Moscow.

The clubs cater for those who have certain sexual needs and like to live an alternative lifestyle, outside of what society generally considers normal. When Mr Benenati first commissioned me, the series of five paintings were a futuristic take on pole dancing, I was led to believe the club was a high-end strip club. However, about twelve months later by pure chance Mr Benenati happened to see some fantasy erotic paintings I did a few years previously for another client. The next day he got in touch and came clean about the nature of his clubs and promptly commissioned ten paintings for the New York club and each club he opened there after.

The good thing is I have free reign on what I produce, my only directive is each painting must be tasteful, sensuous, erotic and inspire, following the BDSM theme, of course. Over the last three years I've produced some of my best pieces of work. I must admit I thoroughly enjoy painting them plus it gives me an excuse to try out some of my ideas with Clayton, not that we need one anyway. I shiver as desire and lust flushes through my body, muscles clench in my lower abdomen and between my legs as I

remember our playing, although, it has been quite a while since we last played. No wonder I'm feeling horny!

I pull my robe around me, my breasts and nipples tingle as the soft silk fabric brushes across my sensitive skin. Time to go to bed I decide switching off the desk lamp. I don't have to worry about blindly making my way out of the studio in the dark as the room is lit by the brightness of the full moon coming in through the large picture windows, these windows run throughout the whole of our apartment making it easy for me to creep back to our bedroom.

As I enter, I hear Clayton's soft snores. I stand at the foot of the bed and admire the view of his perfectly sculpted body. Five years on, and I still go into a gooey wet puddle at the sight of him. He makes my heart flutter with just a look, that tells me what he wants to do to me when he gets the first opportunity. I shrug off my robe and climb on to the bed and smile down at him as I remember our wedding day.

I finally agreed to go to Vegas and get married but when it came to the crunch Clayton bottled it. We got as far as the airport when he finally said he couldn't face disappointing his mother or the grief she'll give him if we went ahead. I suggested we call his mom, brothers, Simon, Shelley and Phil and take them all with us. He seriously considered this but, in the end, stuck to his decision, so we came home instead and got married as planned on his birthday. I suppress the snort of laughter threatening to explode from me, it damn near killed him waiting those four weeks.

*Stephanie insisted we spent the night before the wedding apart. Clayton had an apoplectic hissy fit at this and to his horror I sided with her. In the beginning I did it purely to see what his reaction would be, but as time went on the more Clayton did his damndest to persuade me otherwise, the more I stuck to my guns and stayed at Don and Brenda's house along with Phil, Shelley, Simon, David, Macy and Paul. They lived a few miles away from Stephanie. We arranged to get ready there and I would arrive by car in time for the ceremony.*

*Much to everyone's amusement Brenda kicked Clayton out of the house at midnight, Alan and Bruce had to prize him away from me and literally threw him into the back of the car. They hadn't got halfway down the drive when Clayton, the sappy git, rang me to say he loved me and was missing me already.*

*On the morning of the wedding, I just finished putting on my underwear and pulling on my bathrobe when a light tapping at the window scared the shit out of me. Shaking with nerves, I tentatively pulled back the curtains to come face to face with Clayton leaning precariously out of a tree that happened to be at the side of the house. I've never opened a window so fast in my life. I didn't know whether to laugh with joy at seeing him or shout at him for being so bloody reckless.*

*Clayton's face is so full of mischief and love as he climbed in through the window "I can't bear another second of not seeing you and I certainly can't wait another five fucking hours" he grumbles scooping me into his arms and hungrily attacking my lips.*

*"Where are Bruce and Alan?" I mumble against his lips between kisses.*

*"Gave them the slip, said I was going for a run around the grounds" Clayton grins impishly at his own cleverness making me laugh because I know they will have tracked him, and it won't be long before they arrive knocking at the door to take him back. "What are you wearing under this?" Clayton tugs at the belt of my bathrobe.*

*Stepping back out of Clayton's grasp I slowly undo the knot "Look and no touching" I smile salaciously.*

*Clayton's eyes flash with hunger and lust as he remembers I said something similar to him on Shelley's and Phil's wedding day. I slowly open my robe, push it off my shoulders and let it drop to the floor. Clayton's eyes greedily trawl up and down my body. I feel the heat of his appreciative gaze prickles my skin, his hands clench and unclench at his sides.*

*"I see you like what you see" I purr as my eyes linger on his crotch, watching his ever-growing erection tent his running shorts.*

*"Oh yes baby, I like very much" his voice a thick raspy whisper as his eyes work their way slowly from my white silk covered high heels, white stockings, delicate white lace French knickers, up to the silk and*

*lace corset. The lace cups showing off my breasts and tight erect nipples. "I like very much indeed" Clayton cups and adjusts himself. He takes a step forward. I hold still as he leans forward his lip's millimetres from mine "I look forward to peeling you out of this as soon as the ceremony is over" he growls.*

*"In the meantime, all you will be thinking about as I walk down the aisle is what I've got on underneath my dress" again my words echo what I said to him six weeks ago.*

*Clayton's eyes sparkle with lust and amusement, his chuckle is full of dark promises as his lips close the distance and he kisses the life out of me. The only part of our bodies touching is our lips and tongues as they dip and weave in the all too familiar dance of seduction. A knock on the door brings a halt to our dancing mouths.*

*"Miss Darcy please let Mr Blake know Bruce is waiting outside to take him back to his mother's" Paul calls out. We both burst out laughing.*

*"Busted" Clayton grins as he bends to pick up my bathrobe and holds it out so I can put it back on "and here's me thinking I'd have time to fuck you against the wall one last time before you make an honest man of me" he whispers low in my ear sending shivers of lust racing through me as images flash in my mind, he kisses and grazes his teeth against my neck, grinding his hips into my bum so I can feel his arousal. My French knickers are saturated "Wet for me baby?"*

*I don't need to answer him; the bastard knows what he's doing to me "Go" I groan "Before I hold you to your word" gathering all of the little self-control I have left I push him towards the door.*

*I open the door before he has the opportunity to man handle me. Shelley, Phil, Simon, Macy and Paul are all stood there grinning like loons. Brenda is scowling.*

*"How did you know he was here?" Brenda asks no-one in particular.*

*"Come on Brenda, you must know by now Clayton can't bear to be apart from Skye too long, he gets withdrawal symptoms" Simon says cheekily and winks at us.*

*Brenda rolls her eyes and huffs "Well it's bad luck to see the bride before the ceremony. I'm going to ring Stephanie and let her know*

*you've been found" she stalks down the hallway muttering to herself about how ridiculous love-struck men are.*

*Clayton grasps my hands and brings them to his lips, keeping his dark blue eyes on mine "I'll meet you at the altar in a few hours my love" he breathes in deeply taking in my scent and makes an appreciative hum at the back of his throat "Look after her for me" he says to Paul, who nods. Paul is so used to Clayton saying that to him he doesn't take offense or react.*

*I watch Clayton as he walks to the end of the hallway, it takes everything I have not to run after him, jump on his back and beg him to stay. At the top of the stairs, he turns and blows me a kiss. I pretend to catch it and hold my hand to my heart, then he's gone.*

*"God, that was so romantic" Shelley sighs heavily.*

*"How did he get in?" Macy asks, puzzled curiosity written all over her face, the others grin at me looking expectant.*

*"The silly sod climbed up the tree that's at the side of the house and knocked on the window to get my attention so I would let him in"*

*We all look at each other and burst out laughing.*

*"That man has got you bad" Phil says shaking his head in wonder.*

*"What's so funny?" David asks arriving with all his hair styling equipment, I step aside so he can enter my room.*

*"Clayton has just been caught with Skye. He climbed up the tree and came in through the window" Simon says a tad too gleeful.*

*"Seriously!" David looks at me with surprised wide eyes for confirmation.*

*I nod "Like a love-struck teenager"*

*"Aww, that's so sweet" gushes David clutching his chest.*

*"I'm off to make a few last-minute amendments to my speech" Simon says jumping up and down on the spot and clapping his hands with a huge, wicked grin on his face "This is too good an opportunity not to pass up. Taking the piss out of Clayton and embarrassing him in front of his family, and I'll get away with it!" he literally skips down the hallway chuckling to himself.*

*Shelley and Macy, also in their bathrobes, join me and David in my room speculating on what Simon is likely to say. I'm cringing on the inside as I know he won't hold back but then again, I can't wait*

*because I also know he'll be funny as hell, Simon is a natural comedian, if he wasn't a marketing and PR guru, I'm sure he would have made it as a successful stand-up comedian. We sit down on the bed and watch David set up his things. Shelley winces and rubs the side of her belly.*

*"You okay?" I ask, concern evident in my voice and I rub her back.*

*"Yes, she's woken up and is playing football with my insides, here" Shelley takes hold of my hand and places it on the side of her belly where she was rubbing. I feel a powerful thump against my hand.*

*"Wow!" I look at her in wonder "Now I understand why you're wincing. Better sign her up for martial arts with a kick like that"*

*Shelley and Phil know they're having a girl. I went with them the week before when they finally decided they did want to know the sex of the baby and had one of those three dimensional scans done. I shed a few tears at the sight of the baby on the monitor, it was a beautiful moment.*

*"Okay ladies, who's first" David says wielding his brush like a sword at us. Shelley and Macy point at me.*

*Time seemed to fast forward then because I was soon in my dress and standing in front of the full-length mirror looking at my reflection. My hair piled up on my head in a loose up do and held in place by an elaborate... headdress is the only word I can think of to describe it. It most definitely isn't a tiara.*

*Matthew designed and made it for me. It's made of finely spun platinum so it's hardly noticeable against my hair at a distance. The design is almost in the Art Nouveau style or kind of like the Elves wore in Lord of the Rings. The whole piece threads throughout my hair, at the front and sides and scattered throughout the twisting knots and loops are sapphires, diamonds and moonstones. Matthew and Gerrard presented it to me the day before saying it's my something new and blue. The crafty buggers aided by Simon got in touch with David to find out how he was styling my hair in order to make it. I was so touched by their thoughtfulness and gift, I cried.*

*"Skeye, you look absolutely stunning" Shelley's soft whispered voice comes from behind me.*

*I lift my eyes to meet her gaze in the mirror "All thanks to you" I smile at her. A gasp has both of us turning round to see Macy, her eyes filled with tears.*

*"You look..." she takes a deep breath "you look... I don't have the words" she half laughs and sobs.*

*"Well, you look fabulous" I look at her fondly.*

*The light and dark blue silk gown suits her light caramel skin tone. I asked Macy to be my bridesmaid after Nessa was banned from travelling by her doctor. I kicked myself for not asking her sooner, it just didn't occur to me.*

