

A photograph of a muscular man from the chest up, looking down and slightly to the right. He is wearing a black dog tag necklace. The lighting is dramatic, with a strong red glow on the left and a blue glow on the right, creating a high-contrast, moody atmosphere. The background is dark.

a tale of lust

*plaything
of his*

KEHLANI BOOTH

PLAYTHING OF HIS

a tale of lust

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PLAYTHING OF HIS

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

Plaything of His consists of MM, client x sex worker, forbidden themes, and an age gap of nineteen years.

This is Callum & Benjamin's story.

SYNOPSIS

Benjamin

He was my client.

That's all he should have been.

Instead, he returned to me, day after day.

Wanting me.

Choosing me.

Taking me.

Paying me.

He was my client.

But once I caved in, he became more.

I shouldn't have fallen for him.

He was off-limits, for more reasons than just one.

But I did fall for him.

My client.

Lucas Callum Clark.

The man who changed everything.

From a plaything of his, he made me his, and his only...

CHAPTER ONE

Benjamin

“That is very, very naughty of you, Mr Clark.”

I purr, my voice thick and laced with lust.

My head is thrown backwards against the soft pillows as I peer down at my client with his head between my legs. I watch his pearly whites nip the soft flesh of my inner-thigh. A moan escapes my lips, and I feel the tip of his tongue swirl around the bite mark as he slowly begins to make his way upwards.

My client snakes one hand away from my hips, trailing it higher past my stomach, brushing it against my chest, before he finally stops at my throat as he grabs me there. Like this, he holds me in place as he continues biting my flesh, licking it and sucking it, until he’s had his fill, and he begins to move away.

With his hair messy and colour high in his cheeks, he offers me a wolfish grin.

“Please, call me Callum.”

He says with a dangerous glint in his eyes.

With the money you're paying, I'd call you anything.

And because the words that leave his mouth are so surprising to hear, I find myself smiling at the older man, settling further into the bed as I offer him my body for his pleasure, before I reach out to touch him.

He doesn't let me.

Instead, he squeezes the sides of my neck, forcing me to drop my hand back to my side.

“Call me by my name, sweetness.”

He grunts out as his eyes dart between each one of mine.

Beautiful blue eyes. Brighter than any I've ever seen before.

As I lick my lips, I nod at my client before I open my mouth to speak.

“Of course, Callum.”

I say at once.

He's pleased.

Of course, he is.

Men like him, they like to be in control. They like to dominate; they like to use.

I've met many men like him, and I've been fucked by many men like him.

But Callum...he's different.

He's the only client I've had in my few years of working here who's told me to call him by his name, and he's the only client I've had who's been hell-bent on touching me first.

Usually, the other men are here to pump, cum, and dump.

The goal is to have them leaving here with their balls empty and their appetites satisfied.

That's what our brothel is for, after all.

Our clients pay us well and in return, we become their sex toys for the hour, the night, or for however long they're willing to pay to keep us for.

Theirs to want.

Theirs to choose.

Theirs to take.

Theirs to pay.

This is an establishment—an honest one at that.

We have a reputation of leaving our clients satisfied, so it's a wonder why Callum hasn't even let me touch him yet.

Maybe he's a pump, cum, and dump type of guy.

And if that's the type of guy he is...

“You ready to finally show me just how well you can fuck, or do you want me to touch you first, Callum?”

I ask him as I tip my head to the side, my eyes shamelessly wandering over every inch of his toned, naked body.

From head to fucking toe, Callum is completely bare.

A lot of my clients prefer to keep their clothes on—I only get a handful confident enough to show some skin along with their dicks—but Callum...he's different.

He oozes confidence, and he isn't one to shy away so quickly.

As soon as he picked me for the hour, we both moved to this room, and it only took my client a few minutes to remove every single piece of clothing he had on. He admired me, let me admire him too, before he demanded I lay on my back with my legs spread apart, as he comfortably settled his naked body between them.

I've been with a lot of guys, many faceless and most nameless, but I can say with full certainty that the memory of this client won't be going anywhere anytime soon.

Callum Clark...a client to remember.

Looking back at him, I watch him nod behind me to the cuffs which are attached to either end of the bed.

“I want you on your front.”

He says.

His hand slips away from my throat as I turn on all fours, showing him my body that’s his for the hour, before his hand returns to my body as he sinks his fingers into the base of my scalp and wraps them around the hair at the back of my head.

He pushes my head further into the mattress as he moves behind me.

Feeling him lean over me, Callum takes both of my hands in his as he forces them high above my head.

“Don’t ever worry about touching me first, sweetness. This part is all for you. I want to see you come undone for me as I eat your pretty peach.”

Fuck.

My eyes almost roll into the back of my head from that thought alone.

Moaning, I roll my hips against the bed and arch my back, offering him my body.

Sure, being fucked is fun.

A man's cock sliding in and out of another man's cunt, his hole slick with pre-cum and lube, being stretched out as it's slowly filled with cum...

But having a man's mouth on another man's cunt?

That wetness, that warmth...that flick of his tongue, that softness of his lips...that sweet taste of ass on his buds...

That is another type of fun altogether.

"Yes, Callum. Please." I manage to say, practically begging him for it, my voice muffled from my face being stuffed against the mattress. "I'll do anything you want me to, Callum."

His deep chuckle fills the silence of the room as he locks my wrists into each of the cuffs on either side of the bed. Like this, I can lift my head to breathe a little easier.

As I breathe in through my nose, my lungs are filled with air, and as I exhale through my mouth, Callum finally moves his hands lower to touch me.

I feel thick fingers run up and down my naked ass as Callum takes his sweet time touching me. He takes me into either palm, squeezing my flesh between his hands before he grips me, pulling my cheeks open, leaving my cunt bare to his gaze. He continues kneading my flesh until the stretch and the

burn of his fingers is suddenly replaced by the softness of his breath.

I wish he paid for one of the mirrored rooms.

That way, I would be able to watch him tease me, touch me, fuck me.

Like this, with my head facing down and my hands tied, I can barely watch him live in action.

He breathes out heavily, and I feel his softness fanning so close against me that I can tell his inhales from his exhales.

When his lips graze against me, I can't help myself but push backwards.

Callum immediately stops, pulling away, before digging his fingers into my stomach and his thumbs into my back.

“Have I asked you to move?”

I shake my head against the bed.

“No, Callum.”

There's a pause before he speaks.

“So why have you moved, sweetness?”

I take a second as I ask myself that very same question.

The clients don't usually care. They're here to pump, cum, and dump. As long as we're able to help them achieve

that, they don't really care about the other things we do.

Callum, he's different—I know he's different.

Calling me sweetness...touching me so softly...wanting to see me come for him...

Clearing my throat, I mumble out an apology.

“Sorry, Callum.”

I say, my voice soft and my tone innocent.

He hums appreciatively, removing his fingers from my body, as he palms the curve of my ass once more.

“Good boy.” He praises as he pushes my legs apart, putting all of me on show for him as he lets out a deep groan.

“Now, I need you to stay in this very same position until I am finished with you. I want you trembling by the time I have finished eating your pretty peach. Understood?”

I nod against the bed, but he squeezes my flesh between his palms.

“Your words, sweetness.”

He says as I feel him move again.

He lifts his hand to the back of my head as he strokes my hair, still kneading my flesh with his other hand.

“I understand, Callum.”

When he's satisfied with my response, he presses a kiss to the back of my head and moves his hand away from my hair. Dragging his hand lower, he palms my stomach as he tells me to push up on my knees. I do as he says, and Callum inches his fingers closer to my dick before he curls them around my base. With his other hand resting on my ass, I jerk against his touch as he dips one finger inside of my tightness. Callum pulls away just as quickly as he's entered me, chuckling with delight, before he tightens his grasp on my dick.

“Hard for me, already?”

He asks me, his voice rough and rich with need.

“That's right, Callum.” I say as he begins to fist my dick, moving expertly along my entire length. “I'm hard all for you, Callum.”

He chuckles behind me and that sound goes straight to my dick.

Callum moves again and as his grip on my dick becomes tighter, I feel his hot breath against my ass.

His lips are on my flesh as he sucks me softly, moving closer and closer towards the centre of my ass. Callum leaves a wet trail of saliva as he continues to move with his lips on me,

and when he stops at where he wants to be, he flicks his tongue upwards before pushing it into my cunt.

Groaning against me, he continues sucking and licking my skin, tasting me, as the fist around my length doesn't stop moving. I try to control my breathing as well as one can in this situation in hopes that I don't come before him.

Dom would have my neck if I came first before my client even had the chance to.

“You taste so fucking sweet. I haven't tasted a peach as sweet as yours, sweetness.”

Callum rasps out as he pulls away from my ass, his hand momentarily stopping from moving along my length.

As I lick my lips, I nod my head and offer him my gratitude.

“Thank you, Callum.”

I breathe out, desperate for his mouth and his hand back on me, or even better, his cock inside of me.

I'm desperate to be fucked, but he doesn't move.

Callum doesn't move for *one, two, three* seconds.

And when he finally does move, he moves to touch himself.

A groan escapes his throat, and I *hear* him touch himself. He spits into his palm as he puts his hand on his cock, rubbing the wetness all over, before he begins stroking himself.

Closing my eyes, I try to imagine how he looks as he pleases himself based on the sounds I can hear in the room.

Fuck. If only he booked the mirrored room.

“I could come so hard all over your sweet peach, just by looking at you and touching myself, sweetness.”

My throat is dry, my shoulders ache from the strain of the cuffs holding my arms up, and I feel like my knees will give up on me any second now.

Don't fall. Let your client take what he's paid for. Don't fall, Benji.

I open my eyes and find that my vision is a little blurry. I blink a couple of times so it clears up, but between his sounds...the way he's making me feel...

Swallowing, I open my mouth to speak but my voice quivers.

“Please do, Callum. I want to feel you come on me. I want to feel your cum on me.”

I want to feel you come inside me. I want to feel your cum inside me.

He hums, and I feel his hand back on me once more.

Curling my lip between my teeth, I groan loudly as Callum uses the centre of his palm to rub my tip, practically burning me with his touch. He doesn't stop rubbing me as he strokes himself, both of us groaning together as our sounds echo off of the four walls in this room.

My entire body is on *fire*, and this is pure torture from him.

I've never had a client like him. I've never had a client make me feel like this.

“Come for me, sweetness. Come all over my hand. Let me gather your cum and see if you taste as sweet as you look.”

His hot breath tickles my ear as he speaks and that tone of his voice...fuck, I could come from his words alone.

My face is flushed as Callum tightens his fist around my length, squeezing my dick all the way from its base to its tip as he coaxes me into coming for him.

He dips his head down low as he takes my ear between his lips. Swirling his tongue around the soft skin there, he sucks my flesh as he continues moving his hand.

It's too much.

Pulling away, he repeats himself, and it's all I need to hear before I begin spilling.

“Come for me, sweetness. I want to see you come undone.”

And I do. I come, and I come undone.

“Callum,” I cry out as I feel my balls tense up, pushing myself over that edge as I finally reach my orgasm. “I'm coming! Shit, I'm coming all over your hand!”

Again, he hums, and the bed moves as he leans forwards.

His front is pressed to my back, and he has a hand on my hip. His cock is pressed tight between our bodies, and as he rubs himself against me, I feel my balls empty as I come. My cum sputters out from my cock, and I'm not even sure whether it's landing on his hand on the mattress beneath us.

“Fuck, yes. Come for me, sweetness. Let's come together.”

He snakes that same arm around my stomach as he holds me close to his front, thrusting against my ass as he groans loudly into my ears.

Put it in, Callum. Please, put it in.

He doesn't.

My dick throbs against the side of his palm as he begins to speed up, his thrusts becoming messier and sloppier.

I know he's about to come.

"Come on me, Callum. I want to feel your cum on me."

I breathe out as he pulls away, his fist moving furiously against his length.

Fuck.

Just hearing how rough he's being with himself, how desperate he is to come, has me jerking against his hand.

"Here it is, sweetness. Here it is."

His hand finally slows down as I feel him shoot his load all over my backside. Hot spurts of his cum land on my ass as Callum groans behind me, and I bite down on my own lips as I feel him move away. He brings his cupped hand full of my cum towards him, and before I know what he's doing, he's smeared the cum against me.

Callum doesn't waste any time before he puts his mouth on me again.

I moan as he groans, and I can't help but call out for him again.

His lips are sealed around my flesh as he licks, laps, and sucks the cum from my body into his mouth. He moves his head from side-to-side before he bites down on my soft flesh, sinking his teeth into me as he leaves his mark there.

I'm trembling by the time he's finished.

When he pulls away completely, he palms the back of my head.

“Let's get you out of these handcuffs.”

He murmurs as he places his hand under my wrists, removing the cuffs before dropping my arms to the bed as he helps me turn over. His eyes are busy above my head as he focuses on touching me, massaging my wrists and making his way along the length of my arms.

We're both breathing heavily, and he hasn't even fucked me yet.

Just as I open my mouth to remind him that we'll run out of time if he doesn't hurry up soon, his phone rings from the far corner of the room. My eyes widen as I look up at him, but he simply chuckles as he sits on the bed the same time the phone stops.

He turns and looks over at me.

“I guess the hour is up, sweetness.”

Shit.

He didn't get a chance to fuck me, and that's the service he paid for.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

Dom is going to fire me. I know he will.

Scrambling to sit up, I take a hold of Callum's hand as I pull it closer to my body. His lips quirk up at the sides as he watches me sit up on my knees and press his palm against my thigh.

“You can have another hour with me, free of charge. You didn't get to fuck me, Callum. Let me make it up to you.”

He shakes his head as he pulls his hand away from mine.

Shit. I'm so screwed.

“Make it up to me another day, sweetness. I've got places to be.”

I nod at him as I take a deep breath in. He turns, walking over in the direction of his phone, as I drop my eyes downwards.

Of course, he's got places to be.

If he tells Dom that he wasn't able to fuck me within the hour because he was too busy touching me...

I'll be done. I'll lose this job, and I'll probably be kicked out since I won't be bringing in any more money.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

"I'll see you again."

Looking up, I spot Callum walking towards me. I immediately get up from the bed and offer him a dazzling smile, one that expresses just how excited I am to see him again.

"And I can't wait until you *come* again, Callum."

A smile touches his lips as he steps forwards, closing the space between our bodies. He stares down at me, his eyes on my lips, and I wonder if he'll kiss me.

It's not often I get clients wanting to kiss me, but I never refuse the ones that do.

As he clears his throat, he shakes his head and takes a step backwards.

I guess not.

"Thank you."

Callum mutters under his breath as he lifts his hand to mine, pushing something inside of my palm, before he turns around.

Eyebrows furrowed, I look down at my hand and see that he's placed notes there.

Money, and lots of it.

My fingers curl around the cash and my throat becomes dry.

Holy shit.

He's paying me extra—a lot extra—even though he didn't get the chance to fuck me. He barely let me touch him, but he's leaving me with a hefty tip.

I look up to thank him, but he's looking away from me. Shaking my head, I take this as my cue to leave the room as I turn around and begin walking.

Walking towards the door, I open it, ready to leave and prepare myself for my next client, when I turn around, just one last time, to catch a final glimpse of Callum.

He's bent over, his peachy ass now on show, as he reaches low to grab his clothes from the floor before straightening up to get dressed.

Letting a deep breath out, I turn back around and step out from the room, shutting the door behind me. As I sink my teeth into my bottom lip, I take another look at the money in my hand and feel how heavy the weight of the notes are.

He's tipped me hundreds. Possibly even more.

And even though it sounds so incredibly stupid, knowing that Callum wasn't able to fuck me within the hour he paid to have me for because he was too busy touching me leaves me feeling a little dejected.

He didn't get what he paid for, and on top of that, he tipped me for a service I wasn't even able to offer him.

I let out a deep sigh before I move towards my locker to leave my tip safe there.

He's a client, that's all he is.

But he wasn't a pump, cum, and dump type of client.

He's different.

That's for certain.

CHAPTER TWO

Callum

If it hadn't been for my best friend, I don't know how I would have coped with being a single father to my beautiful baby girl.

She was only three when her mother had walked out on us, and even though it wasn't entirely my fault, I couldn't help but blame myself for her decision.

I was the one who wasn't performing my marital duties towards my wife. Sure, we'd have sex once in a while, but it wasn't the kind a wife would have expected from her husband. I tried, I really did, but it was hard being with her like that, so I would always have to prepare myself both mentally *and* physically before getting into bed with my wife.

Serena had always tried to keep me satisfied and pleased, and since she found herself stuck in a loveless marriage with me, it was no shock to find out that she had been receiving love from someone else.

He was an ex-lover of hers, and I later found out that they had a baby together, a few years prior to our marriage.

She left us for a man who loved her and a son who had no idea she existed.

She left us—left our daughter—in hopes of creating a better life for herself.

And she succeeded in doing that. Until she couldn't any longer.

She left my baby for hers, and in return, her life was slowly falling apart.

I had no parents to lean on. I had no siblings to offer me their support.

Most of the people in our town were pushing me to remarry, so I would have a wife, and my daughter would have a mother, but how could I? I didn't want to put another woman through what I had put Serena through, and there was no way I would have another child only to leave them motherless.

So, with the support of Brandon Torres—a friend of my late father and a man I grew to respect well—we came up with a plan. We hustled, worked incredibly hard, and we managed to get to where we are today.

And now I stand as Lucas Callum Clark.

A name that's known in our town of Harlington, and a name that's respected. It took years to reach this point, but I managed to achieve it and I'm here to stay.

If it hadn't been for William, for my best friend and my brother, I don't know how I would have managed to survive. He was the one who kept my head straight, and my thoughts clean. Whenever I had a doubt about *anything*, William was the first one to help me.

My daughter adored him, and I knew he cared for her too.

He was there for us every step of the way, so I can't say that I was too surprised when he expressed interest in marrying my daughter during the time I was looking for a suitor for her.

And when I accepted, and she did too, the two of them got married to each other.

My best friend. My daughter.

The two most important people in my life.

Which leads me to this.

WILLIAM: Who gives a shit? If you want him and you're genuinely serious, go for it. You're not getting any younger. We're too old to worry about the things other people think of us.

I look at his message as my nostrils flare.

He's right, but there's still a small part of myself that finds it hard to admit the truth. And even though I don't owe anyone an explanation about my sexuality, I can't help but feel like the world will come crashing down once more and more people find out.

LUCAS: I know that. I just don't want Lyra to hate me because of this. She'll have questions for me, you know she will. What if she blames me for her mother leaving?

He reads my message.

Typing, then deleting, he types again, then deletes again.

I close my eyes and let a groan of frustration escape me.

I couldn't be happy then, and I can't be happy now.

I won't have my daughter hate me for this.

But would she hate me?

When my phone buzzes, I open my eyes to take a look at the screen, and smile when I see an image of my daughter blowing me a kiss. My phone buzzes again and I read the message William has sent me.

WILLIAM: When has your daughter ever kept her mouth shut? She's always had questions for everybody. And why

does your first thought always go back to Serena? Nobody gives a shit about her, Lucas. Your daughter loves you and she'd much rather see you happy with a man who loves you back than single and working your life away. If we were still at home, we'd be over at yours in no time and sent you on your way to finding yourself a lover.

I'm not in Harlington, I'm two towns over. But if he knew that, he'd get on the next flight home and slap me upside the head. I don't know what to say, I don't know how to respond, so I do it in the only way that I know how to.

