Unwanted Legacy

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**Unwanted Legacy**

by [elvenfair1](http://archiveofourown.org/users/elvenfair1)

**Summary**

For those of you who have read "Curious Attraction"..this is a "Sequel" to it, so for those of you who haven't read it, do so..or this one won't do you any good, I now have all of the Parts of Curious Attraction up for you to read ;)

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Unwanted Legacy
"I see you mummy"

it was a whisper, followed by a tiny, but intrusive finger probing my eyelid, well more like poking...my eyelid, slowly opening it, I was greeted with a recognizable smile. *his father's smile*, head tilted resting on the edge of the bed, looking right at me.

"you was sleepin' mummy?"

"was...being the key word, son" my voice croaked full of sleep.

"is daddy up?"

"daddy's at work Julian"

"then can I get in da covers wif you?"

I lifted the blankets, and eagerly he crawled on the bed snuggling up against me.

"why would you ask that?, you know daddy doesn't mind you getting in bed with us, he likes to cuddle with you too"

his mass of chestnut wavy curls popped up out of the blankets, then his little cherub like face looked up at me.

"daddy farts"

snorting before I clapped a hand over my mouth, well...truth be told, the child was right, but I never expected him to make such a protest.

"Julian!" I gently scolded.

"he does mummy, it nasty" he wrinkled his little button nose.

clearing my throat as I tried to compose myself.

"son, all farts generally do, but we'll not discuss that, it's not proper"

"but you don't fart mummy..why?"

tilting his head once again, he actually looked concerned, *aw hell are we really going to have this conversation Julian?*

I held Julian's hand as we walked into the Main entrance of the Hospital, we were meeting Tom for lunch, it would be the first time in a long time, as Tom's practice had been flourishing, and he had taken on so many more patients that he was actually given his own wing, I was quite proud of him, but worried too, he was a very dedicated Doctor and worked hard, I had talked to him many times letting him know that it was "okay" to make time for himself, finally he caved, first thing he did was ask me and Julian to have lunch with him.

"well, well.. little Bird, it's been awhile"
closing my eyes, god will that man ever call me by my name?, and will he ever stop purring when he talks to me.. ugh!, making a half turn I managed a polite smile.

"hello Doctor"

Ben gave me his all too familiar, feline smile with the added subtle wink.

"I take it you're here to see Tom" he then looked down, "ah, master Julian, how you've grown"

Julian gave him a dubious side long glance, as if to say "who the fuck are you?" ah yes he does have his mothers instincts after all.

"your correct, so if you don't mind" I gestured towards the elevators.

"ah yes, well.. it was good to see you both"

he gave a nod, and Julian and I proceeded to the elevators.

"mummy"

"yes son"

"I don't wike him"

I chuckled, perceptive indeed.

"I don't wike him either" I grinned

"he was wooking at yer butt"

I stopped stock still and looked down at my little charge, who looked up at me.

"daddy won't wike dat"

this kid was well beyond insightful.. shit, but Julian was more than correct, ... daddy would be furious.

"Morsel"

smiling like an idiot as I responded to the peculiar endearment, Tom kissed me warmly, mmmm.. he always tasted of cinnamon an tea, tucking one of my curls behind my ear, he gifted me with one of his loving looks, the kind that was unwavering, deep, making me feel that I was the only woman in the room, that made me blush.

"are you ready?, I think your son is hungry"

a smirk grew on his thin lips.

"so is daddy.. but not for food" his gaze still locked with mine.

"later.. sir" I subtly licked my lips.

our private conversation was interrupted when Julian just had .. to put in his two cents.
"are ya gunna wook at her butt too daddy"

doing a facepalm, I wanted die, no Julian, shut up.

Tom looked at our son then at me.

"whats he going on about morsel?"

"um..well, it seems that.. on our way up here-

"a man called mummy a burd, and wooked at her butt..I no wiked it daddy!" Julian blurted.

oh my god!

Tom shot me a dirty look...fucking hell.

"you mean to tell me Ben was in the Lobby flirting with you in front of our son!?"

mopping my face with a hand I nodded.

"so it seems, I didn't know he was looking at my ass though, Julian caught that" I sighed "I'm sorry"

Tom took my hand from my face, holding it.

"I'm not mad at you darling, it's just..it's one thing that he flirts with you, don't get me wrong, that pisses me off, but it's another that Ben would be so crude as to do it in front of our son"

"see, I told ya daddy no wike it"

Tom looked at Julian then at me, brows furrowed.

"he told me firstly, that he didn't like Ben, then proceeded to inform me that he had been staring at my butt and that you..wouldn't like it"

Tom's lips gave a twist, he chuckled.

"it seems my little man is looking out for his fathers best interest"

Julian looked up as Tom looked down, the toddler was now beaming.

"dat would be mummy.."

"yes Jules, that's right'"

"cuz...shes yours" he said matter of factly.

I froze, looking at Tom, he looked at me.

"what is it darling?"

"um..did you hear what he said?"

"yes, cause you are...mine" the last word faded as he said it.."shit" he leaned in "do you think he..hears us, when we..have sex?"

folding my arms, I was not amused, what do you think!, that's the only time you use that phrase.
"ya think"

Tom looked down as Julian was tugging on his pant leg.

"I hungry daddy, can we get fishy an the chips now"

seemingly abandoning his topic of choice over his stomach, which I was glad of. Scooping Julian up, Tom tap his nose, smiling.

"of course, I say we are all bit due for meal, something.. different" he looked at me as I nodded.

Sitting across the room watching Paisley painting her toenails it was always something I found enjoyable, especially when she was unaware that I was doing so, sitting on the edge couch, foot propped on the coffee table leaning in as she made her careful brush strokes on a toenail with such intense concentration, the tip of her tongue was poking out, in my eyes it surpassed adorable.

my eyes then focused in on something else.. her left wrist, and what was dangling from it, a sliver charm bracelet, smiling I remember when I gave that to her last Mothers Day, it had a very special significance, it was a representation of her deceased mum, it had her mum's initials P S L for Peyton Savannah Lawford.

through information provided by Agent Wells, we discovered Paisley's mum had a love for things of the Beach, so along with the letters there were charms added sea shells, starfish, sand dollars and sea horses all done in silver as well, I was hesitant in giving it to her, I didn't want to bring forth anymore sadness than she already had endured.

having had come to terms with her mother's passing when she had been only a child, but I would never forget the look on my little morsels face when she open that little blue velvet box.. she knew.. instantly, picking up the bracelet with her fingers holding it up in front of her, silently looking intently at all of the charms, then turning to me with a beautiful smile holding her arm out, then said, "will you put this on me" and I did, and there it remained ever since.

"Tom... you alright?"

"what?"

"you look miles away right now"

snapping out of my thoughts I saw Paisley, head tilted to one side, a lock of hair dangling across her face.

"I always am when I look at you"

"that was cheesy"

sitting beside her, resting my forehead on hers.

"it was, but I don't give a shit"

giggling now, she looked up through her long eyelashes at me.

"my cheesy dominant, doctor husband.. a bit of mouthful" she scrunched her face now.
with a cheeky grin I added.

"I'll give you a mouthful alright, but it won't be words morsel"

one of her small hands began to slowly travel up my pant leg, we kept eye contact, I gave a slight jump and a grunt when her hand reached my cock which by now was engorged and sensitive even through my trousers, lowering her head I remained looking forward, she made a quick work of my pants.

I almost came just hearing her unzipped my pants, gasping when I felt her soft warm tongue ever so slowly drag across the head of my cock, laying myself back Paisley made herself comfortable before snaking her tongue around it entirely sucking on it, she then dragged the tip of her tongue over the bulging blood vessels on my cock.

causing me to writhe a bit, fuck she had become really good at this, she stopped and was taking the head into her mouth again and began to slowly bob up and down while stroking my shaft with just the right rhythm, my hips began to move as I sucked her mouth, my gasps seemed to urge her to take more of me further into her mouth.

"ooohhh..moooorreeseell..ssoo gooood..fuck!"

I looked up between my legs, watching her sucking me, our eyes met, fucking hell she was beautiful, and she knew it, and that was by no means a bad thing, I loved the fact that she was a confident lover, Paisley had grown so much in that part of our relationship, I couldn't ask for more.

"morseel, I'm..unf..oooh"

my head pushed back into the cushions of the couch, back arched, I could feel my cock spasm in her mouth, filling it, she swallowed as fast as it shot in, when my hips slowly relaxed, I pulled her on top of me, she was looking down at me, my chest was still heaving a bit, tenderly she traced the outline of my face with a fingernail.

"is my sir satisfied?"

"my beautiful girl" I held her chin in my thumb and forefinger making her look at me, "I want to you to know you always please me, and I get the greatest pleasure knowing I can please you..but I want you to also know this," placing her hand on my face her thumb caressed my cheek, I sat half way up leaning into her touch, eyes closed "this..is this touch I also desire Paisley... not just the carnal ones" I whispered, her other hand slid up my arm caressing it, moving closer to me and laid her face against my chest.

"hmm, I know Tom" she sighed contently.

wrapping an arm tightly about her, she nuzzled her face further into my chest, kissing the top of her head, it was then I heard the unmistakable sound of small feet padding towards us, my clue to take the throw blanket on the back of the couch and drape it over us, well my pants were undone.

"mummy..daddy" a tiny, sleepy voice came from around the couch.

"hey little man"

I reached over hauling him over Paisley and laying him opposite her, he snuggled up against me instantly, yawning.

"are you going to share daddy with me?" Paisley asked as she looked up from my chest at him.
reaching over with his hand he gently patted her cheek, still sleepy.

"no.. he share you wiff me"

she broke out in a fit of giggles, almost rolling off the couch, I had to catch her from doing so.

"see Tom, I told you this before he was born"

rolling my eyes, I playfully tugged on his curls.

"hey Jules, you're suppose to be on my side son"

no response

"Jules?"

"um.. he fell back asleep" she was reduced to snickering now.

"you've made a mummy's boy out of him morsel, not cool"

glancing up at me she gave me a funny look.

"you know whats not cool?, your whining"

she then stuck her tongue out at me, crossing her eyes.

"oh that was real mature morsel, I expect that from Jules.. not from his mum"

rolling on her stomach grinning in a smug manner.

"I could of flipped you off"

looking at her, narrowing my eyes.

"and I could turn that sweet little ass of yours scarlet"

and I'd also enjoy it.. knowing she would too.

her expression never changed.

"I'd be worried if you didn't"

To be Continued...

This is Julian
Photo credit/source-
http://4.bp.blogspot.com/_zd5STwwVH_U/TRtt_7dK7GI/AAAAAAAAAGg/mB1igLDF8-I/s1600/nephew+curly+hair.jpg
The mornings schedule was lean, which I was thankful for, the past months had been hectic as my practice had picked up. I only had seven appointments and just finished up my sixth and was currently busy entering my notes on my patient into their records on my laptop.

"Tom, there's someone here to see you"

looking up from my task I could see my Nurse, Desi standing in the doorway of my office.

"they say who they were?"

"no, but... it's a rather tall chap... American by his accent, friendly and all, says he knows ya, I don't think he's here for an appointment"

frowning trying to recollect who the hell it could be by her description.

"okay, I'll be right out"

When I entered the waiting room I saw no one, well that was odd?, then the door to the public loo opened... I knew the blue/grey eyes, but it was the ridiculous height that I recognized instantly.

"Lawrence!"

"Doctor"

he stood all proper, hands in front of him, a knowing smile, quickly walking over to him I couldn't help it, I threw my arms around him, and we both exchanged brotherly hugs.

After about an hour of talking and sharing some breakfast in my office, which I insisted he ate, yes I pulled the Doctor card on Nutrition and its benefits, Lawrence shared with me that he had indeed been a busy man, working with different Government agencies worldwide.

covert kind of operations and some not so much, basically staying busy and trying not to get killed at the same time. he really needs to re-think his career choice, the tone of our conversation change, he went from Agent... to concerned Big Brother.

"tell me, how is Paisley?"

"she's doing well" I nodded, "decided to be a stay at home mum, lord knows Jules keeps her on her toes, and when he's old enough to go to school, she'll return to work... Lawrence" I leaned forward in my chair "you will let her know you're here?"

the big man grinned, a hearty chuckle rumbling from within him.

"and would you really let me leave this office without doing so"

like I could stop him, than man was fucking enormous, not to mention a well trained Government official, agent?... hell I don't know, I just knew I couldn't take him on my best day.

I was on my fourth loaf of Banana Bread, seven loaves in all, counting the three pumpkin breads, I had been baking all day, having had Tom's mom swinging by and taking Julian for the weekend so
Tom and I could have some time together, plus I knew that woman too well.

she was going to spoil the shit out of Julian, then return him acting as such, in the meantime I decided to do what I loved doing when I didn't have both boys around and under foot, bake my ass off, and now I realized I was running out of counter space with all the ingredients, utensils and what not scattered about.

"well shit"

"aaah, but it certainly does not smell like it"

I spun around on one foot, it was Tom.. well at least his head, peering from the doorway of the kitchen, wearing a most pleased, but toothy smile, he started snickering immediately.

"what's so damn funny?"

walking in until he was flush against me, he kept smiling, looking down at me.

"this"

gently with his fingers he started dusting my nose off, evidently I had flour all over it as I saw it flaking off, dammit.

"so I get into my work, sue me" I brushed his hand away.

Tom suddenly perked his head up surveying the room, his eyes flickering about.

"it's.. quiet.. too quiet, where's Jules?"

wiping my hands on a towel I went about getting the last loaf of Pumpkin Bread out of the oven.

"your mom swung by earlier and took him, we have the weekend to ourselves"

"ah, well that can only mean when he gets back he'll be more than a handful as usual" he groaned.

I giggled, Tom knew like I did, just how much his mother spoiled Julian.

"yes, he'll be a turd for at least a week"

"oh well, we'll deal with that as it comes, anyways... would you like any help morsel?" he asked as he watched me put the bread on a cooling rack.

"no, I'm good.. but there's some Banana and Pumpkin Bread over there if you'd like some" I pointed to the far counter.

"I never had you figured for the Martha Stuart type"

my whole body stiffened, that.. voice.. looking up towards the kitchen doorway, my eyes enlarged in disbelief, the last time I saw this man was in front of the ER of a Hospital almost three years ago, after having saving mine, Tom's and Julian's lives, and then he simply... disappeared, or perhaps not.. there was someone, that day at the cemetery.

"LAWRENCE!"

yes, in fact .. it was, the massive man almost filled up the entire doorway, standing there, hands in his pants pockets, smiling smugly.. looking to Tom who by now was eating on a slice of bread, simply
shrugged.

"I don't know darling, he was just hanging out in my waiting room and sorta followed me home"

when my senses returned, I bolted and found myself leaping into the large mans arms catching me,laughing as he did so.If it weren't for the fact Tom knew the history behind Lawrence and I, there would of been a HUGE problem with the matter of me and that I was practically sitting on the mans lap.

after the last we saw of each other I actually thought I'd never see him again,Lawrence had become like an Uncle/big brother to me in the time we were together,even though he was simply "assigned" to me at the time,that and it had been revealed to me Lawrence and I knew each other long before the incident at my fathers Estate.

"Tom was right, you are doing well, you look great,and that's all that matters to me"

"I have..questions"

he could see the tone of the conversation was going to get serious,setting his coffee down he reclined on the couch.

"I knew you would,go ahead"

wringing my hands,I sighed Tom put one of his on mine,pressing his lips on my temple,he murmured his support.

"I'm here morsel"

"Gina said..you were at the commune during the raid..that you found me,half naked,dirty,scared in a bathroom"

"yes" he nodded quietly,thoughtfully "you were..a sad sight Paisley,I won't lie.. half starved scarecrow of a creature, it hit me hard to see you in such a condition even smelled of urine and feces,what took me by surprise was when I knelt by the bathtub and said hey,my name is Lawrence, you didn't hesitate, you pretty much did what happened in the kitchen earlier" he smiled warmly "you literally leapt into my arms hanging on for dear life..it brought back some memories what you did there in the kitchen"

resting my mouth on my steepled fingers I listened with earnest, he was the closet person to a connection to my past,to my mother that I had,other than Gina, but I was more comfortable with him.

"I knew from that point on, you were going to leave mark Paisley,I was just a kid myself,green in the FBI,merely a student as it were,so I made it point while I was there to care for you,and I did until the proper authorities took over"

"children services" I murmured.

"yes" he nodded,then he chuckled "you fucking hated the social worker on sight"

"Gina said as much,something about kicking the worker in the face" I was oblivious to the memory.

Lawrence ran a hand through his dark hair,snickering.

"that and spitting,damn could you spit!"

Tom was laughing now, I looked at him, my forehead creasing.
"sorry morsel, just picturing a smaller version of you...spitting...ehhehehe"

"I was traumatized you asshole" I gave his arm a slap "in hindsight it was a form of self defense, I hated CPS, corrupt as the day is long" I grumbled.

After Lawrence, Paisley and myself had dinner, we relaxed in the living room Paisley laid across my lap having fallen asleep, I softly caressed her hair.

"seeing you both like this, I see she is good for you Tom, there are changes I've noticed" Lawrence gave a nod towards me. "I'll be honest Tom you're not the kind of man I imagined her with.. Paisley, she is calm, reserved at times, opinionated.. not really sub material, Doctor"

I smiled genuinely as I toyed with her long locks of hair, why didn't it surprise me that he knew of our lifestyle.

"shes not the kind of woman I imagined either Lawrence, but yes, like you said, Paisley is good for me, a calm and intelligent soul, and has given me so much more than just what you may think, it's not all about the lifestyle" I lightly chuckled "she's no slouch either Lawrence"

"fierce is she?" Lawrence raised a brow as he leaned back in his chair, folding his arms, grinning now.

"fucking lethal" I nodded.

"she'd have to be, to be involved to you" Lawrence chuckled before he sipped from his wine glass.

"I'm not so bad, just a bit protective"

"something we both have in common Tom, though.." and he looked at me steadily "I want to assure you, and to make it clear.. my protectiveness for your wife is far different in the way than how you would be, she's like a little sister to me, and sometimes.. just that disheveled, malnourished frightened waif I found all those years ago and nothing more" eyeing him with a knowing smirk, tongue in cheek.

"Lawrence.. I assure you, if I had even an inkling that there was.. more, to your brotherly bond that you have with my wife.. this conversation wouldn't be taking place, trust me when I say.. I know when a man has interest in my wife"

I rolled my eyes, case in point, Ben, my eye gesture seemed to have gotten Lawrence's attention.

"do I detect a bit of a problem currently in that area?.. can I perhaps be of some assistance?, mind you I'm not trying to step on your toes Tom, but you can't always be where she is, maybe I can.. persuade this person its in the best interest of their pending health, that they refrain from pursuing their.. flirtations concerning Paisley"

he cracked his knuckles loudly, well fuck Lawrence that particular action wasn't obvious.

"um, no.. he's just some prick I went to Uni with, always in competition with me, whether it was academically, or.. in extracurricular activities outside of classes"

"seems like it's spilled over into your professional lives and has become more.. driven on his part, well my offer still stands Tom, this.. prick as you call him, should he prove to be shall we say.. adamant in pursuing her, don't hesitate, I'm here for you to you know"

I could see he was quite serious, putting a hand on my shoulder now.
"I'll keep that in mind" raising a brow, I definitely would also keep in mind this man was a trained Federal agent, and had worked covertly as a thug for a very dangerous criminal for many years, by all means...he was a trained killer too.

I found it humorous that I was a Paramedic and married to a Doctor, yet I hated Hospitals, and going to a Doctor, but my yearly physical was due and here I sat on the exam table feeling like I was on display in this crappy paper gown, waiting for what I considered nothing more than my yearly humiliation if anything...the pelvic exam.

"hello Paisley, and good afternoon"

"hello Lori"

I grimaced, yes I had a woman Doctor per Tom's request, he didn't like the idea of another man as he put it "looking at what is mine, namely your quim" even though he knew most of the Doctors and respected them, he still wouldn't tolerate them looking...down there...such a Dom.

"so Paisley, I did get your Lab results back...everything's seems to be in order, healthy, just the way we like it" she smiled.

"great, now can we just get this over with and I'll be more than pleased"

setting up the exam table and having me lie back, she grinned.

"I know, you're not alone, I don't like this part of the physical either...ever thought of having Tom do it?, it might be more comfortable for you"

my head shot up, looking up at her between my legs.

"you've got to be kidding?..knowing my husband, it would turn into more than an exam"

she started laughing.

"and what's wrong with that Paisley? you won't be the first Doctor's wife who had a...thorough examination"

"Lori!"

she was laughing harder now.

Walking down the corridor at a hurried pace, I kept hearing Lori's laughter in my head, I couldn't believe she even said that,"you wouldn't be the first Doctor's wife who had a...thorough examination"

good night, I just wanted to get my pelvic exam over with, not discuss the possibilities of the profound fucking I'd receive had Tom done the exam, were all doctors perverted?

"where's the fire little bird?"

Oh for the love of...just no!

I quickened my pace even more, and believe it or not I heard the footsteps behind me do the same, then I felt a grip on my elbow, a tug on it, swiftly I was spun around.

"the fuck is wrong with you!?" I hissed angrily.
"I was talking to you, and you were being impolite, I was simply getting your attention"

yanking my arm from Ben's grasp, I scowled heavily.

"impolite?...I think perhaps you need to look that up in the dictionary you fucking asshole, cause you" I pointed "are the very definition of it, this relentless harassment is becoming rather disturbing, what is it..going on three years now?, I'm married and a mother, and like I've told you before..even if I weren't any of those things..I'd avoid you like the fucking plague!"

"but, I like this game we have going on" his voice deepened as he closed the distance "you and I..cat and mouse"

"you have some balls, you know that" I growled, my temper starting to reach its peak.

"yes, yes I do..their quite a set, and some day" he leaned into my face as I pulled back "I'd love more than anything to acquaint that pretty mouth of yours.. with them"

all I could think of was what happened at the Hospital Christmas Charity Ball, that first Christmas Tom an I had together, the same fear rose in me, and I felt nauseous..he was upping the stakes in this endeavor of his, but..suddenly Ben began to straighten his posture, his line of sight went..upward, and I believe his skin tone lightened right before my eyes.

"do we..have a problem?"

that voice coming from behind me, I know it..Lawrence..

oh fuck!

To be Continued...
"I'm not in the habit of repeating myself as it makes me look like an imbecile...so are you going to answer my question?, or do I need to use a more aggressive means of questioning?"

it was clear this guy was favored with good looks and it was likely due to this, and from what I had witnessed, an abundance of balls he wasn't entitled, *that's where I come in.*

"no problem, no problem at all" in an almost haughty tone.

he composed himself rather well, straightening his posture, adjusting the collar of his coat, Paisley watched us both as if it were a Tennis match her head going back and forth between us, if the situation weren't so tense, I would of considered it comical.

"this way please"

I gestured with a sweep of my arm in a direction in which he should exit, the man looked at me as if I just spoke gibberish.

"ah yes..well then" he gave Paisley a nod and made a hasty retreat, my eyes followed him until he was no longer in my line of sight, satisfied I looked back only to be greeted by an indignant looking little woman, arms folded tightly, including a tapping of a foot.

"well, the fuck was that?"

"I saw a situation, so I.." shrugging, damn why of all people could she make me feel like I was a schoolboy getting my ass chewed for being the bully? "took care of it"

"took care of it?.." giving her lips a severe twist, eyeing me "did Tom put you up to this?, to follow me?"

"that" I pointed at her "isn't the case, I did however at one point offer to watch over you, but he declined"

that seem to catch her off guard, she looked at me puzzled, her body relaxed.

"you mean to tell me Tom had nothing to do with what just happened?"

"Paisley...he did hint at some issues with a certain colleague that has been more than friendly towards you..I take it that was him" I pointed with my thumb over my shoulder,"but when I put it out there that I could help with that, Tom made no effort in accepting...*I did this on my own,*..so if you want to be pissed, be pissed off with me, but I don't see why?, I saw how that man was advancing on you and even heard some of what he said..." the anger built in me again as my fists balled up at my sides *"little bird...liking the game he has going on with you, but when he put his hands on you" my jaw clinched as I looked away.*

"Lawrence, he's a piece of shit, Ben always has and will be.. but I can deal with it, I don't need you getting arrested cause that asshole thinks he can get in my pants" it was a staring match between us, *what a hardheaded little cuss she turned out to be, dammit.*

"I've made a career of not getting arrested taking care of assholes just like him, cause they think they can do whatever the fuck they want, don't worry about me Paisley"
heaving a sigh and giving me a warning look.
"no Lawrence..leave it be"
"you're asking the impossible" I scowled.

I was entertaining our son when Hurricane Paisley blew in throwing her purse in a chair and flinging her coat anywhere but where it belonged,kicking her shoes off in every direction,stomping by us without any sort of acknowledgment and heading up the stairs, Julian looked at me,eyes wide, his mouth shaped with a perfect "O" even he knew mummy was pissed.

"I'm going to put on your favorite movie Jules and go see if mummy's okay"

"okee daddy, Jungee book,right?"

grinning as I turned the DVD player on,as I never did take the movie out, that would be a mortal sin in Julian's eyes.

"that's right, Jungle Book, I'll be right back,be good son"

Peering around the bedroom doorway, Paisley was undressing rather quickly,in fact I would say it was in an angry manner,cursing under her breath,it was at one point she was struggling with removing her bra.

"ugh..fucking...shit,c'mon"

silently I walked in, and took over, her head jerked upward, ooohh now that.. was a nasty fucking look, but it slowly melted away and I continued helping with the removal of the offending article of clothing.

once off, I began to massage her small shoulders and neck, she just stood,unmoving,quiet, head hanging forward ,seemingly satisfied with the attentions.

"want to talk about it morsel?"

placing random little kisses at the back of her neck,still massaging.

"just..a crappy day,that's all" she mumbled.

"I think perhaps..crappy, is putting it mildly darling, I think you could of bested one of England's finest in a Steeplechase at the clip you were going at earlier" slowly I turned her around,I was concerned now, "did your checkup not go well?"

"it was fine,everything's fine Tom"

"morsel..you're being cagey,this isn't like you"

looking up at me I couldn't tell if it was anger or contrition I saw, smoothing a hand along her red tresses I needed know what was going on.

"there..was an..incident today" she inhaled through her nose closing her eyes "concerning..Ben"

my throat tightened,and I literally felt my blood pressure rising..by all that was holy if that motherfucker touch my wife.....
"morsel..morsel, look at me"

she did.

"nothing happened Tom,...Lawrence made sure of that"

what?

"Lawrence was there?"

"Ben and I were..having words, when he literally turned white as a ghost and looked up, and I heard Lawrence from behind me ask do we have a problem?..he like showed up out of nowhere, but after tastefully, yet in a cold manner told Ben to pretty much to fuck off, Ben left..then I got angry with Lawrence, he pled his case saying you had nothing to do with it, even though he knew something about a colleague of yours messing with me..so I'm assuming he took it upon himself to be my bodyguard, but I told Lawrence to piss off, cause he needn't get arrested over that sack of pompous shit"

so the protective big brother is taking matters into his own hands.. he's finding out just how his little charge is not quite as receptive to his genuine vigilance, I can tell .. she hates it.

"and his response was?"

"the giant pigheaded wanker said you're asking the impossible.. that's Lawrence talk for shut the fuck up Paisley I know what I'm doing" she folded her arms, glaring angrily now, "fuck that freakishly Redwood tree sized asshole, he doesn't work for my dad anymore, I'll do whatever I want, I'm a grown ass woman!"

I snickered, her dander was certainly up, she couldn’t even properly insult the man without it sounding ridiculous, of course that earned me a even dirtier look.

"morsel, can you blame the man?..one, he has a history with you that goes waaay back, he's been looking out for you for a long time, you can't just tell him to fuck off and expect to do just that"

"regardless, he could respect what I had said, I can deal with it"

she threw her hands up causing her full exposed breasts to bounce, of course that had me distracted, she noticed and crossed her arms over them, frowning.

"they're mine you know"

"really?, we're going to go from what an interfering jerk Lawrence is, to the ownership of my boobs.. just like that?"

her agitation was reaching a crescendo and something needed to be done about it, I held a finger up, her frown remained and I left the room, but only for a moment, there was a little something I needed to check on.

"where were we?.. ah yes"

lifting up her in the air, she let out a "Yipe!" as I effortlessly threw Paisley over my shoulder, walking over towards my dresser, I put her on her feet then pushed her small body up against the wall, forcing her legs apart with my knee, I was now was towering over her, my arm above her head face lowered.
"It's not wise to give attitude, you know this morsel" my voice was much deeper than normal.

She never spoke, nor broke eye contact, placing a hand just above her breasts it slowly slid downward, across her right one, my thumb began to rub tortuous circles about the nipple, as the rest of my fingers squeezed her breast.

Her lips parted lightly only to allow an almost inaudible whimper out, and while those fingers were busy, I found better use of my other ones, they were already moving inside her warm walls, and wet wasn't the word for it.

My little Paisley was a saturated wanton mess, and my cock wasn't being shy about wanting in, but this time wasn't going to be about me, my woman was out of sorts and was in need of a release and I would see to it that it was a very sweet one.

"I'm aware this may seem odd to be calling you about this of all things, but up until now..I knew nothing about it, and it does concern me, and well, you're her friend"

I heard a sigh on the other end of the phone, I was beginning to wonder if she dealt with this before?

"So it seems the asshole hasn't let up, even though she's married and has a kid"

"No, just how long has this been going on Casey?"

"Let's see..um, about.. well going on three years now, Lawrence.. you should know though, Ben is a Dom, also.. did you know?.. are you aware of Paisley?"

"Uh yeah, I know about Paisley and Tom, so of course"

Indeed I did, it wasn't my business, and I really wasn't into discussing the details of the lifestyle, as it was.. Paisley was like a little sister to me, but I didn't know Ben was into it, that explained the way he seem to impose his way on Paisley, it just wasn't that he was an arrogant prick, he was a Dom and liked abusing that title as well.

"Ben is a Dom that gives other Dom's a bad name, for one thing, preying on another's sub, it's just like in a vanilla relationship.. a big no no, I mean hell he even flirted with me in front of Paisley in public, then turned his attentions back to her.. cause well, its her he wants, but Lawrence.. half the shit he's done.. Tom is ignorant of, Paisley's never told him, she's protecting Tom, you see Ben his a high man on the totem pole as it were, in the Hospital ranks, if she told Tom.. fuck, he would lose it and his job"

Just what kind of monster was this Ben? and what has he done to Paisley?, mopping my face with hand I thought my days of removing people was over, that life left behind.. for this Ben's sake Casey's answer to my next question depends on whether or not I have.

"Casey.. what exactly are we talking about here?"

It took her all but maybe ten minutes but by the time she was finished talking I was already thinking about my Glock and Nine millimeter sitting back at my hotel, Casey had told me the whole vulgar and violating tale about the Charity Ball and what Ben put Paisley through in the Supply closet, the sonofabitch would atone for this depravity, but when I pressed for more evidence of his atrocity's she balked.

"I've said more than enough, I just hope I haven't fucked everything up"
"rest assured Casey, you've done nothing of the sort, if anything you've not only protected your best friend from further advances from this bastard, but saved other women from him as well, I just ask one thing though..say nothing to her about our conversation, it never happened"

"aw hell, that works for me, I want no part of whatever happens next"

"Think she'll ever talk to me again?"

looking over at the large man sitting across from me, who carefully observed Paisley sleeping on the couch with Jules draped across her on his stomach, sleeping as well.

"eventually, you should know her by now Lawrence, her self-reliant spirit doesn't tolerate interference, even mine and I'm her husband, and don't think for a second it doesn't get to me.. it does.. pisses me off"

he nodded, mindful of what I just said.

"I mean't no harm Tom, I just.. that guy" it was subtle, but Lawrence shuddered, "I know the type.. standing by, seeing what was going on... I was having none of it"

"you may know the type, but I know the man personally, Ben is an a complete wanker, and that's putting it delicately, I'm aware he stalks my wife, has since before we were married, I have.. well had surveillance footage on a USB drive that somehow showed up on my desk one day, someone had strategically put together separate pieces of different days when Ben would show up at the EMT garage and harass Paisley, naturally I was incensed" heaving a heavy sigh "I got exceptionally shit faced on whiskey, I felt well.. our relationship was in its youth as it were, so yes, threatened by this sudden proof that showed up.. when she got home.. it got ugly"

"so.. not your proudest moment" he grinned knowingly.

clearing my throat, a bit ashamed at the memory.

"uhm.. no"

"Tom.. I have no doubts at the time, she could of handled the situation, I've seen her in action.. but I didn't want her to have to do that, not at the hospital anyways"

something about what he just said got my attention, looking puzzled I tilted my head.

"seen her in action?"

he slowly nodding his head as if recalling a memory, and he was.

"when Paisley and I were making our escape from the Estate, I had you slung over my shoulder, we were going to get Julian, I kicked the door open to Sean's office" Lawrence chuckled "oh boy.. did that little woman of yours waste no time after she saw the scene before her.. Piper standing there holding your son, Paisley stormed over took him from her and punched that bitch right in the snot box laying her out flat, spat on the floor, saying "that's for assuming, you could put your hands on my husband you fucking bitch!" I couldn't of been prouder, hated that fucking slag, told Paisley I had plan on giving her a gun.. but.. shit, she said, the cow had it coming, but if I had a gun handy, she'd use it.. I told her no seeing as she had Julian to carry"

gobsmacked wasn't the word, I stared at Lawrence like he had grew a third eye, pointing at the still
"Slumbering woman.
"My morsel did all that?"
"With balls the size of melons" he chuckled "maybe bigger even"
I snorted with a bit of a laugh.
"Maybe I should pity Ben, and fear for him... sounds like my girl could turn his dick into a pretzel"
Lawrence sighed taking a drink from his coffee.
"Men like him, their dicks aren't big enough to do that to, that's why they go around acting like Banty Roosters, too make up for the lack of length...at least that's what my Grammy used to tell me"
Both of us chuckled, which seemed to cause Jules to stir a bit, reaching over with one hand on his back, as he began to slide off his mother's stomach, I then scooped his sleepy form up.
"Hey little man"
Wrapping his small arms around my neck he nuzzled his face into it as well, murmuring some kind of sleepy toddler gibberish.
"He's grown quite a bit, favors you both I see"
"Yes, however... that self reliant spirit of his mother's we spoke of" I pointed at Jules "Yeah... loaded with it" I mouthed.
Lawrence snickered as he sat back in his chair.
"A bit of his mum is he?"
"A bit?" I sighed "She tries to blame it on me the way he acts, for example, Jules was at my mum's, she had bought some Looney Tune's DVD's and Jules loved them, especially Sylvester and Tweety, when he got home he was going on and on about these cartoons, just all bubbly about it" I rolled my eyes "It was at one point he went about doing his own impersonation of Tweety"
"Ah, you must mean I tawt I taw a puddy tat" Lawrence grinned wide now.
"Hmm ya, but that's not what my boy came up with, it was more like... I tawt I taw a puddy tittie"
Lawrence eyes enlarged and so did his smile.
"And somehow... that's your fault?"
"Evidently cause Jules incorporated the word... tittie into it.. so yes" I sighed.
"Only because you use that word and are obsessed with mine"
Came a sleepy voice from the couch, looking over both of us saw Paisley lying on her side a single curl hanging across her face, her hands bundled under her cheek, one eye open.
"Eavesdropping is considered rude morsel"
Her little tongue poke out of her mouth.
"So is that, if I remember right" Lawrence added.
her opened eye wandered in his direction, it became a slit.

"I'm not liking you right now, so your opinion is shit"

"and now you're being rude to our company, you're on a roll morsel, do I need to spank you?"

raising only her ass in the air she gave it an obvious wiggle, I thought Lawrence was going to shit.

"um..okay, maybe I should leave now"

he sat his coffee down on the table, Paisley let out a mocking chuckle.

"big bad thug, can't handle a little sexual innuendo.. what-a-puss"

"I can handle it, but not when its you, it's like watching your little sister.. it's.. weird Paisley"

she looked over at me, clearly annoyed.

"he's right you know, if Emma did that I'd probably be sick to my stomach"

which was true, as it was I couldn't stomach my sister kissing other guys.. yuk.

"ugh, you guys suck the fun outta everything.. fine, I'm going back to sleep, you two go back to talking about cartoons and.. titties"

and with that she turned over pulling a throw blanket over her.

"see Lawrence.. I plead my case"

chuckling he shook his head.

"sorry to say Tom a case.. you'll never win"


To be Continued...
Unwanted Legacy

Tom was like a big kid, he had the opportunity to bring Julian to the Hospital Day Care center that was set up for the employees, he thought it would be great for Julian and I agreed our son would benefit from social interaction with his peers, plus Tom being busy as of late was missing his Son.

and this was perfect for both my boys cause I knew Tom would be dropping in frequently to visit him,and though I was all for it, I also felt a sudden sense of grief.. my little man wouldn't be here under foot, pummeling me with endless questions, getting into all sorts of mischief.. sigh.. okay stop it Paisley.

"mummy, help me peeze"

looking down I see that Julian managed to put on two different shoes, sitting on the floor with him, I couldn't help but smile.

"baby, those don't match, nor are they the same kind, ones a boot"

"I was.. de-ciding" he recklessly scratched at his curls.

"were you now?.. and did you decide, the shoe or the boot?"

"um.. da shoe" he pointed.

"great, now to find the other shoe"

"this should help"

looking up, Tom stood leaning in the doorway with a small shoe dangling off a finger, I should of figured Tom would of dressed Julian an himself alike, they both were sporting, dark blue pants and black shoes, white button shirts, and matching black pea coats and black and white hounds tooth patterned scarfs. .. yes, they both looked very much like two English gentleman, an somehow Tom managed to tame Julian's curls, combing them back so they rested at that back of his neck.

"Mummy, how I wook?"

his arms were up in the air.

"you look very handsome Julian"

"mummy, how I wook?"

looking up Tom stood there in the same pose as his son.

"like a a six foot two toddler"

dropping his arms at his sides he frowned.

"morsel, c'mon this is a special day for our son, it's important we look our best"

"and you both do" I said picking up Julian.

"I gunna miss you mummy" one of his small hands patted my face.
"I'm going to miss you too" giving him a peck on the nose, he giggled.
reaching over Tom took him from me, I know this shouldn't be hard for me, it wasn't like Julian never left home before, but that was with family, his grandmother, Aunt Emma or Sarah. this was different, he would be in the hands of strangers, even if Tom knew them, even if it was at the Hospital where Tom worked and he was near by, I could see Tom watching me as I was processing this.
"Paisley... he'll be fine"
he ran the back of one of his big hands along my cheeks, giving me one of his reassuring looks, nodding was all I could manage I didn't want to cry in front of our son.

Arriving at the Day Care center, I think I was just as excited to be there as Jules was, when he heard the noise of all the children playing about, he began to bounce and squirm in my arms pointing down the hall.
"is dat it daddy!?
"ehehehehe, yes it is"
no longer able to contain him in his excitement, I put him down, taking him by the hand, As we approached the Day care I saw Megan the Admin who ran it, she turned to greet us.
"ah Doctor Hiddleston" she knelt down upon seeing Jules "and you must be Julian"
"Juw-e-in Tom-us Hiddolstun" he said proudly and head held just the same causing myself and Megan to chuckle.
"that's pretty good Julian a lot of kids can't say their full name that well" she praised.
Jules giggled, giving her a flirty smile. oh hell he's starting early, need to curb it now.
Megan and I spent a total of maybe fifteen minutes talking and in that time Julian totally dismissed me and made himself comfortable with his new surroundings, and was now playing with the other children, Paisley would be pleased knowing this.
"I see Julian has already taken to his environment rather quickly"
Megan watched as Jules was helping two other children build something with giant lego's
"I noticed that" looking at my watch I was now pressed for time "unfortunately I have my first appointment of the day in few, I really must be going Megan"
"you go ahead, he'll be fine"
taking one last look before I would see him at Lunch, smiling he was having a great time, I'd have to text Paisley and let her know her son was alright, I know she must be walking the floors missing him, wondering how he was doing.

Doing dishes was the shits, and the dishwasher Tom bought me awhile back was on the fritz so I was on my own, turning to get a towel to dry them I stepped on something sharp.
"ow, fuck!"

Looking down, I saw the menacing item that caused my pain... a toy car... Julian's toy car, slowly bending down I picked it up, oh for fucks sakes Paisley don't start crying, it's not like he joined the military, and was sent away, he's at day care, I fought the slow burning sensation behind my eyes, I knew what I needed... to call my BFF, and take my mind off this shit.

"Hey bitch, how are you?"

Nice Casey... most people answer the phone with, Hello.

"eh, I'm okay... Julian went to the day care at the Hospital today, first time... Tom texted me, said Julian loves it"

"ah... but mom doesn't, in fact you're about to lose your shit... am I right?"

Sighing, .. she was.

"Casey, am I being a whiny ass?, I mean he goes with Tom's family all the time... but to me this is different"

"no, you're being a typical mom, Day care is different than family, but no worries, you'll get used to it after awhile, the fact that Tom is there will help facilitate that, when Bailey started going to day care I wasn't keen to it either, but I'm good with it now"

"I should just be happy about it, its an opportunity for Tom to spend more time with him, Julian really misses his dad since his practice has become more successful over the past year, Tom's schedule is almost ridiculous"

"he does make time for you too... right?"

"of course Casey... he loves his morsel" I did a crappy impersonation of Tom.

Casey burst out into laughter.

"aw Christ Pais... ahaahaaha!... that was shit, but it was spot on too!"

We both broke out into laughter... it really was an awful impression of Tom, just glad he wasn't around to hear it.

My god, how does Paisley do it?, I was constantly wiping Jules face, a PB and J sandwich was definitely not the cleanest meal, and the more I tried to wipe his face, it seemed I was smearing more jelly all over it, and the peanut butter wasn't any better.

"ah... bollocks" I murmured trying to no avail to clean my son's face.

"bollwocks!.. ehehehehe"

Oh hell Jules... doing a facepalm I was just glad his mother wasn't here.

"Jules, do not repeat that word again"

"it a bad wurd?"
"um, yes"

"why you say it daddy?"

looking up with his jelly smeared cheeks.

"it slipped out"

hopefully he'd buy that.

"you swip a wot daddy"

or not..

time to change the subject, and quickly.

"are you enjoying day care Jules?, you like your playmates?"

looking thoughtful for a moment, then he nodded.

"yes, it fun.. lots of toys, and du wady is nice too, but a boy I don't wike, he pulls dis gurls hair an he smells wike pee"

wow, that was quite a narrative for a toddler, he likes the day care and Megan, but not a certain boy who pulled a little girls hair and smelled of urine...I think that was the story?, it was hard for me not to laugh.

"well Jules it sounds good, though you really shouldn't poke fun at the boy who smells funny, maybe he can't help it, though he did pulled a little girls hair, that wasn't nice"

"I no say he smell daddy, the gurl say he did"

hmm, maybe that's why the boy pulled her hair?, just hope Jules don't pick up any bad habits from what he's been seeing thus far.

I must of cleaned everything in the house from top to bottom, and maybe a few things that didn't require any cleaning at all, Tom was good about keeping me in the loop about what was going on with Julian, and so far, all was well, I was just glad Tom's work day was almost over, in a couple of hours both of them would be home.

and I couldn't wait, and I was already planning Julian's favorite meal.. Fish and chips, yes I was overly anticipating the arrival of my son's return like the over protective mother I tend to be.. pathetic I know.

~2 Hours Later~

"Hello Julian"

"hullo"

"you waiting for your daddy?"
"ya, he a wittle wate, he a doctur"

"I know, would you like to go see him?"

"ya..dat be good, ya know were he is?"

"uh huh, just follow me"

"what do you mean...he's not here?!" I snapped.

"honestly Mr. Hiddleston, he was sitting right here, waiting, I only turned my back for a second, I went to retrieve his scarf"

Megan was on the verge of tears holding Julian's scarf up.

"shit!" I began to pace.

"I called security, before I even called you, they've got the entire Hospital on lock down I'm sure they'll find him..., god I'm so sorry!"

she was full on crying now.

Within minutes the hallway was filled with not only Hospital security, but the Police as well, Megan was being drilled by both, I gave them my statement which was brief, my main concern at this point was to get home and deal with the traumatic event I knew was awaiting at home, Paisley had yet to know.

our son was missing.

Upon pulling into the driveway I saw something I did not want to see, a police car and a Detective from Scotland Yard.

hitting the steering wheel with my hand, this was going to be hell.

"goddamn it!"

I barely let the Jag come to a full stop before I jumped out running into the house. When I reached the front room there were two officers and a Detective, they turned around, Paisley looked at me puzzled.

"Tom..what's going on?"

"Doctor Hiddleston, we were told you were on your way home, as I told your wife I'm Detective Carl Birch from Scotland Yard"

Paisley insinuated her way between the Detective and one of the officers, the look on her face couldn't been more anxious, I watched as it changed to an awareness, she began to look around me, searching, I knew what she was doing.

"Tom..where...where is Julian?"

the three men and I exchanged looks silently, Paisley noticed and looked at us, then back at me.
"darling" I took a step forward
she put a hand up.

"no!..where-is-my-son?" her tone was becoming slightly hysterical.

looking upward sighing, there was no easy way to say it, I took her by the arms, though she resisted, I made her look at me directly..god this hurts, those eyes.

"morsel..Julian's missing"

the wail that escaped her was beyond anything I ever heard, it was mournful and haunting..it was the sound of a mothers heart being torn apart, the three men couldn't of looked more saddened by what they were witnessing if they had delivered the news themselves, I held the crumpled form of my little wife in my arms, it was only then I noticed she had collapsed from the shock of the news.

After making sure Paisley was resting comfortably in bed, I proceeded to attend to the matters at hand, to see if the Detective had any ideas or if maybe I could help in anyway.

"Doctor, is your wife alright?" Detective Birch looked genuinely concerned.

"for now yes, our son as you probably will understand, is a huge part of her world, and I just told her.. he's gone.. that's a lot to take"
he nodded, his expression somber.

"I know you've spoken to the authorities at the hospital Doctor, but I just want to corroborate the statements, and I've already spoken to Megan Wilbury, the Admin of the Day Care" he looked at his notepad, "she said that she was retrieving his scarf when he went missing, correct?"

"yes, that's what I was told as well, I've no reason not to believe her"

the Detective closed the distance between us, his expression hardened a bit, he lowered his voice.

"Doctor, I'll be honest with you, my men have scoured that Hospital stem to stern... there is no evidence of your son anywhere, we have our people at Scotland yard looking over every bit of surveillance footage possible, so far nothing.. I've been in this racket for a long time, long enough to know that your son didn't just wander off.. he was kidnapped, and this isn't an ordinary kidnapping.. this was a professional job, Doctor"

"Indeed it was Detective"

both of us looked to our left... Lawrence, never had I been so thankful to see him as I was now.

"and who are you?"

Birch eyed him suspiciously, Lawrence reached inside his jacket, producing his Federal agent credentials, I wondered if those were even still legit?

"I'm also a friend of the Hiddleston family, I may be of some assistance"

Birch looked at me for some kind of confirmation.

"Lawrence is who he says he is, a very dear friend in fact, his help could be very effective right now"
An hour later after an intense discussion between myself, Lawrence and Birch, well with the exception of Lawrence, he really didn't say much, they all left to continue their investigation, as for myself the minute I saw the cars leave my driveway.

that’s when the Dam broke, I dropped to my knees and sobbed, it was Lawrence’s hand of comfort on my back letting me just have this moment to release my anguish and to also remind me I wasn’t alone.

"I made promise to myself a very long time ago, should Paisley throughout her life require my assistance whatever it may be, I would be there for her, for her family should she decide to have one, my friend... know I’m here for you too"

looking up the steely blue/grey eyes met up with mine, he extended a hand, I took it and he pulled me to my feet, his face was stone-like.

"I will find your son Tom, even if it means my own life"

we both nearly jumped when we heard a buzzing sound, looking in every direction, both of us went about searching, I sighed when I spied Paisley’s cell dancing around on the dining table, picking it up I wagged it about.

"her cell, she has it on vibrate"

looking at it, I saw that she had a text message.

"something wrong?" Lawrence was curious.

"no its just she has a text, and I respect her privacy, I never read them"

"would you mind if I did? it could be something about Julian, and you could retain your privacy pact"

he held out his hand, I could see no reason why not and handed it over, swiping the phone, Lawrence quickly accessed the text, as he read it, his eyes widened considerably.

"what?.. what is it, is it about Jules?"

"um.. no, this is from her Doctor” he held the phone up "Tom.. Paisley’s pregnant"

To be Continued..
Standing at the foot of our bed I watched as Paisley still slumbered in her traditional curled up ball, clutching desperately to my pillow like it represented the turmoil that her mind might be allowing her to go through in her unconscious state, igniting her insecurities. But the only thing running through my own mind was the life growing within her.

*my morsel was with child.*

The severity of the situation of what happened with Julian abruptly was quite clear, and now I had two things to be concerned about, what was the significance behind my Son's ... well kidnapping?, cause that's what it was, and now this new development with finding out that Paisley was pregnant, even she wasn't aware of this, when it rains... it certainly does pour.

"**Tom..Tom**"

It was a sleepy groggy voice, but unmistakably Paisley's, looking towards her, she was walking slowly towards me, yup... still half asleep, putting an arm out to her from where I sat on the chaise lounge, she made her way over and promptly plopped next to me, pulling her close I wrapped her into my arms.

"**hey morsel, you feeling alright?**"

Turning sideways, snuggling up into my chest, my embrace tightened.

"**yea**"

"**are you sure darling?**"

Something was different about her demeanor, something... off.

"**uh huh, just enjoying the quiet before Julian wakes up**"

*oh no.. no no.*

"um Paisley"

This wasn't good, not at all, pulling away so I could face her, she looked up at me, her eyes still sleepy.

"**yea Tom**"

"**do you recall anything before.. your nap?**"

She sat quiet for a moment, looking thoughtful, eyes flickering side to side, lips pressed thinly, I watched the awareness gradually wash over her, her expression changed, and all color drained from her face, tears brimmed her emerald eyes... she began to remember.

I held Paisley for awhile so she could cry, *and cry she did, softly at first, then it built up to heavy sobs as I rocked her tiny form gently in my arms, now an then she would bemoan Julian's name, it was all I could do at the moment to keep myself from losing it again and give her whatever comfort she needed.*

"**Here morsel, you need to eat**"
I handed her a plate of eggs and toast, she looked at it then at me, her swollen red eyes told me she'd rather throw it across the room than eat what was on it.

"No"

putting the plate on the coffee table and sitting beside her, it was now I needed to tell her about the baby, cause there wasn't going to be a perfect time at this point.

"Paisley, there's something I need to tell you, it's very important" taking both her hands in mine, she looked up, angling her head.

"it's not about Julian, he's.. he's not.. no"

shaking her head adamantly the hysteria in her voice and demeanor was palatable, putting a finger to her lips shushing her, she quieted down.

"sshhh.. no my darling, its nothing about him, this concerns you"

her forehead creased.

"me?.. what about me?"

damn, this was going to either be good.. or go completely all to shit.

"darling, you received a text from Lori earlier today, Lawrence checked it thinking it might of been a text concerning Jules, well.. it wasn't. Lori sent a text apologizing profusely, saying that not all your lab work results had come in when you had went to your appointment"

"so" she shrugged "is something wrong?"

scooting closer, holding her hands tighter, I smiled as best as I could wanting this to be the light where she saw none at this point.

"no my darling, you're fine.. you're.. well.. you're pregnant"

the silence was quite deafening, to be blunt one could say you could of heard a mouse fart, that's how quiet it was, and it had me worried, noticing however one of Paisley's hands slowly smoothing its way down the front of her, until it stopped on her not yet swollen belly.

"Paisley?"

Staring ahead of me I knew Tom was growing concerned, but what could I say?, my baby was missing and now I find that I have another growing inside of me as we speak, I wanted to be happy, damnit I should be happy, but I cannot. why the fuck is this all happening?, looking to him I managed a weak smile.

"maybe I should eat now"

his worried expression melted into relief as he handed me back the plate of food he had prepared for me, and relaxed completely when I began to eat.

"that's my baby girl" he smiled rubbing my back.

Tom made sure I wasn't left alone when he went back to work, Diana came to stay with us, which was fine I could use the company, but the void only Julian could fill was glaringly left open, I was more than grateful that Lawrence was pulling all his resources together to help find him, he did stop
by at one point I noticed he had a hard time even looking at me.

I'm sure my outward appearance didn't help, disheveled and miserable, looking like I fell off the back of a Train's boxcar and probably in desperate need of bathing, yes I was the epitome of the heartsick mother of a missing child, I desperately wanted to go searching for Julian myself, but I knew I'd have a colossal sized shadow in the shape of Lawrence haunting my footsteps.

and eventually getting in my way, so I did resign myself to just at least taking a shower to make myself look halfway human again, but this sitting around waiting crap wasn't going to last for long, somewhere out there my baby needed me, and I wasn't going to just let him think I wasn't going to go looking for him, pregnant or not.

"Paisley, darling you look a might better"

Diana said as she came from the kitchen looking pleased.

"yea..the whole looking like the night of the living dead wasn't working for me, plus I'm sure that I was starting to reek"

placing a kiss on my cheek and giving me a squeeze.

"love, if you wanted too, you'd have every right to go about smelling like a particularly ripe bin of rubbish if you wished it and no one would have a right to say anything about it"

shaking my head, sometimes this woman had an interesting way of saying things, one of the reasons I loved her.

"true, but I think your son might have objections"

"humf..let him have them," Diana gave a wave "according to Jules his father does his fair share of being smelly himself, especially when he breaks wind in the bed-" slowly looking over at me, putting a hand to her mouth, expression remorseful, she whispered "oh Paisley I'm sorry darling..I"

putting a hand up, I shook my head.

"no need Diana, I refuse to act like my son's lack of presence in this house is to be treated as if it is permanent, Julian will come back, this is his home, so speak freely of him and besides.. my son is right his father has no shame, he tends to be odiferous in bed" I grimaced.

Diana's look of remorse grew into a smirk.

"my son, the windbag.. of sorts" Diana laughed, to which I found myself doing so as well.

I hadn't realized I had been staring blankly at the monitor of my laptop for some time until I heard someone clearing their throat, looking up Desi was standing in the doorway of my office holding some files close to her chest with the look of worry on her face.

"ah, Desi.. problem?"

walking in her expression never changed.

"pardon me for being bold Doctor.. but, ya needn't be here, ya should be at home with that wee Mrs of yours, there are Doctor's lined up to fill in for ya, they understand the situation, the whole Hospital does"
reclining in my chair, I hadn't even taken in consideration how big of a deal Julian's abduction really was, I just did what I was told by law enforcement, "you and your wife just let us do our job and we'll find your son, there's no need for you to do anything"...what a bloody load of rubbish!

"I know what you're saying Desi, but...there isn't much I can do, my mum is with Paisley, more out of insurance that she won't go out on her own manhunt than anything...hell" I threw my hands up "I want to go on a manhunt of my own, someone has my son! I don't know who or why, no one has contacted us to tell us these things, I feel like I'm losing my fucking mind, I can only imagine what Paisley's going through, and she cannot afford the stress especially with the baby"

"baby?" she sat the files on my desk, eyeing me now.

"yes...we just found out, she's expecting again"

without another word Desi walked around my desk, closed my laptop, unplugged it, picked it up, turning around she gave me the most admonishing look.

"I've heard enough, ya son has been taken and now ya tellin' me Paisley is pregnant" she leaned in almost into my face I actually had to roll back my chair "go-home-Tom" she pointed out the office door.

When I walked into the house I received the funniest looks from the two women, my mum came over and helped me with taking my coat off, and Paisley just watched, I noticed she looked a bit better, she had changed her clothes and her hair was braided.

"you're home quite early, is something wrong?" she looked at me curiously.

"no Paisley, I just have a spirited Nurse that feels...well as she put it...ya should be at home with that wee Mrs of yours, then when I told her you were expecting, she closed my laptop, unplugged it, took it away from me and more or less told me to take my ass home, yes... Desi threatened me" I grinned.

"I knew I loved that woman, bless her!" my mum chuckled.

pulling Paisley into my arms, she nuzzled her face into my side.

"I'm surprised, but glad she did send you home.. I miss you.. and I for one am tired of missing the people I love"

I never could get tired of watching Paisley and her little rituals, lying on my side across the bed, grinning ear to ear, watching her through the bathroom doorway as she dried herself from having taken yet another shower, I guess she felt she hadn't cleaned herself thoroughly the first go round, or maybe it was just her way of passing the time, I also noted this was normally Julian's bath time too.

before he himself was readied for bed, my morsel was missing her baby, making her way out to the bedroom she discarded her towel into the hamper, I gladly appraised her nude form as she went about finding a nightie, taking particular care in staring at her delightful little round ass, it was half tempting just to reach over and smack it, but I thought better of it, she sighed in irritation as she looked into the drawer at finding nothing it seemed.

"you okay baby?"

her little shoulders slumped.
"yea" she sighed again.

rolling off the bed, making one short step, I bundled her up in my arms, swung around placing her gently on the bed.

"I think perhaps tonight.. clothes won't be required morsel"

and I began to disrobe.

Paisley turned and faced me curling up to my chest burying her face there, my hand smoothed down her long silken light strawberry curls, placing a kiss atop her head, she pressed her face even further into my chest rubbing her nose along my skin, seemingly taking in my scent, my arms enclosed about her tightly holding her in place, I could practically feel the sadness emanating from her, I needed to change that.

"everything will be alright baby" I whispered into her ear.

she lifted her head to looked up to me, our eyes met, hers seem to match the small smile she was wearing as she unfolded her body to stretch, arms above her head back arching, I watched with curiosity as she did this, the comforter pulled itself off exposing her fully, the cool air rushing across her small body made her nipples respond by hardening immediately,

unable to resist I leaned down drawing one into my mouth suckling briefly before releasing it while one of my warm hands slowly smoothed down her belly.

"this is beautiful morsel"

smiling more now she looked up at me, was she up to feeling.. playful?, taking a chance that she was I then straddled her thighs looking down on her, my eyes searching hers for any apprehension on her part.. I saw none, leaning down placing a kiss on her mouth she met me halfway.

seemingly not wanting it to end as Paisley wrapped an arm around my neck pulling me into the kiss, her mouth parted as my tongue and hers intertwined, little moans escaped our mouths, my hand began to wander further down her abdomen and across her mound, she whimpered, her hands grasping gently at my arms.

"ooh.. um Toom"

"sshh darling, we both need this"

aligning my cock with her folds I pressed gently down against them, sliding back and forth ever slowly using her wetness for lubrication, giving my hips a twist grounding myself deeper within her folds, I watched as her mouth parted and the arousal grew on her face, I was growing turned on as well.

hissing between my teeth emitting a low growl I made sure the tip of my cock hit her clit with each gentle rhythmic thrust making her gasp, her panting began to become uneven I knew she was close, quickening my pace her hips bucked and a high pitched squeal like I never heard escaped her slightly parted lips, it triggered my own orgasm and I joined her shortly thereafter.

Lying on my stomach I reached over and was met with empty air, raising my head scowling I saw the vacant side of the bed that should of had Paisley’s sleeping form, getting up I slipped my robe on wondering where she went, it was when I reached the entrance to the Hallway it struck me.. I know exactly where she is.
Sighing part of me wanted to cry, but the other was too angry to do so, standing in the doorway of Julian's bedroom, I saw in the corner..his bed, on it..Paisley curled up fast asleep, in her grasp I noticed his scarf, the one he had worn to the daycare that matched mine, the one that Megan went to get when she discovered him missing.

I hated seeing her like this, it wasn't healthy for her mind or for her pregnancy, and so far it seemed no one was getting anywhere concerning Julian's disappearance and I certainly wasn't going to sit by and watch Paisley, our unborn child or Julian pay for it, I needed to make a call.

"hello Lawrence, yeah..I know it's late, but this concerns our current situation"

"somethings wrong for you to be calling me at this hour Tom..what is it?"

"tell me you have something..anything, I don't think Paisley can take this anymore and its scaring me"

there was a pause, I wasn't sure I liked that.

"there is..something"

another pause, aw for fuck's sakes man, out with it already!

"what?!..c'mon Lawrence, you're fucking killing me here"

I heard a deep sigh...shit.

"Tom..it concerns Sean"

To be Continued.
The last thing I ever expected to do was to meet a former thug, *I know he was truly never one*, but damn it was hard not to think of him as that, at a hole in the wall cafe in the wee hours of the morning to have some sort of clandestine conversation.

"does she know you're here?"

cocking a brow I looked at him.

"what do you think?"

I took a drink of my coffee, Lawrence nodded.

"yeah,she'd be sitting next to you if she knew,mulish woman that she is"

snorting with a hint of a laugh, boy did he ever have Paisley figured out.

"so..you said you had something,and it concerned Sean..how?"

Lawrence adjusted his position in the booth we sat in, I noticed he made a subtle glance around the room, *ever the cautious agent,even if he's not an"active" one.*

"my intel has lead me to an operational cell, as it were..of people who are directly connected to Sean's organization, it happens at times when a crime boss like Sean is killed off, that a few stragglers band together and take over,mind you these people are very smart and have the means to build up where Sean left off"

I couldn't believe the shit I was hearing.

"you mean to tell me..that these..people, are restoring, or may have restored Sean's organization?,and what the hell does my Son have to do with it?"

the large man sitting across from me stroked his chin.

"from what I know, it's almost restored, as for Julian..that's where it gets sketchy, I have heard that there was a sighting, in Stuttgart Germany a couple man and woman with a toddler matching Julian's description, I have a reliable source tailing them,as for why they have him..I don't know"

I rose to my feet.

"my Jules is in Germany with strangers,he's been seen?"

he put a calm hand upon mine.

"*Tom...sit*"

staring hard at him, I wasn't sure I wanted to, he just got done telling me, there was a possible sighting of my son, I wanted so badly to jump on the next plane to Germany, Lawrence slowly shook his head as if he read my mind.

"*dammit,what do you expect me to do?*" my teeth gritted, trying to refrain from exploding on the man.
"I expect you to let me continue my investigation, running off to another country based on half assed information with the rage I know that's coursing through you at this moment..it'll just get you killed, is that something you're willing to put your already brokenhearted, pregnant wife through Tom?"

"cheap shot"

reluctantly I sat back down, my eyes never leaving his.

"I know" he gave a nod.

"alright smart man..tell me and I believe I've asked this similarly, if that's my Jules, what do they want with him?"

Lawrence saw that my temper was wavering, he leaned in on the table.

"that's where I'm unclear Tom..like I said before, I don't know"

I busied myself as best I could doing the necessary things like laundry, to house cleaning right down to the stupidest shit I could find to do, anything to keep my focus off the obvious...it wasn't working, and it didn't help that Tom seem to be in a foul mood as well, stomping about the house, slamming things around, including doors, even his mother was taken aback by his ill temper.

I said nothing about it, I figured he was just feeling as I was the effects of the noticeable absence of Julian something he hadn't had to deal with since he was at work and didn't realize just what it had been like...until now.

"fuck!"

the word resonated from upstairs, Diana and I looked up then at each other.

"oh buggar, he's not doing well either"

putting an arm about her shoulder I gave a squeeze.

"perhaps you should go and see to him" she looked at me with worry on her face "he needs his mom, I see now where Julian gets it, he does the same thing when he's upset..minus the F word of course"

Diana managed a weak smile patting my hand that was on her shoulder.

"such a good woman my boy has" placing a peck on my cheek "I'll do just that"

After Diana headed upstairs I looked around the room to see what else I could do, everything looked in order ugh..great. now what?! looking at my watch I saw that the mail should of arrived, cool..something to do! this was fucking pathetic, getting excited about the mail.

"bill, bill, bill, crap, crap.."

yeah the usual stuff we get, but something stuffed in the back of the mailbox.. wasn't, a Manila envelope pulling it out I scrutinized it no postmark, hmm?, turning it over I saw only one word written with dark black ink.

**Paisley**
sitting on the couch I stared at the suspicious envelope laying on the coffee table, fear settled in my stomach, I didn't want to open it, what if there was pictures in it.. pictures of Julian.. pictures no mother should see of their child.

"morsel, you okay?"

I didn't move, I just kept staring at the fucking envelope as all kinds of unspeakable images of Julian raced through my head, finally one too many that were graphic hit me, clapping a hand over my mouth I bolted heading for the kitchen where I had my head in the sink puking profusely in between my uncontrollable crying, Tom was there instantly.

"my god morsel what's wrong!"

Diana was now there holding my hair up as I was reduced to retching, I sputtered up saliva and foam as I brought my head up, Tom looked between grief stricken and confused as he wiped my face and mouth.

"goodness little girl what has you outta sorts?" Diana patted my face now with a cool rag "I know this is no bout of morning sickness either"

I shook my head confirming that, closing my eyes and putting the back of my hand to my mouth trying to catch my breath and my wits, I managed to point towards the front room, they both looked.

"what is it Paisley?"

pointing erratically as I didn't even want to say the word... envelope, Tom seem to understand and headed in that direction, once by the coffee table he looked at me, I pointed down, he looked down, it didn't take him long, slowly he reached down and picked up the envelope with my name on it.

"Tom, what is it?" Diana called out.

when he held it up I turned my head away.

"morsel was this in the post?"

"yes.. I didn't.. open it, I.. I can't.. what.. what if there's terrible things in it.. of Julian"

"you don't have to darling, but I know someone who'll be interested in this.. and will open it for you"

Lawrence examined the envelope closely, he stopped briefly looking at Paisley who was practically up inside my armpit, huddled up like a frightened child, putting the envelope down I could see how unhappy he was at Paisleys behavior, it bothered him to see her so frightened.

moving over on the couch beside her, looking at me with an unspoken request that only Lawrence possessed, I nodded knowing what he was up to, I raised my arm and gently the imposing looking man pulled her to him, her eyes wandered upward, he looked at her as if she were simply a little girl, clearing her bangs.

"its going to be alright, there's nothing in that envelope that is going to be what you imagined, or are imagining, I promise"

she sighed and seemed to relax a bit, damn how does he do that? , he looked back at me and nodded, putting my arm about her, Lawrence went back over to where he was sitting, taking out a pocket knife he carefully ran it through the top of the envelope, peering through, he looked up.
"there are pictures"

Paisley gasped and put her face into my side.

"Lawrence?"

"their not of Julian"

one of his large hands slid in and pulled out a number of what looked like random photos, he laid them on the table face down, looking at me he then proceeded to look at them, his forehead creased.

"what is it Lawrence?"

*please tell me they aren't horrific in nature,* nodding his head sided to side, giving his lips a twist.

"well..it wasn't what I expected, but they aren't bad either, I'm curious as to what these people are up to by putting these particular pictures in your mailbox..a message?"

he laid them out side by side, three of them in all, in black and white, I stared bewildered, they were of a young Sean and..my god was that Paisley's mum?, my morsel looked so much like her, and the one of a young Sean, he was holding a baby..my Paisley as a baby in his arms, another of her mum carrying groceries.

"morsel,look..you'll want to see these"

Paisley slowly pulled herself away, her brows furrowed when she glanced down at the table, kneeling down on the floor I could see she was a bit stunned, one of her little hands gradually made its way to one picture in particular, her mum, what look to be on a boardwalk, laughing, holding an ice cream, running her finger down the face I'm sure Paisley was unfamiliar with, unblemished and healthy, beautiful, not yet ravaged by the effects of drugs.

"you look a lot like her morsel"

I soothed a hand down the back of her long hair.

she nodded.

"ya, I can see that now" she looked over the other pictures.

Lawrence meanwhile was going through the other photos.

"so you think these are a message of some sort?"

"between Julian's abduction and these..yes" he rubbed his chin "I'm just fucking stumped as to what? and I don't like feeling like that, I'm use to knowing what's going on, whoever is behind this..is clever..I don't even see any fingerprints on these pictures"

"ever give it any thought they know you're involved?" Paisley now sat back on the couch, "so they are being careful, I'm sure whoever the fuck they are, could give two shits about Scotland yard, it's you they are tip toeing about"

Lawrence eyed her curiously, then looked at me.

"you scare me sometimes Paisley"

"why?..cause I remind you of my dad," she snorted "sometimes I scare myself at that mere thought"
"you do have some of his qualities Paisley, despite what he was, Sean was a shrewd man in many ways, as you are just as shrewd " Lawrence sat back in his chair "though sometimes it does come across as more of being a smartass"

"if you're trying to be funny Lawrence..I'm in no mood"

"no, I can see that, I'm only pointing out that what you said earlier about these people knowing that I'm involved, that's a great possibility, and you were smart enough to figure that out, as I was not" nice save Lawrence, you know you're a big guy, but my Paisley has a shittier temper and isn't shy about using it, and you know that too, I was chuckling inwardly.

"I also have another theory,.. these people, they have something to do with my father" she leaned forward, arms folded on her lap, her eyes looked stormy now "am I right Lawrence?..and they also have my baby"

he didn't move, like me he could see the explosion about to go off next to me.

"Paisley"

"do not!" she put a finger up "presume to treat me like a fucking baby or some fool, we're talking about my son, my two and a half year old helpless child, if you have any idea or information concerning him, you better cough it up Lawrence, or your ass is going to be a foot shorter than it is now"

he seemed to contemplate this, really?.. I never could understand what it was exactly about my wife that Lawrence seemed to never want to.. go there as it were, or simply just refrained from having any conflict at all with her, I found it.. peculiar.

Paisley stared blankly through the whole conversation, I watched for any sign of an eruption she may have, especially when Lawrence mentioned the sighting of a child that resembled Julian.. but there was nothing, was she trying not to get her hopes up?

"that's all I have Paisley, I didn't tell you cause there are no facts to conclude it was Julian"

she looked at me, then to Lawrence.

"but you saw fit to tell my husband"

I couldn't honestly look her in the eye, for the first time I actually felt like a traitor, I knew she trusted me implicitly and now I may of just flushed that right down the shittier, giving a sidelong glance her hot glare couldn't of been more damning.

"Paisley, he was only-"

she put a hand up to Tom's face shutting him up instantly, but her eyes remained on me.

"he was only.. patting me on the head, placating the poor bereaved pregnant mom" she arose to her feet, "well.. fuck you Lawrence and your goddamn pathetic notion of me needing to be fucking molly coddled every step of my life!"

storming out of the room she headed upstairs slamming every door in her path, and breaking a few things along the way as well.

"What do you mean.. shes not there?"
if I ever thought I heard the voice of a hysterical Englishman I was wrong, not even Sean's voice could of rivaled what was blasting through the speakers of my cell phone at this moment, Tom was beside himself, it was nearly eight in the morning and awoke alone.

Tom and his mother had searched the entire house, even checked to see if both vehicles were still there, and they were..my mind raced where could that little shit have gone, and how?, well I knew..she went looking for Julian on her own, after last night she was disappointed in me...stupid stupid woman!

"please tell me Lawrence you have some sort of idea were my Paisley went"

sighing, I had no clue where, but how do I tell him that.