*"Here" Macy holds up a blue garter as she dabs her eyes "This is your something blue and borrowed. I want it back" laughing I lift my dress as she bends to put it on my leg. As Macy straightens the skirt of my dress a knock on the door makes me jump, God my nerves are worse than I thought.*

*"I'm coming in" Simon calls as he opens the door, he pulls in a sharp breath when he sees the three of us "Just look at my girls, beautiful, all of you. But Skye, you..." smiling he sighs holding his hands over his heart "Mr Moneybags will be on his knees the second he lays eyes on you" Simon puts his hand in his pocket "and he asked me to give you this" he holds up a delicate diamond bracelet "It's your something old. Apparently, it belonged to Clayton's great grandmother"*

*"It's beautiful" the three of us whisper in unison. I lift my arm as Simon steps forward fastening it around my wrist. I know one of his grandmother's will have given it to him and I have a feeling it may well be Granny Blake; she's my favourite although I will never tell anyone that. I really hope I'm like her when I get to her age. Wicked sense of humour, strong zest for living and on occasion cantankerous, not giving a fuck about other people's opinions of her.*

*"The perfect finishing touch" Shelley beams at me "Ready?"*

*Butterflies start somersaulting in my stomach and my legs have gone to jelly, suddenly my dress feels two sizes too small, and my vision seems to have gone fuzzy. My mind is telling me it's too soon, I'm rushing into this, I'm not ready, do I actually love him? The thoughts are swirling around at lightning speed, making me feel woozy.*



*“Breathe, come on, big deep breath in” Macy is standing in front of me “Breathe with me Skye, in through the nose and slowly out the mouth” I focus on her and follow her instructions, grabbing onto them like a lifeline “That’s it girl, and again”*

*“Feeling better” Shelley rubs my back, I nod giving her a weak smile, I don’t trust myself to speak for fear of throwing up and I try to swallow the excess saliva in my mouth “Let’s get going before we have Clayton turning up here again, only this time all in a panic” a bark of laughter escapes me as I picture a frenzied Clayton hurtling through the door with a pissed off Bruce hot on his heels, that alone gets my feet moving.*

*At the bottom of the stairs Don, Brenda and the rest of Phil’s family all look up at me, I can’t help but smile, they all have the same speechless wonder expression on their faces, as I descend the stairs. Every one of them will be joining us later for the reception, I express my thanks for letting me and my party stay the night and get nods of acknowledgement in return. Paul and Alan both do a poor job of hiding their amazement or should that be appreciation, their usual stoic persona’s disintegrating before me as we approach the cars.*

*Shelley, Phil, Macy and David get into the first car with Alan, whilst Simon and I get in the second car with Paul. The closer we get to Stephanie’s my nerves really start to kick in. I have nightmare visions of falling flat on my face getting out of the car, stumbling and tripping over my dress as I walk up the aisle, tripping up the steps to the altar.*

*“Breathe” murmurs Simon, he picks up my hand and rubs warmth into it “Breathe in and out, in and out” I follow his softly spoken instructions, funny how something so simple can help “That’s it, baby girl” he gives my hand a gentle reassuring squeeze. The car slows down to a crawl as we near the lane taking us to Stephanie’s estate.*

*“Why are we slowing down?” I ask Paul leaning over to look through the windscreen in between the front seats, what I see makes my stomach drop to the floor “Holy shit!” I whisper as I slowly sit back.*

*“What?” Simon says alarmed and moves to look himself “Bloody hell, where did they all come from?”*

*People, everywhere, so many bodies blocking the road and entrance. Paparazzi, news crews and fans, many holding placards of*

*congratulations surge forward, surrounding both cars. Shouts from the photographers and news crews clash with the cheers of the fans, I can hear the constant shutters of the cameras, the flashes muted by the tinted windows. I am so glad Paul talked me into travelling by SUV rather than a vintage car that Stephanie had pushed for. Relief washes through me after the initial shock and panic at seeing the crowd, at least we are high up. Memories of the last time Clayton and I got mobbed flash through my mind, we attended a charity function as we left and got in the limo the paparazzi, surrounded us. It's weird how vulnerable and claustrophobic I felt being low down.*

*"Did you know about this Paul?" my voice is barely audible over the noise intruding from outside.*

*"Yes ma'am" Paul remains looking straight ahead. Simon starts to laugh; I can't see anything funny about this situation and the look on my face obviously tells him the same thing. He does his best to control himself.*

*"I was just thinking, I bet Bruce nearly had kittens earlier when Clayton did his disappearing act if this lot was around then" Simon gestures to the crowd and starts laughing again "Oh, I am so going to use this later"*

*Now that makes me smile, it certainly explains his naughty schoolboy, aren't I clever attitude and look when he climbed in through the bedroom window "I bet this has sent Stephanie in to melt down" I sigh.*

*Paul catches my gaze in the rear-view mirror "We took care of everything when they started to show up this morning" I roll my eyes, of course he did.*

*I shouldn't be surprised. The media has been following us around since the engagement was announced. The news and gossip columns have been full of speculation about my dress and of course the inevitable baby bump watch. The gates to Stephanie's estate open and a stream of security guards come out forming a line either side allowing our vehicles to go through and keep the crowd at bay. Luckily, Stephanie has a long driveway shielded by trees and shrubbery so the media will be hard pushed to get a decent picture of me. Driving up to the house I spot guards with dogs patrolling the grounds.*

*“How many have they caught sneaking over the wall?” Simon says jokingly to Paul.*

*“Five so far and three posing as catering staff” Paul says in his matter-of-fact tone, I catch his eyes in the rear-view mirror, I see the subtle lift of his shoulder, his silent apology for not telling me sooner, I nod letting him know it’s okay, if he had told me earlier, I’ll be heading for a nervous breakdown round about now.*

*“Bloody hell! That is some seriously scary shit” Simon says in amazement and reflecting my very thoughts. Neither of us say anything else as we approach the house.*

*I’m greeted by Clayton’s over excited twin nephew’s Lucas and Samuel, who are page boys, and Marilyn the wedding planner as I enter the house. We all walk through to the living room and the French doors leading to the marquee, Marilyn gives everyone final reminder instructions on what, where and when. My mind tries to pay attention and grasp the instructions but no sooner her words hit my gray matter the meaning doesn’t register and disappears. At the mouth of the marquee Shelley and Macy fuss over me, straightening my dress and train. Shelley hands me my bouquet, it’s made up of my favourite flowers Blue Moon Roses and white Calla Lilies, the girls carry a smaller version of my bouquet. The men have Blue Moon Roses in their buttonholes and Macy fastens one to each of Simon, Paul and Alan.*

*“Right is everyone ready?” Marilyn says smiling brightly at each of us. I bite my tongue to stop myself from saying no. The butterflies are having one hell of a party in my stomach. Marilyn ushers Lucas and Samuel into place, both look adorable in their dark blue three-piece suits. I smile fondly at the pair of them, they really are mini duplicates of Joshua. Stephanie showed me pictures of all her boys as children and I remember seeing one of Joshua at the age of three, held next to the pictures of his sons you would swear blind they were triplets.*

*“Ladies, if you will” Marilyn’s polite instruction to Macy and Shelley stops them from fussing with my dress and hair and they move into position. Paul and Alan stand discretely behind me and Simon as we take up our places.*

*The stringed music which had been filtering through to us changed and at the first chords of ‘Here comes the Bride’ the boy’s step through*

*into the marquee followed by Shelley and Macey. I pause and take a deep breath; the butterflies are now doing flip flops in my stomach.*

*“Ready baby girl?” Simon whispers holding out his arm.*

*Threading my hand through I look at him and try to smile but my mouth doesn’t seem to want to cooperate, instead I nod and take another deep breath, desperately trying to calm my racing mind as we step through the floral archway into the marquee.*

*Gasps of oohs and ahs greet us, plus I swear to god I hear wolf whistles. Simon’s chuckle confirms I’m not mistaken. I see Clayton standing at the altar looking magnificent in his slate gray suit, dark blue silk vest and pale blue cravat. His dark brown wavy hair is brushed back off his face displaying his devastating good looks. He’s looking down the aisle and I know he can’t yet see me, but I do see Stephanie gesturing to him to turn round and face the altar, but he blatantly ignores her. Shelley and Macy reach the top and move to the side revealing me and Simon.*

*The frozen, shocked wide eyed and open-mouthed wonder on his face makes me smile and all my nerves and doubts disappear. I feel more confident, and I know with all my heart I am doing the right thing with each step I take towards the man I love on a soul deep level. I can feel my cheeks aching with the size of the smile on my face. We’re halfway down the aisle when Clayton seems to come to his senses and physically shakes himself and starts to walk towards me, actually stalk is more apt. I hear Stephanie hiss “Clayton! What are you doing?” which makes me laugh, Simon joins me and so do some of our guests, no doubt it’s those who know how Clayton is with me.*

*Simon and I stop walking; I wait for him to reach me. Simon dutifully hands me over. Clayton brings my hand to his lips, his smouldering dark blue eyes never leaving mine. My knees go weak and my heart thuds painfully in my chest seeing the depth of his love, lust and need for me. Clayton lifts my arm around his neck and leans in to kiss me, our lips meet tenderly then I’m swept off my feet as he scoops me up into his arms and carries me to the altar all the while kissing me. Those who know us well and are used to Clayton’s show of affection all laugh, cheer and clap.*

*Clayton lowers me to my feet, reluctantly. No sooner had I handed my bouquet over to Shelley, Clayton wraps his arms around me, we*

*stay like this whilst we say our vows, neither of us look at the Officiate or anyone else for that matter. I lose myself in the unconditional love shining from Clayton's beautiful face, it has me rooted to the spot. The second it's pronounced we are man and wife Clayton kisses me senseless to cheers, clapping and whistles then he picks me up.*

*"Now I'm going to fuck you senseless Mrs Blake" he growls low in my ear, every muscle in my body tightens as he set off down the aisle, out of the marquee and towards the house, no-one dares to stop him. Clayton kicks the bedroom door shut and locks it before setting me on my feet in the centre of the room.*

*"You look absolutely stunning. My heart stopped and I couldn't breathe when I saw you walking down the aisle" Clayton runs his fingers down my cheek, lightly kissing my lips then turns me around and starts undoing the buttons at the back of my dress "When I got over my shock I couldn't keep away from you" Clayton's warm lips press against my skin at the base of my neck and slowly move across my shoulders then down my back as he reveals more skin. His lips leave a trail of blazing tingles in their wake, I can feel the start of a fine sheen of perspiration breaking out all over my body as my heart rate increases with each kiss descending along my spine until he reaches my corset and works his way back up.*

*Slowly and carefully, he removes my dress "I don't want Shelley after my blood for ripping the delicate lace before anyone gets a chance to see the dress properly" he chuckles as he helps me step out of it.*