LUCAS: Thanks, man. I don't know what I'd do without you.

His reply comes through immediately and I'd be lying if I said it didn't make me laugh.

WILLIAM: Yeah, yeah. Now are we done? Your daughter's getting desperate for my attention, if you know what I mean.

I shake my head as I type out one final response before putting my phone away.

LUCAS: TMI, William. Keep my daughter safe and give her all my love.

Moving, I finally take a step inside and enter the dimly lit room.

Years ago, decades even, I was a regular in this place.

Dom's Den.

It's where I had all my firsts with a man, and it's where I was free to express my sexuality.

It's the only place far enough from home where I've felt comfortable enough to be me.

And for as long as I can remember, Dom's Den has always been a sort of safe space for me, and when I returned for the first time here in over two decades, I knew just how badly I missed being *me*.

As my eyes scan the people that are here with me, I hope they find the one person I'm looking for.

Sweetness.

And when I do spot him standing at the main site, a deep breath escapes through my nose as I step closer towards him. He's naked and I know he's looking for his next client.

I guess he won't have to wait any longer.

"Sweetness."

I call out and he turns almost immediately.

I watch his expression transform from shock to surprise as he registers me standing here. His eyes dart all over my face before he takes a step closer to me as his lips pull up at the corners.

“Callum, I didn’t expect to see you so soon.”

He breathes out as he stops directly in front of me.

My eyes move shamelessly across his naked body as I devour him whole with only my gaze. In any other situation, I would have stopped myself, but since we’re standing in *Dom’s Den* and I’ve got one of his boys looking for a client, I don’t.

This nakedness is what makes everything so much more appealing.

Physically, he’s stronger than most of the guys here. It’s obvious that he is. His body is toned and his muscles are defined.

He looks older than his age, and if I had to guess, I’d say he’s somewhere in his early twenties.

Compare that to my almost forties...

As my eyes continue moving lower, I notice just how hard he is, and it makes me smirk. He’s practically dripping from his tip as his length bobs against the hardness of his stomach.

Just watching him like this has my cock turning hard too.

“Would it be too much if I asked you to give me a twirl, sweetness?”

I say, my voice hoarse as it threatens to break.

He hums, shakes his head, before he turns around slowly and teasingly.

My mouth dries up as I let my eyes feast on the one part of his body I haven't been able to get out of my head since last night...

...that pretty peach of his...

...that sweet peach of his...

When he looks back at me, I reach out and take his hand in mine, tugging him closer.

“You need to make it up to me. Yesterday was fun, sweetness, but I didn't get what I paid for. Can you squeeze me in for today?”

He takes a look at the clock that's hooked on the side of the wall before he turns back to face me as he nods.

“Now would be perfect, Callum. Shall we?”

My lips twitch at his choice of wording but I nod and answer him anyways.

“We shall.”

Together, with his hand in mine, we walk away from the main site and over towards the rooms. And as we do, I lock eyes with the man himself.

Dominic.

He’s the one I make all my payments to, and he’s the one who’s been running this place for as long as I can remember. We nod to each other in acknowledgement as we pass, and when sweetness opens the door, we both take a step into the room.

He turns around to face me and as he does, a mischievous grin creeps up his face.

“Now what do we do, Callum?”

Pointing to myself, and more importantly the clothes which are still on my body, I speak.

“We can’t do anything until I’m undressed, sweetness. I want you to undress me.”

He nods as he takes a step closer. His eyes move all over the length of my entire body before he finally brings his trembling fingers to the front of my shirt. Since the top two are already unbuttoned, sweetness only focuses on getting the rest

unbuttoned and once he's done, my shirt is open and my chest is bare.

I watch his eyes glaze over the hardness of my chest as he curls his bottom lip between his teeth. Where his teeth sink into his flesh, the pink is less vibrant, but I know all the colour will come rushing back when I finally give in and kiss him the way I've been craving to.

Even though this is only a service he's offering me, I like knowing he's able to appreciate a man's body like this. Most workers don't, and many of them assume we're all here to hump, cum and dump, like most of the males do here.

There's a small handful of us who like the connection between client and sex worker which Dom's Den has always been able to offer us; there's that option of choosing our partners, taking them, paying them, and tipping them, not forgetting to mention that we're able to book the same person if there are no complaints from either party.

And since Dom and I have known each other for a while, I didn't even have to ask to book sweetness again. He knew why I was back again, and he told me I'd be able to squeeze myself between the previous client and the next if I wanted. He asked no questions, and I offered no answers.

Dom's Den is the place to be.

As sweetness finally releases his bottom lip from his teeth, the colour does indeed come rushing back. There's a small dent from where his teeth had sunk into his softness, but as he flicks his tongue over it, it seems to have disappeared entirely.

"I'll need to take this off."

He murmurs out before pressing both his palms to my skin. His eyes are on my body, and I can't deny the fact that he's making me feel good simply by looking at me. Sweetness, as he becomes daring, does a little more than just looks at me. He leans forwards to press his lips to the centre of my chest before he pulls away as quickly as he had moved.

Immediately, I tense. My heart begins to pound in my chest and I don't know why I'm having such a strong reaction to his lips on my body.

This is what he does; he pleases his clients. But it was so unexpected, so easy to think it was more than him offering me a service.

As I let hot air shoot out from my nose, sweetness runs his fingers through my chest hair as he moves both his hands towards either one of my shoulders. Slipping his thumbs under

my collar, he drags the material downwards, freeing my body from the clothing, before he leans behind me and hooks my shirt to the back of the door.

His hands are back on my chest, slipping downwards as he presses his palms to the hardness of my stomach, before he tries to move even lower. I grip his wrists between my fingers and stop him. Finally, his eyes flicker up to mine, and as a dip appears between his eyebrows, I explain myself.

“That’s enough undressing. I want you on your back, sweetness.”

As I drop his wrist, sweetness nods at me before he turns and makes his way towards the bed.

My eyes travel down the length of his body and *fuck me*, that peach...

I stop myself from groaning out as I rub a palm over the front of my trousers and squeeze myself.

I need to fuck him badly.

Following after him, I let sweetness settle into the bed as I unzip my trousers and pull out my cock. I came prepared today with no boxers on so it’s a miracle my pre-cum hasn’t seeped through and soiled my clothes already. Pushing my

trousers to below my knees. I get on the bed with sweetness and make myself comfortable between his thighs.

His cock strands proud as it shines with his own pre-cum.

Putting my hands on either one of his legs, I push them upwards and shuffle even closer to him. My nostrils flare as I look at the place I want to desperately be inside of, and my own cock drips as my pre-cum runs down the underside of my tip.

“Lube?”

I ask him even though I already know he’s prepared.

He’s sopping wet, and since he’s so popular here, I reckon he’ll tell me he doesn’t need it.

Sweetness points towards the drawer on his right but doesn’t make a move to reach over and pull some out.

He proves me right.

“You don’t need to use it if you don’t want to. You can fuck me without it, Callum.”

Nodding, I begin to knead his flesh between my fingers. He’s soft and firm, and as I make my way closer to his entrance, his breathing becomes a little shaky.

I smirk as his stomach tenses and his cock twitches against it, so I help him out.

“Stroke yourself, sweetness.”

I command, my voice husky as my own breathing deepens.

Sweetness wraps a fist around the base of his cock and as he begins pumping, choppy breaths leave him before he finally locks his eyes with mine.

“Like this, Callum?”

I nod as my fingers skim around the edge of his hole and he squeezes, trying to get my fingers inside him already.

So eager for me.

I continue teasing him, rubbing his hole with each of my fingers, but never pushing inside.

“Exactly like that, sweetness. Keep stroking until I tell you to stop.”

His fist moves up and down his entire length as he begins breathing through his mouth. Pair that with the sensation of his hand around his cock, and my fingers in his peach, I reckon it won't take him long before he comes and makes a mess all over those hard abs of his.

And from the way that his chest rises and falls, the way that his breathing hitches, and the way that he fists himself faster, I know he's close to coming.

His hips jerk everytime he moves his fist from base to tip, almost as though he's physically trying to reach his release. Sweetness groans into the room as a flush of redness slowly begins to move through his body.

My cock swells as I watch him and listen to him touching himself, my own hands on his body. He's slick and my cock *aches* to be inside of him.

Finally, I find my voice and call him off.

"Hands off now, sweetness."

I don't need to say it twice.

His hand is immediately off as he moves it to his side. His chest rises and falls and as sweetness takes in uneven breaths, his cock twitches. His entire length stands hard as pre-cum leaks from the tip and it drips onto his abs. His entire body is tense, his skin is tight under my touch, and I finally make my move.

"Eyes on me, sweetness."

I murmur out before holding onto his left thigh tightly, wrapping it around my side as I shuffle closer with my hand

around my length.

Sweetness has his eyes on mine, and as he takes a deep breath in, I make my way inside.

First, my tip.

Second, my inches.

Third, all of me.

Finally, I'm inside.

He gasps, and he groans, and a chorus of soft sounds escape through his lips. He clenches all around me and I find that I'm making the same sounds that he is.

“Callum, I can feel *all* of you...”

Sweetness whimpers out.

His neck is flushed and the redness slowly makes its way towards his face. His eyes are no longer locked with mine. Instead, his eyes are squeezed shut and his head is thrown backwards against the pillows. We're both breathing hard, him through his mouth and me through my nose, as I slide out before slamming back inside of his sweet peach.

“Sweetness, you're taking me so well.”

I manage to breathe out as he squeezes against my length again.

With both my hands on either side of his hips, I turn him slightly before moving even closer, fucking him sideways. His soft mewls reach my ears and as I turn him some more, sweetness cries out as he fists the duvet between his fingers. My hips move against his and as my cock pumps into his peach, I finally feel it—his prostate.

That's the sweet spot I've been looking for.

Moving closer so that I've got my front pressed to his side, I groan into his ear. Sweetness shudders against me, and he clenches all around my cock once more.

I move my hand from his hip to his front, palming the hardness of his stomach and abs before I take his nipple between my fingers. As I squeeze the hard nub, twisting and pulling it, sweetness groans out as he squeezes his eyes shut. His body tenses for an entire second before he jolts, jerking as he comes apart with a cry.

My eyes drift to his front where I spot his cock shooting out heavy loads of his cum. I slow down, but my hips still rock against his. His cum hits the side of his stomach as it slowly runs down his flesh, soaking into the material of the bedding beneath our bodies.

My throat dries up completely as I watch him, feel him even, come.

Spurt after spurt, it seems like he's still going.

And so do I. Moving faster, I grip his hips again and continue pumping into him, rubbing against that sweet spot of his as he cries out some more.

Sweetness moves his head to the side, locking eyes with mine, before he licks his lips and speaks.

“Come in my cunt, Callum. I want to feel you filling me up with your cum.”

My eyes widen as I hear him speak like *that*.

I've been with many guys, but nobody has spoken to me like *that* before. Hearing him talk about his peach like that, hearing him calling it his *cunt*...

I move my hand from his nipple to his wrist, pressing my thumb against his pulse as I feel his heart racing in his chest. It seems like we're both feeling the same way as each other.

“Take my cum,” I growl out as I pin his wrists under my hands, sliding in and out of sweetness as our bodies rock together. “Take it deep into your cunt, sweetness. Cum for me as I shoot my cum into you.”

His eyes darken as his lips part, and he takes a shaky breath in. I don't even know whether he'll be able to come again so soon, but something tells me he'll try.

Tipping my head to his neck, I inhale his sweet scent through my nose and press my lips there. Sweetness mewls once again as the thick vein pounds under my lips. I smile against it, flicking my tongue over it, before I pull my head away from him.

His voice is soft as he speaks.

“I need to feel you filling me up, Callum. Please don't make me wait any longer.”

As the words leave his mouth, his *cunt* clenches all around me, and fuck...

I can feel myself coming.

My palms are flat on either side of his body as my cum shoots out of my body and into his, finally filling sweetness up. A groan escapes my throat as my hips continue jerking, pushing my cum further and further into him.

Our eyes stay locked on each other.

“Fuck, sweetness. Fuck.”

I manage to breathe out as I take a hard, long look at him.

Sweetness raises one hand, brushing my hair behind my ear as he smiles up at me. My heart seems to squeeze painfully in my chest, and fuck me if I know why.

After pulling away, I collapse on the bed beside sweetness as we both try to catch our breaths. He'll need to go to his next client soon, so I don't do much to keep him here with me.

As he sits up, he turns to look at me with a smile playing on his lips.

“Satisfied, Callum?”

His question makes me chuckle and I reach over, pulling his hand before I press a kiss to the inside of his wrist. His pulse speeds up under my lips, and I like knowing I give him that sort of reaction.

“Extremely satisfied, sweetness.”

I murmur against his skin before dropping his hand as sweetness stands up, ready to leave.

I think I'll stay here for a couple more minutes.

“I need to go to my next client now, Callum.”

Nodding, I let him leave.

“And sweetness,” I call out to him just before he can.

“Make sure you collect your tip from Dom.”

He turns, surprised to hear that, before he nods at me

“I will. Thank you, Callum.”

Then he steps out, and the door is shut.

I fold my arms behind my head as I stare up at the ceiling.

I don't know what I'm doing with him, but I know it's making me feel happy.

I haven't felt this content with myself for years now.

CHAPTER THREE

Benjamin

The following day, once I've finished getting undressed, I step back into the hell I call work when my body immediately freezes.

I can feel his eyes on me.

Goosebumps appear all over my bare skin and as my eyes dart across the clients who are all waiting to be served, I spot him.

My throat dries up almost immediately as my heart seems to beat harder in my chest.

He's here. Again.

This is the third time he's come here, and from the way he's walking towards me, I know why.

He's here for me.

He takes confident strides towards me before he stops just an inch away from my body. As I tip my head upwards at him, he tips his head down, and we both can't help ourselves from smiling at one another.

“I’ve been waiting for you to finally get here, sweetness.”

Callum whispers out as his fingers curl around mine. I jolt slightly at his touch before I let him take my hand in his as I finally close the space between our bodies.

My heart beats harder and faster, and I can’t say that a client has ever made me feel like this before.

“What can I say? I’m a busy man with many clients to please, Callum.”

His eyes almost sparkle as he smiles, wrapping his fingers even tighter around mine.

“And I’m the next client to please. I’ve got you for the hour, even though I wanted you for longer. So, shall we?”

He asks, repeating the same words I had asked him yesterday.

As my heart flutters in my chest, I nod at him, and we both begin moving. We pass the others as we step into the hallway where the majority of our clients are served.

There’s a place on the other side of the building where the VIP members get served, but I’m not important enough to know about that stuff. We don’t know what the clients do so that they get the title of being VIP members, and we don’t

know what it is that they do with their VIP status, but Dominic does.

He's the one who keeps everything running in this den of his.

Letting Dominic slip away from my mind, I open the door to our room as I take a step inside.

He follows me and after shutting the door behind him, I feel him against me. His body is pressed tight against mine and his hands are on either side of my hips. His hot breath touches the back of my neck as he moves even closer.

Finally, his lips are on my skin.

With a soft gasp, I tip my head backwards as Callum takes my flesh into his mouth. The tip of his tongue swirls against me before he flattens it against the thick vein that runs along my neck. His fingers dig deeper into my side as he presses his body further into mine.

His cock is hard and thick against the curve of my ass. Even though he's still dressed, his erection is unmistakable against my body.

Callum slowly rocks against me as he presses his lips to my neck before finally pulling away. When I turn to face him, Callum stops me.

“Stay like that for a minute, sweetness.”

“Okay, Callum.”

I breathe out as I squeeze my eyes shut, trying to stop my heart from racing.

It’s only been the third time that I’ve seen him, but I already know it won’t be the last. He’s been too keen to see me, and way too generous with his tips. I shouldn’t complain about it though since this is what’s helping me pay my bills, but sometimes the dynamics between a client and a sex worker can get blurry, and fast.

I can’t risk losing this job if something like that happens between Callum and I. It might sound ridiculous, but I’ve heard too many stories and seen too many things to think I’m overreacting.

Behind me, I hear Callum begin to undress. I take some deep breaths in and out as I wait for my client to finish and step closer towards me.

When he does, I brace myself for what’s to come.

“I want to fill your sweet peach with every inch of my cock, sweetness. I want you to ride me, and I want to watch you come for me. Is that okay, sweetness?”

I’m nodding before he’s even finished his sentence.

“Of course it is, Callum.”

Lifting my eyes to meet his, I wait for him to make a move. As he touches my hip with the back of his hand, I move towards the bed. Callum follows, but before I can move any further, he stops me as he surprises me by getting onto the bed first. On his back, with both arms around the pillows and both legs pushed apart, he speaks.

“Ride my cock, sweetness. Fill yourself up with my length.”

He doesn't have to tell me twice.

Nodding, I take an appreciative look at his cock. *Hard, thick, long.* There's already precum leaking from his tip as it runs down along his length.

Finally, I move closer to him.

With one knee on the bed, I lift the other so that it's on the other side of his body as I hover above him. Callum lies backwards against the pillow as his eyes scan every inch of my naked body.

Reaching low, I grip the base of his cock around my fingers as I guide his tip towards my ass. Squeezing instinctively, I'm satisfied knowing I'm lubed up enough for

him to enter me without it hurting *too* bad. With a sharp exhale, I push him inside as I sink down on his cock.

Callum groans, and so do I.

His hands immediately dart out to my hips as he grips me tightly between either one of his palms.

“Fuck, sweetness. Let me watch you ride me.”

I nod before tipping my head backwards, pressing both my palms to either side of his thighs, so he can get a clearer view of me.

A curse escapes his mouth as he lifts me by my hips before slamming me back down on to his length. I feel myself squeeze against him as I take him deeper and deeper. With Callum guiding me, I ride him as he thrusts upwards every so often.

His eyes don't leave mine.

I fist the material of the bed sheet beneath us as he continues filling me with every inch of his thick cock.

We're both breathless at this point and Callum finally begins to slow down. His hands move from my hips to my thighs, gripping me as he lets me do all the work. I don't think either one of us will last much longer.

“Your cock is buried so deep inside my cunt, Callum. I don’t know how much longer I can hold back.”

His nostrils flare and his fingers dig into my thighs deeper once he hears me say that word.

Cunt.

He had a similar reaction when I’d said it yesterday too.

Does my client not like it? Or does he like it too much?

I try something out.

Running my palm up the hardness of his toned stomach, I press my hand against the centre of his chest.

“Will you come for me, Callum? Will you shoot your load into my cunt?”

His heart beat speeds up under my touch as his blue eyes move between each one of mine.

Instead of answering me, Callum moves his hand from my thigh to my dick, curling his fingers around my base. My eyes drop low to wear he’s touching me and seeing his thick fingers around my dick sends a flash of *need* through me. I begin rocking as Callum begins moving his fist up and down my length, and in no time, we’re both moving in beat together.

“Tell me you want my cum. Let me hear how needy you are for it, sweetness. If you want my load in your *cunt*, you need to tell me just how badly you want it.”

My body is flushed and my face is warm.

“I need you deep in my cunt, Callum. I need to feel you shooting your cum inside of me, and I need to feel it deep in my cunt. Please, Callum. I need it so badly. I need *you* so badly.”

He breathes harshly as the hand on my dick tightens. From my base, Callum squeezes me as he makes his way to my tip, then back my base, as he repeats that motion. He doesn't let go, no matter how close I am to coming.

I lift my right hand to his thigh as I dig my fingernails into the side of his hip.