"Tom, what I do know, is probably what you know..she's doing what any mother would do, she's looking for her child, the shit of it all is..I don't even know where to begin to look"

Having a photographic memory had its merits, and for once I put it to good use..I hope, but sitting at home letting it collect dust wasn't going do me any good either, and now learning my Son may have been seen in Germany?.., well I'll be honest I knew Julian wasn't in Germany.

in fact he hadn't even left England, how did I know..Lawrence wasn't the only one who was clever, while he was going over those pictures, I happen to see a piece of paper taped under the one I had been looking at, I hid it in my pants pocket and read it later and when I did, it simply said.

we have something you want, all you have to do is show up.. alone, you know where to go, you've been there before, in fact.. it belongs to you now.

It didn't take a genius to figure out what the author of the note was saying so here I was in the back of a cab going by the memories of how to get back to that nightmare, going back to where I thought I'd never revisit.

but this was entirely for a different reason, returning to the Archer Estate to take back my son from whomever and find out what the actual fuck was going on?, and I was curious too.. what was behind the last part of that note, taking it out of my coat pocket I reread it.

it belongs to you now.

To be Continued...

The Pictures in the envelope with only Paisleys name on it.
Photo credit/sources:
http://i523.photobucket.com/albums/w354/anngorah/sean%20bean/sean_bean_95.jpg
https://s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com/736x/23/e9/73/23e9731b05fff1a1f772bb3609cc272a.jpg
https://68.media.tumblr.com/fed0c9ab56d1e1347d0eed0f4f89f471/tumblr_o4gc7mIMCy1qcmbcoo1_500.p
"Ma'am..ma'am"
groggily rubbing at my eyes trying to become aware of my surroundings, shit I must of fallen asleep, I
noticed we had stopped, looking out of the passenger side window, I was searching for the reason.

"what is the problem?"

"that.. is"

the Cabby was pointing forward, I followed the direction of it.

"goddamn it!"

I slammed my hand flat against the window that separated myself and the driver who jumped in his
seat, there was a big dark blue SUV parked sideways in the road, purposely blocking our way,
leaning against it with his back, arms fold with a formidable look. fucking Lawrence.

"um ..ma'am?" the cab driver nervously looked over his shoulder at me.

"this is where I get out.." I sighed in annoyance.

"you going to be alright, love?"

"oh, it's not me you should be concerned about" I glared at the unmoving figure in front of us
"believe it or not..that big bastard is more frightened of me than I'll ever be of him"

and I made my exit from the cab.

When the cab left, I stood there quietly, Lawrence hadn't moved, keeping his superior stance as it
were, giant asshole. I wasn't about to be deterred from my objective so I began walking, his head
turned following me as I walked around the front of the truck and kept doing so.

"and just where in the hell do you think you're going?"

his voice called from behind me.

"fuck off!"

I heard him advancing on me, but I kept walking, in fact I picked up the pace, as redundant as that
was, cause he was already on my heels.

"little girl, you are living dangerously, I know where you're heading, do you have any idea why?"

"yes.. to go get my baby" my gait went from walking quickly to heavy stomping. "and if I have to
endure your dull bitching as I walk the rest of the way ..I will"

abruptly I was spun around almost slammed into the hefty man before me, his features hardened in
such a way I knew would of scared the shit out of most people, but not me, I simply looked at him
with indifference, he poked a forefinger repeatedly into my forehead
"and what has gotten into that thick head of yours that made you decide he was back at the Estate?"

"I was told he was there, not Germany... so I believe what your Intel saw was nothing more than a decoy, it seems Lawrence" giving him a side long glare "you and... your people... are being watched, so as shitty as this is going to sound... you are of no use to me, I have to do this alone, in fact, it was requested that I do so"

I thought for sure the last thing I said would hurt him, but he showed no evidence of it, in fact he looked quite suspicious if anything.

"a decoy?, and Julian's at the Estate?, what proof do you really have Paisley?"

tired of the shit I dug the note out of my pocket and gave it to him, as he read it I explained.

"it was taped to the back of the picture I was looking at, so I stuck it in my pocket and read it later"

looking up from the note his forehead wrinkled dubiously.

"are you serious?, this note is insufficient with its information, you ran off with just this" he waved the note around "did you ever give any thought to Tom?.. to your unborn baby?, to the fact that Julian is probably not there and you just maybe walking into a trap"

the burning sensation behind my eyes warned me of the battle yet to come, I fought it, my jaw ticked.

"what the fuck would you have me do Lawrence?, stay at home and be the good mommy and wife and wait patiently for Scotland Yard or you... my Guardian Angel to magically appear with my son in your arms" I threw my own arms up "in a perfect world maybe, and I did wait... and it accomplished nothing!, but make me feel..." and right on schedule the tears came, "feel like I was losing my fucking mind!"

he reached for me to give comfort, I wanting none of it I slapped his hand away.

"NO!"

"Paisley, I know it has to be shit for you to have to sit by and wait, but-"

"but nothing!" I spat "I'm waiting no longer!, how do you know that Julian isn't there at the Estate?, just as much as you feel he may not be, he could be, would you deny me the right to know?"

closing his eyes, dropping his head back, he inhaled deeply through his nose.

"I've let you down Paisley, you shown me... even told me, will you at least.. let me earn my wings back?"

oh my god, the look on his face was nothing short of... wounded, his eyes sad, begging, he truly felt shitty, if I hadn't of known this man the way I did I would of thought this was a ridiculous display, but he was genuinely hurt.

"how?"

"if you insist on this task, let me go with you.. whether you like me pointing out the fact or not, you are in a delicate way, and I won't have you putting your life and the life of your unborn on the line, I can and will protect you both and if Julian is there... well that goes without saying"
It was only a matter of minutes when we reached the all too familiar hollow of trees, Lawrence slowed the truck down significantly, like almost to a crawl.

"what are you doing?"

Lawrence hunkered down, eyes carefully scanning ahead.

"as you know..we're quite close now, I may even pull over and we'll walk the rest of the way, if you're up for it?. I don't know who we are dealing with Paisley, I prefer to have the upper hand and come in quietly"

Nodding, I understood, he was right, we had no idea as to who was behind this, a careful approach was necessary, it wasn't long before he found an alcove of bushes and parked the truck.

"this is the part where we walk..right?"

I looked over at him, he returned a look.

"yea, you ready Paisley?"

"you have no idea" I was halfway out the door.

We kept our distance, staying on the opposite side of the road, where we could see the fenced pasture, which was less dense with foliage, but had a low level coverage of fog still we weren't going to take our chances of being seen.

Walking along the shroud of ivy that clung to the trees we silently observed our surroundings, stopping stalk still when we heard some sounds. Deep, thumping and almost rhythmic like someone was stomping into the ground, but.. no, not quite like a person, too heavy, Lawrence and I looked at one another.

"Horse" he murmured.

Putting a finger to his lips, he put a hand behind himself urging me to stay where I was, oddly enough I obeyed, he continued on I watched as he hunkered down making his way across the road, gracefully meandered between bushes, outcropping of rocks and trees.

For as big as he was, it was impressive to watch actually, the guy was definitely a pro, at one point he had disappeared completely, I bounced on the balls of my feet nervously watching for a sign of anything... damn it Lawrence, what the fuck?

Almost scaring the shit out of me, I saw him bolt out of nowhere bushes and branches flying, he was waving an arm erratically.

"get to the truck, start it up. NOW!"

I didn't hesitate, Lawrence was there in moments but that's not what got my attention, its when he opened the passenger side door and deposited something in the seat.

"JULIAN!"

"Mummy!"

I don't know what caused me to falter, but my son more than made up for it as he dove into my arms, I crawled over into the seat as Lawrence took over and quickly took off, gathering my wits as Lawrence did a wild U turn, I held Julian before me in almost disbelief.
"mummy, you okay?"

my body began to shake and the tears were abundant, relief was beginning to wash over me..finally.

"I think mummy.. is much better now" I heard Lawrence say.

"Tom, I don't like this..he told you he'd be right back to get you, it's been almost five hours"

looking over at my mum, I could see the displeasure on the wizened face.

"I hear you mum, and I realize this.. I just hope nothing happened"

making her way over she looked up at me directly and managed to cuff me in the back of the neck, *damn I didn't even know she could reach that high.. how did she do that?*

"Thomas William, I refuse to believe my only son, a successful Doctor is a thick headed git!.. you honestly believe Lawrence had intentions of coming back to get you?"

"ow.. mum!, of course he was, he had something to do first then he'd swing by and get me so we could go find Paisley"

her blue eyes became slits, as she folded her arms.

"son, I'm going to speak my mind, I've kept my mouth shut for quite some time but now... no, I believe I have right to say what I've been meaning too"

"oh.. and what's that?"

"that man.. has more than fondness for your Paisley"

I stared at her for a moment before I outright burst into laughter, but she was having none of it, the crappy look I was getting reminded me of the ones I use to get when one of my sisters threw me under the bus for some devious or stupid shit I did in my youth.

"mum, honestly you're getting mixed messages, Paisley and I told you the story, Lawrence is like a big brother, granted a very protective one.. but brotherly nonetheless"

"I maybe old Tom.. but I'm not numpty, I watch how he is around her, how he looks at her.. *brotherly* isn't what we called it in my day"

sighing as I smoothed a hand atop my head, I was prepared with my argument when I saw through the living room window an all to familiar dark blue SUV come pulling up,

"he's back, I told you mum"

I jogged out the front door more than ready to go, but when I saw Lawrence slowly get out, there was something different in his presence, we made eye contact, but something else caught my attention, I noticed someone else getting out of the passenger side.

"daddy!"

my knees weakened a bit as I grabbed the railing of the small stairway, *my son*, and holding him, Paisley.. looking like she had been crying for days, ruddy faced, still sobbing as her chest was heaving, her embrace on Julian ever tight, she nodded, finding my footing I ran to them.
After a very emotional reunion Paisley had managed to cook Julian his favorite meal of fish and chips which he ate eagerly, though during his feasting at one moment he pointed at Lawrence with his little fork and commented.

"he a big man mummy, where you find him?"

Paisley shrugged.

"under a really big rock"

which earned her a funny look from Lawrence, guess he didn't understand the frivolity of conversation between a child and its mother, or at least between Julian and Paisley, Julian however was fascinated by the concept, just how did his mum get this big man out from under the rock?

"mummy, you wifted the wock all by you self?"

I had to hide the huge smirk I was wearing, the boy had the most impressed look on his face, Lawrence was doing the same as I, we both looked at her wondering how the hell she was going to get out of this.

"daddy helped"

oh christ morsel thanks a lot.

she looked over shoulder giving me a smug look, and hearing Lawrence's chuckling it didn't help, but Julian grinned at me with a ketchup stained lips, I thought I'd change the subject and let Julian in on a bit of a surprise.

"Jules..mummy has a secret"

Paisley's head jerked in my direction looking at me curiously, Julian stopped chewing on his fish making one of his cheeks look fuller than the other.

"mmuufffmgg"

"Julian not with your mouth full"

"sar-wee mummy"

he wiped his face with a napkin which impressed me, then looked up at Paisley.

"you have see-crit?"

"I don't know what your father is talking about, do I?" she looked at me.

looking at her belly then up, she did the same, putting her hand on it, Julian noticed.

"you have a tummy ache mummy?"

Paisley walked over and sat next to him.

"no son, but mummy does have something in her tummy"

this really seem to gain his interest, he put his fork down.

"is it an ali-en!" he practically squealed, the look on his face was priceless, like he was hoping that
was the case.

Lawrence and I couldn't help but laugh, which earned us a *really* shitty look.

"um no"

"oh..what is it?"

Paisley leaned in, smiling.

"mummy is going to have a baby, so that is what is in there"

Julian looked at her stomach, then back at her, I could tell by the look on her face she was not anticipating what was coming next, mainly his question.

"um..how it get there?"

*aaaaaand here it comes.*

"yeah daddy.. *how* did it get in there?"

folding her arms, with her lip curled, the look Paisley wore was more smug than before.

*fuck*. sometimes I hated being the Doctor in the Family.

*To be Continued...*
Unwanted Legacy

My arm made it's way across the opposite side of the bed, reaching out to a vacant spot beside me, lifting my head, I saw indeed I was alone, hmm. I just bet I know where she went, sliding out and slipping into my robe, I headed to Julian's room.

slowly making my way into the bedroom I saw that Jules was tucked under his blanket out cold, curled up much like his mum... who was not with him, looking about the room, still no evidence of her presence, I wasn't sure what to think, the only other place she could be was downstairs.

upon descending the stairs I saw the remnants of the fire in the Fireplace flickering, still giving light to the living area, reaching the last step I saw stirring on the couch which I knew to be Lawrence, Paisley and I insisted he stay the night after the hectic day he had.

taking a step closer however had everything inside me going askew, I had to even narrow my eyes to make sure I was seeing what I saw... Paisley curled up on the couch with Lawrence facing his chest, sleeping, one of his long arms wrapped about her in a protective manner, what the actual fuck!?

striding over I gave his ear a HARD flick, startling him he bolted upright.

the man was quick and I was now nose to nose with the barrel of a handgun, but did I fucking care?... no... this big sonofabitch is lying on my couch, in my house, and what's worse... with MY wife!, my glare couldn't of shown the obvious rage I was feeling, my appearance never wavered, watching Lawrence carefully I saw the rock hard expression he wore dissolve as if he realized what was going on, lowering his gun, he sighed.

"shit Tom, you almost lost your fucking head man, you have some balls"

"and you're about to lose yours, cause you... have my wife" I seethed.

Lawrence's forehead creased, seeing my balled up fists, then up at my face as I slowly started to advance on him, that's right motherfucker shit's about to get real, looking down at Paisley who still slept undisturbed, he looked back up, his eyes wide.

"oh whoa, wait wait!... it's not even remotely what you're thinking" he waved a hand in front of me.

putting a finger into his face I snarled every word.

"oh really?. cause it's looking pretty fucked up to me, you better be sure to choose your words carefully Lawrence, they damn well may be your last, I don't take kindly to other men thinking they can have a go with my wife"

Lawrence face changed, instead of contrite it was more of a point blank stare.

"and I have your back on that Tom.. I don't take kindly to other men thinking they can do that to my little sister, I'd kill them first"

"have my back... are you fucking kid..." straightening my posture, tilting my head "the fuck?.. did you just say, that."

"yes... I did" he nodded "Paisley is in fact... my half sister... Sean is also my father"
I wondered if it was TMI or my timing?...or maybe both, in sharing something I considered exceptionally confidential, but all the same I would of had to tell him, as it was.. his wife..my little sister, was ignorant of this fact, the tall lean man sitting before me stared at his yet to be touched cup of coffee, elbows resting on the table, fingers interlaced.

"I've known since my early teens who my father was...Sean and my mother became involved when she spent a summer here in the UK with family, he wasn't quite like what you remember him to be, a bad boy yes, but I think that's what attracted my mother.. she came from wealth, and Sean was definitely a no no in the eyes of the people her parents ran with, when she became pregnant with me, she was sent to live with her aunt" Tom looked at me puzzled "yeah, my mom came from that kind of wealthy family.. they hid their dirty secrets, in this case their unmarried daughter, pregnant by some troublemaker from another country", taking a moment to drink my coffee, I continued "unlike Paisley, I had a good life.. best environment to grow up in, good education, best tutors that money could buy.. you name it.. was available to me, as time went on I was made aware of Paisley, as you know Agent Wells a very resourceful woman" I cleared my throat " brought Paisley's presence to my attention when I was in the Academy"

Tom looked thoughtful, eyes flitting about. "good to know he wasn't comatose, was getting a bit worried for a moment, leaning in on one arm he eyed me.

"you mean to tell me, that day you went to the commune.. you knew"

"yes.. I did" sighing even now that memory was cutting, to see Paisley in such a condition, it was more than heartbreaking, "Well's told me before we left to the commune, I couldn't get to the airport fast enough"

"my god.. what you must of been thinking, feeling when you first found her"

he poured more coffee into my cup.

"I got shit faced and cried a lot"

Tom did a double take, geez do people think cause of my stature an the nature of my job, I'm incapable of melancholy?

we sat silently for a moment, it was a lot I know for him to take in.

"Lawrence my man.. you are an inexplicable person"

he shook his head as he ran his fingers through his hair, been called a lot worse.

"eh.. if you say so, however there is one more thing I believe is owed to you... the reason you found us like you did"

that peaked his interest he seemed to suddenly wake up upon hearing that, oh yeah he certainly was a zealous husband, Dom.. whatever.

"she came downstairs after she was sure Julian was asleep, couldn't herself.. and I knew she was after some answers about Julian's rescue, if you want to call it that, so I'm going to tell you what I told her, then it'll get around to why we are sitting here now"

"why do I have the feeling this will require that I brew another pot of coffee" Tom slumped slightly in his chair.

I was on what must of been my sixth cup of coffee, I swear at this rate there was a good chance I'd be
pissing the stuff straight rather than piss itself, but I needed to be awake, all this shit Lawrence was putting out on the table, I was still trying to take in that this big bastard was my morsels ..brother.

"I have to tell you Lawrence..after not returning for hours when you told me you were coming back to get me, my mum was getting suspicious..she thinks you want my Paisley to yourself"

he snorted, almost choking on his gulp of coffee.

"I had a feeling" he wiped his mouth with a napkin, "she was starting to give me that I'm watching you, you big wanker, despite all the nicety, look"

"my mum loves Paisley more than any woman I've ever brought to meet her, in fact when Paisley left me, thinking I was messing around with that miserable shit of woman Piper..damn, I was threatened, if I didn't try to sort it out with her, my mum was going to pretty much disown me"

Lawrence chuckled.

"I can see that, your mom is..if you'll pardon the expression, a tough ol' bird"

"ehhehehehehehehe, that she is"

"the reason I didn't return, I was actually on my way back to get you when one of my resources contacted me and told me where she was, you see Tom..ever since Julian was taken I've had you all under surveillance, for protection, that's the only way I would of known where she went"

"that doesn't surprise me, and it wouldn't further do so if you told me you personally put yourself on Paisley detail"

"that.. was never a question Tom, no one else would do to watch over my sister"

I raised a brow.

"oh really?"

"don't even" Lawrence pointed over at me "are all Dom's as passionate about their partners as you?..or is it.. just you?"

"ehhehehehe, lets just say I do love my morsel, and I'm glad you've cleared things up, cause if I never knew your true connection to her, I'd be thinking you were trying to fuck my wife, and I'd kill you, possibly with your own gun"

he straightened in his chair, eyes wide.

"damn"

"but as you were saying, about finding her, please continue" I gestured urging him to do so, giving him a reassuring smile.

with a hesitant-like chuckle he proceeded.

"ah, yes.. anyways.. it went down as you would expect, I found her, she was pissed, I chewed her out, I got told to fuck off, and then we came to an agreement and proceeded to go to the Estate.. on my terms, believe it or not, at one point I pulled over and we walked for a bit until we heard what sounded like horses walking about, I made her stay, and I checked it out, and yes it was.. when I
approached where I had heard the sounds that's where I saw Julian, amazingly enough..he was riding a Shetland pony, well actually being lead around on a pony, by some guy your son seemed to be enjoying it, but that was short lived, I took advantage of the fact that it was just him and his guard or whatever, so I jumped out, hit the guy with butt of my gun, grabbed your boy and bugged the hell out of there"

I rubbed my chin, it was all so weird to me, some unknown entity, kidnap's my son, says nothing for over a week until one day drops off these older pictures of Paisley and her parents in our post, then when my son is found...he's being treated to a pony ride?

"why is this all happening Lawrence?, I know about the note too, she told me, but who took my son and why?, what do they want with my wife?"

"that's the damnable thing of it Tom..I haven't a clue, and I don't like that..but be assured I am having the Estate in particular, watched..now that we know Julian was there and it seems to be active again"

"But muuuumy I no wanna goooo"

great time for a tantrum Julian Thomas!, I rolled my eyes as I dragged my defiant toddler from out of his car seat.

"Julian, I've no time for your garbage, I made these appointment's so mummy wouldn't have to make two trips, so please stop"

once placed on the ground, I couldn't help but notice how much he looked like his father at this moment, the dirty look, folded arms, he even had the same raised brow.

"it bollwocks mummy!"

"Julian!"

"well..it is" he pouted, dropping his head.

"say that word again and you'll have a sore bottom to go with that sore attitude"

"I no wike doc-turs"

"I don't either, but since mummy is going to have a baby, she has too, and you missed your check up, so now you can go with me"

he looked up at me sighing even wincing.

"are day gunna poke me?"

"no"

"are day gunna poke you?" he pointed upward.

"probably, but not with needles"

"I hold yer hand mummy, it be okee" he said in a matter of fact tone patting my hand.

my son, the therapist.
I was most thankful that Julian's appointment was quick and sweet, he was rewarded with stickers and oodles of "ooohs and aah's" about how cute he is, his curls alone received its fair share of ruffling from the female nursing staff, if the boy didn't already have an ego, he was sure to have one now, and he was only two and half years old.

During my exam I found it particularly funny, when the Doctor put the Fetoscope on my belly to check on the baby's heart, Julian's eyes popped upon hearing the fast heartbeat, he was all to inquisitive and chatty.

"mummy, you sure it not an ali-en, it got a fast heart!"

the doctor and I chuckled.

"I'm quite sure, your heart sounded like that when you were in my belly"

he wrinkled his nose at that revelation, Doctor Kelsey decided to change the subject.

"so Julian, do you want a sister or a brother?"

staring at my not yet swollen belly he shrugged.

"I dunno, may-be a gurl.. cuz mummy no wike cleanin all da pee, daddy miss's da hole awot, he messy..so may be no boy"

clapping a hand over my mouth as I now sat up, this appointment needed to end now.

More than happy that our business here was over Julian I proceeded down the hallway to leave, and as usual my luck was shit, rounding the corner as we approached it.. Ben, I felt a tugging on my leg.

"mummy, it dat man again" he whispered, was that disdain in his voice?

"I see that, just hush, maybe he'll just walk by"

Trying our best to simply do that ourselves, but that ended up failing miserably.

"ah little bird"

oh for fucks sakes, I do have name you asshole!

"her NAME.. is Pay-see!"

looking down at my little charge, damn if he didn't look indignant, Ben was looking at him as well.

"well, master Julian, I meant no disrespect"

he knelt down, dear god I just hoped Julian didn't spit on him or worse, like kick him in the balls.. then again.

"you not nice" he pointed with conviction "an my daddy no wike you by my mummy"

holy christ how'd he know this!?

"Julian, enough" I tugged on his arm.
Ben arose to his feet, a knowing smirk on his lips.

"I see that he's indeed his father's son, looking out for him as it were"

"would you rather it be Lawrence?" I matched his smirk, his face dropped noticeably.

"that would be the Lurch fellow" he held a hand way above his head in measurement.

"Lurch?..he actually might like that comparison, but yes..him" I snickered.

"well, no I wouldn't and it looks as if you are on your way out" he then looked about, "um question
though..Paisley" he looked at Julian who raised a brow, "why are you coming from Obstetrics?..unless"

"cuz, mummy's gunna have a baby you wankur"

"Julian!"

Ben's deep chuckle resonated the hall.

"he may have his father's character down..but, he certainly has his mum's mouth"

refusing to hang around for whatever else may transpire, I swept Julian up into my arms and quickly
walked off. I slowed my pace as I reached the Pediatric's wing, Julian who was profusely
apologizing, had me distracted as I was trying to reassure him in order to calm him down he was
close to tears,

stopping I held him to me as he snuggled his face into my hair, rubbing his back shushing and cooing
just to keep him from breaking out into sobs, and that's when I felt my knees buckle slightly, I had
looked over towards the reception desk and saw something I hadn't expected, god there was no
way, fucking no!

As I entered the house I practically was running, putting Julian down on my way through, Tom and
Lawrence had been sitting, but jumped to their feet immediately looking startled.

"morsel!"

"Paisley!"

stopping, I stared at the two alarmed men, I knew I was wide eyed, both slowly walked up to me
looking the same.

"what is it, something's definitely wrong" Lawrence peered into my face with concern.

swallowing hard I nodded, I could only manage one word.

"Piper"

To be Continued..
I realized things were starting to fall in place, or at least make some sort of sense, first Julian is abducted from the Hospital Day Care, then a week later Paisley receives a mysterious envelope with pictures and an obscure note informing her of her Julian's whereabouts.. the Estate, then he's recovered.

A couple days after that after a Doctor's appointment upon Paisley's departure she sees Piper working the receptionist's desk of one of the Pediatrics Units.. coincidence?.. no, there's something wrong with this picture, currently I stood just outside that very same Pediatric's Unit.

And indeed I spotted Piper, seemingly working the front desk in every professional facet required of her, what I don't understand is.. if she was behind Julian's abduction, why come back here?. surely Piper knows at some point she'd be recognized and questions would be raised, that's where I come in, and why I was here.

Looking at my watch seeing that it was near lunchtime, I kept a vigilant eye to see if an when she would take hers, and right on the dot, she was making her way out of the lobby, leaning against the wall around the corner. I concealed myself, ppfft as if, I'm six foot five that's like hiding a Redwood tree among some Bonsai's.. it's absurd, but it seems to work as she walked by me unnoticed.

"Funny, I never pegged you as one who liked kids, let alone working around them"

She stopped mid-stride, her head slowly craned to the side.

"Lawrence?"

"Well it sure in the hell isn't the Law now.. is it?" she turned fully, facing me now, I remained leaning against the wall "if I were.. you'd be in cuffs on your way to Scotland Yard up on kidnapping charges"

Her forehead creased, head at an angle.

"The fuck is that supposed to mean?, and.. just where have you been for the last couple of years, word was.. you were dead?" her tone ever snotty.

I see nothing's changed there.

The bitch actually had the audacity to question me!, I was up on her before she had a chance to realize it, glaring down at her, now done with being polite with this pretentious little wretch.

"Don't give me your shit, Piper as you can see I'm QUITE alive, you know damn well why I'm here.. Julian.. what the fuck was that all about?, and don't lie to me"

I leaned in on her, the haughty expression she wore disappearing, replaced with panic.

"Julian?" she looked confused "Julian who?"

Gripping her arm tightly, she hissed

"You're hurting my arm you bastard"

My face was inches from hers now as I pulled her up.
"only cause crushing your windpipe is a crime...now, why did you kidnap Julian?, and to refresh that puny memory of yours, that would be Sean's grandson, you remember, your ex lover from college, his son"

her eyes widened with recollection as her mouth gaped open.

"are you fucking daft?, I haven't seen that brat since he was a baby...since....."

"since Paisley drove her fist into that Malibu barbie face of yours" I couldn't help but smirk "I'm sure your plastic surgeon was pissed when he saw that"

her face dropped, she was un-amused by that, but I found it quite funny, to see this rather tall, arrogant fake as hell looking woman go down like a wall of bricks at the hands of a pint sized woman such as Paisley.

"the little bitch had no right!" she spat out.

I squeezed her arm harder to insure her that I wasn't tolerating that kind of shit, gasping she gritted her teeth.

"Paisley had every right.. you were holding her son, and at one point made a play for and tried to fuck her husband, all in the line of duty as you called it, if I were her.. I'd of taken that silicon forged ass of yours.. and thrown it out the window"

a grin grew on her overly plump lips, was anything real about this bitch?!, her head slowly dropped back an a deep chuckle arose from her throat.

"ooooh Lawrence.. you're sweet on her, if Sean knew back then.. he'd of had your balls served to the guard dogs without batting an eye, his precious long lost bitch brat Paisley, you're not even close to what he would of considered good enough for her, hell look at Tom, he's intelligent, talented, and of good breeding and yet...still... even he didn't measure up"

if this pretentious poor imitation of a woman only knew... she's my sister, you insipid bitch.

"Morsel, can I talk to you about something?"

looking up from my bath as I finished up shaving my legs I rinsed off the remaining shaving cream.

"sure, what is it?"

Tom sat on the floor by the tub next to me.

"well.. um its about something I'm sure you don't want to hear, but.. that time of the year is coming up, and the Hospital Committee has already sent me an email wondering if myself and my wife will be attending any of the Charity events this year"

submerging myself into the water up to my neck, I looked up to the ceiling, he was right.. I don't want to hear it.

"we have this conversation every year around this time, Tom"

"yes darling I know.. but what happened to you was nearly three years ago, and you've not attended any Balls since, please consider going this year.. I hate going solo" he ran a finger down the bridge of my nose as he leaned on the tub, looking at me intently "I miss having my gorgeous wife at my
side, and I promise... no toys this time"

raising a brow as I gave my lips a severe twist.

"hmmm.. are the Charity balls that boring without my presence?, or.. is it just the women, married or not getting so sauced that they relentlessly pursue my unaccompanied husband.. and its getting on his nerves?"

"both actually" he looked a bit embarrassed now.

intrigued I turned on my side, eyes narrowing.

"seriously.. they try that shit?"

"if I say yes.. will you go?" it was between a cheeky and hopeful toothy grin he wore now.

"maybe"

Tom heaved a pathetic sigh.

"oh okay... then I guess I'll just go alone again, maybe if Lydia from radiology is there again, I might take her up on her offer" he now stood "you know, the twenty something redhead with the fantastic tits" he held his hands out before him demonstrating her boob size.

with a sudden an purposeful rush of water I sat up on my knees, holding the edge of the tub, my own boobs on full display, all wet, nipples hard from the air, I said nothing, Tom dropped his hands as his eyes eagerly took in the view before him.

"you fight dirty"

giving my breast a bit of a jiggle I winked.

"dirty.. hell, I can be downright fucking filthy when it comes to fighting for what is mine"

Tom chuckled giving one my breasts a playful slap.

"so I've heard"

"you've heard.. what exactly?"

I stood fully now, rinsing myself off, he poked his head in startling me.

"let's just say.. I'll be keeping you away from anymore ex girlfriends we should happen upon"

stepping out of the tub, I wasn't catching on to what he was saying.

"there's more?.. god Tom do you have a fucking Harem of ex's running around?"

"hehehehehehe, you know me" and he started walking out of the bathroom "it not just the accent darling" he turned quickly giving me a silly devilish look "its all about the cock and what I can do with it"

"hmm, someone's under the delusion that women will drop to their knees at the mere sight of it... are you that much in love with your own cock, my dear" I cooed mockingly.

walking casually towards me with a confident smile, I knew I wasn't in the best condition to defend
myself, naked was never good to be when I was around him, gently taking my chin between his forefinger and thumb he left my face up.

"is it a delusion..when you are on your knees and my cock is buried in your sweet mouth while I'm fucking it?"

"or" I held a finger up to his face " is it a delusion that when I'm mounted on it, riding you home, my walls are clamped around and milking it and its you ..worshiping my pussy"

"Paisley.."

"what?" I challenged.

I wasn't sure if he was getting aroused..or pissed?

"fucking hell woman, I love thinking about how glorious you feel when I'm inside you!" he said blatantly without shame.

the smile that grew upon my face I couldn't even begin to describe it, he caressed my cheek with his hand, the telltale sign quite obvious under the front of his pants, oh yeah..he's aroused...very.

"my answer is..yes"

his eyes hooded, from the sexually heated conversation we had.

"what?" he breathed.

he was still.. in the moment.

"Yes, I'll go to the Charity events with you this year"

and I walked passed him into the bedroom, satisfied that for once..I actually won a conversation with this man without his Dom tendencies flaring up.

I hated hospitals, and as of late I've been visiting this one far too often, it seems this pregnancy was proving to be a difficult one, and now I'm back for a pelvic exam, I hate this exam, of all the ones I have to endure..so humiliating.

"Paisley"

looking up I saw the nurse...yay it's time. After putting on the demeaning paper gown, the Nurse had me lay back on the exam table.

"the Doctor will be here in a bit, he's in maternity..seems there was an early arrival, so relax"

I gave her a you got to be fucking crazy, look, smiling she seemed to understand and closed the door behind her. I must of dozed off, but thankful when I awoke the Doctor was already here, and my feet up in stirrups, paper sheet across my legs ready for the exam

wait..shouldn't I've been awake for that?, I mean after all for once Tom aloud a male Doctor to do my Gyno/Ob exam, cause he was a trusted colleague, so shrugging it off as it seems he hadn't started yet, However...something was definitely amiss, he hadn't spoken to me..and where was the nurse?

"Hey Doc...so how'd the delivery go?..Doc?"
no reply, but I felt his hand slide up my inner thigh, *oh hell no this isn't right*, I was about to sit up when I was suddenly pushed back down, my eyes widened, *OH GOD NO!*

"now little bird, it seems your Doctor has been detained a bit longer, *I'll be doing your exam*"

"*oh the fuck you will!, you're not even an O.B and if you were..no!*"

Ben leaned ever close to my face, my whole body seemed to have betrayed me as it froze, when all I wanted to do was bolt.

"I've waited a long time for this"

in a matter of seconds his mouth was on mine, kissing me with a soft hunger, I remained motionless, eyes squeezed closed, while he was just trying having his way with my mouth, though I kept it clamped shut, no matter how much I struggled, gripping my chin he just kept trying to kiss me to get my lips to part, my head thrashed about side to side, refusing him violently, the bile was building, burning in my throat.

*where's Tom?, where's Lawrence?*

having enough of this, my fight reflexes finally kicked in and wasting no time I only opened my mouth to bite *hard* on his bottom lip, he quickly snuffed out a howl, covering his mouth as he staggered back, I took the opportunity and threw my clothes on haphazardly and ran out the door.

Who ever said Hospital food was crappy..was right, I stared at the bottom of my coffee cup only to see coffee grounds, no wonder this shit tasted like river sludge, wrinkling my nose I threw it into the garbage, looking up it was just in time to catch sight of a woman running through the main lobby...wait a fucking minute..*that's Paisley!*

"*Paisley, stop!..Paisley!*"

frantically trying to get in her truck, she jerked her head over her shoulder, making eye contact, my god she looked terrified, when I neared, I could tell something was horribly wrong, she wasted no time throwing herself into my arms sobbing.

"*please, please don't tell Tom, please no!*"

Don't tell Tom what!?

"*Paisley, calm down*

holding her tightly her tiny body shuddered almost convulsively, the hell happened to her?

After getting her reasonably calmed, she recited the whole story, and numerous times she had kept me from going back in the Hospital and committing murder, *the motherfucker did more than cross the line this time.*

I must of took an hour long shower and brushed my teeth ten times, and used up half a bottle of mouthwash in the process, but it still wasn't enough to get *him*. off me, I cried countless times, I wanted it all out of my system before Tom came home, if that were possible.

"*mummy.. you sad?*"
looking from the foot of my bed where I sat, Julian poked his head in sideways, an errant chestnut curl dangling in his face, so much like his dad.

"no baby, I'm not" managing a weak smile.

he quickly shuffled in, when he reached me I helped him on the bed, sitting on his knees he gave a doubtful look, he even reached out and with one tiny finger ran it under one of my eyes.

"you cried mummy, you is sad"

"you're such a smart boy"

"I no want you sad, please no crying mummy" he patted my cheek lightly "I make it better" he whispered.

pulling him into my arms for a hug, sometimes my son, you are the key to my sanity. holding and rocking him gently in my arms.

"you already have baby.. you already have"

To be Continued...
Feels as if I've become a permanent fixture here. I'm actually astonished that suspicions hadn't arisen by my constant presence, but something told me that a certain Doctor put a good word in for me, and ever since Julian's disappearance from here, I think the Administration of the Hospital is more than willing to... kiss Tom's ass.

Mulling over in my head after the assault on Paisley, I hadn't decided on just how to take care of it. Ben was number one on my shit list, no one... does that to my little sister, and as promised, I kept my mouth shut. Tom knew nothing, that bothered me, he should know just how far this asshole colleague of his has taken his... flirtations.

My train of thought was interrupted by a slightly noisy conversation going on behind me, so naturally I tuned in.

"Reg, are you okay?"

"Yes, but... was it just me or did that Doctor come off a bit... rude?"

"It wasn't you... he acted disgusted the whole time, I mean really. I know there's people out there who don't approve of us... but we were there for Daniel's check up, not to be judged on our sexual orientation, and he seems to focus on that during the visit, not our son"

"And he came so highly recommended, the finest Pediatrician here... what was his name again? I want to make sure none of our friends encounter his... bullshit"

"The last name is a bit of a... debacle, his first name was Ben I do believe, we can look up his full name in the Physician's directory on the way out"

"Alright... shall we go? I promised Daniel we'd take him for ice cream if he was good at the appointment"

"Yes, let's just get out of here"

I sat quietly as the two men one of which was holding a toddler walked passed me, so... it seems that Ben has a distaste for the Gay community, hmmm... seems Doctor Ben's just one big asshole intolerant of a lot of things... that's going to change.

"Morsel"

I tenderly traced the outline of his lips with a finger.

"Yes" I whispered.

"You seem on edge in recent days... is it the pregnancy?"

If he only knew... but we'll stick with pregnancy story for now.

"A little more hormonal than I was with Julian, maybe I'm having a girl" I snickered.

Tom's smile grew wide, as he toyed with my hair.
"I'd like to have a daughter, my own mini version of you.. ehehehehe"

"you laugh now, but if it's girl.. they do grow up, and when she starts dating.."

the smile disappeared quickly.

"aw that's not going to happen, she won't be dating until she's in her thirties... if she's lucky"

"figures" I rubbed at my belly "that's alright, if you are a girl.. pay no mind to daddy, just come to me first"

a brow cocked and he frowned a bit.

"Paisley..."

I stuck my tongue out, giggling.

"no teasing.. or I'll have to take drastic measures" I simply stared at him, it was then I noticed he was stroking his hard cock, making a slight jump, as I felt his finger slide across my increasingly wet folds "Paisley, I bet your core is so wet, fuck.. it's soo arousing even thinking about it"

and without another word, he gently picked me up, sheathing his cock inside, gasping as I felt his length fill me, my arms clung around his neck as he firmly held my ass cheeks, slowly he was pumping up into me, tightening my hold about his neck, I let him take over and over as I rested my forehead on his shoulder just gasping and panting, his upward thrusts were becoming more vigorous.

"I want to please you morsel,... uuh oooh" he hissed through gritted teeth, I was so caught up in our sexual heat, I was unable to respond, except maybe whimper my approval, his cock began twitching inside me, and my walls, convulsing I knew... and so did he. "cum for me darling.. ooh.. now!" his voice strained.

it was a simultaneous release as we both threw our heads back, crying out to one another, I slumped against him in a sweaty blissed out mess, chest heaving, one of his hands slid from my butt, straight up my spine, making its way up to the back of my neck, grasping a handful of hair at the nape, pulling my head back, he was looking directly at me from under hooded lids.

"I love that we can read one another's body's, to know what each other desires Paisley, and with me you shall always have it"

"You really don't have too Paisley"

looking over my shoulder, smiling.. it was unusual to say for me at least, to see Lawrence in just Jeans and a black T shirt, but there he was sitting at the kitchen table in very casual clothes, not the suits he'd normally adorn.

"no problem, I already cooked Tom breakfast before he went to work.. I'm in cooking mode, besides.. its the least I could do"

the big man folded his arms as he slumped a bit in his chair, looking at me curiously.

"and what's that suppose to mean?"

turning fully around with spatula in hand.
"do I really need to elaborate?" giving him a knowing look.

"Paisley..I didn't do anything, I just happen to be there, had I caught up to you sooner.. more than likely there would of been a crime scene"

his facial expression couldn't of been more serious.

"I know.. but having you there, showing up when you did... it was calming for me, I felt safe, I was losing my shit, and you kept me from going completely off the deep end... so yeah, cooking you breakfast is the least I can do"

"I'm glad to have been able to help, but you know that" he grinned.

"yes, I'm aware.. SO.. scrambled or not, how do you like your eggs?"

I was so busy cooking, I hadn't realized someone else joined us in the Kitchen, and Lawrence didn't either.

Thwack!

"ow... sonofabitch!"

jumping whirling around, but when I looked down, I was beyond horrified, there stood my sweet little boy, grinning ear to ear, in his hand.. a riding crop.

"wook what I find mummy!" he cheered.

Lawrence looked at me now standing, when he saw what I did, his lips twisted to one side, giving me a really Paisley?, leaving your sex toys in reach of your child kind of look, rubbing my throbbing butt cheek, I could only ask.

"Julian, where did you get that?"

"I bored mummy.. so I pway Pie-wit an go wooking for trea-sure, an I find dis"

he was now waving it, quickly I took it from him.

"you went nosing around in mommy an daddy's room is what you did little man"

wringing his little fingers together, giving me a sidelong glance.

"maaaybe"

"Julian Thomas.. your father has told you many times not to be in our room unless we are there"

he could see by the look on my face I wasn't buying into his "cuteness" his face dropped.

"I sar-wee mummy, peeze no mad at me"

"I'm not mad, just disappointed you broke a rule.. I'll have to tell daddy now"

his bottom lip popped out, nope that's not going to work my son.

"daddy be mad I no he will.." it was sad tone now, "you still wuv me mummy?"
oh god, he's good!, definitely his father's son.

"Julian..you know better than to ask me that" picking him up, he threw his arms around my neck.

"cause you do an I no how to make you feel better..huh mummy?"

looking over at Lawrence who was shaking his head, smirking.. taking a chance Julian wouldn't see, I flipped off the giant smartass sitting at the table.

I was barely out of my shoes when Julian came bounding in, all smiles filled with excitement.

"daddy!.. I swapped mummy's butt wiff a stick!"

to say I was taken aback by his exuberant declaration was putting it mildly, I just stared at that bouncy toddler before me.

"um..you what?"

"ehhehehehe, I swapped hur butt.. wiff a stick..she no liked it doe"

still trying to process what my son had told me, when Paisley walked in a bit gimpy, she was favoring her right hip or so it looked.

"Paisley..you alright" I gave a nod in the direction of her hips.

looking down, then up she was frowning

"ask your son.. he thought it was in his best interest to go rummaging through our room, then take something out of there, bring it into the kitchen and give me a wild smack in the ass with what he found"

looking at Jules he was absolutely beaming.

"mummy says it a widing cwop, it fur horsey's"

looking to Paisley she held in her hand.. a riding crop, wearing a very perturbed look.

"you slapped mummy's bum with that?"

pointing at what was in Paisleys hand.

"um..ya, I jus toll ya dat daddy" he sounded annoyed.. really Jules?

Paisley discreetly slid the top of her Yoga pants down, oh-my-god... there was a long angry welt with dark bruising surrounding it.

"Jules.. you hurt mummy"

his little face clouded up instantly and looked over to Paisley.

"I weally sar-wee I hurt yur butt, an dat I was in da room, I luv you mummy" he whimpered, his bottom lip quivered.

Paisley made her way over picking him up.
"I know you are, and I love you too, but you know better than to be in our room without us."

kissing each of his round cheeks, he still looked quite contrite and curled up in her arms.

"I no do it again" his voice muffled as he buried his face into her shoulder.

holding him tightly, slowly she began swaying side to side as her cheek rested atop his nest of curls, such a wonderful mum, I really did good in choosing the perfect woman.

It was exactly two months later, making it October, and from the looks of my swelling abdomen, it was obvious too, sighing I stared at myself in the bathroom mirror, smoothing both hands down my belly in my semi-formal knee length "Caspian blue" lace maternity dress, I knew the color name only because when I purchased it, the sales lady kept fucking repeating it until I wanted to tear her fake eyelashes off, hormonal much?

"let me see"

upon hearing his voice I turned around, his eyes danced as he looked me over, moving his head side to side taking in my appearance.

"eye fucking your wife I see"

smiling as he walked up to me, wiggling his brows.

"and why shouldn't I?, you look ... fuckable"

rolling my eyes, I playfully slapped at him only to be greeted by his chuckles.

"I look pregnant, so it's more along the lines...you look like you've been fucked"

running a hand down my large lengthy curls, courtesy of Emma and a really big curling iron.

"eh, eh, eh, that... my darling is for sure, people will see that we definitely have a healthy sex life"

"hmmm, yeah.. or that for a Doctor you willingness to wear a condom is... nonexsistant" he was smoothing his hands across my belly.

"I can't help it darling if you seem to have the shittiest luck with any sort of Birth control"

closing the distance between us until my breast were squished into him, looking up through my lashes.

"sure, act like you're disappointed that I'm pregnant, but I happen to know what a damn lie that is... you like me all bloated out with your offspring"

he raised a brow.

"bloated out?.. morsel, I prefer... her belly is heavy with my child"

it was my turn to raise a brow... uh... no.

"that just sounds... poetically shitty, Tom"

"bloated out, poetically shitty.. darling where do you get this stuff?, cause its awful, and insults the
our pointless banter ended when we heard Julian announce himself, but upon entering the bedroom I instantly broke out in giggles, there standing proudly was our Son, in a haphazardly buttoned white shirt with a clip on tie, clipped to one of the buttons and... *that was all he was wearing.*

"see I get weady to go to partee too!"

he threw his hands up excitedly, exposing fully what should be covered, looking over at Tom I snickered.

"he's all yours.. daddy"

patting his chest as I turned and walked back in the bathroom to finish up getting ready for the partee, as Julian put it.

I listened as Tom went about Julian's.. lack of attire.

"Jules.. um, you need to cover up your business"

there was a short pause, then....

"it not biz-ness daddy.. it a pee pee"

*that did it,* I was in hysterics now, my son never failed to do this to me and daddy had been properly scolded for what Julian deemed... ignorance.

"morsel.." Tom growled from the bedroom.

"ahahahahahahaha!, oh hell Tom" I was in the doorway of the bathroom now leaning on the frame, "I guess you could say.. you've been *corrected,* and by your almost three year old son"

turning back at me Tom gave me a disapproving look.

"you knew he was going to say that"

"no.. don't go blaming me for your moment of mortification"

Julian watched us amused by our playful banter, grinning almost in an over the top manner.

"dadee no not what a pee pee was, I tell him mummy, he sma-tur now"

*oh my god Julian!*.. snorting just before laughing again I looked at Tom who just stood there in complete disbelief, with his mouth hanging open.

Glued to Tom's side, I made sure he was never far from me, shit why did I agree to this?.. oh yeah, I said I would and.. he delightfully fucked me into an agreement *sigh* 

"darling you alright?.. you're tense"

looking up, the concern was evident on his face.

"I'm good as long as you don't stray far"

his arm that was draped around my waist, tightened.
"I promise..but you've been downing the Shirley Temples, you need to use the loo?" now that he mentioned it..*yeah.*

"probably should empty the bladder,its not like I don't pee like a race horse as it is" I frowned

As I exited the Lady's room feeling a better sense of relief, but that was short lived.

"my my little bird,it seems pregnancy does agree with you"

it came from behind me,god no,please go away you sonofabitch!, looking over my shoulder I managed a very hot glare.

"I could give two shits if you think it does" I growled.

he started to approach me, taking a step back I held a hand up, stopping, he gave me one of his arrogant smirks.

"what..still trying to get over our..visit?, you know..I have to say,your sweet pouty little lips were quite..delicious,though the biting I could of done without"

having no more of his salacious banter I quickly made my way back to the Party.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw an all too familiar scene..Paisley scurrying by, that meant only one thing..*Ben,* time to take care of business and kill two birds with one stone.

He had no idea what hit him, shoving him into an empty conference room,I watched him stagger to keep his footing,composing himself,he glared warily up at me.

"big fucking mistake mate,you're in over your head!" he spat angrily.

the audacity of this prick, I advanced on him and before Ben knew it, he was pressed face first into a wall, and I made sure I was pressed just as hard up against his back,leaning in I whispered.

"the only fucking mistake I made..was not doing this sooner"

running a hand down his side,he tensed..*yeah this was going to be fun,* and to make my point clear,I pressed my crotch into his backside.

"yeah,I knew you were the one,I've been watching you Doctor..*and I like what I see*"

he turned his head slightly to look at me, terror wasn't the word,how does it feel you fucking shit?,no fun to be on the receiving end of unwanted...advances.

"not to sound cliché Doc..but you really do have a pretty mouth"

I ground my crotch harder into him for good measure, his eyes popped,*that's right motherfucker..believe the unthinkable is about to happen,feel what my sister must of felt when she was in your position.*

"*please ddon't*" he was a stuttering mess,*good you piece of shit,think the worst.*

"oh,but I thought you liked being alone..*secluded from others doing wicked things,you know..like at"
the Christmas Ball a few years back with Paisley.. I admit.. she is lovely, but not yours .. tsk tsk.. Doctor, you shouldn’t be shamelessly forcing yourself on women who don’t like you.. when there is someone who’d love a crack at you”

and the icing on the cake.. I smirked as I unzipped my pants, or at least gave him the impression, that's all it took, he struggled a bit, I gave him the leeway to make his escape, and escape he did. Ben couldn't get out the door fast enough, I could only laugh.. now maybe he'd choose wisely whether to harass my sister.. or not.

Taking a drink of my punch I saw over the rim of my glass. .. Ben and damn was he in a hurry to get somewhere, and he looked almost.. scared, when he disappeared from the crowd of people I looked over from where he came, standing there leaning against the wall, hands planted in the front pocket of his pants was Lawrence, grinning like a fucking cat, he made eye contact with me, giving a wink.

the fuck did you just do Lawrence?

To be Continued...

Paisley's Dress for the Ball

Unwanted Legacy

It had been a week since the Party, and just as long since I saw Lawrence, he wasn't even answering his cell, nor could the front desk at the Hotel who rang his room several times for me, the hell Lurch, where are you?, maybe I just need to go see him myself.

Approaching the front desk, I was greeted by the friendly Concierge.

"Hello and good morning ma'am, welcome to the Dorchester"

Smiling, in return, though it was hard, the counter was almost taller than me.

"Hello, I'm looking for one of your guests, a Lawrence Rhodes" the Concierge's forehead creased as if trying to recall the name. "You'd know if you saw him, he's quite tall... in fact if he were a mountain, he'd be Everest"

"Aah, yes the rather tall American fellow, polite and quiet... yet I personally wouldn't want to cross him, may I ask why you're inquiring?"

"Sorry I should of known, I'm a friend of his, and I haven't heard or seen him in a week, just checking on him"

He began working the keyboard of his computer.

"Ah yes, he's still registered here, I'll ring his room"

After knocking on the door, there was a short pause, then it opened, peering in as he didn't even look to see who he was letting in, nor did he speak, that's not like him at all. Making my way into the room, I stopped short, Lawrence sat half slumped in a chair wearing grey sweats and matching tank top, in one hand held a glass with what looked to be whiskey, and a shit eating grin on his face.

"Oh my god... you're shit faced!"

He chuckled deeply, waving his glass about.

"No... but I'm on my way"

"The hell is going on Lawrence?"

Walking up to him, I attempted to take the glass from him, he quickly pulled his arm away, lifting the glass in the air, laughing as I was on my tip toes trying to reach it. fuck you Lawrence, poking fun at my stature.

"You might as well give up, you'll never reach it... shorty!"

I slapped his shoulder hard, but that only facilitated more laughter, I groaned.

"Fuck you Lawrence!, if you want to get stupid on whiskey, fine!... but I've been worried, I haven't seen
nor heard from you in a week, what the hell is with that?"

his eyes were mirthful as well as glassy with intoxication.

"eh, I needed some down time.. can't be a badass twenty four.. *hic* twenty four sev *hic*.. aw fuck, you know what I mean"

"understood, but have you been drunk this whole time?"

I successfully grabbed the glass from him, he looked at me annoyed, then grinned at me as he reached down beside his chair, bringing up a bottle of Jack Daniels taking a healthy swig from it.

"no.. just today.." he then emitted a loud obnoxious belch "damn"

"why?.. is something wrong?"

he gave me a cheesy closed mouth smile as his head hung to the side.

"you worried about me little Paisley, a big fucking goon, who's always in the shadows"

"just stop, of course I am, you're like family.. you think you can do all the worrying, over me.. my family, and that I don't get concerned of your well being?"

setting the bottle down, he managed to straighten in the chair.

"I have a secret"

"why doesn't that surprise me?" I folded my arms. for a moment he looked serious, pulling an empty chair beside him he patted the cushion urging me to sit, so I did.

"I'm not who you think I am"

oh shit, could he be serious?, or is this his drunken way of fucking with me? 

"really?.. let me guess, you aren't really a former FBI agent, but from a secret organization that's so closed mouth about who they are, that if you tell.. they'll either flog you until your bloody to the point of death, or.. I know, they'll castrate you, better yet.. Piper is my evil stepsister" Lawrence stared at me as if I lost my mind.

"no.. that's asinine, where did you come up with that shit?"

"gee I wonder?.. like my life hasn't been surrounded by asinine shit, I had a crime Boss for a father, his secretary used to fuck my husband back in his Uni days, and you.. worked for my father, but was doing this covertly cause you were really a Federal Agent who rescued me during a raid over twenty five years ago.. please, give me some credit" I frowned.

he nodded putting his large hands up in surrender.

"okay, okay.. ornery shit that you are, I get it"

"good"

"now.. as I was trying to get around to saying is,.. that shit storm that happened at the Hospital with
you and Ben, then the party, it... hit me all at once, so... I decided to just drink, knowing at some point you needed to know my secret, it was just a matter of when"

okay, so he was being serious, this wasn’t the act of a person buzzed on alcohol.

"so what is it, this secret of yours?"

looking at me, his expression softened.

"Paisley, I do these things for you, the protecting, following you... etcetera, not only cause of my training, or that the memory of that small child clinging to me for security, it runs deeper than that"

oh fuck, if he tells me he has a crush of some sort on me... ugh, no... do not go there Lawrence.

"oookay... meaning?"

mopping his face with a hand he sighed.

"you and I have something in common, or should I say, someone... um... we have the same... father"

trying to wrap my head around what he had said, my brows furrowed... this isn't what I was expecting... what kind of fuckery is this?

"Lawrence... if you have the same father?... whoa wait. " I stood up, pacing now." no... uh uh"

he was now standing, my brain was on overdrive, he then spoke softly.

"yes Paisley... what I'm saying is... I'm your Brother"

my body froze as the information finally sunk in, our eyes locked, he went to reach for me, but I took a step back.

"what-the-actual-fuck, Lawrence?"

It had been at least an hour when Lawrence had finished his story... my god... he really was my brother, what a peculiar life I'm ending up having, this was some wild shit, he watched me carefully, I was assuming he was measuring what my reaction would be.

"Paisley, I'm sorry if this is too much for you to hear, but as for me... its a liberation, I can finally be who I really am... the big brother you always saw in me... a reality"

he looked relieved but worried too, I could only sit and stare at this giant idiot I came to love as a dear friend... now this hidden truth... revealed, it all made sense, everything.

"um" I chewed my bottom lip "I... I can see that, I guess, it explains a lot"

I was suddenly engulfed in an embrace, a genuinely caring, brotherly hug, his long arms held me firmly, I felt a little peck atop my head, returning the gesture, my arms made their way around his mid section... who would of thought, my Guardian Angel... was my brother.

"I'm just glad you found out properly, the way Tom found out... damn I thought he was going to make a eunuch out of me"

pulling my head back, looking up at him I scowled.
"what..you mean to tell me my husband knew..and he never told me?"

"well" he cleared his throat "it was either I told him why his wife was snuggled up on the couch with..me..or there was going to be a world war three in your living room"

running the memory through my head,I did remember,it was after we got Julian back,an I couldn't sleep that night.

"oh..wow"

he snorted.

"question though..are all Dom's like him,or is it just Tom?, cause damn,he was enraged"

"how the fuck would I know.?..like I've spent my life being a toy to guys,I've never been a sub before,jesus Lawrence,what kind of woman you think I am?"

"okay, chill.. just asking"

"Tom's been possessive of me since day one"

"you know..if I hadn't any knowledge about Dom/sub relationships..I would of put the hurt on him far worse than he could ever do to me..I've seen the bruises Paisley,but that's none of my business,however I will admit..it bothers me sometimes"

grinning I shook my head.

"he doesn't do that against my will, and..well Big Bro..I like it"

he wrinkled his nose,yeah he was disgusted.

"well little Sis.. you're weird"

"fuck you Lawrence" I pushed him playfully.

"he loves you with a sincere passion,that..is his saving grace,otherwise.."

"Lawrence" I warned.

"I love you as Brother does, and I'll do what's necessary to protect you, you know this..so piss off you little shit and let me do my job" he was smirking.

"you piss off,you giant asshole" my smirk now matched his.

I stood in the doorway of Tom's office(at home),arms folded, watching him tapping away on his laptop,he must of felt my presence,cause he peered over the top of it.

"morsel?"

"the one and only"

slowly making my way in,wearing a look of indifference, he watched as I approached the desk.

"something wrong?"
leaning on his desk with both hands, feeling slightly miffed.

"so.. just when were you going to let me in on the fact that Lawrence.. *is my brother*"

his jaw dropped and he stared blankly up at me, I raised a brow giving him my best scolding look.

"uh.. well.. I"

"hmm, I'm sure Lawrence told you not to say anything, but Tom" I leaned in further "would you tolerate my silence if the roles were reversed?, you're my husband.. regardless what that thug of a brother of mine told you.. you should of said something"

*god was I a hypocrite.. I can see this coming back to bite me in the ass.. fuck!*

rolling his chair closer to me, he now was leaning on the desk too, with folded arms.

"morsel, I did want to tell you, and yes he did ask me not to say anything, it wasn't my place"

giving my lips a twist I sighed.

"I think its still shitty"

"I'm sorry darling, its just.. I knew he would tell you"

there was something going on behind those blue eyes as a pause grew between us, and I was about to find out what it was.. reaching over he pulled me to him I sat on his lap, felt him take my hand placing it on his crotch, I raised a brow, slowly he made my hand rub his cock which was quickly stiffening, *geez of all times Tom.*

*I knew where this was going,* and took over and began my own caressing, working my fingers over the magnificent lump in his trousers, his hips started shifting, observing his face I saw the beginnings of the all too familiar feral look growing in his eyes, our eyes stayed locked but it was short lived.

suddenly I was up ended or so it seemed, the next thing I knew he had me bent over the desk, pants at my ankles, his body hovered over mine, pressing his obvious trouser covered erection into my backside, *digging it in* at times.

"do you want me, sir?"

"indeed I do morsel... *I require all of you*"

pushing my ass up against him hard enough to let him know, I wanted him too.

"then take me" I moaned.

"aw god morsel, I can practically smell your arousal, it's driving me mad.. *fuck!*"

hearing him as he unbuckled his pants, Tom thrusted hard into me making me yelp, he held firm to my hips and drove into me over and over grunting, panting. I felt one of his hands glide down the contour of my sweaty body, reaching around, I gasped as his finger began to rub circles on my clit, I could feel both our orgasms were imminent.

"muuummy, daaaddy!"

"SHIT!" we growled in unison.
immediately Tom ceased his actions and we both scrambled to recover.
"did you lock the door?"

Tom threw me a fearful look, *not good.*

"no..hurry up!" he said hurriedly.

our timing couldn't of been better as Julian burst through door, all smiles and giggles, Tom leaned in whispering.

"our Son..the cock blocker"

I had to stifle my laughter while trying to keep composed, Julian was already wrapped around my leg.

"I took my nap mummy,I's a good boy"

"yes, but next time you need to knock, this is daddy's office remember?"

he looked up and over to Tom.

"knock knock daddy" his face beaming up at his father.

Tom and I looked at each other, snorting before we broke out into laughter.

"Are you certain?, cause I haven't seen any activity about the residence, and..are you serious?..that can't be, its impossible"

this wasn't a call I wanted, but ever since Paisley and I brought Julian back, there hadn't been any retaliation.. until now, why had they waited so long?, but that wasn't what disturbed me as much as what had just been revealed to me, after the call ended I knew I needed to inform Tom and Paisley.

Walking into the living room the first thing I saw was Paisley, slumped on the couch half asleep, with Julian sprawled across her lap out cold.

"aahh motherhood"

"uhmm" she nodded "so hows it going Bro?"

I regarded her with a disapproving look.

"Bro?..really, what happened to Lawrence?"

sitting beside her she glanced up, *yeah she looks worn out as of late.*

"Lawrence is my Bro.. that's what happened, moron" she yawned.

"hmm, alright.. anyways, where's Tom?"

"in his office" she gestured carelessly with one hand behind her," or upstairs, not really sure"

"Paisley, somethings come up about what's going on at the Estate, I need to speak to both of you"

when I mentioned the Estate, it triggered something in Paisley who was instantly alert and I noticed
she now had a protective hold on Julian, placing a calming hand on hers.

"whats going on?..it can't be good if you want to talk to us both"

"its not, I need you both to be prepared for what I'm about to tell you"

she had Julian bundled up close to her chest, fear had reached her eyes, they were fixed on me, I didn't know how I was going to tell her what was disclosed to me earlier

"tell me Lawrence"

sighing I could only wish the news wasn't true, it wasn't impossible..but why now?, and what does it mean?

"it seems..you and I aren't Sean's only..progeny"

*To be Continued.*
"So now what do we do?..you're telling us there's this...new heir to Sean's Throne as it were..I'll not have my Wife in harm's way any further than she has, plus she's with child that's to consider, nor have my son subjected to it anymore"

I had had enough of this family's clandestine and dangerous triangle, shit needed to stop, Lawrence could see that I was..done.

"agreed, both of them will not be involved, even if I have to go as far as to send them both to the States under protective custody to ensure their safety, this includes you Tom"

"don't worry about me"

his eyes narrowed.

"if they cannot get to Julian, they will go after you.. anyone closest to Paisley, don't think you're immune, you are her husband after all"

I hadn't thought about that, but the grip I felt on my sleeve told me otherwise, looking down I saw the worried expression on her face, that told me volumes, caressing the side of her cheek trying to absolve her of any fear, she leaned into it closing her eyes.

"don't leave me"

"I'm not going anywhere Paisley"

December seemed to arrive over night, and with it..my fifth month of pregnancy, I looked like I swallowed Volkswagen bug, even if it was just one baby and a small one at that, Tom reassured me on numerous occasions that I didn't look like I hadn't eaten a car, Diana was just too pleased with the fact that another Grand baby was on the way to care what I looked like, and Julian.

now a whole three years old, well he was just wondering if he poked mummy's tummy hard enough if I'd explode?, and was quite intrigued with my now protruding belly button and would at every opportunity sit an push it in just to watch it.. pop back out.. *sigh*, as for my brother Lawrence, *that still feels weird to say*.

he has been almost nonexistent in recent months since he received information about this..person who is yet another child of our fathers line, One thing was for sure, he may not have been around much.. but his.. colleagues or whatever he calls them.. were discreetly, but they were around, whether they happened to be about the Hospital watching over Tom.. or here keeping an eye on myself and Julian.

"mummy?"

looking to my left, a bored looking toddler.. well shit.. this can't be good.

"what is it?"

without much fanfare he slumped forward on my belly to which I ooffed.

"when can da baby come out an pay wiff me?"
yeah I was right..bored, *lord help me.*

"the baby can't come out for four more months Julian, and even then, they can't play... it'll be too little"

he groaned rolling on his back looking upside down at me.

"muuumiiieee"

"Julian Thomas.. enough"

a bottom lip popped out...

"I hear whining"

ah relief, there is a god!.

"you heard correctly"

I looked up as Tom walked over kissing me, now looking down at his pouting charge, giving him a scolding look.

"are you giving mummy a bad time?"

Julian looked over at me angling his head, scrunching his forehead.

"I tot we's havin' a good time mummy?"

"we were, you just weren't happy with the idea of not being able to play with the baby when its born... at least not right away"

climbing up next to me on the couch he was about to answer me when his eyes widened.

"MUMMY!.. *where ya get dose!*

I looked to where he pointed, rolling my eyes and Tom's boisterous laughter didn't help any, my son seem to have discovered much to his child-like shock. *my absurdly large bust line.*

"Julian, those are for the baby" I looked to my husband annoyingly "*and you... can just shut up anytime now*"

"oh morsel,... *ehehehehe... I'm really... ehehehe... sorry*"

"oh ya, you *really* sound like it" throwing a pillow at him now "*ass-hole*" I mouthed to him as I glared.

Julian stood next to me now staring at the swollen mounds in front of me, I wasn't sure I wanted know what was going through that overly inquisitive mind of his.

"how come day are da baby's?"

"its what I'll feed the baby with, I fed you with them"

he wrinkled his nose, his face showed disbelief.

"ya put yer boobies in my face mummy?"

he almost squealed, as his tone was bordering on disgust, looking helplessly over at Tom who I knew
was stifling his laughter.
"son..I think for now, Q an A is over with"

walking over he scooped Julian up swinging him up in the air.

*thank God..I think I need nap now.*

I watched as Julian bounced on his bottom in his chair trying to get a spoonful of cereal in his mouth,maybe I should of waited to tell him his Gram's was on her way to pick him up cause he was to spend the weekend with her and his Aunt's Emma an Sarah who was here on a mini vacation,now he was wound tighter than a tick.

"Julian, settle down,you're going to wear more of your breakfast than eat it"

"I cited mummy..ehehehehe!"

"I can see that son" I grinned placing a piece of toast next to him.

"oooh, has jelwee"

before I could stop him he plowed it into his face,I winced..*great.*

"Julian Thomas..you didn't let me cut it in half"

all I got was a purple faced smile..with some teeth.

"is good mummy..gwape!"

"yes I'm sure" I sighed in defeat.

Tom walked in buttoning the cuffs of his shirt,giving me a kiss on the cheek,an a smack on the butt,*oh yes that made my pregnant self feel quite sexy,* *eye roll* he turned to kiss Julian but stopped short,smart move dad,his forehead creased significantly.

"Jules..what on earth?"

"remind you of anything?" I snickered popping a piece of toast in my mouth.

looking over at me he shook his head as he thought.

"no"

"really?.me..a croissant,grape jelly..a gloop of it falling..*somewhere* you going after it and....you ending up with a grape jelly goatee" my smirk couldn't of been more apparent.

as he seem to become aware of that particular memory, he chuckled deeply.

"ehehehehehehehe..*oh yes*" he turned fully facing me,his azure eyes sparkling "I also recall what happened afterwards" he wiggled his brows.

"Tom..don't be a pig"

from behind him we heard the unmistakable "pig" sounds..and commentary,coming from our son.."oink oink oink..ehehehe..daddy piggy"
Tom and I looked at each other before sputtering into laughter.

Diana, Emma and Sarah came in with a flourish, we were still in the kitchen when Diana first kissed her son, me then fussed over Julian, Emma however zeroed in on Julian from the get go, when Sarah entered the kitchen and took one look at me.

"good gawd brother..what the bloody hell?..you really need to quit doing this to her" she pointed to me.

"wha?" he acted innocent.

she wasn't buying it, frowning.

"can't you keep it tied in a knot or something?"

chuckling I nodded my head side to side.

"well it is long enough, don't see why not"

Tom and Sarah threw me shocked looks.

"morsel!"

Sarah's shock melted into a wicked smile, and playfully pretended to smack him in the groin, which freaked her brother out.

"Hey!" Tom made a slight jump covering himself.

"daddy"

turning we all looked at Julian, who was observing his father curiously.

"why ya holdin' yer cwotch?, ya gotta pee?"

Tom looked down, he was in fact still covering himself, Sarah and I looked at him, trying not to laugh, he gave us a dirty look, before addressing his son.

"um well son-

"cuz if ya do.. go use da potty" he held up his index finger "mummy no wike it if ya pee yer pants, it messy an stinky" every adult in the room went quiet, Julian then looked up at Diana "can we go gammie, I weady"

"um yes darling, I think we better"

Diana I could tell was fighting off the urge to just burst out laughing, as she looked over at her own son while she picked Julian up handing him over to Emma.

Tom composed himself looking at me..oh my god, was he blushing?

Lying on the exam table, I watched as Tom slowly paced the room hands clasped behind his back.

"you alright?"
looking over his shoulder nodding.

"yes, why?"

"you seem nervous, that's all, it's just a routine Ultrasound Tom, we've had them before"

I propped myself up on both elbows.

"I know, but today we get the results of the Amniocentesis as well"

"is that what's worrying you?"

sitting beside me now, ever so gently rubbing my swollen stomach as he looked upon it.

"you have to admit Paisley, this pregnancy.. isn't like it was with Jules"

"well.. no pregnancies are alike, you as a Doctor should know that"

looking up at me, there was concern all over his face, did he know something I didn't?, was there something wrong with our baby?

"I do.. but, you seem weaker, and have had to have more tests, that's why I'm here today, I'll be honest with you.. I'm worried morsel"

taking his hand in mine, squeezing it, trying to reassure not only him by myself as well.

"the baby is fine, you'll see, and if you like we can find out if.. as Julian puts it.. will it pee like me and daddy?"

Tom chuckled shaking his head.

"sure morsel.. we can find out"

Krista was one of my favorite Tech's as she seemed to enjoy her job, that an she put up with Julian without a fuss whenever I have had to bring him with me, in fact she called him her "little mate" currently she setting up the Ultrasound machine and was looking around for him.

"where's me little mate?, haven't seen or heard him since I came in"

"he's spending the weekend with Gram's and his Aunty's" I smiled "thank the maker"

"ah well, sometimes mum needs a break, did he by chance take his picture with him?"

oh shit.. I forgot about that damn thing! Tom looked at me and Krista, puzzled.

"picture?"

Krista grinned rather mischievously at me, great she's about to throw my ass under the bus.

"I take it ya didn't tell the Doctor or show him"

yep, nice Krista.. thanks a lot.. wincing as I looked up at Tom, shaking my head.

"no"

"should I tell him Paisley?"
"yes,you might as well there's nothing to hide now,plus..he'll be giving me hell about it until I do"

Krista pointed to the Ultrasound machine.

"it seems Julian was quite interested in the pictures I was takin' of your baby,and wanted some of his insides as well..so" she giggled "I obliged the young sir"

Tom looked at us his brows raised.

"you took Ultrasound pictures of my son?"

"of his lower intestines to be exact" Krista snickered "seems the boy had..uh,well he had a BM in there waitin' as it were"

"and beings that he's your son" I spoke up "he came right out an asked mummy is dat a uh turd"

squeezing his eyes shut,suppressing his laughter,but failed,Tom burst, and Krista joined in, I however did not, I recalled all too well the events that took place afterwards, my son couldn't contain himself,proudly showing anyone and everyone that he saw, the picture of his intestines and his...poop,...that was a long fucking day..for me.

Gliding the Ultrasound probe across my belly the baby came into view immediately.

"there's the wee thing..or should I say..its arse" Krista snickered.

Tom and I looked carefully.

"and a wee arse it is " Tom's look of concern returned.

" it is, but look at the mum,she's no amazon..petite she is, could be takin' after her"

moving the probe around, it didn't look as if the baby wasn't going to cooperate and give us the chance to see if we had us another boy, or a girl, but definitely not the exhibitionist in the womb like its brother was.

"well hon, I'm sorry..this little sprite isn't givin' us any leeway, however" she held up a finger "we do have your Amnio results, and they do have the gender listed"

raising my head up, I had no idea, this was news to me.

"so you already know! ??" I was anxious now.

"aye..I do"

"well?"

I was getting more than anxious now, Tom was now on his feet.

"the test results first"

Krista eyed him.

"ever the Doctor aren't we?..I can tell you without having Nan here, that everything's fine, your baby is healthy, so quit stewing, relax"

"you're sure?" he persisted.
giving his leg a hard slap, I was at the point where his concern was starting to piss me off.

