Unthinkable

by Pusherlovegirl2

Summary

Summary: Seven years, three movies, two people, one story. But before they can get their happily ever after, Sebastian Stan and Camille Solis must learn to trust in each other and in themselves, before allowing the unthinkable to happen.
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Undisclosed Location

Camille Solis sat next to her mentor of 3 years- chewing anxiously on the lid of the pen in her hand. She kept glancing up at the front door of the conference room every time someone opened it. "Chill out Camille," she thought to herself and gnawed even harder on the pen. She jumped out of her chair when the door open again, her cheeks begin to burn with embarrassment and looked around the room nervously expecting people to be starring, but thankfully no one was looking in her direction.

"Cam? Camille."

She quickly turned her head in the direction of the voice next to her. "Hmm?" she murmured, eyeing the door as it opened once more. How many more people were going to be in this meeting? So far she had counted about 15. They all sat around the huge marble conference table, talking amongst themselves. Her nerves were going to kill her if this didn't get started soon.

"Seriously sweetie. You need to relax." she heard her boss Liz whisper calmly next to her.

Camille turned to face Liz, the pen out of her mouth. "I'm relaxed." she lied.

"Oh yeah?" Liz asked in her British accent and a raise eyebrow.

"Yes." Camille answered, pushing up her purple rimmed glasses up her nose. Liz gave a small nod in the direction of her left leg. "What?" she asked with a small frown, trying to follow Liz's gaze.

"Your leg babe."

Shit. Camille looked down once again at what Liz was talking about. She quickly placed a hand over her bouncing left leg. "Way to go leg." she thought. After all these year, she'd managed to control her anxiety tendencies, but this was new territory for Camille. She was in a room full of people- mostly men- who were Hollywood big shots. Either as producers, directors, screenwriters, and God knows what else. So yes, maybe she was fucking nervous and anxious. "Okay...so I am a bit nervous." she said in a defeated voice.

Liz chuckled lightly. "This is kind of a big deal isn't it?"

"Yes. The only problem is that I don't know why it's a big deal." she stated, looking accusingly at her best friend. Liz had not only been her mentor for the past 3 years, but also a friend. They had grown close in the past years they’ve spent working together. Liz has started her own make-up business about 10 years ago in Los Angeles. Camille had been offered a job after she completed her make-up artist license. She spent most of the first year training under Liz, and learning the ropes of the business. After that she did mostly small jobs that included small plays around the city, and/or photo shoots. But now sitting next to her boss she knew that she had just entered the big leagues, not only for her but for Liz's growing business too. After doing mostly television make-up work they had been offered a contract to work on an upcoming motion picture film that had been kept under wraps- until today that was.
"You've waited almost a month, a few more hours won't kill you."

"Hmm." was all Camille said with a wrinkle of her nose.

"And besides you know I couldn't say anything." Liz leaned in closer and said under her breath. "I'm freaking out too."

"That doesn't comfort me at all." Camille whined. Liz only smiled weakly. Fantastic. Liz was supposed to be the calm one from the both of them. Camille chewed on her lower lip anxiously. Obviously whatever this job entitled was going to be huge and was going to need everyone on board. And by everyone that meant the 15 people that worked for Liz. All of a sudden the room started to feel small. Really small. Her mouth was dry. What if they couldn't do the job? What if what these people needed was more than they could provide? What if these people thought she wasn't the right one for the job? What if Liz felt she couldn't handle it? Oh fuck. She glanced around the room once again. Fuck, it was hot now. She sucked in a large shaky breath. "Do you think I have enough time to go to the bathroom?" She stood up from her chair, and reached out for her phone, not waiting for Liz to respond.

"Yeah...I think so." Camille saw the worried look in her eyes. "Do you want me to go with you?"

She shook her head. "No, its fine." she showed her the phone in her hand. "If I'm not back before they get started, send me a text okay?" She tried to keep her voice as steady as possible.

"Yeah of course. Are you sure you don't want me to go with?"

Camille tried to give her a reassuring smile, even though from the way Liz was looking at her it probably looked liked a creepy smile. "Yes. Positive." Without waiting for her to say another word, she quickly made her way out of the conference room. Once she stepped out she let out the large breath she been holding in. Her heart was thumping against her chest and her face started to feel numb. Oh no. This was not the time or place to have a panic attack. She took another deep breath, she needed to calm down if she was going to go back into that room. "Breath." she instructed herself silently. She squeezed tightly on to her phone a small hint of relief hitting her gut when she realized who could calm her down. She quickly hit the speed-dial and placed the phone onto her ear. It ranged, once, twice, three, four, five times. No answer, instead she got his voicemail.

"This is David. Sorry I can't come to the phone right now. Leave me a message and I'll call you back when I get the chance."

She frowned to herself and hung up. She called again, her hand shaking. She took in another breath, as she heard the phone ring five times before she heard once again: "This is David. Sorry I can't come to the phone-" She hung up again. The tears welled up in her eyes. She knew he was home. In fact when she left in the morning, he was wide awake and on the phone with his brother. She wasn't needy, never had been. Usually when she had a panic episode she kept them to herself. It's not as if he didn't know about them, they just always seem to make him uncomfortable when she talked about them. But she needed to at least hear his voice at the moment. She dialed again. This time it didn't ring more than once before it went straight to his voicemail. Camille sniffed back her tears and started to walk. Where was the bathroom? She took about 15 steps when she realized she had no idea where she was going. The bathroom was nowhere in sight. She glanced over her shoulder and looked around to see if she had just missed the signs. Nope. Nothing.

Her hands continued to shake and she was sure her heart was going to rip out of her chest. If she was going to have this panic attack she couldn't have it down this open hall. Camille looked to her left, and saw a door with a sign that read: Room 1. Without hesitating, she took a step towards it and turned the door knob. A sigh escaped her lips when the door opened. She quickly stepped inside but
stopped dead in her tracks when she realized that she was not the only one in the room. A few feet away stood a man with his back to her on the phone. He spoke enthusiastically in a language Camille did not understand. "Move." she said to herself. But couldn't. Her anxiety and this panic attack had taken over.

The man must have heard the door open because he quickly turned around. Any other time Camille would have paid attention to how tall he was and to the strong jaw line he had. But at the moment all she could think about was the thumping in her tight chest. The man said something into the phone and hung up.

"Sorry." he said in English with a crooked smile.

Camille rubbed the back of her neck with her shaky hand. "N-no. It's okay. I-I'm sorry." she stuttered.

The man's smile faded a little when he saw her face. She must look like a crazy person right now if he was looking at her that way. "The room is all yours." Pointing toward the front door. "I'll head out."

She gave a small nod and mumbled a quick thanks under her breath and sat down on the office chair a few feet away. She was dizzy now. What was she doing? She couldn't disappoint Liz. What if she failed? She couldn't lose this job. A part of her knew what she was thinking was not logical but at the moment her anxiety was winning. She took off the glasses and placed them on the table next to her and wiped the tears from her face with the back of her hand.

"Are you okay?"

She shot her head back up and looked up to see the man still standing there, looking down at her with concern in his eyes. "Y-yeah...yes" she managed to say as she placed both of her hands on her lap. He didn't look convince, she watched him take a small step toward her. "I'm fine. Thank you." Yet her tears told a different story. She sucked in a low breath, the feeling of panic starting to take over her whole body. She needed this man to leave so she could cry and hyperventilate in private. But he didn't. Instead he sat down on the chair next to her. She didn't look up at him, instead she tried to breathe through her nose.

"Are you having a panic attack?" the man asked in a soft voice. Camille looked up that time in surprise. Her eyes locked with his blue orbs as she started to hyperventilate. He genuinely looked concern. She nodded without realizing it. He took her head nod as a yes and cleared his throat as he slid the office chair closer to her. Their knees touched. He licked his lips nervously. "Okay...do you want me to hold your hand?" Camille nodded despite her heavy breathing. She felt like she was going to suffocate. The man reached out for her right hand and tangled his fingers with her. "Okay-um-try and focus on your breathing." he said in a soothing low voice. Camille tried to do what he suggested. But it was hard. Her mind started to roll back through her thoughts of why she was sitting here in the first place. This new job, David...

She felt the tears against her cheeks again. She couldn't do it. She couldn't do what this man was telling her to do. She wanted to, but her mind was racing. "I-I-I can't." she whimpered as she wiped her tears away with her left hand, feeling the coolness of her engagement ring touch the side of her cheek.

"You can." he said in a stern-yet soothing tone. "We're going to take deep breaths." he instructed. "I'll do them with you." Camille felt him take her other hand and squeeze them lightly. "Ready?" She could only nod. "Take a deep breath in." he ordered. Camille sucked in a shaky breath, her eyes shut tightly. She heard him do the same. After a few seconds she heard him speak again. "Breath out."
She did what he said. "Breath in." he murmured again. She sucked in her breath again. She felt his thumbs gently rub on the top of her hands. "Breath out." She breathed out.

She concentrated on his voice as he told her to breathe in and out. After about 3 minutes she opened her eyes and looked back up at the stranger helping her. He was breathing with her, like he said. He gave her a small smile through his breathing. Why was he helping her? He didn't know her. And how did he know what to do? Usually when people realize she was having a panic attack, they panicked themselves. But not this man. Her gazed locked with his as she continued to breathe like he instructed. Her face still felt numb.

How were they going to work this job with all the other jobs they had booked for the next coming months? How was she supposed to plan a wedding in between all of this? The tears rolled down her eyes again. "Oh god." she said. "I can't do this." she said out loud. "I can't." She sobbed. She wasn't capable of doing all these things. She stopped breathing and let go of the man's hands. She quickly shoved her face in them instead and began to cry.

"Hey, hey, hey, it's okay." she heard him say, but his voice sounded so far away. She felt him pull her hands away from her face. She looked at him through her tears as she gasped for a breath. He cupped her face in his warm hands. "Look at me." he soothed. Camille did what he asked, but the tears wouldn't stop. "I got you." he murmured. His thumbs wiped away her tears. "Just keep your focus on me. Okay? I'm not going anywhere." His voice was so soothing and low. Almost like hot tea and honey.

She nodded and breathed in, her eyes never leaving his handsome face. His eyes were not only blue, but warm and inviting."B-but I don't even know you." she whispered. Her heart beat slowed down some as breathed in and out again.

He chuckled lightly. "I don't know you either. But here we are." He pressed his forehead to hers for a split second. "My name is Sebastian."

"Camille."

"Hi Camille. Now we know each other." he teased and then added. "Pretty name."

She felt herself smile despite the tears. And for the first time she realized how close they were. She could feel his warm minty breath on her face. But also felt her breathing start to regulate.

"Ah, she smiles." Sebastian joked lightly. "You're no longer shaking." He observed. He still had her face cupped in his hands and absently stroked one side of her cheek with his knuckles. "Is your face numb?" he asked.

"Not so much now." she replied and licked her dry lips.

"Good." he said with a smile that reached all the way up to his eyes.

"Thank you." Camille whispered and tried to not pay attention to how cute he looked as his eyes scrunched up together with that smile. "Usually people freak out with me." she joked, trying to lighten the mood.

Sebastian's smile faded slightly. "I'm sorry. That's not how it should be." He leaned in close again, his lips only inches away from her cheek.

"It's okay. It's something I've dealt with half of my life." Her eyes fluttered shut for a split second as she wondered what it would be like to have his lips on the side of her face. She quickly pushed that thought away and said."Thank you again."
"You're welcome." he answered, his hands still on her. She wasn't sure how to ask him to let her go. She pressed her lips together. "What?" he asked.

"Um... do you think I could get my face back?" she asked with a light blush on her cheeks.

Sebastian's eyes grew wide. "Oh shit! Yeah, course." he mumbled and dropped his hands from her face. "I'm sorry." He rubbed his hands on the side of his jeans.

If she wasn't mistaken she saw a light blush on his cheeks too. "Don't be. I mean you did just calm me down from a major panic attack. I just figured you probably had somewhere to be."

"Huh? Oh yeah. Yeah." He leaned back against the chair and ran his fingers through his hair.

"I don't know how to thank you." Camille said to him.

"Well...I'm a whore for coffee." Sebastian confessed with a raised eyebrow.

"A whore for coffee?" she repeated with a giggle. "I've never heard anyone describe it that way before."

He shrugged nonchalantly. "I'm one of a kind." Yet there was a hint of humor in his eyes.

Before Camille had a chance to say another word, her phone beeped.

Liz: We are about to start. Where are you? Are you okay?

"Oh crap!" she gasped and got up from the chair. "I have to go! I'm so sorry." And without another word she grabbed her phone and ran out of the room. She quickly walked back toward the conference room swung the door open and made her way back to Liz.

"Where have you been?" Liz murmured. Her friend narrowed her eyes. "You're eyes are puffy. Have you been crying?"

"I'll tell you later." she whispered and sat down. She looked around the room and realized that there was maybe one or two empty seats now. The anxiety she had felt before she left the room had now turned into pure adrenaline the moment she had left the stranger in the room.

"Alright, I think everyone is here now..." said a voice at the end of the other table. Camille looked in the direction of the voice, and spotted two men sitting next to each other. "Hold on I think we are still missing." At the moment the door opened again. "Ah there he is!"

"Sorry, I'm late."

"You're good. Grab a seat."

Camille had stopped paying attention when she realized she wasn't wearing her glasses. She leaned into Liz. "Do you have my glasses?" Liz shook her head. "I can't find them." she said with a small frown. She must have left them in the other room. At least if she was wearing them, then she could hide the puffiness from her eyes. She turned away from Liz and turned slightly to her other side and found herself looking into those calming blue orbs again. She opened her mouth to speak but nothing came out.

Sebastian eyes danced with amusement. "You left them in the other room." he murmured and pushed the glasses toward her. Camille could continue to stare. She had not been expecting this. She blinked out of her thoughts when she heard the voice on the other end again speak.
"Alright now that everyone is here we can get started!"
Camille: I just got to work, and I really don’t want to have this conversation through text. I will call you later tonight. Love you. She let out a frustrated sigh as she placed her phone face down on the make-up table. This was not how she wanted to start her morning, in a fight with David, through text none the less. She glanced down at the engagement ring he had proposed with 9 months ago, wondering how things had begun to change right after the she had said yes. In the last 6 months all they ever seemed to do was bicker and argue. It would start off with something small and trivial that would somehow manifest into a full blown argument that ended with yelling, and sometimes even tears. She absently stroke the top of the diamond with her thumb and realized that she was not helping the relationship any bit being so far away from him.

“I may or may not have sweet talked the barista this morning into giving me the last blueberry pastry.”

Camille broke out of her thoughts and turned around to the voice behind her. She couldn’t help but smile when she saw the familiar handsome face of Sebastian Stan walking toward her, waving a brown paper bag in one hand, and a coffee holder in the other with two cups of what Camille assumed was caffeine. “Did you say something to her in Romania?” she teased reaching out her hand for what she hoped was her Espresso.

Sebastian furrow his eyebrows together and took a step back. “You want the pastry or not?”

“Well Cam?” Camille whine with a small pout and reached out her hand again. “You know I do.” She closed her eyes for a split second when the whiff of coffee hit her nostrils. It was 5:45am and it was still dark and she needed her caffeine damn it. “Besides, it’s not like you are doing this out of the goodness of your heart. We both know you are doing this so tomorrow I bring you two coffees” she reminded, snatching the cup of coffee from its holder instead. She heard him mumble something in Romania. Camille glared. “That better not have been an insult.”

“Moi?” Pointing to himself and feigned look of hurt in his those blue irises. “I would never insult you Doll.”

She gave him only glare before taking a sip of her Espresso closing her eyes and letting out a small moan of satisfaction when the caffeine hit her throat. She opened her eyes and found Sebastian staring attentively at her lips. She pushed the small flutter in her stomach away when he licked his lower lip. “Snap of out Cam!” scolding herself and said out loud instead. “Thanks for my Espresso, Stan.” Emphasizing his last name.

Blinking out of his trance, it was his turn to glare. “Don’t call me Stan.”

“Don’t call me Doll.”

Sebastian placed the coffee holder on the make-up table next to her phone and grabbed his own coffee out of the holder. “You know it slips out.”

It was true. They been working together for the past 4 months and in that time frame she had heard him rehearse those lines while she did his make-up and hair about every day. It was bound to stick in someone’s vocabulary but Sebastian only seem to use the term Doll towards her. Camille was pretty
sure he didn’t call anyone else that. At least she had never heard him use it on anyone. If someone
would have told her 4 months ago she would be working on a major movie set doing hair and make-
up for movie stars she would have laughed in their faces. But here she was doing just that and having
the time of her life. Not only was she getting to work on a real movie set and getting the experience
but had also made some great friends in the short time. One of them being Sebastian Stan—one of the
major players in the movie itself.

“Stan slipped out too.” Camille retorted not missing a beat.

He snorted back his laughter and finally handed her the brown bag with her morning pastry. “Smart
ass.”

“I am smart but it has nothing to do with my ass.” opening the bag and smiling genuinely at him
when she took her pastry out. It was the small things in life that made her smile. One of them being
her morning treat. It was something she started doing for herself before going on set /work, stopping
by the corner coffee shop by her small loft apartment, since being in Manchester. “Have I told you
lately you’re my favorite Sebastian Stan?” she joked, biting into the blueberry goodness.

“What happen to ‘it’s not like you are doing this out of the goodness of your heart’ Camille?”

“She disappeared the moment she took a bite of this.”

He sighed dramatically. “Oh thank fucking god. I thought I was going to have to deal with her again
today.” Taking a sip of his coffee, and placing the baseball hat he was wearing on the make-up chair
next to him.

With one hand holding her espresso and the other holding the pastry she said. “Keep bringing these
pastries in and she will never make an appearance again.” Winking at him and taking a bite.

“Tomorrow’s your turn.”

It had started almost 2 months ago when the Russo brother’s had asked her to come a bit earlier to go
over some of the looks they wanted to use for certain shots. She had stopped by the coffee shop
before bringing them coffee and some sweets. The meeting had taken place in one of the conference
rooms near the studio. She had stepped out for a few minutes to use the restroom only to return to
Sebastian sitting where she had been, the pastry she had gotten for herself in his hand. Of course he
had no idea that she was waiting to eat it after the meeting. But he had been so embarrassed after she
had mentioned it that the next morning he had bought her a coffee with 4 of the blueberry pastries.
And for the next 3 days he continued to do it, even after Camille had told him it was not a big deal.
Then of course Camille felt like she needed to reciprocate, so she brought him his favorite coffee,
and ever since that day they took turns.

“But Seb, I don’t think I can sweet talk the barista like you can.” she said in a sweet voice.

Sebastian rolled his eyes rubbing his palm on his bearded cheek. “Flattery will get you nowhere
Doll.”

She opened her mouth to tell him not to call her doll when her eyes fell on his bearded face. “God
damn it Sebastian!”

His eyes grew wide. “What? What did I do now??”

“You have a beard!” she exclaimed.

“Yea I can usually grow them in a day or two.” he stated with a smug smile rubbing both hands on
his cheeks.

“You promised you were going to shave it off for Wednesday’s shooting. I know you were whining about having to go clean shaven but—”

He interrupted. “I was just giving you shit. You know I’m going to do it. But Wednesday is tomorrow.”

She shook her head. “No, Wednesday is today.” she glanced over at the clock on the wall. 5:56 am. He had to be done in make-up and hair at 6:45 am. She placed her coffee on the table a few feet away from her and took a step toward him. “How long does it usually take you?”

“Shit, today is Wednesday.” he realized as he rubbed a hand through his hair. “And how long does it take me to do what?”

“To shave this off.” she said tugging roughly on the hair on his chin.

“OW!” Sebastian yelled taking a step back from her. “Seriously Cam!?”

“What?” she mumbled. She reached out for his face again, and he moved back before she touched him. “I won’t tug again.” she promised placing her hands on both sides of bearded face. She absently stroked his covered face with her thumbs. “It’s getting thick.” she observed, leaning in to take a better look. She heard him clear his throat nervously, Camille looked up from inspecting his cheek and chin and met his eyes. His normal clear blue eyes had turned a darker shade of blue. There was that small flutter in her stomach again. She dropped her hands from his face and felt the heat rise to her cheeks. “It all has to go.” she instructed. She took a step back and turned around toward her second make-up desk. Closing her eyes for a split second she tried to regain her breathing. This was her job damn it! Why did she feel so flustered all of a sudden? It’s not like she hadn’t touched his face before, in fact she had spent hours helping him get ready for scenes. There were days when she spent 10 plus hours, doing touch ups on his face. She did it for Chris Evans for god sakes and she was always okay with that.

“I’m going to have to use the electric razor.” Sebastian murmured. “I have one in my trailer—”

Camille broke out of her thoughts and turned back to face him. “You’re trailer is on the side of the set.”

“Camille—”

She stopped him. “I have one here. It hasn’t been used yet.” Looking through one of her black make up bags, finally after tossing a few things on the floor her hand wrapped around the small bag that the electric razor sat in. “Found it!” handing it to him.

“Fine.” he whined taking it out of its confined space. Walking toward the lighted mirror he frowned turning the razor on, running it over his face. While he did that Camille turned back to the other desk getting things ready for the make-up he was going to be wearing for the day. “Good enough?” she heard him ask.

Turning around she looked back up at his face and frowned. “The electric razor doesn’t give you a close enough shave.” She knew he was getting annoyed. She saw it in his face. He hated being completely clean shaven, but it was sacrifice he had to do for the movie. Some scenes described him with no beard and/or stumble of any sort.

He growls. “Don’t test me little girl.”
Camille suppressed the moan that almost left her lips at his words. She wondered if he talked like that during sex?

“Stop being a baby and sit down.” she ordered. Without saying a word he sat down in the make-up chair. “Stop pouting.”

“You can be so damn bossy Solis.” he mumbled, placing each arm to rest on the side of the arm rest.

She ignored his snide comment. “See? It missed some spots.” lifting his chin up with her forefinger inspecting him again. “They want you free of stubble.” She let him go and reached back into her bag.

“What are you doing?” Sebastian asked hesitantly. She turned back to him showing him the unopened razor and shaving cream. He tossed his head back and laughed. “God damn it woman, you think of everything.” he sighed. “Fine, hand it over.” reaching his hand out.

“You have to work on those last lines Seb.” she reminded. “You said yesterday you were having a hard time remembering them.”

“I-I know.” he said. “But I only have 2 hands.” showing them to her with a smirk. She walked toward the counter with the sink and filled one of the bowls with water before making her way back to him, placing the bowl of water on the table behind her she placed herself between his legs. The smirk he had been holding quickly faded as he realized what she was about to do. “What-what are you doing?” he stammered, even though he knew the answer.

She shook the shaving cream bottle in her hand and was about to squirt it on her hand, when she realized she needed to take off her engagement ring. She slipped the ring off her finger and placed it gently on the counter next to her phone. Camille turned back to Sebastian smirking “No stubble Stan.” she reminded. She giggled when he jerked away startled as she slathered his face in foam.

“It’s cold.” he muttered squinting a bit.

Hooking a finger under his chin, Camille brought his eyes back to hers and brought the razor to his cheek.

“Trust me?” she whispered and he gave her an almost imperceptible nod.

Camille felt the mood in the room change as she slid the razor gently down his skin, following it with her fingers, feeling the smooth skin underneath. Sebastian’s eyes slid shut as a small sigh left Camille’s lips. What the hell was she doing? My job! a voice reminded her in the back of her brain. She had helped models before with shaving, waxing. This wasn’t anything new. But they hadn’t been Sebastian either. And Sebastian was a friend, so shouldn’t it be easier to do things like this? Never in a million years did she think she would have ended up bonding with one of the actors. In fact she had expected to just come in and do her work and then head back to her apartment. But somehow she had connected with Chris, Hayley and especially Sebastian. And she spent as much time with them on set as she did off.

She had expected Sebastian to tease her about how they had met back in April, but he never did. Instead he wanted to know about her. What she liked to do, the music, movies, books she was into. In the first couple of weeks of him sitting in her make-up chair they got to know each other pretty well. They had the same sense of humor, and liked many of the same thing that their conversations just came easily.

Sebastian opened his eyes back up, with a smoldering look in eyes watching Camille shave him.
“You’re good at this.” he huffed.

Pressing a finger against his chin, she has his attention. Camille jut her chin out, Sebastian realized what she was asking mimicking her, allowing her to bring the razor up the column of his throat and over his chin. “Who do you think gives Evans that smooth chin?” she teased.

“Nenorocit norocos.” Sebastian uttered in Romanian.

“What did you just say?” she asked curiously. He only gave a small shake of his head chewing absently on his bottom lip as he continued to watch. Camille was almost finished now. But shivered slightly when she felt his fingers press lightly against her hip. She could feel the heat of his fingers even through her sundress. “I’m almost done.” she whispered.

Tapping the skin just below his nose he focused back on her. “Take your time sweetheart.”

She met his gaze. “Don’t call me sweetheart.” she frowned.

“Fine, I’ll just call you Doll.” he teased.

“My hand might just nick you.” she threaten.

Chuckling he stated. “One day you’ll let me call you Doll.”

“Hmmph. Never going to happen Sebastian.” She was almost finish now. Sucking her bottom lip, her mouth stretched skin between the nose and upper lip. He mimicked, Camille release her lip with a pop and she saw his jaw clinch. And she was finished, she placed the razor into the water behind her, before grabbing the towel to wipe away the excess shaving cream from his handsome face. Fucking Christ, that jaw line was beautiful.

“You smell good.” Sebastian blurted out. “A mixture of vanilla and chocolate.”

“It’s Shea butter lotion.”

“What ever the hell it is—it’s amazing.” he mused.

“I can get you a bottle if you’d like.” Camille joked placing the towel in the bowl as well. She stepped back from in between his legs, reaching for the bowl. She let out a surprise gasp as he wrapped his fingers around her wrist.

“It wouldn’t smell as good on me as it does on you.” he said in a low voice.

Camille’s heart raced at his touch and words. He was teasing. Right? Sure they flirted and bantered back and forth, but she also flirted and joked with Chris and Dominic and they did it back. How was this any different than that? Shit, she had oiled up Chris’ chest at least three times now, and throughout the whole thing, sexual innuendos had been thrown around. But deep, deep down Camille knew this was not like Chris or Dominic’s flirting and teasing. There was an unspoken attraction between Camille and Sebastian. But neither one was willing to cross that line. No, they were both in serious relationships with other people that they were in love with.

Involuntarily Camille found herself back between his legs. “Do you flirt with every girl this way Ojos azules?” she said trying to lighten the mood.

He grinned, his smile reaching all the way up to his eyes. She felt a few somersaults in her stomach as his eyes and nose scrunched up together. Those wrinkles on his nose when he smile were fucking adorable. So okay, fine she had a small crush on the him. It was just crush. She had even had one on
Chris when she met him. So this was normal. Who didn’t get crushes on movie stars?

“Did you just call me Blue Eyes?” tilting his head to his left.

“You understood that?”

“Of course I did Ibirea mea.”

Wrinkling her nose she asked. “What does that mean?”

“Butt face.” Sebastian answered with hesitation.

“You’re so full of shit.”

“Sometimes…yes.” agreeing with a nod.

Leaning in closer he reached out and placed a hand to her cheek. They locked eyes. “It means: you dork.” he confessed.

She swallowed the lump in her throat, needing to move away from his touch, she just couldn’t. She rolled her eyes. “Fine, don’t tell me.” giving him a small shove.

Sebastian giggled. “This is fun. I love it when I can beat you at something.” sticking his tongue out to lick those plump red lips.

“When did this become a game??”

“Like 2 minutes ago, we’re you not paying attention?” he scoffed.

Camille pulled a strand of curls out of her face behind her ear. “You are such a dork.” The strand of hair blew back to the front her face, but before she had the chance to move it away, Sebastian hand had done it.

The smile he had a few second ago had faded, his eyes turning serious once again. “Camille… I-”

No, she couldn’t hear what he had to say, instead she pushed herself away. “Do you want to go ahead and run some of the lines out loud as I start with your hair? Although you should have been running them when I was shaving.” Breaking whatever spell they had just been in. The feeling of guilt hitting her stomach when she reached out for her engagement ring from David. She was fucking engaged god damn it. What the hell was she thinking?

Running his hands through his hair he answered. “Yea. Sounds good. Thanks.” pause. “I had to make sure you wouldn’t cut me.”

Chuckling at his words, she felt his gaze on her, she lifted her head up adjusting the diamond on her finger before meeting his eyes. Sebastian’s eyes fell to the ring, giving her a small sad smile. They both knew that was the end of their moment.
Chapter 2 Distractions

August 2010 (A week later) Manchester, UK

Ding! Ding!

Camille turned the kitchen faucet off glancing over at the phone on the counter. Sebastian’s name blinking back at her, slipping the yellow cleaning gloves off both of her hands she reached for the phone and opened his message.

Sebastian: What are you doing?

Camille: Cleaning.

Sebastian: Weren’t you cleaning two hours ago? How long does it take to clean a studio apartment?

Rolling her eyes she answered back: I’m thorough.

Sebastian: Wait, have you been cleaning the kitchen sink this whole time?

Camille frowned even though he couldn’t see it. Fine, so she had been cleaning the kitchen for the past two hours. But she had been cleaning the kitchen sink and counters for the past hour. So he was wrong about that! Cleaning was a coping mechanism when she was stressed and anxious. And at the moment she was both.

Camille: I told you I was thorough. And it’s only been 1 hour for your information!

Sebastian: LOL. You need a break.

Deciding to change the subject she texted: Aren’t you supposed to be in a middle of fight scene or something?

It was only 9:30 in the morning, but Camille knew he had been on set since 4:30am. They had been trying to get some of fighting scenes done before it got light out.

Sebastian: Done baby!

Sebastian: Don’t change the subject, you need a break. I’m sure your kitchen sink is nice and clean now. Put the cleaning supplies down Cam and open the front door.

She wrinkled her nose, placing the gloves on the edge of sink. What the hell was he up to?

Ding! Ding!

Sebastian: OPEN.THE.DOOR.

A few moments after receiving his text, she heard the door buzzer. Camille couldn’t help but smile to herself when realized he was standing on the other side. The buzzer rang once, twice, three times now. The smile slowly fading and a hint of annoyance replacing it. Sometimes he could act like such
a man child. Placing the phone on the counter she walked toward the door hearing the buzzer go off again.

“I’m coming!” she yelled.

Swinging the door open, Camille was ready to scold him but quickly pressed her lips together when he handed her a Venti size iced-coffee. God damn him for always being so thoughtful. And god bless him for looking so fucking adorable even at 9:30 in the morning. He stood there in a pair of dark jeans and white v-neck shirt, his hair hidden underneath a baseball hat, grinning from ear to ear, despite the fact that he had been up for hours now. Who looked this good this early in the morning anyway? She sure as hell didn’t.

“Chi for you.” he said in a sing song voice.

Camille took the drink into her hand taking a step back as he stepped inside her apartment. “Chi?” she repeated with a pout.

“Yes.”

“I was hoping for an iced-espresso…” she teased.

He furrow his brows together sitting down on the bar stool by the kitchen counter. “‘Thank you so much for the drink Sebastian. You really shouldn’t have. Especially after being on set for the past 4 hours busting your ass, and falling on it.’” his mocked in a slightly higher tone.

“Oh no, did you trip again?” she snickered.

“Just once.” a sheepish smile forming on his lips. “Twice. I tripped twice.” Camille couldn’t help but giggle. One of the things she had come to learn about Sebastian in the last few months was how clumsy he could be. He raised an accusingly eyebrow at her. “Don’t change the subject. How many cups of coffee have you had this morning? Two? Four?”

“Two and half…” pause. “Fine, I’ve had four…and a half.”

“That’s what I thought.” Sebastian said with a knowing look.

Wrinkling her nose she placed her lips on the straw of her tea and shut the door behind her taking a sip. “You can’t cut me off.”

“Watch me.” he retorted back. “Besides Liz told me to keep an eye on you.”

“Liz has a big mouth.” Camille mumbled as she sipped again and walked toward him. The Chi was amazing, she knew she needed a break from caffeine at least for the next few hours. She had been drinking it since 5:30 that morning, and she was starting to feel a bit jittery. “You have nothing keep an eye on Seb.” she tried to reassure.

She was just obsessively cleaning before her fiancé arrived later on that night because she was nervous of how the next few days were going to play out. She had been able to take off Wednesday (worked a 15 hour shift the day before) Thursday and Friday along with Saturday and Sunday and had planned a trip to have David come up and see her and she was a bundle of nerves. This was the longest they had ever been in apart in their 6 year relationship, and she knew they had hit a rough patch ever since she had gotten the job with Marvel.

“It’s okay to be nervous. Especially when you haven’t seen each other in months.” Sebastian said knowingly. “But I can guarantee he isn’t going care about how clean that sink is. All he is going to
Sebastian was right. Or she hoped he was right, but she was still nervous. It had been 4 months since she had gotten to hug, cuddle and kiss David. And she missed that. Missing able to reach out and feel the warmth of his body when she rolled over in bed. Yes they talked on the phone, but it wasn’t the same, plus the phone calls and Skype sessions in the past few weeks had gotten shorter and almost forced. Which is where the idea of the trip had come about. She needed to see him to reassure herself that their relationship was still strong, that they could get pass this. A part of her was terrified that all they were going to do when he arrived was fight.

“Take a break Camille.”

Camille sat on the bar stool next to Sebastian. “Four months is a long time.” she whispered.

“Yea I know it is.” a knowing smile on his face.

“How do you and Leah do it?” referring to Sebastian’s girlfriend.

Sebastian chuckled. “Leighton.”

Cringing she mumbled. “Shit, sorry.” She could never seem to remember her name. But then again Camille had only met her once-in passing- at the beginning of filming. She had flown in to be with Sebastian for the first two weeks. Apparently she was a well known actress from a TV show-at least that is what Camille had been told by the crew on set. Truth of the matter was Camille only knew her as Sebastian’s girlfriend.

He smirked.

“I said I was sorry!” she mumbled. He brought his lower lip between his teeth, not saying a word. Great. He was enjoying this. Little shit. “I’m sorry.” she repeated. “I’m horrible with names. It took me like 3 weeks to remember Dominic’s.” she defended.

“What? I didn’t say anything.”

“You don’t have to.” Camille stated shoving a finger into his chest. “You’re face says it all.”

“I just feel better now.” a teasing tone in his voice. “Because now I know it wasn’t personal that you didn’t know who I was when we first met.” Reminding her of their first encounter.

Camille groaned resting her head on his shoulder, putting down her Chi. “I’m never going to live that down I am?” closing her eyes. She was guilty. She hadn’t known about Sebastian Stan as the actor until after they been officially introduced by the Russo brothers. Her idea of watching television shows included things like: I Love Lucy, The Brady Bunch, A Different World. She really was not into the new shows out. But maybe it was time to expand her television taste…

“Never.”

“I’m sorry I didn’t know you were the one and only Sebastian Stan.” she said sarcastically, lifting her head enough for her eyes to meet his. “Actor from such amazing movies as The Covenant-ahhh!” she yelped when she felt his hand cover her mouth.

He was blushing but was smiling at the same time. “Fuck you Camille.” She mumbled something under his hand, her eyes gleaming with laughter. “What’s that doll? I can’t hear you.” It was his turn to yell. “Jesus Christ!” snatching his hand from her mouth. “You bit me!” he accused.
She pushed herself from him, walking to the other side. “I was just defending myself. I didn’t bite, you big baby. I just licked.” she stated innocently, pulling her curly hair up into a messy bun and quickly snatched her drink back up. She hadn’t meant to lick, but it was pure instinct. She locked back eyes with him and found those blue orbs staring her down across the counter. And there it was again that small pull of electricity between them. “What?” she managed to spout out, trying her best to not melt underneath his glare.