That does it for him.

With a low groan, Callum jerks into me as I feel his hot cum filling me up inside. My mouth parts as I feel him coming, and I squeeze myself around his length, feeling more and more of his cum shooting deeper into my cunt.

My heart pounds faster as his hand continues moving all along my dick, and I can't hold back any longer.

I give in.

“Fuck, sweetness. This is perfect.”

He breathes out as he watches me cum for him.

The white splatters against my abs and chest, and some of it lands on Callum’s hand and body too. He doesn’t seem to be too concerned about the mess.

Finally pulling his hand away from my dick, Callum gathers my cum with his fingers as he brings his hand to his mouth. With his eyes locked with mine, I watch Callum take my seed between his lips, his tongue flicking out as he licks his entire hand clean.

Fuck. Me.

My eyes widen as my throat becomes dry.

His hand is back on me as he presses his palm to my chest, and his thumb to my nipple.

“Get up, sweetness.”

I do as he tells me and feel some of his cum slip out from me as I lift up from his length. I’m sore, but not too badly. We barely get the chance to catch our breaths since Callum’s moving again.

“You ready for round two already, Callum?”

I tease him as I sit up since he’s moving from the bed.

He turns to look over at me as he shakes his head, a small smile playing on his lips.

“I’m not as young as I used to be, sweetness. Come on, let’s move to the sofa.”

Nodding, I stand up, ready to move from the bed to the sofa that’s towards the front of the room. Both Callum and I begin walking, and he surprises me by taking my hand in his. It feels heavy against mine, and even though he’s had his cock in my ass—twice now—this feels much more intimate.

As we reach, Callum throws his clothes to the floor before he sits down and tugs me down to sit on his lap. I make myself comfortable on his thigh, and as he keeps one hand against my lower back, I lift mine to his face. Running my finger along the sharpness of his jaw, I drag it downwards against the side of his neck, and feel his throat bob under my touch.

“Callum?”

I breathe out as he cups the back of my head.

His attention isn’t on me, and he isn’t listening to the words that are leaving my mouth.

Holy. Fuck.

He’s going to kiss me.

Holy fucking fuck.

My heart *races* in my chest as he brings his other hand to my face. He holds my face together between his fingers. His blue eyes are on my parted lips as his jaw tics. A breath escapes me as my chest shudders, and when Callum looks up at me, *fuck*.

He slowly leans in as I clumsily wrap my arms around the back of his neck, holding him close to me. Just as we close our eyes, and we're about to kiss, that stupid alarm ruins our moment.

My eyes snap open as I jerk away from him, my face already beginning to feel hot.

Callum doesn't seem to be too fazed.

Chuckling deeply, he leans over to take his wallet out from his trousers that are now on the floor. As he pulls out another thick wad of cash, he flicks through it. Turning to face me, he holds the money out for me.

“Thank you for tonight, sweetness.”

He murmurs out in a tone so husky I feel it in every inch of my body. Shaking that feeling off, I reply.

“It was my pleasure.”

And after thanking him, I take the cash from his hands as I leave the room.

With my heart pounding in my chest, I'm left with one final question.

Will he return to me tomorrow?

CHAPTER FOUR

Callum

“If I didn’t know any better, I’d wonder if you’ve been stalking me.”

He teases as he leans against the wall and folds his bare arms over his naked chest.

A chuckle escapes me as I take a step forwards, pressing my body against his. Even though I’m fully dressed, I can feel his warmth through my clothes.

I lift a finger and run the back of it along his cheek. They’re pink, and his entire naked body is flushed, so I know he’s only just returned from satisfying a client. I continue moving my finger along his cheek before I bring my knuckles to his bottom lip. His breathing pauses momentarily as I touch his softness, but he soon begins to take in heavy breaths.

Moving my finger from his face, I run it downwards along the side of his neck as I feel his pulse pounding under my touch.

“I can’t get you out of my head.”

I find myself admitting to him in a quiet tone.

If he's surprised by my words, he doesn't show it on his face. He smiles as he leans upwards, brushing his lips against mine.

“To the bedroom, Callum?”

He breathes out as he pulls away.

Nodding, I drop my hand from his body and we move, making our way towards a room.

As he picks one towards the end of the hallway, he punches in the code before he opens the door as we both take a step inside. And like yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that, he turns as he addresses me, asking me what we'll do.

“Is it okay if the two of us simply speak today?”

Stupid.

I sound so stupid.

Which man comes to Dom's Den to *speak* instead of being serviced? Me, that's who.

But sweetness doesn't seem to take notice of my thoughts as he stretches his hand out to hold mine, tugging me closer towards the bed.

“Whatever you want, Callum.”

He murmurs out as we both take a seat.

For a few long seconds, we sit in silence. I don't know how to begin, and I doubt he wants to share anything with me this early on. So, after I've taken a deep breath, I open my mouth.

“Can I confess something?”

He nods.

“Of course you can, Callum.”

I breathe a little lighter as I open my mouth and speak.

“This is the first time I've been with a man in many years.”

It's been almost two entire decades.

The last time I was with a man, it happened within my hometown, and I vowed I would never be so careless to do something as foolish as that ever again. I was of an age where I should have been looking for a partner, someone to settle down with, someone to create a family with, yet there I was, stuck in the middle of a threesome which had unintentionally turned into something more as the years passed.

That threesome happened years prior to my marriage and my daughter's birth, but there was always that uncertainty of how people would react if it was ever brought up. It wasn't a good look, and if people were to find out that my daughter's mother had slept with another man in the same room as I, even though she and I weren't yet a thing, people would talk.

They would talk badly of us.

We put the entire thing behind us and forgot all about our pasts.

Partners, lovers, sexual experiences.

We put it *all* behind us the second we tied the knot.

Here, I was free to be who I am, but there...

I could have ruined everything I've built for my daughter and I if anybody was to ever find out.

I don't know how I've managed to live a life like that.

I don't know how I've managed to restrain myself from seeking happiness.

"Can I ask why?"

He says in a quiet voice as I take a heavy breath in.

That's the same thing I've been asking myself all these years.

Why?

His hand creeps closer as he places his fingers above mine.

“I’m sorry if I’m intruding. You don’t need to answer that.”

Shaking my head, I clear my throat as I answer his question.

“I have a daughter and I didn’t want to ruin things for her. Since she’s married now and grown enough to do as she pleases, I thought it’s only fair to be truthful to myself.”

No matter how far we’ve come as a society, I know there are a few individuals who wouldn’t be pleased with the way I am. We stick to old traditions in our town, and I’ve always stuck by them. Many people look down at my daughter purely because she was raised without the presence of a mother, and I would be damned if I give them another reason to look down at her because of me.

I pretended to be someone I wasn’t for my daughter’s sake, but I can’t pretend any longer.

I deserve my own happy ending too.

For a few minutes, we sit side-by-side in silence. His fingers are heavy above mine, and as I turn to look at

sweetness, I realise his thoughts are already someplace else.

“My little sister’s the only person in my life who knows I’m gay. I know it’s not the same as your situation, but outside of these walls, I’m forced to act like I’m not. My mother wouldn’t react well if she knew about my sexuality.”

My breath is shaky as it leaves me. I flip my hand and wrap my fingers around his, holding him tightly.

Tough times for us then, tough times for them now.

It’s pure bullshit, and I hate the fact that I know how he feels.

My parents had always assumed I was heterosexual, so I went along with it. After their passing, the only person I ever came out to was Brandon, and William was smart enough years before my formal coming out to him to have put two and two together.

And even to this day, only a couple of people are aware of my sexuality. Times have changed, but that uncertainty of how people will react remains, so I’ve always kept it to myself.

If I had a brother or sister to share the weight of my secret with back then...

“Are you both close? Your sister and yourself, I mean?”

Lifting his eyes, he keeps them locked with mine as he smiles.

“Yeah. Even though she’s a few years younger than me, we’re close. As sappy as it sounds, she’s basically my best friend. Your daughter—does she have any siblings? Do you have any more children?”

I shake my head.

His cheeks turn a soft shade of red as he mumbles under his breath, apologising again.

I breathe out a little laugh as I open my mouth to tell him there’s no need to apologise for asking me a few questions when my phone rings.

Letting go of his hand, sweetness stands up from the bed, ready to leave. He looks down at me as lifts that same hand to wave at me.

“Goodbye, sweetness.”

A small smile appears on his face as he drops his hand back to his side. He walks towards the door after giving me one final look and as he opens the door, I call out for him once more.

“Sweetness, one last thing.”

He turns around as he nods at me.

“Yes, Callum?”

My lips pull up at the sides because how have I managed to go four days without asking him for it? How have I managed to go four days without calling him by it ?

“Your name, sweetness?”

A great smile blooms across his face.

“It’s Benjamin.”

Benjamin.

And after offering me one final *goodbye*, Benjamin steps outside as he shuts the door behind him.

Benjamin. My sweetness.

CHAPTER FIVE

Benjamin

It's only been three hours into the shift, but I'm already exhausted.

My cunt has been filled, my throat has been used, my balls have been drained, and my entire body aches.

And now onto the fifth client of the evening...

Walking back towards the main site for my next client, my footsteps slow down as I spot a familiar face standing near the desk, his blue eyes scanning the open space we're both in.

I smile when I realise that he hasn't spotted me yet.

This is the fourth time he's come here this week. Is he here for me?

Who am I kidding? I know he is.

As I walk through the room and cross the space between us, Callum finally notices me. He stands up straighter as he reaches out for my hand, wrapping his fingers around mine.

"I thought you were finally getting over me, Callum."

He grins.

“Never. I’ll never get over you, Benjamin.”

My throat dries up and my heart beats a little faster when I hear him call me by my name. So far, it’s always been *sweetness*, so this is new.

A good type of new.

His fingers curl even tighter around mine as he squeezes my hand before his tips his head downwards to speak quietly.

“How much is it to have you for the rest of the night, *sweetness*? Or for however long you’re still here until your shift is over?”

His words catch me off-guard.

A little shocked, I meet his eyes before I murmur out my answer to him.

“You’ll need to discuss that with Dominic, he’s the one who arranges everything here.”

Callum nods as he pulls his hand away from mine and takes a step back.

“Let me speak with him, *sweetness*.”

He says as he turns around, walking to where Dom is standing.

My eyes move to the clock that's on the wall as I read the time.

02:14

Six more hours until I'm done.

Six more hours with Callum...

He's only my client, but...

I don't know if it's a good idea to be with him for so long. I can continue servicing him as my client, but I don't know if I can continue as though he's just any old client. He's a repeated client, and he's come day after day. He's not a sleazy customer, and he pays me well. He's not too rough, not too aggressive, but he's the kind of customer we all hope we get.

Curling my bottom lip between my teeth, I look towards the front of the room where Callum and Dom are having a conversation.

As my client, Callum is the best thing to happen to me.

But as everything else...

“Round three, Callum?”

I ask as I sit up a little, putting pressure on my forearms, watching him as he begins moving from the bed.

He shakes his head as he presses his palm to my thigh, laughing.

“You’re so needy for me, sweetness. No round three right now, but you can have a little something while we wait.”

I tilt my head a little as I frown at him.

A little something while we wait?

What does he mean by that?

My question is soon answered as he holds my dick between his fingers, dipping his head down low as he wastes no time to put his mouth on me.

Fuck. Me.

I gasp out as I try to stop him, but it makes no difference.

“Callum, you shouldn’t be—” I can’t even get my words out right. His mouth is already on me as he sucks me and takes me deeper. “F-fuck, Callum. You shouldn’t be doing this.”

I finally manage to say just as he puts one hand on my stomach, holding me firmly against the bed.

With one final *suck*, Callum swirls his tongue around my tip as he pulls away from me. He’s still smiling at me.

“Why not, Benjamin?”

My eyes almost bug out of my head at his question.

Why not?

He knows why not.

“You’re my client, I’m the one who’s supposed to be servicing you. Please don’t do this.”

He shakes his head at me.

“I want to, sweetness . Besides, this is part of you servicing me. Look at how hard my cock has grown already. Look at how wet my tip is with my cum. So what if I’m the one with his mouth on you? I’m still receiving pleasure from this, sweetness .”

I swallow thickly as I look down at my client.

Sure, he’s hard, but he’s also got his mouth on my dick.

I suppose if he’s getting something out of this, then this will be okay.

Since I don’t make any sound of complaint, Callum smirks before he puts his mouth back on me.

And fuck me, when he does...

I groan into the room as Callum takes my entire length into his mouth. My tip hits the back of his throat, and as he

swallows me further, that small space tightens.

My fingers dig into the sheets as I throw my head backwards.

Callum finally moves away from keeping me trapped in his throat but his head continues bobbing up and down my length. He flattens his tongue under my dick as he flicks it against my tip. Humming, he begins torturing me all over again by taking me deep into his throat.

My eyes squeeze shut as I breathe out through my mouth. I'm completely breathless, and I feel like the air isn't reaching my lungs. This is all so sudden, and all too much.

Finally, Callum pulls away and gives me a chance to breathe.

“Will you come again, Benjamin? Would you like to?”

He asks me with an amused expression on his face.

I shake my head furiously.

“N-No. Please, I want to come later with you, Callum. Don't make me come just yet.”

With a small chuckle, Callum moves away from me as he sits up and moves closer. I remain in my position as I stare up at him, my heart pounding in my chest and my dick leaking

pre-cum, wondering what I could have possibly done to have landed myself a client like him.

Like me, Callum seems to be lost in his own thoughts.

Together, we lay in the bed side-by-side, not speaking as we simply look at each other.

“Will you go on a date with me?”

He asks me suddenly.

My eyes widen and my heart seems to skip a beat.

Yes.

Yes, I'll go on a date with this extremely beautiful man.

Yes, I'll go on a date with this man who makes me feel *this* way about him.

Yes, I'll go on a date with this man who's been equally giving as he is selfish with our orgasms.

Yes, I'll go on a date with my client.

And like that, everything else I've been doubting slips away from my mind.

I nod as I smile at him, resting my head against his shoulder.

“Of course I will, Callum.”

He smiles back at me as he puts his hand above mine, wrapping his fingers around mine.

It's official; I'm going on a date with him—my client.

I should know better than to get attached...but one date won't hurt...will it?

“I'm going on a date.”

I drop the bomb as soon as Delilah steps into my bedroom. My sister's eyes widen as her mouth drops open. She barely reaches me before she jumps, leaping into my arms as she hugs me fiercely.

I laugh, hugging her back briefly before pushing her away, as she makes herself comfortable on my bed.

“You're going on a date? When the heck were you going to tell me this? Who are you going on a date with?”

Delilah manages to ramble out in one big breath.

Smiling at my little sister, I answer each of her questions.

“Yes, I'm going on a date tomorrow. And I'm telling you now since he asked me only a few hours ago.”

She looks at me curiously, her eyebrows furrowing as she takes my hand in hers.

“Benji, please don’t tell me this is someone you met in your workplace.”

My cheeks are flushed and I feel shame shoot through my veins. Looking away from her, I take a deep breath in.

She doesn’t judge me, I do this so that she and I will have a better life since our mother doesn’t care for us, but I hate it whenever she brings it up. It makes me feel low about myself, and even though a job’s a job, admitting I’m a sex worker isn’t something I’m particularly proud of.

“I’ve been seeing him for a couple of days now. Actually, it’s him who’s been seeing me, but we’ve been seeing each other. He’s a client of mine, but he’s asked me out on a date, and I’ve said yes. I need help with something to wear.”

Looking back at my sister, I spot her chewing on her bottom lip as worry shows clear on her face, but she doesn’t comment on anything. Sighing, she moves away from me as she stands up from my bed and walks over to where my clothes are.

Delilah flicks through my clothes, and even though she's only fifteen, the girl knows her stuff. After picking out a couple of pieces, she walks back to the bed as she sits down and drops the pile of clothes beside her.

“Is he hot?” She asks so casually it makes me laugh out loud. Her eyes are on mine and with a giggle of her own, she tips her head to the side. “I’m asking all the good questions here, Benji. Now answer me, is he hot or not?”

Thoughts of Callum fill my head as I nod towards my sister.

“Very.”

With that answer, she begins to separate the pile into two more sections. I have no idea how she managed to do that from a simple question, but I know she knows what she's doing, so I don't make any comments.

“Is he older?”

I hum.

“A little bit.”

If a little bit means over a decade older, then sure.

Callum's a little older.

“How much older is he?”

I make a sound at the back of my throat, not knowing how to answer that. My entire body is flushed just from thinking about him, and Delilah's questions aren't helping me.

"He's a DILF. Let's just leave it at that."

Delilah *ooh*'s at that as she stops going through my clothes almost immediately.

Suddenly feeling shy, I lie down on my bed and shove a pillow in my face. I've gone red, I know I have.

My sister giggles beside me as she moves so that she's closer.

"Is my big brother, Benjamin Gray, blushing?"

She teases as she moves the pillow away.

I snatch it back even though the damage has already been done and my sister's seen me in this state, and groan into its softness. Delilah bursts into a fit of giggles before she lays her head on my chest and wraps her arm around my middle.

Finally, once we've both calmed down and I've moved the pillow away from my face, she looks up at me.

"I hope the date goes well for you."

My throat dries up and my heart beats harder in my chest.

I really hope it does.

CHAPTER SIX

Callum

I picked him up from the edge of town.

His town, not mine.

He hesitated to tell me his home address, and I didn't want to push him for it, so I offered to pick him up from there.

From the things we spoke about over the past couple of days, I understood why he may not have wanted to be spotted with me. At least by picking him up from the edge of town, there would be no possibility of anybody from his personal life spotting him there. And since this was a completely different town to mine, there would be no possibility of anybody from my personal life spotting me there either.

There was always the possibility of that one person spotting me...

Shaking that thought out from my head, I lower the windows and let the cool breeze flow into my car. We've returned from a lovely meal, and now we're on our way to a hotel.

We sit in peaceful silence as I continue driving and once we've reached the hotel, I park my car as both Benjamin and I unbuckle our seat-belts before we both step out from my car.

As I shut my car door and make my way over to Benjamin's side, I offer him my hand as he takes it with a smile. Together, we walk from the car park and into the hotel.

My fingers tighten around his as we step inside and my eyes scan the rest of the people that are here with us. There's a few others standing around the entrance, and some staff members. I catch the eye of the receptionist as I nod at him, before tugging Benjamin closer as we continue walking.

I already arranged things with the staff here so that I'd receive the hotel key card for our reserved room prior to our arrival.

Just as we've made it out of the waiting area, and we've walked past the lifts, I spot a familiar face.

“Shit.”

I mutter out when I spot him walking towards us.

Benjamin turns to look at me, but I've got my eyes locked on the person who's making his way here.

Axel Devant.

The twin of an associate in my town, and a man I have some level of history with.

Fuck.

“I didn’t think I’d ever see you again with a man.”

He tells me as he stops in front of both of us, his eyes immediately going to Benjamin.

Clearing my throat, I introduce the pair to each other.

“Benjamin, this is Axel. Axel, meet Benjamin.”

They both nod at each other in acknowledgement and I don’t miss the way Axel practically undresses Benjamin with only his eyes. *Not that I can blame him.* As he licks his lips, he turns to look over at me.

“You open to sharing this one?”

He says with a pointed look at sweetness.

I tug Benjamin behind my back as I take a step forwards, blocking him from Axel’s line of sight. Axel chuckles as he puts his both hands up, and I shake my head at him.

“Fuck no, Axel.”