"Tom!, she said.. the baby is fine, now. I want to know what we're having"

looking at me, he could tell I wasn't having any of it, no more.. slowly he sat back down.

"morsel.. I just-

putting a hand up quickly, he closed his mouth.

"not.. another word" I warned, glaring hard.

he sighed nodding at Krista to continue, she opened my file looking at it, like she really needed too.

"hmm.. looks as if.. " and her eyes wandered over to Tom "daddy is going to have to by a firearm at some point.. like when its a teenager" she wore a crooked grin.

clapping both hands over my mouth, I knew instantly.. however, Mister college educated, with a PhD.. my husband, it flew completely over his head.

"TOM!.. WE'RE HAVING A GIRL!" I squealed.

looking at me, then to Krista who was grinning ear to ear.

"truly?" he looked as if he were about to cry.

"oh yes Daddy.. its a girl" she held up a paper from my file "see its says XX by the gender section"

Tom's eyes scanned the document and widened, then out of nowhere, he pulled me in for a passionate kiss, Krista could only fuel my embarrassment by whooping and chanting "go Tom!"

damn her rowdy exuberance anyways... embarrassing.

On our way towards the Hospital Lobby Tom was all excited.. to say the least, the news of the baby's good health, and having confirmed we were having a girl had him giddy, it was almost annoying.

"darling, this is so.. I don't know.. we're having.. a little morsel"

giving him a side long glance I raise a brow.

"isn't that a bit of a oxymoron.. a little morsel"

"don't piss on my parade, you know what I mean.. a little.. you"

I stuck my tongue out.

"mmm, the things I could make you do with that" he whispered in my ear as he looked ahead while we walked.

"the things YOU HAVE made me do with this tongue Mr. Hiddleston" I countered with a wry smile.

"ehehehehehe, well.. you are.. mine"

he kissed my ear until it made an annoying squeaking noise, I pushed him away playfully.
"good morning"

we both stopped our affectionate horseplay upon hearing the familiar voice, Tom straightened, pulling me tighter against him.

"Ben" he gave a nod.

"I see your pregnancy is coming along well, how you feeling? good I hope"

"the fuck?.. where's the arrogant smirk.. no.. little bird?.. no condescending words?"

"I.. I'm fine, we are all doing fine"

"I'm glad to hear it" he looked at Tom "its good to see you out an about with the family, though I don't see master Julian"

"he's with his Grandmother" Tom wasn't rude, but he wasn't exactly nice either.

"ah, a little mom an dad time before the new arrival, that's good, well" he smiled "I must be going, its good to see you both" giving a nod he continued on his way.

"okay.. that was weird"

I turned watching as Ben left, staring in disbelief.

"yeah, he's been acting odd for awhile now.. being all.. pleasant"

Tom said the last word like it was foreign to him, probably cause that word and Ben weren't something that was associated.. ever.

"Pleasant?"

"uh huh.. but I'm not questioning it, the man hasn't been a a dick in quite some time.. don't want to jinx it.. now morsel, lets discuss something else.. like, food.. how about brunch?"

Staring at my Sandwich and crisps, something I normally would of devoured, but right now.. no, Tom looked at me as he hungrily chewed his meal, but stopped when he realized I hadn't touched anything, swallowing, then wiping his mouth, he eyed me.

"morsel?"

"what?"

"you've not touched your food, are you okay?"

"yeah, just.. thinking" my voice shook.

-reaching over taking my hand, squeezing it gently.

"about what darling?, please tell me"

looking up my eyes were brimming with tears.

"my Mom"
To be Continued...
Unwanted Legacy

Last I recalled I was reclining in the seat of the Jag, it must of been the purr of the engine that lulled me to sleep, when I woke it was to Tom opening my door.

"morsel, we're home"

blinking I looked up and over at him, he took my hand helping me out of the car.

"pretty soon you're going to need a crane to hoist me out, may I suggest we use the SUV next time?" smiling he kissed my forehead.

"you cut yourself down when you were pregnant with Jules too, Paisley.. but you're beautiful"
giving him a doubtful look, I saw myself more like a beached Whale.

When I walked in.. no make that waddled in, the house I nearly pissed myself, Lawrence was sitting on the couch, it startled me.

"goddamn it, I wish you wouldn't do that secret agent sneaking in shit!" I snapped

Tom didn't look none too pleased either.

"sorry Paisley" he now stood, "it's just been awhile, thought I'd check in on you myself"

"as you can see I'm fine, well minus the mini fucking heart attack you gave me.. ugh"

walking past him, still a bit pissed from him scaring me.

"I see" Lawrence said unconvincing.

"not a good idea" Tom warned him as he helped me sit in a recliner, propping my feet up.

moving over closer, Lawrence squinted his eyes, observing me.. god how fucking annoying he could be sometimes.

"you've been crying.. why?"

"go away Sherlock, I don't need your deductions right now"

"if something -"

slamming a fist on the arm of the chair I leaned over.

"I said... no!"

he looked at Tom who was slowly shaking his head, well he did warn him.

Preparing some Chamomile tea for Paisley, Lawrence watched, he knew something was up.

"if I have to haunt your footsteps to get some answers I will Tom.. what's wrong with my sister?"
sighing I made a half turn.
"I'm not sure...we had a Ultrasound of the baby today, some test results, things are good, then we went for a bite to eat, but she didn't touch her food, she got all emotional, started crying, I thought it was hormonal, but... she told me she was thinking about... her mum" I shrugged "she never did this when she was carrying Jules"

he planted his hands firmly in his front pockets.

"I'm taking a stab here at guessing...but by any chance did you find out that baby's sex today?, and if you did, was it... a girl?"

setting Paisley's cup of tea on the table, I looked at the rather tall man curiously.

"why... yes, we are having a daughter"

he ran a hand roughly through his hair, nodding slowly.

"again... I'm just guessing here, I don't have a Phd like you or any of your colleagues, but... I'm thinking, her pregnancy with Jules went without a hitch cause he was a boy... now she carries a girl, I think it may of... triggered something, what?... I couldn't tell you exactly, maybe..." he shrugged "Paisley has feelings of inadequacy, cause her own mom couldn't care for her, that knowing she carries a girl... fears she cannot care for her daughter either"

oh god... could that be it?.. could my little paisley be feeling deficient as a mum cause of her past?

"shit... you're thinking, it might be psychological?"

"yes... you know about her past Tom... it wasn't storybook, there's no fairytale to her childhood, it was traumatic, its not far fetched to think Paisleys having doubts about being a good mother to your daughter, since her own... was not"

he was right, my little wife's childhood hadn't been what it should have.

Lawrence and I entered the Living area but on approach, I noticed Paisley had fallen asleep, setting the tea on the coffee table I covered her up with a throw blanket, and reclined the chair a bit more.

"um... Tom?"

looking up, Lawrence was looking at writing tablet he was holding up in front of himself.

"what is it?"

"names... two in fact, written in different order, both girls... I think she was picking out first and middle names for your daughter, I recognize them, one being your mothers, but what I find interesting" he held up the tablet so I could see "the other name... is her mothers first name"

"Peyton" I read as I looked at what was written "I don't find that odd at all Lawrence... when we met up with Agent Wells at the Cemetery... granted Paisley was... apprehensive, but when we saw where her mum was laid to rest... Paisley made peace with her, she forgave her... though, I think the headstone inscription helped, I'll never forget that"

"she left behind a piece of her heart, in the shape of a Paisley" Lawrence recited.

"yes... that was it"

it still tugged at my heart as it tightened in my chest upon hearing him speaking the words of the epitaph.
"those were Peyton's last words..in a manner of speaking, before she succumbed to the overdose in the Hospital"

he was sitting down now, looking at him amazed, and here I thought Agent Wells was full of secrets.

"um I'm afraid to ask.. but, how do you know that?"

"I was there with Agent wells, that's where the inscription came from, Peyton wanted us to know she truly loved Paisley despite her addictions and lifestyle, her little girl was all she had, she told us, when I leave this world, I leave a piece of me, my heart.. in the shape of a Paisley, shortly after that.. she passed away quietly"  

I hadn't realized it, but tears were trickling down my face, I wanted to dislike the woman who had subjected my Paisley to a life most unpleasant, but the more I heard about her, the more I find myself feeling sympathetic towards this bereft creature who brought my wife into this world and somewhere along the line.. made a wrong turn.

"I know what you must be feeling Tom" he leaned back on the couch looking over at Paisley slumbering quietly, "after rescuing Paisley, I wanted to hate her mother so fucking bad, in fact.. I did, wondering how any mother could treat their child as she did hers, I seriously wanted to shake the shit out of Peyton until her teeth rattled"

"but?" something had to of changed his mind.

"Agent Wells said my being Paisley's brother was clouding my judgement, which was bullshit.. anyone who saw Paisley in the shape she was in like I did, related or not, would of wanted the opportunity to knock the fuck out of who was responsible... but.. over time I got to know Peyton, she was put in a Federal rehab with many others after she was arrested, when she started to recover, I would visit her, and every time she wanted to know about Paisley" he blew a sigh "it devastated her when she found out that her little girl was in foster care and was currently available for adoption, I think that's what caused her to relapse.. she found a way to get some drugs from the facilities Pharmacy.. took an overdose of Methadone, as a Doctor you know it as a synthetic form of heroin,.. its what killed her"  

Christ, this story just keeps getting fucking worse, the woman committed a selfish act, not because she needed a fix like Paisley thought.. but because Peyton couldn't live with the fact that she'd never have her child again.

"my god Lawrence, it sounds like Peyton was on her way to a full recovery, but upon learning she'd never get custody of Paisley, and that she was put up for adoption, the woman simply.. gave up, her world, gone.. cause Paisley was her world, and rather than live in it without her child, she.. chose death"

looking up, I was taken aback, the big man sitting on the couch across from me had tears in his own eyes now.

"now you know why I say.. I know what you must be feeling... Peyton, wasn't that bad of a person, she could of been saved, but in her eyes.. not without her child"

mopping my face with a hand, I suddenly felt sick... indeed, Peyton was just woman who felt she had nothing else left to live for.

Stretching her arms above her head, it always reminded me of a little kitten, in this case a pot bellied
little kitten, though I wasn't going to tell her that, I liked my genitals where they were... intact

"hello morsel"

looking over at me, her eyes narrowed.

"how did I get in the bedroom?"

"I carried you"

she stared at me evenly, somehow I don't think she believed me.

"are you friends with any chiropractor's? cause you're going to need one if you keep carrying my fat ass up those stairs"

rolling my eyes I laid beside her on the bed.

"you're pregnant, not fat" I tapped her on the nose.

"you say that now, I'm not even full term yet" rubbing at her belly, then she flinched pulling her hand away "oh my god!... she moved!"

looking up at me, her eyes were huge, getting excited myself I put my hand on her stomach.

"where Paisley?"

taking my hand she slid it over to where she had felt movement pressing it in... then... it happened.

"oh my god I felt it too!" I laughed.

then as if our excitement triggered something, our daughter was on a roll, literally, we watch the movement underneath Paisley's shirt, I pulled it up, damn, the girl was rolling about, we watched mesmerized as the skin of Paisley's belly moved every which way.

"what's it feel like morsel?"

she grinned as she gently rubbed in circular motions on her belly.

"uh... well... hard to say, she's not using my internal organs like a pinball game yet"

I couldn't help myself, and started placing mad little kisses all over her stomach as Paisley began laughing, our daughter's movements never ceased in fact she seemed to respond positively and... energetically to my kisses.

"Tom, stop!... she's doing somersaults I swear it!" still laughing, Paisley was rolling side to side now trying to get me to stop.

"I believe she is going to be as feisty as her mummy"

folding my arms, teasing her with a scolding look.

"hmm, finally" she slowly sat up, looking up through her bangs at me "I'll have some back up"

"back up?"

"yeah, before this one" she pointed to her stomach "I was out numbered two penises to one vagina, it really was a pain, the testosterone was rampant"
"morsel..that's so wrong"

"aaaand..you're being a Dom..ugh"

"ugh?..really"

she was challenging me, this could go either way.

"morsel"

I crawled slowly on all fours toward her, she didn't even show her usual signs of submissiveness...hmmm.

"really Tom?, we felt our daughter move for the first time, just now..and you want to get all..Domy with me, cause I pointed out some facts?"

"morsel" I growled now, our foreheads were touching "don't test me little one"

"pppphhhhhh"

"the fuck?, a raspberry..that was so a Julian move, and..no, slowly pushing her down on her back, she only grinned, looking down, I saw that she managed to get a knee bent and pushed into my chest.

"ooohh, so we are going to be a bratty little sub"

taking her leg and moving it easily away, I spread her legs, lying in between them, resting my chin on her swollen belly, now staring at her, and her at me.

"I hope she kicks you"

"ah yes, very bratty indeed, I like this, giving her a toothy smile, all the while I snaked my hand under her sweats and my fingers slid beautifully into her moist folds, a gasp from her and a dirty look which changed significantly when I started toying with her clit, her hips shifting.

"oh, what's that morsel?" then the coup de gras, I pushed two fingers into her cunt pumping them very slowly, her writhing began instantly, pulling myself up further so that I was now hovering over her "who does this belong to?" I wiggled my fingers inside her.

"yyou..sssiirr"

"and..if I want to finger it, eat it, fuck it..I will..right?"

"yyes, siiir" she whimpered.

"so..are you going to argue with me anymore?"

"nnnooo..please ssiiirr, I need tttoo..cum"

her hips began to undulate with the motion of my fingers moving inside her.

"you will, but not by my fingers"

sitting up I helped position her on her hands and knees, sliding her sweats down and my own pants as well, gently sliding my cock inside, Paisley gasped, I could only hiss through my gritted teeth as I felt my engorged length fill her, it was a heavenly sensation..
her walls snugly held me as always, I began to make small thrusts she pushed her ass up against me firmly, I made a guttural groan as an orgasm began to build, quickening my pace our breathing had become strained, even panting at times, the pulsing of my cock told me, I was about to.. yea..

"oooh.. siiiirr!!" it was almost a scream.

"yes morsel....cum baby!"

it was simultaneous, the wailing, and crying out to one another, gripping her hips, holding her in place as I came, dropping my head back.

With arms folded, my chin resting on them on the edge of the bathtub, I watched as my wife soaked in bathtub of water, taking in her ever changing contours of her body, admiring it really all the while thinking how very lucky I was, successful career, marriage, with a healthy son, and now going on baby number two.. a girl, reaching out I took the wet washrag from her and began to wash her swollen abdomen.

"you enjoying yourself?"

"uhmmm" I hummed.

shaking her head grinning.

"what's next.. you going to shave my legs?" she giggled

"if you like"

her head jerked in my direction.

"I was kidding Tom, no.. I still can do that much.. however" she sighed "Emma an I are going for a spa day next week, going to get me a bikini wax"

looking over at her tilting my head.

"whatever for?"

sitting up in the tub she looked at me incredulously.

"seriously?.. I can't even see my feet unless I use a full length mirror, and yesterday I saw myself naked in it.. ack!, Tom, I need to be.. groomed, down there"

I chuckled, she's upset by the condition of her.. bush?

"darling, its alright, really"

leaning in she gave me a very dirty look.

"no it's not.. it looks like a fucking Chia Pet.. its time to get a wax!"

falling backwards on the floor I couldn't help it, I was rolling around in hysterical laughter, that earned me a good soaking as she turned the shower on, taking the shower head spraying me good.

"alright... alright... blah.. ugh pphht... shit... stop... eh.. dammit morsel. fuck!" I waved frantically at the onslaught of water.
when the water stopped, I wiped my eyes and face, looking up I saw her standing in the tub, a
determined look in those green eyes, still holding the detachable shower head aimed at me, with a
very satisfied look on her face.

"okay mother goddess, you win!"

To be Continued...
Oh my god!..I looked up from where I was lying and realized I couldn't see my feet anymore..that's it,I'm not having a baby,I'm going to be giving birth to the stay puff marshmallow baby, I'm huge!! and I had four weeks to go, yet the ultrasound pictures continued show our little girl was just that...little,about five pounds.

"morsel,you okay?"

looking up to the end of the bed,Tom was leaning on the footboard with both hands.

"yes,I'm just trying to understand why I look like a Mardi Gras float,yet our Daughter is no bigger than a minute"

"darling..you're not that big"

"fuck off,I'm huge" I folded my arms angrily.

"the only thing that's huge is your attitude" he made his way over to me sitting on the edge of the bed "and if you weren't so far into your pregnancy" he gave me one of his scolding looks.

"you'd what?..go full Dom on me?, fuck me into submission,deny me orgasm for being a petulant shit"

I could see it..the Dominant behind those blue eyes,crackling..not to mention the pissy look he was giving me.

"there are other ways to..fuck you morsel" he leaned in on me until I had sunk within my pillows "into submission" he growled.

I yiped giving a slight jump,at the sudden intrusion of his fingers slowly rubbing across my folds,his eyes never leaving mine..damn he's good,I never saw that coming...bastard, how does he get from point A to point B so damn quickly?

my child laden hips rose,when his fingers slid inside me,pumping we moved in time with one another,closing my eyes,my back arched,seeking purchase.

"Ttoooomm" moaning my plea.

"hmmm,yes you quite like that..don't you?"

"uh huh" I whimpered,eyes fluttering.

"too bad, things aren't going to go your way today morsel..on your hands an knees...now" he removed his fingers, whining at the emptiness of it, I gave him my best innocent look hoping it would work...it didn't...fuck,positioning myself as he had told me,Tom put several pillows underneath my belly.

"now my morsel..I want to try something, it's a hard limit of yours..I'll be gentle,please all I ask is at least let me try"

looking over my shoulder,and knowing the position I was currently in,it could only mean one thing..oh no, he's going to put something in my ass!, his eyes locked with mine,but I also couldn't
help but notice how his cock was straining against his trousers that he was rubbing with one hand languidly..holy fuck, raging hard on..too obvious!

"um..you..you're not going to put your...

I looked at his crotch, the worry was written all over my face, tilting his head, then looking down.

"oh no, morsel.." he held up his index finger, wiggling it "and I'll use lube, I promise if its too much, I'll stop, just use your safe words"

"Beach or Ocean" I promptly said.

smiling he now straddled my entire body, nuzzling my face with his nose.

"that's my good girl" he murmured his lips against my cheek.

I took great care, just because my arousal was practically killing me at the idea of attempting this new experience with Paisley, I wasn't about to let my dick do my thinking for me, she was in a most delicate condition and she was willing to forego her hard limit to please me...god I almost don't want to do this, she was so giving towards me, in and out of the bedroom.

"alright Paisley..I'm going to make ready"

kissing her round cheeks that were presented before me, gently I applied a generous amount of lube to her puckered little hole rubbing it ever so lightly, all the while I teased her swollen pearl with my other hand, her little moans, groans and soft imploring of my name leaving her lips as I did so was making my trousers very uncomfortable..fuck this.

I applied gentle steady pressure to allow her muscle pull my fingertip in past the entrance first, letting it rest there so she could adjust to this new and different sensation, I never stopped my attentions to her ever moistening cunt, making sure her pleasure was felt elsewhere.

"relax my darling"

"yes sir"

sensing she was getting comfortable, I began to make circles around her tight ring, coaxing a bit of a moan from her, hmm.. I didn't expect that?, taking a chance I slid my finger in to the second knuckle, and slowly pumped, taking the chance to slide two other fingers into her cunt, pumping as well.

"ooohh..ssürrr..that..that's..ooohh!"

the combination of my fingers working her holes had her little by little bucking and writhing.

"you enjoying this morsel?..you want more?"

"ooohh siírr, yes..bbut I'm gooíng to cum..ppplleeasse"

well well, looks like someone has taken to the finger where she swore she'd never would want it...hehehehehe.

"yes morsel...you may cum"

what started out as a soft whine, grew into a guttural cry, making my cock twitch..fuck!, watching her reaction when she took her pleasure wasn't helping either, her ass pushed into my finger, a slight
squeal of delight as she did, I thought my balls were going to explode, _dammit morsel don't_...her body stopped shuddering and collapsed onto the pillows beneath her, removing my fingers, I rolled her onto her side.

"_hey baby..you alright?_"

"_uh hmm_"

eyes closed, she was grinning almost blissfully, it was rather cute, my naughty girl.. my beautiful, naughty expectant girl._ehehehehe_.

Watching the life beneath my shirt roll about, I shook my head, so much she reminded me of Julian, my little girl, what I hadn't realized was big brother was watching too while eating a cookie.

"she busy huh?"

"what?"

"sissy.. she moves a wot" Julian climbed on the couch to get a better look, "does it hurt?"

"no.. well if she kicks my ribs, that's not too nice"

he looked up at me with a mushy bit of cookie at the corners of his mouth.

"she kicks you?. dat not nice"

"you kicked me too, sometimes in my bladder.. made me pee on myself" I grinned

he stopped mid-chew, looking as appalled as a three year old could get.

"mummy, I made ya pee?, I sar-wee"

giggling as he attempted to crawl on me for a hug.

"its okay son.. it happens"

looking down, Julian patted my stomach, rubbing it occasionally.

"wot hur name mummy?"

that caught me off guard, I hadn't really gave it any thought, which sadly I should have.

"um.. I haven't chose one yet, daddy and I didn't discuss it yet"

puckering his lips as if thinking.

"you name me like daddy.. wight?"

"yes.. your middle name is the same as daddy's first" I nodded.

"um.. how bout you name sissy wike yous mummy an gwam's"

he pointed at me shocked was not the word for it, I never spoke of my mom in front of Julian, so what gave him this idea?
"my mom?"
"ya..wot hur name?"
"uh..well..Peyton Savannah"

he beamed with the biggest smile, clapping each of his little hands on my cheeks.

"dats purty mummy..I wike dat!" he cheered."Pay-tun..dat's a good name mummy"

I couldn't help but wonder, had my mother recovered from her addictions, made a life for herself, would she be proud of me?, of this..this scenario going on right now, my toddler son reveling in the thought of his unborn sister being named after her.

"Morsel?"

poking my head out of the kitchen doorway, make that my stomach too, I saw my puzzled looking husband standing at the Dining table with hands in his trouser pockets.

"yes?"

"um..I just had an interesting conversation with our son"

snorting before I chuckled.

"when is any conversation with Julian not..interesting?"

"no..morsel..he he said something about pey pey his new sissy"

"what?"

"yes..what did he mean by that?" he eyed me curiously.

heaving a sigh as I ran a reckless hand through my hair.

"it seems, our son thinks his sister deserves a name..and, well.. he asked me what my mom's name was, he loved it..Tom..Pey Pey..is..Peyton"

Tom straightened, rocking on the heels of his shoes, tilting his head, looking thoughtful, he began nodding slowly.

"he's right, his sister does deserve a name.. and I rather like Peyton myself, throw in my mum's name..Peyton Diana Hiddleston.. beautiful" he looked to me smiling.

"really?"

I didn't know what to think, it never crossed my mind to put my mother's name anywhere with my daughters.

"are you okay with that darling?"

he approached me, his concern written clearly on his face.

"yes" a smile grew "I don't see why not, she'll be named for her grandmothers after all"

Julian joined our discussion, looking up at his father.
"are we gunna have pi-zza dadee?"

sweeping him up in his arms, Julian squealed, giggling.

"yes Jules, I promised, and already ordered it, but.. I have some great news" he looked at me,

"mummy and I decided on a name for your sissy"

Julian looked over at me questionly, then back to Tom.

"ya..wot is it?"

"Peyton Diana Hiddleston"

Julian clapped eagerly, bouncing in his father's arms, cheering.

"yay!!..Pey Pey!!!"

oh geez.. his sister is going to hate that, she isn't even born an has a nickname, Tom laughed at Julian's excitement all I could do was shake my head, I already had two Hiddleston men.. well one mini version that is, just wonder how they were going to deal with what could possibly be a mini version of me?

It had been only three days since my daughter was bestowed with her name, and ever since then it was "Pey Pey this and Pey Pey that" Julian was wearing it out fast, but I had to do everything to keep myself from laughing too hard that I might set myself into labor when at one point Tom slipped when he went about saying Julian's nickname for his sister and accidently referred to her as... "pee pee"

Julian liked to have had a fit!, Tom was gobsmacked at how his son read him the riot act about how rude it was to call his little sister a.. "penis" After apologizing profusely to Julian for his tongue slip, I thought it might be a good time to throw in a distraction by informing them that it had been snowing heavily outside.

and Uncle Lawrence was here and maybe they all could go build a snow man, Tom gave me a look that was nothing short of "oh my god thank you!!!!"

"I haven't built a snowman in ages.. could be fun" Lawrence shrugged.

Julian looked up at him, always seemingly bemused by Lawrence's ridiculous height.

"yous make a BIG one huh?" he threw his little arms up.

"you want me too?"

"ya!.. bigger din you.. an a snow furt"

"furt?" Lawrence looked at me confused.

"Fort" I translated as I put Julian's coat on, grinning "he's going to put your ass to work big Bro" I whispered.

"I had a feeling" he raised a brow.
"no worries, I'll be there to help" Tom gave him a clap on the back " us three men building things in the snow, whether it be snowmen, or forts..taking in the crisp winter air"

"and freezing our balls off while we're at it" Lawrence chimed in.

"why Lawrence, are your boys delicate to such temperatures?" Tom teased.

rolling my eyes, the last thing I wanted was to stick around and hear my husband and brother talking about the sensitivities of their testicles, I made my exit.

The house was quiet..and that was rare, however I could hear the festivities going on outside, the laughter, Julian's high pitch squeal of delight, sounded like a snowball fight..great, *they better be nice to my baby*, I was upstairs in my room, putting around, picking up clothes that Tom would randomly leave lying about, scarves, ties, socks and dress shirts.. by looking at the clothes strewn about you wouldn't of known he was a well respected Doctor, it looked to be more of the work of a child or making use of his inner teenager..*damn slob*.

making my way towards the loo to assess what damage he may of left for me there, was cut short.. a sharp abdominal pain shot throughout, grabbing the bedpost, gasping, I breathed..*damn braxton hicks anyways*, lower back pain ensued.. *jesus what the hell?*.. when the pains seemed to have subsided I began to walk again I made it half way to the loo when.

"oh my god.. noooooo!"

my waters broke, it was too early I had a month to go!.. and it wasn't a healthy trickle, it came with a gush, followed by a pain I wasn't ready for, dropping to the floor on my knees, cradling my stomach, crying out.

"mummy?"

it was a tiny voice but I knew it well, looking up, I saw a frightened Julian standing in the doorway of the bedroom, I suddenly felt a new flood of liquid, thicker, and warmer to the touch.. looking down I peeked at my hand.. blood, and lots of it, *oh no.. god no, he doesn't need to see this!*

reaching out with the hand that had no blood.

"Julian.. go get Daddy!"

*that was the last thing I remembered before everything went black.*

*To be Continued...*
She was quite pale, I couldn't help but stare helplessly at Paisley in her unconscious state, hooked up to machines and tubes, but what stabbed me in the heart as my eyes scanned her appearance... her now flattened stomach, upon reaching the ER it was determined that Paisley had been suffering from Placental Abruption.

the baby's placenta had detached completely from the uterine wall, had I not acted quickly when I did... I would not be sitting here now, instead I would be making arrangements for the funeral of my wife and daughter... thankfully after an emergency C-section, both had survived and were doing well.

"hey"

looking up from where I sat, clasping one of her hands with both of mine, Lawrence held out what looked like coffee.

"coffee?"

"nah... tea... Earl Grey, I figured you being English an all, coffee might be too harsh on your delicate palette" he joked half heartily.

a weak smile reached my lips as I took the beverage.

"thanks, but coffee's okay... Paisley broke me in on the stuff, just like I broke her in on tea"

the big man pulled a seat up next to me.

"so... anything new?"

"no... just waiting for the sedative to wear off, but the Doctor expects a full recovery, shes a strong woman, so I think she'll be fine... I just hate seeing her like this... tubes and machines... all this medical shit, just because I'm a Doctor doesn't mean it sits well with me"

"I don't like it either Tom, makes it look worse than it is... hows the baby?"

sighing... I felt like a tit now, I hadn't checked on her since the C-section.

"as far as I know Peyton is perfect, underweight... but shes a month early, five pounds even and seventeen inches long... tiny"

"Peyton?"

looking over at him I realized we hadn't told him what we named the baby.

"yeah... it was Julian's idea actually, he asked Paisley what her mum's name was, Paisley told him... he loved it, so... we decided on that and my mum's name for the middle, Peyton Diana Hiddleston"

"wow" he seemed surprised "I would of never guessed she'd of ever thought about using her moms name"

Two hours later, having dozed off in my chair I awoke to soft murmurings, trying not to bolt upright from my chair I saw Paisley beginning to wake from the sedatives, her head moving ever slowly on...
her pillow.

"morsel..baby?"

"mmgfhnklgfmm"

running the back of my hand across her cheek, her eyelids fluttered, until they opened fully, and even then she just stared upward.

"baby...it's me, Tom...do you understand?"

Paisley's head turned in my direction, simply staring at me, blinking quickly, her brain was trying to register her surroundings, the effects of the sedatives, she then narrowed her eyes.

"Tom?" she croaked.

understanding her throat must be dry, I raised the head of her bed, and brought her cup of water with a straw to her mouth.

"drink slow Paisley"

she did, but choked anyways, putting the cup down, rubbing her back, after composing herself, her forehead wrinkled as it seemed she began to comprehend her surroundings.

"I'm in the..Hospital"

"yes..what do you remember?"

Paisley told me what she could up to this point, then it hit her, looking down as both hands smoothed down her flattened stomach, jerking her head up, eyes widened.

"the baby!..where is the baby?!

"easy darling..she's in the infant ICU..and doing well..they had to do an emergency C-section on you..or you both would of been lost, seems there was a Placental abruption that's what caused the bleeding, pain, your waters to break"

"I want to see her..please"

When the Nurse handed her to me, I was at a loss as to how to hold her.. oh my god, she's SO small!, but there she was, swaddled tightly in a receiving blanket, with her Hospital issue stretchy cap on her head, I stared at her, totally mesmerized by this miniature creature who slept without care in my hands, looking over at Paisley, who was watched me with anticipation.

"morsel..she is very wee..I had no idea"

as I handed her over to Paisley, the awe written her face as she took Peyton into her arms, she simply stared at our daughter much like I did, and Peyton did something that reminded me of Jules, she seemed to know her mum was holding her, and stirred, one eyelid.. then another opening slightly.

"oh.. she's going to wake Tom"

and right on que, Peyton turned her head, nuzzling at Paisley's breast, her tiny mouth open, she chuckled.
"well her brother was a boob man..can't say that about her..too weird" I scratch at my chin.

Paisley opened her gown,and like the pro she was, adjusted Peyton in such a way, instantly she latched on nursing..noisily, Paisley cooed as the infant did so.

"morsel,what is it about our offspring?..that when it comes to breastfeeding it becomes a rather, almost rude event in that they are..rowdy about it"

shrugging as she watched Peyton nurse eagerly.

"hearty appetites I guess"

Once Peyton's stomach was filled, an contented, I couldn't help it, finding myself once again holding my daughter close to me, swaying side to side, delicately placing little kisses on her tiny head which was small enough with what I could figure, fit in one of Paisleys hands. *My little girl...*having almost lost her and her mother.

I was most grateful for her, my feeling of love and protectiveness was almost overwhelming, looking over at her now slumbering mum, I sighed, how close to death they both were..I didn't want to think on it anymore, but cherish what I had right now.

"daddy"

the small whisper came from the doorway, looking over my shoulder I saw Lawrence and and a curious Jules.

"come in.." I knelt down, "I want you to meet someone Jules"

shuffling over, he stopped, and looked warily at the bundle I held out before me.

"this is Peyton..your sissy"

screwing up his lips, angling his head, giving her a good look over.

"daddy" he whispered.

"yes Jules"

cupping his mouth he leaned in.

"she smell funny"

I snickered, well it could of been worse, looking up Lawrence was trying his best to stave off his own laughter.

After three days I had been discharged from the Hospital, and was glad of it, though I still had some healing to do from the C-section about six weeks or more according to the Doctor, so naturally Diana would be at home with us to help with Julian and Peyton, I was limited in my physical activities.

and I knew that was going to piss me off right from the get go, I was too used to chasing my son around, and now with my daughter, I wanted very much to be included in her care, and the thought of being confined to my bed (which Tom fixed up one of the guests room downstairs for us) or the couch really wasn't sitting well with me.
"mummy, wot ya doin'?"

"feeding your sister"

Julian climbed up on the couch to get a better look at just what I implied, as he neared, his blue eyes widened, gasping he pointed at Peyton.

"mummy... she eatin' yer boobie!" his hands were on each side of his head as if horrified.

giggling I couldn't help it, but in doing so I managed to piss off Peyton, who started fussing as my nipple popped out of her mouth, wailing ensued

"uh oh.. better pwug da hole... she start ta cwy" he pointed at her again.

that only made me giggle harder, making my daughter even more pissy, sigh.

"Julian, all babies cry... when their hungry, tired, sick, upset, if they make a poopie, or pee"

wrinkling his nose, he looked up at me, angling his head.

"I no want to see her poopie"

"fear not my son, its not for you to deal with" I grinned.

"what's not for him to deal with?"

looking up, Tom walked in, quickly divesting himself of his coat and scarf, then giving a clap and a rub of his hands.

"let me see my wee princess"

handing her off, Tom carefully cradled her in one arm, cooing over her.

"wot about me?"

looking over at the bouncy toddler beside me, Tom outstretched his other arm scooping up Julian who hugged his dad.

"my two precious pups"

Julian pulled his head back.

"I no puppy daddy, I a boy... an Pey Pey a gurl"

"I know... its just an endearment"

"a wot?"

Julian couldn't of looked more perplexed, sighing as I shook my head. sometimes Tom seemed to forget his son was three, not thirty three.

"Tom... he's a little boy, speak so he can understand"

"its just something sweet to call you, that's all" Tom corrected

"oh.. okee.. wike mummy is yer mor-sal" he giggled.
Tom laughed, looking over at me giving a wink.

"exactly Jules, mummy is indeed my morsel"

Aunt Emma had dropped by and after cooing and drooling over her new niece she decided that she wanted to steal her nephew for a few days, informing us she had just purchased a sweet little farmhouse in the countryside, equipped with two ponies.

and that was all she had to say, it was like his father and I didn't exist, Julian was away to half ass pack some clothes to go and ride ponies with aunt Em at her house, thankfully Grandma was there to pack his clothes correctly.

"Tom.. wheres Peyton?"

on one of my limited trips out of bed I walked towards his office, not getting a response, I continued towards his home office, peering in the doorway, it came as no surprise. Tom dressed in his white tee, grey sweats, sitting at his desk, with a pen in his mouth as he stared at the monitor of his laptop, however cradled securely in one arm, Peyton.

sleeping peacefully, smiling I couldn't help noticed for the first time seeing them together as they were, how identical they looked, our daughter had inherited his blonde curls and waves, though they weren't as generous as Julian's had been and he had darker hair than his sister, but were just the perfect amount for her small head.

"morsel.. what are you doing up?, you know you shouldn't-"

putting a hand up I didn't want to hear the bullshit.

"relax.. I've been a good girl, I was just looking for Peyton"

he looked down at the bundle that laid along his arm.

"our girl is fine, if she's hungry, I'll bring her to you"

"let me see if she needs to be change"

I slowly approached the desk, taking a diaper out of the diaper bag that was sitting nearby.

"Paisley.. I can do that, go sit back down"

feeling like once again I was getting the "brush off" something as of late that was becoming routine between Tom and I.. not this time, I stood my ground, this shit was going to stop, I had enough.

"the fuck I will, I know my limits Thomas, and I can change my daughter's dirty butt, I'll not be treated like a child or something to be pushed off into a corner to be dealt with later"

standing up, he came around the desk, looking very affronted.

"I'm doing nothing of the sort"

The indignant look I received told me "wrong answer Tom" then the hot glare followed.

"we've been home for almost four days.. and in that time, I've hardly had any time with Peyton. feed her yes, then she's off with you, or someone else and I'm left by myself. your mother can only hang
with me for so long, then she goes about cleaning the house, doing laundry, cooking, and you” she thrust an angry finger at me "toting the baby around wherever you go, like you're afraid to let her out of your sight”

tears.. that I wasn't counting on, they came quickly and she was mad and hurt, I didn't realize.
"morsel-"

"NO!..shut the fuck up, I have to say this!” she snapped, tears were flowing freely now. looking down at Peyton, still sleeping I was thankful that she seemed to be a heavy sleeper. "its like I don't matter anymore Tom... I feel as if when you look at me, you really don't see me, well let me clue your self centered Dominate ass in on something, the day Peyton was born..there was another life hanging by a thread not just hers..I was the one sitting in a pool of blood in our bedroom moments before I blacked out, it was me that was at deaths door too you sonofabitch!"

I never saw it coming until the harsh sting as the back of her hand collided with my cheek with such ferocity, causing my head to go off to the side from the force of it, without another word she promptly took Peyton from me and limped as fast as her mending body would allow.

to pursue her would of been futile, I let her be, instead I stayed in my office, sitting at my desk licking my wounds after having retrieved a cold pack for my face..damn I hadn't a clue as to how much power Paisley packed behind those little hands of hers, my cheek throbbed.

"Hey its awful quiet in-"

looking up, Lawrence had entered my office, but when he saw me with the cold pack on my face he was instantly beside me.

"what the hell?"

"long or short story?" I frowned taking the pack off. 

"aw fuck" he hissed "who'd you piss off?” he squinted as he observed my face carefully.

"well..she's a little over five feet, butt length light red hair, green eyes, just had a baby.. and evidently also had an Axe to grind"

Lawrence's eyes widened considerably as he seem to study my appearance more.

"Paisley did this?" he pointed at me "the cut too?"

"cut?"

"yeah, the left corner of your mouth, a little blood"

wiping at it, looking at my fingers, my eyes narrowed.

"shit.. she is pissed"

"okay, out with it.. what set her off to the point she drew blood and" Lawrence winced wrinkling his nose with a whistle "left you with what's turning out to be a helluva shiner my dear Doctor"

great.. a fucking black eye.
"it seems" I patted at the drying blood at the corner of my mouth "I've not had my priorities in order"

"how so?"

"tell me Lawrence..have I been neglecting Paisley?..like pushing her away and taking over with the baby?"

he didn't answer me right a way, that in itself told me volumes, when are eyes met, the disconsolate look confirmed it.

"Tom..I've actually been wanting to talk to you about it, a lot of people have noticed.. not just Paisley, even your mom has"

leaning on my desk with folded arms, I stared at the big man before me. *he was serious*, suddenly I was feeling a strong sense of shame wash over me.

goddamn it...what the hell had I been doing?

To be Continued...

Meet Peyton Diana Hiddleston

Photo credit/source- https://img1.etsystatic.com/124/1/7511449/il_340x270.1019109567_plgs.jpg
Unwanted Legacy

Lying on my side on the bed watching quietly as Peyton nursed seemingly undisturbed by what had taken place earlier, I felt guilty having subjected her to that, but I was at my breaking point, tired of feeling I had become irrelevant, Tom needed to know how I felt.

My fingertips gently ran through her small blonde curls as she suckled, smiling. I never noticed that before, Peyton smiled when she fed, *how cute*, something Julian never did, the little monster just latched on and went at it with gusto, and milked me like a pup or kitten, which Peyton did not.

I studied her tiny cherub features, round chubby cheeks, button nose, and her eyelashes, she had long strawberry blond eyelashes, my observation was hindered when I felt a faint tickle on my bare foot, pulling it away I looked over my shoulder. A very repentant and bruised looking Tom was crouched at the foot of the bed, *boy I did ever do a helluva job on his face.*

"*morsel*"

He ever so gently stroked my ankle, watching me, biting on his lip, I made no effort to speak, but simply stared at him, he shuffled a bit closer, never breaking eye contact, *hmm look who’s being submissive now.*

"what do you want?"

Moistening his lips, he sighed.

"to apologize.. for not recognizing the fact, the reason I have two beautiful children, and to come home at night was almost lost to me.. you.. Paisley a little over three years ago you did something no woman has ever managed to do, and I still cannot define it, that's why I love the fuck out of you, as crass as that sounds, please *don't ever* think I don't*" he was still crouched on the floor but beside me now, his chin now rested on the edge of the mattress "I'm a dick"

snorting I couldn't help but grin, but composed myself quickly.

"no argument here"

"I was scared and I handled it badly..I still am"

His fingers had made their way to my wrist toying with my charm bracelet that he had made for me.

"why..are you still scared?" I watched him as he seemed distant now.

"that..you may be mad enough to take everything away from me"

lifting my head up, scowling.

"Tom.. I'm pissed off, but it would have to be something greatly of offence to make me take the children an leave, I *still* love you, that's why I went off an struck you ..I thought you no longer felt the same for me, that maybe.. *it was waning, an that hurt like hell*"

Tom's whole face dropped, his hand abandoned my wrist and quickly took my chin.

"*morsel, no.. no no, never, I love you so goddamn much*"

I was about to reply when it started out as a tiny sniffling then grew into a ..
looking down, we both saw a very pink faced Peyton, face scrunched about to bump it up a notch.

"oooh hell, she's about to blow the top off"

Tom carefully picked her up, holding her in front of him, he made some goofy faces.

"aaww darling.. are we about to get mad?" he cooed in a silly voice.

mad no... but she did respond to her father, by ripping the loudest fart I heard yet from infant, I dare say she rivaled her brother as baby farts go, I fell back into my pillows holding my stomach where my stitches were, laughing almost in hysterics, Tom stared at his daughter in disbelief, she however looked... happier.

"my god, that was... loud" he wrinkled his nose "damn Paisley.. it smells, I believe she may of crapped"

"ahahahahahahaha!!"

looking down at me while still holding Peyton at arms length away, he frowned.

"I still believe our children choose me over you when they have gas, this only confirms it"

reduced to snickering as I wiped the tears away.

"maybe, in the meantime, why don't you hand her over and I'll change her nappy... I think you may be right, she does kinda.. reek"

I tested the water as I filled the baby bathtub that sat in the kitchen sink, once filled, Julian dragged a step stool over by the sink climbing up it.

"I watch kay mummy?"

"that's fine"

turning around, I was just in time to catch my behemoth brother who had Peyton cradled in his arms, cooing over her quietly, she seemed to stare up at him contently, the sight was almost comical, as it was she was a preemie and looked nothing more than the size of a toy in his arms. As if he realized he was under scrutiny, Lawrence looked up, grinning I folded my arms, pleased with the picture before me.

"something wrong?"

"no... but you really need to find yourself a girl, cause this" I pointed "is a great picture, you look good with a baby"

"uh... no... at least not now, and me and kids... really not my thing"

"hmm really?... our history tells me otherwise, then there's Julian" I said as I put the baby's changing pad on the table.

"that was different... you're my sister, and he's my nephew" he pointed at me.
eyeing him with lopsided frown, not buying his bullshit for a minute I took my daughter from him, lying her on the pad as I began to undress her, my attention was brought back to Peyton who laid quietly staring at me while her little balled up hands waved about, it was when she was completely naked I heard a gasp from beside me.

"mummy!"

looking down to my right, a horrified Julian pointing at his sister.

"whats wrong?"

"what happen Mummy!...her pee pee broke off!" he exclaimed.

before I could respond, a roar of laughter from Lawrence erupted, glaring over at him as he was leaning the chair back he was sitting in, holding himself with both arms...shut up asshole! looking back at my panic stricken toddler who was wide eyed and gawking at his naked baby sister who was oblivious to the pandemonium going on around her.

"Julian..nothing broke off, Peyton doesn't have a pee pee, cause shes a girl like mummy"

wrinkling up his nose as well as his lips he looked up at me as if I was...well, like as if I was full of shit.

"but how ya go pee mummy?" he demanded, his little hands planted firmly on his hips.

"yeah mummy,just how do you go pee?"

Lawrence's semi condescending yet teasing tone interrupted our conversation. I was in no mood for his intrusion, no matter how funny he thought he was.

"keep it up big bro..and you'll find out first hand what its like to pee like a girl" giving him a wicked smile.

he stopped snickering instantly, clearing his throat, he saw that I was in no way..joking.

"mummy" Julian tugged on my shirt, "you no an-sur me..how ya pee?"

looking back to him heaving a sigh, why couldn't his father be here when shit like this happened?, he was a Doctor after all.

"I sit to pee, and that's all I'm going to say, when Daddy gets home, you ask him, he can tell you better"

The day had been long, and getting home was a huge relief, but no sooner had I reached the living room Julian greeted me rambling so fast I couldn't make heads or tales of what he was saying.

"whoa...slow down Jules, now..try again" I sat down, he climbed up next to me.

"mummy washed da baby, an ya no what?..day no have pee pees, mummy say you tell me why..so" he folded his arms..."why does mummy have ta sit when she pee?"

okay..what the fuck did I just hear?.

"Paisley!"
it was but a moment, and she came from the bedroom with Peyton draped over her shoulder, patting her back.

"yes?"

scratching at the back of my neck I looked at her a bit puzzled as she made her way over to us.

"um...our son just prattled off some stuff I have no clue as to what he means...something about, bathing the baby, and why do you sit when you pee?"

giggling as she shook her head, Paisley informed me of the afternoons activities, to say I was surprised short of trying not to laugh myself was putting it mildly.

"yeah...I'm not sure as to how I should tell him?, you're the Doctor...you tell him"

"oh...put this shit on my lap" I pointed to myself.

"daddy...it no shit, it qwes-chun" Julian couldn't look more serious, he even was holding up a finger to make his point clear.

"Julian" Paisley scolded " no potty words"

"but mummy, daddy said it" he whined.

"yes, but daddy's an adult" she frowned at me "an should of known better"

great, now I'm an asshole and a bad father, thanks Darling... I should really spank you for that morsel... but alas, you're under Doctors care.

"fine... I'll explain it to him"

smiling, she winked, yeah...you owe me more than some childish wink, the look I gave her told her that too, leaning in she kissed my cheek an whispered.

"Thank you... sir"

"So you're telling me she's recovering well?"

"yes, ornery as she is, Paisley's actually sticking to what the Doctor's have told her, and her Mother in-law an myself have been helping her with the kids"

the chuckle on the other end of the line only made me roll my eyes.

"and of the baby, how does she fair?"

"she's doing fine, healthy like her mom, looks like her too... well, minus the full red hair, perhaps a blonde version as it were"

"you've done well fitting in with the family life Lawrence, never thought you were the type"

"Gina, she's my sister, its not a matter of fitting in, we accepted each other years ago, it was only I that knew the true nature of who we were to one another... no thanks to you and the Bureau"

"oh for fucks sakes Lawrence are we going to rehash this crap again" the irritation in her tone was
"if need be, you know damn well I could of taken care of her, but no..the government saw to it that she was put into the system, and then up for adoption!, that alone almost made me quit the FBI and shove my badge up your ass Gina, cause I know you were behind it..all because you and the Bureau were so fucking desperate to catch her damn father, and in the end, I'm the one who kills him.. funny how that shit worked out huh?"

there was a long silence, she knew I was right, I could of spared Paisley the life of being bounced from pillar to post of the Foster care system, I had more than enough means to have raised her.

"that being said and having that ship sail long ago Lawrence, can we now get back to what this call was suppose to be about?"

still the direct and cold bitch I knew her to be, definitely was meant to be an agent.

"yes, go ahead" I sighed.

"alright..as I had said, reports coming in are saying that the so called heir to Sean's throne as it were, is a man, there hasn't been any photo's and it's not for a lack of trying, I'm up to my goddamn ears in surveillance photos, I think I know the layout of that Estate just as well as you do by now"

"a man?..and no pictures?, then someone had to have had gotten a description"

"that's just it Lawrence.. the descriptions I'm receiving, don't sound like a guy who's old enough to be Sean's kid.. more like a brother, this guy is at least in his late fifties, though I heard he seems to hold his age well" she sighed "that's a female agent for ya"

"the fuck?"

"yeah, my sentiments exactly, I just wish we could get some damn footage of this bastard, it's like he knows, we are trying to get material evidence on him" the frustration clear, in Gina's voice.

"hmm, well.. if this guy is any relation, and in fact a brother to Sean, I can say this much, he's probably no slouch, Sean was a smart sonofabitch.. Gina this guy more than likely is aware.. he's being watched"

"that's not, what I want to hear Lawrence.. shit, I am however glad to hear that there's been no activity around Paisley and her family since Julian's return"

"none, but I have kept surveillance on Piper, and not just at the Hospital, that plastic bitch is involved somehow"

"with Julian's abduction?.. you still think she's involved with that?" Gina sounded skeptical.

"possibly, I mean how else did he get out of the Hospital?.. it had to be with someone who, one worked there and would go unnoticed and two had some knowledge of the Hospital layout, she was quite resourceful in that area when Sean needed a person's expertise.. so yeah, she's quite high on my list of suspects"

"damn.. you've gotten really good Lawrence" she chuckled "you paid a helluva lot of attention during your time under cover at the Archer Estate"

looking over at the family portrait of Tom, Paisley and then infant Julian in her arms.
"well Gina, from what I see... at the time there was a lot at stake and that'll never change"

To be Continued...
Thankful, after seven weeks of what I considered a grueling pain in the ass recovery, I was...free, and don't think for one minute I was not going to take advantage of it, however. *sigh* Lawrence was there still. trying to keep me in check. fucker, Tom on the other hand. *ahem*, wasn't interested in keeping things in check, after nearly two months of no sex, the man was a fucking walking erection.

grabbing my ass when I was cooking, slapping my boobs when he would walk by, I got the last laugh though, literally. when Don Juan Hiddleston thought he was being all smooth, and gave one of my bare breast a squeeze, only to get a face full of milk, I believe it took me a total of at least ten minutes to stop laughing from that debacle.

"Paisley"

making a half turn as I finished putting my hair up in a bun.

"yes"

oh shit. I know that look, the way his blue eyes seemed to burn as they flickered while he slowly walked up on me, moistening his lips, he was hungry, weeks of sexual abstinence has I'm sure taken its toll, hooking his index finger on my collar he slid it back and forth on the chain, our eyes lock.. oh yeah he's in Dom Mode.

"my beautiful girl" he spoke softly, keeping eye contact.

I stood still, now walking around he now stood behind me, every hair on my body raised with excitement, my toes even curled, digging into the carpet, he wasn't the only one who had been wanting all this time.

his breath hot, and now tickling the fine hairs at the nape of my neck as he spoke into my ear, sending a jolt excitement through my entire body in which it did react by the slight hitch in my own breathing.

"you've been so very good morsel, giving me yet another beautiful gift. our daughter"

my body trembled as his fingertips ever so slightly dragged upward on each arm, roaming onto my shoulders, making my body shiver now, sighing I closed my eyes dropping my head back, the wetness forming between my legs I knew he was aware of it, and pressing his hard erection into my back confirmed it.

"sir" I breathed.

"yes." he slowly in circular motions ground his hardness into me.

"use me.. please sir"

it was a throaty chuckle, low.. but lustful.

"I have every intention of doing so morsel, you won't be disappointed. neither of us will be"

not another word did I hear but my own when I cried out as he bit down on my neck, the delicious pain almost made me cum, my knees buckled, but his strong arms caught me, he licked, sucked the
wound not having broken the skin that much I knew, but the attentions he was giving me had me on edge, he knew it and I was already on the bed rendered of our clothing, I was on all fours now, anticipating what was to happen next.

"I'm going to show you my beautiful girl how much I love you, how much I've missed. this" he dug his length into my ass "I'm going to fuck your cunt until you're sore my darling, and fill you up so much there will be no question that my seed will be running down your thighs"

groaning at the thought, I pressed my ass up against him, gently rubbing it side to side, a deep chuckle escaped him and then I felt warm moist kisses and licks trailing up my spine starting from my tailbone to my neck, I shivered in between the kisses hearing the whispered words "mine"

"yes sir.. always yours"

feeling his absence, but only momentarily, the bed shifted a bit and he was now underneath me, I was taken by surprise when my body jolted to life, bucking as he began eagerly lapping, and suckling at my clit, wildly doing figure 8's through my folds, throwing my head back moaning, I pressed my crotch into his face which was silly.

as he had a vice grip on my hips holding me in place as his tongue vigorously teased me from nub to entrance having me writhing almost uncontrollably, the room was filled with vulgar sounds of my whimpers and his sucking and licking. belting a yipe as he suddenly flipped me over, grasping my hips, he slowly slid hard cock into me, both of us hissing upon penetration, my back arching trying to take all of him in.

"ffiuueckk..sssiirr"

"such a tight little quim.. even after having a baby, you're an amazing woman"

his thrusts became forceful, instantly I moved with him, undulating my hips, our eyes connected watching each others reaction to the sensations the others body's were experiencing, then he slowed his motion within me, then stopping entirely, pulling out, I watched as he was now crawling over me straddling my stomach cock in hand ever so slowly stroking it, mindfully watching me.

"I know what you like morsel, so you get to.. watch"

knowing what he meant immediately aroused me and I felt myself become wetter, he moved his hand faster on his shaft, biting down on my bottom lip I couldn't help my self, reaching up I cupped his balls and began to squeeze gently, massaging them, the guttural noise he made was feral, he reached down with his other hand caressing one my breasts, flicking the nipple.

it was through his attentions I felt something warm and familiar on my breast looking down, I saw a trail of milk that had leaked, he saw it too, wordlessly he leaned forward, watching as he slowly dragged his tongue along the milk trail, licking it right up to the nipple where he suckled on it, oddly enough it aroused me sending me into a full body shiver as my back arched, my core aching for its own touch now

"OH!"

seeing my reaction he quickly abandoned his cock and held my arms above my head, pinning them there with one hand, and was now holding the breast, ravenously suckling on it, drawing the milk out, I bucked and writhed, crying out, I couldn't believe the pleasure I was getting from this.

"aaaah.. sshiiit.. ssiir"
"ehhehehe, my morsel has discovered a new kink.. mmm, you are delicious though" he teased.

he leaned over reaching into his nightstand, pulling out a necktie, and then bound my wrists above my head, kissing my nose, he scooted down until he was at my entrance and slid his cock back in, but he wasn't just going to fuck me, leaning back over me he hitched my legs over his hips and began thrusting.

then latched back onto my breast.. holy fucking jesus! as his hips started to quicken their motions, his suckling intensified I was quickly becoming a fucking mess, all the while he was pounding the fuck out of me and suckling, I was chanting his name mixed with calls of filth into the air.

Tom propped himself up on his hands as he drove himself into me over and over, teeth gritted.. oh yes there will be bruises, we were glaring into each others eyes, gasping as our pleasure ripped through our bodies, shuddering at times, the sweat was rolling off of us, I felt the spasm as both of our climaxes crashed into us, but our gazes never left one another only our wails as we cried out.

I healed by leaps and bounds and was even able to keep up with my tasks concerning the kids, and Julian.. he by no means makes it easy for anyone, even Lawrence pissed and moaned just how "awfully energetic and inquisitive" my son was, big cry bag.

"morsel, have you seen Lawrence lately?"

looking up from Peyton who was nursing, I shook my head, come to think of it... no I hadn't nor had I heard from him.

"um.. no, knowing him he's probably working on this thing with my Dad's Estate and whoever this heir is, something probably came up"

"huh, well he usually says something, not just up and take off" Tom sat beside me, now looking at the baby.

"uh yeah he does, you forget what he use to do for a living.. its not like he announces what he does like hey yeah, by the way Paisley, I'm going to go do some covert shit, I may or may not get to shoot some assholes, but the chances are there's going to be guns and blood involved, so have a good day sis"

Tom cocked a brow.

"that's cheesy and your impression of him needs work"

frowning I handed him his very tiny infant daughter, which he took from me gladly, instantly turning him into a babbling idiot while he made faces at her, Peyton regarded him with the usual blank stare, probably thinking this.. is my father?

"you're probably right, your brother tends to do his own thing"

"precisely, now go change your daughters butt while I go see what mischief our son has managed to get into since he's been awfully quiet"

I handed him a diaper an some wipes, giving his lips a twist, I got a not so nice look.

"why do I get the feeling I just got suckered into cleaning a crappy butt?"
as I started up the stairs I looked over my shoulder.
"well if you care to take a whiff,you'll get your answer"
and I proceeded onward,I was halfway down the hall when...
"aw fucking christ...morsel!"
eh..Peyton must of really done a number in her diaper this time.

Upon entering Julian's room I got my answer as to why he had been so quiet, he had fallen asleep...it looked like he had been praying at his bedside,he was on his knees slumped over the edge of his bed, his head off to one side facing me, arms slightly stretched on the bed,carefully lying him on the bed,covering him up with his favorite throw blanket he remained asleep,kissing his curls I quietly backed away.
"you got the easy job"
I nearly jumped out of my skin.
"dammit Tom!" I hissed, turning around glaring at him.
he stood there looking indifferent with Peyton draped over his shoulder ever so gently patting her bottom.
"leaving me downstairs with an infant packing a very loaded nappy was a shit move Paisley"
shaking my head, the man could be such a whiner sometimes.
"look how small she is I doubt her nappy was..loaded"
"want me to show you,her dirty nappy is the size of a baseball,her bum isn't even that big" he pointed her butt.

As the day wore on what Tom had said earlier about Lawrence started to nag at me, he at least stopped by once a day, called or texted me just to check in...but nothing, okay maybe I'm beginning to sound like him, being all concerned and questioning shit..but he is my brother after all looking over at the coffee table I saw something familiar, getting a closer look, my eyes widened.
Lawrence's cell phone..the fuck?
"okay Lawrence where are you...and what's going on?"

To be Continued...
Unwanted Legacy

Staring at the cell in my hand I knew.. something wasn't right, Lawrence just doesn't leave it lying around, especially since no ones heard from him, *something was wrong.. very wrong.*

digging around in the top self of the closet where I kept odds and ends I found a shoe box.. *yes!*, taking it down, opening up, I let my fingers file through the oddities within it until they came across a business card, holding it up, I read it, never considering I'd ever have need of it, three years ago I wanted nothing to do with it and just tossed the card into this box.

"*okay Agent Wells, you better have some ideas or at least some answers for me*"

"*to say having received your call was a surprise, would be putting it mildly Paisley, I never thought you'd ever would*"

"*I never wanted too, but it concerns Lawrence, so.. I had no choice, I know he's been in contact with you about this crap with my dad's Estate and this.. heir*"

"*he has been keeping you apprised of the situation then?*"

"*yes, but I haven't heard from him in awhile and I found his cell in my living room on the coffee table today.. Lawrence doesn't leave his shit lying around, I know my brother better than that.. somethings not right*"

"*I see*"

she sounded cryptic, and that was the kind of bullshit I hated, and why I wasn't sure I should of called her in the first place.

"*goddamn it Gina! don't get all secret agent on my ass, I hate that shit, its not like I'm some sort of ignorant civilian you normally deal with, don't make me regret making this fucking phone call*"

"*easy Paisley, I know very well the type of person you are, and stupid.. you're not, in fact in my opinion you'd of made a great agent*"

"*aw fuck no, I'll pass.. now, have you heard from Lawrence?*"

hearing her chuckle she knew it was a futile thing to say.

"*no I haven't, and now having received your call, I'll be making ones of my own, and seeing just what in the hell is going on, you're right, its not like him to be quiet for so long and leave his cell out, like his firearms.. he keeps that on his person at all times*"

"*thank you Gina, I appreciate this*" I sighed.

"*no problem.. you sound tired, are you getting the proper rest?, I know you had a rather precarious delivery of your daughter, that and she was premature*"

"*I'm alright, and so is she*"

"*you named her.. Peyton?*"

I heard the question in her voice.
"it seemed natural, that and Julian insisted that she have it after learning it was my mom's name, though he can only manage pey pey" I snorted.

Gina chuckled.

"why do I get the feeling that curly hair blue eyed angel..rules the roost"

"cause..he does, at least when daddy's around, he don't pull that crap with me, it doesn't work"

"nor does it work on you when it concerns Daddy, I have a feeling"

"weeeelll" if she only knew, fuck now my cheeks were heating up.

after I got off the phone with Gina I felt a little better, but not much.. the fact that even she, of all people, was oblivious to Lawrence's whereabouts bothered the hell out of me.

It had been four days since I had spoken to Gina, and I hadn't heard shit from either her or Lawrence, and in that time I kept his cell on me, and not once had a call come in or text, nothing.. SO I had come to one conclusion and as I did, I looked upon my tiny daughter in her crib, whose legs and arms were squirming about with the exception of one hand that she had balled up and was trying to cram in her mouth.

"hey.. does that taste good?" I cooed.

her head turned my direction, her fist dropped, and she made a squeaking noise, followed by a sneeze, if you could call it that?

"oh, what was that?" I giggled.

by the look on her face, she seemed just as bewildered by it as I was, but her face melted into what looked to be a smile and drawn out "o000000000" left her mouth.

rubbing a hand across her belly, her legs began to kick.

"mommy has to go away for a bit, I think uncle Lawrence is in trouble, but I promise I'll come back, okay"

I just hoped it was a promise I could keep.

Thankful for many things, that I had boobs that put out a lot of milk so I had no problem pumping enough out for Peyton, plus I had the formula equivalent on reserve, a Mother in-law who would drop everything on a moments notice to watch her Grandbabie's so "mummy could go shopping and just have time to herself"

or so that was what I told her. Hoping what I was about to do was the right thing to do, but I had no other ideas, and this seemed to be the only logical one, of course Lawrence would be bitching me up one side and down another, but this just happened to be because of him, he saved my life not once but twice in my lifetime, as well as Tom's life and that of my Julian.

I owed him this an so much more. Stopping at the beginning of the tunnel of trees that lead to the Estate, contemplating my next step, shit.. I've come this far, and they.. probably already know I'm here, there's no turning back now.
putting the truck back into drive, I slowly drove on. Gripping the steering wheel as I approached the all too familiar large double wrought iron gates, with their well detailed Archer's posed with bows drawn upward rested upon them, in that moment it dawned on me, Archer was my father's surname.

slowing down, then stopping, recalling when Lawrence had to put in a key code, I saw the keypad, rolling down my window, wondering how in the hell I was going to figure this shit out?.. that eerie creaking noise of the gates I remembered resounded in my ears, slowly looking towards them, I watched as they opened.

..what the fuck?, looking around to see if those marksmen all in black carrying high powered rifles that I saw last time would come crawling out of nowhere, but I saw nothing. I knew my route well, it took me no time at all to get to my destination, and as I arrived to the back of the Mansion I turned off the engine, sitting quietly.

the last memories I had here were not the best and hoped I'd never return, my body made a slight jump as rain began to unexpectedly fall pelting the windshield of the truck.

"shit!.. relax Paisley, it's just fucking rain"

finally finding my balls I exited the truck and headed to the Mansion's back door, should I knock?.. shrugging, why not?, so I did, surprisingly enough someone answered.

"Mrs Hiddleston.. you're expected" said the tall man all dressed in black, looking none too friendly.

"am I now?" I snorted "why doesn't that surprise me?"

Standing in the elevator my escort remained silent, sizing him up, other than his quiet demeanor, he clearly was no Lawrence, the ding announcing the arrival to our designated floor the doors opened, gesturing for me to exit first I did so, all this.. courtesy was baffling, why? cause I was the daughter of the former Boss?, as it were.

ah yes, the two large ornate doors leading to my father's office, it was Déjà vu all over again, even the large guy standing next to me knocking on them for permission of entrance, okay, calm Paisley, remain calm, whoever is in there may be behind Lawrence's disappearance even Julian's abduction.. but keep your fucking cool girl.

The room was as I remembered, nothing had changed, odd.. I half expected it to be changed somewhat, still masculine, but tasteful.

"Mister Archer, your guest has arrived"

jerking my head back I looked at the man who had brought me here, Mister Archer!? 

"Thank You Amos, you may leave"

looking in the direction from where the voice came from as it wasn't in the room, I spotted what looked to be an adjoining bathroom, something I hadn't noticed last time I was here, the door was open and a shadow played against the wall.

I watched as a man appeared, rather tall looked to be in his late fifties at least, well preserved but had a rugged look to him, light blue eyes, short slightly graying hair that was parted on the side, dressed in jeans and a dark blue button down dress shirt, with the sleeves rolled up to the elbows, he
was...smiling.

"my my..I would say you must be Paisley" he stopped in front of me, "but that'd be only obvious, because you surely do have your mothers look about you"

oh no,not this shit again.

"so I've heard"

smirking,he nodded.

"I'm sure you have,she was very beautiful,and had fay like quality to her you now bear that made her attractive to all that had the fortune to meet her"

"you make her sound like something out of a Grimm's FairyTale, unfortunately her life was far from it"

"I know" his face seem to sadden,he looked down "I heard all about it,and I'm very sorry you had to..endure her indiscretions" his hands were now clasped behind his back as he was slowly pacing,looking back up at me "I guess before we go on any further, I should properly introduce myself..I'm Samuel Archer,Sean's brother"

simply staring at the man,this must be the heir..there was no child, did Lawrence know this?,is this why he suddenly went missing?

"Brother?..he..he never mentioned you"

"he wouldn't,not many people knew we were,in the..business,we were in, it pays to keep certain secrets,bragging about who your family is,only becomes ammo for your enemies or potential enemies" he folded his arms, "one of the reason why he went looking for you,I remember when he found out about your mother's passing an that you in fact were alive..he about lost his damn mind,despite what you may think,he cared and didn't wish any harm to come to you"

I snorted,my eyes narrowing.

"really now?,had a fucked up way of showing it when he did find me,not to mention trying to murder my husband in the process, the sonofabitch" I snapped.

Samuel tilted his head,looking puzzled.

"I don't understand"

great,now I get to explain all the personal shit,and pray this man also doesn't want to kill my husband too.

"um..okay long story..short version,...how much to you know if anything about BDSM and Dom/sub relationships?"

I think his eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"okay that isn't what I was expecting to hear come out of your mouth,but..I know something about those things,what of them?"

he was watching me carefully now,pulling my hair back I tugged on what he would considered a necklace.
"this, is my...collar"

his forehead creased, giving his lips a twist, he inclined his head observing the silver accessory adorning my neck.

"you're a sub"

"yes, and proud of it, my husband is a wonderful man, husband and father, he's nothing like whatever distorted thinking my father had of him"

approaching me he placed a hand under my chin, looking at me with such an intensity, it briefly sent a fear through me, shit please don't let this get ugly.

"Paisley, your business is your own"

what, no raised voice?, swearing?, stomping about, acting like a complete ignorant asshole?

"um... thank you" my shock was clear, and he saw that.

"you expected me to flip the fuck out... didn't you" the grin he wore was crooked.

"yes, my father did" I mumbled a bit irritated, "like I said... he tried to have my Husband killed over it"

"well... he's your father, he would, but I'm not like my brother Paisley, granted... I do not like sexual abuse of any sort, but... if there's consent between the party's... then there is no harm, is there?"

"none, and I happen to agree with you on the latter"

Okay, now that we've crossed that bridge, let's get to some matters at hand, cause by now I know my husband has either contacted Scotland Yard or worse... Gina Wells.

"I do have some questions, that's why I'm here and I'd like some answers"

gesturing to a chair, as he sat down, well why not?, so I sat.

"alright, please ask"

leaning forward, it was aggressive I suppose, but I wanted Samuel to know not only did I mean business with showing up here unannounced, but also with my first of many questions.

"several months ago, something happened at the Hospital Day care where my son attended, he was abducted... he was later retrieved by a friend and, myself... from here, care to explain why my child was in fact brought here?"

Samuel now leaned forward as well, hands clasped together, his gaze meeting mine.

"simple... I ordered his abduction"

To be Continued...

Samuel Archer
Did...did I just hear him right?, *he ordered* Julian's abduction, this fucker sitting in front of me just blatantly admitted he had my son kidnapped...and why is he smiling?, fucking sonofabitch!

"*how dare you*" I growled slowly rising from my chair, "*welcome me back here, being all cordial and then sit there looking smug... and confess you were behind my son's abduction*"

Samuel remained seated, didn't even flinch, though his smile did fade, watching me carefully, *good... he should*, he's lucky I don't knock his ass right out of that chair.

"Paisley... how else was I suppose to contact you?, I am aware of the conflict between your father and yourself and how the reunion came about, you honestly think if I sent you an invitation to return here it would of been met with delight?"

he's joking..right?

"so.. kidnapping my son from his daycare, sending me almost into what could of been a nervous breakdown... was the solution?" my voice thick was sarcasm, "cause if you ask me" leaning in on him "it was... *the most fucking idiotic plan I've ever heard of*"

"hmm" he moved his head side to side. "wasn't one of my better ideas, but it accomplished the desired result and no harm came to the boy" he chuckled "I must say a rather *gregarious* little chap that boy of yours is, I enjoyed his company, and I assure you Paisley he was cared for as if he was the Grandchild of the Queen mother" it was Samuel's turn to lean forward, his eyes narrowing,"if I discovered otherwise.. lets just say I don't take incompetence lightly"

folding my arms giving a snort.

"then I pity the poor sod who got his ass knocked out while taking my son out for something simple as a ride on a pony"

Samuel raised a brow now reclining in his seat.

"yeah..that was.. quite *clever*, tell me just how did you manage that?, the person I had assigned was no slacker or.. a small man by any means, you must have some helluva skill with taking down bigger people than yourself cause" he shook his head grinning, "please don't take this wrong Paisley... it's not like you're some sort of Olympic wrestler and your height doesn't exactly scream enormous"

why do people assume cause one is short in stature you're helpless?, morons.

"before I explain anything about that, I'm going to tell you something upfront, something I told your brother, so you and I are *clear*, I know kick boxing, I have belts in Jiu Jitsu, and Muay Thai, *black belts*.. I'm quite capable of doing some damage, so fuck my height and whether I have.. *skills"*

"nice" he nodded with an impressed look, "not expected.. *but very nice*"

*this was fucking annoying, he was definitely nothing like his brother, too patient for one thing and talked.. a lot, which told me he was probably more dangerous than my father ever was,... Samuel was a thinker.*

"okay, so you're impressed, great.. as for how I managed to get my son back... I didn't, my brother Lawrence was with me, made me stay behind on the road with the truck.. he did the deed, then we
bugged the hell out of here, simple as that"

straightening in his seat, the relax appearance suddenly changed to a more rigid one, eyeing me almost curiously.

"your.. brother?"

*aah, that's right.. he doesn't know,* then again neither did Sean know Lawrence was his son, I wasn't sure whether I should savor this juicy bit of info or not when I did share it.

"yes, Lawrence is my half brother"

Samuel studied me for a moment, fingers interlaced, it was a dubious look he gave me, I could practically hear the gears grinding as I knew he was mulling over my words.

"*half.. brother... your mother had another child?*" the disbelief in his tone, apparent.