Licking his dry lips, he clenched and unclenched his shaven jaw. “Nothing…I just pictured you more of biter than a licker.” he mused lowly.

Camille swallowed the lump in her throat feeling the heat rise to her neck and cheeks. Did it just get a little too hot in the apartment? And maybe it was a good thing she did not he was an upcoming actor, because it would have intimated her more to be around him. Because those boyish good looks would put any girl under his spell without him even having to try.

“I guess you’ll never know Blue Eyes.” she retorted catching her breath, leaning into the counter to face him.

“Hmm.” was his only response, as the familiar smug smile tugged on his lips. Instead he said, “Wait, hold up a second-“ raising his hands up. ”Have you’ve been watching my movies?”

Rolling her eyes she stood up straight. “If you must know- I had planned on it. And I started with The Covenant but if I couldn’t even stay awake through the first 10 minutes of that, I don’t think I would have made it through any of the other ones.” She cackled when she saw his arm reach out for her, but she was quicker and took a step back out of his reach. His cheeks were now bright red. It was adorable when he was flustered. Usually he had everyone around him looking that way with only a fucking smile.

“Cute Cam. Cute.” he muttered.

“So I’ve been told.” she giggled. “I’m kidding by the way. I did finish watching it. But I’m going to start on Gossip Girl next. I’ve been told that’s how you and Leighton met?” Making sure to emphasize her name correctly.

“Told by whom?” he asked with a raised eyebrow.

“People.”

Sebastian pouted his lips together and nodded slowly not saying a word.

“What is it?” Camille knew he was pretty private about his personal life. He did not like people poking their heads where it didn’t belong. Not that she blamed him. She was the same way. But in the short time they had known each other, Sebastian mentioned her, just like she talked to him about David. In fact they gave each other advise about their separate romantic relationships. “Is she still upset with you for missing that party?” she guessed. The last time Sebastian had brought her up was a week ago when they had gotten into a screaming match on the phone during a break of filming.

“No…no not upset anymore.” the tone of Sebastian’s voice changing. “You know how you asked how we do it?” Raising one eyebrow, she waited for him to continue. “Well..we don’t.” he paused. “At least not anymore. We broke up.”

“Oh Seb…I’m sorry-”

He shook his head. “No, no, it’s okay. You didn’t know.” he pursed his lips together. “We-I knew it was coming. As horrible as that sounds. It wasn’t really that surprising…” trailing off, taking his hat
off.

“It still sucks.”

Sebastian gave a small shrug. “Yea...I’m not going to argue with you there...” Rubbing the back of his neck with one hand. “It’s not like we didn’t try you know? But things really began to get worse around April and well...here we are,” a bitter smile on his handsome face.

Camille wanted to reach out and give him a hug. She had a feeling this was the first time he was saying all of this out loud, which now made it real. Which probably meant it stung.

“Having a long distance relationship is hard-” he stopped himself looking wide eyed at her. “Not that it can’t work though! Plenty of long distance relationships work out great!” he said a little too enthusiastically. Camille hid her smile, waiting for him to continue. Sebastian shut his mouth, silence hitting the room. After a few moments he finally spoke. “We’re you just going to let me dig a hole for myself?”

Shrugging nonchalantly she pretended to think about her answer for a moment. “Hmm, yea kind of.”

He frowned. “Obviously I’m not the poster boy for how long distance relationships should work.” scrunching up his nose. “So maybe ask someone else for that advice?”

“Noted.” Camille said with a small smile. She knew it was his way of letting her know he wasn’t ready to delve into his feelings about the break-up. And she was not going to push it. If wanted to talk he knew where to find her.

Pushing himself off the stool he took a step toward her. “But... I am the poster boy for helping friends take breaks...” he teased the grin back on his face, facing her.

Camille rolled her eyes, tilting her head to the side. “Sebastian, no.”

“Sebastian, YES.” he mocked giving her those puppy eyes. “You can’t make this place any more cleaner if you tried. Because newsflash _iubire_ this is the cleanest apartment in the whole building and we both know I can vouch for that. You’ve seen mine and Dominic’s.” he teased.

One of the perks of working on this movie deal was that Camille had been put up in a nice studio apartment about a 6 blocks from where they did most of the filming. And her upstairs neighbors just happened to be Sebastian, Chris and Dominic. The studio decided to put the actors in apartments rather than hotels since they were going to be on set for more than 2 months.. At first she had been a bit intimated at the idea of having these good looking men as her neighbors, the feeling had slowly started to fade the more time she spent with them on set. Because they were the dorkiest dudes she had ever met.

“I think you win that one.” she mused.

“Thanks, jerk.” he elbowed her gently. “C’mon, come out with me.”

She grunted. “Seb-”

“Just for a few hours? We can go to that museum you’ve been talking about with that new exhibit.” he urged. “What’s the name again? Whit-whitty-something-”

"Whitworth Art Gallery.” she corrected.

“Yea that one."
God that smile, that fucking smile was everything. That smile could be trouble.

"Only for a few hours right?” she asked cautiously, not wanting to say yes-just yet. He nodded. “Will I still be cut off from caffeine?”

Sebastian licked lips, narrowing his eyes. “Well played.” He looked at her for a split second then glanced away as if he was thinking of how to respond. “It can be discussed.” he said in a serious tone. Camille gave his stomach a light punch. “Ow! Jeez! Fine. Caffeine is reinstated-ONLY if we eat as well.”

Camille grinned wickedly. “Okay, then I’ll go. God Sebby you are such a great negotiator!”

"And you’re a big bully Cami.” he grumbled.

’Cami’ no one had used that nickname in years. In fact the last person who had called her that was her dad and that had been over 15 years ago. In reality she didn’t let anyone call her that, and people had tried, but she always corrected them. Even David. And all of a sudden she remembered why Sebastian was there in the first place.

“Was this Liz’s idea? To drag me out of the house?” She squinted her eyes at him. “Also how the hell do you have all this energy right now? You’ve been up since like 4 this morning!”

“Adrenaline my wonderful Camille.” he responded in that smooth voice. Then added. “Liz just told me watch how many cups of coffee you’ve had. That way you wouldn’t jump out of your skin as you cleaned. Dragging you out of the house was all my idea.”

“Okay fine.” she said in an exasperated voice. “I won’t have any more coffee for the rest of the day. Happy?” She really needed to stop drinking it anyway. Liz was right she had started to feel like she would jump out of her skin.

Hey, you know my stand on coffee.“ Sebastian said. "But you should probably eat too.”

“Can we eat first? Then do the gallery?” Getting excited at the idea of getting to go see the art exhibit.

“Works for me. I’m starving anyway.” He reached for his hat. “Let me go clean up and then we can head out. 20 minutes? Sound good?”

She nodded. “Yeah. I’ll change too.”

Sebastian leaned in a placed a light kiss on her forehead. “Okay, I’ll be back.” He narrowed his eyes down at her and placed each of his hands on her waist. Camille eyes grew wide at his sudden touch. He gave her another one of those smug looks turning her around and facing her in the direction of large bookcase that separated her bedroom from the living room. “Go in there and change. Don’t even look in this direction when you’re done. Got it?” he instructed. She swatted his hand away from her hips. He tossed his head back and laughed, making his way to the front door.

Camille looked over shoulder. “Hey.”

"Hmm?“ Sebastian asked adjusting the hat on his head.

Smiling shyly she murmured. "Thanks.” And she meant it. Camille needed to get out of her head space for a bit. Because if she didn’t she would drive herself crazy with the what if’ before David arrived.
Winking he opened the door and said, “I told you I was the poster boy for this!” shutting the door behind him.
Chapter 3 - Almost Doesn't Count

August 2010
Next day

"Babe? Can you see if my glasses are in the bathroom?" Camille called out from the kitchen, placing the leftover chicken in the fridge. She really had to keep better track of where she placed them. They always seemed to disappear from where she originally placed them—which was her face. She took a step in the direction of the bedroom at the same time David was walking out. Camille couldn't help but smile at the sight of him, six feet tall of dark muscle with broad shoulders and a dark trimmed beard that still made her weak in the knees. God, she had missed him.

They faced each other. "I'm going to have to get you one those lanyards that old people wear around their necks sweetheart." he teased with a grin, gently pushing the glasses up her face.

"Shut up." Camille said wrapping her arms around his naked upper torso, feeling the drops of water against her fingers. He had just gotten out of the shower and smelled like clean soap.

David chuckled leaning in pressing a chaste kiss on her lips. "You'll probably lose that too."

Camille traced one of his larger tattoos on his right bicep with her finger. "Hmm. Whatever." she mumbled distracted. His tattoos were always a turn on for her. One of her favorites was the one she was playing with at the moment, he had gotten it in memory of his grandfather when he had turned 20 years old. His grandfather's initials and favorite flower.

"Sweetheart." he started. "I thought you were going to show me around the city?"

"I am. But I've missed you." Camille started. He had gotten in around 11:30pm the night before, exhausted. She had not been surprised when she walked back into her room and found him fast asleep and under the covers. She had gotten up at 8, gone for a run, got her usual coffee and pastry, along with some extra groceries she had forgotten to get the day before, half expecting David to be awake by the time she got back. But had found him still asleep. So she decided to start on lunch so it would be ready when he woke up. Finally a little after 11 he had gotten up to eat and shower.

"I missed you too." David said, pressing a kiss to her forehead. "But we have the next 4 days together. So let's go out and enjoy them." he reminded.

Camille knew he was right. But damn it, she was also a woman with needs and right now she was fucking horny and all she wanted was for fiancé to take her to bed. She didn't feel they had a proper hello yet. Not that sex was something that David owed her, but it would be nice to get some. Her vibrator could only do so much in 4 months. She needed the real thing. She needed him.

David was not the show your emotions type of guy, never had been and never would be. His actions always spoke louder than his words.

"C'mon babe, let's go get ready." he urged.

Camille dropped her arms from around his waist. "I'll go get in the shower." walking toward the bedroom.
"Is my suitcase still in the living room?"

"Yup!" she said over her shoulder, letting down her curly hair and slipping the shirt over her head. She tossed it into the dirty hamper in her closet, reaching for a clean towel, smiling to herself. Maybe she had been projecting her doubts and insecurities a little too much the last few months. They had not fought once since he had landed. It felt almost normal. They had talked over lunch just like they had done so many times before. He had talked to her about what was going on in the law firm offices he worked in, and she told him about everything she had done in the past 4 months on set. He told her about everything that was going back in LA with their friends and his family and she did the same.

Bending down she slipped her jogging pants off, ready to head in the direction of the bathroom, but stopped when she heard her phone beep. Glancing around the room she spotted it on the dresser and grabbed for it. It was probably Sebastian asking how things were going. Giving the phone a screen a quick glance, she realized it was David's phone she was holding. "David!" she called out. "Phone!" She was about to place it back on the dresser when it vibrated, someone was calling him now.

The phone screen blinked the name: "Ashley" Before Camille had the chance to call out for David again. His phone dinged with a new message.

Ashley: Baby, why aren't you answering my calls. Are you okay?

Camille blinked in surprise when she read the message. His phone dinged again.

Ashley: 4 days is too long for us be apart. I miss you already.

Camille felt as if the air in the room had been sucked out as she read the messages. She was reading them wrong. She had to be. This could not be happening. His phone dinged again.

Ashley: Call me when you get a break from work okay?

She shook her head, hoping by doing that she read the text wrong. Besides she shouldn't be reading his message. Trying to take in breath she ran her fingers through her curls. Squeezing David's phone in her hand she walked back out of her room in her bra and panties. David was bent down looking through his open suitcase, he looked over his shoulder when he heard the footsteps. "I should have brought an extra pair of jeans." he said with a small smile, standing back up. "I thought you were gonna take a shower?" he asked.

"You're phone was ringing." Camille started carefully, ignoring his question.

"Yeah? I'll call work later." walking toward her direction.

"It was Ashley." she said watching his expression, but it did not change. Instead he rubbed her bare arms.

"Honey go take a shower." he stated.

"Who's Ashley, David?"

David broke his gaze from her for a split second and shrugged. "Ashley is coworker. I've mentioned her before to you."

Camille gave a small nod 'no' and asked. "Are you sure?" Feeling her skin begin to boil with anger. He was lying straight to her face. There was no guilt in his eyes. How was this happening right now?
He pressed a kiss to her forehead. "Yes of course."

Breaking away from his touch she shoved the phone into his chest. "Don't fucking insult my intelligence! You might want to check your damn messages." her voice raising. She didn't wait for his response. Walking back into her bedroom, sitting down on the edge of bed she tried to catch her breath, she was suddenly dizzy. She refused to cry. She would not give him the satisfaction.

"Ille-" David starting, using one of her nicknames from when they first started seeing each other.

Lifting her head up to look at him she glared. "Don't! Don't ever call me that again." she muttered bitterly. "Because what I saw has no fucking explanation David. None."

David slowly walked toward the bed. "Nothing is going on." he started in a pleading voice.

"Are you serious right now? Are you fucking listening to yourself?!" she was yelling now. "Those text are not just nothing you fucking asshole! You've been seeing someone else! We are supposed to be getting married and you've been fucking someone else!!!!"

"You've been gone for 4 months-" David's voice rising as well.

Camille quickly stood up from the bed and took a step toward him. "So since I've been out of the country, fucking other people was on the table? I didn't get that damn memo David."

"Camille-"

"No! NO!!" shaking her head. "We didn't even make it one day without arguing." she muttered more to herself. "You know I should be surprised but I'm not. I don't know why expected anything better from you-"

"That's not fucking fair!" David's nose flaring.

"And this is? You fucking someone else is fair to me?" face to face with him now. "You told me taking this job was important. You said to take it. You said our relationship could survive this." her voice waveriing, tears beginning to form in the corner of her eyes. "Instead of being honest with me. Instead of fucking talking to ME! You took the easy way out. Your way of dealing with shit. Because it's your way right?! Right!!?" yelling as she gave him a hard shove.

David took a hold of both her wrist. "Baby-I'm sorry-"

Camille shook her head hard and freed herself from his grip. "Why couldn't you talk to me?" she said in a sad whisper. "Talking is beneath you right? You're an action man." she said bitterly, chewing on her lower lip to keep from crying in front of him.

"You've been so busy and I didn't know what to do and she just happen to be there..." he said lamely.

"How long David?"

"That's not important-"

"It is to me. How long have you've been fucking her?" Camille insisted. But deep down she knew the answer. It had been in front of her face for months now. She was just too scared to realize it. "This was going on before I even left wasn't it?" David kept quiet. Letting out a sarcastic laugh, Camille wiped a tear with the back of her hand. "Why did you ask me to marry you? Why?" she asked him.
"Because I love you Ille. You know I love you." moving an inch closer to her.

Camille put both of her hands up. "Don't touch me. Stay right there," she warned. "You don't love me. You don't do what you've done to people who you are supposed to love." She needed to calm down, her breathing was coming in short again. "Is she good?"

David shut his eyes giving a slight shake of his head. "C'mon don't do that." he pleaded.

"I have the right to know don't I? It's the least you could do." She knew she was pushing his buttons and she didn't fucking care. She wanted him to hurt the way she was. She wanted him to feel just a smidge of what he was making her feel. "Tell me David!!! Is Ashley good? Does she give you good head? Hmm?"

"Calm down Camille," he warned, his face glowering now.

"Or what? What can you possibly do to make this worse?"

"You always do this." David started, rubbing his hand over his face. "Always your career first. Always. First it was school, then this new job. And then you shut down. You shut everyone out." his tone getting harsher. "You fucking shut me out."

"You're the one fucking around in this relationship and I'm the bad one!?" Camille screamed. "And you could have talked to me about it." she reminded. "But to you as long as I'm keeping you fed and having sex everything is fine. No need to talk about anything else." She really needed to calm down not for him but for herself, reaching for her towel on the bed she walked in the direction of the bathroom. "I'm going to go take a shower...and when I get out, I don't want to see you here okay? I want you gone."

"Sweetheart." David pleaded. "We have to figure this out. Please." quickly making his way toward her.

"There is nothing to figure out David. I want you out of my place got it? Zip up your suitcase and leave." she said as calmly as she could muster. "This is me -shutting down-just like you said." Turning on the bathroom light she gave him a once over and whispered. "Get out." slamming the bathroom door behind her.

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It was 12:37am. What the hell was she doing? Camille tugged nervously on her sweater, as she stood in front of the apartment door after knocking twice. He was probably already asleep. It was late. But then again he was also a night owl. She bit on her lower lip, trying to her best to keep it together. She decided to wait a few more moments, if he didn't open the door then she would go back to her apartment. She had to try and sleep, but laying in bed for the past 4 hours was driving her insane, because all she had been able to do was toss and turn. After David had left, she had gone for another run that somehow had lasted for over 2 and half hours. After running she had wondered around the city, not sure of what to do.

Turning back toward the elevator, the door swung open.

"Camille?" came the soft low voice of Sebastian.

Quickly she turned back to face his apartment door, giving him a small smile. "Hey...sorry. We're you sleeping?"

Sebastian ran a hand over his hair, pressing his lips together. Was it her, or did he look a bit
flustered? His cheeks looked a bit flushed.

"Uh..no not sleeping." he answered. "What's up?" stepping out of his apartment and gently closing the door behind him.

Fuck. Camille thought to herself. That was why he hadn't answered any of her text earlier. He had company. Great How embarrassing Camille. He had a life of his own. Especially now that he was single. She was glad he was getting back out there.


His blue eyes were so warm and caring. If she was going to break down it was going to be right there damn it. Sebastian had become her confidant, her best friend.

"Seb you're busy." she whispered. "I'll talk to you tomorrow-"

A light blush hit his face. "You never just show up at my place. You usually call."

Grinning slightly Camille said. "I did."

His face turned another shade of red. "Oh. It's on silent." letting go of her elbow to rub the back of his neck.

She couldn't help but giggle despite of her mood. "Yea I kind of figured that out now." Taking a step backwards again. "I'll talk to you tomorrow." she repeated.

Sebastian grabbed her elbow again. "Why are you here so late?" narrowing his eyes down at her. "Shouldn't you be with David?" Camille blinked back her tears. She wished that was where she was at, with David. Enjoying their vacation. "Camille?" Sebastian questioned a look of worry on his Adonis face. He didn't wait for her response. He cleared his throat. "Give me 15 minutes okay?"

Trying to catch her eye. Camille just looked down at the floor. If she didn't look at him then she wouldn't cry. "Go back to your place, I'll be down there as soon as I can and we can talk." he said in his soothing voice.

At that comment, she looked back up at him. "Sebastian- you can't just-"

"What?" he asked. "She's kind of boring anyway." smiling from ear to ear.

"But weren't you-"

Sebastian gave her a flabbergasted look. "What kind of man do you think I am Ms. Solis? I just met her tonight."

Snorting her laughter, Camille shook her head. "Oh my god Sebastian."

"We we're just making out for your information Ms. Pervy Perv." he teased. Camille couldn't help but giggle. Sebastian stroked one side of her cheek with his knuckles. "There's the smile." he whispered. "Just give me a few minutes okay?"

"I don't want you to just-"

Sebastian interrupted her. "Don't argue with me." glaring playfully at her. "Leave the door unlocked okay?"
Camille knew better than to argue, instead she gave a small nod and made her way to the elevator.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for the Kudos!!! They mean a lot :)
Camille walked out of the bedroom at the same time her front door open. With the quilt in her hand, she took the steps toward the couch. "That was less than 15 minutes." she observed.

Sebastian shut the door behind him. "I said she was boring." the sheepish smile on his face. His eyes followed Camille as she sat down on the couch. Tilting his head slightly he asked. "Are you carrying a baby blanket?" smirking.

"So because she was boring it was easy to get rid of her?" she asked raising her eyebrow.

Shrugging Sebastian replied. "I didn't say that." he paused. "You just did."

Shaking her head Camille spread the small yellow quilt over her bare legs, it didn't cover all of her anymore, but it was still one of her favorite items from when she was little She rolled her eyes, ignoring his comment. Instead she corrected. "It's my baby quilt. My abuelita made it for me. I've had it for as long as I can remember."

Walking around to the front of the couch, he sat down a few inches from her. "Abuelita." he repeated slowly. "That means 'grandma' right?"

Camille couldn't help but smile over at him. "Si. Yes." It was kind of cute how he had picked up on a certain Spanish words in the short time they had spent together. She hadn't had as much luck picking up Romanian though.

He raised one arm up to head level and then brought it back down in victory. "Yes!"

Giggling Camille grabbed the television control from the coffee table. "You can be such a dork sometimes." Turning the television on, Hulu on the screen.

"Multumesc dragoste." he answered in Romanian, throwing a small decorative pillow in her direction. Adjusting himself so he sat opposite side from her and the couch. Their feet meeting in the middle and touching.

"You're welcome ojos azules." she replied, giving his foot a small kick. Okay, so she had picked up a few words here and there. It had kind of become their little game in trying to out each other on their Native tongue. They had also made a pact to not look any of the words up on Google. The challenge was to see how much they could learn with just speaking it to each other. Even if it was only a small word here and there.

"So you do understand." Sebastian asked in an accusingly tone.

"Just the first word. I still don't know what the second one means. Especially because you don't use it all the time. I don't think I have ever heard you say it to your mom on the phone."

Sebastian cleared his throat, and pushed back at her feet softly. "Maybe you'll never know." he mused tangling his legs in between with hers.

"I will figure it out." she retorted, giving his legs a slight push. "Stop it Stan!" she giggled.
He glowered over at her. Stan was not a nickname he liked. And Camille knew it, she liked to use it once awhile to see the look on his face. His eyebrows would scrunch up together and his jaw would clinch in annoyance. It was the little joys in life. Having him make that face was one for her. He continued to mess with her legs, every once in while he would place them on top of hers or give them a slight push. Camille realized she needed the distraction. After a few more moments of them play fighting, Camille finally spoke up.

"I'm sorry I ruined your date."

Sebastian tossed his head back and let out a exasperated groan. "You didn't ruin anything. You just made it easier for me to ask her to leave."

"Poor girl." Camille mused. Yet, it was not lost on her that he had stopped his date to be with her.

"She'll be fine." he assured. Glancing down at the quilt, he changed the subject. "Do you always carry this with you?"

Camille quickly reached for it, and brought it closer to her chest, pouting. "Why do you say it that way?"

"What way?!"

"Like it's bad thing Sebastian."

Sebastian raised his hands up in defeat. "I never said it was." he argued. "I'm just curious that's all." he paused. "I mean it does look kind of...old."

Of course it was old. She's had it since she was a baby, she was now 27 years old of course, it had gone through some washes, and some retouches from her abuelita. Yes the edges the quilt were a bit rugged. But she loved it. She always would.

"I've had it for 27 years. It's going to look a bit old. But it's still warm and it brings me comfort. Especially when I'm away from home." she threw him the same decorative pillow at his head. He grinned. "What?" she asked.

"I think it's cute."

Camille couldn't help but blush at his statement. "Cute that I have this raggedy blanket?" she asked, feeling a bit self-conscience now. She rarely brought her blanket out. She usually kept it hidden in her room. David always made fun of her for it.

He shook his head. "No. Yes. It's cute and endearing." he stammered.

"You know I lost it once at Disneyland." Camille remembered. "My parents and my sister Nat had spent all day there and they were about to close and we got to the car, and I realize I didn't have it."

"How old were you?"

"I think I was 8? I just remember crying as if the whole world was falling apart you know? And we didn't live in the city. We had drove down from San Francisco." she paused as she brushed her fingers along the top of the quilt. "I remember my dad taking us back to the hotel, as I just cried and cried. Because I wanted my blanket back." Camille smiled back at the memory. "He ended up going to back to the park that same night to look for it."

"Did he find it?"
Camille nodded. "Yeah. When I woke up, he had covered me in it." she whispered.

"Sounds like a good dad." Sebastian observed.

"Yeah." she murmured pressing her lips together. He was. Camille though to herself, letting her fingers trace the shapes on the quilt. She must have been lost in her thoughts for a bit longer than she expected because when she looked up Sebastian was looking at her curiously.

"So do you want to talk about why you're with me tonight instead of David? Or are we going to watch some television?" he offered with a knowing smile.

Camille gave him a thankful smile, facing the screen. "I Love Lucy?" she suggested. She wasn't ready just yet to talk out loud about what happen earlier. And she was grateful that Sebastian seemed to understand.

"Can we watch the Vitameatavegamin episode?" Sebastian asked.

"I think I've seen that episode more times with you than I have ever seen it in my entire life." she answered, pressing the play button on the control.

He moved a bit to get himself more comfortable on the couch. "It makes you laugh every damn time." he reminded.

Sebastian was right that 'I Love Lucy' episode always made her laugh, no matter how many times she'd seen it. The next episode played automatically, but half way through the episode, Camille's mind had began to wonder. Thinking about the events from earlier in the day. It had happened so quickly. One moment she was sitting with her fiancé enjoying lunch and getting ready to head out and see Manchester. And then the next thing she knew she screaming at him to get out. Maybe she hadn't acted rational? Maybe she should have given him a chance to explain? That thought quickly left her when she remembered what David had done.

An affair. He had been having a god damn affair with someone else. Those text she read were enough proof. It wasn't an one night stand-not that it was any better. But David had been developing a romantic relationship with someone else for over 4 months. Maybe even longer.

Camille's heart began to race rapidly against her chest, as her mind obsessively ran all types of scenarios of what this Ashley woman looked liked. And whether or not she had spent time in their home. Oh god. She probably been in their bed. They probably had sex in the bed they had both picked out together. She was beginning to feel dizzy. She needed to get up from the couch.

"I'll be back, I have to use the restroom." Camille quickly said getting up from the couch, but not waiting on a response from Sebastian.

Quickly making her way through her bedroom, and then closing the bathroom door behind her. She took in another shaky breath. She wasn't going to cry, so far she'd managed to keep from do it. David wasn't worth it. She was stronger than this, than crying. It was just another hurdle she had to get through. Pressing herself against the back of the bathroom door, she closed her eyelids together. As if she did that it would keep inside the tears and pain she was feeling. Sniffing she quickly wiped the tears with the back of her hand.

Get it together Camille.

After a few more moments of talking herself down, using the breathing techniques she taught herself over the years, she walked back out of the bathroom. The living room was silent. "Seb, you didn't have to pause it." Lightly rubbing her eyes, hoping she didn't look she had just had a mini
breakdown in the bathroom.

But instead of finding Sebastian on the couch, he leaned his whole body against the edge of couch, his arms folded across his broad chest, the look of concern in those blue orbs, and that was all it took for Camille to break down. The tears spilled down her cheeks. Sebastian pushed himself from the couch, taking a step toward her.

"I got you." he whispered as she crashed her whole body into his firm one. Sebastian quickly wrapped both arms around her, squeezing tightly. He buried his face in her hair. "I got you baby," he repeated. Rubbing the small of her back with his large hands, Camille could only sob into the hollow of his strong chest. He was holding her tight, but Camille could feel the rise of her panic attack. Even though he was holding her the dizziness was surrounding her. Camille sobbed again into him. "Cam?" Sebastian murmured into her hair.

All she wanted was to stay in his arms forever if was possible. It was the only place at the moment that felt safe. Because everything else was falling apart. Her relationship of 6 years was broken, and she felt broken. Camille had always been independent. David was right about that, school, work always was a priority. But at the same time, was David. They had a history that went back 6 years. How could she give that up? How could he give it up?

"Cam." Sebastian repeated in his soothing voice. "I need you to look at me okay?" he cooed softly. "Please iubirea mea, look at me." Grabbing her face with both of his large hands, he searched for her eyes. But she kept them shut, the hyperventilating taking over. "I know you're having a panic episode and I want to help." Sebastian stated. "But you have to open your eyes for me. Please." he pleaded. Sebastian leaned back in whispering in her ear. "Remember what I said to you back in that office? In L.A.?"

Camille knew Sebastian was trying to distract her. But the panic attack was stronger at the moment. The last time she had one was right before flying out to Manchester. She had to call her sister Natalie to calm her down. Panic episodes were a sign of weakness right? It showed how much she couldn't handle life situations. And she hated that Sebastian kept seeing them. Camille also realized that none of what she was thinking at the moment was practical. But the anxiety spoke differently.

"I said I wasn't going anywhere." Sebastian reminded. "And I'm still not going anywhere," he promised. Camille slowly opened her eyes, meeting his gaze. He gave a small smile. "I'm right here," pressing his forehead against hers. Camille gave a small nod, but the tears would not stop, her chest heaving. The tingleness in her hands and face was still there. "You need something to calm you down," he observed. "Your face has gone completely white." He glanced around the room, searching for anything that could help. "Have you taken your medications today?"

Nodding Camille finally croaked out. "Y-yes"

"Is there anything else you can take? You're shaking." sounding worried.

"I-I have Ativan."

He frowned. "Do you typically take that?"

Camille gave a small nod. "Only when I feel like I'm going to have a major episode."

"Okay, where do you keep it?"

"In-in my bathroom cabinet." she said hoarsely. The tears threaten to spill again. How could someone be this caring toward her? She felt like she didn't deserve it. Maybe David cheating on her
was what she deserved. She had put their relationship on the back burner, and that's why he had found someone else. Her chest heaved at the thought.

"Camille? Sit down on the couch, I'll be right back with it." he ordered. She did what he asked and sat down, writhing her hands together anxiously.

A few moments later he walked back out of the bathroom a small pill bottle in one hand, a glass of water in the other. Sitting down next her, he handed it to her. "How many?"

"Just one." Camille managed to say. "I don't take it all the time."

Sebastian opened the bottle placing the small pill into her hand, handing her the glass of water. Camille placed the pill in her mouth, drinking the glass of water after. The good thing about Ativan was that it worked pretty quickly. Usually within a few minutes placing the empty glass of water on the coffee table, she began to feel her breathing come back to normal. She hated taking the Ativan, she liked knowing she could control her own panic attacks.

"I'm sorry." she managed to say after a few moments, her hands still shaking.

Placing one hand on top of hers he quickly said. "Don't ever apologize. Got it?" Giving her a stern look. "Never Camille." She nodded tears prickling in her eyes again. "What can I do?" he asked.

Camille met his gaze, his eyes so soft and caring. She had never known anyone like Sebastian before. He was full of life. He saw the positive in everything and in everyone. And for whatever reason he cared about her. They connected in a level she had never done so with anyone else. There would be times where they didn't have to say anything to each other and they knew what the other was thinking. From the serendipitous way they had met to now.

"Camille?" he asked jogging her out of her thoughts. "What do you need from me?"

"Hold me? Please?" she said in a low whisper without thinking. "Can you just-?"

"Yeah, of course. That's what I'm here for." he murmured reaching out for her and pushing himself back to the end of the couch. "Come here." he whispered. Camille did what he asked and crawled closer to him, aligning her body with his on the couch. Sebastian spread his legs just enough to make Camille more comfortable against his body. Pressing her cheek against his chest, she shut her eyes tight, tears spilling all over again. She felt Sebastian press a light kiss on the top her hair. But he didn't say anything. He was waiting for her to speak first. Camille felt the tightness in her chest as she thought of David. It was as if had someone had stabbed her there. After what seemed a lifetime, Camille finally spoke.

"He's been seeing someone else..." trailing off. Sebastian tighten his grip on her. But did not speak.

"I think it's been going on even before I left." she whispered.

"I'm sorry." was all Sebastian said.

"He says it's because I've been gone. But I know it was happening before Sebastian. I know it. I was just too stupid to notice. Some things just make more sense now." tears once again rolling down her cheeks and unto Sebastian's shirt. Letting out a small bitter laugh, she lifted her head up. "I'm sorry. You're going to have all these wet spots on your shirt."

"I keep dragging you in all of my shit-"
"No." Sebastian interrupted her. "This is what friends do Cam. I'm sure if I needed you, you would not hesitate to be there for me." Biting her lower lip she nodded, and sat back up. Sebastian followed, leaning on his elbows slightly. "You'll get through this." he promised.

Camille nodded again but couldn't say a word. The main thought and fear that had been running through her head since the morning finally left her lips. "He doesn't want me and its all my fault."

"This is not your fault. He did this. Not you. This is not your fault."

Camille began to cry again. "He doesn't want me." Looking over at Sebastian with the tears spilling down her cheeks. "Why doesn't he want me?" she whispered. "Why Sebastian?"

Sebastian reached out for her pulling her back into his arms and let her cry.
Chapter 5 Happy Birthday!

Friday August 13th, 2010 (Manchester, UK)

“Give me your damn champagne glass woman.” Hayley Atwell ordered Camille, the bottle of Lasseaux & Fils Blanc de Blancs in her hand. “C’mon, c’mon hand it over darling,” her British accent more prominent the more she drank.

Giggling Camille handed her the almost empty glass over the kitchen counter. “Remind me to thank Liz for this.”

“I’ll do it myself. The woman has lovely and expensive taste.” she answered looking admirably at the champagne bottle. Pouting she realized the bottle was almost empty. “Maybe we should open the second bottle? I’m sure Sebby would not mind.” handing Camille the full glass of champagne.

Sipping on it, Camille mused. “Liz would know we opened it without him. That woman has eyes everywhere.” her own eyes growing huge at the thought. She giggled again. It had been a whole day since her fight/break-up with David, and after crying in Sebastian’s arms the night before, she decided that morning she was not going to mope around the house. Sebastian had left her apartment around 4 in the morning, after much pushing from Camille. She knew she had worried him with her panic episode and she wished she had been able to control it. But was also thankful he had been there.

“Oh c’mon just a small sip.” Hayley pushed with a wink.

After Sebastian had left Camille fell back asleep on the couch and woke up to a phone call from Liz - who was at the airport, wanting the details of the ‘romantic trip’ with David. “Entertain me with the graphic details.” Liz had pushed. Camille filled her in with what had happened. Of course, Liz being one of her closest friends had been furious and had threaten to find him once she landed back in LA. (Which is where she was headed to for business). After hanging up the phone, Camille had gone out for a quick run and when she came back there had been a basket with two bottles of champagne and two cards by her front door.

One card read: “Happy Birthday Sebby! I told you I would find out! xoxo, your love Liz”

The first thing Camille had done when she read the card was laugh and shake her head. Liz had been in a committed relationship with her partner Elise for over 10 years, but she had falling in love with Sebastian the moment she laid eyes on him. As Liz had put it: “It doesn’t matter if you are gay or straight when you see a beautiful human being like Sebastian Stan what’s a girl to do? Not stare?”

The second thing Camille had done was to curse Sebastian’s name under her breath for not telling anyone his birthday was coming up, and that it was actually today.

The second card read: “He’s douche. Go out and drink up. Lots of love, Liz:”

Only Liz would send expensive bottle of champagnes to cheer her up. And only Liz would call back up to check up on her. Camille hadn’t even made it inside the apartment with the basket when her phone started vibrating with messages from Hayley Atwill (yes, the actress) asking what her plans were for the day. Once figuring out the logistics, they decided to meet up and go shopping for Sebastian’s birthday present, and apparently for club/party dresses. Hayley had managed to get Chris, Dominic, Derek and Sebastian to go out that night. Especially after Camille briefly told her
about David. “You need to go out and get lose love.” Hayley suggested.