With a smirk, his eyes move from mine to behind me as he looks over at Benjamin.

“I’m guessing you’re the one who’s managed to get this old man out of his shell, huh?”

I scoff at him.

“Old man, my ass. You’re two years my *senior*, meaning you’re the old one here.”

He grins.

“We could be a pair of old men with a lovely thing like Benjamin between us, if you’d like that?”

Behind me, sweetness laughs as I glare at the man in front of me.

“Axel, stop.”

He shrugs the warning off with a laugh of his own as he tells me he’s only messing around.

He better be.

The last time he and I were together with a third between us, I was the one who had to get married.

Not that I would mind if things developed between sweetness and me...

“I heard your daughter got hitched?”

That gets my full attention.

“Yeah, she did. I heard your niece is looking to get married?”

His jaw visibly clenches as his nostrils flare.

Interesting.

Axel has always been around, ever since he and Elijah had moved to our town, he has *always* been around.

But since his twin had married a widow from our town, he was rarely ever seen. I wondered whether it was because of his twin’s new marital status that made him take a few steps back away from our town.

I wouldn’t know how to deal if I went from having my brother’s entire attention to me, to then having to share it with two strangers.

“She’s my step-niece, practically a stranger to me.”

“Marriage is marriage, and she’s related to you through it. Besides, it’s not like Mia’s a complete stranger, I’m sure you’ve met her prior to Elijah marrying her mother.”

He shakes his head at me.

“My brother is stupid for marrying her. It doesn’t matter though, it’s his life. He can live it however he wants to now.” He lets a deep breath out before he looks between both Benjamin and I. “I’ll see you both around.”

I nod at him as he begins to walk away, and from behind me, I hear Benjamin speak.

“Bye, Axel.” He says with a little wave to my old friend.
“He seems nice.”

We both continue walking in the direction of our room as I shake my head at him.

“Axel is nice, but he easily becomes a headache when he wants to be.”

That gets a laugh out of sweetness and it makes me smile.

When we finally reach the room I’ve booked, we both step inside. Benjamin turns to face me as he opens his mouth to speak, but I beat him to it.

“Tell me how you want me, sweetness. I’m yours for the night.”

If he’s surprised, he doesn’t show it.

With a grin that slowly appears on his face, his hands are all over me, and he takes the lead.

I’ll be sure to make *him* feel like the client tonight.

“I should really get going.”

He tells me as he begins to get dressed.

His trousers are already on by now, and he’s doing up the final few buttons of his shirt.

“I can drop you off, if you need me to.”

I say as I reach over for my clothes that are on the floor.

Benjamin shakes his head.

“It’s okay, thank you. I’ll call up for a ride home.”

Standing up from the bed, I walk over to him. I’m only in my boxer briefs but that doesn’t seem to be an issue for either one of us. I stop moving only when we’re standing so close to each other that our chests are touching. My fingers itch to hold his hand.

“Thank you for agreeing to tonight, sweetness.”

I murmur out as I finally lift my hand to the back of his head, cupping him there with my palm.

Benjamin’s gulps as his throat bobs but he doesn’t say anything at my touch. Nodding, he speaks.

“Of course, Callum. Thank you for bringing me here.”

My eyes go to his lips, then back up to his eyes.

He’s not focused on me. He’s looking at my lips.

Taking that as I sign, I move in, and so does Benjamin. He wraps his arms around the back of my neck, and in no time, our mouths are touching.

At first, our kiss is soft .

Our lips are barely brushing as we keep a secure hold on each other. My arms are around Benjamin, and his arms are around me. We're comfortable like this.

Tugging him even closer, we really begin to move.

Sweetness opens up for me as he tips his head backwards a little to give me more access to him. My tongue immediately slips inside of his mouth and as he curls his own around mine, I feel myself growing hard.

Our kiss is hot and wet, and it's all *us*.

Benjamin groans as I rub my hardness against him and tug his hair between my fingers. His own arms tighten around my body as he continues swirling his tongue around mine, sucking me as he pulls me in deeper. As I flick the tip of my tongue against his one last time, I finally let him go.

We pull away with a wet, sucking sound as our chests heave in sync. Both Benjamin and I try to catch our breaths as we put some space between us.

“I-I’ll be going now.”

He breathes out as he takes a couple of steps backwards away from me.

His eyes are wide, and his lips are plumped. His chest doesn't stop rising and falling.

Offering him a smile, I speak.

“Goodbye, Benjamin. I'll see you soon.”

His throat bobs as he swallows and nods, taking one final look at me before he turns and leaves the room. Unlike the other times when I've wondered which client he'll take on next, I know he's free for the rest of the night.

If Dominic says yes to my offer, and sweetness does as soon as he's made aware of it, he'll be mine for the rest of my time at Dom's Den.

I'll pay hefty to make it happen, and Dom knows I will.

And if that doesn't work out, I'll continue taking Benjamin on these small dates, trying my best to convince him to accept my offer until he finally agrees.

Moving from my place, I walk over to the bed and take a seat.

My phone buzzes with a notification from my daughter, and when I open it, I see she's sent me a couple of images.

Most of them are of her, and some of them are of William. There's only a couple where they're both photographed together.

They've been married for almost half a year now, and they've been travelling together whenever they have the time to. Lyra loves it so much so William makes sure to take her to all the places she wants to see.

My phone buzzes again, but this time, it's a message from her.

LYRA: William says you need to come with us to our next trip. We'll be going to Vegas, Daddy! ;)

I shake my head knowing that will *never* happen. Even though she's my daughter, and he's my best friend, I won't force myself to become the third-wheel in their trip.

I send a quick reply to her before I lock my phone and throw it to the bed.

I can't believe she's *this* in love with travelling.

My daughter and her husband, travelling together because she believed her mother loved to travel as a result of one of my many lies.

Groaning, I tip my head backwards and make my decision. I've been putting myself off from making it, but it's

time now, and the decision has to be made.

I'm done with Serena.

I'm officially done with her.

I'll pay her a visit one last time and that's it.

I'm done.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Benjamin

As I suck the last bit of my slushy into my mouth, I throw the cup away, and almost do a double-take when I look back at my street.

I think the heat is getting to me, it's either that or I'm missing Dom's Den way more than I should, because why else would I be seeing his car on my street? The same car I was sitting in only last night?

Stepping closer to it, I let my eyes scan across the number plate and I take a shaky breath in.

LC61 ARK

It's his car.

Why is it here?

I take a look into the driver's side, but he's not sitting there, and there's nobody else inside.

Could it be that he found out where I live?

No. He's not the type to do that. If he wanted to meet me again, he would have given me a call.

Maybe it's just a coincidence that he's here on my street.

Yeah, it's a coincidence that the client who's been seeing me for six days straight has his car parked on my road.

Shaking that feeling off, I begin walking towards my house, and as I step closer to the door, I realise that it's already opened. I frown a little because I know that Delilah's not home, and Mum's not one to open the door for anyone, let alone leave it opened.

“Hello?”

I call out as I step inside and shut the door behind me.

No response.

Walking further into the house, I hear voices coming from the kitchen.

Mum's voice, and...

No. It's not his voice.

Why would it be his voice in my house?

Swallowing painfully, I rub my palms against the sides of my jeans and walk further towards the kitchen.

“I don't give a fuck, Serena. She's married now, and she's living a happy life. I've supported you for the past fifteen years, but I won't be any longer.”

Callum...what...

As I peer inside, I spot Callum standing stiffly against the counter with a pissed-off look on his face. I've never seen him look so angry like this.

Mum's sitting on the table with her hands in her hair as tears stream down her face. I can't say that I've ever seen her look like this either.

As she turns to face him, she begins screaming—screeching even—as she slams her palms down on the table and stands up.

“How could you do that without me there?! I deserved to be there!”

Callum steps forwards, ignoring her pointed finger in his face, as he forces her to sit back down before he towers over her. I can't even find it in myself to move because I'm frozen with shock.

How do they know each other? What are they talking about?

Callum, as calm as ever, speaks to my mother in a tone so cold it sends a shiver down my spine.

“I did that without you there because you weren't there. You made that decision to walk out, and even though I've

shown you grace for the past fifteen years, you won't be seeing any of that anymore. Anything left between us is finished right here, right now, Serena. I mean it."

My brain is buzzing from everything I've just heard.

She walked out...he's shown her grace...anything left between them is finished...

What the actual fuck?

Stepping into the kitchen, I make my presence known, and once Mum spots me, her eyes widen.

"Benji, baby, what are you doing home so soon?"

Callum turns ever so slowly as my heart catches in my throat. As his blue eyes lock with mine, I find it incredibly hard to breathe, but I force myself to look away from him and over at my mother.

"What the fuck is going on here?"

I croak out as I point between the two of them.

Neither one of them offers an answer to my question, and as my heart feels like it's going to leap out of my chest, Callum asks his own.

"Is this your son?"

Mum drops her eyes to the ground. She answers him without even looking his way.

“Yes, he is my son.”

I turn to look back at Callum but I can't read the expression on his face. And since we're all so busy staring at each other or the floor, we don't hear the front door opening and closing again.

“Why are you home so early?”

I hear my sister ask as she steps into the kitchen with the rest of us.

I don't know why, but I have a feeling that her being here has made things ten times worse for everyone. So, as I turn to look at Mum, I notice all the colour draining out of her face as she stares at Delilah with wide eyes. Callum's fingers are curled into fists on either side of his body as he glares at Mum.

“Serena,” Callum growls out as he steps closer to Mum. “What the fuck am I seeing right now?”

Mum curls her bottom lip between her teeth as she stares at Delilah.

I have no idea what's going on, but I know her well enough to know when she's going to attack, and I know that she's about to right now.

Just before she can leap forwards and do something stupid, we move.

“Back the fuck up!”

I scream out as I take a hold of Delilah, shoving her behind my back just as Callum grips Mum’s arm as he pulls her backwards away from us. Delilah slips her hand into mine and I feel her shake all over.

I look over at Callum, but with uncertainty slowly filling my veins, I realise something.

His eyes aren’t on mine.

For the first time in seven days, Callum looks away from me first.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Callum

She was pregnant.

She was pregnant with my child, and she still left us.

She gave birth to my daughter, and she didn't even tell me.

For once, I was grateful that I pitied her. Even though she put herself in that situation, and we were no longer together, I felt sorry for her.

At least all those cheques I've been giving Serena for the past decade and a half have been used well. Her children...my daughter...they've benefitted from that money.

“Why are you home, Delilah?! I told you to stay out until I called you to come back!”

Delilah.

What a sweet name to call my daughter.

Lyra and Delilah.

My two girls.

As Serena steps forwards, Benjamin...her *son*, steps backwards with Delilah as I keep a firm grip on their mother.

“I didn’t want to stay out any longer, Mum. It’s getting dark and all my friends have gone home.”

Delilah says as her brother quickly jumps to her defence.

“Why the fuck do you want her to stay out so late? You’d be screaming at her if she came home any other day at this time.”

Serena pulls her arm away from my hold as she points a finger in Benjamin’s face.

And still, even after twenty odd years of knowing her, she keeps up with the theatrics.

“Of course you would defend the spawn of the devil! You’re both just as bad as each other!”

As she speaks, I feel my blood growing hot and hotter.

Spawn of the devil, devil being me.

Shit, did she hate me that much?

Was she ever going to tell me I had another child? Or did she hope I would never find out?

“Will someone please explain what the fuck is going on here? How do you both know each other, and why are you

here in my house?"

His question is directed to me, and even though it's coming out from his mouth, my eyes move past him and land on the girl that's standing by his side.

My daughter. My youngest.

Her eyes are locked on the back of her brother's head but even from here, I can tell that she's got my Lyra's eyes.

She's got *my* eyes.

"Your sister," Serena finally begins as she points a finger towards me. "Is his daughter."

Delilah's eyes widen, and as she slowly turns to look over at me, so does Benjamin. He takes a deep breath in, turning his body slightly as his eyes dart between myself and Delilah, as I give my youngest a small smile.

She's too shocked to even know how to react.

Honestly, I am too, but she's the spitting image of my Lyra so that makes things a little easier for me. It's like looking at a younger version of Lyra all over again.

Beside me, Serena mutters under her breath, and as I hear the words fall from her lips, I lose it.

“If you want to play *Dad* so badly, Lucas, how about you start with the decade and a half worth of child support you owe me?”

I so fucking lose it.

Goodbye, Harlington's born and raised Lucas Callum Clark.

Hello, to this mannerless, ill-speaking man who stands in his place.

Turning, I face Serena and look down at her, forcing her to meet my eyes. When she seems to realise just how much her words have affected me, I watch her throat bob as she swallows, and now she's suddenly lost her voice.

“I have supported you ever since you walked away. Even though you left us for a son who had no idea you existed, I supported you, Serena. Me. Even after the father of that child walked out on you, and I had nothing to do with you, I still supported you. I pitied you and the situation you chose to put the two of yourselves in, and you know that's true, Serena. I was the one to put a roof over your heads, I was the one to put clothes on your bodies, I was the one to put food on your table. I've been providing for you for fifteen years straight. That was all me, Serena. How many other men do you know who would

give their ex a percentage of their wage every damn year without expecting anything in return? Don't you dare mention *child support* to me. I made sure you and your son would live as comfortably as one could in this town of yours without having to sell your body to make ends meet!"

By the end of it, my chest is heaving and that familiar feeling of *hatred* hits me just as hard as it did when I first realised Serena had left us completely, leaving my child in my home all alone without saying a word to anyone.

I'm not one to hold my support over someone's head, but when it's somebody who is as selfish and as ungrateful as my ex-wife, I can't myself.

Serena glares at me as her entire face flushes red, but she doesn't say anything.

Delilah gasps and as I turn, I realise that something in my tone, or possibly something which I've said, has made Benjamin step closer to us. I look over at him and notice him growing angrier by the second.

Could it have been that last comment I made?

No, that wouldn't make sense.

He does this for pleasure—I'm certain of that. There would be no need for him to sell his body to make ends meet,

not with the type of money I've been handing Serena over the years.

I've paid enough to make sure that they wouldn't need to work unless they really wanted to.

With a small frown, I take a long look at sweetness.

Why is he so angry?

CHAPTER NINE

Benjamin

As I curl my fingers into fists, I take a step closer to her.

“Tell me that this man is lying.” I begin to say as she turns to face me, tears already rising in her eyes. *Liar. Liar, liar, liar!* “Tell me that this man who you claim is Delilah’s father is lying about the money he’s been giving you. Tell me that he’s lying, Mum, because if he isn’t, and he’s telling the truth, Delilah and I are out right fucking now.”

Her lips tremble and her fake act begins all over again.

Typical.

“I’m sorry, Benji. I didn’t know how to bring up the money without you both asking me questions. I didn’t know how I’d be able to explain myself.”

“We don’t care about how you would have explained it, we care about the fact that we could have all lived comfortably if you were being honest about the money! Besides, how can you feel okay taking money off of a stranger?”

At least in my case, I was offering my body in return for money. From what Callum has said, he's been giving her money for the sake of giving her money—because he's pitied her.

And she's been stupid enough to take it and not mention a word of it to us.

“He's not a stranger, Benji. He's...he's the father to my daughters.”

And boom.

The bomb's been dropped.

As I try to make sense of her words, I feel my heart *pounding* in my chest. Delilah takes a sharp breath behind me, and I'm pretty certain that Callum does too.

Daughters?

“You have more children?”

My sister asks, and as soon as she does, our mother snaps all over again.

“Shut it, Delilah! Because of you, your brother has to work to make ends meet! We barely have anything to get by because of you!”

My head's shaking before she's even finished speaking.

What a fucking liar.

Callum moves closer, his face furious as he towers over Mum's frame all over again.

“Don't you fucking dare put this on her, Serena. You know damn well the money I've given you is enough for the three of you, two times over. I made sure neither you nor your son would struggle, and that money I've been paying you for the last fifteen years guaranteed it.”

Even though I want to get a hammer, break everything in this room and leave my mother with dust, I keep my cool. I take deep breaths in through my nose and out through my mouth, forcing my body to relax before I can speak again.

“If he's been giving you all of this money, why the fuck am I killing myself each day by working as if we can't afford anything?”

“We can't afford anything, baby. I don't have any money because I'm in a lot of debt and I owe a lot of people a lot of money. There's barely anything left for us by the time I finish paying off my debts to people.”

Fucking typical.

“If you really owed a shit-ton of people money, you would have left this house and looked for a job. You're a

fucking liar and the only person you care about is yourself!
How is it fair that I've been working for *years* now when
you've been handed all this money for no fucking reason?!"

My fingers are curled into fists and my breathing is
erratic.

I feel Delilah move as she puts a hand on my back,
trying to tug me away.

Knowing that Callum is seeing me act like that sets my
entire body on fire. There's no need to feel embarrassed but I
can feel the shame physically crawling up my body.

How did things change so quickly?

"Get out of my fucking house! I can't deal with this
anymore—get out!"

Mum's screaming now.

"Where will we go? Benjamin's given the last of his
paycheck to you, Mum. There's nowhere for us to go."

Delilah says quietly as Mum glares at her once again. I
can feel my sister shrink into herself beside me.

"Become a whore if you need to—I don't give a fuck! Just
get out of my house!"

At that word, *whore*, I turn to look at Callum.

Callum doesn't look too impressed, and I'm sure that I don't either, but this isn't good enough. She's had all of this money for fifteen years and it's only just coming out now.

Would she have even told us about this if it wasn't for us seeing Callum tonight?

I know she wouldn't have.

She's too selfish to think about anyone other than herself.

“Yes, because being a whore earns us so much money, doesn't it?”

I'm laughing hysterically now.

Tears prick the back of my eyes and if it wasn't for Callum standing here, watching this all go down, I would have been bawling a long time ago.

“Benjamin, shut up!”

My sister hisses out as I feel Callum turn to look at her, a small dip between his eyebrows.

I ignore her as I move closer to my mother.

“Being a whore guarantees we've got a roof over our heads, clothes on our bodies, food on the table, doesn't it?”

I repeat Callum's words from earlier on and it makes my stomach flip. He's been supporting us for so many years, but

we've still been struggling.

How the fuck was that fair?

“What are you talking about, Benjamin? Spit it out clearly!”

I take a deep breath in.

And finally, the truth is revealed.

“I'm a prostitute, Mum. I'm a fucking whore.” Her face drops before it scrunches into an expression of disgust. “What else could a drop-out like myself be? Being a whore meant I would be selling my body for some quick cash, and you didn't seem to mind when I put that same cash in your hand.”

A beat passes between us.

“Get the fuck out of my house.”

Turning around, I grip Delilah's wrist, ready to leave to go *anywhere* that isn't here when Callum moves first. His hand goes to his pocket and as he fishes his keys out, he passes it to me.

As he does, our fingers brush.

It's a stupid thing to think about but it's all I can focus on, even though his fingers were on mine for only a second or so.

“You and Delilah go and take a seat in my car. I’ll be out in a second.”

My eyes dart between his before I finally nod and take Delilah’s hand in mine, turning as we step out of the kitchen and walk through the house.

As soon as we’ve left the room, Mum’s begun again.

“The world could do with more men like Lucas Callum Clark, always the knight in fucking armour, making everyone around him seem like the villain!”

I squeeze Delilah’s hand and tug her out from the house.

We barely speak as we unlock his car and open the door, scooting into the back as we sit patiently, waiting for him to come.