"uh.. no" shaking my head, "so that leaves *only one* other option"

"no.. no, I would of.. Sean would of"

"but neither of you did" I pointed at him now,"it was a brief fling Sean had with some trust fund chick from the States when she was visiting here, went back home unknowingly carrying a surprise that when her upper crust family discovered it, she fell into disapproval and sent to live with another relative until Lawrence was born, *typical* of the type of aristocratic family he was born into"

his eyes widened considerably like he had realized something, slowly rising to his feet, looking directly at me as he did, turning away, I watched as he made his way over to what use to be my father's Desk, quickly his fingers could be heard dancing across the computers keyboard, his eyes keenly focused on the monitor in front of him.

when he seemed to have found what he was looking for he slowly spun the monitor around, it was my turn for my eyes to widen.

"*is this... your brother?*"
calmly as I could, making my way over, staring at the black and white picture. It was indeed Lawrence, where did Samuel get this? was it recent? on further scrutiny, I perceived it to be taken from surveillance.

all I could do was continue to gaze at the picture, hoping it was current, he has been unaccounted for for awhile and I was getting nervous of his well being no matter what his skill set was and fuck the fact he was as tall as Frankenstein... okay he'd kick my ass for that one.

"yes.. its him"

"Lawrence Rhodes.. is your brother?, one of my brothers men?, someone who had been working for Sean for quite some time, and one of his most trusted.. and you are telling me, he is in fact.. my brothers son"

looking back up at Samuel, the man looked between pissed and doubtful, the veins protruding from his neck told me he was about to snap.

"no.. I'm fucking lying.. I'd have you ask him yourself but it seems hes gone missing, that's why I'm here, figured he came back to the Estate, that you had him"

"really?.. and why would he come back here?"

"cause" approaching the desk, "you invited me here and he.. wanted to know just who in the hell sent the invite.. Lawrence tends to be a bit overprotective when it comes to me, and... he knows this organization well enough to know that it can't be a good thing"
"you'll have to forgive me Paisley if I find all of this..odd, if not..questionable, for one thing he was listed as..dead, and there were accusations flying around that he" Samuel pointed at the screen,"is behind Sean's death"

oh fuck.

think fast, cause I knew this was going to go to shit fast if Samuel found out the truth, and possibly get myself hurt in the process.

"and where did you hear the accusations?..from those who remained here?"

"some..yes" walking around the front of the desk, he eyed me suspiciously, his demeanor had changed significantly since my arrival..his true colors? "perhaps you can shed some light on the truth Paisley...I know you were here"

"of course you do, my father brought me here to introduce himself to me, then proceeded to bring my husband here for the sole purpose of killing him, and then we could be one big happy family...pretty fucked up notion of..family, if you ask me" my temper was flaring as those emotions from the last time I was here began to resurface,"so it doesn't surprise me one bit that you know, I'm sure those left behind told you as much"

"then it won't surprise you" he began to walk back over to the desk, where he pushed a button on the intercom "that some things..don't change"

"what?" a shot of fear shot through me, something felt terribly..wrong.

"Amos, could you come in please"

turning towards the door, I watched as it opened, I had to hold onto the top of the chair I had been sitting in this was a fucking nightmare.

"no!"

the large formidable man that had escorted me to the office, entered, but in his arms..my children, slumbering quietly and unscathed.

"bring them in, I'm sure their mother is eager to see" there was mirth and mockery in his tone.

jerking my head towards Samuel, I hissed, narrowing my eyes to where they were almost slits.

"you sonofabitch!, I came here peacefully, I told no one, no law enforcement even...and you go and do this!" now pointing to my children, "bullshit, the hell is with that?"

"I know Paisley, and in respect to that..no one was hurt when the children were taken, your husband was at work and your mother in-law was napping hence why your children also sleep..see" he made a sweep of a hand "no harm, no foul"

"and just how...did you know when to do all of this?" I demanded.

"when you said...Lawrence tends to be a bit overprotective when it comes to you, I alerted one of my best and they took it from there" he was smirking now.

"you..you're after Lawrence, I..I was the bait"

I felt sick, had I just set Lawrence up?
"not entirely, I wanted you to come back here as well Paisley, I have my reasons, but when you mentioned Lawrence being Sean's son... it changed some things"

"ah... I see everything went as planned.. good" came an all too familiar arrogant yet chirpy voice from the office door entrance.

that was it... I don't even recall my body moving the only thing I remembered next was a hand wrapped around her small neck as she was pinned against a wall, my hand constricting around her throat... Piper.

"you fucking cunt... I guess knocking you on your ass wasn't enough" I growled through gritted teeth, "let's see how the loss of oxygen to your brain sets with you"

"Jesus Christ Paisley!.. enough!" came Samuel's voice from beside me.

to be continued...
Lessening my grip seem to have turned a switch on in Piper, her hands flailing where they weren't before, she began to struggle now, keeping eye contact wanting her to know, ... this wasn't some pathetic little American Soccer mom she was dealing with, I've seen and dealt with far too much shit to be labeled as such.

giving her head a slight shove against the wall, then releasing her neck, Piper's body slumped to the floor, turning away all I could hear was her gasping, coughing to fill her lungs back up with air, I'm not a fucking bitch will think twice before crossing me or my family.

"was that really necessary?"

looking over to Samuel as I scooped Peyton up from the couch where she had been placed next to her brother.

"keep the bitch away from me... or we shall see how necessary it'll be for me to take it to another level" I warned.

Samuel shoved his hands the pockets of his pants sighing as he looked upward, clearly either he was annoyed by my actions or he wasn't expecting them.

"Amos... get Piper out of here, see to her needs if she requires any medical attention, please"

and Amos did just that, carefully taking Piper by the arm, leading her out of the office, closing the door behind him.

"Mum.. calm down!.. now what is going on?"

she was walking in circles around the living area so quickly, waving her arms, babbling a bunch of rubbish, all I could make out was "baby" and "Julian" and "napping" everything else was just hysterical nonsense.

"oh Tom... god... I'm sorry, I don't know!"

taking her by the shoulders, forcing Mum to look at me, her face, eyes puffy and red, tears flowing heavily, it was fear and remorse there.

"what about the children, Mum?"

"their.. their gone!" she wailed throwing herself against me, her face buried into my abdomen, sobbing "and so is Paisley!"

what!.. when did this happen? gently pulling her away, my eyes searching hers.

"Mum.. when did this take place?"

"earlier today... when your wife thought she could be sneaky and play double o seven"

both of us quickly turning around to see a scruffy and no so recognizable Lawrence, if it hadn't been for his unusual height, I wouldn't of known, setting mum down, giving her a handkerchief, I turned my attention to Lawrence.
"and how do you know what’s going on?...and just where the fuck have you been?"

"reconnaissance, and good thing too, or I wouldn't be here to tell you what I know," pointing at me now,"your wife is playing at a dangerous game the little shit, as we speak...is at the Estate, the kids are with her, I’m assuming someone was sent to take the children from here after she took off on her own to go to the Estate"


goddamn it Paisley!..indeed, what are you playing at?..shaking my head as I ran a hand through my hair.

"shit..why would she go back there Lawrence?, she fucking hates that place, wants no part of it"

rubbing at the significant beard he had grown with both hands, he looked thoughtful, but I could see the concern in those steely blues of his.

"answers, you know her Tom...shes not only curious, Paisley gets to a point where she’s tired of unanswered questions, so if it takes her going to the source..she will"

"I think I know the question" approaching the big man, looking up at him, he gave a tilt of his head, eyeing me with a curious look, "shes looking for her big brother"

his eyes popped and then closed as his shoulders and head slumped.

"shit"

"shit is right...you disappeared for awhile, leaving some of your things behind...things Paisley knew ordinarily you wouldn’t of, if you’re going to do this secret agent crap Lawrence...at least be thorough and put your shit somewhere she can't find it, or better yet..tell her you are going under cover"

covering his mouth with a hand, looking at me, Lawrence could see I was not fucking around, now not only my wife was in a perilous situation, my children were too.

"man I’m sorry, and I know that's a shit excuse, but honestly I didn't think she would go this extreme..." his brows knitted together,"um..you said leaving my things around..what...things?"

"well for one,your cell"

slowly straightening his posture, I saw something come over him, not sure what it was, but I knew I didn't like it, his eyes even darkened.

"Tom..I left my cell locked in the glove compartment of my car...there's no way it should of been in the house...unless"

"unless..what?" I didn't care for what he was suggesting.

"the safety of this house has been compromised, someone entered the house and planted my cell knowing Paisley would see it"

hearing my mum gasp from behind me, I looked over my shoulder, she sat holding herself.

"oh Tom...how...awful, right under our noses, some stranger came in and did this, he's right..it isn’t safe"

"Tom..I don't know the details exactly of what's going down at the Estate, what their next move is, if any?..I can only suggest you and your mom leave, she's right..it's not safe"
"and my wife and children?" I threw up my hands,"I'm just suppose to stand by and..wait, go about my time just being a Doctor and..do nothing?"

"yes..sorry man,but trust that I'll get them back to you safely"

"like hell I will, my morsel and babies are possibly in danger and you are asking me to twiddle my fucking thumbs, Lawrence" I seethed,"its not in me to do that"

stepping in on me, leaning in almost nose to nose, he whispered not quite growling.

"and I cannot ask you to come with me and risk your life, it would kill Paisley if anything happened to you, I'll not see my sister suffer anymore than she already has, please..don't be an asshole about this Tom"

it was a staring match, such as it was, he may be a few inches taller than me but I was a stubborn fucker that in itself made up for it.

"look.."

"and then there's your mother"

fuck..he had to go there, throw in my Mum as well, it was a dick move and he knew it.

"that was shitty, my mum can go stay with my sister Emma, she'll be fine"

"nice try, I meant your safety Tom..and you know it, don't try that crap with me, you aren't going anywhere near that Estate"

Paisley was right, he was infuriatingly frustrating as hell, fucking Lurch indeed.

It had gone quiet after Amos had left, I currently was sitting nursing a content Peyton, while gently, toying with Julian's curls as he continued to sleep next to me, I was aware of the discreet spectator across the room standing by the crackling fireplace holding what looked like a glass of Brandy.

"you amaze me Paisley..one minute you're squeezing the life out of another with such a raw ferocity, the next you sit there...nursing another life with such a tenderness about you" shaking his head, Samuel wore a wry smile,"its..unnerving actually"

shrugging with indifference as I looked upon my daughter, I did what I felt was required at the time.

"call it what you like, just keep her away from me, and there won't be a repeat"

"I'll keep that in mind" taking a sip of his drink,"I'm beginning to think you have more of your father in you than your mother"

glaring upward under my lashes, that.. was a shit thing to say and I was having none of it.

"I'm nothing of my father and you'll do well to remember that, if I was anything like that bastard I'd be running this organization instead of trying to avoid it"

"and you could Paisley, you have the capacity here" he tapped at his head "to pick up on it and take this organization to a magnitude that even your father would be impressed with"
was he?..no,is this what all this bullshit was all about?.passing the torch,was Samuel expecting me to take over my fathers organization?and he was here purely as Mentor? to make sure this corrupt conglomerate stays within the family?,if that's the case...time to make something perfectly fucking clear.

"and you can take that shit notion an shove it,I want no part of it...what I do want is to be left alone,as well as my family...you're an Archer..you take over"

shaking his head,a muffled chuckle as he did so.

"I knew I'd be met with disdain,was told as much,that there was no love lost with you an your father or this place" he pointed in the air.

"yet you pursued me anyways,abducting my son no less" detaching my now slumbering daughter,laying her down,adjusting my shirt,"and..by the way..what was with those pictures of my parents you had put in my mail?"

"how else was I suppose to get that invite to you and for you to see your son again,plus I figured it was a nice touch" he smiled,"to see your parents in a time when they were happy, when your mom was..healthy, to see your father with his baby girl..or as your father called you..Snow"

"don't!" I held a finger up abruptly,"call me that"

casually walking over,he downed the rest of his drink,setting the glass on the fireplace mantle,he watched me carefully.

"I hit a nerve"

"no,I just don't wish to be called something that shit of man found endearing"

"he loved you Paisley,his heart broke when your mother seem to have disappeared off the face of the planet,spared no expense trying to find you,he knew your mom was bad into drugs at that point,his only concern was for you..his Snow"

"I said" jumping to my feet, "don't call me that! dammit!" I spat.

leaning his head to one side,his eyes narrowing,he approached me,eyes flickering.

"Paisley..are you..crying?"

fuck..I was,why in the hell was I doing that for?,quickly swiping them away,I glared angrily at the man before me.

"you're pissing me off,that's why"

"you forget,I've seen you pissed off and you certainly weren't crying when you were choking the shit out of Piper...you're crying because whether you like it or not, the endearment..means something to you"

no it didn't.

"bullshit" wrapping my arms about me,looking away,but keeping him in my peripheral.

"Paisley" his voice softened as did his facial features,"I know when a person is touched by something simple as.. words, especially between a parent and child"
"well you're mistaken this time" I tried to sniff quietly.

"am I?" I felt a hand on my shoulder, slowly urging me to turn around, then a hand under my chin, lifting it up, "those aren't the tears of a pissed off woman I see right now..but a wounded little girl"

*Dammit..not only was he a thinker, but an observer too...not good.*

This was shit, I could barely keep my mind on my job, and as a Doctor that could prove to be disastrous,...Lawrence was a dick..talking me into just "staying put", while he goes about doing the dangerous crap, *I was no slouch*, especially when it came to my woman and kids.

the only relief I do have is getting Mum all packed up and sent off to Emma's, Lawrence made sure of that, driving her there himself, that much I was thankful, though I was still angry with him, *fucking hell*. nothing like sitting on the side lines while another man goes and rescues your family to make your dick go limp.

looking at my watch, it was in fact lunch time, though I wasn't even the slightest bit hungry, but I knew I should eat something, *Paisley would want me to*, a pang of pain hit me in the solar plexus, it wasn't actually the kind that required concern, it was..sadness, rubbing at the area I sighed, and in a silly kind of way, I wanted to think it was a sign from her, letting me know she was thinking of me.

"I miss you too morsel"

Looking over the display of fruit the Cafeteria had to offer, it all looked good and then again.. it didn't, *dammit you git, find something and go eat it. Standing here fussing over it isn't going to help.*

finally acquiring a selection I carried my plate over to a table where I could sit alone, wasn't up for any company.

"Doctor Hiddleston?" stopping, I made half turn, an older gentleman stood, sturdy looking in appearance, dressed casually, wearing a dark blue double breasted trench coat, expensive by the looks of it, he smiled "Doctor Thomas..Hiddleston?"

he extended a hand, clasping his we shook.

"yes"

"the names Samuel...Samuel Archer"

*To be Continued...*
"Mummy..dis not our house"

"no baby,its not."

looking over at a sleepy Julian as he rubbed at an eye.

"I know..it Ar-chur house,why I back here?"

what the hell?...I understood he may recognize this place from last he was here,but..the "Archer" part,I wasn't prepared for that,had Samuel told Julian who he was to me?

"well" this was going to be interesting,I can't exactly lie to him,little shit was smart,"it belongs to my uncle"

"unc..unc" he frowned trying to say the word.

"uncle..my daddy's brother"

his blue eyes widened,blinking as he stared at me,so it seems Samuel kept his information limited..good.

"you have a daddy,mummy?..I no see him" holding his hands up in the air.

"cause hes gone son...he died when you were a baby" god this sucked.

"oh" crawling across the bed he patted my hand,"I sar-wee mummy,you mummy an dadee all gone" giving a tap on his nose,smiling down at him,he really looked worried.

"that's alright,I have you,Peyton and daddy,you are my family,so I'm not alone"

he was about to reply when a loud gurgling from his stomach erupted,making me chuckle,Julian grabbed at his belly with both hands.

"oooh,it talked!"

"cause its hungry,what do you say we go get something to eat?"

"yay!"

well Samuel did say I had full access of the Estate,unlike my father who held me prisoner in this place,let's put my uncles words to the test,this place had to have a kitchen.

"let's go find something"

I was unfamiliar with this part of the Mansion,last I was here I had been put on the west side,this was the east,and now here I was Julian hanging onto one hand while I had Peyton hanging off me in her Carrier Sling Wrap,making our way down some corridor that is unknown to me.

"you knows where we going,mummy?"
"not a clue"

that earned me giggles from my small charge as he swung my arm while we walked. Ahead I saw what looked like a staircase, oh thank god!, once we reached it, we quickly made our way down only to be greeted at the foot of it by... Amos.

"can I be of assistance Mrs Hiddleston?"

fucking great, a life sized road block.

"this place does have a kitchen, doesn't it, Samuel said I could go anywhere I pleased, currently I have a hungry toddler"

Julian looked up at Amos, for a moment I thought he might actually fall backwards, a little finger quickly thrust upwards.

"he big mummy.. wike war-ence!"

"yes.. like Lawrence" I murmured.

Amos quirked a brow, the most facial movement I ever seen on the man.

"Lawrence?..." he looked down at Julian, "big guy just like me... right"

"ya.. but his eyes are ba-loo" Julian explained pointing to one his own eyes.

I leaned in on the big man, and being that I was on a stair step I was level with him.

"listen... its one thing to keep watch on me an my kids per Samuel's request I'm sure" I glared sharply at Amos, "its another to get friendly with the intent to weasel info from my baby.. try it again, and you stand a good chance of knowing what that wretch of a woman you took out of the office, felt... are we clear?"

Amos stared momentarily, before adjusting his blazer, giving a simple nod.

"if you follow me I'll show you where our fully stocked kitchen is"

"good boy" I mouthed.

none too pleased with my conduct I'm sure, but I could give two shits, no one tries the crap he just did with Julian, he turned and proceeded on and we followed suit.

My eyes blinked several times as I took in the enormity of the room, it was indeed a Gourmet Kitchen, complete with vaulted ceiling, large bay windows lining one side and stone walls to go with the exterior of the mansion, it was... stunning with all the updated appliances, I was actually beginning to feel jealous, wish my kitchen had all this shit.

"everything here is at your disposal, the dried goods are in the pantry, its on the other side of the fridge" Amos directed with one hand, "if there is anything else you need I'll be down the hall" giving a nod he made his exit.

"I wanna sammich mummy wiff some cwisps"

looking down, he had an eager expression.
"so certain are we?, what kind of sandwich?"

"big boy kind, wike daddy eats"

"lunch meat with lettuce, tomato, onions, mayo, and mustard?"

with a wrinkle of his nose Julian shook his head with the sway of his whole body.

"no un-yuns, day make ya fart mummy, dat what daddy says"

rolling my eyes upward, nice Tom..

"okay.. no onions, lets see what they have here for lunch meat then, shall we?"

Half hour into our meal, Julian with his sandwich and crisps, me with my apple and Peyton waking up in time for her boob, all of us quietly went about it.

"morsel?"

I heard that wrong, there's no friggin' way... looking down at the baby who sleepily suckled contently, then over at Julian who by now was bouncing in his seat, with a crisp hanging out of his mouth, pointing.

"Mummy, mummy!  wook!... it daddy!"

turning slowly in my seat, I cautiously gazed over, mouth gaping open, eyes wide, a squeak escaped me as I clapped a hand over my mouth, in the doorway was a relieved looking Tom, Julian wasted no time, hopping down from his seat, racing over where his father who scooped him up, holding him tightly, laughing, while looking over at me with concern.

"Tom"

he made his way over to me, using his free arm to pull me into him, taking care of Peyton being between us.

"my girls" he murmured, placing a hard kiss to my forehead, lingering a bit.

"how.. how?" pulling my head back searching his face as he cupped one of my cheeks.

"let's just say it was a.. family intercession?" he shrugged.

"call it curiosity,.. I just wanted to meet the man who was worthy of you almost maiming another over, and.. my brothers wrath, I must say Paisley.. I approve of your judgement in men, he is a good man like you say"

pulling away from Tom, peering around him, Samuel leaning against the doorway, arms folded, wearing a satisfied grin, did he.. he did, went all the way to London just to interrogate Tom to see if he met his expectations, knowing Tom wouldn't know him from Adam, god what Tom must of been thinking when Samuel introduced himself.

"what are you playing at Samuel?, going to such lengths, like Tom's place of work, bringing him clear out here?"

"I just told you Paisley"

"no, there's more to it than that, you're up to something"
stepping away from Tom, I handed the baby over to him, he watched me with concern.

"morsel?"

putting a hand up to reassure him. *I got this.*

"morsel, I rather like *that* pet name" Samuel snickered, "he told me how you came by it; it does suit you, and I'm not up to anything" entering the kitchen now.

it was Julian now who decided to join the conversation, as he walked in front of me looking up.

"Mummy, dat Ar-chur"

"well hello Master Julian, we meet again" Samuel smiled as he squatted down.

Julian faced him, seeming to be comfortable in Samuel's presence.

"yeah, I had ta go, but I back an Mummy wiff me now"

Samuel glanced upward, my pissed off glare told him that this wasn't the time for "*lets reacquaint ourselves*", slowly rising to his feet, keeping eye contact with me.

"I know, and I think mommy would like to discuss some things with me, would you excuse us Julian? I'll have Amos take you to the playroom again if you like?"

Julian looked over at me, tugging carelessly at his curls.

"dat okay mummy?"

"yes, for now"

Tom held my hand firmly as we sat across from Samuel, he never took his eyes off the older man, his demeanor of relief from earlier replaced with a more defensive aire now.

"as you can see.. I'm nothing like my brother Doctor" Samuel reclined in his chair, "like I told you at the Hospital when I introduced myself to you, your family is in good health, as are you and so it shall remain"

"question is" Tom's jaw ticked, "*why*.. did you even present yourself, why not just bring my family back home, contacting me personally wasn't necessary"

both men eyed one another in silence, Samuel and Tom measuring each other up, *great.. a pissing contest of sorts between a Dom and a Crime boss; this should be riveting.. not.*

I was married to the Dom, and witness enough of this display of macho bull daily..

"you know this silent chest beating while *truly* fascinating, in that there's no violence following it, can we please.. *cut the crap*"

both men looked to me, Tom clearly being the annoyed of the two, *what?.. going to spank me later over that.. stow it Sir,* we have more important matters to deal with right now and my impudence isn't one of them, I let him know this with *my own look.*

"I was about to answer Tom's question, Paisley... like I said,.. simply wanted to meet him, it wasn't like
I could show up on your doorstep...was it?"

"why even make yourself known at all?, why not just go about..the business,and leave us alone?" I leaned forward from where I sat,"without the whole kidnapping of my son,that was shit in itself,I have a life Samuel,a very good one..don't fuck it up,my father tried..look where it got him"

those last words didn't seem to sit well with Samuel,he bristled a bit,shifting in his seat.

"Paisley...you're the last of the Archer line,the only family I have left,that and your children,why wouldn't I want to contact you?"

"what about Lawrence?..he's an Archer too..and hes male,he'd be the one to carry on the family name,though I can tell you right now" I snorted, "he wouldn't be interested either,not by a long shot"

Samuel's lips pursed,twisting he wasn't liking where this conversation was going.

"I've yet to prove he's an Archer, I'm still trying to grasp the notion its even a possibility he's my brother's offspring...tests are needed, but he isn't here, is he"

"no...and supposedly you have no knowledge of his whereabouts" I countered.

"that's because he's been doing recon"

jerking my head in Tom's direction, wide eyed.

"what!"

"shortly before Samuel here showed up at the Hospital, Lawrence popped up out of nowhere, it was when Mum discovered the children were missing. Tom transferred a dangerous glare over to Samuel,"he informed us he had been doing recon, and that's how he discovered you...were here...for all I know the crafty bastard is in this room right now" giving Samuel a smug look now, "yes..he's that good"

"I know him..Sean brought him everywhere, big guy..intimidatingly quiet, capable, had skills, never was a problem" he nodded,"it just escapes me that the whole time Lawrence was employed by my brother..he knew Sean was his father, and said..nothing, why?"

"because, I was there only...to protect Paisley"

"Lawrence!"


To be Continued...
"You know..a fart has a better chance escaping undetected from this place under your command than it would have under Sean's....your brother had far better security and men working for him than you"

Samuel's cold stare locked with him as he slowly arose to his feet, as did a smirk that grew on his lips.

"and now I know why you were a constant presence at my brothers side..you're good..Lawrence..too good, and not in Sean's favor, I wonder..did my brother know?"

"like I said, my only concern has and always will be..for Paisley" Lawrence's hard look never wavered from Samuel.

"just stop!..both of you" I shot up to my feet, feeling Tom's hand gripping my wrist, knowing damn well this was going to turn into an ugly pissing match, turning my attention to Lawrence "for one thing, Tom, the children an I aren't here against our will..however we will" and I glared at Samuel now "be leaving here"

"yes..of course" Samuel gave a nod seemingly sincere, "I meant what I said"

"damn straight they'll be leaving here" Lawrence was suddenly at my side which made me jump a little, "and you and I are going to talk after we do" he gave me a chastising look as he pointed a stern finger in my direction.

oh just fuck off.

the three men all stared at me, what..are they waiting for me to go all MMA? I threw up my arms exasperated.

"this shit is awkward, the mysterious arrival of my father's brother who" I narrowed my eyes at Samuel "thought he'd make his introductions by having my child abducted, not smart, and then he brings my husband here like it was a thing to do" now looking at Tom, "then you" looking over and up at Lawrence, "show up like Chuck Norris ready to kick some ass..."

"Paisley"

it was Tom, having been relatively quiet up to this point.

"yes, you're right, about all of it... but before Lawrence showed up, we were discussing your involvement with your fathers organization, or should I say your disinterest in doing so, not to mention" he looked at Lawrence, "his lineage to Sean"

Samuel sat back down, his eyes however remained on Lawrence, I didn't know what to make of his now, relaxed demeanor.

"true, we were discussing those things, thank you Tom" he gave a nod in acknowledgement, "Lawrence, I'm told that you are Paisley's half sibling...my brothers...son"

Lawrence's head jerked in my direction, don't give me that look you big jackass.

"what?.. like I'm going to hide that anymore, he does have a right to know, and" I pointed at him, "its not like he wouldn't of eventually found out about it, might as well get it out in the open now"

"Paisley" he looked about to scold me
"piss off Lawrence" I warned.

"could you two quit acting like brother and sister bloody long enough for Samuel to speak?, cause quite frankly like you said morsel...this is awkward, and I'd like to get us an the children home asap"

I could see Tom was uncomfortable, frustrated and just wanted the fuck out of here. hey I feel the same way babe.

"I have a better idea" Samuel spoke up, "Paisley, if it would please you and Tom, you and your family can go now, Lawrence an I can speak together, your presence isn't necessary, besides, I'm sure Julian and that wee one would like to be home too, and you and I can talk later... at your convenience" he smiled.

Lawrence seem to bristle at the suggestion, gawd, older brother or not, he really need to quit with the suspicious secret agent shit.

"all things considered, yeah... I'm tired, my brain wants to explode, and I just want to take my family home, besides" I shuddered, "I never liked this place... crappy memories" I murmured, "so yes. I'll.. talk to you later, I guess"

Mary Mother of... I swear, and I thought Tom was a protective pain in my ass, leaving the Estate had been a relief/conflict all at the same time, all because Lawrence had an issue with how casual Samuel was with the whole situation.

but I went with my gut.. and it told me Samuel was sincere with his agreement to let us leave, that and he had promised me that no harm would come to Lawrence.

"Paisley.. darling, you're awful quiet"

glancing over to Tom, giving him a weak smile, laying my head back on the headrest of my seat.

"um hmm?.. yeah, just trying to unwind an clear my head, a lot has happened" I sighed.

looking away briefly from the road as he drove, he reached over clearing some stray hair hanging, from my face.

"he'll be fine, morsel... so let go of any fear, Samuel isn't your father, questionable yes.. but he isn't entirely.. bad, so I think Lawrence will be fine"

"of course he will" I snorted, "hes the size of Big Ben with skills and too much of an asshole to go down without a fight" folding my arms tightly with disgust.

"ehhehehehe, no argument there darling"

Having putting the children down for the night I sat on the couch rerunning the day through my head, going to the Estate by my own choice, then the arrival of my kids.. that was shit and unnecessary, then nearly throttling Piper, that brought an almost sadistic smile to my face.

and if all that wasn't enough, Tom shows up with Samuel, not long after that... Lawrence, fuck I'm giving myself a migraine.

"morsel.. you alright?, you have a very conflicted look on your face darling"
Tom sat, pulling me to him, gladly I practically curled up into his armpit, nuzzling my face against his chest.

"I am now"

his arm squeezed me, I could feel his lips press atop my head.

"If this is going to stir up the trouble like it did with your father, we could get a hold of the authorities Paisley, I won't have you going through that shit again"

"Not at this point... I spoke my peace to Samuel before he showed up with you, there's no way in hell I want any part of that Organization, let alone run the goddamn thing, I know he still wants to talk about it, but it isn't happening"

"You think he'll approach Lawrence with the offer, well once he's proven he's Sean's blood?"

"No" looking up at him, "I already told Samuel, Lawrence has no interest either, so he might as well just accept the fact that neither of his brothers offspring are going to take the reins and just take it over himself"

"And if he doesn't take no... for an answer?" Tom cradled the side of my face, the worry was evident on his own.

"That's when we get the authorities involved, I'm not fuckin' around... last time Julian was put in danger, I almost lost you Tom, now we have Peyton, Samuel will either except my refusal, or he'll get more than he bargained for"

Waking in the middle of the night to an empty bed was at best... startling, please morsel no night time adventures involving you going to see your uncle again, I groaned inwardly.

I took a notion that perhaps maybe she was either in the nursery or checking on Jules... I hope, I was relieved when I happened upon a lovely sight, she was out cold in the nursery on the daybed, Peyton curled up in one arm and...Jules in the other, both sleeping as well.

Standing in the doorway looking at my beautiful family, safe and sound, I made a silent promise, that I would keep it this way, Samuel came across as an affable, decent man, considering who his brother was an the Organization he was currently looking over, but something I learned in Medical school...looks could be deceiving.

and the Archer family has proven more than once they were good at deception.

"Daddy... we goin' ta see Ar-chur again?"

craning my neck from the stove, that was the last thing I expected to hear from my son.

"Jules.. no, we're not, so tell me you want Pancakes or eggs and bacon?"

yes, a subject change was necessary.

"pan-cakes, wiff jel-wee.. gwape.. peeze"
"alright, pancakes with grape jelly coming right up"

"how come mummy no makin' it?"

"mummy's tired Jules, shes sleeping in"

"can ya cook daddy?"

his tone sounded skeptical, and when I looked at him Julian actually looked the same.

"you think I can't?"

he gave his small shoulders a shrug.

"dunno, ya no cook for me be-fore, ya no burn it will ya?" he actually looked concerned about this.

seriously, I'm having my balls busted by my toddler son about my cooking.

"I'll try son"

damn..

"it oh-kee if ya do daddy, jus do what mummy does, she gives me cereal when she burn it"

I would of laughed out loud if there wouldn't of been a chance of waking Paisley up, Julian totally throwing his mum under the Bus... ehehehehehe.

I never realized just how Jules ate.. with such gusto, much like how he nursed as an infant, guess it was safe to say my Pancakes were a success, that an the ring of grape jelly circling his mouth.

"hope you aren't crapping up my kitchen"

came a sleepy voice from the doorway.

"Mummy!.. daddy make me pancakes ehehehe" bouncing on his bottom, "it good.. an he no burn them..no cereal fer me!" he cheered.

throwing what I considered a freaked out look in her direction.. oh shit!

Paisley had been rubbing at an eye, stopping she cocked a brow... great.. I'm fucked now, thanks Jules.

"what the hell did he mean by that Tom?"

"not sure morsel... pancake?"

holding up a plate with a stack of them in offering, the cheesy smile was thrown in for good measure.

"uh huh, why am I getting the impression you're ducking out of something?"

she eyed me suspiciously as she dragged a finger through some jelly on Julian's plate, sucking it off her finger, much to our sons dismay.

"heey, mummy, dat my jel-weeee"
looking down at her disgruntled charge, she squatted down a bit.

"and who do you think buys that.. jel-wee?"

stopping mid-chew, with a cheek pouched to one side with pancake, Julian looked thoughtful, Paisley and I exchanged grins.

"Grammy.. she buys it!"

"nice try little man, but I.." she pointed to herself, "buy the jelly for this household, therefore if I want to sneak a taste..I can" she kissed his cheek.

Sensing something was up, only because Paisley was dusting the house for the third time, I decided to intervene.

"morsel.. you're going to wear the finish off the Dining table"

stopping what she was doing, looking at the table, then at me, puzzled.

"what?"

"that's like the third time you've cleaned it darling.. what's wrong?"

"wrong?.. nothings wrong, I'm cleaning the house, between you an Julian you'd think I ran a daycare.." she frowned. "you two are nasty"

nice try darling.

taking her by the arm, I took the dust rag from her hand, making her look at me.

"you're worried about Lawrence"

and there it was, her eyes softening, chewing on the bottom lip.

"he hasn't called or even texted Tom, let alone show up, I expected him to be here this morning, bitching my ass out"

okay, I'll give her that, I also did expect him to blow in here early to blast her about being careless, stupid, stubborn and everything a big brother would chew his little sister out for when putting herself in harms way, I know I would.. and I have.

"all I can figure is that maybe that the conversation between Samuel an himself ran late and afterwards Lawrence went straight to the Hotel an crashed"

that got me an eyeroll, okay so maybe it was shit, but it was all I had.

"aarrrghh"

"Paisley, he's fine... don't be getting any wild ideas of going back there"

"I have no intention of going back there, Samuel said at my convenience, not that I had to meet with him at the Estate"
"and I will be present when you do, no more of these clandestine meetings Paisley, I'm your husband I have a right to be there"

"of course"

doing a double take, what, no argument? she *always* protested my involvement when it came to her fathers..*business*, trying to protect me and our family.

"darling you..." her fingertips were already on my mouth.

"Tom, like you said, you're my Husband and have a right to be there, as much as I'd like to keep you from it, I won't...*I need you*

*I need you more, Paisley.*

*To be Continued...*
"Well it's about fucking time" I snapped as I walked into the kitchen to see the biggest man I've ever known sitting at the table drinking coffee like it was the thing to do, quickly walking in, placing my hands on the table, "do you know how hard it is to handle a distressed and pissy woman such as Paisley?" pointing upstairs.

Lawrence, took a sip from his cup, then straightened in his chair, giving me an annoyed look.

"seriously, you're asking me that?"

"don't be a git Lawrence, Paisley was a wreck last night, you could of sent a text, she didn't fall asleep until around four o'clock this morning with the baby still nursing, I had to remove Peyton, and put them both in their own beds, with my wife murmuring her brothers name in her sleep"

he said nothing, but was unusually quiet, just tapping his fingers lightly, rhythmically on the edge of the table.

"and for that Tom..I'm sorry"

something was definitely..off, he was..off, Lawrence was being passive and that was not him especially having spent the last several hours at the Estate with the estranged brother of his former Employer, Sean..whom he killed to protect my family...what the fuck happened?

taking a seat across from Lawrence, I studied him carefully, he was staring into his coffee cup.

"mate you alright?, cause you really are acting...strange"

"Tom... there's something we need to discuss" looking up I almost fell out of my chair, the man looked like death itself, "are you sure Paisley's asleep?"

"uh..yeah, why?"

reaching in his jacket pocket he pulled out something I wasn't sure of at first until he dropped them onto the table, then laid them out.
"am I suppose to know who this is?"

Lawrence snorted raking a hand through his hair, he seem to be getting agitated now.

"that's pretty much what I said when Samuel showed them to me"

"what?..Samuel?..okay you have me confused now"

stroking his chin, Lawrence pointed to the pictures hitting the table with a gentle force with his finger.

"Tom...this..is Peyton, Paisley's mother is alive"
I don't know how much time had passed, but in that time Lawrence had been watching me carefully from across the table, his eyes never wavered.

"Tom.. I know you have questions, I did.. but Samuel answered them, in spades he had the documentation"

slowly leaning in, I whispered, almost growling.

"How in the hell does he even know?, and why would Samuel share this with you?, fucking hell Lawrence this isn't just some simple little bit of information you just pass along..." pointing to the pictures, "this is impossible!"

"I know. I basically said the same thing, as for why he would tell me?.. I gave him documentation to prove my pedigree, it was a DNA report done at the FBI headquarters when I was younger, Samuel accepted it as proof, even when offered to let him test me" rubbing at his jaw as he slumped in the chair, "as for how he knows that woman is Peyton?.. see that one picture that's different than the others, where she's posing in the feathery dress... Samuel saw it on a Magazine rack in Paris outside a store four years ago"

a what?.. Paisley's Mum had been a Model?

"He bought the Magazine, and from there did his own investigation, seems she has been going under an alias, Mia Fraser... she now lives in L.A. as a Corporate Secretary working for a very prestigious Law firm"

gobsmacked would of been putting it lightly, what the fuck was going on?

sitting up, trying to gather my wits now, I had more questions than I could possibly deal with at this moment so I tried to focus on one at a time.

"but you watched her die"

"so I thought" he looked angry now, "Gina and I are going to talk... for a very long time if necessary, seems that bitch is better at keeping secrets than I thought, and this time I'm going to make sure everything she knows about Paisley and I.. is out in the open"

staring at the photos, my eyes flitted from one to another, from what I had been told of her life, the effects of it showed none of it.

"If.. this woman is Paisley's Mum, the damage of her drug use sure hasn't shown with age.. she looks.. good"

Lawrence grabbed his cup, heading for the coffee pot.

"Tom.. it is her mom, one thing Samuel wanted to make sure, he had one of his men.. get evidence to use for DNA, so they uhmm.. well" he was leaning against the counter, "managed to get hair from a brush to test, as for how she looks, I'm sure Gina can answer that, the FBI could of put her into a very nice and beneficial rehab, they have access to them all over the world"

I didn't even want to know the story behind how the hair was obtained, but the rehab thing.. Gina Wells was not only good at her job, but proving to be a deceitful shit of a woman.

"Great, now what?" pinching my sinuses, "we can't just out right tell Paisley, this would have her gutted, Lawrence"
"agreed, but Tom...I do have to go, I need to talk to Gina, get some answers, she's been hiding shit she had no business hiding, and owes Paisley the truth, if I have to drag that shifty bitch's ass clear over here so she can tell Paisley everything...I will"

I believe he would.

Rolling over, popping one eye open, the clock read 11:22 am, shit... I slept in way too long, yet I didn't hear any of my children, odd, not even so much of the ramblings of my three year old.

Yawning I made my way downstairs only to see Tom on the couch holding Peyton with bottle in hand, Julian laying on the floor coloring in a book, *gawd I hope it was a coloring book*, last time it was his father's Gray's Anatomy book from work, said the people were naked and he wanted to give them clothes.

quietly making my way over, I knew it wouldn't last, Tom would be aware in no time.

"morsel"

never fails, swear the man could hear a bug fart.

"yeah, sorry I slept in" kissing the top of his head, "but I see you got things handled"

"yes, but you need the rest, but I did notice our girl prefers her mums boob to the fake one, she fussed when I tried to get her to take the bottle"

"she does, want me to take over... with the real deal that is?" giggling now.

"ehhehehehe, sure"

"Mummy!

trying to situate myself on couch, Julian scrambled onto it and me wanting his hug, pissing his sister off in the process, crying instantly.

"Jules, easy now, let Mummy place the baby away from you so she don't get squished"

"I no squish pey pey daddy" he kissed the fussy infant on the head, "she jus mad cuz she wants mummy's boobie"

well he was right, but Tom and I couldn't help but laugh anyways.

Having fed the baby and Julian found entertainment upstairs in his room I noticed Tom had grown quiet, just being... *domestic* if you could call it that, picking up stuff around the house, bringing me tea, breakfast.

"Tom"

"yes darling"

looking up from having put a piece of wood in the fireplace.

"is something on your mind?, you're kinda... I don't know, well you were more lively earlier, now not so much"
"insightful as usual" he sat beside me," yes,I do have something on my mind because...Lawrence was here before you woke,hes alright..he wanted you to know that" placing a hand on my leg,"but he had to go take care of some things,no it wasn't an excuse,he really did..it concerns Gina Wells"

"Gina?.what about her?"

"he wouldn't say,but knowing Lawrence I'm sure it was important, on another note,everything went well with Samuel,he now knows Lawrence is Sean's Son,he gave him proof,seems your brother carries DNA documentation on him to prove it...maybe its just me,but that's weird"

"so my brother had what sounds like a civil sit down with Samuel, now suddenly hes off again and he's after Gina for some reason?" something wasn't clicking,I didn't like it,staring at Tom in disbelief "I hate my family,cause this is fucking giving me a headache"

"What do you mean she's no longer available?"

"Lawrence,calm down"

"no,I won't..what did she do, retire?..resign? what the fuck?..I just talked to her only a month ago"

Agent Caldwell's voice lowered, I just wished I could be in his office right now to see his face,that would tell me more.

"to be honest,it caught the agency off guard, one day she was here as usual,then the next..she cleared out everything,right down to her paper shredder"

"and you don't find that a bit suspicious?, fucking hell man, you've known her longer than me,and I've known her since I was still in the Academy"

"yes I do,as we speak the Director has an investigation going,whether she was forced to leave,or it was under more shady circumstances on her part we want to get to the bottom of it..hell the CIA has already got wind of it,they aren't happy and want answers"

"CIA!.the fuck aren't you telling me Caldwell?"

"Lawrence, it's the CIA..they aren't telling us shit,only that they want to know what we know"

a full body chill over took me at the same time the hairs on the back of my neck stood,I shuddered,the unease was tangible now, what the fuck is going on Gina?

"Caldwell,I want to be kept in the loop on this,I trained and worked under this woman for years,I have a right to know whats going on"

"I understand Lawrence,will do"

Even after ending the call with Caldwell the unease remained,in fact it became worse,pacing my Hotel room,throwing back the last shot of whiskey,feeling the burn of it going down my throat.

a thought came at me,why?.I didn't know, it was from the discussion I had with Tom about Paisley's Mom, did Gina know I was aware of Peyton's existence? and was now on the run..wait,why would she do that?.unless, the FBI had no knowledge of Peyton being alive and what Gina did to keep her that way..Jesus Christ Gina!, just what in the hell have you been doing and to what end?

but what about the CIA..what did they want with Gina?
I could see that what little I had told Paisley had her distracted so I had Mum come over to get her and the kids to get out of the House for awhile, which she did happily, what I didn't expect was a few hours later, the visitor on my doorstep... Samuel.

hesitant at first, but after his reassurance he wasn't here for any reason other than to just talk, and that he knew Paisley had left he wanted to be sure of that. I let him in.

"so can I assume Lawrence spoke with you"

"you can" shaking my head, "and I just..." looking over at the man, "I don't think my little Paisley can deal with this, I'm still trying to wrap my head around it"

"I can only imagine, just so you know, I've not confronted Peyton, those pictures are surveillance, even now I have people watching her"

"why not?...does she know her daughter is alive, married, has babies of her own?"

Samuel shrugged, heaving a sigh.

"that's just it, I've been trying to contact the one person who could answer those questions, even sent copies of the very pictures you saw and the DNA report, asked them how the hell its even possible Peyton is even alive? I received... no reply"

"that person would be?"

"you know her Tom.. Agent Gina Wells"

why does that Woman's name keep coming up? seems she has her fingers in a lot of pies.

"shit.. Lawrence an I talked about her before he left, he's pissed off with Gina, he was in the room when Peyton supposedly died, he wants answers, I'm assuming he's on his way to the States as we speak"

Samuel raised a brow, looking thoughtfully.

"good, I'll have to contact him and see what happened, maybe put me in contact with her and I can get my... answers then when the time comes we can give Paisley hers"

"Samuel.. I'm worried, for years Paisley believed her Mum died from an overdose, we went to her Gravesite, I held that woman as she fell apart, sobbing and forgave her mum for her sins... an now..." looking away as I recalled the painful memory.

I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"its shit Tom, all of it... and when the time comes we'll be here for Paisley, you, me and Lawrence"

Continued...
Chapter End Notes

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The warmth that I had curled up next to last night had disappeared instead I woke up to a little blanket beside me thrashing about with sniffing an fussing noises coming from beneath it, seems Peyton managed to get herself covered up an now was having a bit of a row with it.

"ehehehehe.. problem there little darling?"

pulling it back, only to reveal a rather pissy lass, still kicking her legs, an about to belt out a cry, scooping her up Peyton stopped as I began to coo.

"hey hey.. I'm here, its okay.. did that bloody ol' blanket get the best of you?, you fought a good fight though" she seem to wave a tiny fist in protest, but I wasn't quite sure if that was it or not, then she promptly crammed it into her mouth, sucking on it instantly.. guess not,"hmm, looks as if you might be hungry darling, lets go see if mummy is with gram's in the kitchen, I hear someone downstairs.. maybe I'll sneak you a biscuit"

popping the fist out of her mouth, face scrunching up, then a tiny...

"aaaaaaaaa"

"okay fine.. I'll eat the biscuit"

Rounding the corner to the kitchen, bouncing my small charge draped over my shoulder, Paisley was pouring mum some coffee.

"morning ladies"

both looked up just in time for a more then generous, yet apparent sound erupting from Peyton's bum...nice, Paisley sputtered before completely barking out laughing, Mum was slapping her leg she was laughing so hard.

"Morsel, just what are you eating that makes your milk do this?" I eyed Paisley in disgust.

"so she farts and its my fault?.. that's shit Tom" snickering now, "whose to blame when you do it?.. in bed no less’ she accused.

"bad tea"

"bad tea?" she snorted, "what a crock, how very English of you Thomas"

"are you saying I make manky tea son?"

oh shit.

"mum.. no.. don't you start in too"

"me?" putting a hand to her chest, "I'm not the one blaming my daughters's gas on her mum or your own on bad tea" her forehead creased, "tell me you don't really break wind in the bed when Paisley's trying to sleep, do you Thomas?, that's just bad form son"

"oh for christ sakes Mum!"

Paisley started laughing all over again, great.
"well.. it is" sipping her coffee now.

The man sitting across from looked ten years older than he should of, Caldwell look like shit, I didn't need to tell him that I'm sure he was aware.

"you're going to bust my balls on this aren't you Rhodes?"

"what makes you think that?"

the veteran Agent rolled his eyes.

"give me some credit Lawrence,you trained under Gina,she did that bullshit herself,not to mention a loose cannon when she wanted to be, was a thorn in Director Sayers ass, the woman tended to play by her own rules,that and your big ass is sitting in front of me"

playing by her own rules.,those words right there confirmed in my mind how Peyton's presence was possible, that's exactly what she did and in doing so, Gina had pulled a Lazarus as some Agent's called it.

"then make it easy on yourself and tell me what you have so far,if anything?"

frowning while giving me an annoyed look,he picked up a file,opening it.

"this is all we got,and we were lucky to get it"
"That looks like LAX"

"it is, you'll notice it's not surveillance quality, when word got out she disappeared... Sayer had all the Field offices across the U.S alerted and posted Agents at all Major Airports, some rather ingenious Agent used their cell"

studying the picture I observed that she was leaving, not arriving, dammit, probably long gone and lord only knows where the sly bitch went.

"when was this taken?" holding the picture up to him.

"a week ago?"

"shit!"

putting a hand up in front of himself, Caldwell shook his head.

"don't shit a brick, this whole thing has everyone on walking on eggshells as it is, Sayer is biting everyone's head off, if I wasn't already going bald I would be by now"

leaning on his desk with his forearms watching me pace his office as I mumbled profanely.
"Lawrence, I know this whole thing is...weird to say the least, but I have a feeling this is much more than concern for your old mentor"

stopping I looked at him, god I hope he wasn't thinking this was something...scandalous, or romantic...fucking hell.

"it is...but nothing sentimental I assure you" I snorted, "far from it, there's some questions I need answers too and it requires Gina to do just that...answer them, and she seems to be conveniently missing"

"really?, well for you to show up at Headquarters after all this time with your balls in a bunch these questions must be pretty important...care to share?"

do I?...Caldwell had headed up the case back when we raided the Commune, he might have some answers?, then again Gina was all over it, he probably was kept out of the loop as much as I was. Sitting back down, squeezing my temples trying to figure out just where the hell to begin?

"remember my first time in the field?"

looking thoughtful, Caldwell nodded slowly.

"yes, it was the Raid on that Commune in the Pacific Northwest, that was goddamn fiasco, never saw a bunch of strung out people in one place...and, so many kids"

"yeah, Gina ever tell you about one of those kids I found?, a girl about six years old, half starved, covered in her own filth"

staring at me blankly before it registered.

"ah..yes, um" he snapped his fingers repeatedly, "Paisley!, yeah that's it, I knew it was some Hippie dippy name, didn't she spit on someone?"

grinning, yeah she definitely did leave an impression, Paisley was the only one out of twenty plus kids rescued from there that put up a fight.

"yes, and bit them too, a CPS worker, I was there when she did it"

"Christ" he reclined in his chair, "she sounded like a little animal, then again most of those kids we recovered couldn't even talk, fucking sad"

"she was scared Caldwell, I had to calm her down so she would go with them, anyways.. it's about her, I need to speak with Gina about"

that seem to peek his interest, forehead creasing, tilting his head, folding his hands together.

"why would you need to talk to her about a little girl from a hippie commune? that by now is a grown woman"

"you're right about her being grown, that's obvious Caldwell" that's when I slid my own personal picture of Paisley in front of him.
"shes in her early thirties, lives in London England, married to a Doctor and has two children, and up until a month ago no thanks to Gina, had no clue...I was her half brother, oh...but it gets better Caldwell" the man across from me looked like he was going to have a stroke, "I received further proof just how...Gina plays by her own rules, Caldwell did you know that her mother Peyton..is still alive?"

that's when I took the copies of the photo's of Peyton Samuel gave me and placed them one by one in front of him.

Caldwell froze as he glanced at the photo's, only his eyes moved as they flitted back and forth, I waited, knowing this was a blow to his seasoned and professionally trained sensibilities.

"I saw Peyton's body in the morgue of the Federal Hospital we placed her in" his voice had lowered,"or at least I thought it was her" he looked up at me, impassive now,"so...the disappearing act explained, though..I'm not so sure this...is why the CIA is interested in Gina" he looked over the pictures again, "you're sure this is her?"

knowing this would be the case..having doubt, I handed him the DNA report.

"this was done by a private party, but as you can see the lab they used is a legitimate one, done in London, we've even used them a fair few times"

covering his chin as he read the document, it didn't take him long, this wasn't his first DNA report after all.

"Jesus..there it is in black and white, the truth..what a fucking scheme she had going on, but the
question is why?, and does Paisley know?"

"no Paisley's ignorant of it, her husband knows, I shared this with him, but as for why, I'm as much in
the dark as you, that's why I want in on this investigation on her"

"you do realize, we need to bring all of this to Sayer, he needs to know what has been going on right
under his nose"

I knew this was coming.

"yes, but with the understanding, that those pictures and the DNA report came from a private
informant... and it will stay that way. I'm not fucking around, the person who gave these copies to me
was kind enough to come forward with these pieces of evidence asking for nothing, but privacy"

leaning back in his chair, Caldwell heaved a sigh, a slight smirk on his lips.

"we all... have our confidential informants here Lawrence, and you are entitled to yours too... you can
tell your informant their identity won't be compromised"

"I appreciate it Caldwell"

"Oh... and uh... sometime you are going to fill me in on just how" he held up Paisley's picture, "you're
related to a once grubby, malnourished baby you yourself, saved from a fate worse than she could
imagine"

grinning, I could only chuckle.

"I will Caldwell, but it will also require an obscene quantity of liquor... and maybe even a blood oath
of secrecy"

"Never had you figured for the gardening type"

my posture stiffening, I craned my neck half way around from where I sat.

"and what brings you here?"

"can't I drop by and visit my niece?, I assure you no hidden agenda" Samuel now crouched beside
me," just wanted to see how you were since we last saw one another"

"I'm fine as you can see, up to my ass in soil and plants, was there something you wanted?"

"no, like I said, no agenda, just wanted to see how you were"

somehow I was doubting this, what I knew of my family, they weren't the type to get all sentimental
and paternal.

"if you say so"

"Paisley, I'm not my brother... I'm not going to swoop into your life an try to kill your husband, and
tell you how to conduct your life, I'm only here purely as your uncle, I do genuinely care about you"
staring at him, gauging his words, tone, everything... my past experience with the Archer family, and
Lawrence...taught me to be very careful.

"and genuinely keen in grooming me into taking over my dads organization, I'm not as naive as you may think Samuel" wiping dirt off my hands with a rag, "you can visit me and my family all you want, cajole until you develop a bad case of dry mouth...I'm not doing it"

chuckling as he now sat down on the grass, Samuel tilted his head seeming to observe me like a father would.

"I never pegged you as thick Paisley, and I was told as much of your intelligence before meeting you...I'll bother you no more of your fathers..business"

narrowing my eyes, I didn't hear that right..he's just giving up?...nooo, he's an Archer and my dad's brother, its not that simple, Samuel has a plan, he knew I was reading him.

"stop it Paisley..I'm being honest" he wagged a finger at me grinning,"cause I see what you're doing, your mom did the same thing when she thought someone was lying"

"hmm, at least she saw through my dads bullshit, and from what I've seen of the honesty of an Archer" rising to my feet,"it is shit"

"at least when it concerns my brother..yes" Samuel looked a bit sadden, "its what drove your mother away, once she figured out what Sean did for a living...she took you and left without a word"

I never knew this, then again all I had were the memories of a child, recollections of a drug addict on the run.

"I wouldn't know" I murmured, picking at the dirt in my fingernails.

"I'm sorry Paisley, wish you had the chance to have known the woman I knew...she was a lot like you, beautiful, smart, fun loving..didn't take shit"

glancing back up, I felt angry even a bit of envious for the fact that there were people who knew my mother before her dependence on drugs, I felt robbed and it fucking hurt.

"could we not discuss this..or my mom" heaving a sigh,"I may of forgiven her Samuel, but I haven't forgotten"

To be Continued...

Agent Caldwell
Photo credit/source: https://tribzap2it.files.wordpress.com/2014/05/paul-guilfoyle-season-14-finale.jpg


http://i.imgur.com/yIr8h.png
Two months had passed and a few things had happened, our little Peyton was now 3 months old and more animated, Jules wasn't so sure he liked it even if his baby sister seem to squeal happily whenever she saw him, Lawrence was in constant contact with us though on my part it was more covert, he would call me at work or text, keeping me informed on things we just as soon not let Paisley in on just yet, I was however gobsmacked to find out that Gina had up and left the FBI without so much as a hi, good-bye or kiss her ass.

and that the CIA was now getting involved which according to Lawrence handles foreign intelligence for the U.S. government, gathering, processing, and analyzing national security information from around the world, why they're wanting any participation in Gina's sudden departure has him baffled and they sure as shit weren't sharing their reason's with the FBI.

The newest thing among the changes was that Samuel had started making visits to the house, Paisley was sure he was just trying to worm his way into our good graces so he could talk her into resuming Sean's place, she tolerated his presence, Samuel was nonthreatening, enjoyed the kids, and he emanated a kindness, warmth an naturalness about himself that I felt she was keen too.

I was also told that Samuel had said he wouldn't trouble her anymore about her father's Business, Paisley thinks its bullshit, I had my reasons for why he was now dropping it and in from time to time, believed it had a lot to do with his discovery of her Mum being alive.

all this secrecy didn't sit well with me, Paisley and I always had been open with each other, I made sure to convey this to Samuel who understood, but he didn't have to lecture me on this specific secret... how it could be damning to Paisley, as a Doctor I knew it could be, psychologically so.

"Tom... you alright?"

"uh.. wha?" coming out of my reflective stupor.

"you weren't in the room... well figuratively, somewhere else" Samuel sat across from my desk, a brow slightly raised.

"you could say that" coming to full attention, "just thinking about this whole bloody mess and that's what it is... bollocks"

"I know, that's why I thought meeting at your office here at the Hospital would be best, at least there wouldn't be raised brows on Paisley's part, the less she knows for now, the better"

he was right, as it was Paisley had allowed him to be at the house, it would be only a matter of time before she figured it all out, my girl if anything had this gift of intuition.

"yeah, but it still doesn't feel right" sighing, "anyways... you have anything new on your end?, Lawrence hasn't texted me in awhile, I'm figuring he's either onto something or not in a position to contact me"

Samuel stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"no, I have my people all over trying to track Gina ever since finding out she absconded, its like that woman never existed, disappearing into the wind, I even gave orders to look under alias's cause there's nothing under Gina Wells... anywhere"
"I assume..your people have that picture,Lawrence sent of her at LAX?"

"of course,but by now Tom shes probably changed her appearance,one thing Lawrence did tell me about her,she was clever,clearly..or we wouldn't be in our current situation"

"clever or just fucking treacherous?..I don't know what shes playing at Samuel, but from where I'm standing its bullshit,playing with peoples lives" pointing to myself, "my woman's life,all I can think of is at the moment is throttling Gina"

"and I'm in total agreement Tom," he leaned forward in his chair,"I knew Paisley and her mom long before you did" a small smile grew on his lips,"never had I seen a mother and child so beautiful,I wasn't the only one,people seem to notice that even when they were in public"

pulling out his phone he scrolled through,then laid on my desk in front of me.

"you'll have to pardon the look on Peyton's face,Sean surprised her,she was going for a walk with Paisley when he opened the door,snapping the picture" he snickered, "boy was she ever pissed"

my eyes flickered about the photo,it was amazing how Peyton and Paisley resembled one another,scanning down,a small smile reached my face,I never really seen my morsel as a baby except for those pictures that were put in our post,..so wee.

"they are beautiful..you're fortunate to have known them from the beginning Samuel" rubbing at my jaw," but since then Paisley suffered greatly until she reached adulthood,I'm only trying to give her a life she deserves, full of love and nothing to ever want for,I'll give her anything she wants or needs..I don't want her to suffer anymore"

"I can see that,this is why I shared that I knew about her mother with Lawrence,knowing he'd should
be the one to break it to you, if I were to have done so to Paisley, the consequences would of been unfavorable

"Tom..I was thinking, we haven't had a holiday in a long time, we should take one, maybe go see Davey, Casey and the baby. I know Julian would like to have a playmate that isn't hanging from a breast, doesn't poop her pants, and is actually his age, he'd love Bailey"

looking up from my laptop where I sat in the kitchen... what?

"morsel where did that come from?"

"I just think we need to get away as family for awhile, and don't tell me you're booked, I talked to Desi, you do realize you have at least a month's worth of PTO on the books?"

okay, there was more to this than just wanting to have family time.

I was already in front of Paisley, reading her, those green eyes looking upward weren't exactly giving up anything, but not hiding either.

"darling"

"stop it Tom, you always do this, whenever I want to get away, you try to read shit into it"

"cause there's usually something behind it" smoothing a hand along her cheek," if somethings bothering you talk to me, please"

Here we go, I was in no mood to argue, and I couldn't blame it on him being a Dom, he was just being my husband, Tom was worried, but I need a vacation from here, something was very unsettling and I couldn't put my finger on it.

all this shit started when Lawrence stayed behind at the Estate, from there took off on one of his jobs, tasks whatever the fuck he calls it, then out of nowhere Samuel starts making these social calls...

"I am talking to you. I would like us all to go on a vacation, is that too much to ask?"

twisting his lips to one side, he remained focused on me, great what are you doing Tom?, trying to decide if I'm up to something or to bend me over a knee and spank me?.. probably neither, more like try to fuck the truth out of me right here on the kitchen table.

"have you talked to Casey and Davey yet?"

"yes and no, nothing confirmed, but they would love us to come visit, they just bought a new house, Casey's dying for me to see it and we would be their first guests too"

maybe if I gave him my pouty look, intensify my green eyes, perhaps bat the eyelashes, a lip bite?.. how about if I do none of it and Tom just understands I need this.

cradling each side of my face using the pad of his thumbs to caress my cheeks, he looked wistfully at me, gawd I wasn't trying to make the man feel shitty, good job Paisley.

"alright morsel" he said softly, pulling me forward, pressing his lips onto my head," call Casey, we'll go and see them, I actually could use Holiday"
"Thank you Tom"

I couldn't believe the spread when we pulled up, damn.. Casey and Davey had a NICE place, she had described it as a one story Mediterranean ranch house with a mountain view, mounted sculptural outdoor fountains, a generous yard, surrounded by trees... but damn.

"this the place?"

"I do believe... nice isn't it" looking over at Tom, smiling.

"shit," Tom leaned down to get a better view before turning down the drive,"I think we need to discuss an upgrade in our own place darling"

"house envy, Tom?" I giggled at his amazement.

"something like that"

"you should see the inside, and the patio, backyard.. I have pictures" wagging my cell in front of him, grinning.

"humf.. I'll wait for the tour" he murmured.

We hardly had exited the truck when I heard the all too familiar squealing coming from the house, Tom spun around in time only to see me engulfed by my BFF in an embrace, grinning helplessly over Casey's shoulder at him he shook his head.

"I'll get the kids"

no sooner had Tom said that and the passenger door had opened and.. Julian was out.

"we here? ooohhh"

his little head moved around taking in his new environment, eyes wide.

"oh my god Pais... he's gorgeous, I mean the pictures, ya.. but to actually see him, gosh he has grown" Casey walked over, crouching at his level "hey Julian, I'm your aunt Casey"

he gave her a side long glance, studying her, even pursing his lips.

"you look like a.. bar-bee"

"Julian!" I was mortified.

"ehhehehehehehe"

"Tom!"

"what?... he's just a lad" Tom threw up his arms helplessly, "he doesn't have a filter"

that's when I noticed Casey was sitting now on the ground now, cracking up too, thanks best friend make me look like asshole in front of my husband and kid... bitch.

"oh lighten up Paisley" giving me a dismissive wave as she giggled," we are in California... I take it
all the commotion stirred up the other passenger in the car and I decided to ignore my jackass husband an traitorous bestie and tended to my daughter.Lifting her out of the car seat Peyton instantly settled down,she wasn't even hungry,just wanted some comfort,nuzzling her face into my neck,making soft little noises.

"ooooh,shes so small Paisley,what a tiny little princess" Casey cooed.

"she no princess" Julian informed her," putting a finger up for emphasis,"she jus a baby,an she farts a wot,ask daddy" he said matter-of-factly,we all stared at Julian,he gave us a funny look,then he shrugged."whot?..she does"

glancing over at Tom,giving him a dirty look whose helpless expression was bordering on exasperation.

"you need to install that filter...daddy"

The inside of the new house was more impressive than the outside, yes Tom we do need to upgrade our own home, I think I'm jealous.I was actually kinda scared to have Julian in it,but Casey assured me he was fine, if Bailey could run about in it,he was in no way going to do any harm.

speaking of which, once Bailey was introduced to Julian they instantly hit it off, and oh my god she was such a cutie, definitely favored her mom,however..she wasn't the girlie girl like her mother,Bailey liked Tonka trucks and toys one would think best suited for a boy,much to Julian's delight.

Casey's eyes couldn't of gotten wider,or I don't think they could,her face clouded in disgust immediately.

"fuck Paisley,I thought that shit with your dad ended when he died?,now you're telling me you have an uncle?"

"so it seems" I sighed,"here's the kicker, he wanted me to take over where my father left off"

almost choking on her bottle of beer she was taking a drink from.

"what the hell?..gawd woman, you go from an Orphan living on a hippie commune,a foster kid,to..the daughter of a Crime boss,now you have your fathers family coming out of the friggin' woodwork wanting you to take over an illegal empire" she looked beyond appalled.

she looked the way I felt.

"you forgot Lawrence" I said with indifference.

Casey stared blankly as if she wanted to slap the crap out of me,her eyes narrowing.

"oh well yeah, let's not forget the Jolly Green giant we'll call Obi Wan, coming out of nowhere saving your ass..oh and by the way..hes your half brother,you both have the same father, the aforementioned Crime Boss..." taking a healthy swig of her beer now, "Jesus Paisley, your life is straight out of a bad mini series"

"and now you know why I'm on a vacation" I murmured,"I'm tired Casey, lest we forget I almost lost
Tom in all of this, among all of that shit you just rattled off, I'm also a wife an mom...

hastily making her way over, she dropped down next to me in the bouncy fashion she's known for, draping an arm around my shoulder.

"hey, you talk to Tom about this?" the tone had changed from sarcasm to concern, "I don't need you to be having a break down"

pulling me to her, resting my head on her shoulder, it felt like we were teenagers again and as usual I was counting on my best friend Casey to let me get it all out, she had always been there for me, then and now.

"I'm sure he's aware somethings amiss... but" I lifted my head looking at her directly, "recently there has been stuff going on, I can't put my finger on what it is... but I just have this funny feeling" putting a hand to my chest "that once again shit is going to hit the fan, in regards to me, ...Casey" tears welled up....

"I can't do this anymore"

To be Continued...

Casey and Davey's New House and 3Yr old Bailey
Unwanted Legacy

I must of been the first one up, however the coffee was already brewed, kitchen light on, but there was none to be seen/heard of, tucked in one arm, Peyton, awake quietly babbling as I poured myself a cup.

"like you need any of this, you...little miss, kept your mummy awake most of the night, she needs her rest"

I received a series of raspberries, lovely...shrugging I took a seat at the bar that faced the kitchen to drink my coffee, while my daughter continued her intermittent symphony of fart noises.

"thought I heard someone talking"

Casey made her way in the kitchen, clad in gray sweat pants and a pink Nike t-shirt, hair up in a sloppy bun, reminded me of Paisley in the morning.

"yeah, you call her Princess, I call her a tiny pain in the arse, she kept her mum up most of the night and morning, isn't that right" looking down at Peyton who decided squirming about was now necessary.

"pppphhhtt!"

Casey threw her head back cackling.

"Bailey did that a lot, sounds like Peyton is going to be a Tomboy like her, oh" she held a finger up, "word of warning, when you start feeding her actual food, watch out, those raspberries aren't so cute when you are wearing the food"

"we already learned that with Jules, if he wasn't spraying food with the raspberries, he was throwing it, usually it was after he turned it into a mushy glop" wrinkling my nose, "come to think of it, I believe he even did that with his poop"

"ew Tom..." stirring her coffee, "hope you took on some of the slack on that, no mom should have to deal with a shit slinging baby on her own"

"I did, Casey. I maybe a Dom but I'm not an asshole" lifting up my small charge in my arm, "case in point, between the long flight and this little squirmy butt, Paisley was knackered so that's why I'm making sure she gets her sleep"

nodding and smiling at Peyton who seemed to have taken an interest in my shirt and was currently tugging on it.

"I know you're a good dad and husband, Dom, Paisley tells me this" folding her arms on the bar, leaning on it, "she loves you as fiercely as we love her, which brings me to something I wish to discuss with you"

"yes?"

"Tom... last night Paisley and I as you know had a little girl time while you caught some Z's," rubbing a hand across her bottom lip, I could tell something was troubling her, was something wrong with Paisley?, "she told me about this... Uncle, and what has transpired since then"

I knew Casey and Paisley went way back, and she would share practically everything with
her, including having discovered who Samuel was.

"I figured that would come up, but I don't understand what you mean by..transpired?"

I really didn't.

"the fact he wants her to take over her fathers business, something we both know Paisley could give two shits about..and there's something else Tom" sighing almost sounding melancholic  "I'm really worried, all this shit from the time you got hurt up to now..its catching up with her, shes admitted it to me, Paisley's tired and now she has another thing eating at her"

"like what?" this all was news to me and I didn't like what I was hearing.

"that's just it Tom" throwing up her arms, "she doesn't know, but she feels it's about her, that girl was near tears last night, shes going to lose her shit, if her assumption is right...shes done, poor baby is burnt"

_Dammit morsel and your instincts, pinching the bridge of my nose as I squeezed my eyes shut._

"shit"

standing up straight now Casey gave me a curious look, I knew the minute the expletive left my mouth what was coming next, the question was...do I tell her?, and if I did would she keep this from Paisley until the time was right..could she?

"Tom..what is it?"

holding a hand up I turned away to place the baby in her playpen giving her a toy, praying she would just be happy with it, then I returned, Casey had remained where she stood.

"not sure how to say this Casey except...sit down, cause I can guarantee what I have to say..will definitely have your legs buckling at some point..."

I hadn't even finished the story and Casey was white as a sheet, _and luckily had been sitting as suggested_, when I had shown her two of the pictures of Paisley's mum I had on my cell she clapped a hand over her mouth, whether it was from shock or the urge to vomit I wasn't sure.

winding up what I had left to tell her, Casey sat quietly, wringing her hands together.

"now comes the hard part, under no circumstances..are you to tell Paisley, she knows nothing about this, obviously....there's too much unexplained shit, and as I mentioned, Gina who has the answers.. is on the run why?, even the FBI are clueless, hell the fucking CIA are getting involved, and you say my girl was on edge last night? that something was bugging her, that it had to do with her..Paisley has always been perceptive Casey, if she finds all this out.._she will lose her shit_"

tears had been slowly trickling down her face, staring at me across the bar.

"my god Tom" she whispered, _"this whole time, her mom's been alive...an...and Paisley never knew, when she does find out."_ covering her mouth with her fingertips, "shit Tom.. no matter what, Paisley's going to flip"

"I know" and that alone broke my heart.

Pacing the all too familiar office only made my agitation grow, where the hell is he anyways?, giving
myself only five more minutes before I said *fuck it* and left, I finally stopped in front of the many windows facing the grounds below, particularly the pastures, my eyes focusing on the water trailing down the pane as the rain poured outside.

"*fucking English weather*" I mumbled.

"Lawrence?" there was surprise in his tone.

Turning away from the window, Samuel tilted his head, stopping short of his desk.

"you were maybe expecting my sister?"

"now that... would indeed be interesting, but no... however, I wasn't expecting you either, what brings you here?"

"my sister... and her family" now standing in front of him, "when were you going to inform me they left on vacation?"

"what?" Samuel's face dropped, "when was this... and where?"

Okay maybe he wasn't aware of this either.

"yesterday, I talked to Tom's mother who's house sitting, seems Paisley wanted to get away from here for awhile an go visit some friends of hers" I now frowned heavily, "*in L.A*"

Samuel flinched and began to gently tug on his bottom lip all the while staring at me in a manner that could be construed as bewilderment.

"Los Angeles?"

"yes"

"*why there* of all places?" his eyes becoming slits.

"for one thing she was employed there for a time, that's where Paisley met Tom, at Ronald Reagan UCLA Medical center, her friends Casey and Davey work there too, that's who they are visiting.. Paisley is a Paramedic, didn't you know that?"

"no.. no I didn't"

the man looked absolutely dumbfounded, *damn*.. for someone who was related to Sean Archer and supposedly was in the same line of work as his brother, you would think he knew .. *these kinds of things.*

"Samuel.. how could you not know this, hell she was a paramedic in London for a time, she's part time right now, on maternity leave, but yes... she lived in L.A for awhile"

"Lawrence, you'll have to forgive me... I haven't been in touch with my brother and his organization for some time, not until his death, then I was informed of Paisley, that he had finally found her... so I had no idea where she had been living before he did, and now you're telling me she had been living in the same city... *as her mother*"

walking around his desk, dropping into the chair, Samuel looked frustrated, raking a hand through his hair.

"we didn't know that.. *well with the exception of one person*" I growled, "and when I find that bitch"
flexing my fingers on both hands, cracking my knuckles in the process, "she trained me" looking over at Samuel, "and did a damn fine job, one of the FBI's finest, she's going to find out just how well she did her job with me, if I have to tap into Lawrence the thug, I will"

"you're willing to go... rogue?"