So now it was almost 5:30pm on a Friday afternoon, Hayley and Camille had almost finished drinking a whole bottle of champagne, getting themselves ready before they headed out. Camille couldn’t remember the last time she had gone out to a club or bar. She always consider herself a homebody, but here she was drinking champagne, deciding what eye shadow would look good with the dress she had bought on impulse. She was a bit excited to get dress up and go out with friends and truly distract herself. Again, it still blew her mind, that her friends happen to be actors, but also good people that cared about her. At this point she didn’t see them as any kind of celebrities, but as coworkers and friend.

Blinking out of her thoughts Camille frowned. “I still can’t believe that little ass didn’t tell anyone today was his birthday.” Obviously referring to Sebastian.

Hayley shrugged. “He is so quiet half of the time, I’m not surprise he didn’t share it with anyone.” giggling she added. “But I’m glad Liz found out. I texted Chris after you told me, and they quickly got him a cake on set and sang ‘Happy Birthday’.”

Camille tossed her head back and laughed. “Oh my god. He is going to kill you.”

“Well don’t tell him it was me who spilled the beans!”

Camille pretended to zip her lips up, giggling. Okay, so the champagne was hitting her now.

Hayley snorted back her laughter too. But before she could say anything else, they heard a light tap on the front door. Hayley quickly got up from the bar stool. “Hmm, I bet you that’s him.” pointing a finger at Camille with a playful glare. “Mum’s the word!” Not waiting for Camille to respond, Hayley opened the front door. Grinning from ear to ear, Hayley grabbed Sebastian’s hand pulling him inside, shutting the door behind him. “Sebastian!!” she exclaimed wrapping him in a bear hug.

Camille felt her breath catch in her throat at the sight of him. Liz was right, how could you not stare? He was tall, lean and muscular, a jaw that could probably cut glass. And smoldering eyes that made her stomach tighten whenever he looked at her. And right now he stood in her apartment in a pair of gray sweats, and blue tight shirt that showed off every outline of his body, along with a 5’oclock shadow, and his hair still combined like his character Bucky Barnes.

Damn.

She needed to put down the glass of champagne. She did not need to do something she would end up regretting later. But would it really be a regret?

Once they broke the embrace, Sebastian narrowed his eyes between Camille and Hayley. “Hey…” he said cautiously.

Hayley cupped his chin in one hand. “Happy birthday darling!” she glanced over at Camille. “Isn’t this face adorable?”

Sebastian’s eyes grew wide. “You’re the one that told everyone on set!” he accused.

Hayley faked a look of shock. “What are you talking about?” letting go of his face.

Camille sat quietly on her stool, sipping the bubbly, watching things unfold. Obviously the champagne had not only effected her, but Hayley.

“Hmm, hmm.” was all he said, turning to look over at Camille. “This was your emergency?”
“I never said it was an emergency.” she corrected. “All I asked was for you to stop by after filming,” she grinned from ear to ear. “And here you are!”

“Wait….” Sebastian said looking around the small kitchen counter. “Are you guys drunk?” Picking up the now empty bottle of champagne. “Holy shit this stuff is not cheap.” he muttered under his breath.

“Thank your girlfriend Liz for it.” Camille stated with a smug look, sipping on more of her bubbly. It was really was delicious.

“Liz?”

“Yes darling, how do you think your birthday was brought to our attention?” Hayley stated.

He frowned and furrowed his eyebrows at the both of them.

Camille finally got up from her stool, the glass of bubbly on the counter. “Don’t be upset with her. She was just trying to do something nice. You know how much she loves you.” Making her way toward the fridge. She opened the refrigerator door, but snuck her head out, smiling sheepishly at him. “And don’t get mad at us for this.” she warned. Closing the refrigerator door behind her, appearing with a small round cake in her hand, red whipped frosting that read: “Happy Birthday Sebastian!”

Walking in his direction Camille placed the cake under his nose, wiggling her eyebrows playfully. “It’s your favorite. Vanilla, and they even somehow managed to put peanut butter in there somewhere. Don’t ask me how.” wrinkling her nose. Camille looked up at him innocently through her eyelashes. “C’mon Stan.” she pushed.

He glowered at her at the nickname. Camille only give him a smug look, pushing the cake further under his nose.

“We promise we won’t sing Happy Birthday.” Hayley piped in. Slowly slipping on her champagne watching the interaction between both of her friends. “And we get to open the other bottle of champagne.”

“Hayles!” Camille exclaimed, placing the cake on the counter.

“What? You we’re thinking it too.” she said defensively.

“What the hell are you two talking about?”

Hayley grabbed the second bottle and placed it next to the small cake. Sebastian grabbed the card that had been attached to the bottle and snorted back his laughter. “God damn it Liz.” He glanced back at the both of them. “No more talk of my birthday for the rest of the night?” he asked. A small frown tugged on Camille’s face. There was more to why he was so opposed to celebrating his birthday.

“Promise.” Camille answered.

“This outing is supposed to be about Cam anyway.” Hayley reminded. “You’re birthday just happened to get in the way.” she said jokingly.

“Thanks sweetheart.” Sebastian said sarcastically. Glancing back at Camille he said. “Let’s cut this cake then.”
Camille bounced on the balls of feet happily. Her eyes went wide. “Oh wait! Before we do that. I got you something.” without another word, she disappeared into her room. A few moments later Camille walked back out a small rectangular box in her hand. Facing him again she couldn’t help but blush slightly. “Happy Birthday.”

Sebastian blushed himself. “Cam-you didn’t have to get me anything.”

“I know. But I saw it and it reminded me of you.” she turned to look at the cake. “I’ll cut the cake.”

“And I will open the bubbly!” Hayley said happily.

He sat down on the second stool next to Hayley, and began to unwrap his gift. Elbowing her, he teased. “Where’s your gift to me?”

Hayley smiled smugly at him, and poured him a glass of champagne. “Oh darling, trust me. My gift is going to blow your mind later on tonight.”

Sebastian gave her a confused look, but continued to unwrap the gift. Camille glanced over at them, cutting them both a slice of the cake. “Oh wow! Thanks Camille.” Sebastian stated after a moments, taking out the Fossil Stainless Steel Black Watch from its package. He got up from his stool walking toward her. He brought his strong arms and wrapped them around her. Camille felt her whole body relax at his touch. He even smelled delicious.

They broke away and Camille looked over at Hayley who sat silently watching them. “He is always asking for the time.”

Hayley eyes danced with a hint of amusement but answered instead. “Oh I know. It’s annoying.”

“Has anyone ever told you, you’re a mean drunk?”

“I’m not drunk you arsehole.” Hayley stated. “We might be a bit-bit tipsy?” Looking over at Camille for affirmation that she had used the correct American slang. Camille only nodded, taking a big gulp of from her glass.

They might be a bit more than tipsy now. But it was too late to back out now. Hayley and her were committed.

“Dominic said he would have the car here around 9:30. Are you both going to be ready by then? I don’t want to come back in here and find the both of you passed out.” Sebastian teased, taking a small bite of his cake and sitting back down.

“It not even 6 yet. We got plenty of time to get ready.” Camille assured with a glare. “Someone is cranky pants this afternoon. Not a good filming day?” she guessed.

“Not bad, just had to do that harness scene about 20 times, so my arms are a bit sore.” he mumbled.

“The one where you all have to jump on the train?” Hayley offered.

“That’s the one.” he shrugged. “Nothing that a hot shower can’t fix though.” Getting up from the stool, he shoved the last piece of cake in his mouth. “Thanks for the cake and the gift.” Smiling warmly at Camille. “Now I’ll always know the time.” He glanced between them. “But I should probably head to my place. At least leave some cake for me later okay?”

Hayley flipped him off, as he leaned in and gave her a sloppy kiss on the cheek. “You know I love you Hayles. I’ll see you both in a few hours.”
Sebastian heard the giggling before the door even opened. “Coming!” came Camille’s voice. The door swung open and Camille stood in front of him in a short pink bathrobe. Her long curly dark hair braided to one side, exposing the other side of her smooth neck. The robe also showed off her long tone legs. Have they always been that long and tan?

“Hey!” she exclaimed, stepping to the side to let him in. “It’s not 9:30 yet.” she observed closing the door behind them.

“I just wanted to make sure the both of you had not passed out.” he joked. His ears adjusted to the music that was playing in the apartment. He snorted his laughter. “Are you listening to-to the Spice Girls?” not able to keep the laughter from bubbling over.

“You laugh, but the Spice Girls were ahead of their time.” Hayley stated walking out of Camille’s bedroom, a make-up brush of some sort in her hand, hair made up, also in a bathrobe.

He chuckled and shook his head. “Whatever you say.”

“You didn’t come to check if we were passed out. You came here looking for more cake.” Camille accused with a knowing smile.

Sebastian sat down on the bar stool, facing the direction of both women. “I told you to leave me some.” he pouted, not denying the real reason why he had shown up a bit earlier.

“There’s plenty left.” Hayley answered. “Now the champagne…” trailing off and walking back toward the direction of Camille’s bedroom.

“You drank both bottles?” Sebastian asked. This was going to be a fun night, if both of them were already drunk. But still feeling a bit uncertain if it was the right move for Camille after everything that had happened in the last couple of days. He was worried about her, if last night’s indication was not enough of an example. But he also knew she needed to go out and be distracted. Moping around about that asshole was not healthy. He felt a surge of rage hit the pit of his stomach as he thought about what David had done to her.

“Nooo.” Camille spouted. “We drank about half. We couldn’t hold the glass of champagne and do our nails at the same time.” wiggling her painted fingernails at him. “See!” Showing off the red nail polish.

Sebastian hid his smile. Damn it, sometimes she did the cutest things, this was one of those things. His eyes fell back on her face, realizing she was wearing a dark shade of eye shadow that brought out the hint of gray in her eyes. In fact Camille had fully done her make-up. The eyes shadow, her eyelashes were exaggerated a bit more than normal, he could tell she was wearing some sort of blush, and a dark red lipstick that made those full lips even more appealing. Camille was a beautiful woman, he would have to be blind to not have noticed, but tonight she looked fucking stunning. And she hadn’t even gotten dressed. Although he was sure no man would be opposed to having someone like Camille walk around in only a bathrobe.

God then there was that birthmark (small mole) on the left side of her lower lip. He found it to be the sexiest thing he had ever seen, or maybe it was sexy because it was on her face? He knew she was self conscience about it, but it drove him crazy. It just looked so perfect on that beautiful dark skin. Okay, so he had a small crush on her. But who wouldn’t right? It was only a crush it would fade. He
remembered having one on Hayley the first week he had met her.

“We left you some bubbly.” Camille said breaking him out of his thoughts. He blinked back to the present as she handed him a glass. “To your birthday.” she stated clinging their glasses together.

He frowned slightly. “You promised.”

She waved her hand nonchalantly. “This is the last time. I promise.” She stood on the other side of the counter. “Besides this is just us Seb.” leaning in, elbows on the counter.

There was that smell again of her lotion; shea butter. He would never be able to not think of her when he smelled that scent. The robe she was wearing exposing a bit of skin. He couldn’t help but stare.

“Eyes are up here.” Camille teased, standing straight to tighten the robe around her waist.

Sebastian felt his face flush, knowing he had gotten caught. “Sorry.” he stuttered. Camille didn’t seem bothered by it. She just smirked. He cleared his throat deciding to change the subject. “I’m not trying to kill the vibe of tonight or anything, but I was just wondering how you are doing…?” trailing off a bit.

Her smirk disappeared but she answered. “Trying not to obsess over it. Because the moment I do, I’ll end up a ball of emotions…as you saw last night.” giving a small laugh of embarrassment. "Thanks again for…being here." she whispered.

"Of course.” Sebastian answered without hesitation. “You’re stuck with me…doll.” Knowing how much she hated when he used that word.

Camille glared. “You always know how to ruin a moment.”

Laughing before gulping down his champagne, he reached for a fork and took another bite of his birthday cake. “I try.” he answered.

“Please keep your gasp and applauses to yourself.” Hayley’s voice came from the bedroom.

Both Sebastian and Camille turned to the direction of the bedroom. Hayley walked out fully dressed in a short sexy stitching black lace dress, showing some cleavage, and red pumps. “Shit, she looks hot.” Sebastian thought to himself.

Camille let out a small whistle. “You look amazing!” she exclaimed.

Hayley grinned widely. “Thanks love.” She looked over at Sebastian. “Well?” she teased. placing one hand on her hip.

Sebastian shook his head in disbelief, looking her up and down. “You-you look hot.” he stated.

“Good answer.” she joked. Looking back at Camille she said. “You’re turn.”

“Fuck, it’s almost 9:30.” glancing up at the clock on the wall. Without another word, she quickly made her way to the bedroom.

Once she was out of sight, Sebastian went back to eating more of the cake. Camille was right, it was good. How they had managed to put the taste of peanut butter was lost on him. But he wasn’t going to lose sleep over it. Instead he was just going to eat it.

“Are you seriously going to eat all of that?” Hayley asked incredulously.
“Maybe.” he retorted with a mouthful of cake and a wink. “How much have you both drank?” he asked taking another bite of the cake.

“We’re big girls. We can handle our liquor.” Hayley said. “Besides you heard Cam, we stopped to do our nails.”

Sebastian snorted. “Someone is going to end up passed out in the back of the car.” he guessed.

“Hayles?” they both heard Camille call out. “Can you make sure my clutch is out there?”

Sebastian reached for another bite of cake with his fork, but stopped midway and dropped the fork instead when Camille walked out of the bedroom. She was dressed in a see-through stripe-spliced light fuchsia color v-neck dress, hugging every perfect curve she had. It fit her like a glove. He tried to swallow, but his mouth was dry all of a sudden. Oh fuck. His eyes continued to linger lower down her body to those royal blue strappy heels on her feet. He had never been a foot guy or had a thing for women in heels, but he had a feeling that was changing after tonight.

“I told you my gift was going to blow your mind.” he heard Hayley whisper next to him. He blinked out of Camille’s trance to look back at Hayley. “Well… okay I helped her pick out the dress.” she corrected herself, with a knowing smile on her face. “You got a little drool there.” she teased, pointing to his chin.

He was sure his face was bright red, but he swatted her hand away. “Ha-ha.” he said sarcastically. But focused his attention back to Camille, his heart racing all of a sudden. What the hell was happening?

“There’s my clutch!” Camille stated, oblivious to Sebastian’s gawking. He couldn’t stop staring. She was like a magnetic pull. A fucking sexy magnetic pull that he had to be next to. He watched as she leaned down over the back of the couch to grab her clutch. Sebastian’s eyes immediately fell to her perfect back side. God, was every part of her perfect? It felt like it. He felt his cock twitch slightly as she turned back to face them. Okay Sebastian, stop objectifying your friend. Even if she did looked sexy as hell.

“See! Got ready before 9:30!” she said, her eyes clearly glazed a bit over due to the champagne. “I even have 5 minutes to spare.”

He heard Hayley snort next to him. “I think that’s the last thing on Sebby’s mind right now.” she said under breath. Then said out loud. “You look sexy as hell Camille.” Her phone beeped. She looked down at it. “Oh! That’s Evans. He is having a hard time deciding what to wear.” rolling her eyes. “I’ll meet you both by the car? Dominic just texted and said the car should be here any minute.”

Camille nodded. “Yea, of course. Tell Chris to hurry up!” Hayley nodded, rushing out of the apartment. Camille took a step toward him. “You haven’t said anything.” she observed in an unsure voice. “Too much? Hayley was the one that suggested the dress.” She stood a few feet away from him.

Finally Sebastian found his voice. “No!” he exclaimed. Camille gave him a weird look. “I mean…” he slowly looked her up and down, unable to stop himself from biting his lower lip between his teeth. “Not-not too much. At all.” Great, he found his voice, but he couldn’t formulate sentences. “You… you look beautiful and sexy.” he blurted out.

She blushed slightly but playfully asked. “How much have you’ve had to drink?”

“Just one glass Camille.” he said in a serious tone. “You really do look…amazing…gorgeous.”
How could someone cheat on this beautiful woman?

Sebastian’s breath caught in his throat as she stepped even closer to him. They stood face to face now. Sebastian licked his lips nervously. What was happening? They were flirtatious with each other, but that line was never crossed. Never.

Camille smiled warmly up at him. “Well thanks for the compliment blue eyes. You don’t look so bad yourself.” leaning in closer, placing a soft kiss on his cheek letting it linger a little bit more than it should have. “C'mon, we don’t want to get left behind.”
Chapter 6 Happily Married!

Chapter 6 Happily Married

Manchester, UK August 2010

Later on that night…

Smirking to herself Camille leaned back against the bar counter watching Chris and Hayley out on the dance floor flirting and dancing. Camille wasn’t sure if it meant anything but it was fun to watch them, especially because she was pretty sure neither one was completely sober. But they had not left each other’s side all night. If something were to happen between them, it would not be surprising, seeing the chemistry they had on screen. Thankfully Dominic had found a club that was pretty exclusive, and that people did not seem to care who was famous or not.

She felt a light tap on her shoulder. “Here’s your drink love.”

Camille turned around at the tap, leaning into the bar now and smiling at the bartender. “Thanks!” she yelled over the loud music thumping in the club and in her ears.

“Tab?”

Before she had the chance to answer, a voice behind her spoke up first: “I got it Greg.” The bartender nodded turning to the rest of his customers.

Sipping on her cocktail she slowly turned around and came face to face with a man she had never seen before. Maybe it was the alcohol but he was a kind of cute with his dark curls and glasses. Not really her type but then again what was type now?

Smiling she replied. “Thanks, but you didn’t have to do that.”

The stranger grinned back leaning a bit too close to her, she could smell the alcohol and weed on him. Camille was stuck between the bar counter and him now. Feeling his eyes linger on her face for a few seconds before they leered lower down her body, down to her chest. Shifting uncomfortably, she began to feel a bit self conscience now.

Truth be told she was not used to all the attention, and she had been getting it most of the night. It was nice, flattering but she was not looking to hook up with anyone. She just wanted to spend some time with her friends, dance and drink. (And she had been doing plenty of drinking). She had finally started to pace herself by drinking as much water as possible, but still having cocktails in between. She was responsible drunk as her sister Natalie always teased.

“I don’t mind.” said the stranger, the grin on his face changing to more of predator look.

Camille took another sip of her drink. How was it possible he had gotten even closer to her?

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The smile faded from her face. “Well…thanks…um..?”

“Ben.” he supplied.

“Right. Ben. Thanks.” It was a good thing she had an alcohol buzz going on, or she would be have been a ball of anxiety at the close proximity of this man. Did all men think that after buying a woman a drink it gave them license to do whatever the hell they wanted? Had it always been like this? And she had just blocked it out because she had been in a serious relationship? Had the ring she wore keep the creeps away from her? Glancing down at her left hand, a tiny part of her wishing she had
wore the ring now, even it was to keep creeps away. She was feeling confused now. The alcohol was not helping with her confusion. She glanced over Ben’s shoulder to the dance floor frowning slightly when she no longer spotted Chris or Hayley.

“Has anyone mentioned how sexy that dress looks on you?” Ben yelled over the loud music.

Raising an eyebrow she looked back at him. All of sudden he wasn’t so cute anymore. “Oh..um thanks?” not sure of what else to say. She wished Derek or Sebastian would hurry back. Sebastian had gone out to smoke a cigarette and Derek had gone to use the bathroom. Wishing now she had made him wait until Sebastian had gotten back. But no, she had told him it was okay. She would be fine. She cursed herself. Glancing nervously over Ben’s shoulder again she hoped to spot one of her friends soon. Nope. Nothing. Fuck.

“Who are you looking for darling?” Ben yelled again looking over his shoulder.

Camille took that moment to move from between him and the counter, but she was not quick enough to run away from him. But was thankful when her back came in contact with a bar stool. It was better than being sandwiched between Ben. Without hesitating she sat on the stool, crossing one leg over the other hoping that was enough to keep him at arms length. How was she supposed to get away from him? She gulped down the rest of drink nervously. Keep the buzz going Camille.

“Do you live nearby?”

Was he really asking her this? He had bought her one drink. She glanced over shoulder, wishing someone she knew would show up to save her. But so far no such luck.

“What’s your name darling?” he pushed.

Camille met his eyes for a split second with a look of disgust, then looked over his shoulder letting out a sigh of relief when she spotted Sebastian walking toward their direction, his hands in his pockets. He kept looking to his left and right, searching for everyone too. Camille kept her eyes on him hoping she could telepathically tell him she needed his help. Sebastian’s eyes finally met hers and he grinned. But the grin faded slightly when he saw the look on her face.

“Help.” she barely mouthed. Ben didn’t seem to notice, he had started talking about himself and how he knew the bartender and the owner of the club.

It took a few seconds for it registered in his eyes that she was not sitting alone. He took his hands out of his pockets walking quicker toward her. She snorted when he pushed Ben slightly to make his way to Camille.

“Hey lad! Watch where you’re going!” exclaimed Ben in annoyance.

Sebastian completely ignored him, wrapping one arm protectively around Camille’s shoulder. Camille felt her body warm up at his touch. She finally felt safe to stand up. As soon as she did, Sebastian moved his arm down to her waist, pulling her closer to his hard body. Goosebumps hit her when his fingers gently rubbed small circles on her hip bone. Camille instinctively tangled her fingers with the hand that was wrapped around her. She felt him squeeze her hand in reassurance.

“There you are doll.” Emphasizing the word doll. Camille squeezed his hand a bit tighter at his words. God damn it Sebastian. He knew if she said anything, it would blow whatever little charade this was. Sebastian smiled sweetly down at her, his eyes glazed from all the beer and alcohol he had. He continued. “I’ve been looking everywhere for you.”

Camille raised an eyebrow at him. Not sure where he was going with this.
Leaning his face closer to her, his hand tilted her chin upward her face only inches from his. Were his eyes really that blue, and was that a small freckle on his chin? She broke out of her thoughts and her eyes grew wide. What are you doing? Camille asked silently. But before she had the chance to think of anything to say, Sebastian brushed his lips softly against hers. It was only for a few seconds, but Camille could have sworn everything was happening in slow motion. He broke away, their eyes meeting, giving her a small smile before pressing his lips together. Camille could hear her heart beat thumping loudly within her chest even with the loud bass of the music in the club. Sebastian had just kissed her. What was that? She wanted to ask out loud, but at the moment her voice was nowhere to be found.

“You didn’t tell me you were here with someone?” came the annoying voice of Ben again.

Sebastian and Camille broke from their trance realizing at the same time why Sebastian had just kissed her, even if it was for a few moments. She hadn’t been able to tell if his lips were as soft as they looked. And did she taste a hint of mint? The club all of a sudden feeling hotter, her body buzzing with alcohol and with something else she could not put into words.

Stop.

She was only feeling this way because she had two bottles of champagne and handfuls of cocktails in the last 5 hours. The kiss was to try and get this creep Ben away from her. Nothing else.

“You probably didn’t give her the chance.” Sebastian snapped, waving the bartender over to them. He ordered himself a beer and Camille another cocktail. The bartender was quick with the drinks. Sebastian handed Camille her drink. “Here babe.” he stated, his other arm still wrapped securely around her.

Smiling shyly Camille took the glass out of his hand. “Thanks.” she murmured.

“So is this your boyfriend?” Ben pushed.

Camille shut her eyes for a split second sipping on her drink, trying to focus on the moment again. Why was he still there? Didn’t he get the picture? Opening her eyes she looked over at Sebastian who was clinching his jaw tightly in anger. Camille did not want this to turn into a big deal. All she wanted was for this loser to leave her alone. She took another big gulp of her drink.

Finally she spoke up. “Actually…” she started. Sebastian looked down at her, waiting expectantly on her answer. “He is…my husband.” she finished quickly, giving Sebastian a look that said. Go with it.

“You’re husband?” he looked down at her Camille’s left hand. “Where’s your wedding band?”

He was an observant little snot wasn’t he?

“Not that it’s any of your business, but it’s getting resized and I’m adding another diamond to it after the birth of our daughter.” Sebastian said without missing a beat.

Camille stifled her giggles, Sebastian gave her a side look, as if telling her not to ruin this.

“D-daughter?”

“Yes!” Camille piped in. She looked up at Sebastian dreamily. “Did you really add another diamond sweetie?”
Sebastian pressed his lips together from laughing himself. “Of course honey. That way each kid has a diamond on your wedding band.” Camille brought the drink up to her lips to keep from bursting out in laughter and chugged it. Damn. Now it was about who could outdo who with this little charade.

“There is more than one kid?” Ben asked. Why was he still there again? Was he really this stupid?

Camille placed the empty glass on the bar counter. “Mhmm yea! Our beautiful Delilah makes 5!” she exclaimed. Sebastian dropped his arm from around her waist and brought it to his mouth pretending to cough but really he was just hiding the laugh. Camille elbowed him. He cleared his throat, bringing the beer up to his lips and taking a swig. Camille looked up at Sebastian with dreamy eyes. “We’ve always wanted a big family. Isn’t that right sweetcakes?”

Sebastian gave her a small glare. This was now a game to see who would laugh first. And it was pretty obvious they were really good at playing off each other. It also helped that they were both inebriated. So the more alcohol they consumed the more ridiculous this story was bound to be.

“Five kids?! You’re joking! I mean look at you!”

“I started young.” Camille said simply.

“We didn’t want to waste any time.” Sebastian added. “Show him the c-sections scars honey.” he said with a straight face.

That did it. Ben didn’t even bother to say another word, he turned on his heels and walked away. Once he was out of sight, Camille tossed her head back laughing. “Oh my god!” she managed to breath out. “Show him my scars? Really?!?” she said through fits of giggles, pressing her face into one of his biceps, but not able to stop the laughter in the pit of her stomach.

Sebastian smiled smugly. “Well it worked didn’t it?”

“Yes.” Camille giggled. “Oh my god.” holding her stomach. “I can’t stop laughing.” Placing a hand on her mouth, but the fits of giggles continued.

“You-you were the one that said we had 5!” he said through his own fits of giggles. “Delilah? Really?”

“I had that ‘Hey There Delilah’ song stuck in my head earlier.”

They continued to laugh for a few more moments. Finally after they both had caught their breaths. Sebastian asked in a serious tone. “Where the hell is Derek? I thought he was supposed to be here with you?” Camille wrinkled her nose. She was grateful she had guy friends who wanted to keep an eye on her, but it also sucked she needed to be chaperone because crazy men like Ben appeared out of nowhere. The double-standard sucked. No one was worried about Dominic. God knows where he disappeared off to.

“Cam-” Sebastian started as if reading her thoughts.

“I know Seb.” she interrupted. “And thank you for showing up when you did.” placing a hand to his chest. “I’m just not used to this you know?” she paused. “Derek went to the bathroom. I told him I would be okay. He must have gotten lost or found Hayles and Chris or something.”

Sebastian absently placed his hand on top of the one she had placed on his chest. Camille felt a light shiver run through her again at the slightest touch. “I’m sorry men are assholes.” he said sincerely.
Giving him a warm smile, she moved her hand away. “Not all.” She heard the music change, and the sudden urge to dance hit her. “C’mon ojos azules. Let’s dance.” Realizing Sebastian had been the only one of the group who had not been on the dance floor. He opened his mouth to protest but Camille reached for his hand, his calloused fingertips rough against her skin, keeping a firm grip he let her lead to the dance floor. It had to be the alcohol but she wanted to be closer to him, have his hands on her waist again. Maybe have those lips pressed to hers again. Maybe.

Camille felt his hand slip in hers, fingertips skimming down her palm before they curled around hers. Looking over her shoulder she smiled at him. His blue orbs had turned a darker shade and looked almost fully dilated as he followed her onto the dance floor. Camille had never had anyone look at her the way he was looking at her. This was different from the way that loser had been looking at her. She swallowed the lump in her throat, continuing to lead them to the dance floor.

Finally on the dance floor, the bass thumped heavily, the crowd seeming to move as one and Camille eyes widen in surprise when he turned and pulled her close. Camille felt her stomach drop to her toes at the sudden turn of events. She reached for his hands and guided them to her hips, guiding them against his, she once again swallowed whatever lump was in her throat. Fuck, this was dangerous wasn’t it? Especially with alcohol involved. Rolling her hips into his to find the right rhythm, he followed and she snaked her arms around his neck.

The crowd around them shifted and moved, nudging them closer until Camille’s chest was pressed into Sebastian’s, his mouth mere centimeters away from hers, giving her that smirk he used only when he knew he was effecting someone with his looks and charms. She raised her eyebrows at him in a challenge. He continued to grin, his breath fanning her lips, feeling his hands work up her back. Camille’s eyes held his, grinding harder against him, watching his eyelids flutter as he tugged his bottom lip between his teeth.

What are you doing Camille?

“Camille…” Sebastian growled his eyes intense and wanting.

“Yeah Sebastian?” she murmured.

“What are you tryin to do huh?” he breathed against her ear, his tone teasing.

Camille whispered innocently. “I’m not trying to do anything.” Their bodies still pressed against each other. She could have sworn she heard him groan. “But…I’m trying to understand why you felt the need to kiss me earlier.” she mused.

“It was a small kiss.” Sebastian retorted. “You needed a way out and that was the first thing that popped into my head.”

She licked her lips. “Mmmkay.” She gasped when his hands moved to the small of her back, pressing her even closer to him. Was it just her imagination or did her thigh just touch a part of Sebastian she never thought she would come in contact with?

“Mmmkay what?” Sebastian repeated.

Camille’s eyes flutter shut for a split second the moment her thigh came in contact again with Sebastian. She might be drunk, but she knew what she had just felt against his jeans. “Nothing.” she uttered.

“Are you sure?” he pushed, meeting his gaze. He was looking closely at her, his eyes searching her
face for some sort of answer to whatever it was they were doing at that moment. Camille only gave a small shake of her head. After a few moments of them just moving to the music Sebastian whispered. “Were you expecting the kiss to last longer?” Biting her lower lip, Camille did not know how to respond. Sebastian leaned in even closer (as if that was even possible). “Did you want the kiss to last longer dragoste?”

But before Camille had the chance to answer, the music had stopped playing and the DJ was talking over the speakers. People began to leave the dance floor, Camille quickly let go Sebastian when she heard her name. She turned around and found Derek and Dominic walking toward them with drinks in their hands.

“Where the bloody hell have you two been?” Dominic asked, wrapping one arm around Camille leading her off the dance floor and toward the VIP section of the club where Chris and Hayley were sitting at.
Chapter 7-Pulling Me Back

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 7 Pulling Me Back
Manchester, UK August 2010

"I'm putting your keys and purse right here okay?" Sebastian said to Camille, placing both items in the decorative bowl next to the table closest to the door, turning on the lamp as he shut the door behind him. Watching her slowly walk toward the couch, he couldn't help but let his eyes linger down to her backside and how great looked in that dress.

"Clutch."

Sebastian wrinkled his nose, quickly looking away. "What?"

"It's a clutch not a purse." she corrected absently tossing her phone on the couch. He resisted the urge to roll his eyes at her correction, instead he watched her lean into the back of the couch, sloppily undoing her braid. Once her hair was fully down, she took the earrings off, throwing them behind her, where they landed next to her phone. Shaking his head lightly Sebastian had a feeling she would be searching for those things later on, but didn't say anything.

What she needed was to go to bed, and he needed to do the same. It was a little past 3:30 in the morning, and he hadn't realize how tired he was until he was sitting in the back of the car, asleep. He had been right, someone did end up passing out it just happened to be him.

"Where's my phone? I need to call mi Tia-"

"Cam, you can't call your aunt right now." Sebastian said patiently, hiding his smile.

Pouting she turned and looked at him. "I haven't talked to her in like a week. I never go this long without talking to her." she explained, pulling her hair up in a messy bun, exposing the smooth skin of her neck and shoulders.

All he wanted to do at that moment was reach out and trace his fingers along that smooth dark skin, before letting his lips trace along the same route. Sebastian did his best to keep from staring, instead he cleared his throat, making his way to the kitchen, he needed more water, it was obviously the alcohol was still in his system. He had a lot to drink, shit all of them had drank a lot. The car had dropped Hayley and Derek off at their perspective hotels, and then everyone else had been dropped off at the apartment building. Chris and Sebastian (Dominic had left the club with a girl) and Camille had entered the elevator. Once they hit her floor, she clumsily had stepped out of it, waving at them, giggling but dropping her clutch. Obviously the champagne from earlier in the evening still in her system.

Chris had given Sebastian a small shove. "Bro, go take care of your girl." he ordered with a drunken smile. Sebastian had not bothered to argue, he had gotten off the elevator and followed Camille.

"Sebby, I need to call mi Tia." Camille insisted following him into the kitchen.

He grabbed two clean glasses from the dishwasher, pouring them both some water. Turning around Camille stood in front of him, those beautiful light brown eyes looking up at him through her lashes, the eyeliner she'd been wearing earlier smeared just a tad bit. "Jesus, you scared me." he stammered,
hoping she couldn't hear the nervousness in his voice at the close proximity.

"Are you upset with me?" Camille whispered, taking the glass he offered her with water.

"What?" he asked in surprise. "No! What makes you think that?" Taking a step back from her.

If anything he was upset with himself. He cared for Camille, more than he had realized. He saw her as a friend. As one of his best friends now. And all these sudden urges and feelings to touch and kiss her were confusing him. He did not want her to think he was looking for anything more than platonic. Because even though he was physically attracted to her, he was not going to be the type of friend who took advantage of her vulnerability not now, not ever. Camille was also in mourning after what happened with her relationship with David. Going out one night and getting drunk, flirting did not change how she was feeling about what happened to her. What Camille needed more than a rebound was a friend. And Sebastian wanted to be that for her. Even if the rest of his body at the moment told him otherwise. Which is why he needed to get her bed, so he could go back to his place and think about the events of the night and process them.

Camille shrugged. "Nothing. Forget it." placing the glass on the counter. "I've had a lot to drink. I'm not making any sense." Lifting herself up on her heels she leaned in closer to him, kissing one of his cheeks, inches from his lips. "Gracias Sebastian." pronouncing his name in Spanish and pulling back.

"For-for what?" he asked, his skin tingling from the simple touch.

"For being in my life." Camille said simply, their eyes locked for a few moments.

He had a feeling she wanted to say more but instead Sebastian saw the small frown start to form on her lips, as she looked around the room. He knew what she was looking for. "Camille, you can't call your aunt right now." Proud of himself for remembering the Spanish word aunt.

"Why not? I have to tell her what happened with-what's-his-face." a look of pure disgust in her eyes. "You know? She never liked him. Always said: Ese idiota solo quiere controlarte." Stumbling back slightly on her feet again.

"What does that mean?"

"That idiot only ever wanted to control you." Camille translated. "My phone, I need it." her words slurring a bit.

"It's a 8 hour difference." Sebastian reminded. "And you said your aunt goes to sleep early. Do you really want to wake her?" he asked. She had been talking about calling her aunt from the moment they left the club, he had been hoping she would have forgotten it the moment they got into the car, but obviously it hadn't left her mind. "What you need is sleep. Your bed." he said soothingly, reaching for her hand. "C'mon sweetheart."

Camille abruptly pulled her hand away from his grasp, her eyes filling with tears. "Don't call me that. That was-he- his favorite nickname for me."

Sebastian felt his heart squeeze at the look of hurt in her eyes. "I'm sorry. I won't do it again." he promise. "Okay?" He stepped closer to her. "You need to get some rest." Changing the subject he teased lightly. "You have raccoon eyes right now. 'wiping away some of the eyeliner away from her face. "C'mon." offering his hand again.