*I laugh with him "And don't forget the photos" I remind him.*

*"Of course, how could I forget" he smiles salaciously at me as he lays the dress carefully over the chair in the corner of the room. His eyes rake my body from head to toe and back again, the heat of his desire for me makes my whole-body thrum. Clayton reaches down and cups himself, adjusting, making room in his pants. Christ, I want to rip his clothes off and drop to my knees taking him deep in my mouth. A knowing smile spreads across his face.*

*"I like the blue garter" his deep voice rasps, betraying his desire and lust "I'm looking forward to peeling it off with my teeth later in front of our guests"*

*"It's my something borrowed and blue from Macy" I move to the bed and sit to watch Clayton strip out of his clothes. He puts on a*

*show for me and doesn't disappoint, I'm wet and raring to go. For no other reason but to try and keep some decorum I lift my wrist to show the diamond bracelet "This is beautiful, which of your grandmother's lent it to you?"*

*"Granny Blake and it's yours to keep" Clayton says stalking towards me gloriously naked, his erection jutting out thick and very proud, a bead of pre-cum glistens on the end.*

*Instinctively my tongue darts out and runs around my lips as I remember the delicious tangy taste of him. With an effort I drag my greedy eyes up his hard muscular torso to his face "Seriously?" I breathe heavily.*

*Clayton nods his head and gracefully drops to his knees before me, placing his hands on my knees he spreads them apart and moves his way in between them "Her exact words were "I know you both want for nothing; however, I doubt Skye will have something old to wear on her big day. Give her this gift with my love and blessing" and it does look stunning on you" Clayton dips his head and kisses my wrist. I gasp at the generosity. Clayton's hands snake round and cup my bum, pulling me closer to him "What can I say, you're her favourite daughter-in-law, no sorry grand daughter-in-law" Clayton frowns and shakes his head "Never mind we can discuss the semantics later, now I want to devour my wife" Clayton tugs at my French knickers and I lift my bum so he can pull them down "now Mrs Blake I get to do to you what I desperately wanted to do before" he grins wickedly at me as he pushes my legs further apart, opening me up, exposing my sex "Hmm, Mrs Blake my beautiful naughty wife, your pussy is so wet and ready for me"*

*Clayton dips his head and places kisses on the inside of each thigh, then nips and grazes his teeth as he works his way up. My sex is quivering in anticipation. My fingers thread through his soft dark wavy hair and drag my nails across his scalp. A deep groan rumbles out of Clayton. I fight the urge to pull his head closer to my sex where I desperately want his mouth, my whole body is shivering in expectation of the boundless pleasure he is about to bestow upon it. Need is pulsing heavy in my lower abdomen making my hips rock forward.*

*“Oh god” I moan low at the back of my throat as Clayton’s tongue lightly traces my slit then flicks over my clit. I feel my juices flow as desire cascades through me.*

*“Mrs Blake you taste divine” Clayton murmurs “I’m desperate to be inside you, tell me you’re ready for me Mrs Blake” he slides me off the bed and on to his lap, lifting me to position his cock at my entrance.*

*“I’m ready Mr Blake” my voice is barely a whisper.*

*As I drape my arms over his shoulders, my hands and fingers cup the back of his head, sinking and twisting into his silky soft hair. Clayton thrusts upwards at the same time pulling my hips down, he penetrates me to the hilt in one swift move. I cry out at the sudden feeling of fullness, my internal muscles spasm and contract greedily around his thick cock. I can feel every glorious inch of him pulsing and twitching deep inside me. I rock my hips and clench my muscles, hard.*

*“Fuck!” Clayton roars throwing his head back and clenches his jaw making the veins in his neck stand out under the strain. He drops his head forward resting his forehead against mine, his eyes clenched shut. Deep gusts of warm minty breath hit my face as he fights for control.*

*I run my tongue lightly over his lips and tentatively kiss him, he responds matching my light movements. Our mouths start the familiar seductive erotic dance of exploration. Our tongues join the tantalising dance of dipping and weaving in and out, licking, tasting. My hips start to move and gyrate mirroring the movement of our lips and tongues. I feel my orgasm rushing head long towards me. I move faster, Clayton thrusts upwards making me gasp at the deeper penetration. His hands release my hips and snake around me. One hand moves and cradles the back of my head, the other at the base of my spine. He pulls me closer to him, leaving no space. I continue to move my hips as Clayton holds still. Pleasure sensations hurtle around my body.*

*“I going to come” Clayton’s words come out as an animalistic growl further heightening my need for him “Make me come Mrs Blake” he thrusts his hips upwards as I bear down on him “Fuck, you feel so good, shit I’m coming Mrs Blake”*

*I feel his cock thicken inside me, I clench my muscles around him as I bear down and grind my hips. He gives a powerful thrust upward and I feel his release explode inside me.*

*"I love you, Mrs Blake!" Clayton roars his declaration; I feel it reverberate around the room. I continue to gyrate and grind as I hold his shuddering body to me, helping to prolong his orgasm as I run head long and swan dive off the precipice into the welcoming waves of pleasure as they crash around my body. Clayton's arms tighten around my juddering body, his lips trailing kisses up the column of my exposed throat.*

*"I love you so very much" my voice is husky; my throat feels raw as if I'd screamed. If I did, I have no recollection of it. We hold onto each other as our breathing slows down.*

*"Today is the happiest day of my life. You make me extremely happy Mrs Blake, you complete me. I love you" Clayton kisses me tenderly.*

*"Me too" I smile feeling shy for some reason.*

*A loud bang on the door makes both of us jump "If you two have finished in there, you have a marquee full of guests waiting for you and Mom said the photographer can't take anymore pictures without you" Joshua's amused voice filters through the door.*

*"Duty calls" Clayton grumbles as he lifts me effortlessly off him and sits me on the end of the bed "Tell Mom we'll be five minutes" he calls out.*

*"Yeah right. I'll tell her ten" he chuckles "no, better make it fifteen"*

*Clayton winks at me as I listen to Joshua's fading laugh, I blush. Blimey what is wrong with me! Clayton comes out of the bathroom with a cloth in his hand, he kneels and spreads my legs, gently wiping the cloth between my thighs cleaning me up. Then it hits me. We have to go back downstairs to a marquee full of people who will know exactly what we've been up to. My cheeks are on fire, oh sweet lord! How am I going to face them? Clayton's fingers trailing down my cheeks brings me out of my embarrassed thoughts. He leans forward and gently kisses each burning cheek. He doesn't say anything he doesn't have to; he knows exactly where my head is.*

*Without a word he helps me back into my French knickers and dress, kissing up my spine and across my shoulders as he fastens the buttons. I help him back into his clothes. We constantly touch, feel,*



*smooth, and caress each other. His touch reassures me, gives me confidence to face our guests.*

*"I must say you look very dapper and extremely handsome in this get up" I say breaking the silence as I smooth out his cravat and run my hands down his chest enjoying the feel of silk under my fingers.*

*Clayton places his hands over mine, I look up to his beautiful face, eyes sparkling with love and a lascivious smile on his perfectly sculpted lips. He brings my hands to his mouth and kisses my fingers then the backs of my hands, turning them over and kissing each palm. "Come, my love, if we stay here a second longer, we won't be attending our reception"*

*I laugh "Yes, you're right, my dear husband. I would hate to get on the wrong side of my mother-in-law so early on in our married life" I can't hide the sarcasm in my voice.*

*"Say that again" Clayton looks at me earnestly.*

*"What? I'd hate to get on the wrong side of my mother-in-law" I sound and look puzzled at Clayton.*

*"No, the beginning part" he's almost bashful and lightly squeezes my fingers.*

*It dawns on me then; it's the first time I've said it "My dear husband" I whisper lifting my hand to cup and caress his cheek. Clayton gives a contented sigh, his smile knocks me for six, my heart swells with so much love for him.*

*We are three quarters of the way down the stairs when Stephanie appears at the bottom "There you both are. How could you Clayton?" she admonishes "I have never been so embarrassed in all my life!"*

*"Oh, give it a rest Stephanie" a waspish old voice cuts in before she can get in her stride "It's blatantly obvious the boy is madly in love and who can blame him with such a stunning bride" Granny Blake appears holding out her hand to me as I reach the last step. I take it. She has a surprisingly strong grip for such a frail looking old lady. Her arthritic gnarled hands clasp mine and she winks at me. I can't help but smile at her. I bend and kiss her cheek.*

*"Thank you for your gift, Granny Blake. It's beautiful and very thoughtful of you"*

*Granny Blake waves away my thanks and takes hold of my wrist with the bracelet on, the light dances off the diamonds as she gently*

*moves my wrist from side to side "It's my pleasure and it suits you. My father gave it to my mother when I was born. They were deeply in love and it's only fitting it goes to you. I see Clayton look at you as my father looked at my mother and you return his love as she did. I wish you both as many years of happiness as they had"*

*I feel privileged and a little daunted, the bracelet carries such sentimental value for her. Plus, I now know the bracelet is at least eighty-five years old, assuming her father bought it from new.*

*We enter the marquee to loud cheers, clapping and whistles. My earlier embarrassment returns full force. I'm certain an egg can be fried on my cheeks; hell, a whole barbeque can be cooked on them they're burning that much. Clayton on the other hand is unaffected and unapologetic for his actions. He didn't apologise to his own mother; hell will freeze over before he utters the word sorry to anyone in this room for disappearing on them as soon as the ceremony was over. Sensing my discomfort Clayton sweeps me up into his arms, causing the cheering to get louder and carries me into the room. Camera flashes go crazy, blinding me temporarily. We pose for photographs for the next half an hour when Marilyn calls a halt instructing everyone to make their way to the next marquee for dinner.*

*The speeches are as entertaining as expected. Simon stole the show, much to Clayton's family's delight he is merciless in taking the piss out of Clayton. True to his word he started off by telling everyone what Clayton had done this morning, then he started on me, and said because he had a new audience, he re-hashed the stories he told at Shelley and Phil's wedding, throwing in some new ones for good measure. I cried laughing along with everyone else, although the end of his speech really did bring a tear to my eye.*

*"I wish you both a long and happy life together. Now Clayton a word of warning" Simon turns to face Clayton "I may have handed over my baby girl to you, but I will never let her go. So, if you ever hurt her, I'll bitch slap you so hard it'll make my hand hurt" Simon waits for the laughing to stop "Then I'll set Paul on you" Simon points to Paul who is stood discretely at the back of the room. Everyone turns in their seat to see who Simon is referring to, an eerie silence came over the room when they see the fierce imposing figure that screams potential*

*violence. Paul inclines his head to Clayton. Clayton nods acknowledging the message in return then stood up.*