I don't think he realizes just how outraged I am at this shit that Gina has caused.

"for fucking with peoples lives the way she has?...yes, running off in the chicken shit way she did and not answering for it, absolutely"

Having had a chat with Casey and Davey they had offered to take all the kids to the local park for awhile, I needed some alone time with Paisley, the talk I had with Casey had me worried,....worried that my girl was more than stressed out.

so I thought spending the day just her and I doing whatever, whether it was staying here, or going to the beach, anything to keep her mind from thinking so much.

And at one point the thought of a good shag kept running though my head, always thinking with my dick, I know...and to make sure her and I were on the same page I let Paisley know at one point I really would like to please her but there were other ways, but I believed we should hold off with sex for a bit... she seem to agree, though snogging was definitely something we both were keen on.

however every chance I got, my lips were all over the poor woman, her mouth, cheeks, neck, ears, throat and shoulders, I even would slide her shirt down a bit just so I could get at that soft delicious skin... okay dick thinking it is.

I was being such a tit at times that Paisley would playfully swat at me, laughing, but more often than not there were times she would climb onto my lap, straddling my legs, threading her fingers through my hair with both hands and would lean in claiming my mouth, making sure to push those lovely, generously sized breasts against me as she did.

There was an instance when Paisley surprised me and had crawled upon me for a kiss my hands had instinctively cupped each of her breasts, squeezing, palming them with some eagerness, I was gifted by a lusty, hearty moan into my mouth that almost had me blowing a load in my pants, maybe a good shag was in order after all.

I remember quite well what happened next, she sat back on her knees, watching me intently as she removed the t-shirt she was wearing ever so slowly, then tossing it aside, gob smacked wasn't the word, little minx wasn't wearing a bra, taking my hands placing them onto her breasts her soft plea was simple.

"touch me"

aw gawd...fuck.

my hands did as before, but this wasn’t enough so I took a nipple into my mouth, flicking the pebbled nub, gasping her mouth remained open, eyes closed, when I began to suckle on it, Paisley began to writhe, grinding on me with purpose...shit.

“baby don’t do that... or..”

“Tom if you want me.. just...please”
if I want you?, silly girl... I'll always want you.

feeling my eyes darkening, there was a change in me in that split second, placing soft urgent kisses all over her breasts, briefly sucking on a nipple with a tug.

making my way down to my sweats pulling them off and hers as well, she was also sans underwear, cheeky... legs open to me in invitation, exposing her more than wet sex, the lapping was instant, swirling my tongue throughout her folds, her hips bucking, twisting so much I had to hold them down.

“ooohh.. yeess, please Tom” hissing, her nails digging into my scalp “so fucking gggooood... fuck!”

introducing a finger inside her warm core, pumping as my tongue worked her folds with vigor, I stopped only briefly.

“you have a lovely flower Paisley, taste so fucking delicious like always”

Raising her hips slightly, to sink my now two fingers deeper in side, goddamn.

“oh Tom, please...faster, fuck me with your fingers”

and I did, sitting up on my knees, staring down at this beautiful woman with a heated look, hooded eyes, pistoning my fingers and stroking my engorged cock at the same time.

if this wasn't intense enough, Paisley did something I never would forget, she took me by the wrist, removing my fingers, slowly rolling over onto all fours I watched bemused, lowering herself onto the mattress, pushing her ass up as far as she could, arms behind her back clasping a wrist with her other hand.

"take me sir, please.. I'm yours, use me"

it had been awhile since we had engaged in any Dom/sub activity, but this.... my god the way she presented herself... beautiful.

"oh little one, such a good girl” I breathed, "I didn't even have to ask" placing a soft kiss on each butt cheek, "you want my cock don't you morsel?"

"yes sir"

aligning my cock, holding her ass I rubbed it back and forth between her butt cheeks, instantly she pushed them up against me as I rode her slowly, her face remained pressed sideways into the mattress, no sound came from her, it was written all over, with an occasional tremble from her body, always so receptive to me.

sliding back, I teased her entrance with my tip, rubbing it occasionally against her clit, again trembling to my touch pleasing me even more.

"so I see you really do want this"

"please sir.. I.. I want to.. cum”

gripping, raising her hips and without any decorum my cock filled her, my own hips began grinding down into her, our mutual panting, gasping filling the air.

I was slamming so hard up into her I began chanting gibberish and profanity at the same time, my balls slapping up against her ass, knowing she was very close, god her walls felt so good.
"you want to cum little one?" I gritted out, trying to hold back my release.

"yyeess ssiirr"

"Now!"

at once Paisley was on all fours again, her head thrown back, body arching, a wail escaping, her little body shuddered, pushing my hips flush against her ass cheeks blowing my load as I received release with her. Paisleys walls milking me dry.

I remained seated inside her, breathing heavily, my forehead resting against her sweat soaked back, I was trying not to pass out while catching my breath.

“Paisley darling.. you alright?” withdrawing myself slowly, then helped her sit up, both our body's feeling a bit rubbery, holding Paisley around her waist, pulling back against my chest."I just hope I didn’t cause you any discomfort, did I make you feel good darling?” speaking softly into her ear.

Giving a side long glance up at this impossibly beautiful man, still flushed from our activities, he’s kidding.. right?

“yes Tom, you made me feel really good, you always do”

“cause I know, we are on vacation we could of got a Hotel and did.. this” he looked like a scolded boy now. “and.. I was kind of harsh with you”

"I'm not made of delicate bone china Tom, and we've been.. rougher, if I wasn't inclined to what were doing you certainly would of heard me say so, I do know my safe words” taking him by the hand, interlacing our fingers together, making a half turn "besides, I wanted this, remember, I gave myself to you, cause I love you"

"I know, love” he smiled weakly, toying with my bangs "I just wanted to make sure you wanted it, that... it wasn't all about me”

"I did do it for us Tom... and I wouldn't mind it, again” giving a subtle wink.

a wicked grin grew on his face.. oh shit now what?, was the wink too much?

"really?.. I did notice in our ensuite, there is a fantastic Whirlpool jetted bathtub installed, I think we need to go an christen it.. I wouldn’t mind you up to your neck in bubbles, with those jet's blasting your sensitive spots while you're on all fours and I’m rutting into you from behind”

my jaw dropped, Tom threw his head back as he rolled onto the bed laughing almost hysterically.

“oh my god Tom!.. Pig!” I slapped at him.

To be Continued...
"You did what?"

"after taking the kids to the park, they were hungry, so we went to McDonald's, that was a blast" Casey giggled, "Julian is a riot, he makes eating a meal quite enjoyable, anyways since we were in the area I swung by the Ambulance station where ya use to work an introduced him an Peyton to your old crew... they loved the kids, and your son loved all the equipment in the ambulance; yeah.. he got a tour, Lin an everyone send their love by the way"

of all the things to do while babysitting my kids Casey, take them to meet my old crew at the EMT station, Julian must of drove them nuts, nothing like a toddler machine gunning questions about every little thing they saw, especially my toddler... sigh.

"I just hope Julian didn't drive them up the wall, thanks though.. for taking the kids, how was Peyton?"

"oh she was a doll, charming everyone who saw her, just like her daddy" Casey smiled handing me a glass of wine, "I think Davey held her more than I did selfish asshole, almost got snarky with me when I wanted to" rolling her eyes.

"maybe he's itching to have another one?"

sputtering until she spit some of her own wine back into the glass, Casey wiped her chin with the back of her hand.

"thats a f**ked up thing to say Paisley"

"what?.. has he been bugging you to have another baby?"

"not really.."

"not really?, either he is or he's not, which is it Casey?"

looking hesitant, she set her glass of wine down.

"Paisley" looking away now, "I've had two miscarriages since I've had Bailey, my Doctor doesn't know what's causing it, or if I can have anymore babies"

my heart sunk, feeling shitty wasn't the word, here I was waltzing into her home with my brood, then having them babysit for the day while Tom an I... yeah, gawd Paisley you insensitive bitch.

with one arm I pulled her into an embrace, which she received willingly.

"I'm sorry Casey, you should of told me.. Tom, the kids an I.. we of could of came later"

lifting her head so that we were eye to eye.

"bullshit, just because I'm having a bit of a fertilizer problem doesn't mean I'm going to shut down, hide under a blanket an shun my friends"

That's Casey, never focusing on herself or her problems, just pushing on as long as everyone else was
happy that's all that mattered.

"Morsel..you sure you want to do this,I mean..I know it's been awhile since you've been there,I'll go with you"

trying to see the concern written on my husbands face and overlooking the current condition of his hair was..well, distracting actually,his normally tamed curls/waves were somewhat chaotic.

"I'll be fine" smiling as I tried to smooth a particularly unruly curl,"I want to do this...alone"

"I can see that you do" taking my chin into those long fingers of his,lifting it up,"I just wanted to be there for you,knowing how difficult it is,I don't like my girl hurting in any way,you know this"

grinning,I raised a brow,playfully swaying my shoulders side to side.

"weelll, there is some kinds of pain we both enjoy"

"morsel..I'm being serious"

"I know,and its depressing Tom,I was trying to lighten the mood,...Jesus"

Pulling up as I recognized the familiar family crypt marked LAWFORD, putting the car in park an shutting it off, I realized I was staring forward my hands remained gripping onto the steering wheel,well the flowers aren't going to put themselves on her grave.

I remembered where she had been laid to rest,and went directly to it,but something was different..

"what the?..." scowling I saw that her head stone was the same.

_ Peyton Savannah Lawford 

_ 1965-1990 

_ she left behind a piece of her heart, in the shape of a Paisley 

but,it's what I saw below it,that was not.

_ Sean Archer 

_ Beloved Brother. 

_ and Father to Paisley 

my blood was boiling as the tears burning behind my eyes began,what the fuck was this shit?! who
put this monsters name on my mothers headstone?, no one asked me..I'm the only living relative of hers.. wait, not Samuel, he wouldn't of done this.. would he?

well whoever fucking approved this, is going to hear from me the one person whose approval should of been requested in the first place.

"beloved father indeed" I growled.

and with that I spat on his name, staring at the small glob of spit, I heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

"hey there, just what the hell do you think you're doing!!?"

oh great, just what I need, a nosy visitor, or groundskeeper giving me shit.. fuck 'em, right now.. I've got an ass to chew, ignoring the outraged voice from behind me I quickly made my way back to the car.

Watching the young girl storming off to her car, the older, professionally dressed woman stood disturbed by what she just saw, the defiling of a gravestone, having none of it she headed for the Cemetery's onsite caretakers office.

Upon entering the building, she was greeted by a well dressed elderly gentleman coming from around a counter, giving a nod with a polite smile.

"good afternoon, how may I help you?"

"yes, I want to report an incident that just happened right outside, at a Gravesite"

"oh?.. may I inquire which one?"

"the Lawford plot"

"Lawford?, would I be correct in guessing it was a young lady, say.. in her thirties, long red hair?"

"uh.. um, why yes.. but how?" she looked puzzled.

"oh yes, that has to be Paisley Hiddleston, she's been sending flowers to that particular plot for the past few years, first time in awhile that I've heard she's been here though, what seems to be the problem ma'am?"

"Paisley.. Hiddleston?"

"yes ma'am, the grave she visits and sends flowers too is Peyton Lawford, her Mother"

without another word she ran out of the office, quickly making her way down the steps then not even thinking clearly, jumped out in front of the on coming car she knew to have the young woman she had saw at the Gravesite.

Slamming on my brakes, screeching to a halt almost launching myself through the window, I heard what I thought was a thud... oh fuck, I just hit someone in a fucking cemetery!, peering over the steering wheel there was a woman with both hands on the hood, looking up at me wild eyed.

crazy bitch, looking for a death wish or what?, hastily unbuckling my seatbelt I threw open the car door, jumping out, and advancing on her.

"the fuck is wrong with you?!!" yelling throwing up my hands.
the woman looked completely horrified, then she started shaking her head slowly, still staring at me.

"there's no way.. she told me you died"

"what?"

"Paisley Amelia Lawford"

I froze.

"how..how did..you know my name?"

the woman began sobbing as she slowly dropped to the ground, sitting now.

"because..I gave it to you"

"Where did Paisley go?"

looking over my shoulder as I patted Peyton's back trying to get her to burp, Casey was casually going about making a salad to go with dinner.

"to the Cemetery, dropping off flowers for her Mum"

the slicing of the tomato's stopped immediately, craning her neck around, giving me a dirty look complete with the severe twisting of the lips.

"seriously, why on earth would she pay her respects to that selfish cow? ..its kinda sick ya know, beings shes live, but I get it Paisley not knowing..yet"

"Casey,.no.. shes forgiven her Mum for all that, but not forgotten it, let her have this its helping Paisley move on"

frowning the pert blonde woman regarded me with a skeptical brow and resumed cutting her tomato, damn.. and I thought Paisley could be touchy..well actually she could, but that was her, Casey.. I never really knew just how to gauge her personality.

Looking at my watch I was growing concerned, it had been nearly three hours since Paisley left for the cemetery and she should of been here by now and was suppose to call me before she left.. something didn't feel right.

I took out my cell deciding to text her.

T- darling, are you okay?

nearly a minute went by and.. nothing.

T-Paisley, are you still at the cemetery?

again, too much time had passed, she always kept her cell on her, or at least nearby, something was wrong, grabbing the keys to the truck I headed out, but not before informing Casey.
Winding erratically through the serpentine road of the Cemetery looking for the Silver Audi sedan rental Paisley was driving, I headed to where I knew her Moms family plot was and prayed I didn't drive into the grass taking out some bloody headstones at the same time.

slowly pulling up near where the plot was I saw the Audi coming into view.. with the drivers side door opened,a small gathering of people and..

"oh..god" I barely stopped the SUV before jumping out, "morsel!"

running to where I saw at least three people surrounding something or someone, two of which had looked over at me, they parted as I made my way through, it was a miserable sight,Paisley sitting on the curb,holding herself,eyes red an swollen,distant in appearance,her bottom lip was trembling so bad her jaw was too.

dropping by her side,I was all over it,Paisley was not herself.

"baby,what is it,whats wrong?" slumping forward,her face buried in my neck she began to sob heavily,holding her tightly I was confused,what the fuck has happened to my wife?, looking up at the faces around us I asked."will someone please tell me what the hell has happened?,my wife is in no state to speak"

"I think I can answer that,but..I'm just as confused as her"

turning my head towards the voice..this was NOT what I was expecting,no no no,fucking hell..this isn't happening.

"god no...this explains everything" shaking my head.

Having eased the minds of the gentleman who were on scene which I discovered were the caretaker,an maintenance guys, they had left, I put Paisley in the SUV,and called the rental company to pick up the car.

that just left one thing..dealing with Peyton, fuck...this wasn't the vacation we had in mind,I knew Peyton lived in Los Angeles,but..why of all places was she even here?

"you know who I am"

it wasn't a question.

"yes..but up until recently,like Paisley..I thought you were dead"

Peyton peered around me,it was a troubled look she had staring at her daughter who by now had fallen asleep in the truck, I noticed she looked just as disheveled as Paisley,clearly this had been extremely abrupt to all of their senses.

"seems the same person misinformed us both..I thought she was dead too, she..." pointing to the truck,almost in tears now,"shes my baby, an we were both told.." Peyton couldn't finish her words.

"Gina Wells" I growled,looking down at her,"wait..you thought Paisley was..dead?"

she seem to have a difficult time looking at me now,fidgeting a bit,biting her lips..now I see where Paisley gets it from,this was so weird,Now wiping her nose trying to compose herself,she cleared her throat.
"I'm assuming you're her husband, perhaps... we should take this somewhere else, and you're right, Gina is behind this, maybe together we can get her to answer our questions, lord knows that bitch owes us that much"

"I agree, but there's one problem, Gina's disappeared, she up an left the FBI awhile ago, their looking for her as we speak... so is the CIA... and a lot of other people too"

she jerked her head in my direction, the first time we really made eye contact, yeah... I could see my girl in the stunned face before me, and my daughters too.

"what!?"

"you're right... I think it's best we discuss this further somewhere else, I know where, just follow me"

The only place I could think of was the house up the Coast, having called Casey only telling her that Paisley needed a time out, that her visit to the cemetery had been too much on her, which really wasn't too far from the truth, Casey was more than understanding and willing to watch the kids.

Peyton watched me as I cared for Paisley, laying her carefully on the couch, clearing her bangs from her face, kissing her forehead, murmuring comforting words to her, then covering her up with a throw blanket before turning my attention back to her.

"you love my daughter very much, I'm... I'm glad she has you"

"Paisley's my life" I sat in a chair, mopping my face with both hands, "and our kids as well"

that seem to peak her interest, tilting her head curiously at me, eyes narrowing.

"Paisley's a mother?, she has babies?"

not sure if I should elaborate, this whole situation was fucking awkward as it was, but so far I thought I was handling myself quite well, considering I was talking to a dead Woman, weighing my options I sighed... why the fuck not..pulling out my cell, scrolling, then putting the phone on the coffee table, it was a picture I had taken only days ago of Julian holding his sister.

"our son Julian, he's three, his sister... Peyton"

the adoring look she had been wearing as she admired the picture disappeared, her eyes slowly wandered upward meeting mine.

"Peyton?, she named her after... me?"

"yes, it was Jules idea, he wanted to know what his mummy's mum's name was, so she told him, he loved it, so Paisley named her Peyton Diana, after you and my Mum"

"after... what I've put her through, I don't deserve such an honor" she murmured.

she glanced back over at Paisley, I could see the questions and emotions transform across her face, fear, shock, disbelief and yes, the love for the daughter she believed that for years was dead only because Peyton was told this and by the same person who had told her daughter she too was also... dead, that in itself was news to me as well... Gina had been playing what I had concluded... a very sick game.

what was my next move though?... in the back of mind I heard.
you need to call Lawrence...now.

To be Continued...

Chapter End Notes

Giving a shout out to my friend and fellow writer Lokilickedme, w/out her the part of this story w/Paisley meeting her mom I'm not so sure would of been written the way it did, so THANK YOU woman!
"Nice of you to call me.." his tone sarcastic,"however your mom was kind enough to fill me in on your impromptu vacation, so no biggie"

"if you're done being a git Lawrence...I have something more pressing to tell you"

"oh?" his tone still sour.

fine I'll let the giant wanker have it, so using my most polite, another words..sarcastic tone I began.

"yes, would you kindly give me some advice as to what the hell I'm suppose to do with my mother inlaw?, who is currently sitting in the front room of my beach house and my wife whose sleeping off being blindsided in having seen her...at the cemetery" my tone now getting terse as I spoke through gritted teeth "cause quite frankly this is pretty fucking messed up and I don't know what to do Lawrence"

there was a pause...however slight.

"WHAT!"

"I didn't stutter, you heard me. Peyton is here, and Paisley is in shit shape...I don't know what will happen when she wakes up, you better have some answers for me cause this is unfamiliar territory to me...to say the least"

there were words, though unintelligible coming from his end, I think saying Lawrence lost his shit was not even on the table at this point, it went beyond that.

"sonofabitch, god-dammit!"

"yeah...that's a good start, but that isn't helping me either"

"I'm not going to waste anymore time, I'm on my way to Heathrow right now!"

the call ended.

staring at my cell, knowing it would be at least ten hours before Hurricane Lawrence rolled in...ten hours managing whatever may transpire between Peyton and Paisley, fucking rubbish! ...tossing the phone on the bed.

fucking hell, Gina better pray the authorities find her before I do, cause I wanted nothing more than to go against the oath I took as a Doctor and bloody well strangle me a bitch right now until she has no breath left in her.

"Mr Hiddleston"

that caught me off guard, I had no idea she knew my surname, okay try to make this as comfortable as possible, this is as weird for her as it for you.

"call me Tom, please"

"alright, Tom.. and you already know mine" looking sheepish, she was standing wringing her hands
"anyhow.. we both know this is a crappy situation, but I'm worried about Paisley when she wakes, you didn't see her when... well.. met, I just found her Tom, I don't want to lose her again..this could potentially hurt her, mentally"

"she'll be fine for now, I gave her a mild sedative" I assured her.

that earned me a look of suspicion, well the look of a Mum that wasn't sure she liked what she heard.

"a sedative?"

"I'm a Doctor and a Surgeon" reaching into my back pocket, retrieving my wallet I.D with license number and picture included, holding it out to her "I have a practice in London"

looking at it then up at me, Peyton blinked, I don't think she knew what to think.

"shes a Momma and married to a Doctor too"

"and.. shes a Paramedic" I smiled, "damn good one"

glancing over her shoulder, to where Paisley still slept, then back to me, already I saw the beginning of tears in her eyes.

"my baby saves lives, should of known" she sniffed with a small laugh, "even as a child she was doing that.. well except it was bugs, always bringing me butterflies, lady bugs that were injured... look mommy its sick, I make it better" a tear finally trickled down her right cheek that she quickly wiped away, "I'll fix its wings so it can go be with its mommy.. and if they died" she looked up, "oh man.. would you believe Paisley had funerals for them?, complete with burials and pebbles for headstones"

"she can be most fierce, but Paisley has a tender heart too.. so yes, I can believe that" smiling, imagining a much younger Paisley having services for dead insects, I wondered if our daughter would do such things?

"she must be very brave, I know in her line of work things can happen"

"yes, they can" knowing all too well how what kind of things do happen, "a little over three years ago I had a practice at UCLA, Paisley was an EMT, we weren't even together then, though.. I was interested, but she was playing hardball" grinning at the memory, "I think you know as much as L.A has its assets it does have its downsfalls..." walking over to Paisley, Peyton turned watching me as I knelt beside her slumbering daughter, "she and her team answered to a call not knowing it was gang related... Paisley was the first to step out of the Ambulance" pulling back the lapel of her shirt, exposing the old scar, "she took a bullet"

giving a jump, gasping as she clapped both hands over her mouth, horrified.

"my god.. she could of died!"

covering the scar back up, smoothing the fabric over it.

"she almost did" looking at the peaceful face in front of me, "the bullet bounced around in her chest, nicking her heart, her cardiac surgeon was a fucking wanker, I was assisting and I wasn't about to give up when he did"

I hadn't realized Peyton was beside me until she spoke.
"you saved my daughters life"

"it wasn't a question, I loved her then and even more so now... and would do it again" looking over my shoulder at her, "and now knowing what Paisley's life has been like before meeting her, I'd give my own just so she could live longer and could love our children, watch them grow an have lives of their own"

Peyton stared at me whether she understood what I was saying or not, I didn't know... just trying to get across to this stranger that brought Paisley into this world who at one point went astray in her own life with her dependence on drugs taking someone along with her who had no choice, witnessing the sad and at times vulgar acts of her Mum in order gratify her fix... that I was not going to put Paisley through anymore pain, but take it on myself, even if that meant I had to die.

"you know about my..." she looked down "problem with drugs.. an what I did, what I put my baby through"

so she did understand... good.

"yes, I'm aware"

"I assure you Tom, it's nothing I'm proud of" I could see the pain surfacing, "dragging my child around, looking for someone to buy from, sometimes for days" shaking her head.

"Paisley saw it differently, actually she had plenty to say... none of it nice" Peyton's forehead creased, leaning to one side trying to read my face, "I believe she said something like a self absorbed bag whore that cared nothing of her child, seeing shit no kid should see, like watching her mother fuck her way to her next fix... she pretty much said that to people who thought they knew anything about you, her and her life"

slowly closing her eyes, tears did finally fall, resting her head back on the couch, because Peyton was always high, she hadn't realized Paisley was aware of her surroundings and it had ingrained itself in her childhood memories and remained there never to be erased.

"goddamn it" it was barely a whisper, "she hates me... and she should"

not sure what to do and taking a chance, I placed a hand on her shoulder.

"Paisley forgave you Peyton, she had too, so she could move on, I think there is a part of her that does love you, you are her Mum after all"

opening her eyes slowly I handed her a tissue.

"you think so?.. cause what I saw at the cemetery today" shaking her head, "didn't look like forgiveness"

"what do you mean?" now sitting in front of her on the floor.

"well, before we even saw one another... formally I guess, she was at my" sighing "false gravesite, putting flowers there, then... she spit on it"

the fuck?

"I don't understand, that doesn't make any sense"

"I know, Tom if she's forgiven me why do such a thing?" she implored, "and bring flowers?.. its odd"
I couldn't of agreed more.

"Paisley doesn't do things without cause, there has to be a reason why"

The dull ache in my head could go away anytime now, shit, draping an arm across my forehead, my eyes remained shut, fuck what happened?, daring myself I opened my eyes one at a time, the room was dark.. good, don't think I could handle any light right now the way my head was feeling, is ones head suppose to pulsate?

daring my body even further I tried sitting up.. slowly, ugh.. that's when I noticed, this isn't Casey's house, but our home on the beach, what the hell?, though it came with some difficulty I tried recalling what had happened that would of brought me here.

I was getting nothing.. dammit.

gradually I swung my legs over the side of the bed and sat, there I remained for a few until the haze in my head faded, why the hell am I so foggy anyways?, glancing over at the nightstand the clock read 10:23 AM... Jesus either its wonky or I lost a day. Scratching lazily at my hair, carefully I got to my feet, needing coffee or even tea to get rid of this shitty cotton mouth I acquired as well, blech...

I wouldn't call it walking, more like shuffling, my way slowly down the hall towards the smell of coffee infiltrating my nostrils, for the first time since I woke I managed a smile... yes Coffee!

reaching the end of the hall I heard murmurings, Tom and?.. I wasn't familiar with the other, but it was.. female, now who the hell?, first I wake up in a complete stupor at our Beach house and it looks to be I've been sleeping for hours, now... someone else is here?

stopping stalk still, the scene before me was not what I was prepared for, slumping against the corner of the wall, my body suddenly felt like I had just ran a Marathon, the images abruptly came at me quickly.

"you!" thrusting a finger at the woman sitting across the room on the couch holding a cup.

both Tom and the woman jerked their heads in my direction, the surprise on their faces couldn't of been more obvious.

"Paisley!" the concern in Tom's voice was one I never heard before.

the woman slowly arose to her feet, setting the cup down, saying nothing, her eyes remained on me as mine did on her, if there was words to be spoken in that moment it wouldn't of been possible due to the tremendous beating on the front door that startled all three of us.

"Jesus, bloody, fucking..." Tom snapped, his body jumped at the intensity of the booming sound, that seem to never cease "knock it off!"

confused I watched him practically run off to the foyer, there was a commotion, heightened exchange of words and then tearing into the room like a mad man... Lawrence, face red, eyes wide with distress.

Tom had followed suit, but stood behind the couch now, Lawrence's gaze went from me to the other woman, I could see the intensity in which he was studying her.

"would someone please tell me what the hell is going on?" throwing my arms up, "one minute I'm at the cemetery nearly running this... woman over, the next she is confessing shes..."
"your mother" Lawrence finished.

"excuse me?" scowling now.

looking back over to me, I didn't like that look, it only meant he knew some shit I didn't want any part of.

"shes is in fact.. your mother, Paisley, I know this is true, Samuel has given me solid proof"

"Samuel!" the woman and I shouted in unison.

both looking at each other puzzled, then back to Lawrence.

he seem to have a hard time looking at this woman he said was my mother, rubbing at his jaw, wincing at times, occasionally adjusting his clothing. Lawrence was quite distracted.

"look, I..."

"its fucked up" the woman put her hands up in front of herself "can we just sit down and discuss?, cause I can assume we all are in the dark here on a lot of things" looking over at me, "especially Paisley and I... seems Gina has victimized us both and.. here we are" her look softened.

"I'll start this" Peyton sighed, "the last I saw of you Paisley was at the raid, I was then shipped off to a Federal rehab facility, that's where I met Gina, despite what you were told.. I did not try to overdose, I was approached by her when I was in the hospital ward being detoxed, she presented to me a proposal.. to change my life, to start over and not rot in prison after I got clean"

"but I was there I watched you die" Lawrence was skeptical, I heard it on his voice saw it on his face, "it doesn't fit with how I see it"

"cause its what you didn't see" eyeing him, "before you showed up... yes I do remember you, barely... but the memory of you is there, Gina had the Doctor give me some med's what kind I couldn't tell you, only because of this proposal I was willing to except had one hitch in it... I would never see my daughter again, I was informed she had died shortly after she had been taken from the Commune.. I lost it"

Peyton looked over at Paisley, my arm draped around her shoulders, she had remained stoic while listening to her mother, I just hoped she was going to be understanding about this, she was being awful reticent and it wasn't from the shock of who was sitting across from her.

"I can't think of a particular name, but there are several medications that can lower your blood pressure and heart rate to make you appear as if you have passed, which..." Lawrence shook his head, "was what I'm sure triggered your heart monitor I saw when it flat lined... goddamn it, Gina pulled a Lazarus right under my nose" his forehead wrinkled "um... another thing, Paisley was taken by Child services an put into Foster care.. what were you told about the way.. she passed away?"

Peyton clasped her hands together, I could tell even though knowing now the tale was a complete fabrication, it still had left a raw mark inside her.

"tha.. that Paisley, yes.. was with Child services" she choked, "bu.. but that their car was involved in a head on collision with a Semi Truck.. all in the car perished, including.. my baby" she whispered.

out of my peripheral view I saw tears brimming in Paisleys eyes, hopefully this meant a healing was
beginning, and an acceptance towards her mother would generate, it still was going to be a long haul, by far this.. was the most outrageous event yet Paisley and I had endured together.

"I was better off" Paisley's voice low, but cutting, "no matter what the truth is, Foster care was at least.. though not consistent in where I stayed, I was safe, there was always food, a bed, new clothes and I was clean, no condemned houses, seedy hotels, drug dens or dealers anymore"

it was an old pain rising, though she had forgiven her Mum, she had not forgotten, the wounded little girl Paisley had locked away was out and she was very angry.

all three of us looked at her, Paisley had went from silent observer to sitting up straight throwing her mother a very heated glare.

"you're pissed, and have every right to be Paisley" Peyton spread her arms out, "have at honey, I more than deserve it"

Paisley stood up, it was apparent she was about to leave, her glare remained, with a sneer and a dismissive snort.

"fuck you"

To be Continued...
Unwanted Legacy

Sitting on the middle of the bed in the darkened room, knees drawn up, with her arms wrapped firmly about her legs, head buried in them, rocking to an fro Paisley wept, the sight both angered and wounded my heart.

I wanted so badly to go and comfort her but knew it would be an unwise move, she'd only lash out, wanting to be alone at this moment.

knowing what my wife needed as she eventually would fall asleep, I quietly shut the door and made my way back to the front room, heading straight for my jacket that hung on the back of a chair, I took the Truck keys out, I was met with two pairs of curious looks.

"what are you doing Tom?" Lawrence was blocking my way now, "is she alright?"

"I know what my wife needs right now and I'm going to take care of it, you both can stay here and talk, I'll be back in a half hour or so"

"where you going?"

giving the large man a warning look, you may be her big brother, but I'm her husband, fuck off Lawrence let me do this.

"I'm in no mood to play twenty questions, she's fragile right now..I said I'll be right back Lawrence..move" looking over at Peyton who was still taking in Paisley's profane rebuff with the sting she knew had been coming, she was hurting "and it's best neither of you approach her..understood?"

nodding her acknowledgement, Peyton quietly sat back in her chair, chewing on a fingernail, it was Lawrence who was giving me a skeptical look, mate.. don't be a dick, so I just gave him a look that told him I wasn't fucking about.

"fine.. I'll leave her be" throwing his hands up in surrender.

Waking up this time was slightly better, at least my head wasn't all in a haze, but my body did ache.. stiff muscles, tense because of all the bullshit from earlier, however something was different.. yawning I finally opened my eyes.

my babies!

Julian was asleep, draped across my waist of all places, Peyton *sigh* having some second thoughts at the moment on the choice of name, a little late now, she was bundled up in a blanket next to me, peacefully slumbering.

Tom.. he did this.

carefully sitting up, I moved Julian, trying not to wake him and Peyton close to me, curling up, pulling a throw blanket over us, this was my world right here, my life.. only thing missing was Tom, but I figured he was just giving me my space, and I loved him for that.
The inquisitive looks I was getting as Lawrence and Peyton came in from the sliding glass door told me they were expecting...more.

"What exactly did you do?, we were walking on the beach" Lawrence eyed me.

"oh...just brought her a little something to put her in a better mood" sipping my cup of tea. and if the timing couldn't of been better an all too familiar pitiful cry from our bedroom reach us.

"what" Peyton pointed over her shoulder towards the hall "was that"

"that" I gestured with my cup."was your namesake" smirking now "and if I'm correct,shes informing her mum,its lunch time..or shes packing a loaded nappy"

"you brought Paisley..her babies" her eyes wide.

"they keep her focused,she loves them without thought of herself,shes a very altruistic mum"

"another words Paisley will..to a point be more agreeable with the kids around" Lawrence smiled for the first time since he arrived, "cunning bastard" shaking his head now.

"not cunning,I just know that our children will keep her calm,and she eventually would of been asking for them,so" I shrugged,"I just had the foresight to go get them"

"say what you want Tom" he poured himself some coffee,"but I also know she won't cause a stir in front of those kids"

"whatever" not wanting to argue,"when Paisley gets up she'll be pleased, her demeanor will be hopefully...less agitated" looking at Peyton trying to be encouraging.

Peyton looked nervous and began pacing, rubbing her hands together.

"you say what an attentive,protective mother she is Tom" stopping now,"what if instead of their presence calming her...it makes her more hostile,cause she doesn't want me around them..maybe I should leave?"

knowing Paisley's last words to her before she made her exit, left a lasting impact,I needed to change that.

"Peyton...despite any misgivings you may be having, to leave now...would be damning,it would only compound those feeling of abandonment from her childhood that are resurfacing, yes she's angry and wishes you'd buggar off, but in all reality it's the last thing she wants you to do..Paisley wants answers"

glancing over at Lawrence I was thankful for his agreement when he nodded before taking a drink of his coffee.

"if you think its best...she was pretty clear about how she felt earlier" Peyton winced.

"I know" putting a hand on her shoulder,giving a weak smile "shes quite good at that,its not just you"

"boy is he ever right about that" Lawrence groaned."little pain in the ass anyways" he went on to murmur.
Waking up finding only one child in bed had me a bit panicked, still I knew Julian was probably with his dad, making sure Peyton was secure on the bed I went to check on the missing child.

what I didn't expect was the giggling I heard as I made my way down the hall, before I hit the end of it Tom came into view.

"before you blow... hear me out"

looking around him, my eyes widened, over on the floor by the the sliding glass door was Julian and... my mom.

"you have fives?!" Julian shouted happily bouncing on his butt, holding what looked like playing cards in his hand.

"aw maaaan, you took all my fives!" my mom groaned playfully handing over her cards.

"shes teaching him how to play go fish... with an added bonus.. if he gets more than one of the same card from her.. he gets some animal crackers from her"

bristling which made Tom grip my arm, but not hard.

"darling" he whispered, "no... not in front of him, yes Jules is aware of what her name is but as far as he knows shes a friend of the family and he thinks its cool that her name is like his sissy's"

I didn't like it..

"how could you?... she... shes" feeling a little betrayed.

"shes what Paisley?" still holding my arm he backed me down the hall, stopping when we were out of their view, "I understand you're angry as hell, that the line of forgiveness and not forgetting what went on with your past with her are blurred, but dammit morsel"

forcing myself to look up at him, it wasn't anger on his face, disappointment?... seriously Tom you're suppose to be on my side.

"what do you want from me.. to kiss her ass?"

"no.. but maybe hear her out, give her a chance maybe even a peek into your life... the woman out there with our son isn't Sean as in a criminal, and more importantly" pulling me closer, his face softening, "shes not that drug addict anymore, I wouldn't of let her stay here if that were the case.. shes been clean for years, your mum is a legal Secretary in an upstanding Law firm in L.A , owns her own Condo, hell Paisley her salary is almost as good as mine"

"seems you're privy to a lot of facts, Tom... just how do you know all this? and more importantly, how long have you been in possession of it?"

heaving a sigh, I knew there was an uh oh behind it, something told me my husband had been keeping secrets when he should not of.

"Paisley, first of all, what I knew wasn't something you going blurt out,.. like your Mum being alive"

narrowing my eyes, I wasn't sure if I should just out right cuss him there or clock him?.. he knew!.

"what?.. you knew about my mom?"
There was a lot of lip biting, fist clinching, rubbing my hands together among other things as Tom explained, Samuel, Lawrence and as of recent even my BFF knew about my Mother... everyone except me.

by the time Tom finished my temper was at its fullest, I knew he could see it.

"give me a reason why I shouldn't just haul off and slap the shit out of all of you?" putting a finger into his face, his resolve never faltered "and don't give me that, darling we were only trying to protect you bullshit, cause it has ran its course"

"you want to blame us fine" he bit out, "but have you given any thought to who's really responsible for all this bollocks we are currently dealing with?"

"who?"

taking me by the shoulders he leaned in, his azure eyes crackling in the dimly lit hallway where we stood, Tom's face was taut with the intensity in which he spoke.

"Gina... her lies, manipulations since day one with you and your mum, be pissed off with us, with the world if you like Paisley, but before you do... just make sure you're pointing the finger at the right person"

there was so much going through my head, discovering my mom was in fact alive after decades of thinking she was dead, the shock of it, old anger from my past rolling in making it fresh once again, and now finding out it was all due to some scheme by an FBI agent that recently went AWOL... yet another thing I had to push through my already cluttered brain... fuck!

"So... how are things going?... well I hope"

"last I heard was raised voices in the hallway, so I vacated, taking a walk on the beach, again... Paisley's temper is for shit"

Samuel's chuckle was deep, but brief, albeit was a nervous one.

"she didn't... go after her mother, did she?"

"no, it was a profane exchange... her last words to Peyton were... fuck you, then she left the room, this is a cluster fuck Samuel, I'm not sure if her resentment will ever reach a reasonable level, too much... pain left over"

"Lawrence, give her time and space, it's a lot to take in, for both of them... tell me hows Peyton, she look as good as the photos I have? or as I've been told?"

"actually... ya" scratching at my jaw, "it's weird for me though, last I saw her, Peyton was a sucked up, stringy haired, hollowed eyed girl... now she's filled out, healthy... strange to see that wrapped up in high end designer clothes and with what I know to be an expensive manicure, sitting on the floor playing cards with Julian, complete one eighty"

"that is interesting, all those effects of her drug use... erased, and her demeanor?"

"contrite... especially with Paisley" sighing, "I can tell she really wants to just hold her daughter, maybe share a good cry, but thinks better of it, Paisley at this point won't be receptive"
"that'll come, they both deserve it, years and years of angst, pain of loss, fear, feeling of desertion, a plethora of emotions I cannot even list... these can't be resolved over night, you and Tom shouldn't expect it" he paused, "I was going to drop by, but in light of what I'm hearing, "I'll wait"

"you're here?"

*all things considered*. I don't know why that should surprise me.

"yes I'm at the Beverly Wilshire, as soon as you told me what had happened I was already on my way, so if you have need to get out of what sounds like a potential hornets nest.. by all means come by and have drink with me, sounds like you could use it" he chuckled "I'm in the Wilshire Suite, 2nd to 7th floor of the Wilshire Wing"

"thanks Samuel.. I just may take you up on that"

It was obvious my little girl was up for good, and boob wasn't what she wanted, resigning myself to the fact that I would have to face my mother again, this time with both my children not just Julian, it annoyed me that I would have to share them with her, or at least be in her presence with them.

watching Julian eye level with the table as he watched something on the table with great interest, I curiously stood on my tip toes trying to see what he was doing, his focus was interrupted when he saw me.

"*mummy wook!*" he pointed, hopping on his feet "*see.. it a cwab!*"

a what?

walking closer I indeed see there was a small Hermit crab on the table, haphazardly crawling, but what the hell was it doing in here?

"hope you don't mind" it was my mothers voice from behind me, nervous but quiet in tone, "we had been at the beach, Julian found it in a tide pool, he wanted to show you, I aloud it on the condition he would return it after he did"

pressing Peyton closer to me, she began fussing not sure of what my action was about, her sniffling got her brothers attention.

"*oh, let's show Pey Pey!*.. she wike it I no she will"

sensing her slow approach beside me, but keeping a polite distance, I caught her expression out of the corner of my eye, she was warily trying to catch a look at my daughter, *is this the part where I give her a chance Tom?*, *to give her a peek into my life?*.. can I do this.. Jesus this is fucking difficult.

making a slight turn towards her, she jumped, a look of apprehension, *no mother, I'm not going to hit you*, I'm better than that, adjusting Peyton to a sitting position in my arms.

"*meet your granddaughter*" I murmured so Julian couldn't hear.

her face melted into a loving smile/relief, tears brimmed, but never fell as she looked upon Peyton, glancing up at me her expression never changed.

"*thank you Paisley*"
To be Continued...
When I walked in from my stroll on the beach the last thing I expected was what I was witnessing now... Paisley and her mom conversing in the front room, although I noticed she kept a bit of a distance, sitting on one end of the couch, while Julian was staring into a beach bucket looking at god only knows what was in it, and if it couldn't get anymore surreal...it did...angling my head I noticed Peyton was holding the baby...wow.

my presence didn't go unnoticed for long, ever vigilant, Julian's head popped up an immediate megawatt smile reached his face.

"War-ence!...wook!" he held up the bucket, "I got cwabs!"

"god, I hope not" shit did that slip out?

both women looked over at me, then Paisley back at her son, I think his tongue slip just dawned on her.

"um Julian, Hermit crabs, and why do you have more of them?"

"I had some in da pocket" he pointed to a jacket lying across an ottoman "I didn' wan da one to get lonely"

Paisley stared at Julian, then simply shook her head, pinching her sinuses, I wanted to laugh but I knew with her temperament I might of wore that bucket.. crabs and all.

"sooo, how's it going?" exchanging looks between the two women, smiling, trying not to look the smartass in doing so.

"real subtle Lawrence, you should of joined the FBI" came Paisley's snarky reply.

that actually got a secretive grin out of her mother whom I noticed chose to remain silent while focusing her attention on the baby who seem keen to it.

"funny...but this is not exactly what you'd call a normal situation Paisley, I figured by now actually being subtle...would of been met with that shit temper of yours..I'm sorely mistaken" folding my arms.

"I don't mean to intrude" Peyton looked up at me "but you two carry on more like brother and sister than former Agent to a civilian" shaking her head, "kinda strange really"

"humf..you have nooo idea" Paisley shook her head while making her way towards the kitchen.

Christ...that's right, Peyton doesn't know.

"You're fucking kidding me?"

looking over into the kitchen where Paisley stood drinking a cup of coffee with a shit eating grin as she took a drink.
"um..no" looking back at Peyton,"another one of Gina's secrets that fortunately she actually revealed"

Peyton stared at me dumbfounded, her mouth slightly agape.

"so you knew who Paisley was at the Commune?"

"yes"

"so you're also saying, Sean had a summer fling with some East coast socialite while she was visiting England, thus producing you, but he never knew about..you and..years later through the FBI in a covert operation, worked as one of Sean's..people?"

"in a nutshell..also yes"

staring at the floor, the incredulous look on her face was clear, her eyes peered up at me.

"I'm getting a headache"

"it goes away, trust me, Paisley and I already know the feeling, I know its a lot to take in, it's some weird shit"

"it's some wild shit" she corrected.

"its bullshit" Paisley chimed in, "Lawrence I don't mind.. it's Sean I'd rather not be related to" setting her cup down, disappearing further into the kitchen.

Peyton watched her leave, then looked back at me, puzzled.

"what was that all about?"

hell, that's a can of worms I'm not willing to touch.

"um, not sure I'm the one that should tell you?, if you want to get to know your daughter better.. perhaps talking to her, is best"

Sensing a presence from behind, knowing it wasn't Lawrence, turning my head halfway I saw concern on my mother's face, the hesitation in her body language.

"can I talk to you?" her voice still small.

"about what?"

"your father"

every fiber in me screamed, no!.. we don't want to talk about that son of a shit bag, but again I heard the firm, but imploring tone of my husband asking me to let her in if not a little at a time.

"if we must" the irritation in my sigh evident, "but don't expect any respect for him on my end when we do"

tilting her head she looked confused.

"that's what I don't understand Paisley, why do you dislike him so?, I mean I can understand the whole criminal aspect of his life that's unappealing, it's why I took you and left"
"dislike" I snorted, "I loathe him, even in death" leaning against the counter now, arms folded,"there's nothing I can find about him I can remotely like.. an cling to it in hopes to redeem him in my eyes"

"he..did something, to hurt you, didn't he"

"hurt me?" I fought the burning sensation behind my eyes, "the bastard tried to kill my husband, put a hit on him.. he nearly succeeded too" a stray tear escaped, "it took over a year for Tom to recover, he had severe amnesia, didn't even know who Julian and I were, Tom had to pretty much relearn his day to day living.. hurt me?.. the motherfucker tried to destroy my life!" I spat furiously.

by now she had backed up a step, a hand across her chest, with an appalled look

"my god.. why would he do that?"

shit..

how do I go about this? do I even want to?.. considering how my mother spent her youth, most of it drug induced, doing some pretty iniquitous shit, she really was in no position to judge me in how I lived my life.

pulling at my choker I looked at her directly.

"this is my collar"

studying the delicate piece of jewelry I was pulling out with a thumb, her eyes then flicked upward.. the moment of truth.

"you and Tom have a Dom/sub relationship"

"yes.. and Sean was willing to kill Tom because of it, he saw red, I believe his exact words were.. no daughter of mine is any man's fuck toy, not today not ever, men like him prey on women, taking them for their own perverted means, caring nothing of the women they use, not even listening to me when I tried to explain the dynamics of our relationship.. Tom doesn't abuse me"

expecting the worst, but instead a secretive grin grew on her face, walking over to the stove, taking the teapot of hot water and began to fix herself some tea.. okay this was different, I expected her to go all protective momma on my ass, finger wagging an all.

"were you told what I do for a living, Paisley?"

"Legal Secretary"

"that I am" turning around stirring the sugar in her cup, "my job title is as such.. we often prepare documents, including legal briefs, court subpoenas, spreadsheets and other office-related letters. Many legal secretaries also organize and maintain all legal files kept on-site. Some legal secretaries also maintain electronic-filing databases. Legal secretaries often provide lawyers with direct assistance, such as helping with research for cases, gathering necessary documents for trials and submitting paperwork to courthouses. Other duties may include scheduling client appointments, answering calls, taking notes during legal meetings and maintaining the firm's legal research references.. Paisley, in my experience so far, I've met a lot of my firm's clients, Ceo's, a few actor's, Judge's, all kinds of professional people in different fields, an in doing some.. research on them, I have found a fair few.. Dom's , Domme's, sub's, and little's in those client's"

all be a sonofa... my mother seem to actually be cool with it.
"but..I'm a sub and your daughter" I pressed.

"and none of my business,...what I've seen of Tom,talking with him,he's a wonderful man,and thinks the world revolves around you" she looked thoughtful now,"what woman could ask for more?" looking back now,"he treats my daughter with the respect and love she deserves and that I could never seem to acquire for myself, how could I stand here and belittle what she does in private?"

the part of me that wanted to hate her reared its head, oh she's just playing the honey card to get on your good side, while the curious part was willing to except her reasoning as truth, nothing more.

"we'll see,...when you catch a glimpse of a little bruise or bite mark here an there on various parts of my body, just how much you believe in those words, not that I put them out on display, but occasionally some will show"

"what will show darling?"

oh great timing Tom!, we both looked up at my happy, yet bemused husband who was holding two large pizza boxes, my mother gave him a silly smile as she walked by, exiting the kitchen, patting his arm.

"hope you have a safeword Tom, its getting intense in there"

oh my god, my mom just made a sex joke!

Sitting around the coffee table in the living area all of us eating pizza, I noticed a slight change in Paisley, watching her as our son would pop a piece of Pepperoni in Peyton's mouth getting excited, giggling when she would make faces an cross her eyes, with the said Pepperoni hanging from between her teeth.

Lawrence also seem to be observing this interaction while holding the baby who seem to be taking an interest in the festivity before her, I didn't know what was more comical, seeing my tiny daughter in the arms of such a large man, or the fact that the large man was many times so close to losing his pizza as she was grabbing for it.

the whole occasion went down rather well all things considered, and after both Julian and the baby were fed, bathed and eventually put to bed that's when I noticed Lawrence had become somber.

"you're losing your touch mate"

"uh wha?"

coming out of his thoughtful stupor, he stared at me, but not.

"man where are you?, I can tell somethings on your mind, lucky its me an not Paisley"

"oh" he held up his cell, "just..well, received some info while we were eating, didn't know until I checked it just now"

"about what?" glancing over my shoulder to make sure Paisley wasn't within earshot, "is it bad?" rubbing his mouth, he still looked like he was disoriented, or maybe not sure he should say anything.

"I think this is something we all should hear about Tom"
All three of us sat attentive while Lawrence dug through a dark brown leather briefcase, and for some reason Paisley found humor in this.

"you..have a damn briefcase?"

looking over his shoulder, Lawrence frowned.

"yes.."

"since when?" she sat back on the sofa grinning as if she were about to start laughing.

"seriously, you're going to bust my balls cause I have a briefcase?"

"no, however" she straightened her posture holding up a finger, "if it were a fanny pack..I'd disown your ass"

Lawrence snorted and went back to going through his briefcase.

"if I had a fanny pack..I'd disown my own ass"

Peyton shook her head as she picked toppings off a cold slice of Pizza, popping it into her mouth.

"banter or bitching, you both are unquestionably, siblings"

finally fishing out what he had been looking for he laid a rather large ipad on the coffee table.

"while we were eating I received some intel, pictures to be exact"

Touching the screen it went from black to filling up with pictures.
"Gina!" Peyton and Paisley said in unison as they leaned in on the ipad.

"yeah, at various places around the world " Lawrence grumbled, "Spain, Haiti, New York, Italy and" he looked at Paisley "as recent as London"

this didn't sit right with me, all these different locales.

"obviously I'm no agent. but it looks like shes trying to throw anyone off who maybe looking for her"

"that's exactly what Gina's doing...but not very well, surprised actually she hasn't changed her appearance, shes slipping" Lawrence was now looking at the pictures again.

"so the most recent of places is London..which picture is that?" Peyton inquired.

he pointed to the picture.

"this one, grey sleeveless dress, sunglasses..she was leaving an eatery, and caught a Cab, from there she was dropped off in front of Pimlico Station"
"she took the tube?" I was guessing.

"that was my figuring, cause she disappeared after that"

Paisley leaned back on the couch, slouching, lost in thought.

"Gina might of known she was being followed and was trying to throw them off, besides.. I don't know why she would be there other than to see me and shes in for a surprise" she jerked her head in my direction,"Tom.. your mom, shit!.. shes watching the house"

"easy.. Samuel has his people watching the place, ever since he found out Gina was on the run" he looked over at me, "your mom is safe, they are there for her protection"

"Samuel?" Peyton was now standing," that must be the second time I've heard Sean's brothers name since my arrival.. why is he mixed up in this?"

"you sure you want to know?" Paisley looked up at her mum, with a bit of humor on her face "its yet another long and complicated addition to the story of my life, but more current"

Peyton wore a more of an are you fucking serious? look, when she saw that we all were.

"Jesus!" throwing up her arms, "I took you away from that family to avoid their drama and .. shit, and here we are thirty plus years later knee deep in it with a side of Rogue FBI agent, what the fuck is going on!?"

Paisley made a slight shrug.

"welcome to my world mother... I wish I knew?"

To be Continued...

Chapter End Notes

Peyton's Job Duties of a Legal Secretary
http://study.com/legal_secretary_duties.html

Photo credit/sources-
https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/thumb/1/12/Madeleine_Stowe_in_Haiti_crop.jpg/1:
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Unwanted Legacy

The past several days finally had caught up with her, standing at the foot of the bed watching Paisley sleep in her signature position, curled in a ball, not rigidly, but relaxed with a hint of a smile curling on the end of her lips.

Looking back on everything, it all could have gone down a lot worse, as it was having discovered her mum was indeed alive after all these years was enough to send her over, but not my girl... she was handling it well, Paisley was trying, and that's all any of us could ask of her.

As for myself, wishing things could have went differently, that Gina would of been more forthcoming about Peyton, like when we first met on the Plane to London almost four bloody years ago, instead of letting Paisley continue believing in the horror of the phony death of her mum.

I'm still at a loss as to why she did that?, then again so are a lot of people, including Paisley's Mum, who was led to believe her daughter too, was also dead, what a bloody cluster fuck.

"Do you honestly think this is a good idea?"

Glancing up at me sideways, giving me one of his typical you got any better ideas? look, Caldwell planted his hands firmly in his pants pockets.

"Listen, Lawrence... I need to speak with both of them, it's not like I flew clear across the country cause I enjoy spending the taxpayers money like the rest of the assholes that works for the Government, besides.. I hate California" he frowned.

"And what do you expect to find out?, they both were made ignorant of each others existence because of Gina, that's all they really know"

"I'm aware, just hoping anything they have to say may shed some light on what Gina was up too," he sighed, "Paisley and her mom might have info they aren't even conscious of"

"I know you knew Gina longer than me, Caldwell, and I see what you're saying" rubbing at my chin," but.. I'll warn you, they aren't some civilians you can just walk up to and be all FBI, flash your badge, and use big words" I snorted," at least one of them will have your old ass backed up against a wall before your hand even gets near your firearm"

Staring at me blankly at me, Caldwell quirked a brow.

"Let me guess... Paisley"

"uh huh" chuckling, " and that's no bullshit, I've seen her in action"

"Great" rolling his eyes, "still can't believe she's Archers kid"

"Don't forget.. I am too"

Rubbing his eyes with the balls of his hands Caldwell groaned.

"Don't worry, I haven't... been at this job for decades and one things for sure about it.. shit just keeps getting weirder"
The look on Lawrence's face wasn't favorable as he walked in from the foyer I soon found out why as an older man in a suit followed from behind, throwing him a dirty look. Lawrence put up a hand.

"Tom, this is Special Agent Caldwell,. Caldwell, this is Dr Hiddleston, Paisley's Husband"

the older Agent stepped forward, offering a hand, hesitantly I took it, shaking it as I transferred a glare at Lawrence.

"I'm sorry to show up like this Doctor" he looked somewhat contrite, "by now you should know the decorum of the FBI... we have none" it was a weak smile now he wore.

"yes, and from what I'm learning.. no shame in amount of scandalous activity either"

the Agent scratched at the back of his head, wincing as he looked at me.

"um.. that's never been a secret, Doctor, as long as the Bureau has been around, it has had it's fair share of... issues, to put it lightly"

Lawrence who was standing behind him, rolled his eyes, making some annoyed faces, I could tell he wasn't happy with what was going on, it had me thinking this Caldwell bloke showed up out of blue.

"so Agent Caldwell, what is it that I can do for you?, I'm sure your visit has something to do with Gina, however we know nothing... my wife and I are in the dark about what the hell is going on"

"please, call me Roger, always hated the whole Agent thing" giving a dismissive wave, "makes me sound like an asshole" he mumbled.

had to agree, Agent anything anymore was an asshole to me and Paisley, so I managed a smirk which he saw and returned in kind.

"Alright, Roger, please have a seat, I'll go get my wife, and Lawrence if you'll go get Peyton, maybe we can figure some things out"

Things became odd when Peyton walked into the room, when Caldwell, aka Roger and her made eye contact they simply stared dubiously at one another at first, then the recognition was there, that's when words were exchanged.

"the last time I saw you" Peyton pointed at him, eyes narrowing "you were thinner an had more hair"

"the last I saw you, you were too thin, and hadn't looked as if you ever washed your hair" then he held a finger up, "correction, the last I saw you.. you were lying on a slab in a Hospital morgue" head tilted, raising a brow.

"yes, I'm sure" arms folded, "that was the plan" now frowning at Roger.

"Gina's.. plan" he said flatly.

"what plan?" came Paisley's voice from the hallway.

we all turned as she made her entrance, Roger's eyes widened, taking a step back.

"you must be Paisley... you have to be" looking back to Peyton, then back to Paisley again, "damn... the resemblance is.." shaking his head slowly.

"eerie?" Paisley finished.
"uh..yeah" Roger made a face,"something like that"

"well,while that may be, I'm still not sure how my mother and I can help you,... Gina's whereabouts as we have been told and seen by the photo's Lawrence shared, are in the UK, why aren't the local officials looking there instead of the FBI bugging us here?"

I saw the shit storm brewing behind those words, that's when I stood behind her, caressing each of her arms gently, trying to soothe, leaning down by her ear.

"easy darling, hes here to help" I murmured.

Roger noticed the ire that has risen in Paisley, rubbing his mouth thoughtfully before he continued.

"okay..I do have some information, though I'm not sure about its accuracy, I just ask that you all take that in consideration before I say anything"

Lawrence stepped forward, he didn't look too happy, in fact he looked down right furious.

"you've not mentioned anything to me, I asked that should whatever intel you receive to share it with me, why have you breached this promise Roger?"

"reel it in you giant moron" glaring up at Lawrence,"I said I wasn't sure..about how accurate the info was, its of a sensitive nature, and if its true...Gina was pulling some unnerving shit, flagrantly so right under the Bureau's nose"

"like what?" Peyton now approached them.

"Baby brokering, Child laundering...basically stealing children"

"what!" Peyton shouted.

"you know those kids we took from the Commune Lawrence" Roger now sat down.

Lawrence nodded, his eyes never leaving the man before him.

"gone" Roger threw up his hands,"every single last one..with the exception of her" he gestured to Paisley, "and I had Dani from the missing and exploited children's unit look into it...seems that none of those kids made it to their destinations, meaning to the Foster care providers, further investigation proved" he sighed,"those CPS workers that showed up at the Commune...didn't work for child services, they weren't even CPS workers, just people hired to take the children to their potential new parents...they had been sold"

it was a quiet gasp but I heard it, and as I looked down, Paisley clapped a hand over her mouth, her legs gave, catching her as she dropped.

"my god" Peyton was horrified,"she..she was profiteering...selling off those children from the Commune..." looking over at a distraught Paisley,"oh" she now repeated her daughters actions, "oh my god...she was trying to steal my baby too"

The more we talked about it, the more Roger had come to the conclusion his intel, unfortunately was more truth than heresay, Gina was as he suspected, running a Black Market of Baby Brokering and Child Laundering and right under the noses of her colleagues, he also figured Paisley slipped through and did make it to a Foster home only because of Lawrence, he had kept track of his little sister.
and the only reason Roger could figure out why Gina told Lawrence of their shared parentage was because she knew Lawrence wasn't "stupid" or the "type" she could pull the wool over his eyes...he was good at his job, that's why he climbed through the ranks so quickly and was put in the field sooner than most right out of the Academy.

"I think we've accomplished more than I could of sitting in an office full of highly trained Agents" Roger looked at all of us,"and I'm sorry...I know that..is a shit thing to say now Peyton, but..you were promised something, then lied to about it in a horrific way...only to find out your daughter is very much alive...and now this bullshit"

Peyton was curled up at the end of the couch, holding a well used kleenex, eyes red, puffy.

"that bitch..." she sniffed,"took advantage of me...I was vulnerable, sick...I would of done anything...for her" pointing at Paisley," I know at the time it didn't seem that way..but, look at me now, doesn't that prove I'm capable of being a better person?" looking over at us now, where I held Paisley,"I love you Paisley, I never stopped..even when that witch told me you died, and I can't apologize enough for the hell I put you through, but the thought of someone...buying you" her body gave way to heaving as she began sobbing all over again.

It wasn't by any of my doing, Paisley slowly broke away from my embrace, looking up at me almost making me cry, the grief written all over her face was intense. Getting up she made her way over to her mother.

carefully sitting down, Paisley looked at Peyton who had no idea she was there as her face was buried into the cushion of her couch, stretching out a hand, Paisley put it atop Peyton's head, her finger tips ever so slightly caressing her hair.

"don't cry Momma"

startled, Peyton sat up quickly whether it was instinctive or purely out of need, she reached over, hastily pulling Paisley into her arms, both now crying, that's when I noticed my little Paisley never looked so small as she did in this moment curled in her Mum's lap, sobbing in her neck as she was being held protectively and rocked gently in the arms of the one person she had so longed for in childhood.

looking over at Lawrence I saw much like myself, not a dry eye, even Roger looked moved by what we all were witnessing, a much long over do healing, which wouldn't of been necessary if it hadn't been for one person, committing such an ugly act.

"So you're telling me" I heard the anger rising in his voice, "that woman was taking children and selling them off to the highest bidder?"

"that's what we are coming up with, we don't know if it was just any child?, or infants and small children that no one would ask questions about cause in the case of those at the Commune, their parents weren't.. well no would raise a brow if you get my meaning, often children slip through the cracks of the system and know one knows where they go"

"it wasn't.. sex trafficking?"

"no.. to our knowledge it was people who couldn't have kids and were willing to.. pay for them, there is a Black Market for it, surely Samuel you would of heard of it somewhere along the line, considering.. well"
"yes, yes.. I know, but Sean wasn't into that, he abhorred that kind of rubbish, in fact I'll admit it for the record he has.. disposed of people who did that shit"

I was hesitating on sharing anything else, but Samuel caught onto that, eyeing me from across the room, slowly twirling his glass of Brandy in hand.

"there's more"

"not really, but if you think on this a bit... you become aware of the fact, Paisley was suppose to be one of those kids... to be sold" even now the thought made me bristle.

making his way over to me until he was at a comfortable distance, I could finally see the rage all over his face, eyes blazing, face contorted, goddamn as big as I was even I felt a bit unnerved by what I saw.

"and that fact alone, Lawrence.. is what is going to get her killed, stealing children to sell, profiting from it, is the devils work... but one of those children was my own kin.. that's where the bitch fucked up"

"Samuel.. no, Gina will pay for the shit she's done, but going all vigilante.."

putting a hand up almost in my face, his eyes had darkened significantly.

"save it Lawrence, you know what I'm all about, and I know who and what you use to be, continue to be the good guy you are, to watch over my niece, and... I'll take care of what needs to be done"

Goddamn it Samuel...

To be Continued...
"Thomas, oh my god. *its awful!*

Mum was beside herself, hysterical actually, it was difficult to get a word in.

"Mum..calm down..the hell you going on about?..*whats wrong?*

"oh..oh..the mess...and..*and..oh Tom!" she wailed.

the next voice I heard however was more reserved, serious.

"Mr Hiddleston, Chief Constable Weller here, I'm sorry, tried to speak with you before ya Mum got to the phone,...there's a situation at your home"

By the time the Constable was done speaking I was losing my shit, drawing the attention of Lawrence, thank the maker Paisley and her Mum they had taken the children to the beach,...there had been a break in at our home, Mum was doing her daily check in to see if everything was alright only to find everything in the house ransacked and...a body.

handing the phone over to Lawrence, he gave them his spiel about who he was, and the Constable therefore was forthcoming with what he knew, I slumped in a chair..what the fuck?

after the call Lawrence sat across from me, I hadn't seen him look this stringent since I first met him, this was *Lawrence the Agent* sitting before me.

"I'm having your mom brought here Tom, she isn't safe, not even in her own home, the man she found...was one of my people I had posted for her protection and your home as well"

"the hell is going on?"

"you know as well as I do, Tom"

"Gina?..what..she wouldn't do that, why?..what was she looking for?" I was confused.

"shes on the run, *not scared*. she was never one to lose her nerve, I'm trying to figure out why..she killed or had that Agent killed, as for why the burglary of your home...haven't figured that out yet"

"so those pictures we saw of her in London, she was on her way...to our house, *wasn't she*" standing up now, "you think she was looking for Paisley?"

staring forward, lost in thought, twisting his lips severely, he definitely had his FBI cap on.

"no...there's nothing to gain by getting to Paisley, but Gina was certainly after someone or..something, that I am sure of, it's *the why*, that's pissing me off, goddamn that woman can be baffling sometimes"

"okay I'm reaching here, but maybe...*just maybe*, Gina feels in having not been able to" gritting my teeth now for even thinking this,"include Paisley in the portion of her..*export* back then, she feels a sense of failure and wants to fix that, perhaps has gone as far as to " squeezing my eyes shut,"found a buyer"

"Tom..I already said Paisley isn't the target and what you are implying is..*Human sex trafficking*, you do realize this?" Lawrence's tone was questioning.
"for f**ks sakes" my eyes wide now,"it was hard enough to put that all together,without having to say those words exactly,so yes..I do"

Lawrence blew a sigh and began to pace the room, running both hands through his hair recklessly, perhaps he was taking what I had said into consideration as warped and unlikely as it was, then again.. so was the thought of woman we had all trusted being a ringleader of a Black Market ring of Baby brokering and Child Laundering.

he stopped long enough to look at me, moistening his lips nervously.

"as much as what you've suggested not only sickens me and is doubtful, at the same time I can't ignore it,I'll share this with Caldwell...f**k!" throwing his long arms up in the air, "if there's even an inkling that in fact Gina is trying that shit" he growled, making fists with both hands.

Leaning against the sink counter of the loo, watching Paisley calmly bathing in what looked like a mountain of bubbles, grinning.. if wasn't lavender/jasmine scented oils it was huge amounts of bubbles when she took a bath.

"you want me to help washing your hair morsel?"

glancing up an over a shoulder that was covered in a few bubbles, god she looked so beautiful and innocent in that moment.

"sure,if you don't mind"

kneeling beside the tub, already pouring the thick pearly liquid into one hand.

"you know I don't mind darling, I love washing your hair"

"you just like the chance of putting your hands on me while I'm naked...you can't fool me Tom" with eyes closed, head back as I lathered her hair, her grin was broad.

"naked or clothed,..it doesn't matter Paisley"

"uh huh,not buying it" she taunted playfully.

"being cheeky are we little one" tapping at her nose.

"maaaybe" a toothy smile appeared with a bit of a giggle.

I missed these times together, they had been few as of late, shit kept coming up and now the possible threat of her being taken from me pulled at my heart, making me more protective, angry, ever attentive and thrusting me very much into a role as her personal bodyguard, putting my life on the line for hers if necessary, Paisley's proven to me many times over how much I mean to her...it was my turn.

He gave me one of his mirthful grins, eyes showing just as much, crinkling at the corners, either Tom was going to spring on me in the tub, regardless that he was fully clothed or I was going to be fucked silly once I got out, actually...I had no preference, both sounded good to me.

scooping up a generous amount of bubbles he blew them right into my face, squealing, gagging, sputtering I splashed at him in return.

"ehehehehehe"
"that was shit Tom!" laughing and coughing, "pay backs are a...bitch" sending a wave of bath water over the edge, soaking him.

the next thing I knew Tom was towering over the tub sans his shirt,staring at me like he was about to attack.

"oh now what?...its just me against you and your twelve-thirteen chest hairs"

and with that I leaned back against the wall laughing,looking down at his chest,then to me,Tom frowned.

"you're mocking the sparse hairs that genetics gave me,Morsel?"

hearing a thunk,his water laden pants hit the floor, halting my laughter as my eyes took in the splendor of the determined erection above me,slowly I straightened my posture,looking up through my lashes, lightly licking my lips,a wicked grin gradually appeared as I started to make a salute with my hand.

puzzled, Tom tilted his head, raising that infernal brow of his.

"what..on earth are you doing woman?"

"well, I figured..if you were going to greet me with your, ahem.. salutation,it was only proper that I return the gesture"

"generally when my dick is out" taking his cock hand,moving it along the full length, his eyes never leaving mine " the only hand gesture you make my darling girl, is the one in which you.. stroke it..preferably while its buried in that beautiful mouth of yours"

"generally..yes" grinning now from my bath.

"challenging me now are you?" wagging his cock at me,it was hard not to giggle now,stepping into the water, lowering himself into it, "what happens to you little one when you do that?"

pushing my milk encumbered breasts forward to show him I had my own weapons to bring to the table,his eyes immediately focused on them,tongue already hungrily laving across his lips..gotcha.

Tom wasted no time,taking a nipple into his warm mouth, flicking the pebbled nub, gasping my mouth remained open, eyes closed, when he began to suckle and tug on it,I could feel him draw out some milk from the engorged breast as he did

we hadn't played.. for days now with each other,I couldn't deal with it anymore, and so it seemed neither could Tom.

"I want you morsel " his pupils all but blown.

"Tom.. take me.. please"

in that split second,he was placing soft feather-like kisses all over my breasts, briefly sucking on a nipple with a tug,occasionally drawing out milk,my legs already open to him exposing my more than wet sex, rubbing his hard cock throughout my folds,groaning his want,holding me flush against him.

I raised my hips,hoping to sink his cock inside me,knowing me like he did ,Tom took me by the hips staring down at me with a heated look as he buried himself,my moan that followed as he did was bound to have reached the whole household..fuck it,who cares.
writhing about beneath him I kept eye contact, while undulating my hips as he moved with me with equal eagerness, causing the water to slosh over the edge of the tub. Tom now had pushed his own flush against me I was close, so was Tom, dropping my head back and a small cry announcing my release, Tom soon followed as his body went rigid, a guttural sound from his throat, body trembling above me.

pulling me gently up from the water.. well what was left of it, and trying not to pass out, feeling a bit light headed and catching my breath.

“you alright, darling?” he looked concerned.

“just trying to catch my breath.. you're always a spirited lover to say the least, a fantastic experience every time”

snuggling up into his arms, taking in the smell of his skin, resting my cheek on his chest giving a side long glance up at this ridiculously stunning man who was my husband, still glowing from our uh.. exertions, Tom threaded his fingertips through my bangs, giving me one of his looks of adoration that I always found embarrassing, but it was his way, couldn't fault him for that.

"and you've never disappointed me, darling"

*oh I knew that was a lie.. but I'll leave it alone and just enjoy this moment, knowing at some point with what was going on in our lives currently... something would come up and ruin it.*

Paisley slipped on one of my plain white t-shirts, I grinned while watching her making sure her voluptuous bosoms didn't stand out as she tugged and pulled on the garment.

"you look fine"

peering over her shoulder frowning I could tell she didn't share my opinion.

"I look freakish.. I swear my boobs got bigger with Peyton than with Julian"

"ehehehehe, either way.. they are very lovely"

hands firmly planted on each side of her waist, eyes narrowing to the point they had become slits, lips twisting until her nose actually crinkled.

ow... that wasn't the reaction I was going for, it was the shittiest look yet she had ever given me, I believe I even winced.

"you're biased.. cause you have a thing for my tits"

"true" holding up a finger, "only because their my tits too"

"I'm aware of that... Sir"

it wasn't a sarcastic or cheeky reply, Paisley knew her position, and had my respect as I had hers, that's why now I had to finally sit down with her and tell her what had taken place at our Home back in England.