Reluctantly Camille took it, letting him lead her to the bedroom. It was a good thing he had a hold of her, because she almost tripped on her own feet. "I'm going to regret this tomorrow aren't I?" she
mumbled more to herself. "God how much did I drink?" she asked out loud.

Sebastian chuckled. "I think we are all going to be hurting a bit later. It's a good thing we have tomorrow off." He flipped one of the light switches in her bedroom. The room filled with a small dim from the small table lamps on each side of her bed.

"Do I really have raccoon eyes?" Camille asked with a small frown, but her eyes still glazed over.

He tossed his head back and laughed. "Yes. I hate to break it to you, but you do." gently helping her sit on the edge of the bed. "Let me take a picture." he half-joked.

Camille tried her stand back up. "I will hurt you Sebastian Stan." but stumbled back again on the bed. "I need make up wipes." Standing back up slowly, a giggle leaving her lips. "Oh my god, the room is spinning now."

"Sit." he ordered. "Where are the wipes?"

"Bathroom counter." she answered in a song voice, her eyes dancing a bit. "I can get them." she stated, following him into her bathroom.

"I told you to sit." Sebastian reminded, handing her a make-up wipe from the package.

"Soy una nina grande" Camille said in Spanish.

"Drunk Camille brings out the Spanish out of you." he observed, turning in his heels to walk out of the bathroom.

"You should see Drunk Camille at family gatherings." She teased. "Wait- don't go."

He turned around leaning against the door frame, unable to stop from licking his lips when his eyes fell on her body. She leaned into the counter and mirror, wipe in her hand, her ass sticking out, one foot lifted up in the air with those damn strappy heels still on her feet, as she wiped the eye shadow, lipstick and whatever else make-up was left on her face. He got the image of her from earlier on the dance floor on how good she moved to the music. Her and Hayley had definitely put on a show on the dance floor for everyone. But the whole time, Sebastian had only been able to keep his eyes on her. The thought of how she would look in only those royal heels crossed his mind as she moved to the music.

"All gone?" Camille asked looking over at him.

Right, back to the present. He took a step back to her, leaning close. He could kiss her right now. Sebastian's eyes fell to her small birthmark. He quickly looked back up, she was looking up at him with a hint of amusement. Damn, he had been caught staring. "Unfortunately that can't be wiped away." she said, pointing to it.

"Good." he blurted out, his face blushing. He really needed to get out of here.

Raising an eyebrow. "Good? I hate it Seb."

Without thinking his hand reached out for her face, cupping her chin. "I know you don't like it." The urge to press his lips to hers invading his thoughts again. Her mouth was inches away. "I like it." he confessed. What was he saying? What was he thinking?

Camille was surprised at his confession, she pulled from his touch and joked nervously. "Well I'm glad one of us does."
She felt it too. The constant back and forth of this attraction. He would lean in saying something, and then she would push back with a joke and vice-versa. It would fade. It needed to fade. Friends. That's what they were. Yes, he had kissed her earlier, but it was to keep that weirdo away from her. And it wasn't as if it was a kiss, kiss it was just a light peck on the lips. He hadn't planned it, in reality his plan had been to tell the loser to go away, but the moment he gotten closer, he smelled her and his first instinct was to touch her. Protect her.

"I need to take these heels off." she mumbled to herself, and sat on the end of the tub, bending down to unzip the back of one.

He groaned. She was killing him, and she didn't even know it. He was going to have to go back to his place and take care of the hard on, all this was causing. Camille didn't owe him anything, but fuck the woman was sexy without having to try. Sebastian watched her slip the one heel off her foot. A hint of small disappointment hit his stomach when he realized they were no longer going to be on her. He watched her slip the other one off, and Sebastian came to the conclusion he would never see women's heels the same way again.

"Fuck, how I am still so drunk?" Camille asked with a giggle, breaking him away from his new fetish of women heels.

"I believe Hayley's words earlier were: 'We are big girls, we can handle our liquor.'" He mocked in high pitch voice. Truth was, he was still pretty drunk himself.

"I can." Camille insisted, standing up from the tub, and walking out of the bathroom, and falling back unto her bed. "I'm the kind of drunk that you don't realize is drunk. Because it's not sloppy drunk." she explained, pushing herself up with her elbows. "I'm the kind of drunk that you can have a full on conversations for hours, and then you ask me about it the next day and I will look at you as if you are an alien, because I will not remember any of it."

"You realize you said the word 'drunk' four times in that sentence?" following her out of the bathroom. Camille struggled to sit fully back up. Sebastian rolled his eyes and grabbed her hand pulling her back to her feet. "Oh yeah, not sloppy at all." he said sarcastically. Camille wrinkled her nose at his comment.

"This dress needs to go too."

Sebastian cleared his throat and nodded."I'll be right in the living room if you need me." Without waiting for her to respond, he stepped out. Since Camille lived in a studio apartment there was no door to close from the bedroom, the only thing that separated the living room from the her room was the large bookcase. Sitting the end of the couch he reached for his phone in his pocket to check his messages, but before he had the chance to open anything he heard Camille's voice.

"Uh...Sebastian?"

He shoved the phone back into his pocket, taking a step toward her bedroom, but not going in, just in case she was not dressed. "What's wrong?"

"Can you come in here?" she called out. "I'm having a little bit of an issue..."

Running his fingers through his hair nervously, he walked back into the room, and found her still in that breathtaking dress. That dress that was giving him a fucking hard on. He was so glad the room was not fully lit at the moment. Camille did not need to see the pervert side of Sebastian, especially because it included fantasies about her. Instead he narrowed his eyes and observed. "You haven't changed yet."
"Yes I know." Camille snapped back. "Which is why I called you back in here. I can't seem to unzip myself." she confessed. "Apparently being drunk does not help with hand coordination."

Sebastian's mouth went dry. He knew what she was going to ask.

"Can you please help?" she asked as if it was not a big deal, turning her back to him.

Seriously Sebastian? Stop acting like a damn teenage boy. It was a simple request. Taking a step closer he reached out for the back zipper of the dress and gently tugged it all the way down to the dip of her back. The noise of the zipper the only thing he heard at the moment. His eyes caught a small glimpse of her dark skin and bra. He let out a breath he hadn't realize he had been holding.

"Thanks! I couldn't seem to the reach the top." turning around and facing him. She gripped on to one of biceps. "Okay, can you please tell my room to stop moving?" That made him chuckle.

"Where are your pjs?" he asked.

"In that dresser." pointing to the one against the wall closest to her closet. "Second one."

Opening the dresser drawer, Sebastian took out a pair of red shorts, and white tank top, ready to hand them to her and step back out of the room. He cursed in Romanian under his breath when his eyes landed on Camille trying to slip the dress off her shoulders. He saw the look of frustration on her face. Without another thought he tossed her clothes on the bed behind her. "Here." he offered, closing the gap between them. He couldn't really tell, but he was sure there was a light blush on her face. "Not a sloppy drunk huh?" he said trying to lighten the mood.

"Shut up." she murmured.

"We probably need to unzip the front here too." Sebastian observed, looking down at the zipper right in the middle of her chest. He licked his lips, but met her gaze. "May I?" he teased. She rolled eyes at his question, but gave a small nod. Their eyes met again, neither one looking away as Sebastian slowly pulled down the zipper down. "There." he stated after a few moments.

"T-thanks." she stammered breaking their trance. She slid the dress off one shoulder first, then the other. The black lace straps of her bra showing now.

Sebastian again felt his cock twitch. "I-I should wait outside Camille." he said in a low voice. But by the time the words had left his mouth, the dress had slipped off completely and she had placed it carefully on the bed. Camille stood a few feet away in a matching set of black lace trim underwear and bra. The light in the room hit her body perfectly. He tried his best to keep his eyes only on her face, but fuck it was hard. Just like he was at the moment. Again, he was thankful for the dim light in her room.

"Cat got your tongue Stan?" Camille teased.

"You can say that." he blurted out without thinking. Unable to keep his eyes from falling on her cleavage.

"Yeah?" she whispered.

"Camille." he growled. Yes, he wanted her. He wanted to press her against the bed with his own body.

"You asked me something earlier tonight and I didn't get the chance to answer it." Camille said in a low voice.
Fuck, she smelled amazing, like Christmas and she was the gift he was lucky enough to open, if he allowed himself to. He bit his lower lip to keep from moaning in appreciation on how beautiful she was. "I shouldn't have asked that." he said, but took a step closer to her. "We've both had a lot to drink tonight." he managed to spit out. Trying to hold on to the little bit of self control he had left. Because he could reach out for her right at the moment, wrap both of his arms around her waist and feel how warm and soft she was.

"You're very observant tonight Stan." she teased and reached to fix the collar of his shirt.

Sebastian grabbed her hand. "It's hard not to be, with how you looked tonight doll." he confessed.

"I'm not in it anymore." she reminded, as he let go of her hand, only to use his fingertips to rest on her bare hip. He heard her gasp in surprise at the sudden touch. "Help me forget about the last few days Sebastian." she pleaded. "At least for tonight."

Fuck, fuck, fuck. So she had been thinking it too."Doll..." he started. She didn't react to the nickname, and that's when he realized she was more inebriated than he had originally thought. He felt her hand rub on his bicep. He shut his eyes for a split second trying his best to regain his composure. "Fuck Camille, you are not making this easy for me right now." he grunted.

She hummed in response. "Are you going to tell me you haven't thought about it before?"

"That's not the point." he said. Of course it had crossed his mind. More than once, if his hard cock was not an indication of how many times he had thought about it in the past few hours. He cupped her face with one hand, letting his fingers run through her curls. "You know it would change things." That's right think with your brain Sebastian, not you dick. He had to keep telling himself that.

"Only if we let it." Camille said. He knew where this was coming from. She needed an outlet after the shit show David had left. He had done the same after his break-up with Leighton, went out and found some random girl to hook up with, so he wouldn't have to deal with his feelings. And as much as his dick and body and hormones wanted to be that for her, he knew it wouldn't change anything. At least not right at that moment. In fact it would complicate things even more for her. For him. For them.

Sebastian shook his head. "No."

"No?"

This time when he looked at down at her, his eyes were serious, yet full of pure lust and need. "No." he repeated and pulling her face closer to his. "I know what you're looking for Cam. And I get it. I do. But we both know we can't. And it's not because I don't want to baby." he murmured. Camille looked surprise at his confession, but didn't say a word. "You know it won't fix anything."

Nodding slightly, Camille shut her eyes for a split second, sniffing. "This is embarrassing." she half-heartily joked. "Don't tease me too much about this tomorrow okay?" she pleaded.

Sebastian winked. "Hey, you're the one that said earlier you sometimes can't remember drunk conversations." he reminded. "I'm not bringing anything up if you won't. I'm not exactly innocent in all of this either."

"What does that mean?" wrinkling her nose in confusion.

It means he had been sexually objectifying her in his head for the past few hours, and he needed to stop.
"Sebastian?" Camille pushed.

He met her curious eyes and let out a low breath deciding to speak the truth, whether or not she would remember it later. "David is an idiot." he started. Camille's eyes grew wide, but Sebastian continued. "He doesn't deserve you. You deserve someone who is going to show you how beautiful and sexy you are Camille. All the damn time. Not only when it's convenient." His eyes lingering from her face down to the rest of her exposed body. He placed one hand behind the small of her back, and felt the goose bumps on her skin. And he was drawn back into her again. Fuck. This was harder than he thought.

"And you don't think you could have done that?" Camille said in a teasing tone, tilting her head slightly.

Sebastian glowered. "You're funny Solis." he snapped. She only smirked. Sebastian towered over her, nearly pressing himself into her. "All I know is if I ever got the privilege to..." he stopped himself, instead he slid one hand to the back of her neck. He heard her moan and pulled her face inches from his. "I would want you to remember every...single...thing my hands and mouth would do to your body." he growled. Camille's head lolled back at his words. "Because that's what you deserve love." His whole body felt as if it was on fire now. "Got it?" he grunted.

Camille gave a small nod at his words, biting her lower lip. "Yes." she almost panted.

Chapter End Notes

I just want to say thank you to all those that give kudos! It makes my little fanfic writer heart happy! And it only motivates me to keep writing.
Manchester, UK  
August 2010

Groaning Camille pulled the pillow over her head when she felt the warmth of the sun hit her face. "Nooo. Go away." she moaned. But the sun was not going to cooperate with her. She rolled over letting the sun hit the back of her body instead. She kept her eyes shut hoping she could lullaby herself back to sleep, but it was obvious the sun had won. Rolling fully on her back, Camille threw the pillow to the floor, letting her eyes finally open wide, looking up to the ceiling. She didn’t move trying her best to remember the events from the day before. The last clear thing her mind could hold on to was walking into the dance club. After that, everything seemed a bit blurry.

Was she laying in her bed? Why was her mouth so dry? What time was it? Where was her phone?

Finally after about 10 minutes of her trying to recollect her thoughts she gave up, turning her head to her left then to her right. Camille's eyes landed on her alarm clock, which was facing the wall. Grunting she reached out as far as her fingers would go and turned the clock back around. She tried to adjust her eyes to the time on the alarm clock, but her eyes had other ideas. Squinting just enough Camille finally caught the time.

11:43 AM

Facing the ceiling again Camille ran a hand over her face, not wanting to move until Monday. This is why you don't do this shit anymore. She thought to herself with a frown. She tried to swallow but her mouth was dry. After debating with herself if it was worth it to get up, her dry mouth won and she lifted herself up on her elbows first before pushing her whole body off the bed stumbling into her bathroom. With her eyes still briefly closed she found the light switch on the wall and turned the light on. Grabbing the small cup next to the sink, she turned the faucet on and put the cup underneath it. Opening her eyes fully Camille looked at herself in the mirror and wrinkled her nose.

It was a lot better than she expected. Her curly hair was pulled up sloppily to one side of her head, the make-up she'd been wearing had almost been taken off except for some of the eyeliner beneath her lower lashes. She spotted the strappy heels through the mirror next to the tub, realizing she was in only her underwear and bra.

"Ah shit." she mumbled out loud as the water ran over the cup. Quickly turning off the faucet, she brought the cup to her lips and took a long gulp. Letting her hair down with one hand, she used the other to brush her teeth, trying to get the sand paper taste off her tongue. She looked back at herself in the mirror and gasped. "Mi Tia!" She had meant to call her the day before but it had completely slipped her mind. Camille knew she needed to call her or she would begin to worry. Dropping the toothbrush on the granite sink, she made her way out of the bathroom.

"Where the hell did I put it?" giving both of the small night tables on each side of the bed another look, crawling on her hands and knees on the bed Camille pushed the pillows and blankets around looking for her phone. After a few minutes she straighten up, sighing and made her way to the living room. Walking out, Camille tried to remember the last place she had it. Had it been at the club? "No..." she said out loud, running a hand through her messy curls. A little bit more of the night was becoming a bit more clearer, Sebastian, Chris and her had been driven back, Sebastian had walked her inside...she had thrown her phone on the couch!

Quickly walking toward it, she got on her hands and knees again, digging her hands in between the
cushion, hair getting in her face, pushing it to one side of her neck Camille grumbled to herself. She stopped abruptly when she heard someone clear their throat a few feet away.

"If you're looking for your phone, it's over here." came Sebastian's low voice from across the kitchen.

Camille looked up, lifting herself enough to place both her hands on the couch's backrest, her knees still digging deep into the cushions. "Jesus Sebastian!" she yelled. "You scared the shit out of me!"

He sat on the stool, leaning back into the counter, arms folded across his chest, but holding a cup of coffee in his right hand, a smug look on his handsome face.

"How did you get in here?" she demanded.

"I took your extra key. I figured I'd come and make coffee and make sure you didn't wake up sick since you didn't take the Advil I suggested." he teased, unfolding his arms and taking a sip from his cup. "Wake up with a headache?" he asked, a look of amusement in his blue orbs.

Obviously he found her crawling around like a crazy person hilarious. Pushing herself completely off the couch, Camille stood up straight, taking a step in his direction. She noticed the look of amusement leave his eyes, and he clinched his jaw almost as if it was a way to keep his mouth shut. His eyes dropped from her face to her body, and that's when Camille remembered she was in her bra and underwear. Glancing down at herself for a brief second, Camille looked back at him, still staring her body down, his cheeks a bit flushed.

Instead she joked. "Cat got your tongue Sebastian?"

With that Sebastian did blink out of his trance and locked eyes with her. "Funny, you said the same thing last night." smirking.

"I did not." Camille protested. But she honestly could not remember.

He nodded adamantly. "Oh yeah, you definitely did." But his eyes fell back down to her naked torso and hip. He moved slightly in the stool, but didn't get up. "You have a tattoo." It was statement, not a question.

Fuck, the way he was staring at her made something between her thighs begin to throb in excitement and felt almost a flutter of butterflies in her stomach. She couldn't remember the last time someone looked at her that way, as if she was the only thing in the world. He was looking at her with want and lust? That was the only way to describe it.

What happened last night between them?

Then again, Camille could just be imagining the whole thing. It wasn't every day she walked around in her underwear and bra in front of her friends.

"W-What?" Camille stammered confused. Remember he's your friend. She reminded herself. She should go put clothes on. But why? She thought. The way Sebastian was staring at her brought a feeling deep inside she couldn't really explain, except that it scared her. All of sudden she felt confused about how she was feeling about Sebastian being in her house. No, there was nothing to be confused about, Camille was still feeling the effects of all the alcohol she absorbed the night before. Besides she was wearing as much as she would be wearing if she was hanging out at a pool or beach, she reasoned to herself.

Sebastian nodded in the direction of her torso and hip, licking his lips in the process. Camille
followed his eyes for a split second, glancing down at her almost naked body. "You didn't tell me you had a tattoo." he said lamely.

"Oh." Camille cleared her throat. "Yeah." Sometimes she forget she had it since it was hidden beneath her clothes ninety-five percent of the time, usually only some of it was visible with her underwear, unless she decided to wear a thong-then most of it was visible.

The self confidence she had a few moments ago faltered slightly when she met his gaze again, the look of want and lust was gone. Something in the pit of her stomach told her she'd somehow made a fool of herself the night before. Pointing toward her room and clearing her throat she said. "I'm going to go put on some....clothes or pjs or whatever..." trailing off, turning toward the room.

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Sebastian quickly jumped out of the stool following Camille, his eyes unable to stop staring at her ass in those black lace underwear as she walked away from him. He swallowed his groan in appreciation. Could this woman be any more sexy if she tried? And what made her more attractive was she didn't even realize how fucking beautiful and sexy she truly was. Sebastian wished he could show her how desirable she was. He had meant every word he had said the night before to her. And after that he had gotten back to his apartment, Sebastian came to the conclusion this was more than just a crush and it only left him more confused. Because they were friends. Good friends. He didn't want to ruin that with her. He cherished their friendship, and if things for whatever went south he didn't know if it would be worth losing her completely. Even if eventually they could go back to being friends. Whoa. He was getting ahead of himself. Nothing had even happened. Yet. But by quick mood change she had just had by his obvious gawking, he needed to stop.

Rubbing nervously on one of his ears he said. "Camille-I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable." leaning back against the frame of where there should have been a door.

"What?" Camille asked, bending forward just enough to pull up her shorts. "You didn't." she stated standing straight up, locking her brown eyes with his blue ones.

His eyes still caught a glimpse of some the tattoo on her lower left hip and torso. He had almost fallen off the stool when he realized what it was that he was staring at. It looked to be a design of flowers, starting from about 2.5 inches from her brown skin torso, hip and under her lace underwear. Sebastian couldn't help but wonder how far low it went. Something else to add to the list of things that made Camille desirable.

"I thought I was making you uncomfortable." Camille stated.

Sebastian blinked standing straight up. "You don't have put clothes on my accord." he half-joked, then cursed himself. This was going to be harder than he thought. She rolled her eyes at him over her shoulder walking into the bathroom. Sebastian followed her, nervously chewing on his lower lip. Why the hell was he following her? He had checked on her just like he promised himself he would. She probably wanted to be alone. But he stepped inside the bathroom with her, watching her eyes skim the counter. "What are you looking for?" She was now in those red shorts he had taken out for her the night before, but still no shirt. A part of him thankful for it.

"Something to put my hair up with."

"It's on your wrist."

Camille quickly looked over at him. "Huh?"

Sebastian pointing to her left wrist. "Hair tie. On your wrist."
"Oh." laughing nervously. "Thanks."

Lifting both of her arms to shoulder level Camille pulled her hair up with both hands into a ponytail. Sebastian came to the conclusion right there and then that it was a nervous habit. It was a way for her to keep her hands busy when she was not sure of what to say or do. Bringing her hands back down she fixed the strap of the black bra. His eyes followed her fingertips as they slid down her torso absently. Her dark skin looked so soft and he wanted to reach out and touch it. Sebastian was curious to find out what kind of noise would come out of her mouth if he pressed his lips along the top of her shoulders. He shook his head lightly. This was going to be so much harder that he realized. Without thinking he took a step closer.

He towered over her, she looked up at him in confusion. "Sebastian?" taking a slight step back. She was now sandwiched between him and the bathroom counter. He glanced over his shoulder for a split second to the mirror, his eyes landing on her almost bare shoulders, back and neck. His heart raced at how close they were. But he didn't say a word, because he wasn't sure of what to say. "You said the kiss was the first thing that popped into... your head." Camille whispered eyes wide, she gasped. "Oh god. I remember now, oh god." her face flushed with embarrassment as recognition hit her eyes. She tried slipping away from the counter and him, but he wouldn't move. "Please move. I need to go and hide under my covers for-"

Sebastian couldn't help but chuckle, pressing himself into her.

A small gasp left her lips, but recovered. "I'm glad you find this funny Stan." Camille snapped, her eyes fluttering shut for a split moment.

"Hey, you're the one that brought it up. I told you last night I wasn't going to." Sebastian answered with a smile.

"Stop smiling at me that way." she muttered, but didn't make an effort to move from her spot.

"What way Camille?" Sebastian knew he was playing with fire now. She opened her mouth then shut it again. A low shaky breath left her lips. "You want to talk about it?" Sebastian asked furrowing his eyebrows.

"Talk about how I made a fool out of myself in front of you?" She scoffed. "Can I just apologize for...you know..." trailing off, closing her eyes in embarrassment.

He put one finger under her chin forcing Camille to look at him. "It's okay. Women throw themselves at me all the time. You aren't the first one," He joked with a serious face. Camille wrinkled her nose giving him a small shove. Laughing Sebastian said. "C'mon Cam, I'm just trying to lighten the mood." he paused. "And you don't have to apologize for anything. I told I wasn't innocent in it either."

Frowning she said. "Great, make me feel even worse."

"You can be so dramatic sometimes." Sebastian said with a roll of his eyes, leaning into her and gripping on to each side of the bathroom counter with Camille still in the middle. Lowering his gaze once again he repeated. "Do you want to talk about it?"

She sucked in a shaky breath, not breaking his gaze. "We kissed." she stated.

Sebastian angled his head a bit, surprised at how simple she said it. "It was just a small kiss." he reminded squinting his eyes as he said the word 'small'. He wished it would have been more than a tiny kiss. He had thought about making it longer but had stopped himself. But he was pretty close to her mouth right at that moment and if he leaned just a bit more he could touch her lips with his.
"Uh uh." Camille mumbled.

"And what happened afterwards was the effect of the alcohol. Right?"

Licking her lips she nodded. "Right." she paused. "And I'm sorry." looking wide-eyed at him. "You were right. This whole thing with David has me..." trailing off. "I don't even know." laughing bitterly. "But maybe I should go out and find some random guy to sleep with. You think Evans would be up for it?" her tone serious.

Glaring down at her. "Are you seri-?" but stopped himself when he saw the small smile begin to tug on her lips. "You got jokes," he said sarcastically.

Letting out a light giggle, repeating what he said earlier. "Just trying to lighten the mood."

Slipping one arm around her before he could stop himself, he pressed back into her making a face. "Really though? Chris?" he questioned. He heard her giggle again.

"You lost your chance ojos azules." she teased back, but squirmed a bit in his arms.

He raised one eyebrow. "Oh yea?" glancing down at her lips.

"Si." she whispered in Spanish, her minty breath tickling his face, the smile still on her face. Doing what he been wanting to do from the moment they had gotten close, Camille reached out and smoothed out his dark eyebrows, tracing his cheeks, brushing along his lips in a such an intimate way it made him want to throw every logical thought he had about them out the window. A small sigh left his mouth, his lips pressing over her fingers. He heard a light whine leave her lips at the sudden touch.

"Is this us talking about it?" he asked hoarsely, their breaths mingling together as his lips hovered above hers, his nose alongside hers, foreheads brushing. He moved the arm that was wrapped around her waist, bringing his fingertips up to the top of her shoulders, his thumb playing with the strap of her bra.

"Hmm."

"We shouldn't.""

"I know."

"We can't-"

"I know Sebastian."

He grunted. "As long as we're clear."

"Crystal." Camille said in a low voice. "It would ruin everything." she concluded.

"Yes." he breathed. "And we don't want that."

"Nope." agreeing with a light nod of her head. "Us-our friendship is more important." she gulped moving her head slightly watching him continue to play with the straps of her bra.

"So...I should take a step back from you right now." he said slowly, but unable to move from his spot.

"Right...you should." Camille responded, but her eyes told a different story. Just like he was sure his face was doing the same thing for him.
"So in conclusion we shouldn't do anything because we are friends." he repeated, not wanting to leave her space just yet. "And this is us talking about the elephant in the room." Sebastian babbled. He knew he wasn't making any sense.

"Stan-are you stalling?" she teased with a raised eyebrow. He opened his mouth to respond then shut it again. "Sebastian?" she asked a humorous tone.

He narrowed his eyes down at her. "I just want us to be clear." he pressed his lips together blowing air out of them. "Don't want you throwing yourself at me again." he said grinning from ear to ear. That time, Camille gave him a harder shove, sticking her tongue out at him, and he stumbled back laughing. He stopped laughing when he heard a ringing of a phone. "Saved the bell!" he exclaimed. "It's yours."

"Fuck." Camille mumbled. "I bet you anything it's mi Tia." she quickly turned on her heels and ran out of the bathroom.

Once she disappeared, Sebastian took a moment to let out a large breath. For what? He wasn't sure, but he felt as if he needed it after what had just happened. After taking a few moments to compose himself he turned off the bathroom light and followed her out to the living room. Entering the living room, he found her sitting on one end of the couch, legs crossed, in the white tank top and phone to her ear. He heard her say something in Spanish he couldn't understand. He knew then it was his cue to leave her alone so she could talk to her aunt in private. Glancing up she spotted him and smiled. Sebastian couldn't help but smile back, he pointed at himself then at the front door to let her know he was leaving.

"Ya se Tia." she said into the phone.

Taking a step toward the door, he stopped when Camille reached out and grabbed his wrist from the couch. Sebastian looked down at her in confusion. She said something else in Spanish, then put a hand over the mouthpiece of the phone. "Don't go." she pleaded with her eyes, giving his hand a light squeeze.

Sebastian couldn't say no even if he tried, without letting go of her hand, he walked around the couch to sit down next to her. Smiling she went back to her conversation. Chuckling lightly, he reached for the TV control and flipped it on, getting comfortable on the couch. Some would probably think it was rude for her to be on the phone, while he sat there, but Sebastian recognized the comfortable setting/zone they had created with each other in the last few months. There had been plenty of times in the past months were Camille would be hanging out at his place, either reading or watching television while he was on the phone with his agent or mother, so asking him to stay was not out of the ordinary. Although this was the first time he had stuck around to hear her have a conversation with her aunt in Spanish. Usually it was Liz, or her sister, even David.

He was half paying attention to the show on the screen, while trying to take in a few Spanish words here and there from her conversation. Every so often Camille would look in his direction with an eye roll, or a funny look to let him know her aunt was saying something ridiculous. Sebastian would respond with a wink, raise an eyebrow or a look of his own, then going back to the show on screen. Sitting there while she talked on the phone and he watched television brought a feeling of contentment to his chest. It was nice. It was almost normal.

Sebastian's thoughts were interrupted when he heard the knock on the door. Giving her thigh a tight squeeze, he got up to answer the door.

"Tia Yolanda... si ya se fue." she said with a groan. "El Eidiota ese es su nombre ya?" slightly giggling
He only shook his head smirking, understanding the word idiot from the conversation, which meant they were talking about David. He heard a knock again, only louder, looking over his shoulder he frowned over at Camille, she frowned back. Reaching for the door handle, he opened it. His eyes were still on Camille and the frowned she wore disappeared long enough to change into a look of disgust.

Turning his attention back to the front door he came face to face with a man about his height and with a beard. "Oh I'm sorry I must have the wrong apartment number." he apologized. Sebastian knew right away who it was. David took a peek inside the apartment spotting Camille on the couch. "Wait, this is the right apartment." looking back at Sebastian with a raised eyebrow. "Who are you?" he demanded.

Before Sebastian had the chance to answer he felt Camille standing next to him, phone still to her ear. "Tia? Te hablo mas tarde okay?" her voice tense. "No. No. Todo esta bien. Te hablo mas tarde." And with that Camille hung up the phone. "What are you doing here?" she said through gritted teeth.

Sebastian clenched his fist. He hadn't really thought about what he would do if he ever came face to face with this asshole. But his first thought was to punch him in the fucking face.

"I thought you left." Camille said.

"Ille, I couldn't just leave without us not talking." David said in a patient tone.

Leaning a bit closer to Sebastian almost as if for support, she responded. "I told you to leave David." Camille had to say the word and he would slam the door in David's face. The need to protect her, compelling him in a way he never thought possible.

Ignoring her request, David said instead. "We need to talk Camille." giving Sebastian a long look. "Alone."

Camille looked up at Sebastian, he couldn't read her face. As much as he wanted to get involve and tell David to fuck off. He also knew it wasn't his place. Camille needed to deal with it. With him. In whatever way she thought was right.

"If you just let me explain, then I promise I'll leave afterwards." David pleaded. "I'll leave you alone."

Camille was silent for a few moments, and Sebastian knew she was trying to figure out what the best approach was for this. What her options were. Looking back at Sebastian with fear and anger in her eyes she answered. "I don't know what you can possibly explain. But if it means you'll get the hell out of here afterwards... fine." she stated in her most bravado voice.

Reaching out, Sebastian gave her hand a light squeeze, letting her know he understood.

David noticed the interaction between them and glared at Sebastian. "Who the hell are you?"

Camille quickly took a step between them, before Sebastian had the chance took a step toward David. "That's really none of your fucking business." facing David and glaring. Turning to look at Sebastian, her voice softening. "I'll be okay." she promised.

"Okay," Sebastian responded. "You know where I'll be." As he was saying those words, David stepped inside the apartment. Without looking at him, Sebastian stepped out of the apartment, uneasy about leaving Camille with David, and feeling a bit jealous that David might be able to persuade her in changing her mind. He knew it was selfish but he didn't want her getting back with him, not just for cheating.
Camille stirred in her bed when she heard the front door open and close. "Cam?" came the familiar voice, but at the moment she couldn't pinpoint who it belonged to, sleep was calling her name too. "Camille?" she heard the voice call out again—closer that time. His voice was so soothing and low. She had to be dreaming, that was the only explanation. It had to be in her head. Letting out a light sigh Camille tried to drift back to sleep. She had been doing that for most of the afternoon, in and out of sleep, while the television played in the background.

She felt the end of her bed dip slightly and she moaned. She lazily opened her eyes for a split moment and found those gorgeous blue orbs staring down at her. Now she knew she was truly dreaming, she closed them again. But even then her heart fluttered at the sight of him. Damn, even in her dreams he looked perfect—with his long eyelashes and lips, and insatiable jaw and chin dimple.

"I know you're awake." accused the voice.

Opening one eye, she realized she wasn't dreaming. Shit. Sebastian was sitting on the edge of her bed a look of concern on his face. Feeling the heat rise to her face, Camille slightly sat up. "I was trying to fall asleep." she mumbled, pushing herself to sitting position, leaning against the headboard. "I thought I was dreaming—" stopping herself.

"About what?" he asked with a wrinkle of his forehead.

"Nothing." chewing on her lip and looking over his shoulder to avoid eye contact. "Never mind." Camille murmured, reaching for the TV control next to her hitting the mute button.

Sebastian chuckled, but didn't push it instead he asked. "Have you been laying in bed all day?" one eyebrow raised.

"If I say yes, are you going to judge me?" reaching for the extra pillow to bring up to her chest. A small frown on her lips as she squeezed it, feeling as if she was about to get scolded for her lack of motivation and activity for the day.

He shook his head and raised an eyebrow. "No. Why would I do that?" giving the end of the duvet that covered her legs a small tug. Camille gave his thighs a slight push with her feet, Sebastian grinned. Those smiling wrinkles around his eyes was the cutest thing she had ever seen on a man's face, and he was the only one that could pull it off. His grinned faltered slightly. "You hadn't returned any of my text or calls since last night. I was starting to get a bit worried." he confessed.

Squeezing the pillow tighter to her chest she stated. "I turned my phone off. I'm sorry. I should have sent you a text to let you know." sinking back down into her pillows and blankets. "I just needed a break..." trailing off.

"Yea I kind of figured that out when your phone took me straight to voicemail earlier." Sebastian said. He reached into his jacket pocket and showed her a key. "I'm kind of glad I didn't give this back to you yesterday."
Camille couldn't help but smile. "Keep it." she said. "Usually I would give it to Liz, but she really hasn't spent much time here."

"You sure?"

"Yes." nodding. "Someone needs to keep an eye on me right?" she said. "Just don't abuse it." she ordered, teasingly glaring at him.

Sebastian rolled eyes. "Don't flatter yourself." Camille playfully kicked him again from under the covers. He was quick with his hands, Camille felt him grab onto one of her legs with his hand. This time when she met his gaze she really glared. Sebastian glared back. "You started it." he declared, giving her leg a squeeze. Camille wrinkled her nose and pouted. "Don't give me that look." he warned.

"What look?"

"That one." letting go of her leg and pointing to her lips. "When you pout." he explained. Camille took the opportunity and pulled her legs toward her, crossing them, away from Sebastian.

"I don't pout Sebastian." she said defensively.

Snorting, he ran his hand over his hair. "Whatever you say Doll." But before Camille had the chance to argue, he said sternly. "Don't try and distract me." Giving her a knowing look. "Have you been laying in bed all day?" he repeated.

"No...yes." she said sheepishly. He raised his other eyebrow, waiting for her to continue. "I had plan on doing things, but I couldn't make myself get out of bed for most of the morning." running her fingers absently through her hair. "So I just decided to lay here, watching TV." glancing back at the screen a few feet away, "The Cosby Show" on mute. She looked back at him, expecting to see a look of disappointment in his eyes, but Sebastian just sat at the end of the bed listening. That only gave her the courage to keep talking. "I did get up to take a shower, but then somehow I ended back here." spreading her arms out to show the bed.

"Have you eaten?" Sebastian asked concern in his voice.

"I had some cookies."

"That's it?"