CHAPTER TEN

Callum

As I park into my driveway, I spot Benjamin and Delilah giving each other wide-eyed looks.

Harlington is another world compared to their town, and from the way they're staring through the windows, I think they're beginning to realise just how different our lives are from each other.

As we step out of the car, somebody's phone rings.

It's Benjamin's phone. He takes one look at the caller ID before excusing himself, only walking a few steps away from us as he takes the call.

He speaks quietly and I take the moment to turn to look at Delilah. Her eyes scan across my entire face as she most likely tries to spot the similarities between us.

"This is probably just as weird for you as it is for me."

I say to her, noticing how quickly her cheeks become pink as she drops her eyes to the floor.

She shrugs as she takes in deep breaths. Together, we stand like that for a few seconds before she finally turns to look over at me.

“Can I ask you something?”

I nod.

She plays around with her fingers, looking at the ground before she finally finds the confidence to look back at me. And when she does—fuck, when she does—it’s like I’m looking at Lyra all over again.

If I’m counting the months right, then Delilah is only fifteen.

Three years younger than my pumpkin.

“Did you know about me? Like, at all?”

My lips pull up slightly at that *like*, but I shake my head.

“I had no idea you existed. If I hadn’t shown up today, I don’t think I would have ever found out about you.”

She folds her arms across her middle as her bottom lip wobbles. She blinks furiously and I know she’s trying to stop herself from crying, so with a gentle touch to her arm, I speak softly.

“I’ve missed out on your entire life, but now that I do know about you, we can spend some time getting to know each other. How does that sound, Delilah?”

She shrugs her shoulders as she runs the back of her hand across her eyes.

“I’d like that, please.”

I smile down at her—at my daughter—and curl my arm around her back before pulling her to my side.

“You won’t ever have to worry about any of the things Serena mentioned before. Here, you’ve got me, and I’ll give you and Benjamin the world.”

I gave Lyra everything I could have given her, it’s only fair I treat her sister the same way.

And Benjamin...my sweetness deserves it too.

“Earlier, when Mum said you’re the father to her daughters...”

Delilah trails off, and I already know what it is that she’s talking about. I clear my throat before I can reply.

“You have an older sister; Lyra. And as far as I know, so long as nobody else is going to be showing up on my doorstep claiming they’ve birthed my child, it’s only you two.”

That gets a small smile out of her.

Benjamin soon joins us and as his eyes dart between Delilah and myself, he goes to stand beside her. They share a few quiet words before he has his eyes locked with mine again. He lets a deep breath out and together, the three of us walk towards my home.

As soon as I've opened the door and we've all stepped inside, my eyes scan the floor before I let a small apology slip out from my lips for the mess they're looking at.

“I don't usually have any staff at home since my daughter's moved out, but if you both want, I can arrange something. You won't need to do much except clean your own bedrooms at the most until I've got things sorted.”

My home isn't a dump, but it's not as clean as it once was when I would have staff helping out. Since Lyra moved out to be with her husband next door, I didn't see the point in keeping our staff. They had only been employed so that my daughter wouldn't need to busy herself with the simple tasks of cooking and cleaning.

“Staff?”

Delilah squeaks out, and as I face her, I can't help but laugh.

“Since I often worked long hours, I employed staff to help raise her and keep our home tidy. My daughter is spoilt, but she’s not a brat. Since it’s only me now, I’ve managed to keep things running.”

For the most part, that is.

“You said bedroom—do you want us to stay here with you?”

Benjamin asks.

“I certainly won’t be letting Delilah go back to be with Serena unless she wants to go back, and I assumed you would want to stay with your sister. Have I thought wrong?”

He shakes his head as his cheeks begin to fill with colour.

“No—I mean yes,” his eyes widen as he stumbles over his words and I can’t help but smile at him. *He’s adorable.* “What I mean to say is—”

His sister interrupts him as she steps closer to him.

“What my brother is trying to say here is *thank you*. I don’t think either of us really expected you to bring us here.”

Shrugging, I turn to face her.

My daughter.

“I gave Lyra the best life I was able to. Now that I know about you, I want to give you that same life if you’ll let me. I know you and your brother are close, so I’m happy to have you both here if you’re comfortable to stay here.”

It takes a second for either one of them to respond.

“Yes, please.”

Delilah finally squeaks out before taking a step closer to me.

“Would you like me to show you to your rooms?”

They both nod, and so we begin to walk through my home.

Lyra’s bedroom is off-limits, and even though she no longer lives here, she does come over frequently and spends some time with me. She’s been married for a couple of months now, but since she’s only next-door, it doesn’t feel like it much.

I show Benjamin and Delilah the two spare rooms. Even though it was only Lyra and I, William would sometimes spend the night here prior to him purchasing the place next-door, and Brandon’s youngest son who is the same age as my Lyra would often stay here. It didn’t make sense to have two

extra bedrooms when it was only the two of us, but Lyra enjoyed having all the extra space, so we didn't move out.

As Delilah steps into the room she'll be staying in for the foreseeable future, Benjamin walks closer to me.

“You are crazy fucking rich, Callum.”

He murmurs under his breath as he brushes his arm against mine.

The touch sends a shock through my body and I realise it's been almost an entire twenty-four hours since I've last had him. One look at his face—the small dip between his eyebrows, those plump parted lips—and I know he's thinking the exact same thing. As he takes a quick look over at his sister, he realises that she's already stepped into the en-suite, so he wraps his finger around mine. I tug him closer and whisper into his ear.

“You already knew that, sweetness.”

We hear Delilah's footsteps returning into the bedroom so Benjamin lets go of me as he takes a step away.

“Is this okay, Delilah?”

I ask as she looks up at me with big eyes, her bottom lip slightly curled between her teeth.

She nods at me before she turns to look over at Benjamin.

“This is way more than okay.”

She takes a step closer to the bed before she sits down on it and runs her hand along the duvet. I turn to face sweetness.

“Benjamin, can I speak to you?”

He nods.

“We’ll only be a few minutes, Delilah.”

I say as both Benjamin and I leave the bedroom together.

As I walk in the direction of my bedroom, Benjamin follows me. I don’t know why I’m bringing him here since we could have easily spoken in the room beside Delilah’s, the room where he’ll be staying for the time being, but I bring him to my bedroom.

I move further into my bedroom but Benjamin stands near the doorway.

“She called you *Lucas*. Which is it—Callum or Lucas—that you want me to call you by?”

He asks me.

“Callum,” I tell him easily, “You can call me Callum. That’s my middle name, and Lucas is my first.”

Once I've said that, he nods.

After that, we don't speak for a long time, and I realise that my fingers itch to touch him. It's been too long, and he looks too good, and the things that went down at Serena's has got me too riled up.

"It's pretty fucked up, isn't it?"

He breathes out as he locks eyes with mine.

I shake my head as I bring my fingers to my top button, unbuttoning it as sweetness continues to stare intently at me.

"It's not that fucked up. Things could be much worse, sweetness."

He takes a deep breath in before he steps closer, only stopping when he's standing close enough that our bodies touch.

"You're the father of my sister, and the ex of my mother. You don't think that's fucked up?"

Again, I shake my head.

It gets a small smile out of him and as he presses his palms to my chest, I take a sharp breath in.

"Can I?"

He asks even though his fingers are already on me, unbuttoning my shirt expertly before he slips his hands under the cotton and touches my bare body.

“You shouldn’t be touching me like this if you think this is fucked up, sweetness.”

He tips his head upwards, only an inch, but that look in his eyes has my cock growing hard.

“I know this entire situation is fucked up, but I don’t think I really care, Callum. You look too good to *not* touch you right now.”

That gets a laugh out of me.

Honestly, I don’t care about the situation. So long as Benjamin and Delilah are safe, and they’re happy to stay here with me for however long they need to, I’m happy.

There are far worse things out there than the situation we’ve found ourselves in.

“I told her about you; the night you asked me out, I told her. I didn’t specify it was you, but she’s smart, and she’s bound to figure something out. If you want, I can tell her to keep her mouth shut, and that nothing else happened between us after—”

His rambling is cute, but it’s not needed.

Slipping my arm around his lower back, I pull him closer to my front, and as he gasps my name out, I press my lips to his.

It takes sweetness a full second to react, but when he finally does, he's all over me. His arms are around my back as he holds me closer and presses our bodies even tighter together. His hardness is obvious against my lower stomach and I know that mine is too.

His lips move desperately against mine.

When I pull away, a small *mewl* escapes his lips.

I can't get enough of him.

“Hush, sweetness. Don't worry about anything. If she figures it out, she'll figure it out. And if not, we'll tell everybody in our own time.”

His eyes are wide and his lips are swollen. He stares at me with an expression of shock.

Finally, Benjamin nods as he begins to take a few small steps away from me.

“Yeah, okay, Callum. That sounds good.”

I bite down on a laugh as he continues walking backwards.

As he turns, and before he can leave my room completely, I find myself calling out for him again.

“Yes, Callum?”

He asks me as he turns back around.

I smile at him as I throw the shirt to my bed and begin unbuckling my trousers. I don't miss the way that his eyes go there immediately, or the way that he takes a sharp breath in.

“You can stay in the room besides Delilah's for now. Goodnight, sweetness.”

With a faint smile playing on his lips, he leaves my room.

“Goodnight, Callum.”

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Benjamin

The following day, after Callum found both Delilah and I standing awkwardly outside of our new bedrooms, he showed us to their dining room as he made us all some breakfast to eat.

Currently, we're all sitting around the table as we each finish eating.

"I need to use the toilet, is there one on this floor?"

My sister asks Callum as he nods, pointing her in the direction of the toilet.

As Delilah steps away from the table, I sneak another look at Callum from under my lashes. His hair is still a little messier than usual since we've all only just woken up, and the first few buttons of his shirt are undone. He looks so *casual* like this—definitely not like the client I've been with, and the man I've been on a date with.

The things I'd do to wake up beside him.

"Careful now, sweetness, or you'll be drooling all over your plate."

Shit, I've been caught!

I can already feel the blush rising to my face.

Clearing my throat, I speak.

“You look good like this—it would be hard not to stare.”

Callum takes a sip of his orange juice before he puts the glass down on the table and replies.

“Don't I always? And don't you always?”

There's a smile on his face, and there's one on mine too. We continue teasing each other back and forth like that for a few more minutes until movement behind him catches my eyes.

“Holy. Fucking. Hell.”

I breathe out as I look at the two people who've stumbled in through Callum's door.

The man, I don't really care about, but the woman...

She's Delilah.

An older version of my sister walking through the door.

This must be Lyra.

My sister's sister.

Callum's daughter.

Callum turns around and as he spots the two, he stands up and begins walking in their direction.

The woman—Lyra—runs before she jumps into Callum’s arms as she throws her arms around him.

“Daddy!”

She squeals out as he hugs her fiercely, holding her close to his body.

Behind the two, the man’s eyes catch mine before he looks at the three plates set out on the dining table. There’s a small frown on his face, and as he turns to look over at Callum, Delilah steps back into the room.

I watch Callum’s entire body tense when he spots Delilah in the room with us, and as Lyra takes a step backwards to look at her father, Delilah’s wide eyes dart to mine.

“Daddy, what’s wrong?”

Lyra breathes out.

From this angle, she sees me, and takes some more steps backwards.

“Lyra, I need to tell you—”

He's barely able to get anything else out because as she turns around to face her husband, she spots my sister.

Shit.

At the exact same moment, Callum steps forwards as he places his hand on her arm.

“Please let me explain, pumpkin. We need to talk.”

She shrugs him off as she keeps her face hidden in her husband's chest.

Delilah simply stares at me with pink high in her cheeks. She and I are definitely the outsiders here.

“I-I'll be back later. I need some time to think.”

Lyra takes her husband's hand and together, after Delilah gives them some space to move, the two of them step out of the room.

My sister looks between Callum and I, but he's facing away from me and over at the floor. It feels like *forever* before any of us open our mouths to speak.

“Excuse me.”

Callum finally says as he clears his throat and walks away from the room, leaving Delilah and I all alone.

My sister steps closer to me as she shrugs and wraps her arms around her middle.

“I didn’t know they were here. I wouldn’t have stepped in if I’d known they were here.”

I shake my head as I stand up and step closer to her.

“It’s not your fault, Delilah. If Callum didn’t know about you, I’m sure that his daughter wouldn’t have either. Come on, let’s tidy up then we’ll go upstairs.”

She nods at me, and we begin to clear the table.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Callum

My eyes scan over the document on my computer screen but my mind can't make sense of the words I'm looking at.

My daughter didn't pick up my calls. My daughter didn't see me when I went over to hers.

Is she angry with me? Will she ever let me explain this to her?

She walked away from me.

She walked away from me like how Serena walked away from us.

My heart squeezes painfully in my chest as I force myself to take a deep breath in.

She'll come around—I know she will.

But there's a small doubt in the back of my head that tells me she won't. I've kept my daughter in the dark about her mother for as long as I can remember.

Seeing Delilah would surely have been a shock to her, but it was also a massive shock to me. I don't know what she's

thinking about this, but I know it won't be good.

Forcing myself to take another deep breath in, I look again at my screen when my office door swings open and William walks inside.

“I told you to go and live your life,” he begins as he pulls the chair out before taking a seat. “Why the fuck have you brought these two strays home? And why does that girl have my wife's face?”

Sighing, I lean back into the chair and take a minute to wonder where to begin from. William's been around since the beginning so he knows exactly what had happened between Serena and I.

The stuff after though...the money...the updates...

He doesn't know about that.

Releasing another deep breath out, I begin to explain things to him.

I explain how I began supporting Serena and her son after his father had walked out on them, and how I frequently updated her about Lyra. Even though she was no longer a part of my daughter's life, I still continued to update her, up until my daughter had gotten married to the man sitting in front of me.

I explain why I've brought both Benjamin and Delilah to my home.

I don't tell him that this isn't my first time meeting Benjamin.

And when I tell him that I visited Serena yesterday to end absolutely everything with her, I see his entire body tense up.

I understand why.

"Have you got anything to drink here?"

He suddenly asks me as he stands up and walks to the side, already rummaging through my cabinets.

"William."

I call out exasperated, my head falling into my hands.

As he continues looking for a bottle, I take a deep breath through my nose as he finally returns and takes a seat once more.

"You're stupid for going there, but I think you needed closure. If you hadn't, there's no way you would have found out about Delilah, and as freaky as the entire thing is, I think it's good that you found her." He passes the bottle over to me but when I refuse, he shrugs his shoulders as he takes another

swig. “Why bring her brother? He’s the kid she left you both for, isn’t he?”

My throat tightens as I look away from him.

He’s right, but...

Shrugging, I clear my throat as I look back at him.

“William, when I texted you about seeing someone—a man—and you told me to go for it...”

His eyes are comically wide, and if it wasn’t for this tense situation, I would have most definitely laughed at his expression.

“Shit, don’t tell me he’s the one?”

I nod slowly as his face changes from confusion, to shock, and finally acceptance.

“I had no idea it was him—I thought he was some random guy living in Alstorne. I only realised it was him when he walked in during Serena and I’s argument. To be honest, I’ve pushed the idea of him being her son completely out of my mind. As far as I’m concerned, he’s the guy I met all those days ago, and the guy I’ve been seeing.”

“Will you still be seeing him?”

William asks as I shrug.

“If he agrees with it, of course. I can’t say I’ve been happier, though I am concerned with what Lyra will think of me—of us.”

He sighs as he takes another swig before leaning back into the chair.

“Lyra will come around as soon as she’s cooled down. You don’t need to explain it all, but tell her *something*. She’s not a child anymore, Lucas, and I don’t think it’s right to keep her in the dark like this. She’s asked me a couple of times now, and my answer has always been to ask you. It’s your private life to share, but you can’t blame her for growing curious and looking for answers.”

He’s right.

If only I told her some truths, she wouldn’t be so angry at me.

I was too afraid to say anything, too scared that she’d hate me.

Just as I open my mouth to speak, there’s a knock on my office door, and as William and I look in the direction of the sound, Benjamin steps inside.

His eyes move around the room before they land on mine.

“Sorry for interrupting, but can I speak with you?”

Benjamin asks as he looks directly at me.

I nod before motioning for him to come inside.

“Be my guest.”

William says, pointing to the chair beside him as he makes no effort to stand up or leave my office.

Benjamin stops walking any further into the room as his eyes dart between William and I.

“William, get out.”

I growl out as my best friend finally stands up, dramatically sighing before he leaves the office without a word of argument. He doesn't say anything about Benjamin or I either.

I shake my head as Benjamin shuts my office door and walks towards the desk, taking a seat opposite me.

“Dom called me,” he says as soon as he's sitting down. “They're short-staffed today, and he asked if I could go into work. Would you be able to drop me off tonight?”

Staring at sweetness, I wonder if Dominic has told him about my offer.

If he had, I'm sure either one of the two would have informed me. There would be no need for Dominic to call Benjamin tonight if the offer was discussed, but if he hadn't yet found the chance to tell him, and this call had been made so that Dominic would be able to speak to him in person...

Letting those thoughts slip out of my mind, I ask sweetness a question.

I ask him whether Delilah knows what he does for work.

"Why does that matter?"

He asks me instead of answering as a small dip appears between his eyebrows.

"I didn't mean to upset you, sweetness. I was only asking because I wondered what she would think if you stopped working altogether."

"You want me to stop working?"

He asks me in a quiet voice.

"I don't *want* you to do anything—that decision is up to you. What I'm trying to say is that I know you work at Dom's Den for money, but money will no longer be an issue for either yourself or Delilah. Your sister will be looked after, and so will you."

He listens to me speak before he opens his mouth after a few seconds.

“I’m nothing to you,” he begins saying as I shake my head at him, already knowing that’s not true. “Apart from being your plaything those couple of days you visited me as my client, I’m nothing to you.”

“That’s not true, sweetness, and you know it. Even if you want to claim the title of being my plaything, I’ll accept it. But you and I both know that you’re something to me, even if you don’t want to admit it. I won’t force you to leave your job, but just know I’ll happily support you and Delilah if you ever choose to leave.”

He takes his bottom lip between his teeth as he bites down on the plumpness. All the blood rushes to my cock, and my balls feel heavy, and I would be lying if I said I didn’t miss the feel of his body against mine so damn badly. That kiss we shared last night was nowhere close to being enough. If anything, it made me want more.

So. Much. More.

“I’ll think about it. Thank you, Callum.”

And with that, he pushes his chair out as he stands up, walking through my office before he steps outside and shuts

the door behind him.

Plaything, my ass.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Benjamin

Plaything.

It slipped out from my mouth.

I told him I was his *plaything*.

Callum's plaything.

Plaything of his .

Flopping onto their sofa, I groan loudly as I tip my head backwards.

I feel my sister's eyes on me but for once, I can't offer her an explanation.

I'm too embarrassed to even think about what was said between us in that office, not even five minutes ago.

“What's wrong with you?”

Delilah suddenly asks as I feel the sofa dip beside me.

Opening my eyes, I turn to look at my sister.

“It's nothing. I've got a bit of a stomach ache, that's all.”

She looks sceptical at me as she puts the back of her head to my forehead.

“I’ve got a stomach ache, Delilah, not a temperature.”

As she drops her hand to her side, she scoots closer to me.

“If you had a stomach ache, you would have been upstairs in your room chewing my ear off about it. Your skin is flushed and you’re acting weird. What’s up, Benji?”