*"Thank you Simon, considering I have already experienced one of your bitch slaps it's not something I intend to repeat, ever" Clayton dramatically shudders "He bloody hurts, don't let his size deceive you" Clayton says playing for the sympathy vote to the room at large, this broke the tension "and besides, my beautiful wife kicks Paul's ass every day" chuckles of laughter fill the room "I'm not kidding. I'm more scared of her than I am of him"*

*"He's right, Skye spars with her bodyguards every day" Andrew shouts out, the room erupts in laughter. I raise my glass to Andrew then look over to Paul, Alan and Bruce and raise it to them. Smiling with pride each of them salute me. Clayton smiles adoringly at me and winks, leaving our guests to chat and speculate how true it is.*

*After a few minutes Clayton picks up a knife and taps it against his glass, the ringing sound brings everyone's attention back to him, the room falls quiet. Clayton thanks everyone for coming and various people for pulling the day together and gives out gifts. He gives a special mention to Bruce, Paul and Alan and thanks them for their forward thinking and fast actions that averted a media frenzy which could have spoilt our special day. This got a round of applause as he raised his glass to them.*

*Clayton stuns me completely when he turns towards me and pulls me to my feet, wrapping me in his arms he looks deep into my eyes, my knees go weak and I'm thankful he's holding me so tight otherwise I'd be a messy puddle on the floor. "Most of all I want to thank you for making me the happiest man alive. I was nothing but a hollow shell before I met you. All I knew was work but you have shown me how to live, to feel and made my heart beat. I love you Mrs Blake" he kisses me with so much passion the top of my head blew off.*

*When it came to the part in the evening to do the first dance, I had a surprise in store for everyone. For the reception we agreed to have a live band play for the first couple of hours then a DJ for the remainder of the night. As soon as we hired the band, I contacted them with a special request, which they readily agreed to. So, for the past three weeks, swearing Paul, Bruce and Alan to secrecy, I'd been sneaking off*

*to practise with them. No-one bar those three knew what I was about to do.*

*As we approach the dance floor Bruce places a chair in front of the stage. "Sit down" I point at the chair, the surprise and confusion on Clayton's face makes me smile mischievously.*

*"Mrs Blake what are you up to?" he complies and sits anyway. My smile gets wider when Paul hands me a microphone. The room is buzzing with confused conversation, I can hear people ask what's going on and see the puzzled expressions on my friend's faces.*

*"Ladies and gentlemen" I say into the microphone; the room immediately falls silent "Tonight, we are not going to do the first dance. Instead, I have a surprise for my loving husband and all of you. My darling beautiful husband, as many of you know and those that didn't, have witnessed today, he doesn't hold back on showing how much he loves me" the room erupts with cheers, laughter and whistles. As I wait for the noise to die down, I pick up Clayton's hand "When we first met, I worried I didn't reciprocate in showing my feelings for him to those around us. So, I'm going to sing a song it's called Love Walked In, this is for you, my love" I squeeze his hand, he returns the gentle pressure.*

*The band start to play, the song is one of my favourites. It's by an English rock band called Thunder and I never thought I would ever sing it to someone who meant so much to me, the lyrics of the song sum up how I feel and the experience I've been through. I sing my heart out, I lose myself in the music, the meaning of the words and the sheer love and adoration on Clayton's face, his cheeks wet with tears. As the song nears the end Clayton slides off the chair to his knees and wraps his arms around my thighs, his chin resting on my stomach. His upturned face and eyes never leave mine. With the dying chords of the song, I bend down and kiss him "I love you Mr Blake" I whisper against his lips.*

*A cacophony of noise explodes around us. Clayton stands and people descend on us from all sides. Stephanie is weeping buckets, so are Simon, Shelley and Macy as they all wrap their arms around us.*

*"Oh, you sweet, sweet girl" Stephanie wails down my ear.*

*"Baby girl, after that no-one will ever doubt you don't love him" Simon blubbers.*

*“That was so romantic, beautiful” Shelley sobs.  
“Ditto and I can’t believe you kept it so quiet” Macy cries.  
And on, and on the compliments came.*

Now five years, on my beautiful husband still takes my breath away. Clayton stirs in his sleep; his arm stretches out to my side of the bed his hand flexes and searches for me. Before he comes fully awake, I shift so he can find me, I snuggle into his hard-warm body. He hisses and wraps himself around me “You’re cold” he grumbles in his sleep tightening his arms around me. I absorb his warmth and hardness, breathing in deep his musky male scent “You’ve been up drawing” he mumbles then sighs drifting back to a deep sleep. I place a kiss in the centre of his chest, he makes a contented hum at the back of his throat. I fall asleep, happy and content, listening to his deep breathing and the rock music playing in the background.

## CHAPTER THREE

### *CLAYTON*

I will never tire of watching Skye sleep. She looks relaxed and so young, much younger than her thirty-one years. Lying on her front with her arms under her pillow, her long white curly hair spread around her like a blanket of finely spun silk shimmering in the morning sun light. Carefully, I move it off her so I can see her delicate porcelain skin and the curve of her back to the swell of her buttocks. And Christ, what a fantastic ass she's got. Peachy, tight and pert. Kept in shape by all the daily exercise and sparring she does with Paul, Bruce and Alan, not to mention her weekly session with Phillipee our personal trainer.

Unable to stop myself I trail my fingers down her spine, the satin smoothness of her skin making my fingertips tingle, a sensation that continues up my arm and through the rest of my body joining the dull ache and throb between my legs. I cup and adjust myself. Big mistake, my cock twitches and demands more attention. I ignore it and concentrate on the feel of Skye beneath my palm as I gently cup and caress her ass alternating the pressure of the squeezes and my fingers across each cheek as I stroke back on forth. Skye's hips circle and lift pushing into my hand. Fuck, I love how her body responds to my touch even when she's asleep. I continue the caressing pattern, increasing and decreasing pressure all the while her pelvis moves with the rhythm of my hand, swirling and grinding into the mattress.

A low deep moan emanates from her, the sound going straight to my already straining rock hard cock. Lengthening and thickening me even more, the dull ache in the pit of my stomach intensifies. Fuck! I need to be inside her, like balls deep inside. Before my mind registers what my body is doing, I find myself moving over her pushing the bed sheet out of the way.

Starting at her ankle, I place my lips and slowly kiss, nip and taste my way up her leg when I reach her butt I start again with the other leg. As my mouth reaches her butt Skye lets out a sexy low moan and pushes her hips up into my touch. I swirl my tongue, graze my teeth and nip her fleshy cheeks, with feather light flicks of my tongue I follow the seam of her butt. Skye lifts and spreads her legs further apart, her body silently telling me to taste her further. I can smell her arousal, and I know if I plunge my fingers inside her, she'll be swollen, wet and so, so ready for me.

"Mr Blake, you really need to stick your dick inside me, like right now" Skye's sleep filled husky voice demands as she flexes and lifts her hips higher.

Taking advantage of the raised position of her hips I dip my head between her thighs, thrusting my tongue inside her hot wetness, Skye gasps. I swirl my tongue then pull away and crawl up her body continuing with the licking, nips and kisses. I blanket her. I adjust the position of my cock, so it slides against her pussy, coating my sensitive head and shaft in her heat and arousal. I bite back the groan as pleasure shoots from my dick straight up my spine. I flex my hips and slide along her sex as I drag my teeth along the fleshy part where her neck and shoulder meet. Skye buries her face in the pillow muffling her moans.

I nibble her ear lobe "Good morning, my beautiful Mrs Blake" I whisper in her ear.

Skye circles and lifts her hips ensuring my cock strokes every inch of her sex with my slow thrust "Morning, it'll be even better when my darling husband fucks me" I chuckle when she pushes up against me by arching her back and raising to her knees.

"Does my beautiful wife want me to take her from behind?" I tease her ass with my cock.

"Yes please" Skye groans, it's deep and throaty causing my cock to pulse and weep.

I swivel my hips, the head of my cock has no trouble finding and breaching her entrance, feeling her hot wet heat

against my tip triggers the primal need to mate and I have to force myself to hold still, fighting the urge to slam into her. Skye lifts her body and pushes back onto me; my cock slips inside effortlessly. The feel of her grasping, clenching muscles along with the hot moistness surrounding me is my undoing. A groan rumbles deep in my chest, I feel it claw its way up the back of my throat. I rear up onto my knees, my hands grasping where her waist and hips join, getting a good grip as I flex my hips pulling back so only the tip of my cock is in her.

“Ready baby” I pant; my control is slipping.

“Oh yes” Skye takes in a deep breath and lifts onto her forearms, bracing herself. I slam into her. Skye screams out her pleasure.

I start a rhythm of swivelling my hips and slow withdrawal, revelling in her greedy muscles pulsing and grabbing around my cock, then pulling her hips back onto me as I thrust forward, hard. I feel my balls slap against her with the force. Losing myself in the feel of her, the sounds of satisfaction she makes filling my ears. I want more of it, of her. My blood is pounding in my veins, my heart clattering in my chest, pleasure builds heavy in the base of my back and lower abdomen. My cock thickens and pulses, my orgasm is close, so close.

“Faster... harder... please... faster” Skye pants out, her muscles flutter madly around me. I am so glad she’s with me.

I adjust my grip on her sweat covered hips and let go of my control. I pound into her over, and over again. Hard, fast, deep with each strike. Skye screams as her orgasm rips through her. She collapses back down onto the mattress her body shuddering as pleasure ripples through her. The grasping muscles of her tight pussy clamp down hard on my cock triggering my own orgasm. My body locks, I roar my release as I shoot my load into her, those delectable muscles milk me of everything I have. I collapse on top of Skye as my body shudders riding out the last of my orgasm.



Gasping for air, I lift myself, just enough to ensure I don't crush her under my weight. I can't move off her just yet. I don't have the energy or the coordination, my muscles are like jelly. My head is buried in the crook of Skye's neck. My lips automatically kiss her, my tongue snakes out, tasting her slightly salty yet sweet skin. Hmm, delicious. Skye twists her head to the side and kisses my temple. I raise my head and find her lips, kissing her, tasting her. I love the concentrated morning taste of her. People talk about morning breath or their mouth being stale and don't want to kiss their partner for fear of putting them off, but I couldn't care less, I've never had that problem with Skye and she doesn't seem bothered about it either. In fact, I crave her taste as much as I crave her. This craving I have for her has only got stronger with each passing day over the last five years.

"Happy birthday, my love" Skye's husky voice stirs my blood, my hips flex in response.

"Happy anniversary, baby" I kiss her deeply as I pull out of her, moving on to my side I pull her to me.