I expected the outrage, the language, some tears after telling her about the phone call from the police and what Mum had walked in on, but... not the reaction I got once I shared with her what I suspected Gina may be up too, concerning her.
to say Paisley was sickened by the idea that Gina might be trying to make up for a past failure by more or less seizing Paisley as nothing more as a business transaction..was putting it mildly,my little wife **blew-up.**

"*that fucking cow!..you think she..no!*" stomping around the bedroom,throwing her arms up in every direction,"*of all the vile shit shes pulled*" her eyes blazing now,there was no calming her,"*I'm an adult!,Gina has lost her fucking mind! its bad enough shes been bartering children for years,but because one slipped through her fingers....*"

"darling..*its just a concept* I came up with after learning of the break in,even Lawrence wasn't keen on it,though he was going to talk to Caldwell because as it is we aren't sure *what* that wonky bitch is up too,he just wants to cover all the bases,she might not be after you at all"

"I was always leery of her Tom..never quite trusted her,something in the back of my mind constantly telling me..*uh uh,this bitch is dirty*, but I couldn't wrap my head around as to why?"

"and as of late..we now know why,but what I said about her perhaps coming after you..*its just an idea..not a fact*,we don't have any evidence,so please Paisley...*calm down*"

"Tom..we came here to get away,*cause I'm tired*..."

I heard the sadness/weariness in her tone as it cracked.

"*I know darling...*" pulling her into my arms she basically fell into them,"*we'll get through this*"

"maybe you all will...*I'm not so sure about myself*"

the fact that I was a Doctor didn't take one to figure it out,Paisley was at the end of her rope,done...my wife had been through too much in her life and in recent years it had come to a head,sometimes being strong meant admitting you no longer could be.

and so be it..I would let the others know,Paisley was no longer to be a part of this bullshit concerning Gina.

_To be Continued..._
"Tom, what's going on with my daughter?" Peyton watched me intently from the couch where she sat with Julian passed out across her lap, "I haven't seen her all day, and you brought the baby to her, is she ill?"

how do I do this?

trying to figure out the right way to say anything when Lawrence walked in from the patio, I almost didn't recognize him if it hadn't been for his telltale height, he wasn't dressed like his usual self, instead he was sporting a black tanktop, grey casual drawstring Bermuda Cargo shorts, and sunglasses atop his head, and his hair...

"Mate.. you trying to rock the giant beach bum look or what?, when's the last time you cut your hair or shaved?"

yeah, his hair was longer than usual and he had stubble, when did this shit happen?

Jesus I think I need a Holiday as much as Paisley not to of notice this until now.

"seriously Tom, I've been rocking this for a few days now" his arms spread, "just thought a casual look was necessary, all things considered, won't stick out like I normally would"

"you're as tall as some of the skyscrapers in downtown L.A" Peyton frowned, "you'd have better luck as a cross dresser"

definitely Paisley's mum, same smartass retort she would of came up with, I had to refrain from snickering by literally biting my lip.

"that's all we need.. another wise ass critic around here" Lawrence groaned shaking his head as he made his way across the room, towards the kitchen.

ehehehehehe.

"so.. you never did answer me, why is Paisley sequestered in the bedroom?"

shit, I was hoping she had forgotten so I could put this off awhile longer, I really didn't have a game plan.

"what's going on with Paisley?" Lawrence's head peered out from the fridge door.

well fuck.

just spit it out Tom, Jesus man you've given lectures on Infectious diseases and clinical examinations in Gynecology in auditoriums filled with complete strangers. you can tell your wife's mum and brother shes due for a long reprieve before she winds up in a damn institution and that Paisley will have no more part in this rubbish with Gina.

gesturing for him to join us in the living area, Lawrence grabbed a large bottle of water and made his way back, giving me a scrutinizing look as he passed by, oh put that fucking FBI face away you big wanker and sit down already.

taking my own seat the pair across from me watched carefully, my eyes wandered to the crown of chestnut curls of my son who remained asleep on Peyton's lap, I just hope he stayed that way.
didn't need to hear any of this.

"really I don't know how to say any of this, except that...my wife is tired, not like sleepy, or she needs a nap, we came to California on Holiday in the first place because shit was starting up back home, and Paisley was..burnt, from what all the years of turmoil her life had entailed, it was catching up with her, then things started to really happen once we got here, Lawrence.. Peyton, that little woman in there" pointing towards our bedroom, "is close to a nervous breakdown, she pretty much told me so only hours ago, I decided right then and there...enough, I'm getting her even further away, Paisley has a place, well we..have place just over the border into Oregon, on the coast, it's quiet and out of the way, no neighbors within a stones throw, close to the beach, just her the kids an I. I'll keep in touch concerning all this bollocks with Gina, but" holding up a finger sternly, looking at them as such, "she will have nothing to do with it...am I clear?"

waiting for the immediate blow out, but it didn't come... Lawrence mopped his face with both hands, sighing heavily.

"was wondering when this was going to happen, knew she couldn't keep this up forever, strong..yes I know this, but hell even I who is trained for high intensity shit, have to step away, Paisley isn't and shes been living it most of her life...I'm on board Tom, go do what you need too, take care of my sister"

wow.. that was easy, I expected a tantrum from the big brother, however the one remaining person had been silent and noticeably looking away.

when nothing came from Peyton I directed my attention to her.

"have you anything to add Peyton?"

gradually she looked back over to me, pulling my head back I wasn't prepared for in which the demeanor she wore, a mixture of pain/ resentment/ confusion all on her face, complete with reddened face/ eyes.

"I've plenty... where would you like me to begin?" she bit out, then quickly composing herself, "you're telling me my daughter is unwell, psychologically all this shit from her past up until now is starting to affect her, and you want to take her away from it.. from me" pointing to herself.

that wasn't it at all, I didn't even mention her name, I was about to speak before she cut me off.

"Tom.. I know I was a shitty parent when she was a child and contributed to what may be going on with her at present, but" the tears fell down each cheek one by one, "don't take her away from me now... I just found her, let me go with you, help her... if shes sick"

gently sliding Julian off her lap, giving his curls a caress before getting up, Peyton walked over and knelt beside me, everything inside me almost collapsed as this small woman covered both of my hands with her's, an exact if not mature replica of Paisley's own hands, looking up at me tearfully and direct she continued her plea.

"yes.. you're her husband and what you want to do is what any good man should do for his wife, but.. shes my baby.. I want to help take care of her too, let me restore any faith or love she may or could have for me as her mother"

I hadn't counted on this, feeling very much like the tit here, she was right both her an Paisley had unjustly been ripped apart and abruptly brought together... only for me to do it all over again?... shit.

finding myself lifting her chin up much like I did her with her daughter when she was distraught, plus
I wanted her hear me out.

"I'm a father who loves his children without measure, who am I to interfere with a mum who feels the same about her own child, all I ask Peyton, give her space when she needs it, and just so you know...she does love you or she wouldn't of shown compassion that day Caldwell was here and you broke down"

sitting on her knees now, sniffing back her tears a small smile crept up on Peyton's face.

"she..she came to me and..called me momma, and let me hold her" further recollection of the memory shone on her face, eyes shining.

"Paisley needed that Peyton.." putting a hand on her shoulder "more than you know, it was something myself and Lawrence couldn't give her, only her Mum"

giving me a tight smile, yet there was meaning behind it.

"my baby did good" she whispered, "thank you Tom"

"for what?"

there was shame now, replacing the joy that had been on her face as Peyton looked away.

"doing what I couldn't, for my daughter"

"that was the past...now you're here, and can turn that around, you want to help me with Paisley?, let's start there"

To say the trip was a bloody long one.. quite frankly was redundant, thankful I had traded our rental in for a more luxurious and comfortable model, the Escalade was perfect, though I nearly shit when inquiring what the model I had would of costed, over ninety-five thou, and coming with all the bells an whistles did have its draw backs... Jules took a particular interest in the OnStar it was equipped with, he kept asking it how to get to Gram's house in England, won't he be surprised once Gram's shows up at our next destination after a few days, ehehehehe.

I was however relieved to see Paisley was pleased with the idea of her Mum going with us not to mention not putting up a fight when I told her we were going to the home on the Oregon coast, in fact she was keen to it, started talking about the flower garden she had left behind and wanted to get back to it.

she looked more relaxed even, was excited to take the children to the beach, talked about BBQ's and picnic's, visiting the local farmers markets in town with such energy that I hadn't seen since... well sadly, since the first time we met.

Pulling into the familiar gravel driveway, Peyton ducked her head taking in her surroundings from the windshield, then popped her head out the side window.

"what a sweet place, I love it..and so quiet too"

"it is" I nodded," the back yard is perfect for Jules to play in as well, have to get him one of those kiddie pools"

speaking of which, looking in the rear view mirror a rather disgruntled toddler was looking out the
window came into view.

"something amiss son?"

"ya daddy..I want out,my bum hurts an Pey Pey stinks, she made a poop"

Peyton clapped a hand over her mouth trying to muffle her giggles,I sighed shaking my head.

"alright,in a minute..

"hurry daddy,she keeps makin' wittle farts too,it nasty"

looking back into the mirror,Julian was now holding his nose and his breath while swinging his feet/legs impatiently, the boy always did have a thing for the dramatic, before getting out I looked over my shoulder,Paisley was out cold,no wonder I hadn't heard any commentary coming from her,Peyton looked too.

"make you a deal, I'll tend to your babies" she gestured with her head towards Paisley,"and you tend to mine"

Having made Paisley comfortable in our bedroom I came out to see Peyton changing the baby's diaper on the couch, Julian standing by her side watching, looking up at me he pointed to his sister who indeed had a rather dirty butt.

"see I told ya daddy..it was a poop"

"son, I can see that, why don't we go in the kitchen and I'll get you a snack, doubt anyone wants to hear anymore talk of your sisters poo"

An hour into our arrival and already a call from Lawrence, praying it was hey hope you guys made it safely kind of call but that was hoping for too much I guess.

"brought your laptop?"

"yes,why?"

"I emailed you a link,one of the staffers working with Caldwell stumbled across it...word of warning,you aren't going to like it"

"fuck, now what?" I growled.

"just..go have a look"

Clicking on the link I recognized the website, it was the Hospital News Blog from the Hospital I worked at, scrolling down I nearly needed an A&E right then and there.

The Pediatric Charity Auction raised well over £570,000 but it seems that at least one of our Doctor's took the "Auction" to a new level.
pictured here the stunning mystery brunette who politely posed for cameras and also who "bought" our fine Dr Ben at the Charity Auction for a mere £20,000 and ever since then she has been seen on the arm of the Doctor, who is she?...don’t know, but word has it that our Head of Pediatrics is been walking on clouds ever since they met.

"fucking Christ!"
forgetting I had Lawrence still on the phone a snarky reply came from it.

"speaking of the Messiah, I think even an Atheist would put aside their scruples and welcome his second coming, if it meant getting rid of that twisted bitch...Gina's really pulling out the stops Tom, whatever she's up to, putting herself out into the public eye like this, it's not like her"

"but Ben of all people!, the hell is with that Lawrence?, does she.. yeah she would know her a colleague of mine, its common knowledge..." then something else crossed my mind, "Lawrence...Piper, remember.. she was or is working in Ped's, does she still work for Samuel?, if not.. I have a feeling she could be swayed if you know what I mean"

"Piper was let go, from both employers, Hospital and Samuel, Hospital first... but when Samuel saw what Paisley almost did to that shit stirring tart... he told Piper it was best she leave before he let his niece finish her off"

why do I always have to hear about my wife's barbaric side, never have I seen it first hand... maybe it was best I didn't.

"what the hell is this?" Peyton's voice snapped from behind me.

"you want to tell her, or should I?" Lawrence tone over the phone sounded as if this was the last thing he wanted to deal with... I'm sure it was.

"I'll do it" I groaned.

"I'll hang on.. have a feeling you'll need me somewhere along the line"

after letting her read the the article I pointed to Ben's picture, frowning greatly.

"that. asshole, is the head of Pediatrics at the Hospital where I work, a huge thorn in my butt since Uni, and up until a few months ago, a consistent fucking tosser who flirted with my wife"

Peyton's eyes widened, brows raised looking at me incredulously.

"wow, that's a lot of unpleasant titles for a man who's profession is healing sick children"

"and he's earned every damn one of them" leaning back in my chair, arms folded, "arrogant prick"

"you said though.. up until a few months ago, did something change?"

the unmistakable sounds of chuckling and ooohh came from my phone, Peyton and I stared at it, then at one another, dropping my head back I dared to ask.

"either you're wanking and that's just fucking wrong, or you've finally gone numpty, mate"

"neither Tom and you can piss off for even suggesting the first one, I was thinking about why Ben's current demeanor is a departure from his usual dick bag snobbery"

"and?"

"I really can't.. I'd be betraying my sister, not something I'm willing to do, Tom"

excuse me?..

"Lawrence.. if that sack of shit did something to my wife and she told you" I stood up, my hands balled into fists "I have EVERY right to know"
Peyton leaned in closer to the phone.

"did that man, Ben...did he touch my daughter?, Lawrence..." Peyton's voice had more of a plea to it, "tell me he didn't"

there was a bit of a pause until a drawn out sigh could be heard.

"I won't be disloyal to her, so this is how it's going to be... Tom, the very first Christmas Charity ball you attended together, you uh... well, had an item you lost"

it took only a few moments, the bullet, I had misplaced the remote to it.

"yes, I know what you're talking about"

"as you know, someone did find it, what you didn't know is they trapped Paisley in a supply room forcing her to endure the effects of the said item they had... getting off on it... literally, and I'll give you one guess as to who... that was"

"Motherfucking!... sonofa!"

jumping up from my seat, biting my lip, I paced madly throughout the kitchen, cursing furiously under my breath, throwing a wicked punch into the air, nearly hitting a cupboard, the story I heard was much different, but why?... why would Paisley lie to me?, ever quick to respond, to know... even at a distance, Lawrence gave me my answer.

"Tom, Paisley said nothing because she didn't want you to do something stupid and lose your practice,... she was protecting you, so whatever you do, do not be mad at her, and damn me for even saying shit, you better not say I said anything I'll just deny it"

turning around I looked over at the phone and Peyton who looked appalled.

"mad?... why the hell would I be mad at that beautiful little woman?, she's been living with this shit memory of that horror for almost four years now, even feeling guilt I seen it that night and why... out of love, so she wouldn't lose me, knowing I would of killed that sack of shit, gawd no, I'm not even close to being angry, not for her anyways" feeling tears welling up.

"well, I still do want a piece of that shit stain... that's why I decided to put an end to his unwanted attentions"

wiping my eyes I sat back down.

"what do you mean?"

"the last Charity ball, when she was pregnant, he just couldn't help himself, the minute I saw Paisley scurry from where the bathrooms were, and Ben smugly walking out looking like he had scored, that's were, I put my plan into action"

"Lawrence... what did you do?"

"oh nothing really, just turned the tables on him... dragged his pompous ass to a vacant conference room and... here's where I want to make it quite clear, I gave him the impression I... was after him, had him face forward and up against a wall, and the icing on the cake... I even let him hear me unzip my trousers before he bolted like the pansy ass that he is, scared shitless, yelled after him saying something like... maybe next time he'd think twice about forcing himself on women who didn't like it" Lawrence was laughing heartily now
I couldn't believe it, gobsmacked didn't even cover it.

"Lawrence...you're fucking daft mate, you know that?"

meanwhile Peyton was next to me, holding herself, laughing, yeah okay when I did think on it.. it was funny, like to have been a fly on the wall when that wanker thought he was about to get his.

"might explain why..his attitude has changed" I swear I could actually feel a smirk in that reply.

"yeah...but to this extent, hooking up with the likes of Gina?" now staring at the picture on the webpage again.

"that..I can't explain, it's like I said, whatever Gina's doing, it's not like her, Tom she's always been...methodical, it's what made her so exceptional and recognized as an Agent within the Bureau as well as other Government agencies"

even the mighty..shall fall and in Gina's case, her self appointed pedestal has allowed her to perhaps fall a very long way to a place even we may not be able to reach her.

"Lawrence, in my professional opinion, it's possible the woman has become unbalanced, in layman's terms.. Gina's probably bloody well going mental"

"it's crossed my mind and that worries me, a woman of her caliber...going off the rails...not-fucking-good"

"if you ask me, she always was" Peyton looked at me with indifference, threading her fingers atop her hair "why else was Gina doing the things she was with children for all these years?.. the bitch is sick"

To be Continued...

Photo credit/source- http://ilarge.lisimg.com/image/4238486/968full-madeleine-stowe.jpg

http://media.tumblr.com/7c2571422598da62238dc9f1e68b8ef4/tumblr_inline_mx7wn1gOhf1rkaal1.png
Five months into this respite and in that time Tom had to go back to England he had a practice after all and I completely understood, though I missed him horribly, though we did talk via Skype quite often, his mom had joined us here on the coast and was thrilled to meet my own mother, they hit it off rather well. When I inquired about the break in at our house in England she gently rebuffed it and changed the subject.

currently Lawrence saw fit to eat cookies in front of my children...*not one of his better ideas*, and Peyton, now six months old, was in a walker rolling around the house like it was her own personal Nascar track and god forbid if you were barefooted.

looking at my rather perplexed brother as he gazed at down at Julian who was eyeing the box of cookies in his hand, and Peyton who was doing her damndest to run over his feet in her walker by repeatedly ramming into them, making some deep guttural, giggly noises, that came across as almost *disturbing*, kinda sounded...*evil actually.*

"what's wrong Lawrence, the kids giving you grief?" amused by what I was witnessing.

he remained looking at the children from where he stood in the kitchen, then back to me, raising a questioning brow.

"no, it's just one wants a cookie and the other...*wants my soul*"

"it's the type of cookies Lawrence, of course Peyton wants your soul..*you're coming between a girl and her chocolate*" snickering now.

narrowing his eyes at me I could see it coming.

"that's crap"

"no..it no cwap, it a cookie" came Julian's matter of fact voice from below him.

thanks Lawrence.

"my apologies Julian, they certainly aren't" handing the *mini Professor of language arts* a cookie and ruffling his curls.

"BAH!" came a retort from Peyton.

"you forgot someone" I snickered pointing to the disgruntled redhead who had propped her walker up on one of her Uncles big feet, reaching up for a Chocolatey treat.

"what on earth is all this ruckus?"

Diana entered the kitchen looking around.

"nothing, just Uncle Lawrence teasing the kids by eating cookies in front of them"

"what!..I.." shoulders slumping, he rolled his eyes in defeat.

"that's bollocks Lawrence" reaching up in the cupboard she took out a package of chocolate marshmallow pinwheel cookies, taking out two she gave them to Peyton who was more than eager than to receive them "*there ya go little darling*" she cooed.
waving around the treats in each of her hands, Peyton celebrated by bouncing almost wildly in her walker making her little raspberries.

"well.. *that's attractive*" Lawrence watched shaking his head.

"told you... *it's all about the chocolate*" sticking out my tongue.

"So did she tell you?"

"tell me what?"

I could tell even on Skype that Tom was tickled about something.

"here I'll just show you"

the minute I heard the ping. I picked up my phone, he sent me a file, looking at him suspiciously he urged me to open it, and so I did...

"it's a House"

"nothing gets by you does it?, you big git.. it's our *new* House, our old one sold a month ago, and I bought *that one* a few days ago, *Paisley loves it*, and I'm still an hour away from work"
that's right,Tom had told me after the break in and...the body being found in their old home, there was no way he was moving his family back in it.

"well, it's really nice man, and if my sisters diggin' it, that's all that matters"

"she does, but what your seeing is the view from the back, there is a small pond, hidden by the flowers an shrubbery, Paisley did have some concerns about that with the children, I told her we could put a fence around it if need be"

"hmm, yeah.. leave it to Julian to find it first thing.. or that red head with the hot rod"

leaning back in his chair folding his arms Tom giving me a what the fuck? look.

"excuse me?"

"your daughter... she thinks that walker of hers is a friggin' race car and the house is her personal demolition derby... toes, feet and shins are up for grabs"

"ehhehehehehehe!"

"laugh all you want asshole, shes a handful, you'll see.. and" wagging a finger at the man in front of me on the screen laughing his ass off "she makes some unnatural noises, in time I have a feeling you're going to need a Priest"

that shut him up, my turn to laugh, the look he gave me was priceless.

"but I didn't call you to discuss your tiny demonic offspring, soooo" giving a dismissive wave so I could change the subject," I was curious as to how things were going on at the Hospital since your return?, especially in the Pediatric wing" eyeing him now.

still a bit distracted by my earlier ribbing, Tom cleared his throat, composing himself.

"um.. yeah.. oh, well interesting enough I haven't seen Gina, and before you ask", leaning in closer to the screen," hold on to your lads, but Ben and I had.. lunch" a lopsided smirk grew, "yeah, that's enough to have Paisley wanting me to have a Psych Eval if she knew, anyways, he informed me after I casually mentioned his uh mystery lady, that she was out of the country on business at the moment, oh and get this shit, according to Ben, her name is Stella Dalecot"

"seriously?, shes willing to put herself out there... but use an alias when there's a lot of people who know who she really is?, Jesus she worked for the FBI for.. god I have no idea, but it was a long time, does she really think nobody will recognize her as Gina Wells?"

Tom sighed, looking thoughtfully, scratching under his chin.

"dunno Mate, maybe its like I said before I left the States?.. maybe her cheese has slid off her cracker" without warning an awareness came over me, slightly rising from where I sat, staring off to one side. "Lawrence.. what is it?"

"shit, shit, shit" I murmured lost in thought.

"Mate, you're freaking me out now, what's going on in that damn head of yours?"

snapping out of it, taking my seat again
"Tom...shes not losing it,Gina knows exactly what she is doing...it's part of a fucking ruse,Gina is unequivocally up to something,and I bet my ass... its something big"

Tom gave me a dubious look,almost in concern.

"why all of a sudden do you think that?"

"it feels very familiar,I'm going to contact Caldwell see if it rings any bells with him,I think it may have to do with either an on going case or a cold one,but fucking hell" chewing on my thumbnail..."this has the..oh I don't know..arrgh,shit!..the,mood,tone,semblance...of an assignment I had tagged along on years ago,I was still what they called a Greenie"

threading both hands through his hair,Tom obviously did not like what he heard,hell I didn't like what was going on in my own head and I hadn't told him half of it.

"so you're saying Gina really does have plans to do something,that's whats with all this bollocks of leaving the FBI and now wooing Ben as it were and now you are telling me it maybe connected to ..a memory of an old case you worked on?..just tell me this much Lawrence,is does not have anything to do with Paisley..does it?"

"I'm sorry Tom" looking at the now worried faced man before me,"I can't tell you that,cause to be honest..I don't know"

Closing the lid of my laptop,the discussion with Lawrence didn't go as I had liked,starting out on a good note,yes..but now I was questioning my return to work,the only good that came from it was I did purchase a new home,it remains unlisted in any directory here at the Hospital,also through the Realtor,made damn sure of that,and I was fortunate enough to have done all of this as I learned,while Gina was out of the country, so she had no idea I had returned,no opportunity for her or anyone she could hire to pull any shit like she did in our other home,and I was quite sure she was behind that.

looking down at my cell sitting on my desk, to be greeted by the picture of my beautiful daughter that Paisley sent earlier.
it had been done at a studio, Paisley apologized for not having one of Jules, seems he was being a bit of a shit that day as she put it and there was no way he was up for a photo session... *Jules and I needed to have a chat.*

The more I looked at the picture the more it became clear, *my duty to my family was more important than being half a world away from them,* especially after talking to Lawrence, things sounded more sketchy then ever and if he couldn't positively say that none of Gina’s shit has anything to do with my Paisley...

I need to get a hold of Desi before she left for the day and make arrangements to have someone fill in for me...

"*Mummy!.. I made Pey Pey a pie!*"

hunched over weeding my flower garden, I knew that phrase was filled with all kinds of possibilities... *and none of them good.*
looking over at a very pleased Julian, brilliant toothy smile including his arms in the air, I dared myself to look over my shoulder, what I saw forced me to groan, my sweet little six month old daughter in her walker, and where there was suppose to be a smile... was a hole caked with MUD, and a lot of it.

bouncing up and down as usual, Peyton seem to be enjoying her current situation, or was it oblivious of it? and when it seem she was trying to... speak, bits of mud would fly/shoot out of her mouth.

"Jules, why did you gives your sister... mud?"

"it a mud pie" he sounded annoyed, like I had no clue as to what it was" ya toll me to pay wiff her mum"

shuffling on my knees towards her, taking a finger, gently I began digging it out of her mouth.

"I know what it is, and just because I asked you to include Peyton when you play doesn't mean you feed her" scrunching my nose as I got the last bits out of her mouth, "mud"

"ehehehe, mummy... but Pey Pey wikes it!"

"ehehehehehehehe" straightening my posture, I knew that laugh and it wasn't Julian, jerking my head to the left.

"where did you get the overalls darling?"

not even replying, I was up and had launched myself onto him with quite some force, Tom grabbed me, holding tightly, teetering... oh shiiiiiiit.

squealing until we hit the ground, Tom looked up at me wide eyed and then Julian added to the mix by throwing himself on my back... thanks son... and not to be left out, our raspberry making, mucky mouth daughter from behind us joined in.

After finally rinsing Peyton's mouth out completely, thanks to her father who still had questions about that, I wound up nursing her afterwards, probably more from getting that wet... dirt taste out of her mouth than out of hunger.

"not that I'm unhappy about it and surprised, but... what are you doing here?, what about your Patients?"

holding a sleeping Julian in his arms, rocking him gently side to side, a small smile appeared on Tom's lips.

"and miss all this, Morsel... no, you and our babies come first, my Patients understand this, believe it or not that's one of things they like about me... I'm a family man and it shows, people tend to favor that in a Physician, they can comprehend the dynamics of domesticity over a Doctor who is single and obviously wouldn't... yes I've researched this" he winked.

show off.

"why do I get the feeling you were like that at Uni?... annoyingly so, to the point where people really didn't like you much" I teased.

"ha-ha,... Ben was the only one and that was because I worked hard for the grades I got and the girls too, but somehow the tosser managed to excel in the charm department where the girls were concerned and stole them from me" frowning, almost angrily now "but... I have the woman I was
meant to have, cause...” he leaned in, ”even when he tried to steal you from me...you stayed true cause... you actually love me”

a shot of fear spread throughout my body as we held each others gaze, swallowing hard... oh my god... does he know?

”he was a asshole, a pest... that's all, not close to being my type” trying to brush off the feeling, of course he doesn’t know you idiot.

”I know he was” standing up, he put a still sleeping Julian over his shoulder, stepping over to me, kissing me on the cheek before leaving the kitchen, Tom was almost to the living area.

”you know darling, you really should of saved that bullet and shoved it up Ben's ass, then just handed the remote over... to me”

oh-fuck me... no!

To be Continued....

Photo credit/source-https://s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com/736x/82/c1/01/82c101d869d04d4fb6a1da8f259775d7.jpg

https://s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com/736x/29/86/92/2986927a66a37d9760b5bf36b65c6a70.jpg
Coming from Julian's room, entering the living area I wasn't prepared for what I saw, stopping stalk still, across the living room holding the baby, Paisley's face was almost as red as her hair, eyes flooded with unsuccessful tears, her mouth at a frown, lips trembling.

"darling?"

"how?...why?" she whispered. "you weren't supposed to ever know"

the shame that washed over her face as hot tears finally fell in big drops, that was enough, two big strides and I was in front of her taking Peyton, putting her in the portable crib, Paisley was already huddled on the floor sobbing, both hands covering her face.

scooping her up bridal style I carried her to our bedroom, lightly kicking the door shut behind me with my foot, sitting on the bed I held her, rocking her to and fro, pressing my lips to her ear.

"darling...ssh... no more... just stop those tears, there's no need for you to even shed them"

"but... I lied to you" her voice croaked, "not on purpose... I... I just... please don't be mad"

"I know why you did it, but it was for a good reason, I'm so very proud of you Paisley, standing up for me, for our love, sacrificing yourself the way you did... anger isn't even on the table my little darling, god no" tightening my hold on her, burying my face in her hair "I love you so much"

leaning back I rolled us back onto the bed softly, keeping a firm hold as we laid there, Paisley's heavy sobbing had subsided to sniffling, but still wouldn't look at me, she needed to know I retained no ill will by her actions from what she did or didn't do those years ago, I understood completely.

It had been a fair few minutes before I felt her grip on me slacken, that's when I knew Paisley had basically cried herself asleep, releasing my hold, laying her flat on the bed I cradled her face, her skin pink now, damp from her weeping, swollen even as were her eyelids, this sweet wee creature took so much upon herself for reasons I could hardly bring myself to be angry with, what decent man could?... silly girl, my morsel.

leaning down I whispered, hoping my voice would reach her in the darkness of her sleep and give her some peace.

"you've done nothing inappropriate my little darling, but make me feel honored to be your husband, you are so very brave, it only breaks my heart in knowing you've lived with this monstrous act having been done to you and by whom, if anything, I failed you... not the other way around"

The strong smell of Cinnamon and Tea permeating my nostrils was all too familiar, even before I opened my eyes, cracking open just one revealing what I already knew, my beautiful, intelligent, and at this point overly considerate, Husband resting comfortably facing me with what looked like a hint of a smile on the corner of his lips.

so... he knew, and wasn't at all pissed, he loved me regardless, I guess having him respond the way he had earlier and the fact he was lying next to me now was evidence that Tom's compassion had always been there, I had just been living in fear most of my life that I automatically transferred it to this relationship... however I know given the chance, at the time, he would of killed Ben.
"what's going on in the lovely head of yours?"
gasping, I hadn't realized he had awakened.

"um...nothing"

turning further onto his side towards me, feeling Tom's warmth radiating off him, his scent all the more prominent.

"bollocks, I know you were thinking about something by the deep wrinkles on your forehead" he poked gently at them with a fingertip.

"nice of you to point out my wrinkles, Tom"

"ehhehe, nice..deflection, but you haven't answered my question"

"its nothing that hasn't been gone over, and I don't wish to rehash it" hugging myself now, staring up at the ceiling, just want to move on.

his forefinger hooked under my chin, pulling my face to him, it was difficult, but I made myself look at him.

"I'm aware, but only if... you understand Paisley that I'm in no way carrying any animosity towards you over the incident'"

"and what if I do carry it for myself?.. keeping something like that from you, it was.. wrong, but necessary at the time, or at least that's how I felt"

"and that's just what it was darling... necessary at the time, so just get rid of that self loathing shit right now, the only guilty party here is Ben for that appalling act he forced on you, Paisley you did what you thought was essential at that moment, which was in my eyes... most courageous"

fuck... why does he go and do that?, I was all ready to be told what an irresponsible imbecile I was, how dangerous my situation really could of have been, that I should of notified security immediately and lastly.. why he even wasted almost four years of his life with a woman who would lie to him about something as significant as this.

"gawd.. why do you even love me Tom?" my voice cracking, "I'm such a stupid shit sometimes"

"no, just a little shit" he grinned, trying to break the strain the in the air "but then there's me, a gangly English wanker who also gets on your nerves" hovering over me now," that's one of the reasons we get on so well, no matter what we've done, it's because.. we love one another"

"I'm surprised you were willing to make the trip Lawrence"

sitting in the office I had become acquainted with over many years, I wasn't entirely surprised myself, actually it was starting to annoy me.

"you told me on the phone that you had some info that would greatly be of some interest, that and you sounded like you wanted blood... that alone got my attention"

Samuel nodded as he poured himself a drink, gesturing to me in offer, I declined.

"sounding like and actually wanting it... you have no idea, but you're quite perceptive" his tone
deepened,"what I have to tell you,may want you feeling the same"
great,what the hell does he have to tell me?
"you recall a man named Derek that worked for my brother?"
god,that fucker..how could I not,I don't like having to kill anyone,but I had no regrets when I killed him that day...still don't.
"yes,fucking hated that arrogant,abusive shit stain,what about him?"
my assessment seem to amuse him,but the smirk quickly faded,he watched the ice cube as he swirled it in his glass.
"never met him,but as for arrogant..I'll agree,abusive shit stain..hmm I'm thinking with his association with my brother, he took advantage of his standing with Sean"
this peaked my curiosity now,whats a dead man got to do with Samuel seeing red?
"how so?"
"Derek set up a covert Division of Sean's organization under a different name,so that it wouldn't raise any eyebrows,cause I assure you if Sean knew...Derek would of been dead a long time ago," take a heavy swig of what I assumed was whiskey in the glass,he continued"this covert Division handled...baby brokering,illegal adoptions in that potential parents who are desperate enough to buy the children,non sexual/slavery,purely selling to people who couldn't have their own, I checked..which, get this shit... Gina found out about it and,threatened blackmail if he didn't let her partner up with him and in exchange Gina wouldn't blow his cover,that you know damn well would of got him,Sean and those affiliated..arrested, but because she had already been doing this and had knowledge that was quite invaluable to Derek to run this secret Business,yeah..Gina had Derek by his balls "

fucking Christ!...words were there but I couldn't articulate them,staring blankly like a dumbass at Samuel with my mouth open,this shit had been going on right under my nose!, I was here...sometimes even with Derek, fuck!
sitting back in my chair I slumped,pinching my sinuses.
"sonofabitch" I murmured in shock,"the guy was a goddamn shrink Samuel...how..how could he even do such a thing?"
Samuel inhaled deeply through his nose.
"I know..and now I'm hearing Gina has sidled her way in to the good graces of one of Tom's Colleagues" his brows knitted together, "a Pediatrician"
a medical practitioner specializing in children.
I suddenly felt very sick.

"Thomas..what on earth?"
looking to my left my mum stood with hands on hips,frowning.
"what?"

"that" she pointed to the kitchen sink full of bubbles...and a naked baby happily trying to eat them,"you do realize shes going to get the poo's"

"mum..shes fine,Peyton hasn't eaten enough to make that happen" rolling my eyes,"besides after what she ate earlier her mouth probably could do with a proper washing"

"excuse me?"

"her brother not only made her a mud pie,but fed it to her too"

moving in closer,I felt a hand on my arm.

"hmm,reminds me of a certain little boy who fed his baby sister ..raisins,but they weren't raisins"

"oh my god mum,how was I suppose to know they were Rabbit droppings?"

"oh I don't know,maybe because you fetched them from the Rabbit's cage..Thomas"

the look I got was most chastising,I was a little a boy for Christsakes,much like my son is now.

"When was the last time you and Tom did anything together...without the children?"

sitting once again in front of my flower garden trying to attempt yet again at weeding it,I looked over at my mother.

"not sure,and where is this coming from?"

clapping the dirt off her hands,she eyed me as if she were about to rebuke me,really mom whats that all about?

"thought so...you both could use some time off together,so why don't you?,Diana and I can watch the children"

"I smell a conspiracy" sticking the gardening trowel into the dirt," you and my mother in-law have been scheming"

"no,its just...Diana has missed her grand kids and I'd like to get to know them better,is that a crime Paisley Amelia?" wagging a pair of gloves she hadn't bothered to use,at me.

oh my god,she actually used my middle name as if I were a child.

"no Peyton Savannah..it isn't"

it was a staring match,I don't think she liked my come back,but took it in stride.

"just like your father,snarky to the core" throwing the gloves at me with a chuckle.

cheap shot,she knew how I felt about my father,the look I gave my mother let her know or at least reminded her of this,clearing her throat she went back to throwing pulled weeds into a bucket.

"and just how long have you and Diana been sitting on this..agenda?"

"oh..it hasn't been that long,probably since Tom got back,you have to admit though...it would be
nice to just run off and just be together, not having to deal with the kids, you know they'll be alright with me and Diana" the expression she had was imploring.

"I'd have to discuss it with Tom" I could tell she was getting excited, slightly bouncing on her knees, *hmm so that's where my daughter gets that from," if he's okay with it, then maybe will go up the coast or... something"

Tom was practically packing our clothes before I finished telling him our Mother's proposal, something told me the asshole was in on the whole thing, sitting on the bed as he went riffling through the closet finding what was my suitcase, making a noise of triumph when he did... yeah... he was in on it... bastard.

"don't forget the handcuff's and the lube"

he was so caught up in what he was doing it took him a few before he froze, jerking his head in my direction, a finger went up.

"spot on thinking darling... we might get bored"

then continued going about his packing duties.

"aarrgh" falling back on the bed I did a facepalm, knowing him he kept a spare of both items in his own suitcase.

by the time Tom had thrown his things together he finally noticed I hadn't even started, staring at my untouched suitcase quizzically, then over to me.

"Paisley... why haven't you packed?"

"we didn't even discuss, you just went into hyper drive and assumed I was on board"

it seem to dawn on him he had done just that, shoulders sagging slightly with a sigh, Tom looked sheepishly at me.

"now I know where Jules gets his enthusiasm"

"really?" I snorted "where have you been?, everyone knows that"

a toothy smile instantly appeared, *oh good grief... here it comes Dr Thomas H. platitudes... or at least his version.*

"but its ones of the many this you find.. sexy about me"

and there goes the... *eyebrow wiggling*... *Jesus Tom.*

turning from where I sat on the bed, arms folded, wearing my best look of sarcasm, I spoke with it just as equally.

"wow.. I'm surprised Tom, you actually forgot to mention your dick"

two striddles and Tom was there with me on the flat of my back, hovering, his face inches from mine, huskily he spoke.

"why?.. when I only plan to wear it out on you.. and in you"
To be Continued...
I want to post an "Apology" at the beginning of this Chapter due to the fact that most of the content of it...well I'm shit at writing on this particular "subject matter", so bear w/me PLEASE..but I did try to make it worthwhile in reading :) (and I did edit the hell out of it too..lol)

Tom's mouth was on mine, holding my chin gently, guiding the patient kiss, then parting.

"I missed the taste/feel of your mouth Paisley, sometimes it feels like we don't touch like this enough, not anymore"

moistening my lips, I admit I had thought about the way recent events had had an affect on me...Tom and I became different, an how I wished we were more intimate.

"I...I miss it too"

taking me by the chin again, lifting it up, he claimed my mouth, a little hungrier this time moaning softly into his mouth just to show how much I truly missed this simple gesture between us.

breaking off the kiss, he slowly got to his knees,straddling me now, but his azure eyes silently taking me in, that's when I heard myself.

"Tom, what would you like?"

he took his que from me.

His large hands came up, cupping my full breasts, squeezing,causing me to react accordingly,pushing my body up into his touch,groaning.

"these, morsel I want.. I want them"

Tom started out kissing my breasts, feathery ones while one of his hands caressed, teased my folds, then.. with the tip of his tongue poking out taunting his nipple of choice causing me to writhe a bit.

Soon he latched on, suckling, drawing out the sweet nectar, eyes closed like a contented infant, grunting his satisfaction, I threaded my fingers through his blonde waves, cooing to him as if he were an infant, this went on for awhile, it was while he did this Tom began making long languid strokes on his cock, groaning into the breast he was suckling on, sliding my hand down, joining in, His hips began to undulate as we quickened our motions upon his shaft.

"uuh.. fuck.. yeesss" breaking away from my breast, hissing his approval.

I knew these simple touches weren't enough for him, releasing my hand from his cock, I managed to get from beneath him, which earned me a not so happy look.

but that changed when he quietly watched me slowly disrobe making sure he got to see what he had always required of me, keeping eye contact, when my panties hit the floor I kicked them aside, bent
over the edge of the bed, arms behind my back, clasping a hand to the wrist of the other.

"I am yours Sir"

feeling the mattress move, but remaining as I was, I could sense Tom behind me, my skin prickled upon the touch of his finger tips as they delicately danced from the back of my neck casually down my spine until his hand reached my ass giving one of my cheeks a firm squeeze.

"oh little one" he breathed, "you present yourself to me...and so beautifully, I thank you for this"

"yes Sir, you're welcome Sir"

I didn’t even hear him remove his clothes, but there was no mistaken of what I felt next, he was now behind me, pressing his body against mine, his balls dragging across my butt cheeks as he buried his cock between them, just rocking back and forth, taking a handful of my hair, twisting it about his wrist until my head was pulled back slightly.

"mine"

god how I missed him saying that, Tom could repeat that word over and over in that tone and it would make me cum... and he knew it.

"yes sir"

"say it!" he gently yanked on my hair.

"I'm yours Sir, only yours, I belong to you!"

"ehhehe, oh yes little one, and I'm going to demonstrate just how much you do" he growled those last words into my ear through gritted teeth.

true to his word, Tom began by binding my wrists that were already behind me, insuring they stayed there, then made a loose braid in my hair for "better control" he had chuckled wickedly as he tied it off.

then with a smack across my ass that hurt rather than pleased, he tossed me onto the bed, pulling my ass up, flinching when I felt a finger slid through my folds, bumping my clit and back out it was then I heard what I knew was Tom tasting... his fingers.

“you have a lovely quim little one, so fucking delicious”

I felt what I assumed him positioning himself behind me once again.

"safeword's"

"Beach and Ocean"

"excuse me?"

the sudden sting on my ass reminded me of my faux pas

"Sir!.. beach and Ocean Sir!"

"you've become forgetful little one... do I need to punish you for this slight?"

"no no no, Sir, please I'm sorry Sir"
"oh..I think I do"

She hadn't been properly punished in awhile, and we both enjoyed it last I recalled, or was that just me?...it was.

"no...please"

"hmm..that's the second time you've forgotten to address me proper and within moments of the first offense" leaning over her I whispered next to her ear, making sure to dig my cock near what I knew was an eager and wet hole "you've become complacent my sweet little slut and now unfortunately I must discipline you for it"

Paisley whimpered as I rubbed my tip randomly over her sex before I pulled myself from her body, leaving her bound, exposed and untouched, while I sat not able to really control myself by the sight before me, taking myself in hand, caressing slowly while visions of what I wanted to do to her almost had me spill my seed right there.

Knowing I couldn't fully punish her, with both our mum's here, though luckily at the moment they were on a picnic at the beach with the children, I would have a bit of fun nonetheless, the question now was...where to start?

ah yes..delayed gratification..she fucking hates that.

lying behind her I pressed my body into her, one leg draped over her hip, an arm around the front of her, my hand holding her jaw in place, and only letting the tip of my cock barely penetrate her entrance, moving in and out..teasing, that was enough to get Paisley going, the friction of my cock rubbing at her folds as I did so made her whine and wiggle about which earned her a generous slap across the ass.

"did I say you could move?"

"no Sir"

"that's right..this is for me.. and you'll be lucky if I let you cum, one slip in a rule you know well is bad but twice in a row?" I tsked, "I was going to take your forbidden hole, however since we have...company, I have to figure out other ways to compensate for that"

"please Sir..fuck my mouth" she suggested quickly.

hmm, that wasn't a bad idea, I'll have to reward her for that.

I had Paisley gently roll onto her back, watching her intently as this was taking place, smiling, enjoying the moment to look upon her in the soft glow of the afternoon light of the room, truly she really was a beautiful woman, taking her by her now unbound wrists, pulling her up to me onto her knees and began to place little kisses on my face, taking her time as she did, closing my eyes, groaning, she kissed an licked everything, forehead, temples, eyelids, cheekbones, nose, chin, jaw line, neck, throat, and chest working her way down to the treasure trail of hair from my belly button to my crotch, hips bucking ever slightly in anticipation.

"I love you little one"

"I love you too Sir..may I touch your cock now Sir?"
"of course little one"

a quick intake of breath from myself as I felt one of those small hands wrap about my thick shaft. *fuck...* the quality of her touch made me randy yet weakened...did she even realize what control she truly had over me?

"you may suck me now little one"

"yes Sir"

flicking at the crown of my cock with the tip of her tongue tasting the precum that had pooled there before wrapping it around, *sucking hard* on it, my hips arose wildly with a gasp...*vixen!*

"aw..fuuck!"

snaking the tip of her tongue over the head to a protruding blood vessel on my cock, causing me to wriggle a bit, now moving her tongue taking the entire head into her mouth slowly bobbing up an down, swirling it over the shaft, while stroking me *painfully* slow at the root, my hips began to undulate, to fuck her mouth, grabbing a handful of her hair, holding her in place, the desperate gasping I was making seem to be driving her on to take more of me further into her mouth.

looking down watching as my cock quickly slid in and out of her mouth, *goddamn* how she felt so good on it as that always had been the case, an all too familiar throb began growing in my loins...*fucking hell* she was on a mission, no longer able to hold myself back thrusting my hips up, shoving my cock further into her throat, coating it with my seed, holding her there until every drop was swallowed.

"your turn"

I don't think Paisley was expecting to be compensated due to her earlier mistakes, but they weren't truly that awful, after wiping the corners of her mouth off for her with a finger, placing chaste kisses randomly on her face, I took a gentle grip on both of her legs wrapping them around my waist, hoisting her butt up, with one small thrust I slid a little more than the tip of my cock inside her hot walls, letting her adjust before pushing in further, which forced herself further into the mattress.

arching her back as the sensation of me filling her walls was almost too much...*fuck...it was beautiful witness*...gripping her hips tighter, pumping slowly in and out at first, building up vigorously, and in no time both were calling to one another, gasping, and swearing, I controlled my pace slowly withdrawing and then slamming into her just so I could watch her back arch almost completely off the bed, hearing her wail as her eyes rolled back blissfully, pivoting my hips as I grounded my cock inside her, she began panting, mewling her protests to the point of imploring for her release.

"god dammit,Ssiiir..puu..please!".

"tell -me- what- you -want" panting between thrusts

"fucking take me Sir" she growled looking up at me.

normally I would of scolded her for such an outburst, but I was too aroused by it to care.

"take you?"

now leaning over her rolling my hips with a slight snap, driving myself not hard but with enough force she was losing herself...*so close,* right now I could tell it mattered not what I did to her.
without another word I pulled out, flipped her over with a squeal, now on all fours, I hoisted her ass up and.. with one fluid movement, my cock drove inside her, one arm having already reached around the front of her, hand holding her just under the chin as my cock moved like a piston, hips slapping against her, my movements inside her were so vigorous I almost propelled her into the headboard, she had to literally grip the blankets, mattress anything to keep from doing so, Paisley was so swept up in the pending orgasm quickly coiling within her, she pushed her ass flush up against me, making whining noises, I constricted my hold on her, thrusting turned to forceful rutting.

"come for me baby" panting/growling now, staving off my own orgasm "I know your there, so am I"

and after having been denied purchase for awhile, Paisley made up for it as she threw her head back belting out a cry that reverberated throughout the bedroom.

"God, were we ever bloody rusty" Tom groaned from behind me as we soaked in a well earned bath.

"huh?"

"jut now.. the sex, you wouldn't even know we were in a Dom/sub relationship.. fuck I acted like a tit" he splashed at the water.

giggling I shook my head, yeah it's definitely has been awhile since we engaged in Dom/sub activity, it's pretty damn sad when he's shitting on his own performance, though I really hadn't noticed much of a change.

"Tom.. you always act like that when you're my Sir"

turning me so as to see my face, he looked horrified.

"really?.. tell me you're teasing darling"

"um.. no"

leaning his head on the back of the tub, hand covering his face, making noises of annoyance.

"we need to fuck more"

"ahahahahahahaha!"

sitting up, he gave me a dirty look which reduced me to snickering, spankings on a wet ass was nothing I was willing to incite.

"its not funny morsel, I mean it"

"hey, I'm all for more fucking" putting my hands up, "but aren't you being a little too hard on yourself?, I thought we did great, except for my moment of stupidity"

"darling you took your punishment very well, I'm quite proud of you, that's why I shit canned the idea of delaying your gratification until next time, it was myself.." he shrugged "that I'm disappointed with"

this.. had become unsettling now, Tom never talked like that about himself, what had been a wonderful afternoon spent shagging turned into something completely different.
"you know what...I think the idea our moms had, *is a good one after all*" caressing his jowl,"I don’t like this crap talk,self-contempt doesn't suit you Tom, you're an **excellent** Doctor,son,father,Husband..and lover..let's get out of this bath,get dressed,pack up and just go"

"okay Doctor Paisley" he grinned.

"you're **always** taking care of me Tom...it's my turn,to take care of you"

"not true..remember when...I got hurt,lost my memory" leaning in until we were nose to nose, *"I'll never be able to repay you for the love an attentiveness you gave me to get through that"* he whispered.

"repay?...no,there's nothing to repay,I took a vow Tom,through sickness and in health...*and I meant it*"

I couldn't remember the last time I saw a woman look so beautiful after a bout of sex and conversation but as my eyes swept over Paisley's naked form seeing just that,from the light sheen of sweat and soap on her body,and the full flush tone of her skin,all the way to the tousled mass of her wet red hair piled upon her head,yes she was certainly a woman of substance, and I'm the fortunate man to be her husband.

"what are you doing?.did you even hear what I said"

I saw that I had been caught,taking one of her hands,kissing it lightly,but kept a hold of it.

"appreciating the view and yes I heard you" smiling brilliantly.

"**hmm**" she was suspicious,giving her lips a twist "perv"

"why yes I am"

and pouncing her, smashing my face in-between her bare wet breasts growling,squealing Paisley started laughing hysterically,Taking this opportunity, grabbing her sides as my face was still buried in her breasts, tickling her,which started a new round of squealing and now shrieking,bath water splashing everywhere.

"stop!..stop!..oh my god..**you asshole!**" she laughed enthusiastically.

"So..where we heading?"

"no clue" Tom shrugged,"we're pointed north,so that's the direction so far"

"okay..at some point maybe we can head west,get a rental place to stay in?"

Tom seem keen on the idea, nodding.

"like maybe a cabin..I'd like that"

Paisley snickered,which got my attention,looking over at her puzzled.

"whats so funny?"

"oh I don't know, I guess **you**..Mister posh Doctor from London,drives a Jag and want's to rent... *a cabin in the mountains?*" she was laughing now "uh oh, I feel a John Denver song coming on"
"a what?"

and she made good on it.

"Almost heaven, West Virginia Blue ridge mountains, Shenandoah river.. Life is old there, older than the trees younger than the mountains, growin' like a breeze"

"Paisley..no!"

her voice raised in pitch, filling the Car.

"Country roads, take me home to the place I belong West Virginia, mountain momma take me home, country roads"

sliding sideways in her seat, her head resting on the window she was laughing hard now, I looked over at her as if she lost her mind, trying to drive at the same time.

"the fuck was that all about?"

"piss off, don't be hatin' on John Denver, that is if you even know who he is!" she stuck out her tongue.

hmm, can't help but think where that was only an hour ago.

"yes I happen to know who he is, Leaving on a Jet plane was one of mums favorite songs"

"OH! OH! I know that one.. it goes...."

she started bouncing on her butt, and just as she started to sing.

"NO!" I shouted holding a finger out to her

stopping her bouncing, she frowned so severely her nose even wrinkled.

"greeeat, sucking the life out of what could possibly be something really fun, this car ride I know is going to be long and painful with you being a stodgy assclown"

raising a brow I leaned in while keeping my eye on the road.

"or I could just find a place to pull over and take you hard on the hood of this car... which would be much more fun in my opinion"

"now that" she wagged a finger at me wearing a lopsided grin, "sounds promising"

To be Continued...

Unwanted Legacy

It couldn't of been a more unusual sight, well to me it was, only because at least one of them at one time, was suppose to be long since deceased, sitting on opposite ends of the sofa Diana and Peyton, one reading a magazine the other a book each sharing a grand kid passed out on their laps.

"shouldn't you two be knitting or something?, I thought that's what Grandmothers did"

the dirty look I got from over the top of the magazine Peyton held was nothing short of what her daughter had given me countless times.

"shouldn't you have knocked or something,? I thought that's what guests did" she shot back," or did that blue blood upbringing you had, forget that?.perhaps all that FBI training brainwashed it out of you"

giving an eye roll, shaking my head, Peyton was worse than her daughter, then again.. it's who Paisley got it from.

"knock?..its my sisters house, I'm welcomed here"

"not when you walk in here acting like a git Lawrence, you're not" Diana gave me a look of reprimand.

shit, not her too.

"are you throwing me shade Mrs H?" the wry smile I was now wearing couldn't be helped.

"shade..no, but maybe this book if you don't quit being cheeky"

I think the old girl means it.

"my apologies Mrs Hiddleston, just trying to be make light of what I walked in on, I'll think better of it next time" saying this while giving a dirty look to Peyton as she seem to be enjoying my subtle ass chewing.

"oh it's alright" she sighed," you think I'd be use to it by now, my Thomas can be the same way, if not worse, crass bit of a sod when he puts his mind to it"

"as can my daughter" Peyton smirked.

"ah, but I like that about her!" Diana declared giving a slap to her own knee, "keeps my boy on his toes!"

"sounds like Tom must of been a handful as a child as well?" Peyton scooped up her namesake, placing her over a shoulder, rubbing at the small butt.

"oh bleedin' Christ, don't get me started" Diana rubbed between her eyes with two fingers.

"that bad?"

looking up at me with eyes that told me, you really need to ask?

"he puts his own son to shame, Lawrence.. whereas this one" she pointed to the crown of Julian's chestnut curls," only insists you join him in the loo to go see his... poo he's left in the toilet, his father
was less forgiving"

"oh nooo" Peyton moaned, "Tom was..a finger painter, wasn't he"

Diana nodded, frowning in confirmation.

"little bugger, didn't keep it in the confines of the loo either...much to his sister Sarah's dismay, she was I'd say three or four at the time, Tom was two...he had this vile little habit of, well..going into her bedroom and putting a wonky version of a happy face on her pillow, with the poo"

snickering, I couldn't help myself and apologized to Diana for my outburst.

"you know I'm going to give him hell for this"

"I hope you do, someone needs too, Sarah isn't around to do it, you might as well, I'll consider it payback for all the launderin' he put me through, and the wall scrubbin', cause he didn't start with linens, my loo was a fright, constantly cleaning it"

"then you can be assured, through me recompense will be.. passed on" putting a hand to my chest I gave a polite bow.

"that just means every chance you get you're going to be an asshole and throw Tom's finger painting in his face... preferably in front of Paisley" Peyton was now standing.

"absolutely" giving her my version of a more mocking.. stink eye,"speaking of.. Michelangelo, where is he and my sister?, haven't seen them since my arrival, I know Tom flew back, his Nurse informed me"

"on a road trip" Diana set her book on the coffee table," those two were due for some time away from their wee buns here, so Peyton an I told them to... well, buggar off for awhile"

"you were in London?" Peyton looked perplexed.

"yes, just doing my part, keeping an eye on things"

"lord, the way you bounce back and forth Lawrence, it's a wonder you know where you're at, you were here only a week ago... or at least I think it was" Diana shook her head in frustration, "oh bollocks, glad I can blame some of the memory stuff on age"

"nonsense Diana.. you are a sharp one, don't be calling it on age just yet" I gently scolded.

"that's very kind of you, but... I still think you're a big git, regardless of the fact you are Paisleys brother" an amused look grew on Diana's face.

"I'll take what I can get"

The rain we encountered forced us to find lodgings early which was fine, and as luck would have it we found a summer rental, not a cabin exactly more like a cottage, but it had everything we needed, and it had a lovely ocean view, freshly showered and stepping into the bedroom I had a lovely view of my own.

Paisley sprawled across the bed on her stomach in nothing but one of my T-shirts scrolling through the pictures on my phone of the house I just bought for us, however it was the peek-a-boo shot of her bare butt where the shirt barely covered that had my attention.
"this is beautiful"

"uhmm..very"

glancing over a shoulder, then up, she then followed my gaze.

"I meant the house, not my ass"

"I was combining the two"

"uh huh, not likely"

she went back to the pictures, purposely curling her legs upward as to obscure my view of her butt...cheeky.

"I had to try" lying beside her looking at the pictures as well, "so you like the house?, I hope I took enough photo's, it's better in person, I promise darling"

"Tom, stop.. from what I'm seeing, its gorgeous, the grounds alone.. wow... and you decorated the inside very well"

"I had help, the movers chipped in, five blokes I believe, took us better part of the day so I bought us dinner and some brews, but... I set up our bedroom myself, it has a fireplace, made sure of it cause I know you like that"

"and the kids rooms?"

"both Peyton an Jules rooms face the Garden out back, oh" and I made her look at me, "there's a place out there too just for you to plant a flower garden, I saw how you seem to enjoy the one here, so I made sure there was one available for you to grow one at our new place"

propping her head on one hand, giving her mouth a twist.

"kinda lame isn't it?.. I bake pastry's, breads, and do a bit of gardening.. gawd I'm dull"

taking her by the chin, pulling her in close.

"and sometimes, you're bound to a bed, gagged, blind folded, with a vibrator mercilessly taunting your puss and other times being fucked with my cock to the point your whole body is trembling, yet you aren't even aloud to cum until I say so.. dull, oh no darling, far from it.. you're perfect"

"you know Tom... there are times when you make it hard for a girl to think straight"

"ehehehehe, and you, just make it.. hard" cupping myself, giving a little shake for good measure.

groaning she playfully shoved at my shoulder that had me rolling right off the bed, hitting the floor pretty heavily, not even a so much as an "oh Tom are you alright?" from above, just a whole lot of laughter, I suppose it didn't help that I landed awkwardly and my long legs sticking up were all that she saw.

peering up just above the mattress, she sat on her knees chuckling, I loved it when she wore my shirts and now donning one of my T-shirts, Paisley practically swam in them.. it was so big on her, but I could tell it pleased her to be wearing it, also pleasing me... maybe it was because her boobs were free range underneath, it was too obvious, through her amusement Paisleys breasts were jiggling.. that was an added bonus.
The clap of thunder was so profound it literally shook the windows of the bedroom eliciting something between a shriek and a scream from me, the door to the bathroom swung open, the light overhead glowed suddenly.

"darling?"

It was like seeing a child huddled behind her blankets, Paisley had them pulled up to her face, eyes wide, trembling, it was enough for me to be at her side straightaway.

"darling.. hey" rubbing each of her arms trying to comfort her, Paisley slowly began to relax, "you alright?"

looking over at me sheepishly.

"gawd.. I feel like a moron, it was only thunder" she groaned.

"yes, but a bloody bit louder than normal.. you should of heard it in the loo, I almost missed my aim,pissing all over the walls,and slipped on the damn rug"

covering her mouth she snickered.

"that's not an attractive picture Mr. Hiddleston, hope you had the lights on,and tended to your lads before you came galloping in here on your white horse to save my pathetic ass"

"fortunately.. I'm in fine health,so are my lads therefore I'm happy to say no damage was apparent,and all the piss made it into the toilet"

"ooh my.. did you rehearse that?" she giggled from within the confines of the blanket.

"ehhehe.. no, I say however we do need a change of subject, how about I make us a spot of tea?..coffee?"

looking over at the nightstand to the clock then at me.

"it's a little after two am Tom"

another roar of thunder rumbled overhead, clutching her blanket, Paisley's head jerked upward, taking one of her hands she watched as I brought it to my lips pressing them gently upon her fingers.

"I'm here,it's okay"

"all this shit weather" she looked upward again,"gives me a strange...feeling,I don't like it" giving a small shudder.

"Storms are good for that darling, makes one feel a sense of dread,its typical,just like rainy days make some people sad"

"but its not like some cliché ,this is..different"

this isn't what I wanted to hear,Paisley always was spot on with her intuition, to me this only meant something was about to or has happened...good or bad, and since it was shitty weather that triggered it.

Goddammit.
'~4 Days Later~

The incessant rapping on the front door couldn't of been more annoying since Paisley was just getting out of the shower, I was still in my sweats trying to find proper clothing as we were getting ready to go out to have breakfast.

quickly making my way to the front door, feeling a bit fractious, bothering not to see who it was, flung it open ready to blast whoever it was only to take a step back.

"Mr Hiddleston?"

"uh..yes"

"I'm Curry county Deputy Sheriff Walters... may I come in?"

when Paisley came into the living area as soon as I told her law enforcement was there, she slowly made her way in, staring at the Sheriff warily.

"Tom.. what's-going-on?" never taking her eyes off him.

"don't know, he wants to speak to both of us"

The middle aged man sitting across from me didn't look too happy, in fact his eyes expressed what looked to be sorrow.

"yes, Mrs Hiddleston...I'm sorry to interrupt what I was told was a small vacation, but... something has happened.. at your home"

it started out slowly, Paisley shook her head, backing away, holding a hand up.

"no.. just no"

"I'm sorry, but there's been an abduction.. it was your daughter, Peyton"

"NO!"

already up and holding Paisley, her knees buckling as she wailed, shrieked, thrashed about, next thing I knew Officer Walters was assisting me in getting her under control and to the couch, which I was thankful for, who knew my little woman could be so strong when her emotions were so out of control.

holding her securely now, I nodded for Walters to proceed.

"it happened this morning, I also need to inform you, both of your mothers were.. slightly injured during the abduction" he held up a hand before we could say anything, though I think Paisley was in shock, there was nothing coming from her anymore,"they were treated and released, Mrs Hiddleston.. your brother Lawrence is with them and your son, hes fine by the way"

"Lawrence is there? I didn't know he'd return" I was in a fog now.

"yes, but.. when I arrived on scene, things were to say the least.. hectic, I found your son, Julian standing at the end of the drive way looking about as lost as a little boy could" the Officer shook his head, "bless his heart, when I pulled up and got out, I asked him what he was doing out by the road without an adult, said. I looking for Pey Pey, I'm assuming he meant his sister, Peyton"

"oooh gawd, he saw it happen!" she wailed suddenly from my arms, "what kind of fucking animal
does shit like that in front of a child, hurting his family"

the sheriff slid a folded piece of paper over to me.

"from your brother-in-law"

opening it, there was only one thing on it.

Gina

inhaling deeply, gritting my teeth as I crumpled the paper in my hand, Walters noticed.

"if you are through Officer, I'd like to get my wife and myself ready to go back home, our family needs us right now"

"yes, but I'll be coming by your residence and.." he leaned in, "I've been made aware of Gina Wells, and her... crimes, local FBI are already on it" like me.. the Sheriff looked as if he wanted a piece of Gina too.

"then you know time is precious Officer, before this days out... my daughter could have new parents, and I for one will not... tolerate it"

"and as a father myself Mr Hiddleston.. I damn well wouldn't either"

To be Continued...
Unwanted Legacy

I hadn't put the car into a full park and Paisley was already gone and halfway to the front door even ignoring the police that were there when we arrived, I had to jump out and assure them of who we were so my wife wouldn't get arrested, cause the attitude she gave them when they tried to prevent her from entering... lets just say when Paisley whirled on one foot ripping her arm from the one officers grip, I knew it would of gotten... ugly.

by the time I reached where everyone was, Paisley was sitting on the floor already holding Jules, no.. make that clinging to him, rocking him in her arms, crying, murmuring her comfort, off to the side my mum, Peyton and Lawrence looking helpless, sad and I'm sure feeling all sorts of guilt.

when Paisley parted long enough, Julian looked up at his mum then gently patted at her wet tear sodden cheeks.

"no cwy mummy, we find Pey Pey.. I know wat dat wady wook wike, dat took her, I toll peace-man, I here them say her name.. um.. Gee-nah"

Paisley's head jerked in my direction, wide eyed, then looked to Lawrence.

"that BITCH was actually here!? SHE took my daughter!?"

for once the tall man looked at a loss, I knew he didn't like seeing Paisley like this, none of us did, our mum's looked like they were still in the state of shock, sitting together on the couch, holding one another's hand.

"Um.. I wasn't here when it happened, I'm.. I'm so sorry, I was in town... but apparently" Lawrence scratched at the back of his neck, "she made it clear as to who she was, that and your mom saw her too"

rising to her feet, Paisley handed Jules over to me.

"smug about it was she?.. well" straightening her shirt and her back, with a look on her face I was not liking "Gina.. is going to find out she screwed with the wrong person, I'm not that grubby, half starved little girl she remembers from the Commune, Lawrence, or some silly Doctor's wife, I'm a grown woman and a mom now... she better pray the law finds her before yours truly... I won't be fucking around.. if I do" she growled almost viciously.

"your rage is understandable Paisley" Lawrence approached her, cautiously taking her by an arm, tilting his head, looking at her directly "and that cow will get hers, but... like you said, you're a mom now, think of the kids, don't.. go ape shit and wind up doing something you'll regret, don't leave your babies without a mom"

her shoulders slumped a little, head dropping.

"and what would you have me do?" her voice croaked, "stand by and... and wait?.. she has my baby... why... why did she take her?.. of all the children she has taken, why go after mine?"

"because she failed... in taking you" the whole room turned towards the two mums on the couch, Peyton looking shaken but resolute, still held my mum's hand, "a woman like Gina... doing what she has all these years and getting away with it, you... my little girl" tears forming in her already swollen eyes, "managed to mar her pristine record, by slipping through her fingers, Gina's pride has been bruised beyond her ability to accept this, its part of the narcissism that makes her who she is, and
Gina sees only one way to fix this... *take a child, from the one who got away* "that's...sick" I felt very ill.

everyone looked to me now.

"very" Peyton nodded,"which is why we need to approach this with care...what makes us really sure Gina is going to sell that baby?...*do we know this for a fact?*

Squeezing my eyes shut too much information was coming at me.I hadn't realized what the effect of just having my baby abducted,my mothers spot on summary of a crackpot yet dangerous woman had on me until I felt very large arms lifting me up..

apparently I collapsed.

"that's it little Sis..you need to rest,we've got this,besides" he gave a weak smile,blue eyes seeming to plead*"Julian needs his mom too"

he was right as always when it came to a crisis,*and Lawrence thinks I'm the strong one?*

Don't know when I went down for a nap,or if it was when I had almost fainted and I was then placed into bed,but now waking to almost with my nostrils filled with the reddish brown curls of my son,I realized rest was something I had needed.

glancing down,Julian slept quietly,face not quite buried into mine,I couldn't help but look over across the room to see the empty bassinet belonging to my daughter with a hope of seeing a small hand awkwardly waving just above the side,signaling me as she did..*I'm hungry.*

but that never came.

a single tear instantly emerged,lingering from the corner of my eye,the more I hoped,the more the burning sensation behind the tear worsened,kindling the other, starting the flood that ensued...*I want my baby back goddammit!*

gasping with a slight jump when I recognized the feather touch of Julian's hand on my face,he was patting at my tears,peering down,he hadn't moved,just staring up with his arm reaching upward,trying to comfort me.

taking his hand,forcing a smile I kissed it then asked.

"hey,when did you wake up?"

"um..just now...da tears hit my face mummy,make it wet"

*oh geez..*I needed to stop doing this in front of him.

"baby,Mummy's sorry about that"

"it okay Mummy" he whispered and with that he scrambled up on his knees kissing one of my tears away,*"I miss Pey Pey too"*

It had been decided,I would be taking my wife,son,mum back home and coming along for the
ride,Paisley's mum, it was no use in arguing with the woman who I already discerned was where Paisley got her stubborn streak, Peyton informed us she had already turned in her resignation letter to the Law firm she worked for the day we left for Oregon, she wasn't letting anything get in the way of her getting to rekindle her relationship with her daughter, her job be damned... sneaky bird.

Paisley was troubled at first by the idea of leaving, but the more we all assured her that being "home" was where she needed to be, and that the likelihood that our baby was in Europe, the more she warmed to the idea.

The only irritating thing she found about the whole situation was when Samuel had learned of the abduction, he made use of the Organization his brother left behind starting with a full on protection team, that arrived at the house to take us all to a private jet that would then fly us to London... come to think of it, Paisley wasn't the only one irritated, I was milliseconds from telling those guards, or whatever the fuck these guys were, to buggar off.

But it was when we landed in London that Paisley had had enough, it was quiet on the tarmac, a secluded area of the airport, not a soul... just our small gathering and a private transport was indeed there waiting for us as we were told, dark blue Mercedes SUV with tinted windows and a driver, I noticed he was dressed just like the thuggish wankers that followed us from the States, from the suit he wore, complete with the MIB sunglasses I suppose it was to ward off any potential threat with his appearance... was a big sod too.

It was when I saw the Driver reaching for Julian who was in Paisley's arms, assuming he was only trying to help them into the SUV, I knew it was a big mistake on his part, whipping her head back dropping Jules bag, turning on one foot, swinging him away from the driver.

"The fuck do you think you're doing!?.. get the hell away from my baby you sonofabitch!"

"Hey Ma'am, just doin' me job" pulling his sunglasses off, the tall man threw his arms up in the air.

"You'll do well to fuck off!, get away from my son and I. NOW!" she snarled, "And yes... you can put that in your report to my Uncle... OR tell him personally that I put you in your place instead of on your ass for attempting to transgress on what is in my personal space an put your hands on my child!, better yet... I'll ring the police"

He looked over at the rest of us helplessly, poor bastard, but it was my mum who got to her before any of us could, gently coaxing.

"Come on Paisley, lets get you an Julian home, he's tired from the long flight as I know you are too darling, plus... I'm not so sure you won't take to breaking a leg or two of this young man before its over" Mum pulled her gently along towards the opened door of the SUV.

This was something I was afraid that would happen, knowing Paisley was already running on a massive adrenaline rush from this whole goddamn disaster, her emotions were no less heavy, overly protective of the one child still here was not unforeseen, it was a matter of keeping her calm enough that she didn't outright put someone in the A&E.

"The more I hear about her Tom... the more I want to kick your skinny arse, this woman is perfect in my professional as well personal opinion, those other women I recall you bringing here by your office before you met Paisley, tarts every one of 'em, an ya can fire me if ya want for sayin' so, but now... what ya doin' it's more than commendable, that lass an you going through some awful shite, so hold tight to Paisley, someone like her doesn't come along everyday whether ya be a successful
"Des, I realized that well before I knew I had to go trudging through the fields of Hades because of Paisley's past, it's what kept me going, now this shit with ..with our daughter... as Paisley is maternal, I became paternal, wanting even more to protect what matters most, and I want to thank you for holding up the fort since I've been away, dealing with... this rubbish"

"well Tom.. I believe you're growing up" the mirth in her tone clear.

"gee, thanks darling, do I get a gold star on my good boy chart too?"

Desi's bark of laughter was loud enough that I held my cell away from my ear.

"why yes Thomas, and.. I'll even add some Disney cartoon stickers, I think I still have some Toy Story an Lion King ones lying around here somewhere that I give out to our younger Patients"

"I want Lion King, an no Scar.. Simba would be great, or even Rafiki"

"you're impossible Hiddleston"

"but you love me anyways"

"I most certainly do not, I think you're a git" she shot back.

"ehehehehehehe"

"Good-bye Doctor" Desi scolded facetiously before hanging up.

"I take it everything at the Clinic is well"

"ah..yes, Desi says things are going accordingly and I shouldn't rush to get back, if I want to come in like three or four times a week that would be okay"

Mum took my hand, kissing then rubbing it gently, much like she did when I was a lad.

"you're good man Thomas.. you'll get through this, I know work is the last thing on your mind"

"Mum" for the first time I was fighting the urge to cry, "my little girl is gone" taking in a deep breath, looking up avoiding her face, "I cannot do anything for my baby, I feel like a huge failure as a man as a father, fucking emasculated pathetic shit I am"

"that'll be enough Thomas William..." she pulled me down into a chair, "you're no such thing and I'll hear none of it"

wiping my eyes, hoping no one would walk in and see me as this wretched soppy mess.

"I'm her father, I should be out there looking for her, even if that means tearing up every bloody acre of the UK to find her, but no.. I'm helpless"

taking both my hands into hers, she leaned in, I don't believe I've ever seen my Mum look this troubled.