For a second, I wonder if I should just tell my sister about Callum and I. Since she already knows I’ve been on a date with him, it would be easy to tell her about him. But I remember I told her that he was a client of mine, and I don’t think he’d appreciate me telling her that. Besides, if word was to get to Dom that I violated a client’s confidentiality, I’d be fired on the spot.

Not that I’m too keen to continue working with what Callum has told me...

“Hello, earth to Benjamin!”

My sister shouts as she waves a hand in front of my face.

Sitting up straight, I open my own mouth to shout back at her when something catches my eye.

“Delilah,” I murmur out as I spot someone walking towards us. “Heads up.”

My sister turns around, and as she does, her sister looks straight at her.

It’s freaky seeing both of them together in a room like this, but since we’re living here with Callum for however long he’s willing to have us here, I guess we’ll have to get used to it.

“Hey,” Lyra says as she stops in front of us, her eyes darting between Delilah and I. “Sorry for not introducing myself earlier on.”

Deliah stands up from the sofa at once as she tucks a strand of hair behind her ear.

“I’m Delilah, and this is my brother, Benjamin.”

My sister says as she takes a hold of my arm and forces me to stand up with her. I nod towards Lyra as I introduce myself to her. She smiles at me before she turns to look again at Delilah, *our* sister.

“Your brother?”

Lyra asks as Delilah nods.

“He’s my...I mean our...well, Benjamin is Mum’s other kid. We have different fathers.”

Lyra visibly takes a deep breath when Delilah mentions our mother, and since I was there when she and Callum were arguing, I have a pretty good idea why.

Still, it's a little weird that the three of us have the same mother. It's even weirder that Callum doesn't think this is fucked up.

I can't imagine getting with the son of my ex, but considering the fact that he was only a client, and I was only a plaything of his...

“Do you know where my Dad is?”

“He was in his office.”

I offer her as she thanks me.

Just as Lyra turns around to go to Callum's office, he walks into the room with us.

When he spots the three of us standing around together, he visibly tenses. He stops moving as his eyes dart between each one of us. As Lyra moves forwards and throws her arms around him, he holds her close as I watch him finally relax. The expression on his face softens as he holds her tightly in his arms.

“I'm sorry for walking away from you like that, Daddy. I didn't mean to.”

Turning to Delilah, I tap her shoulder to get her attention.

“Let’s give them some privacy. Come on.”

She nods and as we both turn around to step away from here, William appears through the other door. He stops when he’s in front of Delilah and I, and crosses his arms as he stops us from leaving.

“You might want to stay for this.”

He tells us even though his eyes are on his wife.

Delilah and I look at each other as she shrugs discreetly, then we turn around. I don’t know why we’d need to stay for this, especially since it’s such a private matter between them all, but I don’t want to argue.

Callum’s holding Lyra’s face in his palms as he speaks to his daughter.

“I only found out about your sister when I went to visit Serena yesterday, pumpkin. I’m so sorry that you both weren’t given the chance to grow up together.”

“Daddy, what?”

Callum lets out a heavy sigh as he shakes his head.

“Lyra, I’m so sorry.”

“Are you understanding the words that are leaving your mouth? Are you hearing yourself speak? What do you mean by that?”

By now, Lyra’s taken large steps backwards away from Callum, and he’s no longer holding her.

“There’s so much I’ve kept hidden from you, and even though I’m not sorry for protecting you, I’m sorry you’ve had to find out about it like this.”

She suddenly turns around to face Delilah and I, and my sister takes a step closer to me.

“I have a sister,” she breathes out as her eyes widen. My sister stiffens beside me but as Lyra turns back around to face Callum, Delilah relaxes. “Holy shit, Dad, you have another daughter.”

Callum smiles tiredly at her as his eyes move over to Delilah before he nods at Lyra.

My heart beats faster.

“Yeah, pumpkin. I’ve got two daughters.”

Lyra shakes her head as she turns again, looking behind Delilah and I and over at William, her husband.

“I’m spending the night here. Dad has *a lot* to explain to me.”

Behind her, Callum turns to look at William too. I tug Delilah further into my side so we're not in the way.

“You do that, Lyra. I'll see you all tomorrow.”

William murmurs out as he locks his eyes with mine, cutting through the room before he leaves.

Weird.

Lyra turns back around so she's facing Callum again and together, they begin walking away when Callum suddenly stops as he turns around to face me.

“Let me know if you need that lift, Benjamin. I can drop you off at your workplace if you need me too.”

My face feels hot as I tell him I'll let him know, and as I say the words, I feel Delilah's eyes burn into the side of my face.

As the pair finally leave the room, Delilah and I are left alone. To get away from my sister's questioning looks, I take a seat on the sofa and hope she won't have much to say about this.

She does.

“Holy fucking shit! He's the guy you went on a date with, isn't he?!”

My entire body flushes as I tug Delilah to the sofa with me, shushing her.

“Don’t be so loud!”

She rolls her eyes as she makes herself comfortable before stretching her arms in front of herself.

“There’s nobody in here to hear me.”

Well, she does have a point...

“It doesn’t matter, Delilah. Let’s not mention anything until he does first.”

My sister’s eyes narrow at me as she stares at me.

“What now?”

“Is that why you went to his office earlier on? Because you recognised him from your date?”

I shake my head at her.

“No, you know that’s not why I went to see him. My boss called up because he could do with some extra staff. I went to Callum to ask whether he’d be able to drop me off to work.” There’s a few seconds of silence before I open my mouth once more. “He told me I don’t need to work anymore if I don’t want to. He said he’ll support us both, since he now

knows that the only reason I was working there was for the money. I told him I'd think about it, but I don't know."

I find myself admitting to her.

Her face scrunches up before she shakes her head slightly.

"What's up?"

Her cheeks become pink as she rolls her bottom lip into her mouth before she speaks.

"I just can't believe you met each other *there*. That's kind of gross, you know, to think that you and my Dad have had sex—"

"Delilah, please, shut up."

She giggles as she leans into my side and puts her head on my shoulder.

I feel my entire face flush as it becomes hot.

Yeah, telling my sister I met him in my workplace wasn't the best way to put things, but in my defence, I wouldn't have ever thought that I'd see him outside of Dom's Den. I wouldn't have ever thought that he'd be my sister's biological father.

And speaking of her biological father...

Nudging her with my shoulder, I turn to look down at her.

“You’re okay with knowing that he’s your Dad? You’re good with us staying here with him?”

She hides her face into my side as she nods.

“I think I’m okay with it, Benji. I like it better here than I’ve ever liked it with Mum. He doesn’t seem too bad, and it would be nice to have a sister. And, he likes you too which makes everything so much better.”

I nod at her as I lean backwards into the sofa.

She’s right about all of that.

Callum doesn’t seem to be too bad, and I’ve known him for a little over a week now. This is probably the most comfortable I’ve seen my sister in a while now, and since we’re basically two towns over, I doubt our mother would make the effort to come and see us.

Lyra seems cool too.

And Callum...I don’t know what things are like between him and I. We haven’t had a chance to speak properly yet.

“My brother’s seeing my Dad.” My sister suddenly breathes out before she bursts into a fit of giggles. “It sounds so wrong, Benji.”

“We’re not...we’re not seeing each other, Delilah. We’ve only been on one date together, and that was before everything went down.”

She wraps her arm around mine as she shakes her head, a small smile playing on her lips.

“You boys can be so silly sometimes, Benji. You told me he’d seen you a couple of times before asking you out, then the two of you went on a date together. He invited both of us to his home, and he’s said he’ll support us both if you want to quit. Come on, Benjamin, you don’t think that he’s doing all of this because he doesn’t *not* like you, do you?”

My throat becomes dry as I listen to her speak.

Shrugging my shoulders, I reply.

“I don’t know, Delilah. He could have said that because you’re his daughter, and I’m your brother.”

She gives me a pointed look as she stares up at me.

“You’re also the guy he’s been seeing, and the guy he asked out on a date. I wouldn’t be so sure about what you’re saying, Benji.”

Curling my bottom lip between my teeth, I wonder whether she could be right. And if she is, would it be a bad thing for Callum and I to continue seeing each other?

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Callum

“What do you want to know, pumpkin?”

I ask my daughter as we step into my bedroom.

My heart is racing, and I feel breathless all of a sudden. Deep down, I always knew that one day, I would need to answer my daughter, but I didn't ever think that it would ever be like this.

Lyra doesn't hesitate to answer, crossing her arms over her chest as she speaks.

“Everything, Dad. There's so many things I want to know.”

I smile softly at my daughter.

“There's almost sixteen years worth of things to tell you. Where should I start?”

“Considering you've told me that she's my sister, I have to ask whether he's my brother. Delilah says he has a different father, but I need to know. How many children have you been hiding from me?”

I shake my head as she finishes speaking.

“He’s not your brother, Lyra. No, he’s not. In fact, he’s the child your mother had prior to our marriage, and apart from yourself and Delilah, there’s no more of mine. I had no idea she existed until yesterday. You have to believe me when I say that, pumpkin.”

She tips her head up at me, blinking a couple of times before she finally answers me.

“Why did you go to see her yesterday? Why now?”

There’s a pause between us as I look for the right words to say. How do I even begin to explain it? As far as she knew, her mother had walked out on us, and that was it. It wouldn’t make sense for me to see her mother after everything I had told her growing up.

“You’re married now, and although you’ll always be my little girl, you’re no longer a child. I’ve updated her about you throughout your entire childhood, but I can’t any longer.” I look over at my daughter who stares at me with a dip between her eyebrows and her bottom lip curled between her teeth. “I know it might sound silly now, but I always thought if I updated her about you, she might have come back. She might have realised she made a mistake by leaving you. I thought if I

told her enough, she would return, and you would have your mother again.”

Though I know she doesn't understand it, Lyra nods her head as she drops her arms to her side. She releases her lip from between her teeth, and as she speaks, her voice shakes slightly.

“Do you feel anything for her? For my mother?”

I move to my bed as I sit down, taking a deep breath in before I can speak.

She knows that I don't.

I made it exceptionally clear to her that her mother and I had never married for love, and that we had an arranged marriage. I explained that we had her so early on to please Serena's parents, only I didn't realise Serena was pregnant with my youngest when she left us.

I told my daughter that although she would have to go through that route of an arranged marriage, I wanted to see her with someone who would love her and respect her, someone who she would wake up beside with a smile on her face. I never wanted my daughter to ever feel the way Serena and I did in our marriage, and it's why I spent so long vetting each

and every suitor that asked for Lyra prior to making any confirmations.

When William had asked for her hand, I was ecstatic. My daughter would live a happy life with him, unlike her mother and I had in our own marriage.

So, she knew that neither Serena nor I had ever felt *anything* for each other in the entirety of our marriage.

And to confirm that, I speak. For the first time in decades, I say the truth.

“I’m gay, Lyra. I have been for as long as I can remember, but I’ve always had to hide it. I want to spend the rest of my years living my life the way it should have been lived. I can’t continue lying to myself.”

Her eyes dart between each of mine and I wait for a response with bated breath. Finally, her expression softens as she gives me one.

“*Oh, Daddy.*” She breathes out as she rushes forwards to hug me. My arms immediately go around her as I let out a shaky breath. There are tears pricking the back of my eyes already as she pulls away to put her hands on either one of my shoulders. “I figured you were, but I didn’t want to make any assumptions since you never said anything. I don’t care

though, I still love you, and I'll love the person you bring home too."

My heart races in my chest as I listen to my daughter speak.

Forcing myself to relax, I release deep breaths through my nose as I begin to loosen my hold on her. I clear my throat a couple of times, but when it's clear that I can't speak, Lyra moves as she sits down on my bed beside me.

A couple of minutes pass as we sit in silence before my daughter speaks again.

"Will you take a paternity test?"

I nod at her.

"Even though it's so damn obvious she's mine, I'll take one. She's you, Lyra, she's the spitting image of you."

My daughter nods before she bites down on her bottom lip. In a second, her entire expression has changed.

"People will talk, Dad. They'll ask why you've brought her home now."

It angers me to hear her say that, but I know that she's right. People will talk, and they'll certainly make a big deal out of it.

“Let them talk, pumpkin. They’ve always talked about things that don’t seem to fit in our society, and you know they always will. We’ll protect Delilah from them.”

“I want to get to know them some more, Daddy. We’ll all talk tomorrow.”

I nod at her as she smiles, curling her arms around mine as she sighs before resting her head against my shoulder. As she continues speaking, I hear her smile in her tone.

“Even though it sounds so ridiculous now, I always thought that you and William would be together. I liked the idea of having him here with us all the time.”

Peering up at me from under her lashes, she takes one look at the disgusted expression on my face before she bursts into a fit of giggles.

Why on earth would she think that William and I...

Shaking my head, I reply.

“That would never have happened in a million years, pumpkin. He’s my best friend, he’s practically my brother. It’s disturbing to think of William in *that* way.”

She hums as she nods, though I can see just how eager she is to begin laughing all over again.

“He’s your son-in-law too, Daddy. Don’t forget that.”

How can I?

I must be one of the few men in the world who would happily agree to their best friend marrying their daughter. If it had been anyone else, I would have refused, but since he and Lyra had always shared a good bond, I didn't see why they wouldn't be a good match for each other.

“It's getting late and I think I'm going to get some sleep now. Goodnight, Daddy.”

I cup the back of her head as I lean down and press my lips to her forehead. When she pulls back, she beams up at me.

“Goodnight, pumpkin.”

I reply .

Lyra peers up at me with a small dip between her eyebrows. Her fingers tighten around mine, and with a little frown of my own, I hold her close.

“Lyra?”

“I love you.” She breathes out as I feel my heart squeeze painfully in my chest. “I love you so much, and I want you to know that. I don't care that I grew up without a mother—I had you, and you were more than enough. You're the best father a girl could ask for, Daddy.”

I swallow thickly before I can respond. That—my daughter growing up without a mother—has always been a great insecurity of mine. Whenever she reminds me that I’m enough, my love for her only seems to grow.

I don’t think she realises just how much I need to hear those words from her.

“I love you, Lyra. I love you more than my words or actions can ever express. I hope you know that, pumpkin.”

She nods slowly at me as her lips pull up into a smile. Letting go of my hand, she turns around as she walks through my room and leaves.

A heavy sigh escapes me as I scan my room for my phone.

I think to text Benjamin since I’m sure both he and Delilah have gone to their bedrooms for the night, but I decide against it. He and I can speak tomorrow.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Benjamin

“Hey.” I hear a feminine voice call out from above me, and when I look up, I spot Lyra standing opposite me as she pulls a chair out and takes a seat “Did you guys sleep well?”

I discreetly look over to my little sister and as she nods, Lyra turns her focus to Delilah.

“We really do look alike, don’t we?”

Delilah smiles at that as she nods again.

“We could pass as twins, I think.”

A laugh escapes Lyra at that and when I look back at her, she beams at my—at our—sister.

It’s weird knowing that Delilah isn’t only my sister, but Lyra’s too. Not to forget, she’s Callum’s daughter.

“We should dress up the exact same way one day and see whether Dad can tell who is who.”

And just as she speaks of him, he enters the room.

He's shirtless, with only a pair of pants that hang loosely around his defined *V*, and a couple of things in his hands.

It's been too long without his body against mine.

He's teasing me by being shirtless like this—I know he is.

As he moves closer to us, Lyra helps him put the plates down as his eyes scan over the table.

“Have you both eaten?”

He asks Delilah and I, and I waste no time as I respond.

“Yeah, we have.”

I manage to croak out just as his eyes move to mine, burning through me.

My tongue slips out of my mouth as I lick my bottom lip, my eyes moving shamelessly across his body. I don't know why he thought it would be a good idea to come downstairs like this.

“Daddy, is there something you're not telling me?”

At her voice, I immediately tear my eyes away from her father.

Delilah giggles beside me and Lyra soon follows. They've both got matching expressions on their matching faces.

Shit.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

He told me during our dinner together that his daughter had no idea he was gay. He told me only a handful of people knew about him, and his daughter definitely wasn't one of those people he mentioned.

Was I being too obvious? Was I drooling?

As Lyra opens her mouth to speak again, William walks into the room as he heads straight for the table and reaches over for an empty glass.

“William, be my guest and eat all my food since you're already here.”

Callum says sarcastically as William thanks him before he pulls the chair out beside Lyra and sits down on it. He turns to face his wife as he presses a kiss to her lips, and Delilah catches my eye with a small smile on her face. When they pull apart and his eyes scan over the two of us, he stops at my sister, shaking his head just as he reaches forwards to pour himself a glass of juice.

“This is freaky.”

William mutters under his breath as Delilah giggles softly.

Lyra turns to face him with her butter knife between her fingers as she points it his way.

“Any other man would *die* if he had another copy of his beautiful wife, William.”

Her husband snorts and as he does, he looks over again to Delilah.

“I say this with no offence intended, Delilah, but you’re a child. Sure, a man might be happy with his wife’s face on another woman, but you know I wouldn’t be, and especially not on a child.”

As Lyra continues spreading some jam onto her toast, she hums.

“You’re the one who asked for my hand when I was only a child, William.”

Sitting at the head of the table, Callum shakes his head.

Delilah and I both turn to look at each other with wide eyes just as William begins to explain things.

“That’s not what happened.” He says as he looks over at my sister. “I’m a teacher—I wouldn’t do that. At least, that’s not how I went about asking for her hand.” Turning away from Delilah to Lyra, he presses her for a response. “You know that’s not what happened, Lyra.”

She smiles as she takes a bite out of her toast.

“I know, but it’s cute seeing you so flustered in front of our family.”

Our family.

I don’t know whether she meant to say it, but it feels good knowing she has.

I look over to Callum to catch his eyes to see what he thinks about this, but his attention is on William.

“Since we’re speaking of family, where’s Jordan?”

“Him and Damiano are out for the day.”

Realising that Delilah and I are out of the loop, William opens his mouth to speak, but Callum beats him to it.

“Jordan is William’s brother,” he says. Then, turning to me, he adds, “Brandon’s youngest.”

I nod at him, because he already told me all about Brandon on our date, but they don’t know that.

All three pairs of eyes are darting between Callum and I and I suddenly feel like we’ve made things too obvious. There’s a curious look on William’s face, but the girls are both smiling.

As Lyra stands up, she passes William's chair as she walks over behind her father, putting her hand on his shoulder.

“Dad and Benjamin have something to announce!”

Feeling uncomfortable, and confused on what to do, I take a sip of my water. Callum has his eyes on me but I don't speak, and neither does he.

Lyra is the one who speaks.

“Who would have thought Daddy would find a lover after all?”

My eyes widen as Callum's lips pull up into a smile. Instead of disagreeing with his daughter and making things right, he shakes his head as he chuckles softly.

What is he doing?

William lets out a whistle, telling us how another one of Harlington's fine bachelors have been taken, when my sister decides to jump in too.

“Benji was practically *gushing* the entire time he spoke about him, and my brother has never been this vocal about a guy like this before.”

My head immediately snaps to Delilah as I narrow my eyes at her.

Traitor.

My face burns up and although neither Callum nor I have confirmed anything, they each continue teasing Callum and I, until he finally opens his mouth and says something.

“Stop harassing him.” Callum mutters out as he stands up and walks over to me, putting his hand on my shoulder. “Come on, sweetness, let’s go.”

I push my chair out as I stand up, nodding as both he and I begin moving.

“*Sweetness?*” William exclaims as he leans back in his chair, his eyes darting between Callum and I. “When the hell did *that* happen?”