Skye wraps her arms around me and kisses me tenderly "Happy anniversary" she whispers against my lips "I love you"

My heart feels fit to burst with happiness. Those three little words get me every time. It took a while for Skye to say the words when we first got together but since we married, she tells me at least once a day. I on the other hand tell her about twenty times a day, at least. I squeeze her tighter to me. Skye makes a 'humph' kind of sound as I push the air out of her lungs, she doesn't complain. I relax my hold, but only a little. We stay wrapped around each other enjoying the peaceful silence and feel of our bodies against one another, Skye's soft curves moulding and fitting perfectly around the hard muscular contours of mine. Our hands draw slow lazy patterns over the surface of our backs, sides, hips and anywhere else they can reach. My stomach

gurgles and growls loudly breaking the tranquil peace. Skye snorts a laugh.

“I was just thinking about what to have for breakfast and asking you” Skye lifts her head and leans back to look at me “What would birthday boy like to eat?” A lascivious smile spreads across my face as I think of sitting Skye on the breakfast bar, spreading her thighs and devouring her pussy “You can have me later, what food do you want?”

Christ, this woman can read me like a book. I scowl and pout at the thought which makes Skye laugh. Her sensual throaty laugh has a direct line straight to my dick and it immediately jumps back to life. I’m about to flip her onto her back when the phone rings. I decide to ignore it and pounce on her.

“Down boy!” Skye squeals with laughter “You better answer that, it’ll be your mother, and she’ll keep ringing until you pick up”

“Fuck! you’re right” I grumble, giving her a chaste kiss. As I lean over and grab my phone Skye gets out of bed. I’m distracted by her luscious figure and watch the sway of her hips as she heads for the bathroom. I look down at my phone and see it is my mom. I’m sorely tempted to still ignore it and follow Skye. The phone stops ringing, gleefully I get out of bed and head to the bathroom, halfway across the room my phone starts ringing again. Shit, mom just doesn’t know when to give up. Sighing I answer “Good morning, Mom”

“Oh good, Clayton you’re up” in more ways than one I think wryly looking at my dick “Happy birthday and anniversary darling”

“Thank you and yes, I’ve only just got up. What can I do for you?”

“What makes you think I need anything; can’t a mother call her son and wish him happy birthday?” she says defensively.

Her felicitations could wait a couple more hours or until I saw her this evening, I know my mother and calling me

this early in the morning only amounts to one thing, she's after something. "Of course, Mom, now tell me what it is you want"

Mother sighs heavily, so heavily it rattles down the phone line. I don't like the sound of that "Oh Clayton!" I can hear the despair in her voice, my stomach knots and I go cold "I... I don't... I..."

"Mom, whatever it is you can tell me" I say softly. I actually want to shout it at her, but I know it won't get her to talk.

"Andrew has a new girlfriend" Mom blurts out.

"Yes, I know. Joshua told me the other day, said something about meeting her at yours last Monday. He did tell me her name, but I can't for the life of me remember it. He also said he thought Andrew would be bringing her to the party. If that's what you're calling about I'm okay with it and so will Skye" I keep my voice level, why in hell is she calling me to tell me this.

"Yes, her name's Alicia... Alicia Adamson" Mom pauses, she's waiting for me to acknowledge the name.

I'm fucked if I'm supposed to know it. "So?" I prompt.

"You dated her" translation I fucked her... maybe.

"I don't recall the name, when did I date her?" I say quietly and move away from the bathroom. I can hear the shower so I doubt Skye can hear me, still I don't want to have to explain myself.

"It was just before you started seeing Skye. When Andrew brought her to dinner, I thought she seemed familiar. But it wasn't until yesterday when I was at lunch with Marcia Chapman, and she mentioned it. Alicia is her niece" I can hear the panic in Mom's voice.

"Does Andrew know?" I'm racking my brain trying to drag up any memory of this Alicia and come up with zilch.

"No, oh Clayton I don't know what to do!" Mom wails.

"Nothing"

"Nothing?" it's barely a whisper.

“Yes, nothing. Absolutely nothing. Don’t say anything. Leave things as they are. If Alicia wants Andrew to know we dated, then it’s up to her to tell him. I don’t remember her, and I’ll tell him as and when he says something plus, I’ll tell her the same if she brings it up” I pause giving Mom time to absorb my instructions “Do you think you can do that?”

“Yes, yes I can do that” she says happily, relieved  
“Thank you darling. I’ll see you tonight. Happy birthday, enjoy your day”

“I’ll see you later” I hang up and throw my phone at the wall in a sudden fit of frustrated anger. It hits the cushioned headboard, bounces off and lands in the middle of the bed. Shit! just what I need.

I shove any more thoughts about ex-girlfriends, ex-shags are a more apt description, out of my mind and head for the bathroom, if I’m lucky I can scrub Skye’s back for her.

I grab Skye’s plate as soon as she finishes eating and load everything into the sink. I’m feeling nervous and excited about giving her my anniversary present.

“Whoa! Slow down Speedy Gonzales what’s the rush?” Skye laughs when I grab her hands, pull her to her feet and push her out of the kitchen with my hands on her shoulders, she’s not moving fast enough so I scoop her up into my arms “Clayton!” she squeals in delight and shock.

“Present time” I grin and wink.

“Oooh, goody. What did you get me?” it’s my turn to laugh as she claps her hands and kicks her legs in excitement. In our five years together, Skye has never made any secret about her joy in receiving gifts from me.

“You’re about to find out Mrs Blake”

I carry Skye into our home office and sit her in the big leather chair. In the centre of the huge wooden desk is a large box with the biggest and most ridiculous bright pink bow wrapped around it. Helena helped me wrap it and went overboard with the bow. “Trust me, Mrs Blake will love it, plus it’ll make her all the more curious” she said as she

pulled a pair of scissors over the ribbon making the ends spring into spirals. I remember my heart fluttering in my chest at hearing Helena call Skye, Mrs Blake. Only a few people did as she kept Darcy as her professional name, even the press referred to her as Darcy. It didn't bother me she kept her name. I can fully appreciate and understand her reasons why. Skye's agony at bringing the subject up for discussion is still fresh in my mind as if it was yesterday. It took her a week to finally come out with it, I knew something was weighing heavily on her mind and every time I tried to get her to talk, she changed the subject. In the end I dropped to my knees and begged her to tell me, she and the suspense was killing me, I couldn't take it anymore. The relief I felt left me feeling weak and lightheaded because I convinced myself she didn't love me anymore and wanted to call the wedding off. Now, Skye jokes when she wants to go anywhere or travel incognito, she uses Mrs Blake.

"What is it?" Skye's curiosity is definitely piqued; she reaches for the box. I lightly slap her hands away.

"Not just yet" I admonish with a laugh. Skye sticks her bottom lip out in a sulk "I need you to close your eyes, no peaking" I warn as she dutifully closes them.

I lean over and bring the computer to life, I glance sideways at Skye and see her squinting at me "I said no peaking, do you want me to blind fold you" I say sternly.

"Oh yes please" Skye says with enthusiasm and lifts her hands, wrists together and waggles them in front of my face. My cock stirs. It's been a very long time since we played like that.

"Mrs Blake you are incorrigible" I laugh and adjust my pants. Skye's eyes darken, the tip of her tongue pokes out and runs across her luscious full lips. I lean in and kiss her slowly "Close your eyes and if you behave yourself, I'll give you what you want later"

"Promise" Skye purrs. The sexual energy emanating from her has my skin sizzling and I can feel it bouncing around the room.

“Promise” I growl back.

Skye settles back in the chair, eyes closed, her hands folded on her lap. Complete submission. My body thrums with need for her, my cock aches painfully. Fuck it! I’m going to play with her straight after this. Working quickly, I bring the website up I need. I alter the angle of the chair so Skye will be looking directly at the screen when she opens her eyes.

“Open your eyes” I watch as her eyes slowly open and continue to widen as she takes in what she sees “Happy anniversary Mrs Blake”

Skye’s mouth drops open, her eyes snap to mine then back at the screen, she leans forward to get a better look “You bought me a ruin of a house” she looks at me again. I can’t read her expression; anxiety is settling in the pit of my stomach. I nod “I love it!” she suddenly squeals making me jump. Throwing her arms around my neck she peppers my face with little kisses “I love it, love it, love it” Skye lets go of me, returning to the screen “Where is it?”

“England” Skye gasps, looking at me in wide eyed shock “as in England, UK” I reiterate.

Skye opens and closes her mouth, looks back at the screen then back at me. Her eyes are bright, I can see tears forming in them. I kneel next to her; she turns in the chair so I can fit between her legs. Skye grabs me into a fierce hug “Thank you. It’s beautiful. I am so lucky to have you. I love you so much” she squeezes me tighter “and it’s also very thoughtful of you”

Skye gets me on so many levels. I knew I wouldn’t have to explain my gift; she gets it, she gets me and how my mind works, I love every delectable inch of her for it “Glad you like it” I absorb her warmth and soft curves as I nibble at her neck.

“So, what’s in the box?” Skye says after a few minutes. I chuckle because curiosity is getting the better of her.

“Open it” I say moving out of the way so she can get to it.

Skye pulls carefully at the ribbon “Helena did a good job with this” she laughs at my shocked expression “Come on, did you really expect me to believe you wrapped it”

“Okay you’ve got a point” I concede as she lifts the box lid.

“Paper?” Skye looks at me questioningly.

“Take a closer look” I indicate to the box.

I sit back on my heels as I watch Skye take out the reams of paper Billy got from the English Heritage. Her expression goes from one of confusion to understanding to absorbed interest as she reads through the random pages as she flicks through. I reach into the box and pull out a manila envelope.

“Here, open this”

Skye puts the papers back in the box and takes the envelope, ripping it open and pulls out the document. Her eyes dart across the front page, the frown and curious expression on her face suddenly changes to shock as she realises what it is she’s holding, her eyes snap to mine “This is the deeds to the house... the property and it’s solely in my name” the document quivers as her hands tremble. In fact, I notice she’s trembling all over.

“That’s correct, it’s all yours to do with as you wish... well within the restrictions that are set out in the covenants” I turn back to the computer and pull up my email account, finding Billy’s email I open the attachments which show the house in its former glory “This is what the house looked like back in the fifties”

“Wow” Skye gasps “it’s magnificent” she takes the mouse from me, enlarging and clicking through the images. Billy worked his usual magic by managing to find some more pictures rather than the grainy ones he showed me in my office.

“It’s called Dove Mill Hall, and it’s situated about a mile outside Dove Mill village. It was destroyed by fire over twenty years ago. The nearest town is a place called Henley-on-Thames and it’s about thirty-seven miles away from

London. The property sits in a hundred and twenty acres of land, comes with a fifty-hectare working farm and three cottages situated in the village” Skye’s smile dazzles and blinds me, momentarily frying my brain “Oh! and a woodland as well, according to Billy, a relative of the previous owner lives in the village, so it’s possible they may have more recent pictures than the ones he sent me”

“I’m blown away. Thank you. I can’t believe you’ve done all this. God, my head is hurting with all the possibilities bouncing around in it. We are going to have a fabulous house and home to live in when we move to England next year” Skye throws her arms around my neck and squeezes tight, effectively choking me.