"now you listen to me son, this is no ordinary kidnapping, this woman... if one could call her that, is a bubble off which makes her unpredictable and dangerous, she could... hurt you Tom.. and what good
are you to that wee babe if you aren’t here to help raise her?”

the troubled look finally revealed the tears resting in her eyes, a voice in my head reached me adding *and what good are you to your mum if she has to bury her only son?* reaching over with a thumb, wiping gently the tears from the edges of her eyes, the last thing I wanted to do make her cry, she was right, as always.

"I get it Mum..I get it" sniffing, smiling weakly through my own tears.

"good, besides...you have another little one who needs his father too, especially now"

"true" I nodded deciding to lighten the mood "besides who else is going to teach Jules to use that English charm lying dormant in him, it usually comes in handy in most situations" I winked.

rolling her eyes, she folded her arms tightly, the lopsided frown told me she thought I was full of rubbish.

"my arse it does, you really need to quit resorting to that old wives tale Tom, cause not all Englishmen are charming, or gentleman"

“well.. no, but some of us are” I defended.

“yes, but sometimes you aren’t ..so charming, an neither was your father, crass as the day is long when he put his mind to it”

"so.. Genetics eh?" kissing her forehead before standing, "I better inform Paisley "

"too late for that, he's already a cheeky tot, bordering on charming, trust me son .. *she knows*"

"well.. then I'll just go see to my wife and son, I'm sure their needing me about now"

"as you are needing them too, son"

*To be Continued...*
The room was dark, but not too dark that I couldn't make out who was in bed with me, blinking to focus better, I could see Julian laying on his side with an arm draped over his face, beside him, Tom on his side with one his large hands covering our sons body, as for me, I could feel both of his long gangly legs wrapped around my short ones, holding me firmly in place, nothing new there.

when did this happen?

my recall was shitty, but what I could, was our arrival at Diana's house instead of our new one.. for now, in the silence of the room my mind began to wander.. *I was done* with Gina's shit, that sly, but the imbecilic wretch managed to somehow find us, take my daughter, and expose her dirty secret fully, now....there's no turning back, *she fucked herself good.*

Interpol was now involved according to Lawrence, his colleague Caldwell had contacted them with the info we already had and when Gina took Peyton...it just upped the stakes and now there was an international police force looking for her.... *stupid, stupid bitch.*

"morsel... *stop it*"

my body flinched, *dammit I hated it when he did that,* looking over at him, Tom remained lying where he was giving me a disapproving look from where his head rested on the pillow.

"what?..can't I stare at the ceiling?" *fucking lame Paisley.*

raising his head slightly, looking over at me, quirking that friggin' brow, *I swear one of these days I oughta pluck that shit,* then up at the ceiling, then back to me.

"unless its associated with sex,*no...*there's no reason for you to be doing that"

"if you're trying to be funny Tom...you can piss off, my sense of humor has vacated and isn't likely to return until some shit changes,*I don't think I need to explain what that shit is"

"don't be so embittered darling, I understand you are hurt and furious about this fucking mess and you have every right to be,*but...I don't want to see it consume you"

"oohh...you said da F wurd daddy"

turning fully on my side to see Julian on his back pointing up at Tom with his lips puckered as if displeased by his father's slip of the tongue.

"he did, didn't he"

"ya, it da wurst one too Mummy"

Tom's aforementioned brow quirked *even more so,* the stare I got was nothing short of *you're going to pay for that...*not likely honey, not in the mood I'm in.

"I'm sorry Jules" tapping him on the nose,"daddy sometimes slips as you know"

"like when ya say bollwocks!" Julian giggled.

Tom covered his eyes with a hand groaning as he laid back on his pillow, internally I couldn't help but chuckle, outwardly showing indifference, not allowing myself the luxury of any sort of joy, it only
gave me a sense of guilt.

"You'll find this interesting"

Samuel tossed something on the table, leaning over, my forehead creased significantly, looking back up I wasn't sure I saw what I was seeing.

"no..that's..not"

"it is..cunt cut her hair and dyed it, these were taken at the Frankfurt Airport in Germany, before you ask, no.. Peyton wasn't with her"

there was a smugness about him, but why?, looking back at the pictures, studying them a bit more.

"she doesn't look very...happy, particularly in the one picture"
"nope..she wasn't expecting a representative of Sean's Organization to show up out of nowhere, explains the one picture, it was taken after she was told...you're dead bitch, then he simply walked away" Samuel snickered, "like to have said it myself, but I was out of the Country"

"but..shes under surveillance, you just didn't have your man simply give her a threat and walk off?"

"seriously Lawrence?.. just because I don't do the whole cloak and dagger or James Bond shit like my brother seem to have a flair for, say like have my man quietly inject her with a lethal dose of some drug and walk off. doesn't mean I do not know what I'm doing...yes, shes being watched"

"and?"

"Lawrence...I want her to lead us to the baby, killing Gina, bringing her in and putting that bitch behind bars" he snorted, "won't get us anywhere, Gina will rot before saying a word, I much prefer to let her think shes free and let her do all the work without saying another word, now she knows we are onto her... so she'll be on the move, so its up to us to stay on her in hopes she slips up and my boys observe her with the baby"

I could understand this, make sure she even had the baby, but that really was the big question.

"but what if... if she's already sold Peyton"

Samuel nodded as he walked around the room.

"I already gave that a thorough looking into, I don't believe Gina has, why?... because of who Peyton belongs too"

"so, it's personal?" sounds familiar.

"by my reckoning, yes."

"interesting you say that, cause Paisley's mom said something along those lines, sounded pretty... vile if you ask me"

Taking a seat across from me, this seem to get Samuel's attention.

"tell me"

"she said, since Gina failed in taking Paisley all those years ago cause she more or less slipped through Gina's fingers, her pride had been bruised beyond her ability to stomach the notion, its part of the huge arrogance that makes her who she is, and that bitch sees only one way to fix it, to take a child from the one who got away"

"well Lawrence, it looks as if Peyton is on task with her deduction, she knows Gina on a different level than you or I, and even she thinks your former mentor has done this for a single purpose" great now we play hurry up and wait.. never was my strong suit.

"then I guess for now we just assume Gina has the baby" I shrugged, "and I'm going to need copies of those pictures, Paisley and Tom will want some kind of info, the pictures will offer up some kind of.. hope"

Samuel fired up a cigar, blowing smoke off to the side, the concern on his face evident.

"how are they?.. fucked up question I know, but since their arrival here?"
"about the same as it was when they first found out about the baby's abduction, but more restrained. Although, word has it Paisley nearly tore one of your men a new asshole on the tarmac when they arrived"

"ah..yeah" raising both brows, Samuel flicked some ashes in a tray next to him,"seems the driver sent to pick them up was trying to help and Paisley didn't see it that way. I think he might of even wet himself just a tad"

"can you blame her?" lighting up a cigarette from a pack I forgot I even had.

"no...she must beside herself to say the least and Tom" blowing a sigh,"being the man of the house, and its his daughter"

"Paisley wants blood, Tom..hes one to figure, he sometimes keeps things to himself, except when it concerns Paisley, he without a doubt loves her unconditionally, so it goes without saying he must have some inner turmoil going on with all this shit"

crushing his cigar out Samuel stood.

"that's why I'm going to make sure that woman pays for her transgressions against this family. I'm going to see that all the Intel I received is sent to you so you can share it with them I'll be right back"

turning on one heel he made his exit from the office.

This crappy predicament currently going on had me rethinking my whole career and all the cases I worked, the freaks I'd ever encountered, as I began to reflect I happen to recall there was a time another Agent and I were taking an inmate into our custody and it just so happened that a particular inmate, a well known one saw us and decided to speak to me..Charles Manson.

he was in belly chains and cuffs on his way to yet another interview from some media network, I'll never forget how he greeted me, "you're a tall drink water, aren't ya boy?" I stood, staring forward, un-moving, wasn't there to make friends much less with him, then before he shuffled on he said,"you ever kill a man son?"

and for the first time I acknowledged him, giving a point blank stare at the old, slightly unkempt man with his backwards swastika he had carved into his forehead, "not..yet" he flashed me a toothy smile with a sickening glint in his eyes, it still makes me shudder, there were others throughout my early career before I did undercover work, serial killers, rapists, organised crime bosses, Assassins, drug traffickers, you name it I dealt with them, Gina however..was going to be one for the books.

"Gawd..she looks like some of them bag bitches I knew from back in the day" Peyton wrinkled her nose as she tossed the pictures back onto the table in disgust.

well she would know.

"is she still in Germany?" Paisley was anxiously bouncing on balls of her feet, arms folded tightly, I noticed she only glanced at the pictures,"or had they caught her arriving?"

"all I know, is she is being watched, to see if she has the baby, Samuel thinks she does, he agrees with your mom...its personal"

"watching her?...well that's not saying much of where she is now, the fuck am I suppose to do with that Lawrence!?" throwing her hands up.
Tom came up from behind her, taking her gently by the arms, bringing them down, folding them into an embrace. Paisley seemed to melt into him, relaxing... how the hell does he do that?

"darling... this is new information whereas we had none twenty-four hours ago, please... at least now we know a location"

she turned in his arms, looking up, seeing the worry we all were feeling, on his face, especially in his eyes. Tom never shone much since all the bullshit started and personally I was beginning to notice the wear and tear on this usually in control and steadfast man, he was starting to crumble, and Paisley needed to understand this.

"Tom?"

as soon as I saw Tom's eyes immediately flood with tears, I looked to Peyton silently signaling her for us both to take our leave, this was something private and in the long time coming. Paisley was now going to have to take over from Tom and be in a more prominent role, she could do it and not make him feel less of the man he is, just like any other person, Tom just required some looking after right now.

Smoothing my hand along his stubbly covered jowl and up his sculpted cheek bone, letting my thumb subtly graze across his lips, keenly aware my man was showing signs... he was distressed.

"lets go" I whispered.

"where?" his voice croaked.

I don't think Tom knew what to think when I had him get in our suv and I drove, actually I was surprised he let me without really an explanation, I was expecting at least a smidge of his Dom to show... but no, that's how I knew things with him were not sound, as his wife I needed to let him know I realized this and I was here for him as he has always has been for me.

when we entered the outer city limits of London Tom glanced over at me giving me a funny look, smiling as I kept driving, I loved having the upper hand, it was nice to find a sense of gladness in what is a dark cloud in our lives at the moment, and that's what I was feeling.

The man must of regressed in age by ten years, it was like Tom was in his twenties once again as he recognized his surroundings and read the sign across the street.

"Regent's Park!"

"yes" I laughed at his enthusiasm.

looking over to me, he really did look a lot younger, maybe this idea would work after all.

"can we darling?"

"that's the point"

Tom must of dragged me over every acreage the park had to offer, telling me tales about how he used to come here with his family as a lad on picnics, and as he got older it became his place to burn off steam, to think, he would go running here, while attending Uni, interning, even while we lived here. After wearing ourselves out at the park we stopped at a Cafe to get some Tea to go, I made sure he
opted out on his usual coffee, no need to fill him up on stimulants, from there we just walked the lovely neighborhoods until about thirty minutes into it and I stopped Tom kept walking until he noticed I wasn't there, making a half turn he gave me a dirty look.

"Paisley?" smiling almost goofy-like at him I waited, he stood there now not sure what to make of me, "darling has all the walking made..." it seem to finally dawn on him, looking to his right, Tom's eyes widened, "morsel!...this is my old flat, the one I brought you too when we first got here"

"I know" grinning, "thought you might like to see how it's gotten along with out you"

walking over to me, wrapping an arm around my waist I felt a squeeze, he never took his eyes off the building, beaming..yes Paisley, you did good.

"god...its been awhile" he seem to marvel at the sight before him, "we had a lot of great sex in there"

"Tom!" giving him a heavy slap on the arm, "of all the nostalgic feelings you have..and it goes straight to your dick"

"ehhehehehehe...well we did"

fine.. if he wanted to debase a perfect afternoon with cock talk.

"speaking of..dicks, remember our first Christmas here, I was baking cookies and you made your..dick cookie?, recall Emma throwing you under the bus to your mom?"

the annoyed look I got as he rolled his head in my direction was expected I giggled nonetheless.

"not-funny"

"I'll drop the subject matter..if you do" eyeing him from under my lashes, stifling a smirk.

"agreed" he gave a nod.

"oh" I looked down and around, "I believe this is where I first met your mom and sister"

Tom narrowed his eyes.

"that wasn't a pleasant time in our relationship, Paisley...why bring that up?"

"cause, it was a part of our past, here" pointing to the ground "there was lots of snow, cold as hell and I was dressed like I was on my way to Walmart instead of Heathrow" snorting before I threw my head back laughing.

"and I... looked like I rolled out of a brothel instead of off the couch"

"and smelled as much" frowning, "I don't even want to know what Pubs you went to Tom, that had women who stank like that" wrinkling my nose at the memory of the smell.

"no worries darling... I don't even remember the names of the Pubs, let alone where they are located" he grimaced, "and that.. stank you are referring to, was supposedly perfume, Prostituée à bas prix"

"excuse me?"

did he just speak French?
"Cheap whore..thought saying it in French made it sound less..vulgar"

"oh" if he says so.

"or if you prefer...Prostituée puanteuse"

more French?

"it means...smelly Whore"

"how do you say shut up..in French?"

" tais-toi"

"okay..so why don't you" giving him a look of disapproval, the subject had run it course.

"sorry, just trying to jest about it" he sighed,"and failing miserably once again"

"no..it was humorous Tom, but getting old" patting his arm reassuringly,"why don't we continue our walk"

We had made our way to a busier area and found a place to eat, sitting outside to dine, Tom seemed more calm, smiling, even playful at times, currently he was just staring at me from across the table, hint of a smile, rubbing his bottom lip with the tip of his index finger.

"you're stunning, you know that?"

sipping on my glass of wine, I stopped.

"what?"

"I'm very fortunate to have found you, you've given me more than I could possibly imagine, even more"

blushing I sat my glass down, woah I haven't done that in a long time.

"sometimes I'm not so sure Tom, but thank you, I feel the same way about you"

"no...thank you darling"

our moment of sentiment was interrupted, out of the corner of my eye I caught sight of something, but thought I was mistaken.

"Ben?"

"Ben?" Tom repeated with some disbelief, if not some irritation in his tone.

"no..look" I whispered, pointing discreetly to my left.

as casually as he could Tom did, his eyes widened, then looked back to me.

"what the fuck?..he looks like shit, and wasted too, in public!" he rattled off whispering back.

"I know...you think we should go see whats wrong?, obviously something is"

Slumped in his chair, shirt unbuttoned and in disorder as was his usual coiffed dark waves of hair, holding a bottle of Guinness, bleary eyed, and a bit uncoordinated to boot, Ben finally became
aware we were in front of him.

"oh heeey..." waving the bottle about, hiccuping "Doc Hiddles, and his... bonnie bird"

Jesus fuck..

"hello Ben.. what's going on?" Tom asked informally.

"oh nothin'. shit really, fucking-bollocking-shit" making a face I really couldn't describe, then taking a healthy swig from his bottle.

"Tom... we should get him out of here before they call the cops, perhaps even get him home"

Tom gave me an incredulous look, yeah he wasn't expecting that.

"you serious?"

Tom looked towards the exit, assuming to see how we can make quiet departure with Ben being in his condition, it was in that moment Ben and I made eye contact, looking at me straight on, his eyes flickered, then slightly crossed them, pushing his teeth on his bottom lip, in all, he basically made a dorky-ass face at me... yeah, he really was hammered.

I kinda felt bad for the asshole, don't ask me why, he was drunk for whatever reason, but leaving him here to get arrested wasn't cool either, Tom turned his attention back to me.

"alright, I think we can make a clean break of it without this wanker making a scene.. you're a better person than either him or I Paisley" giving me a direct look, "after what he did to you,... he doesn't deserve a shred of kindness"

"yes.. I know"

To be Continued...

Photo credit/source- https://s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com/736x/aa/13/88/aa1388610c3f56222690eeb4bac25d69.jpg

https://collinwatchesmovies.files.wordpress.com/2016/02/rally.png
Damn what a heavy fuck I thought when I unceremoniously dumped Ben into a chair, his chair as we managed to get him home, Paisley found his kitchen easy enough and was going about making some coffee and finding something light for Ben to eat, to help him sober up, I suggested a punch in the balls, but Paisley wasn't having it.

his body wavered around a bit in his seat, frowning as if trying to figure out his new surroundings.

"you're home dickweed"

looking up at me, still frowning, he looked beyond ridiculous in his drunken state.

"dickweed?, hmm. very American, c'. c'mon Hiddles, we went to the same Uni, same.. um.. education.. insult me properly"

"alright... you fucking, bollocking wank stain.. we are at your flat"

holding a finger up with a dumbass grin.

"much better"

rolling my eyes, god I hope Paisley hurries up with whatever shes doing before I punch him in the balls anyways.

"hey ask Ben how he takes his coffee, though I think black would do him some good" she called out.

"is that your bird Tom?.. shes a good woman" a goofy smile now, as he half assed moistened his lips "nice arse too"

that's it, slamming my hands down on each arm of the chair Ben sat in, pinning him there, I growled viciously.

"listen you bloody fucking tosster, I know.. what you did, nearly four years ago, the Christmas charity ball, bullet vibrator.. you with the remote" in his face now I gritted out, "you violated my wife Ben, and its because she IS a good woman that you're not six feet under and I'm not in prison"

eyes fully wide before me, through his intoxication as the understanding came to Ben that I... did in fact know.. everything, bastard was probably wondering if I was going to make up for loss time and beat his ass in his own house, or.. maybe he was just currently pissing himself.

just pissing his pants alone, to demean himself in my presence of all people.. would be satisfying enough.

"can.. can.. you forgive me.. it was.. indeed" his voice shaking, "barbaric"

"it's not me you defiled Ben, it's not my forgiveness you should be asking for, but" holding a finger right up into his face, "considering she is my woman, it was fitting you did so"

slowly straightening my posture when I heard Paisley enter the room with a tray of cups of coffee, what looked like toast, bottled water and a small bottle of Paracetamol... she's done this before.

"you have this down to a science darling" giving her my best smile to cover what had been going on before her arrival.
Paisley gave me a dirty look as she sat the tray down.

"not really, doesn't take a Genius to know how to sober a person up, that and have you forgotten? ... I am a EMT, I do know a little about the finer arts of dealing with drunken assholes"

then there was her medical background... *that I tend to forget about.*

About fifteen minutes or so into Ben having some coffee and toast and what was more interesting... his silence, Paisley got down to business.

"so, you seem to be sobering up, care to tell us why we found you in such shit shape in a public eatery, which by the way would of eventually had your sorry ass arrested, sully your *oh so perfect* rep as a Doctor..." she made a snort, "*as fucking if*

that's my girl.. *go for the wankers balls*, I couldn't help but grin with pride, Paisley had more right than most, to skewer him when she felt it necessary, and I would sit here and watch it happen, Ben was finally going to get his.

setting his cup down, Ben's eyes flickered back and forth to both of us, folding his hands together on his lap, he didn't look as if he wanted to be forthcoming with anything, *was it embarrassment?, misery? or that arrogant shit about himself he seem to emanate?*

"*for fucksakes Ben,* its not like we're going to run to the Hospital Admin an spew your rubbish to him, though I'm sure he would be keen to know about some of your *more appalling* acts... that didn't drive you to public drunkenness" tilting my head with a heated look.

seeming to weigh my words, he wriggled about in his chair, looking away then back at us.

"I don't even know where to begin"

Paisley and I looked at each other, the tone he had used was serious, the look was one I was not familiar with, angry, sad.. hell I really couldn't put a finger on it, his eyes wandered a bit as if thinking.

"*was it a particularly bad day at work?*" I knew Paisley was trying to patiently draw any information out of Ben, "*or something to do with family?*"

"no.. I wish it were that simple little bird" a hint of a weak smile on the corner of his mouth.

"*Paisley, for the love of fucking Pete... is it Paisley*" she implored handing him a rather soppy piece of toast, "*here, please continue*"

Ben regarded the sad toasted piece of bread with a wrinkled brow, can't say as I blamed him, it looked bloody awful.

"I'll pass... *Paisley*"

dropping the toast onto the tray, she sat back and waited for him to resume.

"well?" she persisted.

"*Christ you're a determined little cuss aren't you?*" looking from her to me, slightly annoyed "*but that's what you like about her I'm sure*"

"sometimes" I shrugged with indifference.

"*and when he doesn't like it,* I get the flogger" she was now standing, hands resting on her hips, I
sensed that shitty temper about to flare. 

"just answer her" I quickly interjected.

"fine!" Ben snapped, "Stella...Stella stole some patient records from my office, now on I'm temporary administrative suspension and up for review as well"

gobsmacked we stared at the stricken man who now was teary, shakily wiping his face...mother-fuck, this wasn't happening!

It was Paisley who slowly knelt onto the floor, watching Ben in his distraught, placing a hand on his knee, bless her... after all the monstrous shit he's put her through, shes was still willing to allow herself to be delicate and understanding.

"Ben... this Stella, how do you know she stole these records?" her voice soft.

suddenly aware of the small woman speaking to him, he glanced down.

"surveillance... the Hospital surveillance security cameras, they caught her going into my office when I wasn't there, and exiting... she looked suspicous to the guys in Security so they called the Administrator, who then called me, we watched the footage, so we went to my clinic and saw that my laptop was left on" Ben squeezed his eyes tightly, "she had downloaded files of my infant patients onto a USB or something fifty in all... I don't know why" he threw up his hands, "and now they think I gave her access to my records because of our... affiliation"

Paisley and I exchanged looks, I knew that look. she was going have a bit of a chat, and I just hope Ben could handle it.

"Tom, why don't you refresh that pot of coffee, I need to talk to Ben about his friend... Stella" looking back to him. "for one thing, that's not her name, it's Gina Wells, formerly Special Agent Gina Wells of the FBI"

Entering the living area, Ben was pacing running a hand recklessing through his hair, head shaking, mumbling... what?, I wasn't sure, he looked up at me.

"Tom... this, this story Paisley just shared with me, it's" inhaling deeply, "my god... its harrowing, this Stella... Gina whoever this person is? I've been entertaining... a monster" looking over his shoulder to Paisley, "and your part in this... Jesus, you are indeed quite a woman, to have endured the shit and are alive to tell it"

"one more thing Ben" Paisley reached into her purse, digging, pulling out her cell and began scrolling, she then held it up for him to see.

it was a picture of our Peyton.

"your patients records aren't the only things she has stolen... this is our baby, Gina abducted her days ago back in the States, I don't know if she sold our child or not, word has it though... that its not likely, since Gina probably took our daughter out of revenge, beings that her plans to broker me out as a child fell through"

Ben's face collapsed as he kept an even gaze at the picture, reaching out taking the phone from her.

"she's a lovely little thing, but then again so is her mum" his head jerked up, spinning on a foot he
looked at me and Paisley wide eyed. “fucking hell!...those records she nicked and what you've told me, about her, that slag..I bet you, shes using them as..as potential prospects” we stared puzzled, “the records..all infants, you said she was baby brokering for years and now has your daughter..I bet my practice that's why she did it”

sonofabitch!..he was probably right.

Paisley nodded as she now started pacing.

"that's why...she targeted you Ben, the whole Charity auction was a ruse, to get into your good graces..you're a Pediatrician, baby Doctor...a Cornucopia as Gina saw it, with access to the particular stock she needed"

in that moment I don't believe I've ever seen an Englishmen turn any paler than he could possibly be, but that's what I saw happening in Ben.

"I'll have Interpol and Scotland Yard contact the Hospital board, that should help clear things up for Ben, he was in the dark far more than the rest of us ever were"

"thanks Lawrence" Paisley's grateful tone came over the speaker of my cell.

"I can't believe you and Tom actually found this out because you found that assclown..drunk..in a cafe"

"yeah, well here's something else for you to digest, I'm making this call from Ben's flat, Tom an I took him home"

"digest?, how about the foul taste of bile, what the hell Paisley?"

"well he was in shit shape, and that's not like him, I knew something was very wrong for Ben to do something unrefined as to be seen hammered in a public place"

she had a point, the one thing I did know... Ben took pride in being a posh asshole, at least that's how Tom would of put it, and being completely inebriated in what was a social environment.. no, definitely not like him at all.

"you have a bigger heart than most little Sis, considering your past with him"

"heart had nothing to do with it,...I had motive, namely to find out why he was in such a condition cause I did have a funny feeling"

"you and your.. funny feelings” I snorted.

"fuck off Lawrence"

"I love you too Paisley” snickering, "well..I need to go, so I can make some calls and save that fucknut's career"

"gee, don't sound sooo happy to play the hero and save a man's livelihood cause I know you're such a just and good man" she teased.

"now you.. can fuck off"
Tossing the cell into my purse, I noticed Ben was alone, Tom was nowhere to be seen.

"did you two have a row while I was on the phone?" eyeing him much like I did when scolding Julian.

reaching into his jacket pocket he retrieved a pack of cigarettes and lit one up.

"no...has it escaped you darling? that he doesn't like me, despite our current situation" blowing smoke off to the side, "hes in the kitchen"

no it hadn't escaped me, and now with some time to think on it a tiny bit of fear caught in my throat, shit.. Tom now knows about the humiliating catastrophe at the Christmas charity ball with Ben, being here could turn into a volatile setting.

"um..I talked to Lawrence"

"the Lurch bloke?" he exhaled a burst of cigarette smoke through his nose.

"yess" I hissed, annoyed, "anyways.. he's going to contact Interpol and Scotland Yard, so they can talk with whomever at the Hospital and clear your name from this mess, inform them that Stella is in fact an alias for Gina a wanted criminal"

Ben stared at me for a moment as if I just spoke gibberish.

"this Lawrence, he has that kind of pull?"

"you could say that" taking a seat across from him,"long story short version, he was an FBI Agent, trained under Gina and worked with her for years.. so yeah, as a former Agent he still has some connections with foreign Government agency's"

he sat up straight so quickly you would of thought someone lit a fire under his ass.

"he worked with her!"

"yes, before he even graduated from the Academy, so Lawrence is the best man to have with us right now, so if Lawrence says he'll help clear this up for you.. he will, even if resenting it in the process" I shrugged, "but if his baby sister asked, he'll usually do it"

"baby sister?"

"yeah, he's my half brother"

the shocked look I got was expected, I may of told Ben about my past, but not all of it.

"brother" Ben repeated looking away, dumbfounded, "no wonder he took it.. personal"

"what?"

glancing back over to me I saw something on the mans face I hadn't before. remorse?, melancholy? it was something along those lines.

"he...confronted me, about what happened at the charity ball those years ago, what... I did... to you" crushing out his cigarette, "and was rather... aggressive on how he felt about it"

holy shit... Lawrence told me about this, but I couldn't believe Ben was sitting here now, telling me in his own way about it too.
"he..didn't hurt you,did he?"

"no..but does the fear of God mean anything to you?" raising a brow,"cause that's what I felt,and.." the remorseful look returned,"I realized you probably do...it's what I put upon you that night Paisley and so much more,by violating you,granted it wasn't my penis...but it was still a violation, and one day I hope you can forgive me for such barbarity, I am truly sorry for what I did"


did he?..yes he did, just asked for my forgiveness and apologized all at once,I guess there was some truth to a quote I once read, Humble yourself..or life will do it for you.

Continued...
Though it was short lived, due to unforeseen circumstances, I decided after we left Ben's place I would take her to our new home she had yet to see and continue our "time out" though I knew in the beginning Paisley was doing it for me, there was no harm in me switching it up and joining in and doing it for us.

when we had pulled into the drive, I watched her emerald greens widen when they beheld the house before her, yes the pictures were great, but to see it firsthand.

"oooh Tom..its gorgeous" she whispered, awed.

"I did good?"

she glanced over at me, I must of looked like a pathetic puppy fetching for approval and perhaps even a biscuit for my worthy accomplishment, Paisley confirmed this by patting the top of my head wearing a cheeky smile.

"yes, good boy Thomas"

any other time that would of turned me on and by now the windows of this car already shrouded with steam, our cries of pleasure ensuing, but being that the circumstances what they were, I really couldn't bring myself to being particularly... ambitious.

"Thank You darling, shall we?" I made a gesture towards the house.

"yes please"

fuck... Paisley just had to say those two words in particular, this was going to be difficult if she kept triggering my Dom side like this, and what's more... she had no clue she was doing it.

Entering the house first her gaze went upward, taking in everything, I had made sure that all the furnishings were in place, move in ready as it were, walking in slowly still observing the new surroundings, this home was altogether much different than our last one.

"do you still like it morsel?"

"it's more than I expected, Tom.. I love it"

turning around I got more than what I expected, she had been weeping, instantly pulling her to me wiping the moisture from her face.

"baby, what's wrong?, tell me" speaking softly, she pressed her face into my hand, "was it bad to bring you here?.. it was too soon wasn't it?.. buggar!" I cursed myself.

"no.. it's fine Tom, really.. it's just...

and she buried her face into my chest, enveloping her with my arms, holding her there firmly, I could now feel her body gently trembling against mine... its just, we should be here as a family, Paisley, Jules myself and... our wee Daughter.
"I know darling..I know" rocking her side to side now, placing kiss atop her head,"and we will, *we'll all* be here as a family"

pulling her head back,Paisleys face was almost red as her hair, sniffling

"can we..we go upstairs?"

"are you sure that's a good idea?"

I wasn't so sure, we haven't left the foyer and she was already mess. wiping her eyes with the back of a hand she nodded, fighting the flood behind them.

"I have to Tom..I need to see the rooms, *to see her room*, decorated, with her things,toys,clothing,crib...I have to see them,*I have to know my baby will come home*"

she squeaked out the last words, nearly tearing me apart in the process, the pain in her tone was heartbreaking, nearly bringing myself to tears.

"Peyton *will* come home, and she'll be alright, so if its your wish to go see her room, then lets go"

Deciding the first room to see was ours since it was the first one once you got to the top of the stairs, pushing the door open gently, I made sure she went to her immediate right.

"I figured new house, why not a new bed"

Paisley stopped, stared for a moment, then turned around, brow raised.

"hmm, you went from.. *naughty to nice*, it looks very, *romantic* Tom, though I did notice you kept the four post theme"

"ehhehehe... *weeell*, how else am I suppose to tie you down and please you?"

that earned me an eyeroll.

"you mean.. *tease*, until I'm begging, the pleasing usually comes later"

closing the distance between us, til there was none, Paisley gave me a sidelong glance.

"the key word being.. *come*" I added in the sexiest voice I could rally up.

groaning she slapped my chest.

"I knew you were going to say that!"

"ehhehehehe!"

"God you can be so nasty"

"*and you love it*" whispering in her ear.

"*hmm*, that's up for debate Hiddleston" she continued to observe the room.

she began walking about the room when she came upon the sitting room, an area I had set up specifically for her, which comprised of a large bay window over looking the back yard, a white
leather/linen mid-century modern-inspired Finn rocking chair in the center with a new plush Sheepskin luxury white faux fur Area rug just below it and a small fireplace in the foreground.

making a half turn, Paisley gave me a puzzled look.

"that...is your space, for whatever, to relax, read... but I kind of pictured you sitting in the rocker, fire crackling in the fireplace, quietly nursing our little girl, Jules at your feet sprawled on that furry rug coloring in a book... hopefully one that's made for it and not another one of my medical anatomy books"

Paisley was quiet, gazing at the area I had designed for her, was it too much to take in right now? I only wanted to give her hope, at any rate she had wanted to see Peyton's room to have that sense of feeling our daughter would come home, this was only something to add to it.

"I can picture it too" looking back to me, "I love it Tom, Thank You" giving me a weak smile, if only to stave off the onslaught of tears I knew were there.

When we got to Julian's room it was the first time since we entered the house she actually laughed.

"oh my god.. what have you done Tom?"

so I spoil my children... Jules room was Pirate themed and his bed consisted of... well it was a boat, complete with a little anchor on the helm and a ship's wheel that worked, and on the other end was a sail that looked like a treasure map.

"I thought he might enjoy it, I always wanted one when I was a lad"

"living vicariously through your son I see" smirking at me, "suddenly I can visualize you two with pirate hats on, swinging little plastic swords about, sitting on that bed going yo ho ho!" snickering now.

"eheheheheheheh!.. not a bad idea, but I get the eye patch"

"what... no peg leg?" leaning against the door jamb arms folded, giving me one of her smartass looks.

"oh ha ha, I'll only take my infirmities so far, eye patch is enough, can you imagine that and limping around on one leg with our son?... he'll kick my ass"

"and roll it down the stairs" she began laughing again.

It was when we reached Peyton's Nursery, Paisley's light mood had disappeared, I let her open the door, gradually walking in she studied the room, I hoped she approved my taste in decor.

I believe it was called lambs and Ivy Butterfly Baby Crib Bedding set, at least that's what the over eager Sales woman told me, it included matching quilt, dust ruffle, fitted sheet, diaper stacker, valance, and 3 fabric wall hangings.

The quilt featured detailed embroidered appliques depicting a butterfly garden on a seemingly random patchwork of floral, gingham, and textured fabrics in a brilliant combination of lavenders, deep purples, and green, with a few 3D effects and a striped ruffled edge were the finishing touches also the three beautiful butterfly wall hangings featuring the beautiful fabrics from the crib set hung just above the crib, there was so much to the room, even a little lamp, fake tree of sorts, changing table, I could go on... my little Princess was, like her Brother, equally well treated.
she was by the crib now, walking, looking into it as she ran her fingers along the railing. I knew Paisley was heartsick and now I was wondering if this part of the tour was such a good idea even if it was what she wanted to do.

"this is...beautiful Tom...so vivid, yet soft and girly too, you've out done yourself with all the rooms"

embracing her from behind, resting my chin on top of her head.

"I'm glad you like it, how are you doing darling?"

"I miss her" her voice barely audible.

"I meant what I said... we'll get her back"

if I had to do it myself... I would make sure my family was whole again.

~A week Later~

I hated this fucking place, but things were going too slow for my liking, so forcing myself to put my aversion for the Archer Estate and the memories it held for me, aside... I was here to get answers.

"you're the last person I expected to see here, what can I do for you Tom?"

Samuel offered me a drink, which I politely declined, instead he poured himself one.

"why else would I be here?, it concerns my daughter, I know Gina was spotted in Germany not long ago, what's been going on since then?"

eyeing me from the side, he could see I wasn't fucking around, I had yet to sit down, which wasn't going to happen, too damn angry to do so.

"far as I know she's still there, but no one's seen the baby, I'm thinking Gina's aware she's being watched and won't take the chance of letting your daughter being seen, cause she knows the moment that happens... she's lost"

"lost?"

Samuel took a swig of his drink, still keeping direct eye contact with me.

"I gave my men orders, once they've confirmed that Gina is in fact in possession of Peyton... they are to move in, meaning simply, to apprehend Gina and bring the baby back here where I can give her back to you and Paisley"

"it won't be that easy if she has Peyton... she may even try to hurt my child"

"I won't let that happen Tom" setting the glass down now, his voice had deepened "to be honest and I'm sure this doesn't come as a surprise, if I have to... do away with Miss Wells... then that's what I will do, lord knows my hands aren't squeaky clean, but" he leaned in, his whole countenance had changed to something rather... sinister "I don't sell human beings for profit, and I certainly don't approve of those who do, this slag cut her own throat when she went an involved a member of my family"

"then I have a suggestion, the moment your men have the slightest hint my daughter might be with her... call me, I'll be on the next flight to Germany... I want in... if there's to be bloodshed Samuel, as Peyton's father I have the right to be there to protect her, bring her home"
the man stared at me in disbelief, then it melted into something more mirthful.

"either you're daft, or your balls are the size of Melons"

"both" I said flatly.

"good..cause just having big balls alone won't save you, a bit of crazy to go along with it, goes a long ways" Samuel lit a cigarette.

"Gina has a lot more to worry about than a well equipped father who is cracked...if Paisley were to get a hold of her" sighing, "I don't like saying this, but when it comes to losing her shit, I think Paisley has more of her father in her than she cares to admit"

nodding adamantly as he took a drag of his cigarette.

"I've seen it, not-pretty..Gina would lose..badly"

"so..do we have an agreement?"

"you're serious?" Samuel took a step back, looking at me as if I were in fact, crazy.

"you think I'd actually come all the way out here and tell you I wanted in on something like this..and joke about it?...I cannot sit by and continue to watch my wife wither away, she tries to hide it, but" taking in a deep breath, looking off to the side before releasing it, "she's losing the battle Samuel, and as her Husband and Peyton's father I no longer am comfortable sitting by and.. waiting"

"alright..you have my word, if I hear anything, you'll hear from me,..immediately"

Having spent most the day shopping whether it was window or actual shopping, buying crap or things that we did need and dragging my son along with me which at one point he scared the hell out of me cause he decided to wander off.

thankful however for the watchful eye of a merchant who owned a candy story and saw him roaming about without an adult and convinced him with an rather pleasing looking Lolli to hang out with her until she could locate his mum.

which she obviously did, the minute she saw me with an arm full of bags looking frazzled, calling out his name, she inquired if I had in fact lost a charming little boy with a gift of gab, as she put it, that's when I knew she had stumbled upon Julian.

I wanted so badly to scold him for frightening me, but one look at his multi-colored sticky cheeks, holding his equally sticky treat as he beamed up at me.. my anger dissolved, just thankful he was found safe, that and in that moment he looked like his father.. sigh.

"Mummy.. wook"

"I'm busy Julian, mummy is putting groceries away so Gram's doesn't have too"

"nooo.. please mummys, Teddy eatin' my Woll-wee an he no give it back"

oh shiiiiit, ..that could only mean one thing, turning away from the bags of groceries, I dropped my head back.. yep, Julian was holding up his teddy bear... with the Lolli that had been given to him... plastered to the bears face... gross.
"eww, Julian"

"mummy, he.. he wanna bite, so I shared, but he no give it back"

While I painstakingly tried to separate lollipop from the bear, I sat Julian on the counter, he watched intently.

"will it hurt?"

"no, just messy, this could of been avoided if you hadn't of ran off, then there wouldn't be a lolli to remove"

"but mummy, I had too"

looking over at him, he could tell I was a bit put off with him.

"you know the rules, never leave mine or daddy's side when we go out"

"but.. but da wady toll me I could go see Pey Pey"

WHAT!?!

dropping the bear and lolli into the sink I quickly turned to him.

"Julian.. what did you mean by that?"

"um.. da wady, I was wooking in da window at toys an she scoo-ted down by me... toll me I could see Pey Pey, say her name was.. um.. um.. oh ya.. Gee-nuh"

GINA!

To be Continued...

Chapter End Notes

~Ideas for the Decor for the Bedrooms in Tom & Paisley's New Home~

Peytons Nursery- https://secure.img2-ag.wfcdn.com/im/d5ea3c03/resize-h2000-p1-w2000%5Ecompr-r85/1198/11989177/Butterfly+Lane+5+Piece+Crib+Bedding+Set.jpg
Tom & Paisley's - http://i.ebayimg.com/00/s/Njg1WDkxNQ==/z/-0wAAOSwBLlVCQCI/$_3.JPG?set_id=2

Julians - https://s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com/736x/82/2f/49/822f49f0c53560826639df045a3a30e1.jpg
I was halfway down the gravel drive towards mum's house when I saw.. or thought I saw.. my wife running like hell towards me, I slammed on the brakes at the same time she slammed both hands flat on the bonnet of my Jag, ruddy faced, labored breathing, wild eyed she looked right at me.

*what in the blue fuck was going on!*?

Jumping out, I was already at her side, she wildly slapped at me as I went about inspecting her person, thinking she might of been injured.

"Paisley!, what on earth?.. is something wrong?"

All I got was a bunch of winded, hysterical gibberish, okay... guiding her towards the passenger side, putting her in, I jogged to the other, nothing was going to get achieved at this point, better to get her to the house and to the bottom of whatever the hell is going on.

Oddly enough she was quiet in the car, though still nervously fidgeting about, but once I parked and opened the door it was like I uncorked a Champagne bottle, she was explosive once again... *Jesus fucking hell!*, grabbing her by the shoulders.

"Paisley Stop!" wide eyed once again, I knew she would start in with the gibberish, placing a finger on her lips, "once again.. slowly"

It was *slightly less* hysterical, but I got the gist of what Paisley was saying, Gina was back in the UK and it seems this time she was after our son... *goddamnit!* and I just got back from talking with Samuel, what the fuck?, how did that bloody bitch slip through his peoples fingers?, was there some truth to Lawrence's claim about her skills, *was she just that good?*

"*What do you mean Gina is in London?*

"*well what part* of her trying to lure my son away from his mum do I have to keep repeating until you understand?... I thought your people had her under tight surveillance?" doing my best to rein in my outrage.

"you're sure of this?" Samuel sounded skeptical.

"*of course I'm fucking sure*, my son said her name, Gina, he doesn't know anyone else by that name or her really, first and last Jules saw her he could barely use the toilet and when I asked him what she looked like he described her perfectly, to make sure I showed him a current picture, the one from Germany... he said it was her, and.. what other woman by that description would approach my son asking him if he would like to see his sister.. *Peyton!*

"*alright, alright!*" his voice trying to calm me over the phone, "I believe you.. it's just highly irritating for me to think that she managed to slip out of the country... I'm thinking she may of had a decoy, cause as of less than a half an hour ago I got a report she was still in Germany, it only takes two to three hours non stop from Munich to London by plane*

Pacing the room, rubbing my face, this was a cluster fuck if there ever was one, then something struck me.
"Samuel...have you heard from Lawrence?"

"who do you think has been reporting to me from the surveillance team in Germany?.hes going to be mad as a hornet when he finds this shit out"

"I had no idea he was in on that and mad as a hornet?.no, I don't think there's a metaphor that can describe the shitstorm that is coming, in the form of Lawrence, Samuel..he wants that bitches head on a pole"

"don't we all" was his reply, though solemn.

It was devious, I know, but for once putting myself in harms way for the sake of my family rather than that of my steadfast, irascible wife was a just move, and if it meant discreetly pulling information from my son, that's what I'll do and I did.

Jules told me about the sweets shop where the merchant had found him and where it was located, that's also where I would start my search for Gina...and my daughter, Paisley, her mum as well as my own were ignorant of this, I told them a bit of fiction, that I had been paged by the Hospital....okay so it was a lie, but they needn't know the facts of my movements..not right now.

There were numerous Candy shops in Greater London, but I think I knew which one it was that Julian had been at, I just hope I blended in with the rest of the populace, forgoing my usual professional attire, for casual, black jeans, dark blue t-shirt and a Nike ball cap, I just hope the outfit I came up with wasn't obvious and I didn't look like a tit.

The first thing I was going to check on...the nearest lodgings to the shop and so far I came up with The May Fair and The Ritz London, both quality places to stay, if Gina was at any of these she was being even more flagrant, first allowing herself to be seen by Julian who couldn't keep a secret even if the the Queen Mum swore him to it, and possibly taking up accommodations nearby where she tried to draw him away.

I hit the London Ritz first, that proved to be unsuccessful, she wasn't at that one, they never seen her either when I showed them Gina's picture, hopefully the May Fair would prove to be fruitful, When I entered the lobby I was impressed it was a beautiful place and as I approached the front desk, the clerk was instantly ready, a tall bloke, young.

"Hello Sir, can I help you?"

"I truly hope so, I'm looking for someone" I brought up Gina's picture on my cell, holding it up, to him"has she been here or a guest perhaps?"

"you know, she does look a bit familiar, could you please wait here?, I'm going to get someone who probably knows for certain, as I just started my shift this morning"

"sure, thank you"

it was only a matter of moments and a professionally dressed older man accompanying the front end clerk behind the counter, his name clearly read, Manager... shit, they think I'm some sort of whack job, or worse.

"can I help you?" the Manager's tone told me he was suspicious and was having none of whatever I maybe up too, time
to show the bollocks you have Hiddleston, so I showed him Gina's picture as well.

"listen, I'm looking for this woman, she isn't who she says she is or what she is" then I brought up a current picture of me holding Peyton, "she has the child in this picture, my daughter... she plans to sell her, cause that's what she does, so Sir... tell me, is this woman a guest in your Hotel, or are you going to keep looking at me as if I just went through your trash bins?" my glare boring through the two men now.

both men stared at me blankly almost horrified.

"shes..a criminal?" the Manager whispered.

"wanted by Scotland Yard and Interpol" I moved in closer to the counter, "you have a Computer, check for yourself" I pointed to one to the left of me.

and the Manager did, he must have found it, taking a step back, covering his mouth he turned the monitor towards the clerk, then looked to me, catching a glimpse of the screen, it was a picture of Gina.

"my God... I'm sorry Mr, um.."

"Doctor Hiddleston, I have a practice at Kings College Hospital, you can check that too" I added bitingy.

the Manager came hurriedly from behind the counter joining me, he whispered, obviously nervous about the position he found himself in.

"Doctor, we do in fact have this woman as a guest, it says on Interpol's website to contact them if shes been seen, but what do I actually do in light of this?"

"Sir... you do exactly what Interpol says, in the mean time" giving him a direct look, "I need your cooperation in telling me what room shes in, I need to retrieve my child"

Standing outside the room, bouncing lightly side to side on my feet, not to build up the courage, I was dead set to knock the fucking door off the hinges, and a bitch out a window if need be... but knowing my daughter could be on the other side... I had to gather my wits, Gina was not going to win this round.

straightening my posture, I knocked on the door, using my poshest voice.

"Room service"

fuck that sounded awful.

there was a bit of a pause then a click from the door... it opened slowly, but no one was there.

"please come in"

but it wasn't Gina's voice, fuck I got the wrong room, that git Manager gave... and then I heard it, I knew that sound anywhere, the fussing's of a baby... MY baby.

"oh darling, give her back, I do believe she's hungry"

slamming the door shut after I entered, stalking into the room to see two people, a man and a woman dressed in the kind of wealth I knew I couldn't ever afford, looking like they might of just shit in their lavish wardrobe, in the man's arms... my baby girl, squirming about.
"Peyton!"

"excuse me, just who are you?" the man demanded.

"who am I...I'm her father you ignorant prat!, and you fine sir are in a lot of fucking trouble, I don't know how much you paid Gina for the child, but it won't be enough to buy you or your wife out of prison"

in the distance the sound of many sirens coming towards the Hotel, the couple looked at each other, then me, they knew the clock was ticking.

"we were told this was confidential, and legal, that this baby was given up by the mother" the woman suddenly pleaded.

"really? tell me...what is legal about meeting secretly in a hotel and paying for a baby that I'm sure Gina never gave you any paperwork on?" I snorted, "legal indeed, and just because this is a luxury hotel, and you two maybe of upstanding in society, doesn't make this situation any less...scandalous, oh...and by the way Gina is wanted by Interpol, so you both will likely join her...in prison, now...give-me-my-daughter"

It was fucking chaos for the lack of a better word, the couple were arrested, I was questioned for an hour, Peyton released to me, fucking wankers finally satisfied with who I was...I finally got to go home, kissing and hugging my daughter until she had her fill of it and started protesting, the only shit thing about the whole bloody situation...Gina was never found.

my reasoning for her escape and I told Interpol, she tried to grab my son earlier today, and probably figured he'd tell his mum or me and thus having made her financial transaction with the couple...Gina absconded knowing we would come looking for her, Interpol agreed and now were alerting all borders and Airports.

ppppfff, good luck with that...shes long gone by now.

Hearing the familiar purr of his Jag wasn't what I expected, well not this early, Tom said when he had been paged it looked like an all nighter, looking over at the end of the couch where Julian was sprawled on his back asleep with the "sweedy" Teddy bear as he called him, curled in one arm, that had since required a...band aid on its nose, the perils of a sticky Lolli that pulls fur off I guess.

the front door opened and shut, I half expected to see him walk through, grumbling about whatever, but no... in fact it was taking him some time to come from the foyer, curious I got up and made my way to him.

"Tom?"

entering the foyer his back to me, it looked as if he had an object in his coat, folding my arms, leaning against the doorway I had a feeling he went behind my back and bought something he shouldn't of and I had my ideas as to what.

"Thomas...tell me you didn't bring home a kitten or a Puppy, we discussed this many times...not right now"

the generous smile on his face wasn't his usual soppy puppy dog pout... still, I was not going to buy it.

"no darling... its not a kitten or puppy, but I did find something... and I'm sure you'll be more than
happy to keep it"

"oh I don't..."

turning around slowly, Tom opened up his jacket, my knees wobbled a bit...I was seeing things...yes...it couldn't be!, my grief was getting the better of me.. a sob escaped my throat as I looked to Tom for confirmation.

"yes Morsel...its our little girl, shes home"

recovering my composure, I thrust my arms out to him, my hands making grabby gestures, I cared nothing for explanations at this point.

"please please please!" the desperation in my voice was nothing to how I felt.

without hesitation Tom, delicately deposited our little girl into my arms where my composure once again disappeared, and I gently crumpled to the floor, crying, rocking her in my arms as I pressed Peyton into me, whispering my thanks to every deity I could think of.

it was her muffled grunts and whimpers that got my attention, looking down I laughed through my tears, little bugger was rooting around for some boob, god was this the most wonderful sight in a long time, I missed it.

"what is it Morsel?" Tom was now kneeling before me.

"she wants to nurse" I giggled.

"Mummy"

from behind me, Julian's sleepy voice, looking over my shoulder, I could see him rubbing an eye, yawning.

"hey baby, come here" reaching for him, "look at who I have"

shuffling over, he made his way to the front of me, stopping Julian cocked his head, looking down curiously, he pointed.

"dats..Pey Pey"

"yes..it is, Daddy brought her back" looking over at Tom, my eyes brimming with tears "he found her and brought her back.. to us"

Julian leaned in an kissed his little sister on the head, then patted it softly.

"wuv you Pey Pey..now, mummy be sad no more"

Tom and I exchanged looks, I had not realized I had displayed any sorrow in front of Julian during Peyton's time away, the pain of it must of blinded me.. now I felt guilty, new tears built, good job Paisley.

"no" Tom mouthed, shaking his head.

about that time, Julian looked at me, kissing the tip of my nose with his overly puckered lips.

"there... all better Mummy, can I have a biscuit now?.. I'm hungry" then turned to look up at his father, "you can have two, cuz you bwing Pey Pey home Da dee"
the shame I had felt earlier melted away as I chuckled from hearing my son making his bargain, Tom scooped up Julian.

"how about this, I order pizza and... afterwards, you not only get my two biscuits, but also the one you wanted, that makes" he held up some fingers, wiggling them "three biscuits"

Julian's eyes popped and made a perfect O with his mouth, then looked at me.

"oooh mummy can we!?"

"sure, I don't see why not, let's consider it a celebration of sorts, welcoming sissy home"

"yay!"

the commotion set off a reaction, Peyton was the only one not in favor as she belted out a squall, finally her patience had run out.

"uh oh, Pey Pey no happy, she too wittle, can't have pizza" he then pointed at me, "time fer boobie Mummy"

Tom and I stared at one another wide eyed, but naturally it was him who started laughing, rolling my eyes, I adjusted my hold on Peyton.

"you go order that pizza... daddy" I frowned, "now if you'll excuse us, time for... boobie"

as I made my exit from the foyer I could swear I heard not only Tom snickering, but Julian too...

well that's just great.

To be Continued....
I think the most beautiful sight a man could see was what I was at this very moment, my bright, loving wife curled up on the bed asleep encased protectively in her arms the most cherished gifts she has ever had given me, our children.

"what you did was foolish and dangerous, but I'm still very proud of you son"

looking down from the doorway where we stood, Mum was smiling up at me, but there was concern in those blues eyes.

"I know, but for once, I wanted to be the one in this family to do the rescuing, especially when I had an idea where to start looking"

placing a motherly hand on my arm, holding firmly.

"Thomas, no one in this house has ever doubted your ability to protect your family, particularly that wonderful little woman lying in there with my Grandbabies, she adores and trusts you implicitly, that also includes with defending her and those children, so don't you think for one minute son... that Paisley believes otherwise"

"thank you mum" kissing her brow "it's just... I wanted to show Paisley that her beliefs were justified, that's all and... no one takes my children away from us, assuming I won't do a damn thing about it or that I'm helpless to do so"

When morning arrived I awoke to an empty bed, however hearing the busy noises of people bustling about downstairs alerted me to their whereabouts, it was the sounds of the happy babbling, chortles of an infant that brought a smile to my face as I sat up, my daughter was back and things seem to be back to normal.

despite it all, a cloud still hung over, I'd be daft not to acknowledge it, I needed to speak with Samuel and Lawrence... there was Gina to deal with, she may try another stunt and next time it may be both my children, after what Gina tried to pull with Julian... I wouldn't put it past her.

throwing on a pair of sweats foregoing any shirt I made my way downstairs only to be greeted by my mother-in-law at the foot of them who was carrying a new diaper and some wipes, she gave me a mirthful look.

"ah hes awake, Tom" she looked at my chest, "and his... ten... twelve chest hairs?" giggling now.

"I've been awake for a bit, and there are fifteen... chest hairs" I leaned in, "there's usually more, but if your daughter would quit pulling them out..." wiggling my brows, grinning.

looking at me briefly aghast, she swiped at me with the diaper.

"shes right... you are a perv!"

"ehhehehehehehe!"

"I know that ehehehehe anywhere... Tom" Paisley's voice resonated from the kitchen.

"yes darling, I'll be there in a minute, you're mum's detaining me a bit, I think she may be infatuated
with my body"

with a gasp from Peyton and an *oof!/Ow/* from me she planted a hand flat into my chest with a heavy *smack!*

"Tom..that's horseshit"

Paisley had just walked in on us when I was rubbing at my chest where Peyton had hit me.

"whatever she did...I'm sure you deserved it"

"I know..*ehhehe*" wincing,"I now have no argument as to where you got the temperament"

both women were wearing smirks, exchanging glances, note to self... *never seriously piss these two off in the same room.* oh shit, I forgot.. *then there's my daughter,* who'll eventually grow up to be like her mum and Grandmum.

"if your done irritating my mother, there's breakfast on the table and your daughter I know would like to see her daddy" Paisley took one of my hands pulling me towards the kitchen, rewarding me with a brilliant smile that reached her eyes.

It was during the clamor of everyone eating breakfast at one point I had looked up from giving Peyton who was sitting on my lap, a bite of scrambled eggs, *which she thoroughly enjoyed by the way,* that I noticed we had an unannounced guest... Lawrence.

"hey stranger.. pull up a seat, there's plenty" I pointed to a chair.

Paisley saw the straight face almost look of disquiet that he wore and was having none of it.

"sit... eat, I don't even want to know the crap that's responsible for that ugly appearance on your face" setting a plate on the table for him "*don't piss on my Parade Lawrence*" I heard her whisper.

Lawrence was quiet for the most part, talking only when spoken to, eating of course, Paisley when she did look at him was almost glaring, he was in her eyes doing exactly what she asked him not to do, *pissing on her Parade* and in glorious amounts, and when breakfast was over... shit hit the fan.

I made sure mum and Peyton took the children in the back yard to play, they certainly didn't need to hear their mum go off and I knew that was going to be the case, whatever the reason Lawrence was here, he just better make sure it would quell his little sisters temper.

staring at him from across the living room, hands planted firmly on her small hips, I remained silent, I would play referee only if Paisley's temper proved to be more than thorny, which at the moment could be any second now.

"alright... *what is now,* has Gina discovered Tom's mothers place of residence and shes has this place currently under watch? or did she destroy our new house?..no, I'm thinking you're pissed cause Tom got himself involved and risked his life yesterday, so tell me.. am I close?"

sitting stoic through her questioning, Lawrence had waited until she had finished then he spoke, I noticed it was a controlled voice, it felt unpleasant to me as it wasn't like him, something was... *wrong.*

"yesterday, when Tom skinned out of here, he was followed, by one of Samuel's people, men... whatever the fuck you want to call them" his eyes flickered to me, "while you were in the Hotel Tom, he stayed outside doing his job, in doing so he saw what you didn't, namely Gina pull up in a car, she did get out but he believes she saw you in the lobby and witnessed that she instantly
went to the outdoor cafe sat and made a call...it was when he heard sirens in the distance,he knew
that he only had a certain window of time while Gina was on her cell” raking a hand through his hair
looking over to Paisley”all I can say from this point on is...Samuel runs a different regimen than your
father,he doesn't fuck around, his men come quite prepared,this guy did his job without a soul seeing
him pulling it off,so when Gina finally got wind of that the police were in fact coming to the
hotel,she got back in her car and left"

Paisley and I looked to each other puzzled then back to Lawrence.

"oookay, but...what do you mean this guy did his job without a soul seeing him pulling it
off?..exactly" Paisley looked as if she wasn't sure she wanted to know.

I know I didn't,my breakfast was souring in my stomach and hoping I wouldn't need to run to the
loo.

"I'm aware you probably haven't watched television or even been online, or..you'd know" shaking his
head "yesterday just outside of Canterbury there was a car explosion...authorities suspect a bomb, one
fatality, the car was registered to a Stella Dalecot, yeah..the alias she used with Ben, the Forensics
team are going to use dental records the FBI sent, to compare them to...whats left of the body"
Lawrence looked away.

I hadn't even noticed Paisley had sat down, now holding herself, quickly joining her, the disbelief was
written on both our faces.

"she..shes dead?"

"apparently, but all those involved want confirmation, naturally.. with all the shit shes pulled"

"a bomb.. a fucking bomb?, Samuel had her blown up, that's what that guy did.. he planted a bomb on
her car!" the reality of it suddenly hit Paisley who was taken aback, "that's shit!, don't get me
wrong, what that bitch has done with peoples lives, all those children, my mother, myself.. its
reprehensible, but to.. out right murder her over it, no... tried for it, sentenced to life or even death is
acceptable, though I doubt she'd get the death penalty, life imprisonment would of suited me
fine... however this" shaking her head, "Samuel's no better than my father"

~Four Months Later~

Having finally having moved into the new house, settled in for the most part, Julian loved his new
room, actually it was the bed and well.. I hardly saw him after that, as for Peyton I think she liked her
nursery, seem to marvel at all the goodies her dad put in it, decorating her walls, floor, crib.. hell every
inch the damn room, but at ten months old I believe in Peyton's case, a little bit would of gone a long
ways, but what her father accomplished.. yeah I'd say she was enjoying it, when Lawrence saw it he
simply snorted and asked "wheres the Race Track?", he really never has gotten over her trying to
take him out with her walker.

we had my mom move in, her room was downstairs with an ensuite, I think it blew her away, not the
room but the offer to stay with us, she and I were still adjusting to one another and I only felt it right
that she be nearby so that we could make up for the years lost, though she made it clear that she had
been looking for work and did have some offers, not wanting to be a burden and something
about "I'm not an old fart yet, there will be plenty of time for you to wait until I get old and have me
live here, so you can soak my corns and wipe my ass, in the meantime I'll be getting a job and looking
for my own place close to you"... nice mom... but I'm never wiping your ass. I'll let Tom do that.
In the months that we had moved in the results from Gina's dental records had come in, however...the authorities were not forthcoming with them, even Lawrence was being denied information or access to it, calling up Caldwell who said he was just a much in the dark about it, which I found hard to believe, he was part of the Agency that Gina had worked for and...was part of the investigation when she left the FBI...I smelled bullshit.

Lawrence said if he had to break into the FBI Headquarters just to get the results of some damn dental records...he would, because he couldn't understand why they were doing this to him, he had all kinds of clearances, they knew he was working on this case, so why now of all the times are they refusing him permission?

and if this crap wasn't enough, my crime boss uncle was blowing up my cell with texts and calls which went unanswered, Lawrence had told him how I felt about the car bombing, it sickened me, yes Gina needed to be dealt with, but not murdered...there were other ways to make her pay for her crimes, but Samuel's methods were in my eyes...unwarranted and unlawful.

"how many times are you going to fold that underwear?"

"huh?"

looking down I saw what was almost a balled up version of a pair of Toms underwear, rolling my eyes I shook it out and redid it properly.

"to be honest I didn't know he wore them, and my dear...I'm amazed you could fold them up that little, is his ass that small?"

looking over at my mom who was wearing between a grin and a look of pity, I simply gave up and threw them at her, she yelped, dodging the article of clothing.

"honestly Paisley Amelia" she teased, "throwing your Husbands underwear at your mother"

"believe me I could find something worse of his to throw at you.. make that something embarrassing"

siding up to me until we were shoulder to shoulder, she whispered in a silly scandalous tone.

"like what?..fuzzy handcuffs?..a riding crop?"

"Oh-my-God!..MOM!" throwing my hands up.

"Aahahahahahahahahaha!" pointing at me, "I do believe your face is as red as your hair...its cute, brings out your freckles"

"not...funny!" slamming a hand down on the dryer.

"oh but it is" she cackled.

"was there a reason for you coming in here?, or was it simply to fuck with me?" looking at her sideways clearly annoyed.

"language" she chided.

"oh please" I snorted.

"actually yes.. I do have a reason, now if you can find a way to part with.. Toms panties I'd like to talk with you"
"don't ever let him hear you call them that" wagging a finger.

"why not?,that's what Julian calls his own underwear" she shrugged.

*oh gawd*, lets hope he doesn't say that in front of his father....*sigh.*

My mom made us some lunch and we took it out on the back patio,I was curious as to what she wanted to talk about,I think she could tell.

"what would you say if I told you I would be able to help you find out what's going on with the results of those Dental records that no one seems to be sharing?"

I nearly choked on my iced tea.

"come again?" wiping my mouth.

"while everything was going chaotic here,I did some of my own sleuthing," taking a drink of her own tea,"being a Corporate legal secretary has its..benefits,over time you get to know people,important..people"

"mom?"

"I contacted some of those..*important people* back in the States,they did their own networking,don't worry Paisley,I kept names out of it,meaning yours,Toms and the children,I only gave them info they needed to know,giving only Gina Wells and her alias she used" leaning forward on the table with folded arms,her look became more serious,"Paisley...I got answers, the dental records were not a match,they belonged to a woman named Piper Kilbourne,does that sound familiar?"

"PIPER!"

*To be Continued...*
The text I received from Peyton was all in caps it simply said "HOME NOW" what the fuck?, a shitload of scenarios blazed through my mind all of them included Gina, I just hoped when I did get home there wasn’t driveway full of policeman with the front door taped off as a crime scene.

"buggar,fuck..shit"

When I did arrive finding the drive clear I released a breath I had no idea I had been holding, in no time I was in the foyer, Peyton already in the hallway coming towards me, worry all over her face, looking about the room randomly, where was Paisley?

"Tom, I need to talk to you, Paisley's down for a nap.. that was after I calmed her down" shaking her head, "she was in an awful state, but I fear that was my fault"

"I don't understand.. what are you going on about?, that text you sent me was enough to have me call the cops"

mopping her face with both hands she looked quite distressed, almost as if she had been crying as well, just what went on while I was visiting my mum?. Peyton managed to calm herself enough to allow us to sit in the kitchen to talk.

Gobsmacked I listened as she explained what she had done, using her title and friendships with prominent clients of her employer at the Law firm she use to work for to get information about the report on the dental record comparison from the body that was found in the burned out car.

"I shared this with Paisley, and well.."

I was almost fell out of my seat, what Lawrence and even Samuel was unable to do, this unassuming Secretary accomplished it, by simply making a call.

"Peyton.. the results, what were they?"

"that's what set Paisley off... there was no match, the body wasn't Gina's, it was a.. Piper Kilbourne"

I literally could feel the blood drain from my face, staring horrified at Peyton across from me, her own face contorted into concern, reaching over to me.

"wh..what?"

"Piper Kilbourne, you know her too, don't you.. Paisley lost her shit when I said her name, started pacing all over the house repeating no no no"

"um.. yes, Piper was an ex girlfriend of mine from way back, when I was in Uni, and oddly enough, a former employee of Sean and Samuel" sighing, I couldn't believe this shit, "Paisley fucking hated her"

"you're-kidding?" her shoulders slumped, mouth slightly ajar, giving me a dubious look.

"nope.. Jesus, this is just one cluster fuck after another, how did that cow even get involved with Wells?, what did Gina do take out a bloody advert?, deceptive fucking slag looking for my equal, must have a certain skill set to take part in illegal activities" I rattled off in what sounded mockingly like a game show host.
Peyton rested her chin on a hand looking almost amused at my theatrics.

"birds of a feather Tom, that's my guess"

looking towards the doorway of the kitchen, concerned.

"dammit, she must be out of her mind with confusion, this whole bloody mess just keeps getting hellish as time goes on, and that thick headed git uncle of hers with that move... blowing up the car still hasn't sat well with her"

Peyton straighten in her seat, her face clouded up suddenly.

"he's an Archer, like his brother... you get in their way, if you harm their family or otherwise try to do so, they'll do what is necessary not caring how unpleasant the measures they may have to use"

"yeah, I know" recalling all too well just how unpleasant those measures could be, "I'm lucky to be alive to say that I can"

"Paisley told me" shaking her head, looking off in thought, "seems Sean had gotten... cold in the years I last saw him, I mean yes he was a hardass, but to hurt his daughter by wanting to kill someone she loves, just because he didn't approve of how they expressed their intimacy?" looking back at me, "that wasn't the Sean I knew"

"well, I'll play devil's advocate here... he's her father and being one myself if I were in his position being ignorant of the lifestyle... yes, I would want blood too, however, not at the cost of hurting my daughter like he tried to do to Paisley"

reaching across the table, placing her hand atop mine that's when I noticed it looked very much like Paisley's, small and delicate.

"that's why I'm glad my baby found you, you're a wonderful man Tom, taking so very good care of her where her parents failed her, at least in her adult life, Paisley is getting the life she deserves"

covering her hand with my other one, giving her a reassuring smile as I caressed it gently.

"but you're here now, yes... in her early life things weren't so brilliant, you went astray, a lot of people do, however you did something about what lead you in that direction and bettered yourself and here we are Peyton... in our home, reunited with your child and her family, she loves you, couldn't be more happy to know you are... alive"

almost on the verge of tears the older version of my wife sitting across from smiled rather wide.

"see, that is what I mean by a wonderful man... you could of just pointed out all the shitty things I was an did to my child while I had her, but you didn't... I know what I did wrong with her Tom, now I just want to make up for it, that's why I used my connections, for once I wanted to help my baby, to be her mom... like I should of been all those years ago"

finally those tears fell, with what I'm sure was filled with a lifetime of guilt for her.

Sitting on the edge of the bed doing what I often did, watching Paisley as she slept, leaning over pushing a stray strand of her hair away from her face, groaning softly as she stirred a bit. Carefully removing my jacket and shoes I then slipped up next to her, trailing my index finger delicately along the length of her face, studying her features.
gradually one of her green eyes appeared drowsily from its lid, giving her a quiet smile. Instinctively she scooted closer to me, I welcomed such a move by pulling her into me.

One her small hands had found their way behind my neck holding firmly, her nails slightly digging into my nape as I followed suit doing pretty much the same to her, pulling Paisley's head back, her mouth parted slightly, allowing my tongue to explore, our tongues danced, tasted, bodies pressed flush against each other, I tried to refrain from digging my hardening trouser covered cock into her, something I was sure she had already been alerted to, my arousal that was why she was currently grinding herself languidly upon it.

God this felt fucking good, not in the lustful sense, just to share something so intimate and sensual with a person who actually shares the same feeling, dammit.

Parting briefly, I took this moment to drink in this lovely creature before me, her eyes hooded, dreamily staring back at me as I dragged the pad of my thumb over her plump bottom lip.

"you're so damn beautiful Morsel" I whispered.

In turn her tiny fingers began to explore my face, fingertips outlining my left cheekbone, running lazily down to my jaw line to my chin under it.

"so are you" she whispered back.

We had been playing... for days now with each other with all the bollocks that had been constant there really wasn't time for... I couldn't deal with it anymore, and so it seemed neither could Paisley.

"I want you" her pupils blown. "Tom, take me, please"

The entreaty with which she made this plea made no doubt, it had been too long, my woman needed me and I was more than willing to indulge her... it had been too long for me as well.

Making my way down to her sweats pulling them off, to my delight I discovered she was sans underwear, her legs opened to me exposing her more than wet sex, wasting no time, the lapping was instant, swirling my tongue throughout her folds, there was a instant gasp from her.

Deciding to introduce a finger I slowly slid up inside her pumping as my tongue worked her folds with vigor, occasionally giving her clit a flick getting off on the sounds she would make and her writhing when I did.

"taste so fucking delicious, darling"

Raising her hips, to sink what was now two fingers deeper in side her, I made good on what was evident of her need, moving them even quicker.

"oh Tom, pleeease... faaaster, fuck me harder... with your fingers" she panted.

If that's what she wanted I'd give her that and more, I knew what she liked, sitting up on my knees, staring down at her with a ravenous look, hooded eyes, pistoning my fingers I began to stroke my already hardened cock languidly before her, Paisley's eyes widened... that's right little one, watch me... I know this is your little fetish, seeing your man touch himself.

"god you're so fucking beautiful, I love that you always respond so well to me Paisley, dammit I want to just mount you right now"

"do it dammit" she growled, I almost didn't recognized her tone.
without any decorum, I rolled her over, raising her hips as my cock filled her to the hilt,Paisley's own hips pushing up on me was immediate, our mutual groaning/grunting as we did. It started out slow, I didn't want this to end as quickly as I knew it could, coiling her hair in my hand, riding her, taking in her sounds of pleasure, wants, needs.

It was only after a few moments Paisley was done with the foreplay and made it know what she wanted...I wasted no time.

Sweating and slamming so hard up into her we both were chanting, shouting, gibberish and profanity at the same time, my balls where slapping up against her ass, god she felt so good, I was so vigorous with my efforts the tip of my cock was hitting her cervix, which had me grunting, cursing, driving me to push my body flush against hers, holding her tightly as I began rutting frenziedly.

"oh..oooh..I'm..I'm going to..tooo"

"me tooo..uuh!"

Her walls and whole body trembled as she received release along with me, pressing myself deeper into her as I did. Remaining seated inside her breathing heavily, my forehead resting against her back, trying not to pass out, catching my breath.

"you alright my love?" ghosting kisses across her back.

"yes.." was her soft reply.

Withdrawing myself from her, Paisley lazily rolled onto her back, her face flushed with a sheen of sweat, hint of a smile, lowering my body, but not my full weight on to her, I kissed her eyelids, and her forehead, little giggles from her ensued.

"better?"

"much" the smile turned to a grin.

"we need to make time for this.. to connect, despite the rubbish that is currently going on, it reminds us of some of the things that holds us together"

"shagging holds us together?" a lopsided smile now as she crossed her arms over her breasts.

"well..no...but" now I felt like a tit.

"its a form of release.. is that what you're saying?, the kind you and I enjoy and...are good at" very good, nailed it right there.

"yes and you really should be getting a spanking"

"for what?" angling her head on the pillow wearing the most indignant look.

"for suggesting at first.. that fucking is the only thing that holds our relationship together you little minx" giving a poke to the tip of her nose.

I was met with a petulant roll of the eyes and a tongue sticking out... oh really now?

Smack!

"OW!"
"ehehehehe, well.. you were warned morsel, and I merely slapped the side of your ass, next time I won't be so forgiving"

it was the dirty look Paisley was giving me as she rubbed the afflicted area that I was hoping she would elaborate on, I was feeling randy again and the thought of having her bound and at my command... shit, and as if Paisley could read my mind.. well it wasn't my mind that gave it away.