Callum takes my head as he leans closer, whispering as he tells me to ignore them, before he begins pulling me away from the table and out of the room.

As we leave, William and Lyra cheer, and I’m certain I hear Delilah laugh along with them too.

My heart feels lighter and as I take a quick look at Callum, I notice he’s got a small smile on his face as we continue walking through his home.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Callum

“I’m sorry for the way they were behaving downstairs.”

I say as both Benjamin and I move to my bed.

He shakes his head as he looks over to me.

“You shouldn’t apologise for that—not when Delilah was also involved. Besides, I thought that Lyra didn’t know? About you being gay, I mean.”

Nodding, I agree with him.

“She didn’t until last night, but I didn’t mention you. I told William about you, but not Lyra since I wasn’t sure where we stood, but she’s a clever girl, and she figured it out.”

A smile touches his lips.

“If you had come downstairs wearing a shirt, I don’t think I would have been staring so hard.”

I don’t respond to that.

As we sit in silence for a few minutes, sweetness slips his hand above mine.

“So, they think that we’re together?”

He asks me, rather than states it.

Smiling softly at him, I reply.

“Aren’t we?”

He looks at me, his eyes darting between each of mine,
as his hand tightens over mine.

“I don’t know, Callum. What are we?”

My answer is quick.

“We’re whatever you want us to be.”

I see the change in his body language as he swallows
thickly, his throat bobbing as he does.

“And you’re okay with them all knowing?”

Flipping my hand over from under his, I hold him tighter
and tug him closer.

“I am, sweetness . I’m not getting any younger, and I
won’t be lying to myself anymore. I want you, and I want
them all to know that.”

Beside me, he lets out a shaky breath. His eyes drop
from mine and it’s so incredibly clear that he’s uncertain about
this.

Maybe even uncertain about us.

“Come here.”

I say, and he does.

With our hands still entwined, Benjamin stands up as he moves to stand between my legs. As I stand up, I watch his Adam’s apple bob in his throat as he swallows.

My other hand goes to his face as I rest my palm on his cheek.

“Is this okay?”

I ask him as I feel his pulse begin to pick up.

Benjamin begins to nod slowly but that isn’t enough for me.

“Your words, sweetness.”

I say, as my own words remind me of the first time we met.

As he clears his throat, Benjamin replies.

“This is okay, Callum.”

And with that confirmation, I cup his face as we both move closer.

His hand snakes up my back as he curls his arm around my neck, tipping his head upwards so that our lips can meet.

As soon as they touch, sweetness and I move faster.

I grip his face tightly between my fingers as he wraps his arms around me. Our bodies mould into one, especially as Benjamin opens up for me.

His mouth is warm and wet, and when I slip my tongue inside, he lets me. With a soft moan, Benjamin allows me inside as our bodies rock and our tongues play together.

Our kiss is full of passion and it has both Benjamin and I feeling hot and heavy.

My cock strains against the front of my trousers as it's desperate to be let free, and sweetness begins rubbing himself against me.

Fuck.

"I've missed you." I breathe out against his lips as my fingers dip into the sides of his waistband. I begin pulling his trousers down. "Fuck, sweetness, I've missed you so damn badly."

As Benjamin wraps his fingers even tighter around my hair, he tells me he's missed me too. We go back to kissing each other and undressing each other when Benjamin suddenly pulls away.

"The door, let me shut the door."

My arms leave his body as I nod my head at him, watching him walk through the room to shut and lock my door before he walks back to me. My throat is dry and my heart is beating *hard* in my chest.

His fingers go to the hem of his tee as he lifts it up, revealing his toned abs and hard muscles, before he drops it to the floor. He then moves to his trousers and as he begins to remove it, I take mine off too.

We're in each other's arms again in no time.

“How do you want me, Callum?”

He breathes out as my cock throbs with pure desire.

It's been too long since I've heard him ask me that.

“I want you however you want me to have you, sweetness. You decide.”

He nods as he takes me by my hand, pulling me closer to my bed as he gets on it first.

As he lies on his back, he opens his legs and slides one hand down the hardness of his stomach, wrapping his fist around his base.

“Fuck me like this, Callum.”

He doesn't have to tell me twice.

I get up on the bed after him, kneeling between his legs with one hand on his inner-thigh. He relaxes under my touch as his fist moves up and down his entire length. My mouth waters when my eyes move lower to the place I've desperately missed.

“I haven't got any lube in my room, sweetness.”

I breathe out, realising we're not in Dom's Den together, and he isn't prepared the way he usually is.

With his other hand, he pulls my hand away from his thigh and closer to his mouth. As he parts his lips, sweetness takes two fingers into his mouth, curling his tongue around my length, and he makes my fingers wet with his spit.

So that's how he wants to play?

Finally releasing my fingers from his mouth, sweetness smiles up at me.

“There's some lube for you, Callum. Get my cunt ready for your cock.”

Laughing softly, I shake my head as I get to work.

I push his legs apart as I bring my two fingers closer to him—to his cunt.

I don't know what it is about that word, but hearing it leave his mouth has some sort of effect on me.

Slipping two fingers into sweetness, his cock jerks as he groans into my bedroom. I push my fingers about halfway through before pulling them out, leaving only my tips inside him as I repeat the process. Throughout it all, Benjamin keeps his eyes locked with mine.

When I know he's ready for me, I take my fingers out and wrap them around the base of my cock, moving closer to him.

With my tip at his entrance, I look down at sweetness. He nods at me as his fist begins to move up and down his length.

“Please, Callum.”

He murmurs out.

And with that small plea, I push inside.

Fuck.

We both groan into the quiet room and our sounds bounce off of the four walls.

A flush makes its way up his neck as it slowly creeps towards his face.

Knowing how affected he is by all of this makes my cock twitch, and I pull out before slamming my entire length back

inside him again. His fist doesn't stop moving, and neither do I.

“You're too tight, sweetness.” I breathe out as he lifts his other hand to my side, his nails digging into my flesh. “Fuck, I've missed you.”

A choked sound escapes Benjamin as he moves that hand upwards, palming my face.

“I've missed you too. I've missed the weight of your body against mine.”

My nostrils flare at that sweet admission of his as my hips slow down.

Gripping the side of his jaw with one hand, I lean towards him before I press my lips to his. He moves almost immediately and pushes his lips against mine, parting his lips as our tongues collide.

For a few solid seconds, we lose ourselves to our kiss.

Lips moving against lips, tongue sliding against tongue.

I hold his face tighter in my palm as I tip his head upwards, and he opens his mouth some more.

It doesn't get any better than this.

“Callum,” Benjamin breathes out as I pull away. He begins moving his fist along his length once more. “I need you to come with me.”

I nod slowly as I move my hand away from his face and dig my fingers into the side of his thigh.

My hips move harder and faster against his body as I desperately try to come at the same time that he does.

His moving fist has become sloppier and his sounds have become needier.

We're going to come together, sweetness.

When a cry falls from his lips and his hand stops moving, thick spurts of cum shoot out from his cock as they splatter all over his chest and abs.

It doesn't take long before I join him too.

My nostrils flare and my body tightens, and I stop moving. As I feel my cum fill Benjamin, he wraps his legs around my hips and locks me in.

We're both breathing heavily at this point, our eyes locked as we let ourselves *feel*.

I would never have thought those few nights with him would lead to all of this. Hell, I had no desire to meet anyone so soon, but I guess fate had other plans for us.

As Benjamin finally drops his legs from around me, I begin moving away.

My balls are empty now, all my cum is inside of him, and he's spent too.

As I pull away from him, I feel sweetness push out too, and as he does, my cum slips out from him.

From his cunt.

I take a minute to watch my seed drip from his tightness before Benjamin tugs on my arm, and my attention is immediately back on him.

I move and lie down beside him.

Our chests are heaving as we both try to catch our breaths.

Our fingers inch closer and closer until we take each other's hand in our own, and our eyes stay locked.

After a few minutes, both Benjamin and I lay comfortably on my bed. His head is against my chest and our hands are locked, placed against my stomach. We haven't been able to stop smiling.

“You're seriously happy with everyone knowing about us, Callum?”

He asks me quietly though it's only the two of us in my bedroom.

As I tighten my fingers around his, I nod slowly at him.

“I am, sweetness . I'm proud of who I am, and I want them to know about us.”

He nods and I move closer, pressing my lips to his for a soft, sweet kiss.

As we pull away, I notice a smile on his face. This one is brighter, and there's a happy light in his eyes.

“What's on your mind, sweetness?”

I ask him as I mirror his expression.

He lets out a breath as he shakes his head, laughing softly.

“I definitely didn't expect any of this. I mean, even if you remained a client of mine, we were bound to meet since you're my sister's biological father. I can't seem to wrap my head around the idea of you and I meeting outside of Dom's Den.”

My own lips pull up at the corners as I smile at him.

He sure does have a point.

“I can’t say I expected any of this either, sweetness, but I am more than happy for it all happening.”

Together, we remain like that for a couple more minutes, laying side by side as we’re relaxed in each other’s presence. I soon realise that Jordan will be making an appearance tonight, as told by my daughter, so I soon make a move on.

“I’m going to take a shower before I head downstairs. Do you want to join me?”

I ask.

Benjamin nods as he moves to sit up too.

“Of course.”

As I get up from my bed, so does Benjamin.

Together, he and I head towards my shower-room.

After we’ve finished showering, and just as Benjamin and I have made our way downstairs, Delilah walks towards us.

“Delilah, what’s wrong?”

I ask immediately, taking note of her body language.

Her arms are curled around her middle and there’s a small dip between her eyebrows. Her eyes are on the floor.

Taking a step closer to her, I cup her face with my palm when she looks up at me.

“What’s wrong?”

I ask her once more.

She releases a shaky breath as she speaks quietly.

“Mum’s here. She’s downstairs asking for you. I didn’t let her inside.”

Serena.

My blood becomes fire in my veins.

What is she doing here?

Was the warning not enough?

Pulling my hand away from Delilah, I face Benjamin.

“Stay with your sister. Let me deal with this.”

He nods as he takes Delilah’s hand in his, tugging her closer towards him.

Knowing that they’re both safe here, I leave them as I walk towards the front of my home.

As soon as I’ve swung open my door and I see Serena standing outside my home, looking like she has a reason to be here, I feel myself growing angry.

She lost all rights to be in this town of mine the second she walked out on my daughter, and left while she was carrying my second.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing here?!”

I ask harshly as I tug her by the arm, pulling her inside my home even though I have no desire to.

I’d rather have her here than outside where Lyra can see her from her home.

“I want Benjamin back home with me,” Serena tells me. “He’s *mine*, Lucas, and I want him back.”

My nostrils flare as the feeling of *hate* rushes through me.

There’s no way in *hell* she’s here to be making demands of me.

“He’s here to stay, Serena. He won’t be going anywhere with you.”

Her face changes as she steps forwards. A finger is pointed at my chest as she snarls in my direction.

“I’m his mother, Lucas. I make the decisions here.”

A bitter laugh escapes me as I take her wrist between my fingers and throw it away from my body. She gasps as though

I've slapped her as she brings her hand to her chest, eyes narrowing at me.

"I don't give a fuck, Serena. He's here now, and he's here to stay. He'll be living here."

She doesn't like hearing me say that.

"You just had to figure it out, didn't you? You took my daughter and now you're after my son too? Do you plan to always be the knight in armour, or does it come to you naturally?!"

My jaw is clenched as I look down at her.

Fifteen years of updates.

Fifteen years of convincing her to return.

Fifteen years of my time wasted.

And now she wants to tell me all of this?

"What the fuck are you talking about? What have I supposedly figured out?"

As the seconds pass, Serena pales. She stumbles backwards with her hand to her mouth, staring at me with wide eyes.

Fuck.

Whatever this is, it isn't good.

“Serena,” I growl out as I close the space between us.
“Explain yourself. Now.”

“I thought...” She stumbles over her words, and as I glare down at her, she finally clears her throat before explaining herself. “When you said that he’s here to stay...I thought you figured it out.”

“Figured out *what*, Serena? Spit it out, and stop wasting my time.”

My heart races, and I know whatever she’s about to say won’t be any good.

I can *feel* the tension radiating off of her.

“He’s yours, Lucas. He’s your son.”

And just like that, all the air leaves my lungs.

What?

Her words play around in my head.

What?

“What the fuck?”

I breathe out as I feel my entire body begin to burn.

What the fuck?

“From the way you were talking about him, I thought you figured it out.”

My jaw is tight and my eyes are locked with hers.

She's lying, I know she is.

She's a manipulative liar.

She thinks something is going on between us, and that's why she's making all this bullshit up.

“He's not my *anything*, Serena. Stop with your bullshit.”

She's not ready to hear it.

With some fight still left in her, she argues with me.

“He is! Well, he's yours, or he's Axel's kid from that night we all spent together, and I chose you since you were the safest option to marry. I wasn't allowed to be with my Benji after giving birth to him, and I was stupid for not telling you about him sooner whilst we were still married, but you and I already had Lyra—”

I snap when I hear my daughter's name leave her mouth.

She has no right to mention Lyra's name. Ever.

“Shut up, Serena. I don't want to hear it.”

Almost in tears, she puts her hands around mine as she begins pleading with me.

“Please, Lucas, I need my children back. I don't have anyone left—you know I don't—let me be with my children.” As

her hands tighten around mine and her face is now wet with tears, I almost pity her. *Almost.* But she opens her mouth once more, and ruins things again. “We can be a family again, Lucas. I’ll be a good wife to you, and I’ll be a good mother to our three children. Please, don’t turn me away.”

A good wife.

A good mother.

Our three children.

She must be losing her fucking mind.

Throwing her hand away from mine, I take a large step backwards.

“I. Don’t. Want. To. Hear. It. Get the fuck out of here, I mean it. If I ever see you here again, I will ruin you. You might have been disowned, but your parents and siblings are still breathing and living in this town, and so are their families. I will ruin them some more, and you’ll be the one to blame. Do you want them all to suffer the way you did? Do you want them to become a memory everyone forgets about? Do you want that for them?”

Serena curls her lip between her teeth as a small dip appears between her eyebrows. The tears roll down her face but I don’t care for it.

I feel absolutely nothing for her.

“My children, please let me see them.”

She begs one final time.

It makes no difference, because I've had enough of her. I should have turned her away as soon as I opened the door and saw her standing outside my home, as though she still belonged here in our town.

“My children want nothing to do with you. My daughters are happy here, and I'll give them the best life I can. You are nothing but a vessel I used to carry my children. Now, unless you want to be dragged out from this town and be the reason why your entire family is abandoned in this town, I suggest you get the fuck out of here.”

Her eyes dart between mine as a sob escapes her. When she sees whatever it is that she's looking for, she wipes her face with the back of her hands and opens the door, leaving my home.

Leaving once more.

The only difference is that last time, I wanted her back, and this time, I hope she'll never return.

If she ever does, she'll know just how ruthless I can be.

Locking the door behind her, I turn around and begin walking back to Benjamin and Delilah.

She's a liar.

She's a fucking manipulative liar, and I don't believe her lies one bit.

If it was true, surely I would have known. Her parents wouldn't have kept this a secret if it was true—they would know better than to do that.

He's not mine.

I know that he's not mine.

There's no way that he could be mine.

At least, not in that sense.

In every other sense, sweetness is mine. In every other sense, Benjamin is mine.

But in that sense—that biological sense—he isn't.

He isn't mine.

I'm certain of it.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Benjamin

“We’ll be fine, Delilah. Callum will make sure of it.”

I assure her.

Even though I have no idea why our mother has returned, and I’m equally terrified as I am curious, I know that Callum will have our backs.

My sister releases a deep breath as her hand tightens around mine, nodding slowly as she looks over to me.

“You seriously think so?”

“I know it, Delilah. He’s made it clear so many times now.”

Again, she nods as she pulls her hand away from mine. She tips her head a little to the side as she looks up at me. It takes her a little while before she finally says what she’s thinking about.

“Are you guys together now?”

At her question, my heart seems to beat faster in my chest.

It's silly that I'm feeling like this since Delilah knows all about Callum and I, even before we knew that she and him are father and daughter, but with what Callum and I have spoken about, and what we've just done...

"We are."

I tell my sister with a small breath out.

My chest immediately feels lighter, and I suddenly can't wait for Callum to get back

Her lips pull up at the corners into a smile, and she rushes forwards to throw her arms around me.

"Benji, I'm so happy to hear that!"

Hugging my sister back, I hold her close as I laugh along with her.

Even though it's incredibly strange to think about her brother and her father seeing and being with each other, it's nice knowing that she's happy for us.

As we pull away from each other, I spot Callum walking towards us and I immediately go to him.

"Is everything okay?"

I ask as I walk over to him, lightly touching the side of his arm to get his attention.

He nods as he lets out a deep sigh.

“Everything is okay,” he confirms. “She’s only speaking nonsense. I’ve already made it clear that you’re both staying here with me, and if she still has an issue with it, she can deal with it herself.”

I take his hand as I nod at him.

I don’t know why our mother would be here, especially since she’s always made it clear she didn’t want us, and told us to get out of our house, but I’m grateful Callum’s made things clear.

As he tips his head downwards, my eyes flicker up to him, and in no time, we’re kissing again.

He drops my hand as he presses his to my side, pulling me closer to him as our chests touch. His hand curls around my back as his fingers snake higher, making their way to the base of my hair as he grips me there and holds me against him.

A moan escapes my lips, and Callum uses that opportunity to slip his tongue inside of my mouth. He wastes no time in exploring me, holding me tightly as he guides my mouth against his.

I feel some sort of urgency to this kiss, like something has happened to get him so fired up like this.

“Delilah.”

I breathe out against his lips as I begin to pull away.

Holy shit.

We made out like this in front of my little sister.

Callum nods as he discreetly adjusts himself with my body blocking his from Delilah’s view, and as we both face my sister, we find her watching us with wide eyes and parted lips.

“Stop being a perv.”

I mutter out before my lips pull up at the corners, noticing just how quickly her entire face flushes red.

She shrieks at me, telling me she’s not a *perv*, as she plays with her fingers.

Callum laughs and the sound echoes all around the room. Both Delilah and I look over at him, and as we do, he fixes his attention on my sister. *His daughter.*

“Does this make you uncomfortable? Seeing your brother and I like this?”

Delilah immediately shakes her head.

“No, it doesn’t. Benji’s been really into you since that day you asked him out, so it’s kind of cute seeing the both of you like this.”

My own face feels hot and I'm pretty certain Delilah and I are both sporting the red look together.

“Shut up, Delilah.”

I grumble out to her as Callum chuckles, taking my hand into his.

“I'm glad I stumbled across you, Delilah.”

He tells my sister.

Immediately, her face flushes some more as she takes her bottom lip between her teeth, nodding slowly at him.

“I'm glad you did too.”

She tells him—her father—with a soft smile on her face.

She's about to say something else when the doorbell rings, and we all turn to face the front of the house.

“That will most likely be Jordan, since William and Lyra don't bother to knock before walking inside. Do you mind getting the door, Delilah?”

She shakes her head as she steps forwards, heading for the door.

As soon as Delilah's out of our sight, Callum turns as he places his hand against the back of my head and pulls me in for another heart-stopping kiss. His tongue makes its way into

my mouth as he teases me with it, licking and sucking my own tongue as he rocks his body against mine.

When I pull away, I'm breathless.

“What was that for?”

I ask him, my eyes wide and my heart racing in my chest.