“I have no doubt whatsoever with you at the helm, Mrs Blake” I turn in her arms, Skye kisses me passionately in the way she does to show me through touch how much it means to her, how much I mean to her, actions speak louder than words, that is most definitely true in Skye’s case. I lose myself in her.

“As much as I would like to spend the day kissing you, it’s time to give you my presents” Skye mumbles between kisses, reluctantly I let go of her and move back so she can stand “Your turn to sit in the chair”

I sit down and watch her as she moves to the studio side of our office. The day when we bought the apartment, and building, Skye earmarked this room to be her studio. I told her I was okay with it so long as I could have a corner for a desk, we’re both workaholics and if we are going to be working in an evening, I at least want to be able to see her, be near her.

Skye reaches the cabinet where she keeps all her art materials, bending down from her waist to open the bottom draw. Her pose is pure provocative pin-up. My semi flaccid cock springs back to life. I enjoy the view as she rummages. Skye is a petite five foot four, but she has long slender legs and the short shorts she’s wearing show them off beautifully. Her perfectly round ass jutting out is begging to



be spanked and fucked. Her long white, blonde hair falls like a curly curtain around her hiding the luscious upper part of her body, abruptly Skye flicks her hair over her shoulder in annoyance revealing her fantastic tits as they strain against the confines of her tee shirt. She makes an 'ah ha' sound when she finds what she's looking for. Turning to face me I can't help but drag my eyes slowly up and down her body as she walks back to me. My throbbing cock is tenting my sweatpants. I'm one lucky bastard I think to myself, having a wife built like a Playboy bunny and she's all natural, women pay a fucking fortune to have hair, lips and body like hers.

"Like what you see, Mr Blake?" Skye's husky voice purrs. The sound tightens my balls, a tingling sensation runs up my shaft, I feel the spurt of pre-cum release.

"Fuck yes!"

Skye places what she has in her hand on the desk. I don't see what it is I'm too intent looking at her. Skye drops to her knees, pushes mine apart and settles in between my thighs. I know what's coming and I'm not going to stop her. Instead, I grip the arms of the chair as Skye reaches for the waist band of my sweats, releasing my cock and balls. Her small delicate hands are cool against the heat of my raging hard on. I shift to move the elastic of the waist band to a more comfortable position, instead Skye releases me and removes my sweats completely. From her kneeling position she looks up my body, pure lust and hunger in her beautiful yellow green eyes. I want and need her just as much as she wants and needs me. It's a heady mix.

Skye reaches for me, wrapping one hand around my cock, the other on my balls. She massages my balls and starts to stroke my cock in slow long hard pulls, just the way I like it. Closing my eyes, my head falls back against the chair, I groan as I absorb the pleasure sensations.

I hiss in a breath as hot wetness suddenly surrounds my cock and gentle suction intensifies the pleasure thrumming around my body. I open my eyes. I love to watch Skye suck

me off, she has one hell of a wicked tongue and naughty mouth. My cock pulses and throbs as she traces the veins with the tip of her tongue, then wraps her lips around my glans and sucks hard and deep as she pulls back. My hips thrust upwards my cock wanting all of her mouth around it. Skye adjusts her position so she can deep throat me. My hands automatically cup her head, I stroke her hair then fist it in my hand partly so I can still watch her work my cock but also I know she likes the sensation and the control I'm about to exert over her movements.

I start to move to the rhythm Skye sets, my hips moving in a slow thrust and grind as her hand moves up and down my shaft, her tongue and mouth teasing and sucking. I can hear the rush of blood in my ears as pleasure pounds through my body and the thumping of my heart in my chest and ears. I feel the heat radiating out of me, sweat breaking out and mixing with the cool air dancing over my sensitive skin. My control is slipping, it gets harder and harder not to thrust up and drive deep into Skye's mouth. I drag in air through my nostrils filling my lungs and blow out slowly through my mouth in an attempt to regain some modicum of control. Skye drags her nails over my balls, my control snaps. I take over and fuck her mouth. I'm on a mindless mission as I chase my orgasm. Sensing I'm close Skye tightens her grip and pumps faster. I hold her head still as I power into her greedy, tight hot mouth. She increases the suction by hollowing her cheeks, her teeth lightly scrape my shaft. Her other hand squeezes my balls, the immense pleasure sensations tip me over the edge.

"Skye" I roar as my release starts "fuck" my back arches, my head pushes back into the chair. My body locks as I pump into her waiting mouth, the shudders take over as my orgasm rolls through me, leaving me gasping for air. Skye laps, licks and sucks prolonging my stay in the land of pleasure and ecstasy.

"Ready for your presents now" Skye's husky voice brings me back to earth.

Lifting my head, I shake it to get rid of the fuzziness and bring my brain back online “You mean that wasn’t one of them?”

Skye laughs “Happy birthday” she kisses me deeply. I dip my tongue into her mouth, tasting the last remnants of myself then I get a blast of pure unadulterated Skye, hmm delicious. Skye moves out of my reach before I can pull her into me “Present time” she reminds me.

Skye turns to the computer, closes down the email and opens the internet. After a few seconds of tapping, she moves out of the way so I can see the screen. On it is an image of a helicopter, a Bell 505 Jet Ranger X to be precise. Skye hands me an envelope.

“This is your birthday present” she’s grinning from ear to ear.

Cautiously, I open it and pull out the folded piece of paper. At the top of the page is the name of a flying school. Skye has booked me helicopter flying lessons. I look at her open mouthed.

“This is your anniversary present” she points at the screen “You get that, when you pass your test” she points to the paper in my hand “Your first lesson is in” she looks at her watch “Half an hour”

I’m at a loss for words. I’m too stunned to even form a sentence, how the fuck did she know I was thinking of buying a helicopter. I told no-one. Skye watches me with a huge smug smile on her face as I looked back and forth between her, the screen, and the flying school’s instructions.

“How did you know?” I eventually croak out.

Skye chuckles, taps her nose and leans forward “I’m not revealing my sources” she places a light kiss on my lips “Happy birthday and anniversary my love”

I am so going to get that information out of her. I try to deepen the kiss, but Skye stops me “You need to get ready for your lesson. Bruce is waiting for you downstairs, and I have a date with Shelley, Macy and Simon at the Spa”

“I will find out” I give Skye my best stern look as I pull my sweatpants on, it doesn’t work as she looks back nonchalantly “You will tell me” I smack her backside making her yelp.

“Oh no, I won’t!” Skye shrieks and runs out of the room laughing as I give chase.

Skye deftly moves around Lisa, our housekeeper, as she steps out of the laundry room. I’m not so lucky and collide with her, neatly folded clothes are launched into the air, but I manage to catch Lisa, twist and land on my back with Lisa on top of me. All the air is knocked out of me. The clothes rain down on and around us. Skye’s laughter fills the narrow space of the corridor.

“Oh, Lisa! are you okay?” Skye manages to get out between splutters of laughter “I’m so sorry. It’s Clayton’s fault for being such a randy bugger”

Lisa chuckles as Skye helps her up “I’m okay Mrs Blake. It’s not often I get a good-looking man tackling me to the ground, but I appear to have broken and squashed your husband” both women look down at me, smiling, not one ounce of concern on their faces.

“I’m fine, thanks for asking” I say sardonically and lift myself off the floor.

Skye starts picking up the clothes and I follow suit “Leave those. I’ll do it” Lisa admonishes taking the items from us “You two need to get going. Paul and Bruce are waiting for you. Go on, go” she shoos us away.

Skye and I head to our bedroom like naughty school kids sniggering, pushing and shoving each other. I’m just thankful our housekeeper is used to us. Lisa Pryor has been with us since we moved into the apartment, luckily Skye has known her for years since Lisa used to work for one of her LA clients. Over the years, Lisa has caught Skye and I in a fair few compromising positions in various rooms around the apartment and I have to salute the woman, she’s not phased one bit. When she first started working for us, she often said “I’ve worked in LA for thirty years and there isn’t

anything you two can do I haven't seen already, so don't be embarrassed because I'm not"

Skye loves to get Lisa telling stories of her time in LA, the things she's witnessed or heard about and often tells her to write them down saying "You can be the next Jackie Collins" but Lisa laughs saying she's signed too many non-disclosures' to be able to get away with it.

We head down to the garage where Bruce and Paul wait with the cars, we discuss plans for the rest of the day. We'll be heading to my mother's mid-afternoon to help with any last-minute things and get ready for the party. Each year we hold it on mother's estate, apart from the Halloween theme and costumes, we replicate everything on our wedding day. Retaking our vows, the speeches, cutting the cake, I even get Skye to sing 'Love Walked In' with the same band. I've never told Skye this but it's the best present money can't buy and I'm the lucky son of a bitch who gets it every year.

### ***SKYE***

"Breathe in" Shelley says as she pulls on the corset ties.

"Bloody hell! If I breathe in anymore, I'm going to pass out" I complain.

"I need you to breathe in so, you'll have room to breathe and not pass out" Shelley states in her matter of fact don't mess with me tone. I do as I'm told "There, done" she says satisfied stepping back to look at me.

I turn and look at myself in the full-length mirror "Holy shit! Clayton's going to have a heart attack when he sees me in this get up"

"Well, you did say you wanted sexy scary fairy" Shelley says distractedly as she messes with the corset and skirt. Ha! What skirt, it's that short it just covers my bum.

Shelley and I are in the bedroom she and Phil use when they stay at Don and Brenda's, it's actually the same room we got ready in for both our weddings only this time Shelley is helping me get dressed in my Halloween costume. The

corset is covered in rich burgundy velvet, on the right side of my waist is a silver star with trails of silver thread shooting out from it which swirls and spirals across the rest of the bodice. The skirt is full but currently it hangs in folds all the way round, when I get back to Stephanie's I'll put on the underskirt which has loads of layers of netting so the skirt will stick out, almost like a ballerina's tutu. I'll be wearing multi coloured striped stockings with a lacy frill around the top with a fantastic pair of six-inch killer heel ankle boots. I have my wings, my hair is done, once I do my makeup and put in my teeth, I'll have the 'scary' part of my fairy costume.

"It's brilliant, thank you Shelley" I hug my best friend.

"As always it's my pleasure" she pulls back and runs her fingers through one of my coloured curls "What was Clayton's reaction when he saw your hair?" Shelley says with an evil grin on her face.

"He freaked, just as you predicted" I roll my eyes "I let him think I had actually dyed my hair for half an hour before I put him out of his misery"

"Skye you are wicked" Shelley burst out laughing.