"seriously, a simple slap across the side of my ass gave you a boner?" her eyes fixed on my cock now standing proudly once again, "someone feels neglected.. don't they?"

without a word I reached down taking my shaft in hand, keeping direct eye contact with Paisley, up on her knees now she shuffled on them over to me, my eyes flickered a bit as her breasts bounced deliciously with her movements across the bed.

"here.. let me"

my hand moved away and hers took over, moving her hand languidly over my rigid cock, grunting as her thumb made circular motions on the tip, swirling the precum around, my hips began to undulate with her stroking, quickening her motions.

making a slight gasp I hadn't expected the delicate touch as she cupped my balls as well, caressing them, it got better as the hot velvety feel of her mouth encompassed my cock, tongue working its magic across the shaft.

"aaw.. fuck-ing.. heelll" my head dropped back, eyes closed, clutching the top of her head, taking control, "that's it.. take it baby I know you can, sooo good.." hissing my pleasure.

feeling a bit adventurous I pulled myself from her mouth taking my cock in hand continuing where she left off, lifting her up to me so we were face to face, the fog of desire was all over her, gently lying her back I latched on to the nearest nipple, sucking, drawing out the sweet nectar, eyes closed contented in this act as my hand began pumping eagerly over my cock, groaning my satisfaction.

I think Paisley felt a bit jilted though her moans chorused with mine, one of her hands did however join mine and together we worked my length until I had no choice but to break away from her nipple throwing my head back belting out the loudest cry yet, her's accompanying mine, but with encouragement filled with filth that had me cumming all over her stomach and breasts.. where did she learn to do that?

"how did that feel Tom?.. did I make you feel good?" the tone was deep and coquettish.

and... she was playing her fingers through her folds with one hand, tugging at her clit, tasting herself with the other, gobsmacked and knackered I stared at the scene before me.

Holy fuck....

To be Continued...
Unwanted Legacy

It was the melodic humming coming from the kitchen that instantly grabbed my attention, scanning the rest of the room seeing no one I headed towards the where the lively sound was coming from. Peering in the doorway I was surprised and amused to see Paisley dressed simply in little black shorts and what I assumed one of Toms white short sleeve t-shirts as she basically swam in it.

her head bobbing side to side, the rest of her bouncing just the same, the sloppy bun atop her head precariously flopped about, standing at the stove still humming while making what looked like pancakes.

this wasn't the scene I had expected when I showed up, with everything that has been going on, I really was imagining my little sister to be fuming about the house, however..this was much better.

"where's the family?"

with a "yip" and a startled jump she turned around, giving me a dirty look, Paisley now held the spatula almost in a threatening manner.

"f*** you Lawrence, you really need to quit that sneaking shit"

"sorry..so..where is everyone?"

"Tom is in his study going over Patient files and mom is in that one room at the corner of the house, here on the lower floor, Tom an I decided to turn into a activity room for the children since there's no carpet, and Mom is currently finger painting with Julian" shaking her head, "hopefully her namesake can learn something by watching"

"oh?" this struck my curiosity.

Paisley turned from flipping a pancake, frowning.

"last time mom tried painting with Julian, Peyton decided she'd give it go while her grandmother's back was turned.. though my daughter's choice of medium was more...foul"

"you lost me"

"she wiped her shit all over the wall"

wrinkling my nose, my face matched hers.

"you know something Sis...you have strange kids, first your son freaked out when he thought his sisters penis fell off, now your daughters artistic prowess is literally...shit"

setting a platter of pancakes in front of me Paisley gave me an even look.

"their children, little children...they do that Lawrence"

"their still strange" taking a pancake off of the top of the stack, "not sure if they take after you or Tom"

"piss off...I bet you did stuff like that too Mr trust fund baby, just because you were born with a silver spoon in your ass doesn't mean you didn't do weird things as a kid" tossing some toast onto the table at me.
"mouth.. silver spoon in my mouth" I corrected.

"whatever...sometimes you're anal, it would explain my version"

giving me a look as if she was daring me to argue her point, which was.. weird to begin with, so yeah Paisley kids got it from her, but I wasn't about to say shit, not when she was wielding a metal spatula and what I knew to be a crap temper.

"if its okay with you Paisley?, I'm just going to eat some of these pancakes and not talk about weird kids an spoons in peoples asses"

"suit yourself" wearing a smug grin as she handed me some syrup "I thought you FBI types had such conversations while you ate, with all the Jefferey Dahmer's and Charles Manson's you run across"

"ha-ha"

Truly I was as Tom would put it gobsmacked when Lawrence offered to watch the kids, even take them to the Beach with my mom who presented the idea in the first place, Tom had decided to go back to work, feeling the part time stuff was "bollocks" and so I was on my own at the house.. yay.. I was now bored shitless.

but that soon came to an end when I found that I had a visitor, when I opened the frontdoor however I was quick to slam the door immediately.

"really Paisley, the daughter of an Archer going as far as to act like a petulant teenager an slam a door in ones face?"

"fuck off Samuel, you know why... interesting you even picked a time to come over when no one is here" I snapped.

"I did come over here on purpose, that's no secret, now will you please open the damn door?, its impolite to leave a relative on the doorstep begging for entrance"

impolite.. who the hell is he kidding?

"seriously, you're going to stand out there and give me shit on politeness after blowing up a car in broad daylight on a busy motorway no less, killing Piper in the process.. ppfftt, I think not Samuel.. go away"

"what?. Piper.. what do-you-mean?, it was Gina" he was leaning against the door.

"no.. it wasn't, I have it on good authority that it was in fact Piper, you see Uncle, I have my ways of getting info too, as no one else was able acquire any cause the FBI and other agencies knew what I now know...I'm just trying to figure out why they are still hiding the truth"

"Paisley, I'm asking you in all urgency, to let me in, I had no idea it was Piper, though I'm pretty sure you aren't at all heart broken, I haven't been privy to what you were, its not like the authorities are going to share any information with the brother of a former crime boss that so happened to be at one time on their most wanted list"

sliding the lock only so far on the chain door latch, I opened the door a crack, Samuel turned heaving a sigh, frowning.
"it would be nice to see more than one skeptical green eyeball peering through a gap in a door"

"I'm deciding whether further time wasted here at my door with you is worth it, you're fortunate to even see an eyeball, Samuel. days ago when I learned of the car bombing had you showed up...you stood a good chance of knowing how Piper felt that day in your office when I had her up against the wall with my hand on her throat"

"fucking tempestuous little shit, when are you going to see I'm on your side!" he growled, but there wasn't much heat to it, "that damn woman crossed a line"

"and so did you Samuel!.. you had another Human being murdered!, albeit the wrong one"

dropping his head down angling it, he gave me a frustrated look.

"I don't expect you to understand nor condone my methods of how I rectify a situation Paisley, I'm sure you've heard this all from your father, you're my family whether you've accepted this or not, and I protect my family"

standing my ground, door now opened, the warning look I was giving him said it all, but I added.

"I've accepted the fact that half of my family is criminal, but it doesn't mean I have to associate with them Samuel, and you're right.. I don't condone the methods of how you rectify a situation, that's why you aren't welcomed here"

straightening, he slid his hands into the pockets of his coat, regarding me with a look that wasn't actually angry, more like coming to terms with something.

"you can disown me Paisley, but you're my brothers daughter, he's not here to be a father so, I'll always be in the background watching over you and your family... like it or not"

leaning out of the doorway holding on each side of it I growled.

"he wasn't much of a father when he was alive, so do me a favor... don't try to fill his shoes, piss off Samuel and keep your people away from my family as well as me... I know you have them planted everywhere"

simply staring at me, he could see I was not backing down on this, his efforts to take out Gina that resulted in killing another had severed any respect I had for him.

"alright, if that is your wish Paisley, however I can't guarantee that I won't always be watching out for you... though out of my reverence for you it will silently be carried out, like I said before... in the backdrop away from your eyes and those of your family, that's the part... I cannot promise to avoid"

turning away, Samuel in silence made his way to the dark blue sedan, got in and left, I watched as he took his leave down the drive, I knew he was right.. no matter what, the Archer family would be around in my life in some form, cause I.. regrettably just so happened to share in their Pedigree and so did my children.

"Not so sure this idea of yours is a good one"

glancing over her shoulder, Peyton gave me a look that I could only describe as one that Paisley would of gave me if puzzled.
"why not?,I've known him as long as I've known his brother,we were friends at one point,and...I have questions"

"he won't be expecting this"

"so...its about time I had one up on the Archers" she smirked, "he could use the surprise"

"then you should know the Archer's,they don't like surprises"

"Lawrence" laying her head against the headrest of her seat,"I'm very aware of that and could give two shit's back then,and that hasn't changed"

the more I got to know this woman the more I saw Paisley,sometimes it was funny,others,unsettling,this time..annoying.

As the familiar gates to the Estate opened,Peytion observed her surroundings with interest,her head going in every direction.

"hmm,Sean improved his tastes over the years,this is..elegant and very aristocratic looking,never thought him to have a place that appeared,classy"

"if you think the grounds are impressive,just keep looking ahead"

and she did, when the Mansion slowly came into view,her mouth dropped.

"shit...you got to be kidding?,its...gorgeous and huge!"

"and Paisley's,but she wants nothing to do with it,told Samuel as much,can't say as I blame her" I sighed, "bad memories here.plus its connected to a crime syndicate"

"yes...I can see why she wouldn't want it,leave it to Sean to sully such a beautiful environment by operating a corrupt organization in it" frowning now"I did the right thing,didn't I Lawrence?...when I left Sean,taking Paisley away"

"yes,what Sean did was no setting for a child to grow up in, there was danger at every turn,shit she didn't need to see"

"humpf..like I didn't introduce her to any better" she murmured looking out the window.

"no, but you were sick Peyton, an addict...not that I'm making excuses for you,but Sean..he was clean,no addictions ..yet he did some real heinous shit"

looking back over to me with a weak smile,a sadness to her eyes.

"yeah,but I had the upper hand,I should of done better,given her the life she deserved instead of thinking of myself" turning away,wringing her hands, "guess I'll be carrying this guilt to my grave"

"you've acknowledged your faults Peyton and your daughter has forgiven you,its time you forgiven yourself,its not healthy to have this self loathing over your past,its done,you've moved on,made a better life for yourself,even were reunited with the child you thought lost,some that were in your position..aren't so lucky"

pulling the car to a stop into the drive behind the Mansion,she nodded straightening her posture,staring forward.

"you're right, I have been blessed,I should embrace that"
After a slightly sour exchange of words between myself and one of Samuel’s men named Amos, *damn not only was he a big guy, but a big asshole too*, we were aloud in, and informed he was in the kitchen having lunch.

knowing my way around the place like the back of my hand I guided Peyton to the kitchen, though I did have her stand off to the side as I now stood in the entryway, Samuel sat at the kitchen island casually eating a sandwich, reading something.

"what is it Amos?"

"wow, you really aren't that acquainted with your people Samuel, *you honestly* think I'm anything like that giant limpdick you call a guard?"

his head quickly shot up, still holding his sandwich, his look of shock melted into a twisted frown, yeah he wasn't expecting this, it was a typical reaction, like I had said.. *Archers hated surprises.*

"Lawrence, what brings you here, unannounced... once again" his tone unamused, his face shone even more so.

"gee, it was only that one time, talk about carrying a grudge, actually I'm here by request and... I'm not alone"

that peaked his interest, putting the sandwich down he wiped his mouth with a napkin, eyeing me suspiciously.

"who?"

looking over to Peyton, ghosting a hand across her back to urge her towards the doorway, slowly she made her entrance.

"hello Samuel"

the man looked as if he'd seen the walking dead standing there, slowly rising to his feet, eyes flitting about, Samuel's face had softened considerably.

"Peyton"

folding her arms she stood with a confidence that I hadn't seen before,

"well we both know it isn't my daughter, I'm a bit taller, have more wrinkles, and she hates you" she said matter-of-factly.

Samuel made his way over, though it was cautious, as if he couldn't believe who he was seeing.

"it is you, god... I've only seen pictures, but" grasping his chin and mouth, the man was absolutely taken aback, "you look... just as beautiful as I last saw you"

suddenly I was hit with a sense of discomfort, *had these two in the past carried on an affair?, behind Sean's back maybe a one night thing?*.. the way Samuel was reacting to her was like a man whose infatuation had been reignited.

"uh, I'll just step out, while you two talk"

but not too far, I had questions of my own now, so standing just ear shot of the doorway I just may
get them answered.

"charming still Samuel, so has that trait managed to get you to settle on anyone, start a family?"

there was a pause, I'm sure to make certain no one was able to hear anything, but I was far enough away to make it believable that I was just standing by, but still I could hear.

"no, and you know why, I could never settle for another Peyton"

"that was years ago Samuel and a mistake, one that could of proved disastrous if the truth had been discovered... besides, I was confused, scared I needed a friend"

"and I proved to be that... and much more, I loved you Peyton, my brother did not, he was merely obsessed with the idea of you and when Paisley was born... she too was just an obsession"

"look Samuel, I didn't come here to rehash the past, just leave it alone, I have some questions"

"as do I" his voice deepened, "I've been waiting many years to ask, tell me Peyton, is Paisley... Sean's daughter, or mine"

To be Continued...
"The fuck?...did I hear that right?,it took every ounce of my will not to stalk into that kitchen and demand to know,instead I balled my hands into fists,controlled my breathing along with my temper,pressing my back now against the wall moving closer to the doorway,continuing to listen.

"wha..woah, wait a minute,you think my daughter is a product of..." I heard a small giggle,"oh Samuel,no no no...I assure you Paisley is definitely Sean's"

"you're certain of this?" Samuel's tone skeptical.

"please,don't reach where there's nothing to grab onto,I've seen the DNA report from the FBI, from Gina no less, like I even needed it" she gave a snort,"I know who the father of my child is and its not you"

"those reports can be doctored you know" he was persistent,"happens more than you think"

"again,you're reaching Samuel, stop"

"on one condition,we...do our own DNA analysis,I don't trust Gina's,and you can't blame me"

I couldn't believe it, not sure if Samuel was that desperate to have some sort,any sort of connection to Peyton cause he just may still be in love with her, or he sincerely just wanted to see if that report had been falsified, all I did know at this point, the shit I was hearing... was disconcerting as fuck.

"really?..you want to put my daughter through that?, make her think that her life is already more fucked than she originally thought,that's shit Samuel and I'll have none of it,I'm just getting to know Paisley no thanks to that bitch,I'm not going to do anything else to screw it up,I did enough of that to her childhood"

I could hear the anger and desperation in her voice,if this got anymore emphatic I was going to intervene no matter how privileged the exchange they were having, she was Paisley's mom and as far as I was concerned her welfare was as it would be if she were Paisley herself.

"who says Paisley has to know,hairs from her brush, a cup she drank from,no harm no foul"

"Jesus..you aren't going to let this go..typical fucking Archer mentality!" she snapped,"you leave my daughter alone Samuel, as it is your name isn't even aloud to be spoken in her presence let alone her home,don't push her"

listen to her Samuel,its not a good idea,it's not just Paisley,there's me..you'll be dealing with too.

"its not my intention, but I have a right to know and the right to go through the proper channels to make sure a legitimate test is done"

"goddammit Samuel!"

"Peyton...you know how inappropriate to put it nicely, Gina is...what makes you think that analysis is accurate?"

"Lawrence!"

oopps that's my cue.
taking a little bit of time before I made my entrance I walked in acting indifferent, which was a bit
difficult, Peyton was furious, from what I could see, she looked like she wanted to tear him a new
asshole and I for one wouldn't of held her back, while Samuel exuded the calmness such as I've
never seen.

"yes?"

"I want to go home... now"

"okay, this way" I gestured to the doorway, she wasted no time in leaving, making a very hasty exit.
as I followed her I was almost out of his view when... it was Samuel's voice that reached me.

"Lawrence"
poking my head back into the door way.

"yes Samuel?"

"you aren't... going to be difficult, are you?"

he knew I had heard everything, stupid, he wasn't, putting on my best mock smile, tight and full of
warning.

"only if you are"

The ride home felt awkward, Peyton remained staring forward, rigid the rage registering clearly on her
face, saying nothing, that was until she slammed her fist on the dashboard, causing me to jump, almost
making the car go off the road.

"FUCK!"

"dammit woman!, you trying to get us killed?"

I had pulled over to the side of the road, trying to gather my own wits, wondering if she was going to
take out a window or two or just start beating the shit out of me.

turning in her seat the hot glare I received was enough to make me pull my head back, though I don't
believe the look... was intended for me, it still was unpleasant.

"I know you overheard us, so let's not dance around it, under no circumstances is Paisley to know...any
of it, got it?"

"Hey, I just drove you there, what went on between you and Samuel" putting my hands up in front of
me "that shit has nothing to do with me"

Peyton's body relaxed a bit it the seat, but she remained staring at me, she really needed to stop that.

"bet you really think shitty of me now... don't you?, having slept with both Archer men, it's nothing I'm
proud of I assure you and" she held up a finger with conviction "it was only one time with Samuel"

"like I said, that has nothing to do with me, don't care to know the details... or more than what I heard
anyways"
"yes, but you did hear it, bastard thinks Paisley could be his, she isn't... and he won't stop at trying to prove it either way, he's going to fuck everything up" her composure faltered, and began to weep.

"okay I'm overstepping here, but... he's still in love with you, I'm thinking he's trying at anything to have a link to you, and... well because you did sleep together, in his reasoning, he feels there's that possibility"

"but the test" she sniffled.

"yeah, I know about that, and he's got you there too, beings that it was Gina who had it done, not the most reliable person as of late and I'm sorry about that Peyton, but I will do whatever possible to keep him from interfering with you and Paisley"

"you worked for Sean, so you know how an Archer can be, but I must warn you... Samuel although he knows his shit about the organization... hes not his brother, he is altogether a different animal as they say, you saw how he handled who he thought was Gina" looking out the windshield, wringing her hands, "that's not the Samuel I know, it was more of a move Sean would make, I can't explain why he did that?"

I found this bit of information fascinating, so Samuel by Peyton's standards was acting out of character.

"he keeps his activity more, inconspicuous?"

looking back at me she quietly nodded.

"if he ever dealt with people, he sure in the hell didn't make it obvious or boast like that jackass brother of his, Sean was quite proud of his... victories, if that's what you want to call it" her face full of disgust now, "made me ill, I can still remember this one time Sean came strutting in like a banty rooster, a bottle of good whiskey and two glasses in hand, absolutely beaming, well my darling girl, we celebrate, another rat's arse we can scratch off, won't be botherin' us no more, in fact the wanker is more useful as a dead fucker than a live one"

sounds about right, just a younger version of the man I once worked for.

"I'm sorry you had to be around that crap, Peyton, no one should have to be"

looking thoughtful, a small smile curled at the corner of her mouth.

"that's what Samuel said, he despised it when Sean would do that shit, bringing his work around me, bad enough Sean was what he was, thought it was uncouth"

"I have to agree" shrugging, "then again the business he was in was just that"

"no argument there, he got worse after Paisley was born" heaving a very heavy sigh," he was a madman, no one was aloud near her unless they were practically strip searched, paranoid bastard"

in our discussion we got caught up on the topic of Paisley, it was a nice distraction from what we were talking about, that's when Peyton brought her cell out.

"found this and put it on my phone, looked at it everyday for a long time, she was two, I think"
so I shared as well.
"this might be...more familiar, it was taken a week after the raid"

Peyton's face dropped, eyes immediately filled.

"gawd, shes so thin" she whispered running a finger delicately down the picture, sniffling, "I can't believe I did that to her"

shit, this wasn't what I was going for.

"Peyton"

"and, my god...her hair, what...what happened to her hair Lawrence?" she held the picture to me, "its...mousy looking, not red"

"well, if you really want to know...its due to malnutrition, I was told the insufficient part of nutrition disrupts the function of the follicles to produce enough melanin pigment to the hair, eventually had she not received proper intake of food her hair would of turned white"

horrified her eyes widened, looking back at the phone.

"Lawrence...I'm a monster"
It took me a good twenty minutes to calm her down and convince her she wasn't the epitome of evil itself. I literally cursed myself internally for showing her that picture. Having achieved in getting Peyton to a decent level of hysteria that was manageable, I took her to a hole in the wall eatery for fish and chips.

Peyton sat across from me slowly eating a single fry in silence, spacing off. I was really damning myself now for showing her that particular picture. I had others I should of just shown her one of those, peering down so I could look at her.

"hey...you need to relax, like I said before, you were sick and now.. its time you forgive yourself, Paisley is a strong grown woman, with a great life, a man who loves her unconditionally, two beautiful kids, what more could you ask for?, she survived Peyton and best of all...so did you"

seeming to snap out of her musing, our eyes connected.

"doesn't mean it still didn't happen, the past... it'll take time for me to forgive myself as you put it, as a parent you are accountable for another human being, to love them, nurture, keep them safe, educate, even make sacrifices, but the only one who did the sacrificing... was my daughter... Lawrence I failed Paisley miserably, though I always loved her" setting the half eaten fry down, "when I was told she was killed, a part of me died with her that day.. I mourned her from that day on, seeing her at the cemetery in California, finding out that my child was indeed alive" wiping away fresh tears, "yes I was confused, but.. I thanked the man upstairs profusely"

"but that... was on Gina, the whole deceiving you and Paisley into believing each other had died, it was her that led your daughter to think you died of an overdose a selfish act in Paisley's eyes, and for you, a child in a vehicular accident, one that never happened, Gina robbed both of you"

Peyton sat back against the seat of the booth, she looked tired, between what had transpired at the Estate and rehearsing a bit of her past, the toll it had taken was showing.

"I just wish this shit would be done with, have Gina caught, arrested and put away so we all can move on, though I am curious as to how she pulled off yet another escape with it resulting in a death of someone no one expected"

"I have my theories, one being, Piper was a decoy from the get go, and Gina knew there was a bomb, so they switched somewhere along the line, thus Piper was driving the car, or... Gina actually was ignorant of the bomb, still they switched and well you know the end of the story"

"those are sound theories Lawrence, either of them could be true, but only that worthless shit of a woman knows, and when she sentenced if hell is an option, I for one... will be pushing for that"

Peyton suddenly found her appetite and began to eat her fish.

"Peyton.. I'll bust my balls to find her so she can pay for her crimes, but I think even hell is too good for her"

"Tom, there's a gentleman out here to see ya, he says its rather important"

glancing up from my laptop, Desi gave a shrug, well that doesn't help much.

"did he give a name and why he's here? I'm rather busy, unless its about my family he needs to wait until after office hours"

"no name, just said, I'm an Uncle to Mrs Hiddleston, it's necessary that I speak with her"
husband, wasn't aware Paisley had an Uncle, got suspicious I did"

Samuel... here?

looking down at my watch, hmm?.. lunch was only ten minutes away, sighing I nodded.

"she does have one, bring him into my office, and Desi, lunch isn't that far off anyways, and you might as well clock out, I know your husband should be on his way to join you for noon tea" giving a wink.

"the ol' git, if he's anythin', its traditional" rolling her eyes, "Alright Tom, see ya after a bit"

it only took a moment when I saw the already opened door slowly open a little further.

"knock knock"

in was in fact, Samuel, the last person I expected to see and if my wife knew, there would be hell to pay, then there was always her very big brother.

"ah.. the devil himself" smirking as I stood up.

"so... you are willing to speak with me, wasn't sure, I know Paisley would rather of spat on my face than to be in my presence, as for the rest of the family that's anyone's guess"

"ah well, yeah"

the man looked nervous, he never looked nervous, what the hell was with that?, and did I really want to know?... that probably would be a.. no.

"um, actually I'm here kind of on a.. business call, I need your help, advice as it were as a Doctor"

"are you ill Samuel?"

the Physician in me picked up on something as I sat back down and gestured Samuel to take a seat.

"no, its nothing like that, I need a referral, I was thinking one of your colleagues that is reputable here in the Hospital, I was hoping you could help me with that"

"a referral... in what department?" I was curious now.

"DNA paternity testing"

To be Continued...


https://s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com/736x/25/1d/6d/251d6dc97f011183e329999462df1ab5.jpg
It was no business of mine, and I really didn't want to know, when it came to Paisley's father's family. Less was better, if Samuel needed my recommendation on the Doctor's in the DNA department, then as a doctor, I would do that.

"Well...there are a fair few, but three are highly suggested even among my other colleagues, they are Doctor's Manuel Torres, Gertrude Oswell, and Phillip Rabb, the DNA department and their lab is up on the sixth floor, two up from mine." Pointing upward, "East wing, just follow the signs"

Samuel watched me inquisitively, not sure what to think I'm sure.

"Sixth floor?"

"Yes, I'll ring them if you like, tell them to be expecting you, makes the process easier sometimes if they hear from a fellow Doctor." I offered.

"Very kind of you Tom... but why the trouble?"

Because I want no part of whatever fuckery you might be tangled up in, satisfied?

"You came to me wanting some help, so I'm trying to do just that... is there a problem?"

"None," shaking his head seemingly to be content with my answer.

"Alright, I'll ring them, and you should be set"

"I appreciate this Tom" he now stood, "Oh... and I also would appreciate it if you didn't mention this to anyone"

"Please" putting a hand up, "I try to never bring my work home as it is, and even if Paisley did ask... hey honey how was your day?, oh it was fine, told two ladies their expecting, finally removed Mrs Carlisle's cast from her ankle, oh! and by the way... your Uncle dropped by" Tilting my head with a brow raised, "I'd say that would go over like a fart in church, but that's actually funny, it's more like setting off a fucking nuclear warhead... I'd be looking at wanking in the shower for at least a week and sleeping downstairs on the couch or in my study"

He chuckled heartily, slowly shaking his head.

"I thought you... were the Dom in that relationship, Doctor"

Shit... she told him.

"I am... but, she... is my weakness, I tend to let her have her way"

A tight smile, though it looked thoughtful at the same time.

"True love... that's rare in a marriage anymore, glad to know that my niece has the good fortune to experience that, it can be one of the most beautiful things between a man and a woman"

"Why do I get the feeling you... have had this good fortune as well" Grinning as I gave him the watchful eye.

"Cause my friend... I did indeed, but that was a long time ago"
just by looking at him and by his tone, something told me it was also a long and complicated story too.

"Daddy, wook what I made!"

greeted by an exited little boy bouncing on his feet, waving a piece of paper up at me as I entered the house.

"ehehehe, what is it Jules?"

taking a look back at the paper he now frowned.

"um.. it a mess"

he looked so serious I almost laughed.

"can daddy see it?"

"ya"

squatting down next to him, taking the proffered paper I saw that it was a picture he had painted, it looked like he had put all of us in it me, his mum, himself, and what looked like his sister in her walker.

"this is very good son.. tell me, why is mummy's hair sticking up, she looks surprised and there's a black cloud by mummy's face?"

he pointed to the picture.

"see, dat's pey pey, she hit mummy's leg wiff her walker, hard, an so mummy yelled an dat whot she wooked wike, the bwack cloud is the potty wurds mummy said"

I almost.. almost fell over laughing, my son painted a reconstruction of an actual event he witnessed, his mother being taken out by his sister.

stifling my laughter I had to ask.

"where's mummy now?"

he pointed up.

"upstairs, she put pey pey down fer a nap"

ruffling his curls as I stood up, grinning, I called out to my injured wife...ehehehehe.

"darling, where you at?"

"up here"

and without thinking.

"you naked?"

the small tittering from below reminded me, I just fucked up.
"ehehehe..daddy!, why ya wanna no dat!?"

aw hell.

it was only a matter of seconds an Paisley was at the top of the stairs looking down at me in disbelief, I could only shrug and give her an apologetic one back even threw in a toothy smile... it didn't work.

"really?" was her sour tone.

"ehehehe, daddy tot you were nakie..ehehehe"

you're not helping Julian.

rolling her eyes, shaking her head with a groan, I watched her, catching a glimpse of a limp as she walked away, ah... the battle wound.

"darling, you want me to take a look at that leg?"

no answer, hmm... yeah she pissed, fine I'll see for myself and deal what hand is dealt to me whether she fine with it or we wind up with matching shins... ehehehe, though I do tend to like it when she's on the querulous side.

Entering the our bedroom in time to see her sit down stiffly on the edge of the bed, wow.. Peyton must of got her good, quickening my steps I knelt before her, raising the leg of her sweats before she could protest.

gritting my teeth instantly upon seeing the ugly dark bruise mixed with a scrape, oh yeah... she did a hell of a job, my toddler daughter the hot rod demolition demon.

"I'll get a cold compress darling, there's some swelling, and paracetamol while I'm at it"

silently she nodded her agreement as I carefully placed both legs up on the bed, propping her up with pillows. Taking the med's as I carefully placed the cold compress to her leg she hissed, feeling awful for causing her further discomfort, I gently raised her foot while looking at her kissing her toes.

"sorry morsel"

"that's okay, just the sudden cold" she winced.

observing the affected area some more, I noticed the small goose egg, I guess Lawrence hadn't been kidding about toes, feet and shins are up for grabs.

"I'm thinking its time for the walker to be removed, that little bugger has been doing a fair bit of walking on her own, from what I see here.. if she keeps using it, she's only going to turn her mum into a cripple"

"no argument from me" she sighed, "however, Peyton may not agree, you'll have to compensate for the missing walker, she loves that damn thing"

"maybe one of those baby ride cars, with a steering wheel, she'll wear herself out having to steer it, scoot it along with her feet, won't have all those wheels to help her glide it along to ram into bones and flesh" I wiggled my brows.

"you mean..piss her off" Paisley folded her arms.
feeling slightly defeated, knowing she was right I shrugged, but what could we do?

"we'll cross that bridge" smoothing her bangs off to the side, "no one said parenting was easy"

she snorted.

"obviously they must of had our daughter in mind"

~1 Month Later~

Normally I didn't take my lunch outside of my office, but to break the monotony I decided to eat on the patio outside the Cafeteria, fresh English air could do me some good anyways, and it seem a fair few of the Hospital staff agreed as there were various members of the staff doing the same.

"Dr. Hiddleston"

looking over my shoulder I was surprised to see Dr. Rabb coming towards me with his own tray of food.

"Phil, care to join me?" I gestured to the open seat across from me.

"what, that striking little red head of yours not joining you for lunch?" he chuckled as he took the seat.

"not today I'm afraid, nursing yet another wounded leg, seems our daughter, though having removed her walker has found other methods of... irritating her mum, shes taking to biting, and is rather good at it... it seems"

and disciplining Peyton for her audacious behavior was proving to be the shits too, seems putting her in her crib incites throwing her pillows at us, making her raspberrie noises in our direction and... shes learned to escape from her crib.

"oh boy, sounds like shes starting early, a handful that ones going to be, whereas young Julian is more like his father, inquisitive and cheeky" giving me a smirk before putting a forkful of salad into his mouth.

"funny Phil, it's just a good thing her father is a Doctor and her mum a paramedic" shaking my head.

there was a lull in our conversation as we ate, then Phil looked over at me reflectively.

"Tom, awhile back you made a call to the department, for a bloke by the name of Archer"

well.. I was not expecting that.

"yes, was it you that handled what he required?"

"yes, but" he looked a bit troubled, leaning in, "you know I'm all about respecting the whole patient doctor confidentiality thing.. right?"

"of course"

"I'm finding difficulty in Mr Archer's case"

"how so?" leaning in as well.
"you know about the program the Administration set it up about six years ago?, that everyone on staff from the board members right down to the janitors had to give a DNA sample including their family members in case of emergencies"

"well yes,I had to submit one when I set up residency about four years ago,then Paisley after we married and our Children upon birth..what about it?"

"Tom,do you know the nature of this Mr Archers test?"

"he told me DNA paternity test"

leaning in further he whispered.

"that's right..it was,I did  with a sample he gave me and from a cheek swab from him " rubbing his chin,"I only bring up this Archer fella and the Hospital staff DNA program,because...there was a familial match, between your wife...and Mr Archer..Tom,our lab is also linked to Scotland Yard and other high profiled Law enforcement agencies.. I got a red flag..do you realize this man is a known criminal?"

holy mother of...fuck!...what the bloody hell?..gathering my wits,I tried going about..speaking.

"well,he is her Uncle,so I can see why the results came up as such"

"but Tom,a paternity test..I thought her father was deceased?" Phil raised a brow.

Phil was right, it finally hit me,why the fuck did Samuel feel a need for a paternity test concerning my wife?,better yet...where did he get a sample of Paisley's DNA?

"good question...one I aim to find out"

T- need to talk ASAP!

L- is everything ok?..Paisley, the kids?

T- their fine, but there's some bollocks going on and I'm through with this cloak-and-dagger shit from Paisleys family

L- excuse me?

T-Samuel,don't know wtf he's up too, but I'm not bloody well liking any of it!

L- I'm calling you, somehow this isn't a discussion for texting.

T-fine

The first ring didn't even finish and Tom had answered..roaring.

"that sonofabitch!, he better have a good reason to be using the Hospital where I work to find out questionable information, cause I'm about to drive over to the Estate and kick me an ass!"

"whoa whoa! hold up..what the fuck are you going on about?"

by the time Tom had finished explaining he wasn't any more calmer than he was when he had answered the phone,and I for one couldn't blame him, that dirty sonofabitch, he had brazenly went
against Peyton's wishes, and here we are, what's worse. Tom had no clue.

so much for asking me if I was going to be difficult...I warned Samuel, now his recent action will have serious ramifications, starting now.

"I know why he did it Tom"

"and?"

"he thinks there's a chance that..Paisley is his daughter"

"fucking what?...no!..Sean is her father, Paisley saw the DNA report, there's no way"

"yeah, well" oh this was not going to be fun, "it seems, Peyton in a moment of weakness, slept with Samuel.. and now, that's where he is getting this notion Paisley might be his, however I think there's another reason as well"

"Christ.. another reason!?" Tom was exasperated.

"he was in love with Peyton back then, unbeknownst to Sean,... I believe he still is"

"are you fucking telling me, Samuel came to me asking to hook him up to the services of the DNA department of my Hospital because he thinks years ago he knocked up my wife's mum and its out of... unrequited love?, cause I can tell you, Peyton has never really spoken of Samuel, let alone in a manner of fondness"

"it was one time, she was at a low point in her relationship with Sean, it just happened, but evidently Samuel had been carrying more than tenderness for her,... she wants nothing to do with him, she knew he wanted a DNA test, but turned him down, felt Paisley has already been through enough shit without him pulling this kind of shit"

"wait.. she's spoken with him?... in person?"

"yes.. she's going to kill me, I promised to say nothing, I took her to see him, she had some questions... but once Samuel saw her, it was like a deer stuck in the headlights, and she never got to ask him anything, he was persistent about their affair, Paisley, the DNA test, finally Peyton had enough and we left"

"you know what Lawrence... in the years since I met Paisley, I've learned her father was a crime boss, he tried and almost killed me, then I find out the two people who knew my wife in her youth, one is her half brother, both sharing the same crime boss father, the other person, is a baby broker who kidnapped my daughter though my baby is back home the bitch who took her is currently still at large, and my wife's mother came back from the dead, and my dead father in-law's brother shows up out of nowhere also having abducted one of my children I might add,... and now I find out he had a fling with my resurrected mother in-law and is currently pursuing this wild prospect that my wife is a product of that fling..." he sighed, "I know none of this is in chronological order but I don't give a fuck"

wow.. that was a lot of shit to reflect on.

"in a nutshell, I think you've pretty much nailed it Tom"

"most of my colleagues in my position, would deal with this by going to play golf, tennis, polo, even delve into extra marital affairs, abusing prescription/street drugs. not me, you know what I'm going to do Lawrence?"
"go home and have sex with your wife?" yeah that even felt disgusting leaving my mouth.

the other end of the line went silent for a moment.

"you know...that's not a bad idea"

I was kidding, now I was certain that a drink was required not only to wash my mouth out, but to erase the memory of that suggestion...ew, fuck.

"hey mate, you still there?"

no, I'm in a smoke filled, hole in the ass Pub somewhere, getting shit faced, go away Tom.

To be Continued...
It was *slightly* chaotic, somehow I don't recall Julian's first birthday being quite like this, I guess it's different with a girl, the house was decorated with balloons, streamers, a banner that said **Happy Birthday Peyton**, Mum and Paisley scurrying about with Julian on their heels wanting to help, I actually managed to get a picture of my birthday girl...*god how she’d grown.*

as for me, I stayed the hell out of the way, letting the women and children do their thing, simply watching, that was until I heard the doorbell, When I answered however it wasn't who I expected, a Detective from Scotland Yard, looking very apologetic and...something else.

"ah, Doctor Hiddleston, I'm interrupting" he peered around me, "a bit of merriment I see"

"yes..it's my daughters first birthday, trust me..my presence isn't necessary" smirking, "can I help you with something Detective?"

that *something else* finally showed, diverting his eyes, then back at me, he cleared his throat.

"can I speak with you?, its very important"

"sure" shutting the door, I stepped out and we proceeded to walk further out into the drive, "what's this about?, you seem out of sorts"

"you could say that", stopping by his car, he looked up at me now with a grim expression, "there no bloody delicate way of telling you this, so here it is...Ms. Wells has been found"

gobsmacked only briefly, I had to know.
"what?. where?. has she been arrested?" please tell me that bitch is in custody.

"no..not exactly.. a Farmer came across a woman's body in Perthshire Scotland, along the River Tay, from what Forensics said on scene insect activity on Gina's body and by the amount of decomp, it's suggested she had been dead at least a week, they'll know more after autopsy.. she took a bullet to the back of her head" staggering back, the Detective caught me by the arm, steadying me. "you alright?, buggar I knew this wasn't going to set well" shaking his head, "last thing I wanted Doctor was to sully your daughter's special day with this shit, I should of waited"

"no no... it's alright" staring at the ground, trying to come to grips with the information that was just shared with me, "you know its her.. for a fact?"

"yes... your brother in-law, Lawrence, he was on scene and made a positive I.D"

Lawrence was there?.. of course he would be, he was involved with the investigation, fuck.. what he must be going through right now, gaining my composure, smoothing my hand down the front of my shirt, trying to breath normally, I looked back to the concerned Detective.

"I appreciate you taking what I'm sure is a crucial time out of your schedule to contact me about this"

"to be honest Doctor, your brother in-law Mr Rhodes wanted too, but the man was in no shape... I offered to do it for him, he was grateful and gave me his blessing as it were, again I'm terribly sorry to ruin what is suppose to be a lovely occasion"

"ah well.. I'll be looking at it this way Detective, my daughter will be celebrating many more birthdays without her parents looking over their shoulders worrying if Gina is going to take that away from them"

placing a hand on my shoulder, he nodded heaving a deep sigh.

"aye, its a good place to start, now I've taken up too much of your time as it is, please try to enjoy the day Doctor and that wee daughter of yours"

Watching the Detective pull out of the drive until I lost sight of his car completely, wondering what the next step would be?, naturally I would inform Paisley, but not now, yet I had to hide the emotions of what I had just learned until the time was right.

"Dah.. dahdahdahdahdah!" a tiny voice chanted from below.

looking down I could see Peyton had latched herself onto my leg with both of her legs and arms about my calf, beaming up, scrunching her nose, grinning at her I raised my leg up a bit.

"can Daddy have his leg back?"

"no"

why didn't that surprise me.

"then how am I to walk darling?"

"ehehehe"

reaching down attempting to extract the cheeky little creature, I found that it wasn't as easy as I thought it might be... what on earth?, she clung on with a vice like grip with all four limbs.
"Peyton, let go of daddy's leg"

"ehhehehe, I no wanna, mine"

"problem?"

looking over to my right stood Paisley holding some pink/white balloons tied on ribbons and wearing a smug grin.

"it seems our daughter has refused to disengage herself from my leg"

"hmpf.. be thankful she isn't biting it"

looking back at the eager toddler who seemed content hanging off my leg like a monkey.

"you wouldn't do that would you darling.. bite daddy?"

shaking her head eagerly, wrinkling her little nose.

"no.. yucky.. blah!" followed by a rude sounding raspberry.

giving Paisley a smug look of my own she frowned, *guess mummy was the only one who was honored with getting.. bit.*

"Peyton, look" Paisley held a ribbon out with a particularly large balloon,"but only if you let go of daddy... okay?"

Peyton's eyes widened at the prospect, instantly my leg was free, the balloon claimed and the little shit was off and running, due to how wee she was all I could see was a pink balloon weaving wildly around furniture on a string.

"well now that we've dealt with that crisis, care to tell me who that was pulling out of our drive earlier?"

*fuck.. not now I don't."

"darling, all I can say is, lets wait until after the party then I'll tell you"

"I'm not going to like it, so you might as well tell me now then I can drown my anger in tons of sugary cake and ice cream"

"no.. you'll wait, and you're right, you aren't going to like it"

"Tom" she was in front of me, staring in that way that said I wasn't going to win, "now"

sometimes spanking her regardless of whoever was near.. *was an option.*

"dammit.. all I'm going to say is.. it was a Detective from Scotland Yard, and I'm not saying anymore" my firm tone made her step back.

"Scotland Yard?.. its about Gina, I know it.." making a half turn, "indeed I won't be liking it... lets just get this going" running a hand through her hair.

"agreed"

turning back suddenly.
"oh but the pizza and my brother haven't arrived yet"

"the food should arrive in ten, Lawrence...I wouldn't count on him showing up anytime soon,besides he would want you to celebrate anyhow,just save him a slice of cake" I winked.

the look Paisley gave told me that she was putting things together in her head,between the Detective's arrival and now Lawrence's absence,Paisley said nothing,giving a tight nod she headed for the kitchen.

Over all the party went well,pizza arrived in time, the kids ate like little machines and still had room for more so I took a picture of the Birthday cake before it was...destroyed.
Peyton loved it..especially the little bugs on it, and even more so when she discovered she was allowed to eat them. ehehehehe, she was kind enough to share them and took the bug off the top and...paste it onto her big brothers forehead followed by her throaty chortles.

Jules was not..amused.
and it seemed Peyton wasn't going to stop there, when she was served her special slice of cake, Julian stood on a chair beside her trying to be helpful, telling her that it was hers to eat and no one else's, it was when she kept pointing at it Jules made the mistake in taking a closer look... *Peyton went in for the kill*, smashing his face into her slice of cake.

my son came up with cake and frosting covering his face, minus the hole under his nose that currently was wide open, *the wailing was awful...* more out of humiliation than anything else.

and out of my peripheral I noticed at least three people taking no shame in documenting Julian's indignity with their cell's, two taking pictures, the third being Paisley's mum, who was actually taking a video of it.

Later, when the debacle of *the cake in the face incident* had been dealt with, presents had been opened, some were played with, then bed time had rolled around and thankfully things had calmed down, even Julian took some cheeky humor in what had happen to him saying... *the cake tasted good an I had a bite before Pey Pey.. ehehehe.*

and now with the children settled in bed, it was our turn, pulling my black sweats on I watched as Paisley in a tired fashion, put on her olive colored Tee and patterned PJ Pant set, *should I even bring that shit up about Gina?, it could wait until tomorrow.*

lying back on the bed, eyes closed as soon as Paisley's head hit the pillow, sighing before stretching her arms above her head.

"so... as for why that Detective was pulling out of our drive earlier, you ready to explain that?"

was she a mind reader? *shit.*

"not really, but you won't let up until I do" frowning at her, arms folded tightly.

popping one eye open, directing it at me.

"after four years together, you're just figuring this out?"

climbing onto the bed, over to her, Paisley sat up.

"alright, but what I'm about to say... *isn't very pleasant*, in fact it's shit, so please keep your emotions to a minimum, if possible"

I could see the unease growing on her face.

"just tell me Tom"

"you were right, it is about Gina, the Detective came by to inform us that she was indeed found... by a Farmer in Scotland, along the River Tay... Paisley" tucking some of her hair behind her ear, *"shes dead, from the look of her body, about a week, took a bullet in the back of the head, that's also why Lawrence wasn't here at the party... he was there to positively identify her body"*

staring at me, blinking not sure if it was shock or outright disbelief, what exactly was going on behind those green eyes?, somehow I expected... more.

"dead?" her voice barely a whisper.

finally..
"yes, and Lawrence confirmed it was her, I'm sure he'll have dental records compared, DNA and all kinds of tests done to further his confirmation, but yes darling.. she's gone"

her forehead wrinkled severely, I'm sure trying to comprehend this concept that Gina Wells was now defunct... not just in our lives, but literally, glancing around the room as if she spotted an annoying insect, this was coming at her hard.

pulling Paisley onto my lap, she willingly went, resting my chin on top of her head as I wrapped my arms around her, rocking gently.

"no that I wished death on that bloody cow, but I can honestly say morsel, my days and nights are going to be spent a lot less anxious, our babies are safe, you are safe, and I am actually sorry it took Gina being murdered to stop her, I'd rather of had her been arrested"

there was no response from below me, so I just kept lightly swaying her side to side, never letting go until I felt her body relax, hearing her soft snoring.

I'm seldom surprised, well not entirely true, but when I am I prefer it to be at my advantage in that it's a good one, so when I sleepily dragged my ass downstairs to make coffee only to see the light on in the kitchen... I knew it wasn't Paisley's mum, she was still asleep, so this unexpected sight was definitely not good to me.

approaching quietly, until I reached the doorway, it was when I saw the all too familiar substantially tall figure going about the room, getting into cupboards, did I relax.

"you stood a good chance of being stuck with a scalpel" I said flatly.

"as numb as I feel..probably wouldn't even of felt it" came Lawrence's flat tone, he hadn't even bothered to turn around,"but if you still want to take a stab, its all good with me"

fuck... he really was in shit shape, didn't give any real thought as to what must be going through his head, at one point Gina had been his mentor, friend and colleague, in the end, someone he really didn't even know, his enemy, on the run, and now wound up being the one to confirm her remains... thanks a lot Gina, you've hurt a lot of people.

"no mate.. kinda like having you around" going about making myself a cup of coffee," besides, don't think my girl could handle anymore news about death"

"she... knows?"

turning around, leaning against the counter, what I could see of him wasn't pretty, his white dress shirt was crumpled, hair unkempt, the man hadn't slept, or if he had it wasn't very well.

"yes"

"and how did she.." he cut himself off.

"Paisley... didn't say much, just the word dead as if it were a question, I held her until she fell asleep, no yelling, tears... nothing"

turning fully, facing me, oh yeah, he looked beyond shitty, pale, hollowed eyed, had he been crying?

"she needs too, don't let her hold that crap in, Gina's gone... they can run every fucking test known to
man to identify her, the decomp wasn't so bad that I didn't know who the fuck she was, besides. I would know” taking two strides over and he was up on me, “I'm the one who killed her”

To be Continued...

Photo credit/source- https://i.pinimg.com/736x/65/cd/52/65cd52a7af349a90c963d4b46b5df9f9.jpg
https://s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com/564x/e5/48/14/e548143dc2429294555f24bde2a58971.jpg
The crash of the coffee mug hitting the floor didn't even phase either one of us, I just stood there staring incredulously at the tormented face in front of me.

I'm the one who killed her.

Jesus fucking A...did he just confess to murdering Gina?, yes...yes he certainly fucking did, this wasn't happening, it's all a bad dream and I need to wake the fuck up...now!, Covering my mouth with my hand having not spoken a word, I'm sure he was desperate for me to do so, but what in the hell do I say to that?

"Tom..." he reached out, but winced immediately withdrawing the arm, growling, turning away.

"what is it?" quickly at his side, my eyes widened, his upper part of the right sleeve was blood soaked, "the fuck Lawrence?...is that what I think it is?"

"yes" his voice strained, "the bitch shot at me, its a temporary fix, a shitty field dressing, its just a graze, but fuck man it hurts"

saying nothing more, I hastily guided him to my study, taking care in locking the door, setting him down, then proceeded to seek my personal aide kit I kept here at home. Once I had gathered what I needed, I had him remove his shirt and proceeded to do what I was trained for.

"the fuck is with the needle?"

"tetanus shot, goes in the arm, but if you prefer I just stick you in the ass about now, its to prevent lockjaw, or I could forego the shot let tetanus set in as well as the bacterial infection that causes painful muscle spasms, then death"

I wasn't fucking around, he could see it, offering up his left arm, I gave him the shot. He was right, the bullet only grazed him, but the half assed field surgery he had done on himself hadn't lasted and the butterfly bandages were coming off allowing the injured site open back up, he was lucky, no infection had set in and there was only minor muscle damage requiring about five stitches, did this mean Lawrence killed her in self defense?

securing the dressing on, satisfied with it, I stood up going about throwing away the bloody gauze's and setting aside the dirty instruments, staring at the mess, the physician in me couldn't believe he let this wound go for a week.

"thank you"

"you can thank me by telling me the truth"

handing him one of my old black stretched out t-shirts that I knew would at least fit him, gently sliding over his head, and pulling it down, Lawrence nodded.

"it started out as a car chase, then wounded up on foot across a field, she turned firing on me two different times, that's how I got this" he pointed to his arm, "when I regained my footing I saw that she was about to do so again, but she wasn't even looking, but I had my weapon drawn, she fired as did I, caught her in the back of the head, Gina went right over the edge, I didn't even know she was that close to the river... when I came up on it, she was lying half in the water and the shore" he looked at me, there was no feeling in those eyes "so I left her there"
"but for a week Lawrence?" relieved now that it hadn't been murder after all,"leaving her for a
civilian to find" slowly shaking my head.

"I was hoping between the current of the river, elements and animal activity...there'd be nothing left,it
was never my intention for someone to find her like that"

"but they did,that poor Farmer has to live with that shit now"

"I know,and I do feel bad about that"

"do you?,cause from where I sit you could bloody well give two shits if school children had stumbled
upon her" I snapped.

squeezing his eyes shut as he rested his head on the back of the chair.

"not my finest moment Tom,there was so much shit going on at the time,I was chasing my former
mentor from the FBI across a pasture in Scotland,she was trying to kill me,so instead I killed her...left
her" raising his head,glaring at me now "the last thing I considered was my fucking etiquette after I
kill someone, they really don't teach you that at the Bureau,that would more like be in your field
Tom...first do no harm"

oh now he was just being a dick.

"in your case..I'm willing to break that oath just this once, after all I'm not really sworn to go by it,its
all common knowledge really, just be a good Doctor,be respectful,do your best for your patient and
not be an asshole in the process"

"so...what you're say is,you're going to do your best to be a disrespectful asshole to me, Tom?"
eyeing me in curiosity,maybe it was disbelief.

"only reciprocating your shit mood Lawrence,which I can understand,but don't think to take it out on
me" pointing to myself.

rubbing at his jaw with the palm of his hand,clearing his throat.

"yeah,I guess I am..." pushing himself up off the chair gently, "I owe you a cup of coffee,and a good
tidying up in the kitchen before mama morsel wakes up" he pointed with his thumb over his

shoulder.

snorting as I chuckled.

"mama morsel?..I like that"

About an hour after "clean up" whether you want to consider that the kitchen or Lawrence's arm,that
was a matter of choice,we just had been joined by my sleepy better half who managed to shuffle by
her brother without even noticing him,Paisley just headed for the coffee.

"morning darling" lightly playing at the ends of her tangled hair.

yawning with a nod as she poured herself a cup.

"morning"

"fine,don't even greet my big ass,like I'm not obvious or anything" Lawrence tried to joke.
her forehead wrinkled, trying to register who it was through her drowsy mind, making a half turn as she sipped at her coffee, Lawrence made a ridiculous little wave.

"humf..thought you'd still be with the Detectives, investigating that.." she waved a hand around in the air,"you know..oh what's her faces, death"

Lawrence and I exchanged looks, shaking my head, clearly now wasn't the time to discuss his part in that.

"uh, well.. for now they don't really need me, her body will be sent to the States tomorrow, Caldwell will be there to receive it"

"if he's a smart man, he'll leave it on the tarmac and just burn it" she murmured.

"not a bad idea, however it might make you feel a little better to know according to Caldwell, quite a few of the Agents at the Bureau offered to piss on her remains.. that includes female Agents too"

looking across the table at him Paisley went about putting jelly on a bagel.

"and what about Caldwell?"

"eh.. he's with you and his colleagues, he'd rather drink turpentine, piss on her remains and throw a match, or so he said"

"I like his idea much better" taking a bite of the bagel.

"can we change the subject? I know its pretty much a focal point due to her death and the nature of it, but for now..." I looked at both of them imploringly.

"yeah... since my mom doesn't know yet, it can wait, and I'm still trying to grasp the reality of it.. sure" Paisley sighed.

"no argument from me" Lawrence put a hand up, "besides I want to hear about the party I missed which I do apologize for" looking contrite now.

"there's pictures, and footage courtesy of Paisley's mum" I frowned, "of an unpleasant situation for Jules"

"oh?" this struck Lawrence interest.

"yes" Paisley shook her head, "Julian was trying to be helpful and told Peyton the big slice of cake she had in front of her was hers only to eat cause she's the birthday girl,... I swear Peyton played ignorant, he got close to the piece of cake and... well she pushed his face right into it"

"you realize she's Satan.. right?" Lawrence looked at Paisley deadpan.

rolling her eyes as the ever present middle finger presented itself if only briefly, eventually groaning in defeat at her brother.

"she's just a spirited child, I've lost count on all the crap she's done"

"darling, she's not that bad" I tried to soothe.

turning in her chair, both siblings gave me a stare I wouldn't soon forget.

"hmm, well here's what I can remember, ramming my legs with the walker, biting them, and let's not
forget her latest accomplishment...*name calling*, which I attribute to her father since I don't use these particular words"

"wha?" pointing to myself,"since when?"

"since Peyton started calling her big brother a *wankie* and a *tittie*, boil it down..wanker and a tit"

"sorry man, shes got you there, those insults are about as British as it gets” Lawrence snickered.

piss off Lawrence.

"if it'll help darling, I'll have a word with our smallest charge about her...*questionable* vocabulary" looking to Paisley, but my eyes flickered to my asshole brother-law who was trembling with quiet contained laughter.

"I'd appreciate it Tom"

The man sitting across from me was thoughtful in appearance, scratching under his chin, he then continued in silence to eat his roast and potatoes, having just shared what happened to Gina I was surprised he could eat, but this was Samuel we were talking about, I didn't like having to tell him this at a local eatery, but he insisted.

"so as we speak, her body is being sent back to the U.S where the FBI is taking over from there"

"I see now why my brother always had you at the ready" wiping his mouth with a napkin, "you don't fuck around"

leaning in on the table, I wanted to make it clear.

"I didn't plan on shooting the bitch, she drew fire on me, and managed to at least get one to nick my arm, I'd rather of dragged her into custody by the throat, she owed a lot of people some answers"

"Paisley know?"

"yes, seems to be fine with it, but inwardly I know she's a screaming mess, wanting nothing more than to have the chance to cuss, yell, kick and even spat at Gina's remains"

"and what about you?" reclining in his chair, eyeing me dubiously.

that was a curious question, *why bother asking,*? I washed my hands of her right after discovering her dirty secret.

"what do you mean?"

"she had been your teacher as it were, plucked you out while still in the Academy, guided you, and now it was you who ended her life, it has to have had an affect"

"if you're thinking its fucked me up... no, she went against everything that the Bureau represented, granted the Bureau isn't perfect, but what Gina was doing... it was a huge smite, she deserved what she got, if not by me... someone else would of"

Samuel folded his hands on the table, face becoming serious.

"you're right about that, having put Gina's face out there, her crimes, a outraged family who's child was
stolen, disgruntled customer's she may of had...Gina had become a walking target, her days were numbered, and I'm being sincere when I say...I just wish it hadn't been you"

"me too, but Gina brought it on herself, if she hadn't of fired on me" shaking my head, foolish bitch.

"I think she knew Lawrence, Gina was in a tight spot, she was on the run...after the death of Piper and how that went down...she was realizing her world was getting smaller by the minute, why else would she be stupid enough to risk leaving the safety of her vehicle, run across a pasture, knowing the person pursuing her could easily outrun her, she was desperate, firing on you was proof of that"

he made a good point, Gina had been careless, she was never careless, her plans were always thorough, and in the end it cost her her life.

"never thought I'd ever say this about her" staring at Samuel directly, "having considered what you said, I agree, Gina was at a point of no return...she threw in the towel"

"well now, with that said, has Agent Caldwell said anything about how the Bureau's going to handle their end of it?"

finishing off the last of my Scotch, nodding.

"they are going to continue investigating this brokering she had, whether it was just a quiet little thing she had going or a full blown organization, plus to see if there is any secret cells, you know like terrorists have, but in the baby brokering capacity"

"good, glad to see the Bureau isn't sweeping this under the carpet" Samuel lit up a cigarette.

"no, in fact once Gina's case is wrapped up, Caldwell is going to see that it's added to the Academy's curriculum, just like some of the other infamous ones, Manson, Son of Sam, nine eleven, Capone, just to name a few, he wants to drive it home that even an Agent of the Bureau can go bad...very bad"

Samuel looked at me surprised through the cigarette smoke, a chuckled rumbled from him.

"wow...if they couldn't shame Gina through the justice system, they'll disgrace her in death through many years of required learning of what the fuck not to do, for future Agents"

"essentially"

"one more thing Lawrence" raising a brow, leaning in.

"yes"

"a week...really?" Samuel glanced up at through his lashes.

"oh for shits sake!, you're the last to be judging anyone Samuel" leaning almost halfway across the table only because I was a big guy, but to meet him halfway as well," you blew a person up in a car, and you're giving me shit for leaving a body to the elements for a week?, a body of a woman who tried to kill me I might add"

"so I guess you could say...neither of our noses are clean" he wore a crooked smile.

"hardly"

To be Continued...
"So we never have really talked about it"

glancing up from where I sat in front of the fireplace,Lawrence gave me one of those looks that told me he either knew what I was talking about and feigning ignorance or he really was clueless.

"you'll have to be more specific, I don't have that x-men type gift you seem to possess that Tom tells me about, I can't read minds, or get funny feelings"

asshole...he knew what I was talking about, just dancing around it.

"well I don't levitate or see dead people, but I'd like to talk about a certain one, clear enough for that fat head of yours?"

frowning, giving his lips a severe twist.

"why would you want to discuss that shit of a woman?, she's gone, never to transgress on us or any other families in this world again for that matter"

"I'm not stupid Lawrence" leaning my head to one side,"your arm... Tom tried to tell me you acquired it on scene when you miscalculated a downward path to get to her body and you fell,... it's a bullet wound, I would know, having been shot myself, that and I have enough medical training to know the signs"

he actually was annoyed by this... so I was onto something.

"in my line of work, it's an occupational hazard, you should know that by now Paisley" he poured himself a drink, avoiding me now.

"especially if Gina was shooting at you..." still not showing any kind of acknowledgement of what I had said, he really didn't have too, that alone was confirming my suspicions, Lawrence should know me by now." I've already worked out that her death was not only deserving Lawrence, but... because of you, so quit acting all impassive, it's not a problem"

looking over his shoulder at me, he actually appeared pissed off.

"really Paisley?... you've guessed that I killed a woman, yes though scandalous and wanted by the law, leaving her body behind to let whatever has its way with it, be it animals or the elements... and you're cool with it?"

"okay, that was a pretty... hinky move, but no less than she deserved though" taking his drink out of his hand, and a sip from the glass," considering the hell she's put my family and others through, I'd call it Karma"

"Karma?" now it was an incredulous look.

"she reaped what she sowed, the way the cookie crumbles, handwriting on the wall, bad run of luck... how many synonyms do I have to come up with until you... get it?" tapping at my temple.

taking his drink back from me, leaning in until we were almost nose to nose.
"I get-it...smartass, what I was trying to say was, you seem blasé to the fact that I in legal terms could be held accountable for the desecration of a human corpse, in the sense I failed to report a dead human to a local law enforcement agency, after all I'm also a member of law enforcement and killed said human, leaving the bitch to rot"

keeping my eyes locked with his, whispering between gritted teeth.

"cause...I don't give a fuck"

we continued to stare directly at one another, waiting for him to ask why?, but that never happened, Lawrence now knew I was aware of how Gina died, and also of how I felt about it, was there really anymore to discuss?

~One Month Later~

"Thought I might find you here"

looking up from my laptop, only to see Lawrence peering in from the doorway of my study, he had been in the States helping Caldwell with wrapping up Gina's case, question is... did he?

"ah you're back, how goes it?" motioning him in to join me, "good I hope"

taking a seat, he did look knackered, more so than he usually did, this case was taking its toll on him, he made a frustrated face before pinching his sinuses.

"it was a cluster fuck, all I can say is... Gina had been a busy little bitch" he growled.

"that much I could guess" sitting on the edge of my desk, "the fact she was doing her thing at the time of the raid on the commune Paisley was in should of given you an estimate of how far back the wretch was stealing children"

"yeah, just glad its no longer going to be a problem"

I just hope it stayed that way.

Sitting on the edge of the bed I noticed Paisley's absence, but the light to the loo was on, narrowing my eyes to get a better look.

"darling are you in the loo?"

slowly a bare wet leg came into view from the bath, toes wiggling, then an arm waving a shaver, but my mind saw opportunity, quietly making my way to the bathroom, she hadn't seen my approach which is why when she did, a squeal and a splash of water came at me.

"thanks darling, now my pant legs are soaked"

submerged to her neck, Paisley looked up, a mock frown on her face.

"awww, poor Tommy got wet" she cooed.

"Tommy... really?"
"so why don't you take your wet pants off if it upsets you so much" sitting up continuing to slathering shaving cream on her leg.

challenge accepted, and with a thunk, my pants hit the floor, looking back up a series of giggles streamed forth from her.

"what now?"

"should of figured not only would you be commando, but your dick would be giving me his usual salutation"

"what can I say?... he's your biggest fan" tapping the tip of my cock lightly repeatedly with my fingertip, making it bounce.

"ppfftt.. bahahahaha!"

"are you laughing at my dick morsel?" trying to contain herself, biting both lips, her eyes sparkling, a horrible snort came from her, "that... I'm not sure what the hell that was?"

pulling off my shirt as her laughter had persisted, tossing it aside, I stepped into the tub.

"oh ho ho!" her laughter grew intense, echoing throughout the loo, as did the snorting "oh my god!"

"laugh at me will you, not to mention... snorting like a mule"

"a Mule!... did you just call me an ass?!"

that got her attention, the indignant look I got was actually arousing.

standing above her, well aware my dick though somewhat flaccid, dangled precariously near her face... this was going to either prove quite gratifying, or go bloody awful.

"Mule, Donkey... ass, however you perceive it... yes I certainly did"

"wanker"

smirking at her expletive, I bent over, arms folded in a haughty manner.

"no, not when I have you... to do it for me"

she folded her arms across her breasts in the same fashion which I couldn't help but notice the way the patches of bubbles slowly descended down the delicious wet mounds that gave away how it was affecting me... Paisley discerned this instantly.

"so are we going to shag?, or you going to torture yourself standing there with your poor dick straining his way to his goal?... any second now you're going to put my eye out with it"

"well we can't have that"

parting her legs, submersing myself into the warm water in between them until my chest pressed into her breasts, holding her face now an ever so softly caressing her cheek with a thumb Paisley's eyes had closed, leaning into my touch, her smile closed but sincere, I relished in these simple moments.

my mouth had found its way to hers and it responded ardently, moving together, tasting, savoring one another, exchanging breathy soft moans, parting and joining again a little more hungry each time, her mouth parted slightly, allowing my tongue to explore.
all the while I had began gently sliding my cock through her folds back and forth, rolling my hips occasionally, grinding myself into her just so I could hear a throaty moan, one of her hands had found their way behind my neck holding firmly to the curls at the nape of my neck.

by now she was currently grinding herself languidly upon me, together now we moved in unison, kissing, grunting, and other noises of lovemaking, her eyes had slowly opened, I found myself stopping just to look at her, then.

“I almost gave up on the aspect of love many years ago, I couldn’t live the way I was, alone... not that way no more, the fast living was no longer interesting, the strict Dom/sub lifestyle with no long term commitment, it had... no fulfillment, the taste for it no longer lingered, I hadn't found the right girl” my thumb rubbed gently across her bottom lip, “then four years ago I attended this small party by my old friends and then, my eyes locked onto the most amazing pair of green eyes, porcelain face framed with this beautiful mane of red hair, I was filled with wonder, I wanted you in that moment... not in a lewd fashion Paisley, but in a way a man should want a woman first and foremost, with respect... Paisley I was falling in love with you the minute I saw those big green eyes, heard that sharp wit, I belonged to you in those very moments”

staring wide eyed up at me, swallowing hard Paisley was about to attempt to answer when I leaned in and kissed her forehead, resting my lips there.

“it's okay love” murmuring against her skin “I'm aware you had no idea, you must of thought I just was some wanker trying to be fresh with you in the beginning” I added before parting.

when I pulled away, I was taken aback by the now red face, laden in tears and watery eyes before me.

"I love you" she sniffed, "you've given me so much"

The morning had came silently, well almost... the sound of the soft rain pelting on the windows outside could be heard, but the house itself remained quiet, Lying on my side I observed the impressive looking man sleeping next to me, a hint of a smile curving at the corner of his mouth.

it was his words from last night that came back, echoing through my mind, the stinging sensation behind my eyes returned, we've been through hell and high water since we've met, and still... here we are, together and very much in love.

my life never was easy, childhood was to say the least... shit, it had its up and downs, left and rights, always going sideways... one foster home after another for years, until I was fourteen, that was the last foster home I was in until I graduated High school, the foster parents for the most part actually cared about me and saw that when I had struck up a friendship with Casey,... I had changed, my grades improved, I was less reclusive, willing to associate with people, so they pled with child services to let me stay with them.

it was the best thing children services ever did for me, I was actually happy... for once, functioning like a human being, having a normal life, then years later, because of Casey... I meet Tom, grinning inwardly recalling how drawn I was to him yet I thought he was a dick too.

now we are married, two beautiful babies, lovely home in the English countryside, Tom has a successful practice in London and... my mom, yes there was her, she was in fact alive, never having died of an overdose, lied to by the same person who had lead me to believe what I had about my mom.
I would now put that away, my mom was very much alive and I'm enjoying getting to know the woman she is now...she loves me, I can see that, more importantly...I feel it.

"morsel"

my musings disrupted by the absurd epithet given to me, I turned my attention to the sleepy man facing me.

"yes Tom?"

rather than reply a long arm reached over, pulling my flush against him, squishing my boobs into his chest thus having my nipples poking him...that woke him up.

"ehehehehe"

"perv"

"I've never denied that darling"

his wickedness was cut short by a small but all too familiar sound from behind me.

"ma..da"

it was sleepy in tone, but I knew, giggling as Toms face dropped, rolling on his back groaning in frustration, I rolled too, but in the opposite direction, to see a tiny hand on the edge of the bed, further inspection a chaotic mess of ginger hair...Peyton, who was rubbing at an eye.

"hey sweet pea, what are you doing up so early?"

scooping her up and placing her between Tom and I, where she immediately snuggled up to me bumping her head underneath my breasts.

"ma ma.." she sighed contently.

rolling back on his side, Tom caressed her hair softly, smiling proudly, looking up at me.

"she just wanted her mum"

"yeah..so did someone else" I teased.

"ah well" he scratched at his hair, wincing "with two kids, I've learned.. evidently there will be a line"

Entering the foyer trying to shake off the what the English weather was currently offering, I hung my coat up and walked in to the living area where I saw Paisley sitting holding what looked like Lawrence's tablet, scrolling, the look of concentration was of some concern.

"darling..what is it?" no response, "Paisley?"

"uh..wha?" looking up bemused.

"why are you using Lawrence's tablet?"

looking back at it, then at me, she held it up.

"you should take a look"
sitting next to her, Paisley handed it to me, my forehead creased, on it were three pictures, of a woman and what looked like her at different ages.
"her name is Maya Mercer-Wells"

"Wells?"

Paisley turned toward me, her expression couldn't be more serious.

"Gina's biological daughter"

taking a closer look, my eyes flickering across the photos, I didn't hear just what I did...*there was no way*... but then again, could this young women be in fact Gina's daughter?
"this..this is"

"I know...Lawrence received these a few days ago, Caldwell has been spinning, he actually met her, oddly enough this Maya has been following the news, and when it was reported she was found dead and brought back to the states she...showed up at the Bureau with these pictures and a birth certificate, seems Gina had them in a safe deposit box in New York, her daughter even brought a receipt to prove that too"

"Jesus" raking my fingers through my hair, "wait..you said..biological daughter..what made you say that?"

"interestingly enough, Maya told Caldwell she realized pictures and a Birth certificate really don't prove anything these days, offered a DNA sample, so they ran one...a clear match, plus and here's the sad part..she had no idea her mother was involved in the baby brokering..none"

"god what that woman must be feeling" leaning back on the sofa, still stunned by the new information "why was she even there?, could of easily remained anonymous"

Paisley looked back at the tablet, her face suddenly clouded up, voice softened.

"she was there to claim her mothers body"

closing my eyes, of course she would, Gina was her mum, even if she was classified as a criminal, Maya was only doing what she thought was right as a daughter.

"so...how is Lawrence dealing with this?, I'm assuming, not well considering he left the tablet with you and hes not here"

this couldn't be good, last I saw him he looked crappy and now this, Paisley looked about the room, shaking her head dismally.

"no..he isn't, tore out here with a fire under his ass, he'll be lucky if he isn't arrested at the rate he drove out of here, can't blame him though Tom, for years they worked together, slowly he was learning Gina wasn't who he thought she was, starting with me, going on that raid knowing his little sister would be there, cause she told him just before, Gina also knew when Lawrence went undercover working for Sean that he.. was his father, Lawrence was told of course, then there's my mom, he watched her die.. but as we know that was a hoax, then more recent, he finds out Gina has for quite some time been selling children she has stolen, and now finds out.. she actually has a grown child of her own" blowing a sigh, "Lawrence has a lot on his plate right now"

pulling her back into my arms, kissing the top of her head.

"he has us darling, we'll help him get through it"

"I know, but.. you haven't heard all of it"

"there's more?"

well fuck.

"um.. she wants to meet me"

"who?"

"Maya, Caldwell explained to her all the crap that went down, told her it all came to light beginning
with me, what she had done to myself and mom, Maya felt awful asked him if some time if it would be possible to meet up with me"

"how do you feel about that?"

sidling up closer to me, resting her head on my shoulder.

"I don't know...what would I say?, do.. damn how awkward that might be"

"how about this Paisley, if you do meet, just say you must have questions, I have questions, maybe together we can get them answered and in the process perhaps even become friends, I bet she could use one"

looking up at me, she smiled for the first time.

"that sounds really good when you put it that way, but until then lets just deal with what's going on now and when or if the time comes...then hopefully Maya and I can get together and find the justification we both deserve"

"I know what I had said was reassuring and I don't want to put a damper on that darling, but what if.. you don't get the answers?"

a thoughtful look passed over her face, almost peaceful like.

"then... I just move on"

The End...


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Chapter End Notes

I just want to say THANK YOU to those who have read both stories, gave Kudos and commented, I'm crap at ending stories so hopefully this one wasn't too bad lol and once again a HUGE THANK YOU :D
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!