Shrugging she responded. "I haven't had much of an appetite today." And it was true. She really had meant to get up and go for her typical run, even go to market closest to the apartment. But when her eyes opened that morning, the only feeling she had felt was the need to place the covers over her head and hide from the world. She didn't want to interact with anyone. The heart palpitations and urge to cry was another indication of what the day would be like if she had left her bedroom, her bed. So instead of getting up, she curled into a ball and cried for a bit. Hoping that if she did that it would help levitate all the emotions she had from the last few days, especially the night before with David. Camille was emotionally exhausted. She just needed a break, her body needed a break, her mind needed a break and her heart needed it the most. Camille looked back at him, tears in her eyes. "I did mean to get up and do things." she whispered. "I really did."

Sebastian brought his hands up in defense. "I'm not judging Cam." he whispered. "I know the last few days have sucked. You are allowed to have self care days." Getting up from the end of the bed he took a step. Camille watched him bend down closer up to the front of the bed, he folded his arms on top of the covers, looking up at her with those beautiful blue eyes. She wanted to reach out and
run her fingers through his hair, but stopped herself. "Have you taken your meds today?" he asked soothingly.

Camille felt the tears prickle again as she shook her head and whispered. "No." she sniffled. God why was she crying? "I completely forgot." she confessed. Why was he so caring? She didn't deserve this. She didn't deserve him. She was feeling like a failure at the moment.

Cupping one cheek, his blue eyes softened. "Are they in the kitchen?" She gave a small nod. Letting go of her cheek he stood up straight. "One of each right?" he asked.

"Yes."

With that, Sebastian disappeared out of the room. Once he was gone, Camille brushed back the few tears that rolled down her cheeks. She was a mess. One moment she was crying, then out drinking, flirting and fuck even hitting on Sebastian, then the next her fiancé shows up to confess how he wants her back, and then she is crying herself to sleep. Why would anyone want to be around her? That's why she had locked herself inside. She didn't want to ruin anyone's day. She had to deal with it on her own. She had done so for so long now, it wasn't anything new. Mentally she had promised to have this sorry day for herself before she had to go back to work tomorrow.

Camille's mental health was not something she shared with just anyone. She had briefly mentioned it to Liz, but had never gotten into much detail about it. Typically if Camille was feeling overwhelmed or anxious she was able to excuse herself if was going to be an issue at work. She had tried talking to David about it when they first got together and it looked like he was understandable about it, but as the years went by he just didn't bother asking about it and at times became impatient with her whenever she was going through a depressive or anxiety episode. Her younger sister Natalie was the only one she ever talked to about it, and it was mostly because she had it as well and it was easy to relate. As much as their Tia Yolanda tried to understand it, they both knew it was not something their aunt would truly ever get. Especially the decision to take medication for it. That had been one of the hardest things to explain to Yolanda. The medication. She would say: para que siguen tomando esas pastillas, si ya estan bien?

So ever since that conversation almost 10 years ago, Camille and Natalie had made a silent pack to never bring up medications to their aunt. Camille knew her Tia loved her. But Camille also understood the culture difference of having to be on medication for the rest of her life. And instead of always trying to fight it and make her understand, she just didn't bring it up anymore. It took away from the added stress.

"Do you know you're almost out of your Cezelda?" Sebastian observed stepping back inside with a glass of water in one hand and her medication in the other. Handing her the glass and medication. "You have 2 left." he said with a concern look in his eyes.

Camille put the pills in her mouth taking a large swig of her water. "I'll just have to call in my refill to the pharmacy." placing the glass of water on the nightstand next to her.

"Can we do that right now?" Sebastian pushed.

She felt her heart squeeze at his concern. "I'll call it in tomorrow." she promised. He gave her a hesitant look. "You can be there when I call it in if you want." she offered.

"I just don't want you to go without them."

Camille reached out for his hand squeezing it. "And I appreciate it Sebastian. I really do," feeling the tears again. She sniffled them back. He sat back down next to her. "You know-besides Natalie- you
have been the first one to...to..." trailing off as her lower lip quivered.

He scooted closer. "Camille?" he asked worriedly.

"I'm sorry." she sniffed. "I'm a hot mess today."

"Is that why you felt the need to lock yourself in your apartment?"

She gave a nod.

"Frumos nu trebuie să-ți faci griji pentru asta cu mine." he whispered in Romanian.

The only word she understood was 'worry' and 'me'. She tilted her head. "Are you going to tell me what you just said?" she asked. Sebastian gave her a smug look and only shook his head. Camille knew he wouldn't share it with her, but it was worth a try in asking. She had forgotten she was holding on to his hand felling him rub small circles on the inside of her palm. After a few moments of silence, Camille murmured. "I don't even know what time it is."

"Almost 8."

"What?!" Camille exclaimed letting go of his hand.

Sebastian nodded before letting out a yawn. "Yeah. Fifteen hours today."

Camille gave a sympathetic look. He had just been on set for 15 hours and instead of going straight home, he came over to check on her? Now she felt back for turning her phone off. "Did you get to eat?" she asked with concern.

He stood up again. "Yea. Before I left set."

"Are you still hungry?" Camille asked. "I think I have some leftover grilled chicken from yesterday-"

"I'm fine." smiling as he shook off his jacket and tossed it softly at the end of the bed. He yawned again. "Muscles are killing me though." he muttered. Camille furrowed her brows together and watched him walk around to the other side of her bed. Sitting down he kicked his shoes off, looking at her over his shoulders. "Do you mind?" he asked nodding to the empty side of the bed.

"You sure you rather not go to sleep?" Camille questioned.

He scoffed. "Why do you think I'll be doing?" throwing his legs over the bed and pushing his whole body against the headboard.

This was definitely not the way Camille ever imagine she would get to be in bed with Sebastian Stan. Camille frowned to herself. What was she thinking? She had barely processed the conversation with David from the day before, and she was thinking about having another man in her bed? Come to think of it, she hadn't even started to digest whatever it was her and Sebastian had shared...or not shared. The conclusion she had come to in between her crying fits after David left was she could not ruin her friendship with Sebastian, for just one night of adult fun. If anything had been cleared up between them was-yes-they were physically attracted to each other, but that was it. Nothing more, nothing else.

"Unless you want me to leave?" Camille heard Sebastian ask.

Blinking out of her thoughts she saw the look of uncertainty in those stunning eyes of his. "No." Camille answered.
"Good." reaching for the extra pillow next to him and shoving it between his back and headboard, trying to make himself comfortable. "I don't have to be on set until 11 tomorrow, so I'll get a chance to sleep in a bit." yawning again.

Camille kept her eyes on his profile as he spoke. She found herself fascinated in the way his mouth moved as he talked, how sometimes he would press his lips together for just a split second and then his mouth would twitch to one side and how his forehead would scrunch up just enough for her to notice the light wrinkles. There were plenty of times Camille had to mentally slap herself to stop from gawking at his handsome face when she was doing his make-up or hair on set.

"You're staring." Sebastian stated shifting his body just enough for his face to meet hers. At his words Camille only leaned in closer, eyes skimming the rest of face. Without a single word she reached to touch his left cheek with her index finger. He cleared his throat nervously. "What-what are you doing?" But kept his gaze fixated on her actions.

"You still have make-up on your cheek." she observed with a slight frown, rubbing her index finger and thumb softly on his cheek trying her best to remove the extra make-up. She sat up straighter, cupping his chin with her other hand.

"I washed my face before I left." he said defensively. She wasn't paying attention to his words, instead Camille turned his face slightly to one side, then the other to get a better look. "Camille..." he whined.

"See? Right here." she pointed with her thumb.

"I swear to fucking god, if you wipe it off with spit on your finger-"

Rolling her eyes, she dropped her hand from his face and blindly reached to the packet of wipes on her nightstand. "Calm down." handing him a wipe from the pack. "Here."

"Thanks." Sebastian mumbled wiping the side of his cheek. He looked back at her. "Gone?"

"Yup." smiling at him before pressing her back against the headboard.

He glanced around the room, looking for the trash can and found it next to the wall that separated the bathroom from the bedroom. Camille was of course in the middle of it. Wadding the dirty wipe into a small ball he aimed it toward the can. "Score!" he hissed when it made it into the trash can. Camille raised an eyebrow at him, but didn't say a word. Sebastian only gave her his perfect smile, getting comfortable against the pillows. Glancing at the TV for a moment, then looking back at her. "The Cosby Show?"

"I love 'The Cosby Show.' "My mom, Natalie and I used to watch it all the time when I was growing up. It used to make Mom laugh so hard even though she couldn't really understand all of it." she explained with a sad smile.

"Really?"

"Hmm, hmm. She used to love Claire's character." Camille paused for a split second. "In all honesty, Claire Huxatable was the one that made that show."

Sebastian chuckled. "So would you sit and translate for your mom?"

Camille nodded. "Sometimes she would repeat the dialogue in Spanish, just make sure she understood it." pulling the pillow up to her chest again she continued. "I like watching it now...it reminds me of her. It's."
"Nostalgic?" he offered.

"Exactly. " she agreed. "And it was one of the shows at the time I could truly relate too." Sebastian nodded in understanding. "And I always felt like I was getting a music lesson with every episode. That's how I fell in love with Duke Ellington's 'In A Sentimental Mood'." Camille said squeezing the pillow tightly, she glanced over at Sebastian and found him staring at her with curiosity. Usually Camille would have shut up by now, but the way he was looking at her only made her more comfortable to continue talking. "Of course Natalie is the real Jazz expert. My dad and her would go crate diving, looking for old vinyl's."

"Does she still do it now?"

"She does. With her fiancé, actually. It's something they can do together. Thank god."

Sebastian laughed. "Why do you say it that way?"

"Because she would always try and drag me to go with her. I don't have the attention span for it. And besides a part of me always felt like that was something her and Dad shared." Sinking just a little into the pool of pillows and blankets, Camille turned her body just enough toward his direction. He looked down at her, Camille could see the wheels in his head turning. And the from the look in his eyes, she knew what he wanted to ask. The look was familiar, it was one she got a lot when she was in high school after her parents death. "You can ask." Camille said with a small smile. A while back she had briefly mentioned to him about her parents, not getting into detail about it.

Sebastian's eyes grew wide at her words. "I am that obvious?" he asked sheepishly after a few moments.

Letting out a light laugh Camille replied. "Everyone just seems to get the same look when they want to ask, but are too afraid to do so."

Following her lead, he sunk a bit into the abyss of pillows and blankets, tilting his head a little. "Okay...so in that case...can I ask how it happened?"

"It was car accident, a freak car accident. They were driving down to L.A. from San Francisco to see some friends and it I guess it was dark and raining. The car flipped over and killed my Dad instantly." Camille said as if she was only stating facts. "Mom died on the way to the hospital." She looked up at him through her lashes. "I was fifteen and Natalie was thirteen when it happened. Funny enough we were staying with Tia Yolanda that weekend. I remember waking up in the middle of the night and hearing her cries from the bathroom. I walked in and found her in the tub...just sobbing," she paused for a split second to lick her lips. "I didn't even have to ask. I knew. So I got in the tub with her and we held hands as she sobbed. My mom was Tia Yolanda's older sister."

"I'm sorry Camille."

She reached out and pressed a hand to his cheek for a brief moment. "Thank you." she paused. "It was a long time ago."

Sebastian shifted a bit, letting his head rest against the pillows above him, his eyes on the ceiling. "I can't even imagine..." trailing off.

"It was hard." Camille confessed. "You have two teenage girls without parents, what's next you know? But mi Tia stepped up. She took us both, and made the choice to raise us." she let a low breath, realizing this was the first time in years she had opened up about her parents. "And it was
hard for her too. She gained these two kids but lost her sister..." A small gasp of surprise left her lips when Sebastian's thumb wiped away a single tear that rolled down her cheek. Meeting his gaze once again, Camille got the courage to continue. Typically she could tell the story and stop after the facts of the accident. Especially because right after it had happened, she had obsessively read the news articles over and over again.

"So you moved in with your Tia?" Camille couldn't help but giggle as he said the word aunt in Spanish. It was adorable. Sebastian quickly sat back up running both of his hands through his hair. "Did I say it wrong?" he asked, his cheeks a light touch of red.

"No," Camille said with a grin. "I've just never heard you say the word before." Camille felt the familiar flutter in her stomach as he scrunched up his nose.

"Don't be surprised when I start talking to you in Spanish." puffing his chest out a bit. "I've been pra-practicando."

Camille groaned. "Oh god. If you ever meet Tia Yolanda, please just stick with English and Romanian okay?"

Sebastian looked insulted. "Thanks for the vote of confidence Camille." giving her a light shove with his foot. "If anything, I'll just blame my broken Spanish on you."

"Ha! She'll just look at you then back at me, and ask: Este gringo esta loco?" Camille retorted back with a smug look. "Not giving a damn if you understood it or not." The smug look faded a bit when she felt a small tug on her heart. She missed her family. Tia Yolanda did still live in San Francisco, but Camille knew it was an easier 5 hour drive from San Francisco to Los Angeles, than a flight to another country. She missed being able to call her sister and make plans for lunch or dinner. The sudden feeling of being homesick hitting the pit of her stomach.

"We have 3 more weeks left and then it's back to the states." Sebastian reminded. Camille did not even bother to ask how he knew that's what she was thinking. Sometimes she swore he was in her head. "And I would love to meet her sometime. She sounds like an amazing woman."

"She is." Camille agreed. "Strict as fuck when we were growing up, but amazing none the less."

"Strict?"

"Oh god yes. Good luck trying to sneak out with her there, it was so bad when she first moved into the house with us. I think she felt like she had to overcompensate after our parents died. Feeling the pressure to keep us safe. As we got older the rules eased a bit. And that meant allowing our friends to come and stay the night at our place." she explained with a look of disgust.

Sebastian tossed his head back and laughed.

"You think I'm kidding? We were not allowed to go to the mall with friends until basically the age of 18. Granted, my parents would have done the same." Rolling her eyes at the memory. "I remember asking my dad right before the accident why I wasn't allowed to go to sleepovers. His response? 'It's not that I don't trust you, it's that I don't trust others with my daughters.' God I remember crying my eyes out because I wasn't allowed to do the same thing as some of the white kids."

She heard Sebastian chuckle again. "So what you're telling me is if we had been in school together, your father would not have allowed a sleep over?" he teased.

"My dad would not have allowed you anywhere near me." she corrected. She gave him a quizzical look. "How old were you when you moved to the states?"
"Twelve. It wasn't the easiest transition. A twelve year old boy coming from a communist country to New York." pressing lips together in a small frown and scratching the end of his nose with one finger.

"I'm trying to picture you as a twelve year old boy..." trailing off at her own thought.

"Don't." Sebastian responded shaking his head with embarrassment.

"Aww I bet you were a cute kid." Camille gushed.

"I think the only one that would agree with you, would be my mother. I was the most awkward kid ever. Add the fact that I had this strange accent." the frown growing bigger on his beautiful face. "Not pretty." His frown twisted slowly into a smile. "But unlike your parents and aunt, my mother was not as strict."

"There are still things now as an adult that Nat and I still are afraid to tell mi Tia." Camille inattentively moved one hand under the pillow her head rested on. Her fingers grasped the familiar texture of her baby quilt. She was wondering where it had gone! Earlier in the day she had cuddled with it and it must have disappeared in the mess of other blankets.

"You do realize you are grown woman right?" Sebastian teased.

"I know that!" she said defensively, giving him an annoyed look as she traced the patterns of the quilt. "She didn't know about my tattoo until about 4 years ago. Nat and I got them together when she turned 18 for our parents, and I spend the first 3 years after I got it, hiding it from her." she confided with a laugh when she realized how ridiculous that sounded now. "Actually that's why we got them where we got them..."

"It's-it's...not small." Sebastian muttered with a lick of his lips.

Lifting her head up a little from the pillow, she noticed the flash of something craving cross his eyes for a split second. She couldn't help but revel a bit in the look. Then slowly it clicked in her head. "Oh my god Sebastian Stan...are tattoos a kink for you? "she asked in bewilderment, her eyes dancing.

"Wha-?" Sebastian stammered. But it was too late, his cheeks were flushed. "N-no-"

Camille quickly sat up shaking her head. "Oh no. It's too late now. Your secret is out." pointing a teasing finger.

He opened his mouth to protest, but quickly pressed his lips together instead, his cheeks turning a darker shade of red. Camille snorted back her laughter at his reaction. Glaring, he finally spoke up. "I don't have a tattoo fetish."

"Uh uh."

"I mean your tattoo is not small!" he exclaimed.

"I'm not arguing with you about the size of it." she said a hint of amusement in her voice. "You just got this look as soon as I mentioned the word..." shrugging. Sebastian raised an eyebrow, biting his bottom lip between his teeth. Camille noticed his body language shifting a bit. "What?" she cautiously asked placing a strand of lose hair behind her ear.

Licking his lips once again before speaking. "I don't have a tattoo fetish or kink. It's just...yours is...nice." He stated flustered. "And I didn't realize you had one until yesterday and it caught me by
surprise."

"You didn't notice it the night before?"

Referring to the fact that she shamelessly undressed in front of him. She had remembered that little tidbit earlier in the morning as she was getting into the shower. Camille had never been uncomfortable about her body, sure she had those days when she felt insecure or didn't like how something looked, but for the most part she liked how she looked, and apparently Friday night she had no qualms showing Sebastian that either. She cringed as the fuzzy memory of her getting undressed while drunk hit her again. God, she really did make a fool of herself.

"I was too busy making sure you didn't puke to truly pay attention." he paused. "And my reaction was-is-more about how it looks on...you." he confessed.

"How it looks on me?" she interjected. "It looks bad?" she asked worriedly, lifting her shirt just above the left side of her torso. Frowning she asked. "Does it look like the ink is starting to fade? I thought I was taking care of it..." Camille mumbled to more to herself.

It had not been a cheap tattoo. In fact she had been saving for a few months to get it, Natalie had done the same. They wanted to wait and get it together, but they had also decided to wait until Natalie turned eighteen. So on her baby's sister 18th birthday they had gone into a tattoo parlor in San Francisco and got inked with their mother's favorite flower: red, yellow and orange tropaeolums.

Camille looked back up. "Seriously though, does it look bad?" trying her best to look at it. But it was hard to do at the moment. Now she had to go look at herself in the mirror to see if it was really starting to fade. Kicking the blankets off, she was ready to jump up, but stopped when she felt a large hand wrap around her wrist. "Sebastian-" she began to protest, but stopped when she a caught the smoldering look in his eyes.

He chortled back his laughter. "What I' am going to do with you Camille Solis?"

Camille wrinkled her forehead in confusion, yet felt the familiar tightening in her stomach when he looked at her that way. His eyes all fiery, his lips forming a small O. Stupidly she stuttered. "W-what is that supposed to mean?"

"It means that I need to learn how to give better compliments." he mused.

Now she really felt stupid. But did not say anything else, she only raised an eyebrow at him, easing her leg back into bed. Once again he bit on his lower lip. Did he realize how fucking hot it was when he did that?

Giving a slightly shake of his head, he let go of her wrist and said in a low voice. "It's sexy Camille. Fucking sexy."

At his words, Camille couldn't help but rub her thighs together, a slight shiver running through her whole body, like a jolt of electricity. She tried her best to push that feeling aside, and teased instead. "So it is a kink?" But knowing it was more than that and Sebastian knew it too because he leaned in closer to her, his breath fanning over her face.

"We both know it's not a kink."

And just like that, the mood in the room had shifted. The tension thick.

Camille swallowed the lump in her throat. "It's not?" she quivered.
"No." Sebastian said huskily. "You want to know what my first thought was when I saw it?"

"Hmm?"

"I wanted to trace the outline of it with my fingertips." Sebastian said smoothly.

A small whimper left her lips at his words and she couldn't help but ask. "Anything else that crossed your mind?"

Licking his lips, Sebastian leaned in a bit closer. "What your skin would taste like when I replaced my fingertips with my tongue... working from your torso all the way down your hip..." His mouth now inches from her ear.

Camille felt her heartbeat rapidly deep within her chest. Fuck. He was good. She closed her eyes for moment, picturing his tongue on her skin. She opened them back up moving just enough for them to be face to face and found him staring down at her through his long lashes, a look of satisfaction on his face, knowing his words had affected her. For whatever reason the look on his face annoyed her a bit.

But two could play this game. Composing herself, swallowing the lump in her throat and without breaking his gaze she brushed her long curls to one side. "It that case maybe I shouldn't tell you where my other tattoo is hidden."

The smug look he had a few moments ago, slowly faded at her words. "Other tattoo?" he repeated.

Camille gave herself an imaginary pat on the back at his reaction. "Hmm yeah." she almost moaned. "You have another one?" Sebastian mumbled.

"I had to put it somewhere it couldn't be seen remember?"

Clearing his throat, he broke the gaze first, but his eyes never left her. In fact they kept going back and forth between her exposed neck, and lips. By the way he was looking at her, Camille knew he was trying to figure out where on her body she had it hidden. She hid her smirk. Okay, so maybe this was a bit fun. It definitely got her mind off other things.

"Where is it hidden?" he blurted out.

"On my body." she responded innocently. She blinked in surprise when he cupped her jaw with one of his larger hands and pulled her face even closer to his. If she tilted her head just a bit more, their lips could touch.

"You're killing me Camille."

"You started it Sebastian." she chastised with a raised eyebrow.

"You aren't going to tell me now are you?"

She gave a small shake of her head, but did not say word. Instead her eyes dropped to his lips. Maybe they should just get it over with and really kiss and see what happens. Maybe this way it would shattered whatever attraction they had towards each other. Wasn't that a thing that happen? Kiss and then the magic would fade because it was just about the anticipation? Not really about the two people?

But before Camille had a chance to speak up, she heard the growl in the stomach. Sebastian must
have heard it too because let go of her face, tossing his head back to laugh. Whatever little bubble
they had just been in broke. She cracked a smile. "Okay, so I guess I am a bit hungry."

He continued to laugh, pushing himself up from the bed. "C'mon I'll buy." he offered.

Camille followed his lead "Wait-that's it?" she half-joked, pulling her hair up.

Bending down to pick up his shoes he replied. "Yes." then standing straight up again. "You need to
eat."

Glaring over at him, she placed one hand on her hip. "You know that's not what I meant-"

"I know that's not what you meant, but in the name of our friendship maybe it's a good thing to get
out of the house for a bit." he murmured, slipping his shoes back on, grabbing his jacket. "Before
one of us does something we can't take back." Their eyes locking from a few feet away.

She didn't argue. Sebastian was right. Nodding she said. "I'll change." walking in the direction of her
closet to grab a pair of jeans and shirt.

"Will you at least tell me what it is?" she heard Sebastian call out.

Camille snorted back her laughter, knowing he was referring to the tattoo. "Nope!!" she exclaimed,
walking back out of the closet with the clothes. He had pulled his jacket back on, and sat on the edge
of the bed with a goofy smile on his face.

"I had to try."

She shook her head, smiling before walking into the bathroom. Once she stepped inside, she shut the
door behind her, undressing. "Who knows? Maybe one day you'll get lucky enough to find out on
your own." she called out to him, slipping the jeans and shirt on. Even through the door Camille
heard him groan and say something in Romanian. Swinging the door open she stepped out. "Can
you translate please?" turning the light off, hiding her giggles. But knew he wasn't going to translate
what he said.

"It means hurry your ass up before I say fuck it and throw our friendship out the damn window." he
grunted, clinching his jaw.

Camille rolled her eyes at him, pretending the words did not have an effect on her. "That is not what
it translates to." she tried to tease.

"Do you really want to know what it means?" Sebastian challenged, standing up and facing her.
Camille knew his question was a loaded one. But they had already made their decision, hadn't they?
She opened her mouth and then shut it again, not sure of what to say. That was all Sebastian needed.
He let out a light chuckle, and turned in the direction of the living room. "C'mon, let's go eat."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for the kudos!! <3
Chapter 10 - Unfinished

Manchester, UK 2010

"Thank you." Camille and Sebastian said in unison as the waiter placed the vegetable Shashlik in the middle of their table.

"You're welcome. I have placed your order. Please let me know if you need anything," responded the waiter before turning on his heels and leaving them alone.

Reaching for a piece of the cottage cheese, Camille felt Sebastian's eyes on her. "Stop it." she mumbled before shoving the piece of cheese in her mouth and meeting his gaze from across the table.

"Stop what?" he countered, reaching for a piece himself.

"Staring."

"I'm not staring." Sebastian stated, wrapping his hands around his glass of water and bringing it to his lips.

She rolled her eyes, taking another piece of cheese from the Shashlik. She hadn't realized how hungry she was until she sat down and the smell of the food in the restaurant hit her nostrils. Had she really only eaten cookies all day? It was amazing what you missed when you wrapped yourself in your own brain sometimes. And she had done that for most of the day- until Sebastian showed up. She was thankful to have someone like him in her life to pull her out of her mind every once in a while, even if at the moment he was being annoying.

Since leaving the apartment building, and walking a few blocks to the familiar Indian restaurant, Sebastian had not dropped the conversation about her hidden tattoo. She knew he was doing it to be annoying. "Will you stop!" she hissed, his eyes roaming up and down her body. "Do you have x-ray vision I should be aware of?" but couldn't keep the smile from appearing on her face.

"I wish." Sebastian said. "Do you know how much easier this would be?"

Camille snorted back her laughter despite of herself. Damn him. Sebastian's face grew into a large grin at her laughter. Ugh the way his nose scrunched up made her insides all warm and fuzzy.

"You're ridiculous."

"Isn't that a Harry Potter spell or something?" he mused before grabbing a piece of tomato.

Camille's smile faded and she narrowed her eyes. "I told you-I refuse to have any conversation about Harry Potter with you if you haven't read the books." she reminded. "And it's 'Riddikulus.' not ridiculous," she corrected. Yes, she was a Harry Potter nerd and she was not afraid to admit it. And yes, she had been more than shocked when Sebastian confessed to her that he had never opened a Harry Potter book before. A part of her still wondered why she even bothered to talk to him at all. Who hadn't read Harry Potter?!

Sebastian almost choked on his food at her response.

"Make fun all you want, Area 51 boy." she shot back.
"I knew I should have kept my mouth shut on that." swallowing the last bit of his food. Letting out a large sigh he concluded. "Okay, fine. So we're both big geeks."

"Speak for yourself." Camille argued. "I'm a nerd, not a geek." taking a sip of her water.

Sebastian bit into a piece of tomato hard. "Oh okay, I didn't realize there was a difference." he mocked. She only raised an eyebrow at him. A small smile tugged on his lips, his eyes never leaving hers. "But back to the subject at hand-"

"No -it's not on my ass." Camille interrupted.

Raising both of his eyebrows he said. "I kind of figured it wasn't there." leaning back against the chair.

"I guess you'll never know Stan." responding cheekily.

"Don't call me Stan." he reminded. Camille only grinned widely. Letting out a sigh of resignation. "Fine. I won't ask anymore."

"Good."

"For now. But I will find out." he promised, narrowing his eyes at her. "You'll see." playfully wiggling both eyebrows. "Or maybe you don't actually have another one..."

She scrunched up her nose in disgust. "Maybe I don't."

She did have it of course. It just wasn't as visible as the one on her hip. She got a slight shiver at the thought of what it would be like to have Sebastian actually find it. To do so, he would have to undress her. Camille took another sip of her water as she tried to push that thought out of her head. The physical attraction to him was because of the proximity they shared. Right? At least that was the explanation she could come up with.

"Why the flowers?" she heard Sebastian ask.

"Huh?" meeting his eyes again. "Oh, uh they are called tropaeolums, they were my mom's favorite growing up. They grew all over her neighborhood in El Salvador. Nat has the same one-on her left shoulder."

"That's a little bit easier to spot." Sebastian observed.

Camille smirked as she thought of her younger sister. "Yeah well, Natalie's a little bit more rebellious than me."

"It sounds like it." he chuckled. "The flowers for your dad too?"

She gave a small laugh. "No? He loved my mom, and she loved the flowers." She felt her heart squeeze talking about her parents. Besides her sister, she rarely brought them up. It had taken years for Camille to be at peace with their death, but she missed them and there was not a day when they didn't cross her mind, or where something did not reminded her of them. It was just a bit odd being able to talk to someone else about them besides family. But at the same time it was nice to have another human being who she could share her stories with.

"That's a good enough reason." Sebastian concurred with a slight nod.

She paused for a split moment, as she tried to picture her dad's face in her mind. As the years passed,
his face became a bit blurrier. The thought made her heart squeeze and made her sad at the same time. She quickly looked up when she felt Sebastian's hand on her arm.

"Hey, I'm sorry." he said softly. "I didn't mean for you to-"

Camille shook her head. "No. It's okay."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. You are the first person in years that I've felt comfortable with...in sharing anything about them." Camille confessed, absently placing her free hand on top of his. "So thanks." smiling warmly. "Sometimes it's just harder to remember their faces if I don't-"

"Talk about them out loud?" he offered.

"Exactly."

Sebastian ran his knuckles gently under the palm of her hand. "Well-if you ever want to share stories about them, I'm all ears."

Camille fixated her eyes on him, not saying a word for, a light shiver running down her spine at the simple touch, but didn't move her hand away. In fact, she wanted to be closer to him- and not just physically. Sebastian had turned into a confidant Camille never realized she needed. And that's what made the attraction between them even more dangerous. Because a part of her knew if she allowed herself, she could end up really falling for him. And that was a scary thought, because she was still not over David.

She was not sure if she could ever truly move on from David. How do you let go a relationship after 6 years? Where do you even start? And how fair was it to get involve with someone new when you still had feelings for your ex?

She must have truly zoned out because she heard Sebastian speak again. "Where did your head go frumos fata?" giving her hand a quick squeeze. Camille glanced down at their hands, fingers now intertwined. She could have pulled her hand away, but didn't and he was not making the effort to move his either. "Camille?"

It took a few more seconds for her mind to register that he had said a few words in Romanian. Without realizing it Camille repeated the first word out loud. He chuckled. Raising an eyebrow she frowned. "I said it wrong?" she muttered embarrassedly.

"No." Sebastian said with a shake of his head. "But now I know how you feel when I try and talk in Spanish." he joked.

"Ha, ha, ha." sticking her tongue out. "F-frumos..." she mumbled to herself. "That means 'pretty' right?" fixing her eyes back on him. She couldn't remember what the second word translated to. "Yes." he answered amusingly, leaning a bit closer into the table, their fingers still locked together. Sebastian licked his bottom lip nervously. "'Pretty girl.'"

"What?"

"It translates to 'pretty girl.'" he repeated, pressing his lips together, but not breaking his gaze away from her. Instead he pulled her hand closer to him, Camille blindly obliged leaning closer into the table, unable to contain the butterflies in her stomach. It was not the first time they had touched, but it just felt different. His touches.

How did he do it? How could he make her want to throw any rational thought out the window? Camille was a practical woman. Logical woman. Think before you act was her motto. Especially when it came to personal relationships. But in the last 4 months that had begin to change, a big part of it had to do with Sebastian. She just had not figured out how and why? It just was. There was no concrete answer, or words. And that was terrifying.

"Sebastian-" she warned, breaking out of his trance for a split moment but still not pulling her hand
away from his grasp.
"Camille." he gently teased back, stroking the top of her knuckles with his thumb. His mouth
twitching to one side of his face in a slight smirk.

She really could be putty in his hands if she allowed it. Sometimes she still couldn't believe how
good looking he was. She watched him tug her hand closer to his chest. Again, she knew the right
thing to do was to move her hand away, but she could not seem to make her brain do it. "I thought
the whole reason for us leaving the apartment was to not do this?" she questioned.

"Really? I thought the reason was because you were hungry?" Sebastian countered. "Besides I
thought we already had this talk?"

"I thought so too, but you're the one holding on to my hand." nodding in direction of their tangled
fingers.

"You could pull away." Camille wrinkled her nose in annoyance. They could do this all day, the
back and forth, almost bickering at times. "But you haven't." he concluded.

"You took it." she challenged back, leaning in as close to him as she could with the table between
them.

"It was reflex." Sebastian confessed.

Raising one curious eyebrow at him she asked. "Reflex?"

"Yeah, it was either this or throw something at your head to get your attention."

"Funny." Camille responded sarcastically. She heard him chuckle under his breath as he shifted in
his chair to sit up straighter. The butterflies in her stomach growing bigger with every moment their
fingers stayed interlocked. Thankfully the restaurant was almost empty so there was no onlookers.
But even then Camille was sure it would not have mattered. She was fully aware they sometimes got
lost in their own world whenever they around other people. It had been brought up more than once
by Chris and Hayley.

"That's not the only reason why I wanted to get out." Sebastian said in a low voice. Camille gave
him a curious look. He continued. "I thought you could use a break from your own thoughts." She
pressed her lips together at his words, looking away. He tugged at her hand again. "Hey," his voice
steril yet warm. "You know you can talk to me right?" She met his gaze again and felt her whole
body warm up at the way he was peering over at her.

Letting out a small sigh and nodding, she barely whispered. "I know." It was amazing how much
could be said between them without saying much.

"Good."

Camille watched him bring her hand up to his handsome face, pressing his lips along the top of her
knuckles. Her breath hitched at the simple, yet intimate touch. Sebastian looked over at her under his
lashes. Again Camille knew the best thing to do was pull away, but she could not seem to make
herself do it. And before her brain could form words together the waiter reappeared with their food.
Sebastian hesitantly untangled his fingers from hers, leaning back against the chair.

"The chicken karahi." the waiter said placing the hot plate of food in front of Camille. "And the lamb
biryani." Placing the other hot plate in front of Sebastian. "Let me know if there is else anything else
you need." Both Camille and Sebastian thanked him before he left them alone once again.
Silently they picked up their forks and began to dig into their delicious dinner. For a few long minutes they ate without saying much, except to praise the food.

Sebastian spoke up first, eyes on her food. "Are you going to let me try some?" he asked with a sheepish grin. Camille couldn't help but smile back. "Pleaseee?" he pleaded with those puppy eyes.

"Only if I get to try yours." she negotiated. Without hesitation he pushed his plate in her direction. "What's mine is yours." he joked with a wink.

Camille giggled. "Dork." But her fork was already reaching for a piece of lamb. Using her free hand, she pushed her dish toward him.

They ate in silence for a few more moments. And Camille found herself getting lost once more in her own thoughts. Sebastian's words about being able to talk to him ringing in her ears. He was talking about David and the shit storm conversation they had the day before. The conversation had not made anything clear, in fact it only made it more confusing and complicated. And it made her feel even more anger and resentment towards him. She had been doing just fine before he showed up at her front door.

Friday night had been fun and a good distraction- even if certain parts were still a blur. Plus she had been happy to get the chance to celebrate Sebastian's birthday. Speaking of Sebastian's birthday, she was a bit curious as to why he seemed so opposed to celebrating it. "Can I ask you something?" reaching for her glass of water. He looked up from his plate, furrowing his eyebrows together. Camille took that as a sign, she could continue. "Is there a reason why you don't like to celebrate your birthday?" gulping down some water.

He blinked in surprise at her question as he chewed on his food. After a few seconds he spoke. "It's not that I don't like to celebrate it. It's more of...not wanting to make it into a big deal." Camille sat up in her chair, waiting for him to go on. "I don't remember truly celebrating a birthday until I moved to the states. Before then I just remember maybe getting a small cake, or cupcake, but nothing too extravagant. And with my dad not being around - and I would always see the neighbor kids in Romania with their dad's on their birthdays...so I guess I just associate it with that. If that makes any fucking sense." shrugging as he took a bite of lamb.

Camille gave a small nod in understanding. It did make sense. "So does that mean I can't celebrate it now that I know when it is?" she asked with a slight pout.