"When I told him they were coloured hair extensions he didn't believe me; he was all for me taking one out. I told him to bugger off, I'm not sitting in a chair for two bloody hours whilst David works wonders with my hair to undo it just to prove to him I didn't permanently colour it. Then I told him I was going to dye the whole bloody lot bright pink because he doubted me, that was even funnier"

Shelley is rolling around on the bed crying laughing "The poor man, you don't half give him some grief"

"Serves him bloody right..." I'm cut off mid-sentence as the bedroom door bangs open.

"Aunty Skye" Abby's, or Abs for short, excited high-pitched voice shatters the peace of the room.

"Abs" I turn and open my arms ready to catch the bundle of joy that is my four almost five-year-old god daughter. Abby runs and launches herself at me.

“Oh! no, you don’t” Shelley calls out and catches Abby in mid-flight “You are covered in chocolate and you’re not getting those sticky fingers all over Auntie Skye”

Just then Phil appears at the door red faced, out of breath and holding a squirming two-year-old Nathan on his hip “Sorry love” he apologises to Shelley “Mom let slip Skye was here and she moves bloody fast. She was off Dad’s knee and out the door in the blink of an eye” he nods at Abby.

“Don’t worry we were finished anyway” Shelley says holding Abby’s hands away from me as I lean in to give her a kiss.

“Hmm, chocolate, delicious” I make Abby squeal with laughter as I pretend to go to eat her.

Shelley puts the wriggling, squealing Abby down on the floor and steers her in the direction of Phil “Go with Daddy whilst Mommy finishes off with Auntie Skye... go on you’ll see Auntie Skye at the party later” Shelley says a bit more forcefully, I wave bye to the kids as the door closes. I give Shelley a puzzled look, it’s not like her to be short with them. Seeing the look on my face Shelley gives me an apologetic smile and shrug “There’s something I need to tell you”

“Oh” I look more closely at Shelley. She looks washed out, she has really pale skin anyway but now she looks paper white and the shadows under her eyes are darker. The reason why dawns on me as I sit next to her on the end of the bed, I place my hand over hers “When are you due?”

Shelley half sobs and laughs “I should have known you’d guess right away. If you ever fancy a change from being an artist, you’d make a good living at being a psychic” we both chuckle “I don’t know, we only found out yesterday, but I think I’m about six weeks gone”

“How do you feel about it?” I ask tentatively, she had a really rough time with Nathan the whole pregnancy and delivery, so much so both of them said they weren’t going to have any more children.

“Oh Skye, I’m so happy” Shelley wails breaking down in floods of tears.

“I take it these are tears of joy” I say softly wrapping my arms around her. She nods and I let her cry, after a few minutes she sits up straight.

“We’re not telling anyone else until the doctor gives me the okay” she sighs heavily “not even Simon or Phil’s parents” she adds reading my mind.

“I’m honoured you’ve told me” I squeeze her shoulders “Let me know if you need anything or if there’s anything I can do”

A light knock on the door has both of us cursing softly. I stand to answer it “It’s probably Paul letting me know I’m being summoned back to HQ” I open the door but it’s Phil.

“Next best thing” he grins at me “and yes you have been summonsed”

I grab my things and put my coat on, Phil comes in and stands with Shelley, lovingly wrapping her in his arms and kisses her. I walk up to them and put my arms around both of them “Congratulations” I whisper “I can’t believe I’m going to be an aunty again”

Leaving them to enjoy a few minutes of tranquil bliss I head downstairs. I shout bye to Don and Brenda, and let the kids climb all over me, now I’m protected by my coat from sticky fingers, and smother them with kisses and hugs.

In the car I think about Shelley and Phil. They went to hell and back with the last pregnancy. Phil in particular was devastated by what Shelley went through, thank the heavens Shelley and Nathan came through okay and both are strong and healthy, but at one point it looked like we would lose both through the various complications Shelley suffered. I lived every painful anguished second of the pregnancy with them, as Phil is fond of saying “There’s three of us in this” he said it throughout the first and the second was no different. When Shelley was diagnosed with pre-eclampsia, we got her the best medical attention available then eight weeks before her due date Shelley collapsed and had a



seizure. Doctors said she developed eclampsia, and they had to perform an emergency Caesarean section. The following forty-eight hours were sheer hell. I'm not religious but during those hours I prayed to every god and goddess I could think of, praying and willing them to pull through.

It was heart breaking to hear Shelley and Phil say they weren't going to have any more children because I know they both wanted a big family. Phil is the youngest of five and has what seems like millions of aunts, uncles and cousins, whereas Shelley has no family having been made an orphan aged eight.

I love their kids as my own. Since I can't have children, I borrow theirs from time to time, although I gladly hand them back. My thoughts turn to Clayton, I know he enjoys having them around and sometimes when I watch him with them, I get filled with so much grief it's crippling I can't give him his own because he will make a great dad. I've never been maternal but at times it doesn't sit well with me, even though my choice to have children or not, was taken away from me. I shouldn't be, or I don't want to be the one to take that decision or choice away from someone else simply because of my misfortune. I rub my temples with my fingertips, all this is making my head hurt.

"Are you okay, Skye?" Paul's softly spoken question interrupts my internal babble.

"Yeah" I sigh "Just got too much bouncing around in my head" I look out the window, we're not far from Stephanie's "How is Jack doing?" I ask to get my mind off Shelley and Phil.

"He's doing well" Paul says with pride "Getting good grades at school, says he still wants to work with horses, hates his mom's new boyfriend with a passion and keeps asking to move in with me and Macy" Paul chuckles to himself.

Jack is Paul's twelve-year-old son. His ex-wife will never remarry as long as Paul is in my employ due to all the benefits she gets courtesy of me, although these benefits

come with strings attached one of them being Paul has full access to his son as and when he wants. Over the ten years Paul's been with me this has worked well for all concerned. Jack has never liked any of his mom's boyfriends, but I'm the guilty party for his ambition to work with horses.

Two years ago, we went to stay with our friends Mike and Penny Holstead for a few weeks at their ranch in Tennessee whilst I worked on Mike's commission. Since it was the school holidays, I suggested to Paul he take Jack with us. During those two weeks Jack learnt to ride plus everything needed to care for a horse, he even mastered how to lasso, and he became an honorary stable hand. One-night Jack and I took a walk; he was educating me on each of the different breeds when we came across one of the stables in which a pregnant mare was in labour. Keeping out of everyone's way we stayed to watch, only Jack and I ended up helping deliver the foal when complications set in and there wasn't enough time to get extra help. A real life and death situation. It's one of the most exhilarating and frightening things I've ever done.

Mike offered Jack a job saying it was open until he was old enough to decide what he wanted to do and providing he did well at school, what a great incentive to get good grades. I bought the foal and called him Dark Moon. I get regular updates on his progress which I share with Jack.

"You know, we can always remodel your apartment to accommodate him, just say the word"

Paul barks out a laugh "Don't tell him that, he'll be packed and moved in before you take your next breath... and thanks for the offer. I think its best he stays with his mom for now"

In other words, he doesn't want the grief and aggro Jack moving in will cause with his mother, I let it go rather than challenge Paul on it "Well the offer stands, anytime he wants or needs to move in"

“Thanks... I really appreciate it” Paul says as he brings the car to a stop and gets out, he helps me with my bags up to the house.

Inside the house is a hive of activity, at first glance it appears to be pandemonium with catering staff rushing about, teams of people carrying armfuls of Halloween decorations but in the distance, I can hear Stephanie’s voice shouting instructions. I look at Paul and incline my head to the stairs, he grins at me knowing full well I’m going to attempt to sneak up to mine and Clayton’s room without being spotted. We get a quarter of the way up when I hear Joshua behind me.

“Finally, there’s the little lady” I turn and look down at Joshua’s huge grin “Your husband has been a real pain in the ass for the last few hours whilst you’ve been gone” he reaches me on the stairs and gives me a hug.

“And that’s my fault how?”

Joshua takes the bags off Paul and continues up the stairs with me “He’s absolutely buzzing about the presents you’ve got him, hasn’t shut up about it” Joshua laughs “Actually, what’s more entertaining is the fact you, little lady, have got him something he has told no-one of what he was thinking of getting for himself, he’s flummoxed as to how you knew”

“And I’m not revealing my source” I laugh at the look of disappointment on Joshua’s face “So, I take it he enjoyed his first lesson?”

“That’s a bit on an understatement” Joshua chuckles “I don’t know how you do it. Each year you come up with something that either scares the crap out of him or he’s so stoked about it he’s annoying. I should be pissed because I’m his brother and known him a damn sight longer than you” Joshua says trying to sound indignant and failing miserably.

“I pay attention, that’s how I do it” I wink at Joshua taking my bags off him, and I let myself into the bedroom “Thanks for your help. Time to finish getting ready”

“And on that note, I need to go and get ready myself” Joshua kisses my cheek and walks down the corridor to his room “Love the hair by the way” he calls out over his shoulder.

In the bedroom I grab the things I need and go into the bathroom, locking the door behind me. I don’t want Clayton seeing me before I have all of my outfit on and as soon as he hears I’m back he’ll be making a bee line for me. Sure enough, within ten minutes he’s pounding on the bathroom door.

“Why didn’t you ring or text me saying you were back?” his muffled voice doesn’t hide the fact he’s pissed at me “Open the door baby, please”

“No, I’m getting ready and you’re not seeing me until I’m finished” I retort. I smile at my reflection because it’s going to irritate the hell out of him. I’m so close, yet he can’t reach me “Tell me about your lesson, how did it go?”

“Baby, it was amazing” I listen to the wonder and excitement flowing out of him as he explains everything he did and saw, I even get caught up in his enthusiasm for the experience he had “I’ve booked another lesson for tomorrow afternoon, I couldn’t wait another week for the next one”

I mentally pat myself on the back for giving the flying school the heads up, because I know him. If he enjoys the first lesson, there is no way he will be patient enough to wait a week for the second lesson. At the time of booking, I informed, no warned more like, the instructor to have availability the following day, just in case.

“But my darling wife, you knew that already, didn’t you?” Clayton’s voice is low and gravelly. My body reacts instantly; an involuntary shiver runs from my head to my toes as warm desire unfurls in my stomach.

“Of course, I know you” I try for nonchalance, but the huskiness of my voice makes me sound seductive. I shake my head and continue putting on my make up.

“Yes, you do” Clayton sighs “I haven’t told a soul and I’ve only been toying with the idea about buying a helicopter and getting lessons for the last three weeks and the instructor told me the lessons were booked two months ago, so tell me, how did you know about the helicopter?”