My hold on him is tight and as Callum looks down at me, his blue eyes seem to sparkle with delight.

“Can't I kiss my man?”

He asks as I feel my heart stop.

It stops beating in my chest.

His man.

He called me his man.

He called me his man without any hesitation.

I don't stop myself from moving in closer, kissing him even harder than before.

I can't help myself from moaning at his touch.

Whenever I'm near him, and he's got his hands on my body, I practically turn into putty.

It's hard for me to control myself when he's making me feel this good.

“I need you,” I breathe out as I pull away to look over at him. “Please, Callum, I need you.”

We’re both breathing heavily as Callum tips his forehead to mine, both of us trying to catch our breaths.

“Tonight, sweetness.” He tells me. “I promise you’ll have all of me tonight, but for now, we’ve got to entertain the rest of them who are here.”

Licking my lips, I nod at him as I begin pulling away from Callum.

His hand slips down from my head as he takes my hand in his, and together, we walk through his home. When we’re at the front, I realise my sister isn’t here.

“Where’s Delilah?”

I ask, just as we hear laughter in the distance.

Callum turns a little before he tugs me closer.

“They’re all in the garden—come on.”

Callum tells me as both he and I walk through his home.

As we step into the garden, I spot them all.

William is standing, Lyra and Delilah are sitting down, and beside my sister sits another guy. Jordan, I think.

“Yes, but that means Delilah and Jordan are the only single ones.” Lyra says as she turns to look over at the other two who are sitting next to her. “What do you think? Us *Clark* ladies take a *Callahan* brother each?”

Okay.

That is *definitely* not what I expected to hear.

My sister blushes furiously as Jordan clears his throat, looking around the garden.

As Callum and I walk closer to the rest of them, their eyes land on us.

“It might take a while to get used to that, but I’m happy if you both are.”

Lyra says as she nods towards our interlocked fingers.

For a second, I think to pull away from Callum, but he keeps his hand tight around mine. He’s proud of us, and he isn’t shying away like I thought he would.

I’m happy he’s confident about all of this, even if it is a big change for both him and the others here.

“It’s kind of crazy to think Benjamin called you a *DILF* without knowing you’re my Dad.”

Delilah says as Lyra bursts out laughing.

Beside me, Callum tenses, and I know why.

She called him Dad.

Looking away from him and over at my sister, I glare at her as I feel my entire face begin to warm up. She sticks her tongue out at me as her own face slowly becomes pink, and I know it's because she's finally called him *Dad*.

“I wouldn't mind being called a *DILF*. It sounds like some kind of title to achieve.”

William says as Delilah laughs. Beside her, Jordan replies, and Lyra rolls her eyes playfully at it.

“What, like getting with your student as her professor wasn't a big enough title for you?”

He says with a laugh.

My eyes widen, and so do Delilah's.

He was her professor?

As if it's the most natural thing to hear, William steps forwards with a grin, pulling Lyra up and into his arms.

“A man has got to collect all the titles he can.”

Callum makes a sound at the back of his throat as he drops his hand from mine and wraps his arm around my middle, pulling me closer.

“You can collect the title of being a *DILF* at a later time, William, because that won’t be happening anytime soon.”

Lyra nods as she faces her husband who looks down at her with a smile on his face.

“No babies until at least three years of marriage, William.”

“We could make one now, wife.”

William tells her suggestively as the rest of us laugh at his words.

Callum shudders and it makes me laugh harder.

“How many times do I need to tell you this, William? Please, I don’t need to hear about *anything* involving my daughter and you in *that* way.”

Lyra takes a step closer to William before she curls her arm around the back of his neck. Looking back at Callum, she smiles in our direction before facing her husband again as she presses her lips to his.

Callum sighs heavily as we both turn to look over at Delilah and Jordan and away from the affectionate couple.

“I don’t know how you live like that, Jordan.”

Callum says though it's clear he's saying it in good nature.

Grinning, Jordan points between Callum and I.

“I don't know how Delilah's going to live with you both. You seem like you can't get your hands off of each other.”

My body flushes hot as he says that because I know just how true it is.

I can't, and I won't.

“I don't mind. I haven't ever seen Benji like this, but I like that he's found his someone .”

I haven't thought of Callum like that, as my someone.

Callum's hand squeezes around mine before he lets go just as he turns to look over at me.

Pressing his palm to my side, he pulls me closer as our lips collide.

A few cheers go around the garden at his very public display of affection, and as he and I pull away, I feel our smiles against our lips.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Benjamin

“I can’t believe it’s been weeks now since you first started fucking me, and you still haven’t got bored of me.”

I tell Callum as the two of us finally leave our bedroom.

Everyone has been here for a while now, but he couldn’t get his hands off of me, and I wasn’t one to complain, so we ended up spending some more time locked away in our bedroom.

As he takes my hand and the two of us begin walking in the direction of voices, he pulls me into his side, chuckling.

“If you want to begin counting, be ready to count it all, sweetness. You’ll be counting weeks, months, years, decades, but I still won’t get bored of you.”

Even though there’s a lightness to his tone, I can hear the seriousness in it too.

My heart swells up in my chest a little as I smile at him. He mirrors my expression as we make the turn into the room,

squeezing my hand as we finally come face to face with everybody else here.

My sister, Jordan and another boy are sitting together on one of the sofas. Lyra and William are standing closely together in one corner of the room. There's another two guys, and an older one, who are all sitting around the table.

“He is one fine silver fox.”

I murmur out when my eyes land on the older gentleman.

Yeah, he's got nothing on my Callum, but a man can appreciate beauty when he sees it.

And fuck, that man sure is beautiful.

Beside me, Callum grunts as he shakes his head lightly.

“You don't think he's attractive?”

I ask as I turn to look at him.

“He's one of my closest friends, and a business partner of mine. Besides, he was my late father's best friend. It would be weird if I found Brandon attractive.”

Looking away from him, my eyes go to where Lyra and William are standing. Their bodies are pressed together as Lyra laughs at something William has said.

“Isn't your daughter...?”

I begin as I look back at him.

He looks down at me with an eyebrow raised.

“Isn’t my daughter married to *my* best friend? Well, yeah, she is.”

I can’t stop myself from laughing at him.

The sides of his lips pull up at the corners, and when we hear Delilah giggle, our attention goes to her and the two boys who are sitting on either side of her.

“They do know that she’s a minor, don’t they?”

I shake my head softly as another laugh escapes my lips.

He’s so protective of her.

Tugging his arm, I get his attention back on me so my sister can continue her conversation peacefully rather than feel Callum’s eyes burning into her.

“Chill, *Daddy*. Your daughter knows what she’s doing.”

Instead of him laughing like how I thought he would be, the smile has dropped from his face. I frown a little and take a small step closer to him.

“Callum,” I begin saying just as he stops me.

He angles his face over mine as he pulls me even closer to him. My eyes flicker up to his, but he isn’t looking at me.

His attention is on my lips.

As I part mine, ready for him to kiss me, he doesn't.

His teeth nip my bottom lip and as I let out a quiet *hiss*, he takes my soft flesh into his mouth, sucking me gently. His thumb rubs over my fingers as he presses his tongue to my bottom lip before he flicks the tip over where he's just bitten me.

His eyes seem to have softened as he looks down at me.

He swallows thickly, his Adam's apple bobbing in his throat, when he opens his mouth to answer me. Someone's beaten him to it.

"I'm glad to see you've found your match."

I turn around at the voice, and I spot the older gentleman making his way towards us.

Brandon.

Callum steps forwards as he nods at the man, and pulls me along with him. As Brandon turns to face me, I feel my cheeks burning at his intense stare.

His looks definitely are something, even if he's got nothing on the man standing beside me.

“It’s nice to finally be able to put a face to the name, Benjamin.”

He tells me with a smile.

Returning the sentiment, I leave Callum and Brandon to talk, though I still stand beside them. Eventually, the conversation is around us—Callum and I—as he speaks.

“It’s not too late for you to get your happy ending, Brandon.”

His face drops a little when Callum says that, and he shakes his head with a heavy sigh.

“I’ve lost my luck with two women already, and I’m too old to begin looking for someone to settle down with.”

Callum squeezes his hand around mine.

“You know what they say, Brandon, third time’s a charm. Besides, you won’t know for sure until you search for it. Or, it might just happen that you find someone when you least expect it.”

My lips pull up at the corners into a smile even though I try to stop myself from being so obvious. I know he’s speaking about us, and it makes my heart skip that little bit faster.

“Use your DILF status, Brandon! There’s so many people who are into DILFs now!”

My sister giggles as her sister shouts it out, and I feel my entire face flushing.

They still haven't stopped teasing me about it.

I'm definitely into DILFs, and most definitely into the one standing beside me.

But he's no longer the *daddy I'd like to fuck*, he's the *daddy I've fucked*, and the *daddy I'll fuck time and time again*.

William throws his wife over his shoulder as she squeals, and he begins to move.

“We'll be back in an hour, don't disturb us if we're not back yet.”

There's a couple of laughs around the room at his comment, but Callum visibly grimaces at it. I laugh at his expression and when his attention is back on me, there's a small smile on his lips.

He takes my hand back into his as he tugs me closer, and as we walk further into the room, he begins introducing me to the others who are here in his home.

He introduces me as *his*.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Benjamin

“You asked me some time ago about us, sweetness. You wanted to know what we were, and I wanted to make it clear tonight, if you’ll let me.”

Nodding at him, I take a sip of my drink as I wait for him to continue.

“You and I both know we’re together, and so do the people that care for us. I think it’s time to take things a step further, if you want that too.”

My heart seems to have skipped a few beats as I listen to him speak.

As he reaches across the table, Callum places his hand above mine as he curls his fingers around my fingers. His thumb rubs over my knuckles as he waits for me to respond.

“I’d love to take things a step further with you, Callum.” I breathe out as I feel my palms beginning to grow sweaty. If we’re taking things a step further, does that mean... “You want us to be together? Like, officially together?”

He smiles at me, and I don't miss the way it reaches his eyes.

“Of course I do.”

“Officially, how?”

I ask him with my heart in my throat.

Sure, he and I have spent every second together now, but if he wants to make things official...

“I want us to be together, sweetness. I want us to be together as a couple, as lovers, and as partners. I want you to be mine, and I want to be yours. I want us to be official.”

I feel my throat close up as my breathing soon becomes shallow. Callum doesn't stop speaking, and when he gets the rest out, I feel like I'll stop breathing altogether.

“It might not be tonight, it might not be tomorrow, but I do want it someday. I want us to be married.”

I can't respond. I can't open my mouth, and I can't find my voice.

“I hope I haven't scared you,” he tells me softly. Then, with some more urgency, he calls out for me. “Sweetness?”

Clearing my throat, I shake my head.

“You haven’t scared me,” I tell him with a small smile.
“I’m just a little shocked, that’s all.”

Callum nods as his thumb moves over my knuckles
again.

“Well, what do you think?”

My smile becomes bigger as I grin at him, flipping my
hand over so I can wrap my fingers around his.

“I think I’d like that.”

He breathes out a small breath of relief as he visibly
relaxes and his lips pull up at the sides. Holding me even
tighter, Callum calls the waiter over before he orders us the
finest bottle of wine this restaurant has to offer.

We couldn’t wait.

After we finished our meals and drank our wine, and we
were certain it was safe for Callum to drive us back home, we
left the restaurant.

We could barely wait to return, so we didn’t.

Callum pulled up on the side of an empty road as he
parked his car there, opening his door before getting into the

back.

It didn't take long before I followed.

Our clothes were torn off, our lips were pressed together, and our bodies became one.

Even almost an entire hour later, we still can't stop.

“Ride my cock, sweetness. I need to feel you taking me deeper.”

A whine escapes my throat as I ride him and he guides me.

I can't take this any longer, and I know he can't either. He's been teasing me for far too long.

“Callum, we need to come together right now! This is pure torture.”

With his fingers dug deep into my sides, Callum lifts me before he slams me back down on his length. He groans as I cry out, and our foreheads touch as our chests continue to rise and fall.

Callum continues fucking me like that; lifting me and slamming me, guiding me towards my orgasm.

I close my eyes when I feel him hit that spot, and as he breathes out heavily, I know we've finished.

This is it.

“Fuck, sweetness. Let me watch you come for me as I fill you up.”

Almost instantly, I feel it.

His body tenses against mine as he comes undone, shooting his load deep into my cunt. My dick twitches, and only the softest of his touch has me coming undone for him too.

As his cum fills me, my cum spills between our bare bodies.

We lose ourselves to that feeling.

It takes us some long seconds before we're finally able to breathe again, and we're only snapped out of it because of a *buzz* that comes from the front of the car.

Chest heaving, Callum runs his fingers up along my spine before wrapping them around the curls at the back of my head.

“For a minute, I thought this was you and I over in Dom's Den.”

I tip my forehead to his and smile softly against his lips.

“It would be fun to go back and visit, don't you think?”

I feel the curve of his smile against mine as he slowly nods.

“Yeah,” Callum rasps out. “It would be fun.”

When the phone buzzes again, I pull away from Callum with a little laugh and begin moving. I feel the loss of his cock immediately once I’m sitting beside him, and I begin to put my clothes back on.

“I didn’t think Delilah would be this concerned for us.”

Callum says under his breath as he begins to button up his trousers.

Touching his shoulder, I wait for him to have his eyes on mine before I speak.

“She cares for you.”

He smiles as he turns his head to press a kiss against my palm.

“I know, and she cares for you too. I just didn’t expect her to be so concerned like this.”

Dropping my hand from his face, we both resume getting dressed.

“You’ll need to clean your car before someone sits here, not realising what we’ve been doing.”

I tell him as I do up the last few buttons of my shirt.

He grunts, and reaches down for his shirt.

“They’ll know better than to sit in my car, trust me.” He tells me. Then, with a quiet groan, he curses. “Fuck, how did cum get on my shirt?”

I can’t stop the surprised laugh that leaves me.

And when Callum turns to face me with a raised brow, pointing at the spot of cum that’s very visible on the front of his shirt, I laugh even harder.

He should have listened to me when I told him to leave everything in the front.

Letting him dress, I get out of the car as I move to the front. It doesn’t take him long to finish, and when he’s done, he’s back in the driver’s seat.

I have to stifle my laugh.

Callum sits with the first few buttons undone, and his chest hair on show. It doesn’t matter if my sister spots the stain or not, because with him like this, it’s so obvious what we’ve been doing.

His zipper is undone too, but I don’t bother to tell him that.

“Home, sweetness?”

Callum asks as he begins the car.

Reaching over, I put my hand on his thigh as I nod.

“Please.”

A smile touches his lips and in no time, Callum’s driving again, finally taking us both home.

BONUS - Some Long Months Later

Callum

Fuck.

I seriously can't get enough of him.

I was only supposed to open the door to let him inside but this is where we are at.

Benjamin against the wall, my arm wrapped around his waist, and my lips on his. He moans as I dig my fingers into the side of his body, and I'm guessing his sounds are too loud since they quickly reach Delilah's ears.

"Dad, come on! You and Benji can get it on later tonight!"

Hearing those words leave my youngest's mouth causes sweetness and I to both smile as we finally do pull away from each other. We can't help ourselves when we're together.

Both breathless, we take a second to catch up on some much-needed air before we move through the room towards

the sofa, where the rest of our family is already sitting down, waiting for us to join them.

“Seriously, Delilah? I didn’t need that image in my head.”

My best friend groans out as both his brother and Lyra laugh.

Taking a seat, I pull Benjamin between my legs as he settles comfortably against my body. My hand immediately goes over his as we wrap our fingers together.

To our right, Lyra and William are sitting closely together with her head against his shoulder. To our left, Delilah is stretched along Jordan’s body as she keeps her eyes on the screen.

“Seriously, Delilah? I didn’t need that image in my head.”

William groans out as he tips his head backwards, turning slightly to lock eyes with me.

“I don’t want to think about you and your man getting it on together, Lucas. Ever. You’re my best friend, man.”

I grin at him when he says that and even though it’s childish, I give him the finger.

Benjamin laughs softly against me and I know he's thinking the exact same thing as me.

And when Lyra speaks, it confirms that everybody in the room is thinking it.

“Your best friend is the one knowing you and I get it on together, William. Let's not be so harsh here.”

William looks away from me and over to Lyra, and whatever quiet words are shared between them, it causes him to smile. When he turns to look at me again, he has a wicked smirk on his face.

I take a cushion from my side and throw it his way before he can open his mouth again. William catches the cushion with one hand and he puts it behind him as the movie soon begins playing.

Benjamin rests his head against my chest as his eyes are fixed on the screen in front of us. Instead of watching the movie play with him, I allow my eyes to run all over his face.

My nostrils flare as my jaw clenches. My face hardens but I make sure the expression doesn't slip.

He's mine.

My lover.

My partner.

My husband.

My man.

Mine.

I know that, but there's a small part of my mind that allows for insecurity to seep through.

Could he be more?

He looks like me, but he looks like Axel too.

It's troubling knowing he looks like both of us, but since Axel and I, and his twin brother, all look eerily similar, it does make a little sense.

The twins and I could pass as brothers if we wanted to, and that is what makes the entire situation worse.

Axel doesn't know what Serena told me that day almost a year ago.

He doesn't know.

And shame and fear has stopped me from finding out the truth, so I've never even attempted to.

Serena has no idea whose DNA he shares—she could be lying about him being ours for all I know—but she'll never open her mouth about this ever again.

If she could get into bed with two men, one from our town and the other a twin of a man from our town, who's to say she hasn't done the same repeatedly with other men?

For all I know, her saying that could have been a means to her getting more money from me.

But...

Serena could have also been telling me the truth.

Benjamin looks like his sister, Delilah...

...and Delilah looks like her sister, Lyra...

...and Lyra looks like her father, me...

...and Benjamin looks like me.

It's obvious that we share some physical similarities between ourselves, but the question is whether they're *my* traits or Axel's.

I'm not confident enough to find out the truth, and since I'm the only one who knows about this possibility of Benjamin being mine, I don't see why I should.

Even if I did, would it change anything?

He'd still be mine.

My lover.

My partner.

My husband.

My man.

Mine.

“Callum, what’s wrong?”

Forcing a deep breath out, I shake my head as I look at him.

“Nothing is wrong, sweetness. I’m only thinking about some things.”

He slips his hand from under mine as he places it above mine.

“Stop thinking, Callum. Let’s enjoy the movie together.”

I nod at him, knowing that he’s right.

We’ve been together for almost a year now, and there’s been plenty of time to think. Sure, I don’t question us being together, but...

Should I?

If both he and I are happy together, is there even a need to question things? He’s made it exceptionally clear that he’s happy with me, but if I was to tell him that there’s a possibility of him being mine...

No.

I wouldn't tell him that.

I wouldn't ruin things between us because of something Serena had said—something Serena had *lied* about.

“Are you happy, sweetness?”

I murmur into his ear as his fingers tighten around mine.

As he tips his head backwards and looks up, he offers me a smile that stretches across his entire face.

“I'm always happy when I'm with you, Callum, you know I am. Thank you for giving me this, and for making me part of your family.”

“Thank you for allowing me to do so, sweetness.”

I murmur out quietly before we both finally look away from each other.

Together, we turn to look at the TV as we watch the movie play, surrounded by the members of our family.

My two daughters, my best friend, his brother, and sweetness.

My lover.

My partner.

My husband.

My man.

He's no longer only a plaything of mine.

No.

He's always been so much more to me than just that.

THE END

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