"If I say 'no' will it really matter?" narrowing those blue orbs at her.

"It's your birthday. If you don't want to celebrate it, I can respect that."

Chuckling, he ran his fingers through his hair. "Just no surprise parties okay?" he begged.

"Deal." Camille answered, smiling from ear to ear. "Can I least still get you gifts?"

"If I tell you no will you do it anyway?"

Camille nodded 'yes', dropping her fork lightly on the plate.

"Then why do you ask if you're going to ignore what I say?" he groaned.

"I just thought I would give you the courtesy of saying no." Camille replied teasingly.

Sebastian rolled his eyes and shook his head at the same time. "You're a pain in the ass, you know that?"
Snorting and rolling her eyes back at him. "Ooh it's okay when you're the pain in my ass, but not okay when I am?" she scoffed, reaching for her fork again. Sebastian only smirked back at her, as he shoved more food into mouth, the table silent once again.

"Can I ask you something now?" But his eyes were hesitant to continue. Camille had a feeling of what his question was. "You want to talk about yesterday?"

"Is that the question?"

"Cam-

Before he could say anything else, she stopped him. "He wanted to talk...so I let him talk. Obviously it's not going to change anything." she mumbled bitterly. "I don't know what he thought he could say to change my mind." with a slight shake of her head. "He kept coming up with excuses- that didn't help his cause. I told him that, but he wasn't listening. He wanted to talk to ease his own guilt. I should have known better." "I'm sorry." was all Sebastian said.

Camille waved a hand almost as if dismissing the subject, but knew deep down this was far from over. It was going to be a long time before the mention of David would not make her want to crawl into bed and cry. She was thankful to be going back to work the next day to keep her mind off him. In fact she was looking forward to the 15 hour work days for the next few weeks. It meant she would be too tired at the end of the day to think much of anything when she got home.

Obviously that would change when they flew back to the states. Letting out a shaky breath, she pushed that problem aside in her mind for the time being. One thing at a time. At least that's what she kept telling herself.

"Although I have to hand it to him- he was dedicated in staying around until I spoke after you left us alone."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh just that after you walked out of the door I planted myself on the couch, not saying a single word for almost 45 minutes. I had nothing to say to him. I thought maybe I didn't say anything he would give up and leave." Sebastian laughed lightly under his breath. "$I know." her mouth set in a hard line.

"You know what?"

"I can be stubborn." she grimaced.

He raised both eyebrows. "I mean I'm not going to argue with that..." trailing off, his mouth twitching.

Camille scrunched up her nose. "Thanks." she uttered sarcastically.

"But," he started. "$It doesn't mean it's a bad thing. At least not to me. I'm surprised you even let him try and explain." "$I'm surprised too." chewing on her bottom lip nervously. "$I guess for a split moment I thought there was a possibility of fixing this. But the moment he started talking about how he hadn't realize how me being away for almost 4 months was effecting the relationship..." trailing off, and taking a bite from her food.

Of course she wished with her whole heart that they could salvage their relationship, but she didn't
trust him now. Any trust she once had had been erased, it was gone. Because now she wondered if this was the first time he had done it. Sure he insisted over and over it was, but her heart and head could not seem to agree.

"He kept saying how much he loves me, asking what he could do to get us to work again." Camille blurted out. "I wish I could believe him, but I just don't." A feeling of sadness hitting the pit of her stomach. Without realizing it she began to rub on her left ring finger, expecting to feel the engagement ring he had given her, but for the first time since she found out the truth about his cheating, it hit her that she could no longer wear the ring.

What if he had been cheating when he proposed? Had he asked her to marry him because he was feeling guilty? There were so many unanswered questions she was afraid to ask. Camille was not sure if she could handle the answers right now.

"I tried to give him back the ring." Camille whispered, blinking back the tears. "He wouldn't take it. I don't need a reminded of what we could have been."

Placing his fork back on the plate, he teased lightly. "You can always sell it, or melt it down?"

Camille smiled despite the sadness she felt. "Actually, I really wanted to just throw it at his head. But I have a feeling it would not have done much damaged." Sebastian only smirked. "Besides it would have only made me feel good for a few minutes..." she mused to herself. A hint of anger replacing the sadness she had been feeling a few moments prior.

Was this how it was going to be for the next couple of months? Her mood never constant when it came to David? One moment she felt sad, then anger, then even guilt. Because deep down, Camille knew she could have tried harder in their relationship. She took another bite of her food, and peered back at Sebastian, her heart fluttering at the sight of him. And then there were her conflicted feelings about him. Maybe the sudden urge to be physically and romantically near Sebastian was because of David.

It was not every day she got her heart broken and just happen to have someone as sweet and thoughtful as Sebastian to comfort her. These were the thoughts that had been running through her head for the past 24 hours. There were so many things she had to process, and was not looking forward to doing.

"The feeling to throw the ring was after a 15 minute screaming match." she confessed, running a hand over her face. The screaming had started after he had brought up the woman by name. Camille had always considered herself to be a passive person, but that had not been the case the day before. She had felt her blood boiling when her name left his lips. Just thinking about it at that moment made her angry again. "It was insulting to hear him say how he wished he could rewind time and do things differently. He made the choice to cheat. No one forced him to do this-I have to keep telling myself that so I don't go completely crazy. I didn't make him do this." she muttered, closing her eyes.

"No, you didn't." Sebastian asserted.

Her eyes flew open, fear in her chest as she asked out loud. "But why does it feel like I did?"
Camille took the potatoes and carrots out of the grocery bag along with a large bottle of Gatorade and placed them on the counter. She looked around the unfamiliar kitchen, trying to figure out where Sebastian kept his pots, pans and cutting board. But before Camille had the chance to rummaged through the cabinets, she heard a loud cough. Turning around Sebastian appeared from his bedroom.

“I thought you were going to go take a shower?” Camille asked with a frown.

“I don’t need a shower.” Sebastian whined, rubbing his fingers through his messy hair. He coughed again, followed by a sneeze.

“Stop being a stubborn ass.” Camille ordered, taking a step toward him. “You need to try and break that fever.” she reminded, standing face to face.

He scrunched up his nose in disgust. “I’m fine. It’s just a little cough.”

"Yeah, that’s why your nose looks like Rudolph the Red nose reindeer." bopping him on the nose with her finger.

"Camilleeee.” he pouted.

Rolling her eyes, she placed both her hands on top of his shoulders giving him a small shove back toward his bedroom. “It’s not just a little cough. You have the flu Sebastian.”

"I don’t get the flu.” he argued, but covered his mouth with a hand to keep from sneezing in Camille’s face.

“You are worse than my six year old cousin.” Camille exclaimed. Sebastian’s pout only grew at her words. Pressing a palm up against his forehead, she frowned. “You’re burning up.” And he really was, his cheeks were completely flushed, his usual blue gleaming eyes drooped a bit due to the lack of sleep. Sebastian had wrapped up his last day of filming late the night before. She had left hours before him, and was pretty sure he had stayed for another 6-8 hours. "What time did you leave last night?”

“One? No, almost two.” Sebastian grumbled, rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand. “But I haven’t been able to sleep.”

Camille couldn’t help but give a pity look. He looked exhausted and it was not only from working 15 plus hours every day for the past 3 weeks. Realizing the flu was a way of his body telling him to slow down. "You know what would help you sleep?” she said with a big smile.

Raising one eyebrow. "What’s that?” Covering his mouth again to sneeze.

With her hands still on his shoulder, Camille turned his body in the direction of the bedroom. “A nice bath.” she whispered into his ear, giving him a light push. Why were men such children when they got sick? She grunted when she felt him come to a quick halt, the back of him coming in contact with the front of her almost making her trip on her own two feet."Por dios Sebastian!” she muttered in Spanish. “Stop being such a fucking baby.”
Sebastian glowered at her over his shoulder, mumbling back in Romanian. Usually Camille would have paid a little more attention to what he was saying in his native tongue, but at the moment he was acting like a spoiled kid she had the urge to smack him upside the head. She wasn’t actually going to do it, but the compulsion was definitely there.

“Don’t make me drag you in there.” Camille warned.

The glowering look quickly faded from his face only to be replaced by a sly smile. “Would you help me get undressed?”

Camille rolled her eyes. “I’ll let that slide because I know you’re running a fever over 100-F. and I know it must be making you delusional.” The sly smile on his face only grew at her words. Any other day she would have taken his flirtatious remark seriously but at that moment that was the least of her concerns. Camille felt the sudden need to take care of him. Maybe it was her way of repaying him for all the times he had taken care of her.

It had been 3 weeks since Sebastian’s birthday and David’s visit, things between Camille and Sebastian had returned somewhat normal. A lot of it was due to the long hours they both been working. She had been afraid their dynamic was going to change after what had happened over the weekend, but it was quite the opposite. It only seemed to make their working relationship stronger. It was almost as if they came to a mutual silent understanding that there was no expectations of what should happen next in their relationship.

They were just Camille and Sebastian. She liked that.

“So does that mean you’ll do it?” he joked. Scoffing, Camille reached and grabbed his elbow, dragging him into the other room. “I’ll take that as a ‘yes.’”

He felt warm. But she wasn’t surprised. When she texted him earlier in the day, he said his temperature was around 98-F. When she asked what he was doing to try and bring it down or break it, his response was: “Nothing.”

After getting his text while she was still on set, she had decided to stop by the local grocery store and pick up a few things she thought would help with the flu—or at least make it a bit more bearable. She’d bought a cold compressor, along with ibuprofen, and of course the one thing that cures everything- Vicks Vapor Rub-her mom and aunt’s secret weapon- along with some vegetables for the chicken soup (courtesy of Tia Yolanda’s recipe of course) he hadn’t eaten anything all day. She hadn’t asked him, she just knew.

Once they had entered his bedroom, Camille teased. “I would, but you have that fever.” Pretending to let out a sigh of disappointment.

Sebastian glared as he walked backwards to his bathroom. “Tease.” He squinted when he realized she was following him. “I thought you said…” trailing off and wiggling his eyebrows suggestively. “Don’t get too excited Mr. Stan.”

“What?” He exclaimed before looking over his shoulder to make sure he didn’t trip on anything.

“Uh uh.” Flipping the light on in the bathroom, Camille continued sarcastically. “Just want to make sure your ass knows where the bathroom is before I start on lunch.” Sebastian wrinkled his nose. It hadn’t taken long for Camille to figure out Sebastian did not like people making a fuss over him, especially when he was sick. Which was funny because he was acting like a little shit at the moment.

“You don’t have to make lunch Cam-“
It was her turn to glare. “Don’t argue with me.”

“What if you end up getting sick too?”

Camille took another step toward the shower and said without looking at him. “Then I guess you’ll have to take care of me.” Placing both hands on her hips, Camille turned to him. Changing the subject back to him. “Are you really going to make this into a fight?” unable to stop herself from pouting. Hoping it would help her case.

Sebastian let out an exasperated sigh, shaking his head. “No.” then quickly added. “Only because I don’t have the energy to argue.” He sniffed again. “But I’m not taking a bath.” he argued, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Okay, whatever you say sarge.” she taunted, using the nickname they used on set when he was in his Bucky Barnes outfit.

“Very funny.” Sebastian mumbled with a look.

Camille grinned sheepishly. “Sorry, I had to do it.” She pointed to the shower doors. “Do you want me to get the water started?” Batting her eyelashes at him teasingly.

“No.” he grunted.

Raising an eyebrow she gave him a confused look. “What happen to needing me to help you get undressed?”

Pressing his lips together, Sebastian took a step closer toward the shower. ”It just got super hot in here that’s all.” he mumbled instead.

Camille looked worriedly at him, pressing her hand up to his clammy forehead. “Okay, I’ll let you shower. And I’ll get started on the soup.” Dropping her hand from his head. Hesitantly she took a step back, but did not want to leave. What if he fell over? Or fainted?

“Cam, it’s okay.” he reassured with a weak smile. “I’ll take the shower.” he promised.

“That’s not it…” trailing off.

“What is it then?”

"Just-just call if you need anything okay?"

Sebastian chuckled lightly. "I will."

Without saying another word, Camille turned on her heels and walked out of the bathroom. Shutting the door behind, she waited a few moments before making it back to the kitchen. Sebastian worked hard, she might have only known him for a few months but his work ethic was impeccable. But at times, working too much could take a toll. Thankfully he had gotten sick at the end of shooting and not during.

Once back in the kitchen space, she searched in the cabinets for a cutting board. Finally after about the fourth try she came across what she was looking for. Placing the board on the counter (knife and peeler were easier to locate!) she grabbed a potato and began peeling. She was on her third one, when her phone rang. Quickly reaching for it with her free hand she placed it between her ear and shoulder.
"Hey!" Camille answered happily. It was her sister Natalie. She quickly glanced over to the clock on the microwave. 1:34pm. That meant it was around 9:30 pm back in Los Angeles. Which was still early for her younger sister. Nat had always been a night owl. “Prime time?” Camille teased.

“You know it!” Natalie replied. Camille smiled to herself. “You?”

Continuing to peel potatoes. "About to make sopa de pollo. Sebastian has the flu.” she explained.

“You’ve been spending lots of time with him.” Natalie mused.

Camille rolled her eyes, gently tossing the peeled potatoes in the sink and turning on the faucet. “We work together. I’m bound to spend time with him.” she reminded, turning the water off in the sink. She reached for a carrot and began peeling.

“I hope you spend as much time with the others as you do with Sebastian.” her sister quipped.

“You know what Nat?” Camille paused. “Shut up.”

Natalie snickered on the other line. In reality Camille should blame herself for all the teasing she was receiving. She was the one who opened her big mouth about how great Sebastian had been to her during the last few weeks, especially since David’s visit. But even through all the teasing, Natalie had said more than once how relieved she was that Camille had someone to confide in since they were so far away from each other.

"What?!" Natalie exclaimed innocently. “I Googled him by the way.” Camille groaned. “Thanks for not telling me how good looking he is.” she added sarcastically.

“I can’t believe you looked him up.” Camille accused, peeling another carrot. But she shouldn’t be surprised. Her sister could be nosy- at least when it came to her. Camille smirked to herself. It was fine, Natalie could tease all she wanted, Camille was sure there would be a time where she could return the favor.

“Like what? A human being? A man?” Camille retorted, hoping to get off the subject of Sebastian’s good looks.

“Vas a ver cuando regreses.” Natalie said in Spanish.

“It slipped my mind.” Camille grumbled ignoring her threat, as she finished peeling the last two carrots.

“My ass it slipped your mind.”

Reaching for the knife, Camille began to cut the carrots into small slices. "Can we change the subject?" She pleaded. Camille was still not ready to dissect her feelings or attraction for Sebastian out loud. “How is the wedding planning going?” she asked instead.

Camille heard her sister let out an exasperated sigh. “Stressful. And the wedding isn’t for another 7 months.” Natalie and her fiancé had decided on a spring wedding for the following year. “A part of me just wants to throw away all the plans and just go do it next week.”

"If you go and get married without me being there I will kick your butt.” Camille threaten.

“Relax. This is me just talking out of my ass.” Natalie assured, a hint of amusement in her voice.
Camille tossed the cut up carrots unto an empty bowl and began slicing the potatoes next. “What’s the point of you having a wedding planner if you’re going to be stressed out?”

“That’s what I keep telling Sam!” Natalie whined. They continued to talk about the wedding as Camille put to boil in water the potatoes and carrots and began working on the chicken next. After about 20 minutes of Natalie venting about the wedding planning, she paused. “I’m sorry.” she mumbled.

“For what?” Camille asked absently, checking on the vegetables with a wooden spoon. She then went back to paying attention to the chicken to make sure it was cooking the way Tia Yolanda had taught her.

“For bringing up wedding…stuff.” she answered lamely.

“Doofus, I asked you remember?” Shaking her head even though her sister couldn’t see her at the moment. Camille was grateful to have a sister who was considerate of her feelings but at the same time, she wasn’t going to ask Natalie to stop talking about her wedding plans. She wanted to be there for her baby sister, just like she had always been there for her, especially during this happy time in her life!

“I know but I just don’t want you to think that I was rubbing it in your face or something.”

“Nat- it’s okay. In fact, I’m glad for the diversion. It keeps my mind off…everything…and him.” Camille said. “And besides if anything it just proves that I made the right decision. We got engaged before you and Sam did and we hadn’t even picked a date yet.”

“It’s not like you didn’t try to.” Natalie reminded bitterly.

Natalie was right. She had tried to get a date set, but she never got a clear yes from David. God, so many things we’re making sense now. How could she have been so stupid? Natalie and Sam had announced their engagement 2 months after Camille’s and David, and by the next day they had decided on a date and place.

Camille opened the small bottle of consome de pollo. “How much consome do I need to put again?” she asked. Focusing back on the soup.

“I usually put about 3 little spoonfuls” Natalie answered. “Sometimes 4.”

Camille giggled. The Latino way of cooking: just estimate how much you’ll need of something and go with it. She wouldn’t have it any other way. “I guess I can do 3 and if needs more I’ll add another one.” she decided.

“Sounds good to me!” Natalie agreed.“Don’t try and change the subject.” she accused.

“I wasn’t!” Camille said defensively, dropping the spoonfuls of consome in the pot with the potatoes, carrots and now chicken. It would be another 30 minutes before it was done.

“I just want to make sure you are going to deal with this.” Natalie said worriedly. Obviously referring to David.

“I really haven’t had the time to think about it.” Camille confessed.

“Well, you’re going to have to.” Natalie pushed. “You’re coming home in a few days.” she reminded. “Has he called you?”
Sighing, she leaned back against one of the counters. "Yes. Every day actually. I answered the first few times. Then I realized it wasn’t doing me any good. So I just let it go to voicemail." chewing on her lower lip anxiously. It suddenly hit that she was about to fly home and it was going to be harder to avoid him, being in the same city. And they had many mutual friends. Her heart began to race at what she was going to be have to deal with. “You and Sam are just going to have to help me find ways to avoid him.” she half joked. “I don’t want to see him. Thanks again for getting my stuff out of the house.”

Natalie cleared her throat. “About that-”

Camille felt her heart drop at the tone of her voice. “What happen?”

“I’ve called the asshole a few times to let him know we were coming over to get your things, and he comes up with lame ass excuses to not be there.” Natalie said angrily.

Natalie and Sam had offered to go to the house they shared and get her belongings (mostly her personal things like clothes, shoes, etc). Camille had decided to let him keep the furniture and whatever else they had bought together. She wanted to start over, not have any reminders of him.

“Also, are you really going to let that fucking dickhead keep everything?”

If she wasn’t freaking out at the moment about not having her stuff, she would have laughed at the nickname Natalie had for David. "I don’t need a reminder Nat.” she barely whispered.

“Then we sell it. Don’t let that fucker keep it.”

“I also thought it would just be easier this way. This way he wouldn’t have anything to hold against me.” Letting out a large sigh. “But I guess he isn’t going to make this easy.”

“We can try and get the stuff when you come back. We will just have to use your key. Stop by when he is at work.” she paused. “When is your flight?”

"Uh.. Wednesday evening- I think. I'll let you know.” Taking a step toward the stove to check on the chicken soup. “It keeps changing. There are a few more shots they need, so they’ve asked some of us to stay a few extra days.” The excitement she’d been feeling to go back to LA was slowly dissipating at the news of David giving Natalie a hard time.

"Camille.” Natalie warned in a knowing tone. “Don’t let him get in your head. We’ll figure it out.” her younger sister promised.

Turning down the burner heating the soup. “Okay.” she murmured, but she didn’t sound convincing. After a few moments of silence, Camille blurted out. “If he’s going to act this way then I need to figure out where I’m going to put the rest of the stuff.” Anger seeping through her veins all of a sudden. She thought letting him keep the material things would be easier on her, but damn- if he was going to act like a fucking child, then she was not going to make it easy either. “You’re right-half of the stuff in that house belong to me.”

Camille could have sworn she heard Natalie laugh with glee. “Good! His cheating ass does not deserve that television.” Referring to the 70 inch television Camille had bought last Christmas for the their living room. Camille laughed despite of herself. Natalie continued. “You can put most of the stuff in storage for the time being.”

“That’s true…” Camille agreed.

They talked for a bit longer, coming up with a game plan on the things Camille would put into
storage. As they talked Camille washed the dishes in the sink and threw away the skin from the vegetables she’d peeled. If there was one thing she had been taught growing up was to always clean up the kitchen after using it. They said their goodbyes, Camille promising to keep her updated on when she would be flying home.

Tossing her phone on the counter Camille had the sudden urge to turn it off so not to deal with anything. She was becoming rather good at avoiding her problems. But instead she reached for it again and hit the shuffle on her music. Listening to music had always been a way to escape her thoughts and at that moment she needed it. The first song on her shuffle was Mariah Carey’s cover of Prince’s “The Beautiful Ones”

Baby, baby, baby  
What’s it gonna be  
Baby, baby, baby  
Is it him or is it me?  
Don’t make me waste my time  
Don’t make me lose my mind baby

Can’t you stay with me tonight  
Oh baby, baby, baby  
Don’t my kisses please you right  
You were so hard to find  
The beautiful ones, they hurt you every time

Camille snorted, the lyrics hitting right at home at the moment. Reaching out, her fingers took a hold of the cutting board and knife on the counter. Without looking she let them drop gently into the sink full of water. Natalie was right, she had to try and not let him get into her head. Anything David said from now on was nothing more than a way for him to cover his lies. It did not matter how many time he said he loved her. He didn’t mean it. Letting one hand dip into the water she reached for the sponge.

“Hijo de la gran puta!” she cursed in Spanish, feeling the sting from the tip of the knife against the center of palm. Camille quickly pulled her hand out of the water, dropping the sponge. Groaning she placed her hand under the faucet, hoping it would stop some of the bleeding. She shut her eyes not wanting to look. Camille had never been a fan of blood.

“I’m not saying you were right- but a bath did help.” Camille barely heard Sebastian say.

Opening one eye, she looked over her shoulder. “Good.” she barely murmured moving her palm from under the faucet but refusing to look back at her hand. The sting was getting stronger. With her free hand, she muted the music on her phone giving him a smile, but was sure it looked more like a grimace.

“What is it?” he asked with a slight smirk, padding his way toward her. “You look like you’re in pain.”

Pressing her lips together she shook her head. "No…I just accidentally nicked myself with the knife."

Sebastian asked with a light chuckle. "Is there lots of blood?"

"I-I don’t know.” Camille squeaked opening her eyes to met his gaze. She watched him open the
drawer next to the stove and take out a small aid kit box.

“Do you need a small or big band-aid?” opening the kit up. Turning her head in the direction of her hand, she took a peek. So it did not look like a murder scene but at the same time, it wasn’t just a small amount of blood either. “Cam?” Sebastian asked.

“Huh? Yea?” she mumbled, suddenly feeling a bit lightheaded as she turned to face Sebastian.

“Are you okay?” he asked with concern.

She crinkled her nose, watching him take another step toward her. “I’m not a fan of blood.” gripping on to the counter with the free hand to keep herself steady. Peeking back at the bleeding palm. That was a mistake.

Before she realized it, Sebastian took a step behind her, reaching over to turn off the faucet. Their bodies pressed together. "Don’t faint on me.“ he tried to tease.

"Uh huh. I won’t.” shutting her eyes tightly, feeling his fingers wrap gently around her wrist. Still pressing his warm body against her, he pulled her hand closer.

“Have you fainted before?” Sebastian asked, trying to keep her distracted.

She licked her lips nervously. “Uh huh…yep.” still gripping on the counter.

“Okay…” trailing off. “We’re going to need to put pressure on it for a bit.” he ordered in a calm voice. Camille only gave a small nod. “Here.” she felt a paper towel being placed on her palm. “Hold on to this for a few moments.” Letting go of the counter she did what he asked. Finally opening her eyes again. "Keep your eyes on me.” Sebastian murmured. She nodded again, their eyes locking. He gave her a warm smile. “Feeling a little less dizzy?” His breath tickling the side of her cheek.

“My legs still feel like jello.”

“I have that affect on women.” he quipped with a wink.

Camille frowned. It still astounded her how flirtatious he could be when he was comfortable around someone. Because half of the time on set, he kept to himself. She couldn’t help but take in his scent. He smelled like fresh soap and aftershave. It made her insides feel all warm. But she wasn’t going to tell him that. Instead she tilted her head back against his chest. She was feeling dizzy but wasn’t sure if it was because of the blood or because of him. She could have sworn she felt his heart begin to race quicker. “I-I’m sorry.” she stuttered.

“For what?” Sebastian asked, removing the paper towel from her palm. “I just learned something new about you. You’re a big baby when it comes to blood.” He pressed into her again, turning on the faucet before placing her palm underneath it. “We need to clean it with warm water and soap.” he instructed.

“You’re so sensitive Sebastian Stan.” Camille said sarcastically, lifting her head up to stare at her hand.

“Eyes on me baby girl.” Sebastian said gently. “If you faint who’s going to feed me?”

“The soup is ready.” Camille commented. But did what he asked, eyes never leaving his handsome face. He definitely looked ten times better than about an hour ago. He looked more alert.
Sebastian let out a low chuckle. “Let’s get this cleaned up first.” Camille felt a small drop of soap touch her skin. She immediately turned her eyes in the direction of the sink, watching him gently rub the palm of her hand with his fingertips.

How did they always end up these kind of situations? Touching? Closing her eyes for a split second, she blurted. “Your fever broke.” needing something else to focus on besides her bloody hand or Sebastian’s touch. “You don’t feel as warm.” She cringed to herself. Way to go Camille.

“How did they always end up these kind of situations? Touching? Closing her eyes for a split second, she blurted. “Your fever broke.” needing something else to focus on besides her bloody hand or Sebastian’s touch. “You don’t feel as warm.” She cringed to herself. Way to go Camille.

“Seriously Cam?”

“What?” she started as he shut the water off. “I was worried.” she blabbed, watching him reach out for another paper towel.

“And here I thought you didn’t care.” he whispered in a mock tone into her ear. “Think you can turn around for me? I need to grab the antibacterial cream and small bandages.”

“Yeah.” she answered. Turning and leaning back into the counter for support. Her legs almost feeling back to normal. Sebastian took that as a cue to take a step back and grab the things he had mentioned. Once he seized them, he quickly made his way back to her. “You still need to eat.” she stated.

It was his turn to frown. “I’m taking care of you right now.” he reminded. Opening the small tube of cream to rub on the open wound. “This might sting.”

“You know it’s a great insult to Latinos when food is rejected.” Ignoring his warning. She pulled her hand away from touch at the sudden sting the cream presented. “Ow!” she whined.


She pouted, but it quickly turned into a cringe as she felt the sting on the cut. “Sebastian…” she complained.

“Almost done baby girl.” he muttered without looking up. Camille smiled to herself at the nickname. It was cute. He was cute. Why did this feel so natural? Sebastian taking care of her and Camille taking care of him?

Snap out of it Camille!

The room was silent for a few minutes while Sebastian bandaged her up. Once finished, he peered over at her. “There,” grinning from ear to ear. “Still feeling dizzy?”

Camille shook her head. “I think I’m okay now.” Sebastian took a step back, covering his mouth with both hands to sneeze. She took the opportunity to use her free hand to touch his forehead. The fever might have broken, but it didn’t mean he was fully recovered. “Thank you.” Camille said.

“No time.” he answered, that genuine smile on his face. Camille opened her mouth to speak, but he was quicker, putting his hands up in defeat. “I’ll get the bowls.” He washed his hands first, before taking a couple of bowls out of a top cabinet. While he did that, Camille turned back to the stove simmering the burner down. “It smells good.” Sebastian complimented.

“Let’s hope it taste as good as it smells.” she confessed with a giggle. Truth of the matter was, Natalie was the better cook in the family.

Sebastian narrowed his eyes suspiciously, but didn’t make a remark. Instead he asked. “Are you
going to tell me about it?” Setting down the bowls next to the stove.

“About what?”

He gave her a funny look. “Fainting.” Reaching into another drawer for a ladle. “I got it.”

“Oh.” Deciding not to fight him, she took a step back. “Natalie had fallen off her bike when she was like 12, getting this huge gash on her knee—which she still has the scar till this day- anyway Dad was cleaning it up and I was trying to be the big sister and comfort her. But the next thing I remember was laying on the floor.” She heard Sebastian snort. Camille glared at his back. “It’s not funny!”

Turning around, he pressed his lips to keep the smile from her, and nodded adamantly. “Of course it’s not.”

“Remind me to stop sharing childhood stories with you.”

“What?! NO!” he exclaimed too quickly. Camille raised an eyebrow. “You’re childhood stories are riveting.”

“You can be such an asshole sometimes.” she snapped.

Chuckling, he turned back to the stove and began to pour soup into each bowl. “I guess I’ll just have to meet your sister. Have her share some with me.”

Camille closed her eyes for a split second, groaning at the idea of Sebastian and Natalie together. If that wasn’t a party for making fun of Camille she didn’t know what was. Regardless, it warmed her heart that Sebastian wanted to keep being friends with her once they were back in the states. The anxiety inside of her had wondered if their friendship was going to work once they were not spending all their time together.

“Let’s call her right now!” Sebastian teased with wide eyes.

If she hadn’t been worried about the flu, she would have been annoyed at how excited he sounded. “I just talked to her.” Camille said. Wrinkling her nose as she remembered the conversation. The dread of going home taking over again. Only David could fucking ruin something like this for her.

“Hey, why the long face? I thought you were looking forward to going home.”

“I was.” looking down at her bandaged palm. She briefly gave Sebastian’s the details of what her sister had told her.

He clinched his jaw in annoyance as he listened. Once she was finished he opened his mouth. “I’ve been meaning to ask: where do you plan on staying once you’re back in Los Angeles?” They had made their way to the kitchen table.

“They said I could stay with them until I decide what to do next. They have a pretty big house.” Camille answered. “I’ll just have to put most of my things in storage for the time being.” shrugging. Sebastian opened his mouth but before he could say anything, they heard a ringing of a phone. His phone to be exact. He shut his mouth, frowning. That was the 2nd time his phone had gone off in the last 5 minutes. Giving him a curious look she asked. “Aren’t you going to get that?”

Leaning back against his chair, he rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand. “It can go to voicemail.” he grunted, his jaw twitching.
Camille tried to catch his gaze, but he looked anywhere but at her. “Someone you don’t want to talk to?” she guessed.

“Yup.” was his response with a scowl.

Waiting a few moments, she asked cautiously. “Leighton?” At the name, Sebastian met her gaze, but did not say a word. His lack of words was an answer in itself. Camille bit her lower lip before saying in a low whisper. “You want to…talk about it?” But she already knew the answer.

“Let’s just say, you’re not the only one who is dreading the idea of going home.” he muttered bitterly. “I’m actually not going to mind having to stay a few extra days.” Camille felt her heart flutter in enthusiasm as realization hit that he was wasn’t leaving yet. Sebastian gave her a weird look. “What is it?”

Trying to not sound too excited Camille responded. “I’m staying too.”

Unlike her, his face lit up the scowl replaced with a grin. “Yeah?” His eyes grew wide, Camille could practically see the wheels turning in his head. “You should fly back to New York with me!”

“W-what?” she stammered. “Are you serious?”

“As a heart attack.” Sebastian answered without missing a beat. “I know you’re feeling anxious about going home. So why not take a detour for a couple of days? I have a few meetings in L.A, so we can fly back together.” he pointed an accusing finger at her. “And don’t give me a lame ass excuse about having to work when you get back, because you already told me Liz gave you 2 weeks off.”

Camille opened her mouth then shut it, shooting him daggers with her eyes. She really did share a lot with him, didn’t she?

“What I’ am going to do in New York?” she asked instead.

“You did not just ask me that.” Sebastian scoffed.

Rolling her eyes she added. “You know what I mean-”

“I’ll let you drag me around the city and do tourist shit, since you’ve never been there before.” he mocked in disgust. “C’mon Camille. We could both use a distraction.” he pushed.

“I understand how it’s a distraction for me…but for you? You’ll still be in New York.” she asked confused.

“You’ll be there.” Sebastian answered without hesitation. He cleared his throat and added quickly. “You can also help me look for a new place. My manager wants me to find somewhere with a bit more security.” But Camille noticed his cheeks begin to burn in embarrassment. Obviously he hadn’t meant to say that out loud. Camille’s stomach churned at the idea of spending a few days in New York with Sebastian. Letting him show her around his old stomping grounds brought a feeling of happiness all over.

“We can go to a Broadway show?” Camille asked with a raised eyebrow.

Sebastian studied her with his own raised eyebrow, but replied. “Yes.”

“And we can go to the Empire State Building?” she challenged.
Groaning, Sebastian shut his eyes for a split second. Opening them up, he let out a large sigh. “Yes...I’ll take you.” he gritted out. “Just remind me to wear a disguise when we go,” he mumbled.
New York, 2010

Sebastian was sprawled across the bed-sideways- scrolling through his phone when he heard the footsteps. Glancing away from his phone, he turned to the sound. “Finally!” he exclaimed. His heart skipped a beat at the sight of her. His heart seemed to be doing a lot of that lately when she was around.

Camille wrinkled her nose. “I’m not ready yet.”

“What do you mean you’re not ready?” he cried shoving his phone into his front pocket and pushing himself up on both elbows.

Looking down at her outfit she protested. “I’m not wearing this.” Camille wore a pair of black leggings with a red plaid button down shirt and those same purple rimmed glasses she had been wearing the first time they had met. Her normal curls had been straighten for the night.

“Then what the hell were you doing in the bathroom?” Trying his best to hide the annoyance in his voice.

“My make-up.”

“So you aren’t dressed?”

Camille looked down at her outfit once again. “I mean if you want to get technical… yes I am dressed.” pointing down at her clothes.

He blindly reached behind taking a decorative pillow and gently tossed it in her general direction. “Desteptule!” he said in Romanian, glaring mockingly.

Giggling, she dodged the pillow setting her make-up bag on the edge of bed. Sebastian smiled at the sound of her laughter. His annoyance evaporating. He loved hearing it. Because it meant—at least to him— that for a few moments she was happy. And that’s all he wanted for her.

“Don’t call me names! Jerk!” sticking her tongue out. Reaching down to pick up one of her suitcases, tossing it gently on the bed to unzip it.

Sitting up completely, Sebastian watched her. “You didn’t understand that.” he scoffed.

Camille stopped rummaging through the suitcase for a split moment, raising one eyebrow. “I told you, being smart has nothing to do with my ass.”

He gave her a look of admiration. Alright so she did understand what he had just said. She was picking up Romanian faster than she realized. Tilting his head to one side he mumbled. “Show off.” Camille smiled sweetly at him before turning her back, bending down to pick up the other suitcase. Sebastian’s eyes fell to her ass. “Now, if you wanted to show off some other assets…” he trailed off jokingly.

With a light grunt Camille placed the suitcase on the bed, side eyeing Sebastian. “Keep dreaming Ojos Azules.”

He chuckled lowly, but felt the heat rise to his cheeks at the words. Truth was, he had found himself
fantasying about Camille lately. He didn’t even realize he was doing it until he caught himself
wondering about what it would be like to kiss her. And at that thought, Sebastian’s eyes fell to her
lips. Camille caught him, but didn’t say a word, only a knowing look.

The tension crackling like electricity between them. Their flirty banter had only seemed to grow the
moment they had gotten on the plane to New York. He had been a bit unsure of how things would
play out now that they were not in Manchester. And so far he was not complaining. Sebastian could
not remember the last time he had connected with another human being the way he did with Camille.
And now that she entered his life, he could not imagine her not being in it.