He tugs at my heart strings when I hear the plea in his voice, I relent “You butt dialled me... or should that be tit dialled... no wait... pectoral dialled since you will’ve had your phone in your breast pocket”

“What on earth are you on about?” his voice is louder; he’s back at the door. I picture him frowning at the door with his arms braced on either side of the frame.

“About three months ago, you were on your way back from an out-of-town meeting, somehow your phone rang mine. I could hear you complaining about how bad the traffic was, I listened to you bitch about it non-stop for ten minutes before I hung up. I felt sorry for poor Bruce, he was the one doing the driving” I pause as I put black lipstick on and apply Lipcote lipstick sealer “Anyway, listening to you moan it gave me the idea. Later that night I collared Bruce told him what I heard and asked for his help in choosing a helicopter”

“Why ask Bruce?”

“Because he can fly them” I hear Clayton’s huffed sound of disbelief. I clip in my false teeth and look at my reflection. My hair with its multi coloured curly hair extensions is piled in a loose mess on my head. I’m wearing the head dress piece I wore for my wedding. My eyes are heavily shadowed in smoky gray and black eyeliner, black lips, very pale foundation and glitter over my face and chest. I smile revealing a row of sharp teeth and fangs, the cosmetic dentist has done a brilliant job making the set. I look sinister when I smile, just the look I’m after “And it was Bruce’s idea to book you flying lessons. It’s his friend who runs the school” I say opening the door.

I’m almost bowled over backwards. Clayton is leaning on the door frame with his arms braced either side, he’s also

changed into his Halloween costume and it's that, along with the blast of pure raw masculinity, has my legs giving way. Clayton is going as one of the characters out of his favourite TV series, Sons of Anarchy. He's wearing a tight black t-shirt and the leather cut has authentic patches plus he's wearing his leather trousers, an added bonus, yay for me! My inner slut fans herself. His dark brown wavy hair is messed up and he's not shaved so he has two days-worth of stubble. He really rocks the bad boy biker image, his eyes darkened as they rake my body up and down. Lust burns out of him; his tongue runs across his bottom lip. Heat is pooling in my lower stomach and it's heading straight between my thighs, my internal muscles spasm in response to him.

"You are one sexy fucking fairy, baby" Clayton drawls as his eyes do their circuit of my body again "Not seeing the scary though" I smile at him, revealing my teeth "Fucking hell!" he shouts stumbling back in shock.

Smiling even wider I step out of the bathroom "Scary enough for you?" I say in my most sinister voice, but it sounds more of a purr, damn I'm turned on.

"Jesus, baby" Clayton clutches his heart bending over "I wasn't expecting that... come here" he says straightening and reaches for me "Let me have a closer look"

I dutifully open my mouth, pulling my lips back to reveal as much as I can. His finger traces each tooth, lingering on the canines "These are real" he sounds surprised, before I can stop myself, I bite down on his finger "Shit! They really are real"

"Of course they are, what were you expecting, plastic?"

"I guess so, yes. Fuck these are turning me on" Clayton grabs my butt and grinds into me, he really is turned on. He releases me suddenly making me stumble. He moves fast locking the bedroom door then removes his leather vest and t-shirt dropping them to the floor as he walks over to the chaise lounge that sits by the window. He lies down "Come here" he commands.

The simmering lust I was feeling coming out of the bathroom turns to boiling, instantly. I devour the vision before me. I can see the huge bulge of his erection through the leather trousers as they hug every delectable inch of his hips and thighs. For a man of thirty-five Clayton has a better body than any guy ten years younger than him. He has the kind of muscle definition that renders intelligent women, stupid and I'm more than happy to be in that mix every time I look at him naked. It's a wonder I'm not a dribbling mess. I squeeze my thighs together as I walk over to him, a shiver runs through me as the anticipation of pleasure shoots upwards from my sex to my aching breasts and tingling nipples.

Clayton catches my hand, pulling me on top of him. His hands run down my back and cups my butt firmly then slides me up his body, so our faces are level "Bite me baby, I need to feel those teeth on me" Clayton's gruff voice tells me all I need to know.

It's not often Clayton asks or allows pain to be inflicted on him, I can count on one hand the number of instances that's happened. When he's in the mood to play he's more of a sadist than a masochist, but on those very rare occasions it happens I gladly deliver it. Leaning forward I gently kiss him, using the fangs to nip his bottom lip, he groans. His hands move down, under my skirt and lacy boy knickers. His warm hands knead and caress my cheeks slowly. I move my lips to his jaw scraping my teeth and tongue against the stubble and work my way down his throat, a low groan rumbles out of his chest. His reaction causes thrilling excitement to flutter in my stomach and desire pools lower down.

Clayton moves the angle of his head as I work my way round to the side of his neck. I run my tongue over his jugular and kiss lightly feeling the throbbing pulse beat rapidly. I bare my teeth and drag them across the skin of his neck, then I bite down.

“Oh! fuck, yes!” Clayton hisses, his hips jerk up catching me in just the right spot. I moan as I continue dragging my teeth and nipping at his neck. My hips gently rotate against his erection starting the slow build of pleasure to my orgasm.

I move down his chest with swirls of my tongue, tasting the saltiness of his skin, followed by digging my teeth in and dragging down until I reach the knub of his nipple. I suck hard and bite. Clayton thrusts upward, hard, jolting and misplacing me “Sorry baby” he pants “Do that again”

I repeat the move on the opposite nipple only this time the one I previously teased I pinch between my thumb and forefinger at the same time “Holy fuck!” Clayton calls out, thrusting hard again “I need to be inside you, now” he lifts me effortlessly.

I stand straddling his legs and watch as he quickly undoes his trousers, lifts his hips and shoves them down far enough to release his glorious cock. Clayton is commando underneath which means only one thing, during the evening he plans to fuck me whenever and wherever he can. My whole body tightens at the thought. Quite early on in our relationship, I discovered I’m a closet exhibitionist and I get off on almost being caught, Clayton has no problem fulfilling my... fetish, fantasy, whatever.

Clayton lies back down, leaning over I run my tongue up his shaft to the angry purple head. I lick the pre-cum pooling on the end of the tip. Hmmm, delicious. I surround the tip and suck, then open my mouth and throat taking him as deep as I can. Closing my lips around him I pull back sucking hard, lightly scraping my teeth over the hot soft velvet skin of his shaft.

“Jesus fucking Christ! That feels amazing” I go down on him again only this time I apply pressure and do small bites on the way back up “Stop baby you’re making me come. I want to be inside you” I go down on him again “Please” Clayton begs only he grabs my arms and pulls me up his body. He kisses me hard, running his tongue over my



mouth and teeth as his hand is between my legs. His fingers hook into the leg of my knickers, roughly shoving them aside, feeling me “Baby you’re soaking... always ready for me”

Clayton positions me over his cock, he thrusts breaching my entrance. His hands grip my hips. I know he’s going to hold me still whilst he regains his control. I don’t wait and push down, taking him to the hilt in one swift move.

“Fuck!” Clayton shouts throwing his head back, his whole-body locks and tenses.

I take a moment to relish the fullness of his penetration. I run my hands over the taut muscles of his stomach and chest. I home in on one nipple with my teeth and mouth, the other I twist and pinch with my fingers. At the same time, I clench my muscles around Clayton and grind my hips. Clayton’s orgasm is immediate and so intense I feel him release into me. He curses like mad; I even get called a ‘fucking bitch’. I continue sucking and biting as I ride him hard. Clayton jerks and shudders beneath me for what seems like eternity.

Suddenly Clayton is on the move, the next thing I know I’m on my back and he’s looming over me, still buried deep inside. Sweat runs down his forehead and cheeks. I lift my hands to his chest, loving the feel of his hot wet skin under my fingers as I run them all over him. I trace the bite and scratch marks I’ve made all the way up to his neck until my fingers find their way into his damp hair. Clayton is still gasping for breath; I can see the pulse in his throat and at the side of his temples beating rapidly. I lower one hand and place it over his heart, the frantic clattering beat travels up my arm it’s thumping that hard.

I circle my hips; the friction rekindles my ebbing orgasm. Clayton circles his hips and gently thrusts forward; he hasn’t even softened “I should deny you your orgasm as punishment” he growls.

“But you won’t” I sigh as the pressure of pleasure builds with each stroke and circle of his hips. My head tilts back and my lip’s part to draw more air into my lungs.

“You look so fucking hot and sexy like that” Clayton’s thrusts harder, I whimper as I grab hold of the sensations hurtling around my body trying to delay my orgasm a little longer. I want to savour Clayton’s brute force and passion, it’s not often he loses it and really, really fucks me “You’re right I won’t deny you, although I will think of a suitable punishment for later” his words and hard thrusts tip me over and I let go as pleasure explodes through me, my mind full of images of being spanked and whipped.

As I regain awareness, I realise Clayton is shuddering against me as he rides out his second orgasm. I absorb his weight and hold him to me, stroking his shoulders, spine and the back of his head pulling gently on his hair. I breathe in deeply taking the mix of the light cologne of his body wash and his natural musky male scent. I’m in heaven.

Clayton takes a deep shuddering breath, the warmth brushes over my neck and shoulder, raising his head he looks deep into my eyes “I love you Mrs Blake” he whispers and kisses me tenderly as he pulls out. I feel the rush of seamen leak out over my thighs, Clayton frowns “I seem to have made rather a mess of you. Christ, those orgasms were intense. Stay there”

I do as he instructs, enjoying my post orgasmic state a little longer and feeling quite smug I can make my husband lose his mind with intense orgasms. I open my eyes when I feel the light brush of a cloth between my thighs, my heart swells with love as I watch Clayton clean me up. Once he’s done, he helps me stand, reaching up I kiss him.

“I love you Mr Blake” I whisper. His arms tighten round me, deepening the kiss.

“Let’s skip the party” Clayton murmurs, it’s tempting to say yes and I’m about to when a loud banging and the rattling of the door handle rudely interrupts us “Guess not” he sighs dramatically as the banging continues.

Clayton picks up his t-shirt as he makes his way over to the door, I nip into the bathroom to check on my makeup and hair, both look fine then I quickly put my wings on. As I come out Clayton is closing the door.

“Who was it?” I ask as I straighten my corset and fluff my skirt out.

“Mom, she was worried you weren’t here” Clayton says not looking at me, he’s paying too much attention to straightening his t-shirt and leather vest. My bullshit meter goes off the scale, something isn’t right I can sense it. I know there’s more to it; he’s keeping something from me. Bide your time, I tell myself. I will find out... I always do.

“How do I look?” I ask instead giving a twirl.

“Like a very fuckable sexy scary fairy. I’m getting hard again just looking at you”

“So, this is another costume to add to the collection”

“Damn right” Clayton adjusts himself “Come on let’s go before I can’t control the urge to nail you again”

“I give you half an hour” I laugh as Clayton smacks my bum as I walk out the door.