After a few moments of silence, Camille licked her lips nervously speaking up first. "Is this place
casual or fancy casual?" she mused.

Blinking his eyes away from her lips. "Both?" he guessed, dropping his elbows underneath him and
tossing his head back on the bed.

They had arrived in New York around noon. The plan had been to get settled into Sebastian’s place
and then head out for lunch. Mostly to keep themselves occupied and awake because of the time
difference. Unfortunately sleep won. Instead of going to grab food, they ended up passing out in
their perspective beds (Sebastian had shown Camille the guestroom), sleeping until almost 6 in the
afternoon. It had taken him a bit after waking up to remember where he was at. Once he gotten
himself together he decided to order take out, hoping it would be there before Camille woke up. It
thankfully had.

He smiled to himself at the image of her from earlier, looking adorable yet confused when she
stepped into the kitchen. Her eyes still swollen from sleep and bed hair. She hadn’t looked bothered
when Sebastian had teased her about it. And that only made it more appealing.

Camille frowned before taking a few pieces of clothes out of her suitcase. "You’re no help."

Sebastian lifted his head giving her a serious look. "You’re right. I’m not."

Swatting at his thigh, Camille went back to looking through her clothes. Sebastian watched her take
out a few pair of jeans, sweaters and blouses, a look of real intent on her face. "I guess I could wear a
dress." she mumbled more to herself. Reaching deeper into the suitcase and coming back up with
two different color dresses, yellow and black. Looking back at him, Camille asked anxiously.
"Which one?" Putting each dress in front of herself to get Sebastian’s opinion.

Camille could be wearing a plastic bag and she would still look beautiful. But instead of saying those
words, he bit into his lower lip between and shrugged. Camille scrunched up her nose at him.
Sebastian pulled himself up from the bed, running his fingers through his short hair with a dubious
look. "Not comforting?" he guessed.

She shook her head no. But quickly waved a hand in dismissal. "It’s just me." she confessed, setting
both dresses down on top of the suitcase, gnawing on her lower lip.

Grabbing her elbow, Sebastian gently made her face him. His eyes softening. "We don’t have to go-
"

Camille shook her head again, absentmindedly pressing her palm over his chest. "I’ll be okay." she
promised.

Sebastian felt his whole body warm up at the touch. She must have realized what she did because
she hesitantly moved the hand away, tugging back a strand of hair behind her ear. He saw the
conflicted look in her eyes. And he understood it. The attraction between them seem to be growing, but with it came more confusion. He was still trying to deal with his feelings/break up with Leighton, just like Camille was doing with hers for David. He couldn’t help but scowl as he thought about Leighton. He had found some things about her through mutual friends in the last few weeks and was still not sure if he wanted to deal or confront her with it. Was it really worth it? They were no longer together.

“Earth to Sebby.” Camille said in a sing song voice, gently poking him on the sides. Peering back, he gave a weak smile. Resisting the urge to reach out and run his fingers through her hair. "Why were you frowning a few moments ago?" she asked, not letting him break his gaze.

He blinked at her in surprise. "Huh? I was?" But by the way she was looking back, it was pretty obvious why he had been frowning. Clearing his throat he stated simply. "I’m not ready to talk about it yet."

Giving him a nod in understanding. "Okay. But when you are ready, let me know.” she whispered and turned her attention back to her suitcase, fingertips grazing the top of the yellow dress.

She was nervous. But before Sebastian had the chance to make a comment, the doorbell rang.

“That’s probably Charles.” he declared.

“Okay.” was all she said.

Sebastian couldn’t help but feel a bit guilty. “I’m sorry about dragging you out-"

She quickly looked up. "You aren’t making me go out Sebastian.” she said firmly. “I want to!” He raised an eyebrow suspiciously, but didn’t say a word. Sebastian had come to learn that sometimes the anxiety took over, making it hard for her to see anything but it. So he had made a silent promise to himself to try and understand and help her through it, in whatever way.

The doorbell rang again and he hesitantly took a step back from her. “If at any time you want to leave, just let me know. Okay?” Was he being too protective? Did he have the right to be?

“Okay.” Camille repeated but in a teasing tone. The doorbell rang for the third time. She smirked. "You should probably go get that."

Rolling his eyes, he nodded. "Now he’s just doing it to be annoying.” Before walking out of the room, he glanced down at the dresses and pointed to one. “This one.” Turning so that he was walking backwards, being able to still look at her. “This color always looks good against your complexion.” Giving a wink before leaving her alone.

He couldn’t help but smile to himself due to the look of astonishment on her face. But the smile quickly faded when he heard the doorbell ring again. Groaning he trudged faster toward the front door. Before Charles had the chance to ring the bell again, Sebastian swung the door open.

“It’s about damn time!” Charles cried out, stepping inside as Sebastian took a step to the side.

Sebastian shut the door behind him. “Nice to see you too asshole.”

Charles gave a smug look, shoving his hands into the pocket of his jacket, fluttering his eyelashes mockingly he said. “I’ve missed you.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Sebastian grunted, taking a step in his direction. Facing each other, they embraced in a brotherly hug.
It’s about time you came back to the states.” Charles chided, letting go of each other. “Are you done filming?” he asked.

“For the time being.” Sebastian answered. “Want a beer?” pointing in the general direction of the kitchen, but was already making his way to it.

“Yeah, sure.” following him. “I thought we were going out?” he questioned, sitting down on a bar stool. Opening the refrigerator door, Sebastian took out two beer bottles, sliding one over to Charles after opening them. “Thanks.” taking a large swig.

“We are.” Sebastian answered, taking a large gulp of his beer.

The plan to go out had slowly began to develop a few days ago when he was still in Manchester. They had been texting back and forth the last few days, Charles was going to be in New York for a couple of days. (He had moved to Los Angeles a few months before) and wanted to see Sebastian. By the time Sebastian had landed in New York, Charles had managed to get a hold of most of their friends for an impromptu get together.

Charles raised an eyebrow. “When?”

Taking another gulp from the beer bottle, he tilted his head in the direction of the bedrooms. “As soon as Cam is ready.”

"Ooh that’s right.” Charles said, clasping his hands together, and shifting in the stool. “I finally get to meet her! So how long have you been seeing each other?” he teased.

Rolling his eyes. “I told you- we’re just friends.”

Charles nodded a light smile tugging at his lips. "Right, because you invite all your new friends to New York.” Emphasizing the word friend.

“She’s going through a rough time right now. And New York is always a good distraction.” he explained with a shrug. And that was partially the truth.

The last week or so in Manchester, Sebastian had found himself panicking when the realization hit that he would not being seeing Camille on a daily bases anymore. He had gotten used to walking into the make-up trailer every morning and find her getting everything ready for the day. Or hanging out, watching television and/or eating after a 10 plus hour work day. His brain- for whatever reason could not seem to comprehend the notion of not being in her presence. So when Camille had mentioned she would be staying a few extra days, his heart begin to feel lighter and he had blurted out the idea of her joining him in New York. He was still not sure why he had done it but it felt right in the moment.

“Uh huh.”

"Think whatever you want man.” Sebastian mumbled irritably. But he knew there was no one to blame but himself. He had brought her up the few times in conversation in the past few months and Charles was one his best friends, so he should not be surprised. But it was still annoying.

“Touchy!” Reaching for the bottle cap on the counter, Sebastian throw it at his oldest friend. Charles ducked then chuckled. “Ooh you like her.” he guessed. Sebastian didn’t say a word, instead he rubbed one hand nervously on his cheek. “The question is: why haven’t you made a move?” he mused, clicking his tongue to the roof of his mouth.

Sebastian continued to not say a word, instead he sipped on his beer again. He knew Charles was
trying to get a reaction out of him. And he wasn’t going to give in so easily.

“Or is there something wrong with her?” Charles continued. “She got a third eye?” Gulping down the last drops of his beer. “Or did you try and she reject you?” Sebastian shot him daggers with his eyes. Snickering, Charles looked wide eyed. “Dude! Did she?!”

“You’re a dip shit you know that?” Sebastian snapped.

Charles tossed his head back and chortled. After composing himself, he sat up straight again. “C’mon man, I’m just fucking with you.” But stopped mid-sentence when he heard light laughter. Leaning back, Charles cranked his head toward the sound.

“Yes. I’ll tell him Liz.” They both heard Camille say. Obviously she was on the phone. “Anything else you want me to pass along?” she asked in a teasing tone. There was a moment of silence before Camille exclaimed. “LIZ! You’re so gross!”

Sebastian gave a slight shake of his head, chuckling under his breath, he did not need to hear the whole conversation to know that Liz was being her ridiculous self. He chugged the last bit of his drink, then turned around to throw the empty bottle in the trash. Turning back around, he literally felt the air in his lungs leave him at the sight of Camille. She had gone with his choice of the pastel yellow dress. Unlike the one she wore on his birthday, this one was a flowy short dress, showing off her amazing tone thighs and legs. How was it possible for her to look even better than before? Fuck.

“Well…shit, she definitely doesn’t have a third eye.” Sebastian heard Charles mumble under his breath. If he wasn’t feeling so dumbfounded at the moment, he would have laughed at Charles comment. He side-eyed Sebastian. “Now I know she was the one that did the rejecting.” Sebastian broke his gaze from Camille, creasing his nose and watched Charles raise both eyebrows in admiration. Yes, that was pretty much how he felt every time he saw Camille too.

“I gotta go.” Camille said into the phone. “Yes I’ll tell him how much you love him.” She deadpanned, eyeing Sebastian, with a hint of a smile on that beautiful face. There was another pause then Camille said. “Love you too. Bye.” She hung up, still smiling. “Liz wanted to me ask how you dare invite me to come to New York, but not her.”

Sebastian smiled faintly, before pressing his lips together. He could feel Charles eyes on him. Clearing his throat, he joked. “Maybe if she spent more than a damn week with me then I would have asked.” Trying his best to keep from ogling at her. He turned in the direction of Charles, who had gotten up from bar stool. Waiting patiently for Sebastian to introduce him. Giving Charles a weird look he said. “Cam-this is Charles. Charles- this is Camille.”

The smile she wore a few moments ago faded slightly and Sebastian could see the nervousness settling in her. Gripping on to the phone a bit tighter. “Hi! Nice to finally meet you.” She said in a quiet voice, nodding in the direction of Sebastian she added. “Seb talks about you all the time.”

Charles glanced over at him. “Oh great. What have you told her about me?”

“Only the bad stuff.” Sebastian answered with a smirk.

“Great. Thanks.” Charles grumbled, but extended his hand out to her. “Well, he hasn’t said anything about you…” trailing off with a shrug.

“You’re so full of shit.” He accused at the same time he heard Camille giggle. He narrowed his eyes down at her.

“I’m kidding of course.” Charles said smoothly. “He has told me about you.” Giving her hand a light
squeeze. “He just didn’t mentioned how beautiful you were.”

Sebastian rolled his eyes for what seemed the hundredth time in the last 10 minutes. “Seriously Charles?”

“What? You didn’t!” Charles cried out, but gave Camille a teasing smile.

Camille must have caught on that he was teasing because she turned to Sebastian. “He always forgets to tell people that.” She scoffed.

“I don’t see how he could forget.” Charles quipped back with a wink.

Tossing his head back dramatically, Sebastian groaned. Of course these two would end up getting along just fine. What else did he expect? And it was pretty obvious they were already feeding off each other at Sebastian’s expense. But at the same time was gratefully she felt comfortable around Charles already.

“Thank you.” Camille answered sweetly, her eyes dancing with mischief.

“You’re welcome.” Charles said with a slight bow.

Camille looked over her shoulder at Sebastian, grinning from ear to ear now. “I like him!” she concluded.

“I’m glad one of us does.” Sebastian said without missing a beat, but suppressed his own laughter before adding. “If you two clowns are done-we should start heading out.”

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“Should we get a cab for him?” Camille asked worriedly and at the same time felt a light shudder run through her as Sebastian placed his large hand against the small of bare back, leading her out of the upscale bar.

“You cold?” furrowing his eyebrows down at her.

Blinking up at him she shook head. “No.”

"I just felt you shiver.” he observed, gently letting his fingertips graze her soft skin. Pursing her lips together, Camille felt her stomach tighten at the touch. She knew he was just doing it to be protective-to get them out of the sea of people- but it was enough to wake up her whole body. It wasn’t the first time, but Camille was becoming more aware at the touches they continued to share and how her body seemed to react to it involuntarily. “Didn’t the wine warm you up?” Sebastian teased gently, stepping out into streets of New York. Camille side-eyed him but did not say anything.

They both quickly spun their heads in the direction of the commotion a few feet away. Sebastian dropped his hand from her back, smirking. The uproar was being caused by his friends. It was a little past 3 AM and they were all getting ready to head out to their perspective homes.

Covering her mouth, Camille tried her best to hold in her giggles as she watched Charles struggle to wrap one arm around the light pole base. “I’m sorry.” she apologized to Sebastian who had turned his attention back to her.

“For what?” he questioned with a light chuckle of his own. “He is drunk out of his ass.” He concluded with a shake of his head.
“Should we get him a cab?” she repeated with a small yawn. Maybe she would actually be able to sleep tonight! The almost 9 hour difference was throwing her off. Hence why she had taken a 5 hour nap earlier in the day.

“I know he is staying with his parents and they live about an hour and half away. So I’m assuming he drove to my place from there.” Sebastian explained, shoving his hands into his front pockets. Looking back at his best friend he called out. “Charles?!”

Charles had managed to lean back against the pole, talking animatedly to the group of people in front of him. But stopped for a brief moment when he heard his name. “What’s up?” he yelled.

“You car at my place?”

Charles gave a hard nod and simply said. “Yup.” Then went back to talking to the group of friends.

Sebastian peered back at Camille wiggling his eyebrows. A smile tugged at her lips, watching the exchange between friends. “You’re taking a cab with us?!” Sebastian asked.

“Yup!” Charles repeated without missing a beat in his other conversation. For someone who was intoxicated he was a good multi-tasker.

“Your drunk ass is staying at my place!” It wasn’t a question, more of an order from Sebastian. Again Charles only responded with a: “Yup!”

Camille and Sebastian smiled at each other and repeated in unison mockingly. “Yup.” Camille snickered as she followed Sebastian towards Charles and the rest of his friends.

To say she had been nervous/anxious about meeting Sebastian’s friends had been an understatement. She realized that outside of Manchester Sebastian in some ways was a mystery. Camille had no idea what his life was like outside of that environment. The same could be said about her. Now was the real test of whether or not their friendship was solely based on the proximity of them working so close together?

When Sebastian had mentioned earlier to her about going out with his friends, Camille had said yes without thinking. But as she got ready, the insecurities started to set in. What if his friends didn’t like her? And if they didn’t why did she care? She was Sebastian’s friend not theirs right? But meeting Charles first- had definitely calmed down her anxiety. Because he was just like Sebastian had described him, charming and funny. And from the moment they had left Sebastian’s apartment he had gone out of his way to make her feel comfortable, especially once they got to the bar and we’re surrounded by the rest of their friends. Camille hadn’t been sure of what to expect but had been pleasantly surprised when the group turn out to be smaller than she’d originally thought. And like Charles they had made her feel right at home.

Camille jumped faintly when she felt Sebastian’s palm on her bare back again. Leaning in he stated. “I’m gonna try and hail a cab.” Licking his bottom lip, his eyes lingered on her face a few extra moments almost as if he wanted to say something else but didn’t. Instead he squinted his eyes playfully with a small pout.

“Mmmkay.” She murmured, chewing on lower lip. Feeling her chest rise and fall a little quicker at the closeness. She could smell the cologne mixed with alcohol. Sebastian had a few drinks, but unlike Charles he was not fully intoxicated. His jaw twitched and it made her knees weak. Maybe it was a good thing Charles was taking a cab with them, because she was not sure she could trust her own judgment at the moment. She might have had a few more glasses of wine than she had intended.
Goosebumps rose on her skin when his fingers stroked higher on her bare skin. She really need to get her shit together and stop acting as if she’d never been touched before.

“You sure you aren’t cold babygirl?” There was that nickname again. She could get used to it. “You’ve got goosebumps.”

Dropping her eyes in the direction of his hand, she felt her stomach twist in sudden panic at the mere thought of allowing herself to open up to anyone again. It was like a cold bucket of water had been thrown over her. She shouldn’t be allowing herself to get caught up in whatever this physical attraction with Sebastian was. Because in the long run-people would get hurt and Camille wasn’t going to put herself out there again. Not now, maybe not ever. Why invest time in something that will eventually break her heart? Even if it wasn’t intentional? No. She had to learn how to guard her heart.

Before she had the chance to wallow anymore, Phillip’s spoke next to her. “Alright…it’s been fun, but my ass should head home.” Turning to look down at her, grinning he placed a hand on top of her shoulder. “It was awesome to meet you.”

That’s when Camille realized, Sebastian’s hand was no longer on her. Blinking, she smiled back up. “You too.” she paused. “And thanks for the glasses of wine.”

“Of course.” Phillip said with a nod, dropping his hand from her shoulder, then said a bit louder. “I just wish Sebby would have brought you around sooner!” Simpering at him.

Camille resisted the urge to roll her eyes. He had been flirting non-stop since they had walked into the bar. Phillip was the complete opposite of Charles, not just physically but personality wise. When Charles had called her beautiful in the evening, Camille knew he had meant it, but was also doing it to rib on Sebastian, and Camille was all up for doing that. But with Phillip- it was obvious he was looking for a hook-up, and as flattering as it was-Camille knew better.

Sebastian was standing at the curve of the street trying to hail a cab, but swiftly flipped Phillip the middle finger with a glare. Camille pressed her lips together to keep the smile from tugging on her lips at Sebastian’s vulgar action.

“Leave her alone.” Charles interrupted with glassy eyes. That time Camille couldn’t hide her giggles. Wow. He really was smashed. Not that she was judging, on the contrary she was a bit jealous. “Dude- we both know she is way out of your league.” He mocked Phillip.

Camille did roll her eyes that time, but felt her cheeks burn hot. She felt a small arm wrap loosely around her waist. “Why don’t the both of you leave her alone?” came the sweet voice of Alyssa to her rescue. “You can smack them around a little bit if you want.” She suggested. Charles and Phillip gave each other offended looks, but did not respond. Alyssa let go of Camille, taking a step toward Phillip. “C’mon drunkie, I’ll walk home with you.” She offered, already reaching for his elbow. “Camille-it was so nice to meet you. I’ll see you guys tomorrow for dinner!” she said with a smile. She turned and yelled at Sebastian. “Make sure he drinks water!” she reminded, pointing at Charles.

“I’ll make sure he does.” Camille assured. Glad to have someone else watching out for them. And if she wasn’t mistaken, Alyssa had a little crush on Phillip. “You guys go.”

Alyssa smiled gratefully. “Thanks!” And without saying another word, Phillip and Alyssa turned on their heels and walked down the street.

“You know she has the hots for him.” Charles mused.
“Yeah I kind of guessed that.” Camille agreed reaching out for his arm. “Think you can walk?” she teased.

“I thought we were friends Cami.” Charles pouted and feigned a hurt look. “Phillip hasn’t figured it out yet though.”

“We are Charlie!” Camille said sweetly. It only seemed fitting to call him ‘Charlie’ since he was calling her ‘Cami’. And she honestly did not mind him doing so. “And sometimes it takes a while for people to figure it out.” She added, taking a step toward where Sebastian was standing.

Charles raised one drunk eyebrow at her. “So how long do you think it’s going to take you and Seb-?”

Camille gave him a startled look, opening her mouth to answer, but was interjected by Sebastian, who had gotten a cab to stop for them. “C’mon man, let’s get your drunk ass home.” He jested, opening the cab door for him.

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Sebastian trudged in the direction of the bedroom door, book in one hand. Placing his fingers around the knob, he swung the door open. Camille stood on the other side, hair pulled up, black sweat pants and t-shirt, and make-up free. He gave her a concern look. “Everything okay?” She shook head ‘no’ with a frown, but did not move from the door frame. Sebastian frowned back. “What it is?” he asked.

Letting out a large dramatic sigh she answered. “I can’t sleep.”

If she didn’t look so adorable standing there with a pout, he would have found her answer aggravating. Pretending to be annoyed he glared. “I thought you were going to tell me Charles was out in the living room doing something stupid.”

A smile tugged on her lips, shaking her head. “Nope. He is still passed out.”

They had gotten back to Sebastian’s apartment about 30 minutes before. And for the first 15 minutes, Sebastian and Camille fought with Charles. It had been a struggle to get Charles to drink water and take Tylenol, and getting him to lay down had been ten times worse. Camille had even offered to sleep on the couch so Charles could take the bed, but he refused. By then, Sebastian’s patience had begun to wear thin, feeling irritated. Contrary to his mood, Camille had been patient and calm. He knew his attitude had nothing to do with Charles, but more to the lack of rest the last few weeks. It was finally catching up with him.

Frowning slightly, Sebastian said. “He’ll be up a in a few hours asking for coffee. He’s like a child sometimes.” he bemused. A look of amusement was plastered on her face, as he talked. He pinched the bridge of nose. “I’m glad you think this is funny.”

Her eyes widen in innocence. “I never said that.” She argued.

“You didn’t have to.” He accused, noticing she had both hands behind her back, quickly forgetting about Charles being passed out in his living room. “What’s behind your back?” he curiously asked.

Camille glanced over her shoulder, as if she had forgetting her hands were back there. Looking at him through her lashes, she ignored the question and repeated. “I can’t sleep.”

He gave a nod in understanding. “Ah I get it. You’ll show me what you’re hiding if I let you in?” he guessed, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively.
“You make it sound like we are about to do a drug deal or something.” She quipped her hands still behind her.

His curiosity was getting the best of him. Bouncing on the balls of his feet he retorted. “A drug deal wasn’t exactly what had crossed my mind…” trailing off with an allusive smile. Camille rolled her eyes at his innuendo. He hadn’t meant to say it, it just slipped out. Giving her a once over his eyebrows knitted together when they fell to the front of her shirt again. It hadn’t register until now the design on it.

“What?”

Letting out a disappointed sigh he spoke again. “I was going to let you in-but now I’m not so sure I should.” Giving a slight nod in the direction the t-shirt.

Camille looked confused. “What about it?”

“I can’t be seen with a Lakers fan.” Sebastian said in a serious tone, shaking his head in disgust at the Lakers logo and ‘2010 World Champions’ plastered on it.

The confused look on her face disappeared as his words registered and instead she glared. “I didn’t realize you were a hater.” Sebastian tossed his head back and laughed. She truly was a smart ass.

Camille continued. “Don’t be jealous because the Kni-”

Sebastian raised a hand up, shaking his head vigorously. “Don’t say it Solis.” He warned. This was not the first time they had bickered about the NBA, amongst other things of course.

Blinking innocently she replied. “What?” They pretended to scowl at each other for a few moments. Camille spoke up first with a shrug. “I was going to share my chocolate with you, since I figured you wouldn’t be able to sleep either…but since you’re being such a sore loser I guess I can eat it all by myself.” She concluded, taking a step back.

He let out a large sigh before quickly reaching for her elbow to pull her into his bedroom. “Wait—” he started. Their eyes locked. She was smiling from ear to ear. “Leave the chocolate.” Sebastian said in a grim voice. At those words, her smile faltered, and he couldn’t help but laugh, leaning in to close the bedroom door behind her. He didn’t want to wake Charles up, especially after drinking.

Never in life as he had a relationship like the one with Camille. Her sassiness kept him on his toes, and he liked that. He liked many things about her. And realized he had been trying to push those things out of his head. Because it would only lead to the unthinkable—which they had both decided could not happen for so many reasons.

“Unfortunately I stay where the chocolate stays.” Camille responded smugly.

Sebastian frowned but let her elbow go. “Fineee.” Playing along. “You can stay.” Walking back to his side of the bed, he pushed himself back against the headboard, the book still in his hand. Truth was, couldn’t sleep either. He had planned on reading until his eyes couldn’t stay open anymore. It usually took him a few days to recover from the jet-lagged. He eyed her suspiciously. “You don’t like chocolate.”

Camille looked insulted, holding a small paper bag in front of her. “I never said I didn’t like it.” Sitting down on the edge of his bed, pulling her legs up to cross them. “I crave it once in a while.” She explained. “Maybe not as much as you…” she teased with a wink and happily opened the bag before dropping it gently on her lap. “And I’m craving it right now.” Shoving a piece into her mouth, her eyes going wide.
He shrugged. Okay, so he liked chocolate. A lot. He could admit his love for it. There was no shame.

Looking back at her, Sebastian couldn’t help but laugh with a shake of his head. Who else was he going to share chocolate with at 4 am in the morning? He didn’t know how or why she choose to share the silly part of her personality but he didn’t take it for granted. Camille could be guarded at times. Especially with everything she was dealing with at the moment.

“Are you craving it because you’re on your period?” he guessed, reaching and grabbing the bag off her lap.

She quickly turned her head at him. “That is such a stereotypical statement.” She scoffed. “But yes.” she said with a wrinkle of her nose.

Snorting, he took a piece out of the bag. “You’re the one that told me.” He reminded. It was true. He didn’t even remember how the topic had been brought up. It had been in one of their many long and sometimes crazy conversations, but she had mentioned the craving. It hadn’t been weird or awkward it had just been part of the discussion and then they moved past it. “You know having a sugar rush right now isn’t going to help with sleep.”

“Then why are you eating it?” she countered, leaning in and taking the bag back from him. Locking eyes with him, she dramatically took a bite, but not before some of the crumbs fell out of her mouth. She covered her mouth with one hand, giggling.

“That’s what you get for being such a smart ass.” Sebastian cracked, snatching the television control from under his pillow and tossing it at her. “Here. You can watch TV until you fall asleep.” Opening the cover of his book and patting the empty side of the bed next to him with a raised eyebrow. “I’m going to try and read.” Camille didn’t argue. She stood up and walked to the other side of the bed, settling against some pillows. He pretended to read, but watched her from the corner of his eye.

Would it be like this, if they ever got together? Just hanging out in bed, as he read and she watched TV? Or vice versa? Maybe cuddle? A warm feeling entered his stomach at the thought. Clearing his throat, he pushed the thought aside and half-jokingly said. “Thanks for tolerating my friends tonight.”

She was now neatly snuggled between some of his pillows. He could easily lean in and wrap her in his arms, and nuzzle his face into the hollow of her neck. He didn’t need to be too close to know exactly what she smelled like.

“I like you’re friends.” Jogging him out of his fantasies again. “I was a bit nervous at first. But they seem to really care about you.” She observed, turning the television on. “Especially Charles.” Beaming up at him.

Sebastian groaned. “Why I ‘am not surprised you two would get along?” They were already making plans to get together when they got back to Los Angeles.

“You’re the one that introduced us.” She said, flipping through the channels. After a few minutes she settled on an old episode of ‘Friends’.

“That was obviously my mistake.” He mumbled under his breath.

“Ha-ha.” She mocked, shoving another piece of chocolate in her mouth.

He tilted his face in her direction and only smirked before giving his attention back to his book. For the next fifteen minutes or so they sat in silence as she watched television, and he read. Every few minutes he would hear a giggle next to him or feel her stir. And hearing her, he couldn’t help but
smile to himself. Sebastian was about to ask what was so funny about ‘Friends’ when he realized she had dozed off. She was curled up on one side, her soft cheek pressed against his pillow, while one arm was wrapped around another. Just like him, her sleeping patterns was out of whack.

Camille looked so peaceful at the moment. There it was again, the tightening in his stomach along with the thumping in his chest. Sebastian could fall in love with this girl if he allowed himself. It wasn’t just the physical attraction between them. They shared common interests, had the same sense of humor. And she didn’t let him get away with stupid shit, but was always willing to listen to him. She was her own person, had her own life and career.

Yawning, he closed the book, and gently dropped his head back against the headboard, eyes closing involuntarily, dozing off. He wasn’t sure how long he had been asleep for, but woke up to Camille’s voice.

“No…” she whined.

He must have slid down into the bed because when he opened his eyes, they were face to face. “Camille?” he whispered, but did not lift his head up.

“No le pongas mas crema al pastel.”

Sebastian pressed his lips together from laughing, she was talking in her sleep- and in Spanish. The only word he seemed to understand from her sentence was “cake”. She shifted a bit, her eyes still shut. Little wisps of her hair stuck to her cheek and he couldn’t help but find it charming.

His stomach tensed again as a sudden spurt of anxiety settled deep within him. It was almost as if someone had punched him as the realization hit him. It wasn’t that he could fall in love with her…but more of he was falling in love with her. He sucked in a large breath as his mind tried to grasp the concept. When did this happen? Fuck.

Before he could delve deeper into his thoughts, she stirred again. She let out a low moan and Sebastian felt his cock twitch at the sound. Camille’s eyes opened with a sleepy smile. “Hi…” She took in a deep breath, stretching a bit. “Hmmm.”

Sebastian’s heart flutter. “What is it?” he asked, licking his lips.

“You smell good.” She murmured groggily, huddling next to him with a light shiver. “I’m cold.” she whined.

Sebastian chuckled nervously, not sure of what to do or say at the moment. Being so close and in bed with her was making him unsteady. It was obvious she was still half asleep. Every few seconds her eyes would flutter shut. “You talk in your sleep.” He said hoarsely, pushing a couple of strands of hair away from her beautiful face.

“I do not.” Camille protested.

“And in Spanish.”

Licking her lower lip, Camille’s eyes fluttered open. “What was I saying?”

“I don’t know.” He confessed, with a clear of his throat. “The only word I understood was cake. But whatever you were doing sounded important.” He teased.

She groaned in embarrassment, rolling over on her back, bringing one hand to cover her face. “Oh geez.” She paused. “Was I snoring too?” turning to face him.
Sebastian snorted. “No. You weren’t snoring.” Unable to hide the smile, watching her. This was a new feeling for him. He wasn’t sure what to do with it. But damn, it terrified him. He blurted out without thinking. “God Cam-. “ But quickly stopped himself from continuing. The two words holding so much emotion. It wasn’t fair to throw this at her right now. Especially when he still needed to process it.

“Yea?”

“Nothing.” He muttered, every part of his body awake at their touch.

Shifting a little more, she leaned closer, shoulders touching. That’s how close they were all of a sudden. “Thanks for this…” she uttered.

“For what darlin’?”

“For asking me to come to New York.” She paused. “I’m not ready to go home yet.” She confessed her voice getting smaller.

Without another thought Sebastian leaned in and pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead. “You’re welcome.” His lips lingering a bit longer than expected. “You’ll always have a place here.” He said sincerely.

“You’re my best friend Sebastian.” She confessed, letting out a sigh. “You’ve become my best friend. I don’t think I could have gotten through the last few months without you.” She smiled despite having her eyes shut. Lifting herself up slightly and leaned in, placing a soft kiss on the side of his mouth, inches from his lips. He could have sworn he stopped breathing for a split moment. Her words ringing in his ears. “This is a comfortable bed…” she complimented with a small yawn, pressing her cheek back onto the pillow.

He laughed despite the confusion in his head. “Yea it is.” Gripping on to her hip, wanting her closer.

He should just go for it and ask if it was okay to kiss her. Because fuck he wanted to. The churning in his stomach was unbearable at the moment. He needed to kiss her. Maybe it would put into perspective this new revelation.

But before Sebastian had the chance to ask anything, they heard a loud crash coming from the outside of his bedroom. Whatever trance they had just been in abruptly broke.

Camille’s eyes flew wide open, sitting up, fear in her eyes. “What was that?”

Sebastian groaned in frustration, getting out of bed. “Charles. He must have crashed into something.” Trying his best not to curse his best friend’s name. “I’ll go check on him.”
New York, 2010

“Charles, the lights aren’t even on right now!” Sebastian growled in annoyance. “Take off the damn sunglasses.”

“It’s fucking bright man!” Charles snapped back.

Grunting Sebastian answered. “That’s what happens when you decide to drink a bottle and a half of whiskey.” Setting Camille’s cup of coffee on the counter, and taking a swig from his own. “Mother fucker!” he cursed, burning his tongue on the steaming liquid. Charles snickered and Sebastian quickly turned to glare.

Charles slipped the sunglasses over the top of his head, narrowing his eyes. “Whoa. What’s up your ass dude?” sitting down on the stool and opening the paper bag with the warm bagels and cream cheese.

Sebastian sat his cup of coffee on the counter. “Nothing.” But in reality he was feeling a bit irritable.

“Seb- about last night, I’ll pay for it.” Charles said in an almost ashamed voice.

The crashing Sebastian had heard a few hours before, had been Charles bumping into a hall table and lamp. Apparently he had been looking for the bathroom, which had been hard to find while intoxicated. He waved his hand dismissively. “Don’t worry about it. I’m just glad you didn’t end up getting hurt.” And that was the truth. After the initial displeasure of being interrupted while in bed with Camille, the feeling quickly turned to fear when he and Camille made their way out of the bedroom to find Charles sprawled on the floor, the broken lamp in his lap. Camille had swiftly helped Charles off the floor to make sure he hadn’t been hurt (just a few cuts) while Sebastian cleaned up.

After that excitement, Camille had gone back to the extra bedroom to sleep for a few more hours. Sebastian had been too wired to try, so he had gone out for a run. When he had gotten back, Charles had sobered up enough that they had walked down to the corner shop to grab coffee and bagels for breakfast for the three of them. He would have liked to make Camille a nice breakfast, but realized there was nothing in his refrigerator to make, since he hadn’t been home in months. His idea was to have them munch on a bagel and then grab brunch once they were out and about. Because apparently Camille had not forgotten about the promise he had made in Manchester about letting her drag Sebastian around the city.

Taking out a bagel, he insisted. “I’ll send you a check.” Then changed the subject. “Are you going to spill whatever has you looking that way?”

“What way?”

“You know for an actor- you have the worst poker face.” Charles said with a light chuckle and a shake of his head, pulling the lid off the container that held the cream cheese. “I’m assuming it has to do with Camille?” He guessed. “And why she was in your room?”

Sebastian narrowed his eyes suspiciously. “For someone who was drunk out of their ass last night you sure are hell observant.”

“Exactly- I was drunk.” Making sure to put emphases on the word. “Not stupid.”
Sebastian’s mouth twitched, but brought his coffee back up to his lips instead to keep from snapping. He had to keep reminding himself that Charles had not meant to crash into the table and lamp. It was an accident. And it could have happened to anyone. Hell, Sebastian was sure it happened to him before.

But if he hadn’t then maybe-

Sebastian stopped himself. Then what? He would have confessed his love to Camille? And was it even love? Maybe all those feelings were just because of the closeness they had been sharing the last 4-5 months. Besides it was not fair to throw this at her right now. She had too much on her plate. He still had shit to deal with. He cursed in Romanian as his lips touched the searing coffee again. He slammed the Styrofoam back on the counter. Obviously he had been in his own world, he had forgotten about the damn hot cup.

Charles snorted and said sarcastically. “Oh yeah, nothing…” Sebastian didn’t respond. His oldest friend continued. “Obviously there is something going on between the both of you.” At the comment, Sebastian opened his mouth to protest but Charles raised his hand and continued. “Whether you recognize it or not. And I know I gave you shit about it yesterday, but if you aren’t ready to go there then don’t. Especially since it sounds like Camille has to figure things out herself.” He paused before letting out a large exaggerated sigh. “Okay, those are my only wise words on the subject. Don’t ask again.” Pointing an accusing finger.

Smiling in spite of himself, Sebastian mumbled. “Thanks.”

“Mmmmm coffee…”

Both Charles and Sebastian turned to the sound of Camille’s voice. She strode toward them, a bounce in her step and beaming as she eyed the coffee on the counter. Sebastian smirked. She did love her coffee. His bad mood slowly began to fade at the sight of her.

Charles spoke first, making a tsk sound. “Shit! Sorry Camille. We forgot to get you some.” He teased.

The beaming look slowly faded, a small pout on those lips. Sebastian interjected. “Listen man, one thing I’ve learned-don’t mess with the girl’s caffeine. Especially in the morning.”

Camille scrunched up her nose. “I’m not that bad.” She protested, reaching for the cup. “It smells so good.” She hummed in appreciation, cupping the container that held the elixir that would give her energy in both hands. She grinned widely at Sebastian. “Thank you.”

“Welcome.” he responded with a sincere smile, pushing the flutter in his stomach away. “Bagels are in there.” Pointing to the paper bag next to Charles. “I figured we could get brunch before you drag me around the city.” He said the last part with a disgusted look. He heard Charles snicker. Sebastian scowled back at him. It wasn’t that he didn’t like New York, quite the opposite, Sebastian loved it. But doing the tourist thing had never been appealing to him. Sure his mom, stepdad and him would drive down to Rockefeller Center around Christmas, but other than that, the urge to do Time Square, or the Empire State Building never crossed his mind. And he knew part of it was because he lived here for most of his adult life. But he had vowed Camille a good time while she was here, and it would be a distraction for her and maybe even for him.

Sipping on her coffee, she glanced innocently at Charles. “You aren’t coming with us?”

Charles shook his head, a feign look of disappointment on his face. “I wish I could, but I already made plans with the parents.”
Sebastian coughed into his mouth while uttering. “Bull shit.”

“You don’t have to lie.” Camille started, giving Sebastian a wink before turning to Charles. “I mean after last night’s debacle…” Blinking sweetly at him and peering down before continuing. “How is your hand?”

Angling his head down, Sebastian tried his best to hide the smug look, as he listened to Camille. He knew Charles was feeling embarrassed about what happen. Sebastian had seen him act like an idiot plenty of times during the years, but it was another thing to do it in front of a girl. And it seemed Camille had picked up on it. But if Sebastian knew Charles, he wasn’t going to let her have the last word. In a matter of 24 hours they had adapted an almost brother/sister relationship.

“The hand is good. Want to see it?” he challenged with a wicked smile.

He had a feeling, Charles was about to show her the finger. “The two of you are worse than teenagers.” Sebastian intervened, reaching again for his coffee, hoping it had cooled down.

“You think he be happy we get along?” Charles murmured, as Camille sat on the stool next to him.

Before Sebastian had the chance to reply, the doorbell rang. Frowning he looked between them, confused to who would be at his door this early in the morning. Especially when not many people knew he was back in the city. With the cup still in his hand he marched in the direction of the front door. He peeked through the peephole, his eyes widening when he recognize who was on the other side. Without hesitation, he unlocked the door, and swung it open.

“Ma!” he exclaimed in surprise. “What are you doing here?!” Taking a step back to let Georgeta in.

His mother furrowed his eyebrows at her only son. “Nice to see you too sweetheart.” She teased, placing a tender kiss on his cheek.

Sebastian shut the door behind them. “That’s not what I meant.” He stammered, fretfully running his fingers through his hair. “I thought you were in Los Angeles with Anastasia?” he asked. “Weren’t we supposed to be flying back together?” Had he misunderstood their conversation from earlier in the week? She had flown down to see his godmother for a few days, and it just happened to interchange with his schedule.

“Did you not get my message?” she asked, setting down her purse on the edge of the couch. “I decided to leave a day early since Anastasia had to leave for some meetings in Chicago.”

He groaned, shaking his head. “My phone has somehow been eating my messages since coming back to New York.” He hadn’t even bothered to check them in the last 24 hours. The plan was to stop by the store and have them look at it before Camille and he started anything today. Sebastian realized that even though she had placed her purse down, another bag was in her hand. He peered curiously, quickly becoming distracted. “What’s in the bag Ma?”

“I thought I would make breakfast.” She explained showing him what was inside. “Since I know there is no food in the house.” She said in an accusing tone, taking a step in the direction of the kitchen.

“I haven’t been here!” Sebastian protested, glancing over his mom’s shoulder to find Charles getting up from the stool to greet Georgeta. He felt a small twinge in his chest when he saw the look on Camille’s face. She had not been expecting this. In truth, Sebastian had been a bit relief when his mom had informed him she was going to be out of town when he came back to the states. Camille
meeting Georgeta had not been part of the plan. And it wasn’t because Sebastian would mind it. It was more of self preservation. He had just gotten out of a 2 year relationship and even though she was the only one who knew the full details of what had happened, he had a feeling she would not truly understand his relationship with Camille. Especially because he was not one to bring along friends to meet her. And his intention had not been to add more on for Camille. Yes, he talked about his mother to Camille and vise versa, but hadn’t prepared for this impromptu meeting.

“Charles!” Georgeta proclaimed. “I didn’t know you were going to be here!” Reaching to wrap her arms around his best friend in a motherly hug. Her back to Camille.

Charles smiled widely. “Just for a few days.” Letting go of each other and grabbing the bag out of her hand to place it on the counter.

By that time, Sebastian had made his way toward Camille, placing one hand on her shoulder, feeling her stiffen a bit at the touch. Peering down, he gave her an apologetic smile. But as quickly as he felt her stiffen a few seconds ago, Sebastian felt her rapidly relax. Clearing her throat, Camille stood up from the stool.

Sebastian knew this shouldn’t be a big deal, yet it felt like a big deal.

Georgeta turned around to face Camille and Sebastian. Her eyes widen in surprise for a moment, but quickly warmed up when they landed on Camille. If there was one thing he could always count on was his mother knack of making people feel welcome and at ease. It was like she somehow sensed it. Beaming with a smile, she spoke up. “Camille…right?” extending one hand out.

Camille gave a slight nod, giving Sebastian a side look in surprise. “Yeah-yes.” She stammered. “Nice to meet you.” Reaching out to shake Georgeta’s hand.

Georgeta stretched out her arms, but stopped abruptly as if realizing that not everyone liked to be touched. “If that’s okay?” she asked.

“Sure! Of course.” Camille said in surprise, giving Sebastian a quick look over her shoulder as Georgeta enveloped her in a quick hug.

After a few seconds, they broke away and his mother spoke up. “It’s so great to finally meet you! Sebby has talked a lot about you.”

“That’s not true.” Sebastian interjected with a shake of his head. “I maybe mentioned you once or twice.” Trying his best to hide the superior look, and he could have sworn he heard Charles snicker.

Georgeta waved a dismissive hand at her son. “He is lying. He has talked a lot about you.” She reaffirmed with a knowing smile. Camille raised an eyebrow at Sebastian but didn’t say a word. He felt his cheeks flush. And this time, Charles did snicker next to him. She continued. “I was going to make breakfast. I’m not sure if you or Charles have eaten? I know sometimes hotel food is not always the best.”

Charles piped in excitedly. “I will gladly stay for breakfast!” If there was anything Charles enjoyed was Georgeta’s Romanian mealtime.

Sebastian felt Camille’s eyes narrow in at him. Slowly, he met her gaze. Okay, so he might not have mentioned to his mother about Camille staying with him for the few days she would be in New York. It hadn’t seemed like an important detail when they had last talked. But if it was any indication by the way Camille was glaring at him at the moment, Sebastian should have mentioned that small tidbit.
Georgeta must have caught the way Camille was looking at him, because she wrinkled her nose and asked. “Is everything okay?”

Clearing his throat, he looked sheepishly at Georgeta. “Actually Ma, Camille is staying here…with me.”

Georgeta glanced over at Charles. And he quickly shook his head. “I’m staying at my parents.” Sebastian frowned. It was amazing how quickly they all turned to almost teenagers when parents were around. Especially him.

His mother quickly turned her head to face him and said in Romanian with a knowing look. “So that’s why you didn’t answer my call.”

Sebastian’s mouth twitched with a roll of eyes. “It’s not that way at all.” He replied back in his native tongue. Ah yes, this was the other reason why he had wanted to avoid this meeting. Because his mother always presumed some- if not all- the women in his life were girlfriends.

She squinted her eyes at him, the same way he had done plenty of times before, and then said in English. “It’s a good thing I brought plenty suncilita taraneasca. (Fatty piece of meat that still has the pork skin on it.)” She teased with a light smile. Taking a step in the direction of the kitchen, and rummaging through the bag she had brought in. “There is another bag missing…” she mused to herself, taking out a large container with a lid.

He let out silent sigh. Good. She wasn’t going to push it—at least for the time being. He eventually wanted to sort out his feelings, and he wanted talk to Georgeta about it, but he just wasn’t ready to do so right now.

“I’ll go grab it.” Charles volunteered. “In the car?” he asked, already trudging toward the front door.

Georgeta took two glass containers of zacusca. (Romanian vegetarian spread), and franzela (Romanian typical bread) out of the bag. “Oh shoot! He doesn’t have the car key!” she cried, quickly grabbing her purse, and jogging to follow Charles. She came to a quick halt before stepping out of the apartment. “Please start getting the oven ready.” She ordered Sebastian in Romanian.

As soon as the door shut, Camille spun to Sebastian, with glowering eyes. His own widen in alarm. “I’m sorry!” he apologized before she had the chance to gripe at him. “I thought she was still in Los Angeles…” He argued, noticing for the first time her hair. The straight hair was gone, instead her dark auburn curls were back, still damp, clanging to her head and neck. A heavy smell of vanilla clogged his nostrils. Swallowing, he stopped talking, letting his eyes admire how striking Camille looked in the mornings.

“Sebastian!” she hissed.

He blinked out of his daze, eyes locking with her. “What?” he asked stupidly.

“I said- I don’t want your mom thinking that I’m trying-“

“Camille,” He soothed. “I promise its okay.” Closing the gap between them, cupping her face with both of his hands. “I could have mentioned the little detail about you staying with me.” He admitted with a light shrug. “But that’s it. And if anyone is going to get an earful- it will be me.” He finished, giving her his famous half smirk and puppy eyes.

Knitting her eyebrows together, Camille leaned in closer. “You’re lucky your so-“ but stopped herself, biting on her lower lip.

Camille pinched the bridge of her nose. “Don’t call me doll.” She ordered in annoyance.

But he ignored her request and pressed. “I’m lucky that I’m what Camille?” God, how he loved the teasing/flirty banter between them. She gave a nonchalant shrug, looking anywhere but his face. Using his index finger, he tilted her chin, forcing her to meet his gaze. Unable to keep the coy look off his face, as she squirmed under his touch.

“Stop.” Camille whined, giving his front door a quick glance.

He didn’t budge, he squinted his eyes, mouth twitching to one side. He still wasn’t sure of what he was doing, but it obviously had an effect on her and he found it slightly adorable. “I’m not doing anything.” Breaking into a huge grin, unable to keep the other look going.

His smile must have caught on, because a grin began to tug on her face. But the grin slowly spewed out a slight giggle out of her. She was visibly trying to keep a straight face through this little banter they were having to see who would break first. It was humorous, because at times even when they were having tiny moments just like this one- they still managed to bring the silliness out of each other.

Giving him a gently shove, she asked. “Didn’t your mom say to start the oven?” He raised a brow in a surprise. She raised one back. “I kind of got the gist of what she was asking.” Taking a small step back toward the oven, while making a funny face.

“You’re really not going to finish that sentence?” following her into the kitchen, but not before reaching one arm out to try and grab her wrist or waist.

“No.” she replied with a shake of her head.

“Why not?”

“Because,” Camille started, turning on the oven. “It will just give you a big head. And I don’t want to be responsible for that.” Dramatically placing a hand over her chest.

“Uh huh. Whatever you have to tell yourself doll.” Repeating the nickname she disliked so much. But Camille didn’t respond, instead stuck her tongue out. “You should put that away before you hurt someone.” He snapped back wittily, dropping his eyes down to her mouth for effect.

“Hmmph.” Was Camille’s only response.

He gave her a cheeky grin. “Actually- I can think of other places where you can put that tongue on.”

As those words left his lips the front door flew open, Georgeta and Charles reappeared, each one with a bag. His mother eyed him. “Did you turn the oven on?”

He pointed to Camille. “She did.” Grabbing the bag out of his mother’s grasp and placing the bag on the counter.

“Thank you.” Georgeta said, making a point to look at her with a heartfelt smile.

Smiling back, Camille answered. “You’re welcome. Anything else I can help with?”

“Would you mind cutting into slices the franzela to put in the oven?” As she began to take the rest of the ingredients out of the bags. “Charles? You want to start on the vegetables?” Charles nodded
without saying a word.

While his mom gave instructions, Sebastian was showing Camille where his cutting knifes, utensils, etc. were located. But he quickly twisted around, facing Charles with a reproachful look. “Uh-didn’t you say a few minutes ago you had plans with your parents?”

His oldest friend opened then quickly shut his mouth, throwing daggers with his eyes. “Not until later this afternoon.” He replied with an indifferent hand way, as he reached for the cutting board and knife, quickly getting started on slicing the cucumbers, tomatoes and spring onion like Georgeta had asked.

“Are you sure?” Camille piped in over her shoulder, an accusing look in her eyes before giving her attention back to the bread. “It sounded as if you needed to leave ASAP.”

Georgeta laughed lightly. “It sounds to me as if these two are trying to rid of you Charles.” Bending down in front of a cabinet and seizing a frying pan.

Glad to have an ally, Charles glare faded, a sweet smile tugged at his lips instead, gazing at Georgeta. “They are.” He stated innocently. “They want this amazing Romanian breakfast just for themselves.”

Both Camille and Sebastian snickered. Sebastian spoke up. “Ma, I’m just repeating his words before you got here.” Opening the big plastic container, he assumed had the delicious meat he was so used to. His mouth watered when he finally took the lid off. Hell yeah. He would take Camille to brunch tomorrow. Feeling eager to share this breakfast tradition with her now. “Do you want me go ahead and put it in the microwave?”

Georgeta had begun frying the eggs. “Da.” She responded with a nod.

A sudden feeling of warmth, love and gratitude washed over him at the sight of his mom. He took a step in her direction, wrapping one arm around her shoulder, squeezing gently before planting a big kiss on her cheek.

Amused with laughter, Georgeta broke from his kiss, blinking in surprise. “What was that for?”

Grinning back, he said simply. “Because I love you.” Giving her shoulder another squeeze. “And because I’ve missed you.” Placing another kiss on the other cheek. “And because I’ve missed your amazing home cook meals!”

She tossed her head back with a short laugh. “I wouldn’t necessarily call this a home cook meal.” Patting Sebastian’s cheek mildly before turning to the stove.

“We spent a lot of time eating out.” Camille added, taking a step in their direction. “But all of this looks and smells delightful.” Eyeing the fried egg Georgeta was working on.

“We cooked sometimes.” Sebastian scoffed, emphasizing the word ‘sometimes’ before hitting the timer on the microwave. “You made your aunt’s chicken noodle soup recipe.” He reminded, folding his arms across his chest before leaning back against the counter. Trying his best to make easy conversation. Because even though she looked fine at the moment, he had feeling Camille was still a bit anxious in the presence of his mother.

And almost as if on cue, she let out a nervous laugh. “I wouldn’t necessarily call it culinary.” Opening the oven door, setting the slices of bread in it.

“If it’s anything like Sebastian’s cooking then its’ definitely culinary.” Charles mumbled.
“Hey! I’ll have you know, I make a mean bowl of cereal and toast.” Feigning a look of hurt.

Georgeta chuckled. “Sweetie, the last time you were home you burnt toast.”

He heard Camille giggle next to him, he turned and scowled. For the next 5-10 minutes, they continued to badger Sebastian about his cooking skills- or lack thereof, as Charles, Camille and himself helped Georgeta with the food. All four of them filled their plate up with the delicious food breakfast food. When Camille came to the zacusca, Sebastian explained what it was and how much was needed on the bread.

As they made their way to the dinner table, Camille peered at his plate and pouted. “How come you have more zacusca on your bread than I do?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Sebastian answered, setting his plate down and turning back to the counter for his coffee and Camille’s.

Taking the coffee out of his hand, she raised a suspicious eyebrow, sitting down next to Georgeta. His mom leaned a bit into Camille and said in a not so loud whisper. “We usually had to have two separate containers when he was growing up because he would eat most of it.” Winking, before reaching for her fork.

Camille shoved a slice of tomato into her mouth, wiggling her eyebrows at this revelation. He tried to scowl but instead his lips twitched into a small grin. Sitting across from both women, he glanced at Charles. “Thanks for the support.” He uttered sarcastically.

Charles stopped mid chew, looking at Sebastian for the first time. “What? I knew that already.” His fingers reaching for a slice of bread.

Sebastian elbowed him in the ribs before taking a sip of the coffee. “I didn’t want it to go to waste.” Georgeta looked amusingly at him first then at Camille. Sebastian watched as Camille thrust another piece of tomato in her mouth, trying to suppress the smile. Sitting up straight, leaning into the table, Sebastian squinted his eyes at both of them. “I don’t know how I feel about the two of you…” pointing an accusing finger. Yet, couldn’t help but feel a big pleased and relieved they were getting along. Even if it was at his expense.

His mom squinted back playfully, taking a bite of her food at the same time Charles spoke. “He just doesn’t like that Camille has come in and quickly turned everyone against him.” Throwing Camille a wink as he put more food in his mouth.

Camille’s eyes widen. “That’s not true.” Shaking her head and meeting Georgeta’s gaze.

“Ha! It’s not as funny when people start picking on you is it?” He teased, closing his eyes for a split second to enjoy his zacusca on his bread. Opening them back up, he saw the look on Camille’s face. She must have thought Charles comment would offend Georgeta, but Sebastian was sure it was quite the opposite of it.

“But it doesn’t take much to pick on him.” Georgeta’s eyes dancing with amusement as she met his gaze.

There it was! He thought to himself smugly. She could be playful when she wanted. “Thanks Mom.” He said sarcastically, chewing on a piece of bread himself.

“I think Georgeta just gave us permission to keep picking on him.” Charles said to Camille. But she still looked hesitant to say anything. “Now, you stay quiet?” he asked in a blaming tone.
“Charles…” his mother warned. “I’m sorry you’ve had to deal with the both of them.” Giving Camille a sympathetic smile.

“It hasn’t been easy.” Camille said, a sheepish look on her face when she met Georgeta’s eyes.

“Imi place de ea.” She said in Romanian to Sebastian.

From the corner of his eye, Camille smiled shyly. “Who has the big head now?” he teased, looking back his mother. “She understood what you just said.” Nodding in the direction of Camille when he saw the look of confusion on Georgeta’s face.

“Oh!” She exclaimed. “You speak Romanian?”

Sebastian chuckled softly to himself. It was always exciting when you found someone else who spoke Romanian.

“Just what Sebastian been teaching me.” Camille answered. “Not fluently.”

“In exchange, she’s teaching me Spanish.” He explained. “Or trying to anyway.”

“Seriously?” Charles asked in an incredulously voice. Sebastian gave him a warning look. Charles pressed his lips together to keep from saying anything else. Instead he feign a look of innocence as he went back to his food. He didn’t’ even need to hear Charles to know he was about to make a smart ass remark.

Georgeta didn’t seem phased, and instead focused her attention back on Camille. “Sebastian said your parents are from Central America?”

Camille gave Sebastian a quick glance. Obviously still surprised he shared so much of Camille to his mother. Was it really that weird? She just sort of came up in conversation, or was it he brought her up in conversation? Camille was part of his daily life now. He talked to Camille about Charles, and the rest of his friends. So what was the difference?

“We migrated from El Salvador when I was about 4 years old.” She responded, tugging a strand of curly hair behind her ear.

“We?”

“Mmm hmm.” Nodding before setting her cup down. “My mom was here first, then a year later my dad and I followed.”

“After a year?” Charles repeated.

“Yeah.” Her fingers reaching for a slice of a vegetable on her plate. Giving an almost awkward look over at Sebastian. He gave a small nod of encouragement to let her know it was okay to continue if she wanted. “My mom had to save some money before she could try and get us here.” Pausing for a split second, then laughing nervously. “Apparently it’s not cheap trying to find a good coyote.”

Sebastian carefully watched Charles and Georgeta’s reaction change when Camille’s words slowly begin to register with them. One of the things they had quickly bonded over was the fact they came from two different cultures/countries and migrated to the United States, finding that in someone was not an everyday thing. But somehow finding that in each other had been a good interest point for the beginning of their relationship. Sebastian did not know many people who could relate to the difficulty of coming into a new environment without knowing the language and being teased about it. And the more they got to know each other, it was obvious Camille did understand that growing
pain.

But the more Camille had shared, he realized how very different paths their parents had taken to get them to the states. He remembered the first time she had brought it up, almost hesitant in the idea of sharing that detail with him. Almost as if she was afraid of being shamed for it.

Sebastian heard his mother. “It takes a lot of courage to do what your parents did.” All Sebastian wanted to at the moment was give her a huge hug in appreciation. It never crossed his mind that she would be any less understanding, but he also knew sometimes things just needed to be said out loud. And Sebastian knew this was one of those moments.

Camille tilted her head slightly, chewing on her lower lip. “I thought so too.” She said in a whisper then looked over at Charles from across the table. “No comment from the peanut gallery?” she joked.

And Sebastian knew that was as much as she was going to share about her experience—at least for now. That was clear to him. If there was one thing Sebastian quickly learned about Camille was how she hated people feeling sorry for her. Even if that was not the case, it was always a fear. And Sebastian assumed it had a lot to do with how she was told to act after her parents’ death.

Breaking out of his thoughts, Sebastian watched as Charles shook his head, leaning back against his chair. “It’s not a laughing matter. Georgeta is right. Obviously your parents knew what was right for them and you. I understand that completely.” Pausing for a split second. “And if anyone ever thinks it is a laughing matter, I’ll kick their ass.” A small grin appearing on his face.

“He doesn’t even get this protective with me.” Sebastian scoffed, pretending to be hurt. “And he hasn’t even known her for 24 hours.” Yet, Sebastian couldn’t help but feel delighted at how quickly his friends, and now his mother gravitated to Camille. It only vindicated to him the kind of person Camille was. It wasn’t just him that saw the goodness in her.

Damn. He really did have it bad didn’t he?

“The older they get the worse they start to act.” Georgeta said to Camille with a wink.

“You know I can hear you right?”

“Oh I know you can sweetie.” Georgeta quipped. Charles snickered shoving more food into his mouth. “I was also talking about you.” Narrowing her eyes across the table at Charles.

“Ha!” Sebastian taunted, chewing on a piece of bread.

“You should have seen them when they were younger—“

“Ma…” Sebastian interrupted, his face quickly flushing at the stories his mom could tell about him. Camille quickly sat up straighter, with one arm resting on the table, an enthusiastic look in her eyes. “She doesn’t want to hear any of those stories.” He stated, but her face said otherwise.

Giving him a side look, Camille replied with a smirk. “Of course I want to hear about them. I make you listen to all of mine.”

So as they all continued to eat breakfast, Georgeta told Camille a few stories about Sebastian growing up. Thankfully they weren’t the truly embarrassing ones, silently he thanked his mother for that. But some of her stories did have Camille in fits of giggles, which only fueled Georgeta to keep telling more.

“Overall he was a good kid.” Georgeta concluded, leaning in and pressing a kiss to his forehead,
then seized the dirty plates off the table, trudging back to the kitchen sink.

Sebastian followed suit, quickly taking the plates out of her hands, giving her a light shake of his head. “I got it.”

She didn’t argue. Instead she continued talking. “He was a cute chubby bebelus.” She gushed, placing both elbows on the counter.

He groaned, hanging his head forward in embarrassment as he turned the faucet on. Great, now that she started, she wasn’t going to stop.

“Aww I would love to see pictures!”

“She has plenty of naked baby pictures at her house.” Charles supplemented. Grinning from ear to ear at the look Sebastian was giving him at the moment. “What?” he said innocently. “It’s the truth!” While handing Sebastian another dirty plate. “She has them in frames and on the wall.” He continued, looking over his shoulder at Camille.

With the smile still on her lovely face, Camille met his eyes. “Why, Sebastian Stan I believe your blushing.” she teased, leaning into the counter from the other side, her legs swinging gently behind her in giddiness.

“Ohh huh. Keep laughing.” He warned, scrubbing one of the dishes down. “I can’t wait until we hit Los Angeles.” Referring to the future meeting of Camille’s sister.

“Okay, okay. Let’s stop teasing him.” Georgeta ordered with a hint of smile on her features. She peered back at Charles and asked instead. “Is there a reason why you were trying to rush out of here?” Charles looked startled by the question, but quickly recovered with a shake of his head. But Georgeta was not buying it. “And don’t you lie to me.”

Camille spoke up. “He doesn’t want to be dragged around all of New York City.” Setting herself down happily down on the bar stool. Obviously the coffee had started to kick in. Because just like him, Camille had maybe gotten about 2 hours of sleep since their outing the night before. “I’m making Sebastian do the tourist thing for a few hours today.” She explained, batting her eyelashes playfully over at him. He wrinkled his nose, before continuing the task of washing the dishes. Why did he agree to this again?

“Even though he doesn’t want to. He’s being a good sport about it.” Camille finished.

“It sounds like fun!” Georgeta said enthusiastically.

“Yeah, for someone who’s never been to New York.” Charles wisecracked. But he quickly shut his mouth and pressed his lips together when he saw the look Georgeta was giving him. His best friend looked like a little kid who had just been caught stealing candy.

Sebastian shook in head in amazement. It was telling how his mother or any mother for that fact, could intimidate a grown man with just a look. It just showed the power a mother had.

“Sometimes it’s nice to see or experience things through someone else eyes. You never know what you could be missing.” Georgeta said, looking meaningfully between Sebastian and Camille, as if she knew something they didn’t know.
Chapter 14 Where Dreams are Made Of...

Chapter 14 Where Dreams are made of...

New York City 2010

“Don’t delete any of those.” Camille ordered, gently letting her fingers mess with the top of Sebastian’s thick and perfect hair. She let out a light giggle when he swatted her hand away. She slipped next to him on the grass, as he continued to swipe through the photos in her phone. “Sebastian…” she warned resting her chin on the top of his shoulder. Her stomach bubbling up with warmth at how good he smelled.

Gradually Sebastian turned in her direction, his nose inches from hers. “Stop being nosy.” He teased, giving a small push with the back of his shoulder.

Camille lifted her chin, glaring. “It’s my phone!” Stretching her legs in front of her before attempting to snatch the phone out of his grasp. But he was too quick.

Sebastian lifted his arms up in the air, his hand out of reach. “I just want to see what the pictures look like.” Smiling and nodding to a couple that walked past them, staring with amusement at their interaction.

They were sitting out at Bryant Park after a quick lunch a local café. After breakfast with Sebastian’s mom and Charles, they had all gone their separate ways. And just like Sebastian had predicted- Camille had dragged him around the city for the most the morning and early afternoon. Yes he had protested at first, but by the time they had made their way up at the Empire State Building, Sebastian began to enjoy himself and even took pictures, hence why her phone was in his hands.

With her legs still stretched in front of her, Camille pulled her hair up into a messy bun. Even though it was midway through September- the weather in New York was still a bit warm, they had been walking for a few hours now. Sebastian brought his hand back down, his attention still on the screen. “Eww, delete that one.” Camille stated with a wrinkle of her nose, leaning into him to get a better look at the picture. It was not a flattering one of her that was for sure.

“You just told me not to delete any of them.” Sebastian snapped, his eyes lingering down her blouse for a split moment.

Camille couldn’t help but smirk at his slip up, but didn’t comment on it. Instead said. “I don’t like how I look in it.”

Sebastian gave a weird look but didn’t respond. For the next few minutes they continued to skim through the rest of the photos from the events of the day. Every few moments Sebastian would stop scrolling to get a better look at a picture and make a comment. “Delete.” She heard him mumble under his breath, as he came across a picture of himself from earlier at the top of the Empire State building. It wasn’t anything out of the ordinary, just a picture with him smiling, the beautiful scenery of the city behind him.

“He raised his head, meeting her gaze. “You’re a pain in my ass.” he half-joked.

“You like me this way.” She sassed back with a crinkle of her nose. It might have been for a few seconds-she wasn’t sure- but Sebastian’s usual clear blue orbs, darken at her words.
Camille swallowed nervously, but quickly recovered, trying to grab the phone. Yet again he was quicker and put it out of reach. “Sebastian!” She said in an aggravated tone.

“What?” He asked innocently, the look from a few moments ago disappearing. “Half of these pictures don’t have my face.” He retorted looking back at the screen.

“That’s because you kept moving!”

He snickered. Camille glared. He had been a little shit at the beginning of their day, not wanting to be part of any pictures. But slowly she got him in a few here and there. “And that’s why we should get rid of those.” He explained. “See?” Lifting the phone so she had a better view. “Can’t see my face.” Pause. “Delete.” Hitting the little trash icon on the phone. “Delete, delete, delete.” He muttered after a few more.

Camille just sat there with a pout, watching. She was about to make a smart ass comment when the screen of her phone lit up with a picture of David. He was calling. Again. She felt her stomach twist as the phone rang. Feeling Sebastian’s eyes, Camille looked up at him. “You can just hit ignore.” She mumbled awkwardly.

“You sure?” Sebastian asked in a serious tone as the phone rang for the 5th time.

Giving a hesitant shake of her head she stammered. “Y-yeah. Yes. It’s fine. It’s not the first time he’s called today.” And it won’t be the last, she thought to herself miserably. David’s attempt to contact her had become mineable, but he was still doing it. And she was still ignoring them, or at least trying to. It took a lot of will power not to call him back after one of his many voicemails. Because damn it, she missed his cheating ass. Because regardless of how things were at the moment, she loved him.

Without hesitation Sebastian did what she asked, hitting the ignore button, gently letting the phone land on his lap. Camille’s face must have given away exactly how she was feeling because Sebastian cleared his throat, swiftly reaching into his back pants pocket, his phone now in his hand. “I just realize we didn’t get any pictures with my phone.” Wiggling his eyebrows.

Camille smiled despite her sudden mood change. Thankful to have someone like Sebastian there with her. “Are you trying to distract me?”

Sebastian gave a sheepish grin. “Yeah. Is it working?”

Before Camille had a chance to form words, Sebastian was already opening the app on his phone, pointing the phone in front of her face. For a moment she forgot about David’s call. “What-what are you doing?” she demanded, trying to keep a solemn face, but giggled at how serious Sebastian looked at the moment. “Stop-. “ Camille started, trying her best to move her face away from his focus. She brought a hand up, gently pushing the phone away with a laugh. “You are so annoying!” she stated, moving her head from side to side so the camera would not catch her face.

“I love how you can dish but not take.” He observed with a smug look.

Wrinkling her nose in annoyance, Camille managed to grip on to the wrist holding the phone. Sebastian gave her a challenging look and she narrowed her eyes, not saying a word. But how was it possible for this man to make her feel like a teenager? Be able to loosen her up, make jokes, and make her laugh, yet feel safe at the same time?

She blinked out of her thoughts when he tugged her close. Letting out an exasperated sigh, Camille commented. “You know we could do this all day…”

He nodded in agreement to her words. “Oh I know dragoste.” He whispered lowly.
Camille felt the familiar tighten in her stomach at the proximity and at the nickname she had come to recognize. But tried her best to act as if it didn’t affect her. Instead she tugged back his wrist with the phone. “Fine,” she started with a wiggle of her eyebrows. “I won’t fight it. Snap away.” Dropping his wrist to pose for the camera, pouting just like she seen so many models do in magazines.

That made him toss his head back and laugh. “Then it’s not fun anymore.” He informed with a small sexy pout himself- which Camille was sure he didn’t even realize he was making. Plus, she was positive it looked a hundred times better than hers.

“Yea, because you aren’t annoying me?” she accused.

“Exactly.” Sebastian said with a serious nod.

Camille was quick on the draw, grabbing the phone out of his grasp. “Here, let me take a selfie.” The longing to continue acting silly taking over her. She just wanted to be around something light and Sebastian just seem to be that for her. She angled the camera phone inches away from her face. “I expect this to be the background on your phone.” She instructed, tilting her head to one side. Letting out a surprise gasp when they bumped heads. “Ow!” she whined with a short laugh. “What the hell-?”

“It’s my phone, so I’m gonna be in the damn-.” Before he has the chance to finish the sentence, Camille snapped a photo. She was pretty sure it was going to be the side of his head and half of her face.

“I wasn’t ready!” He exclaimed, elbowing her gently to get closer.

Rolling her eyes, she waited a few moments as he adjusted, tilting his head next to hers, looking straight into the camera. “Ready?”

“Yup.”

Camille side eyed him but didn’t say another word. Instead she looked back into the camera, ready to snap the next photo, but just before she hit the button, Sebastian swiftly turned his face toward her cheek, opening his mouth wide with a teasing growl as the photo was taken.

“Sebastian!” She laughed despite of herself, distracted enough for him to grab the phone back. But that was all she could say before he snapped another one.

And for the next few minutes they continued to take silly pictures together in between the fits of giggles. Either with him making faces in her general direction, or her pretending to be annoyed with him, tongue sticking out, etc. In the span of less than 5 minutes, Camille was sure they had snapped about 20 plus pictures. Did this make them shallow? Maybe. But at the same time Camille was positive many of those pictures were going to be deleted, either because they were blurry or because they couldn’t stop laughing.

Sebastian cleared his throat, a stern look on his features. “Okay- try and be serious for a second.” He instructed. Camille frowned. He smiled innocently. “We need at least one, where you aren’t being a dork-OW!” That earned him an elbow in the ribs. “Damn it Camille.” He said through his shortled of laughter. Once he stopped laughing for what seemed the hundredth time, he sloped the phone, aiming it at them again. “Okay? Ready?” he asked.

She nodded, oblivious to the fact that a few people were staring. A few seconds before he snapped another picture, Camille leaned in, planting a wet and loud kiss on his stubble cheek. A light smile tugged on her lips, positive she had caught him off guard. But the kiss was not meant to be sexual,
just a simple kiss. It just felt like a good move in the moment.

And by the look in his eyes when they met hers, Sebastian knew it. “You know, if Liz ever sees this picture—”

“Then we’ll just have to make sure she never sees it.” Camille finished. They both knew how much Liz loved Sebastian. And also how she wished Camille and him got together. God forbid she mentioned to Liz about the tiny kiss they had shared on Sebastian’s birthday. In fact, Camille hadn’t shared that with anyone. It was just a tiny kiss. No big deal right?

“Oh? So it wasn’t meant to be innocent?” He paused. “And you ordered me to make it my wallpaper remember?”

Camille’s eyes widen. “And of course you’re going to pick that one?”

By then Sebastian was scrolling through the pictures again. “Yes. It’s one of the best ones.” Displaying it for her on the screen. Camille’s mouth twitched, trying to keep the smile away. Fine, so it did turn out pretty adorable. Sebastian’s eyes were fully wide in surprise as her lips pressed against his cheek and the familiar smirk on his face. “See? We’re pretty cute.” Sebastian said into her ear.

Camille pretended not to notice how close he was again, making a tisk sound instead. “How can you tell? You can’t even see my face.” Knowing the comment would get a response from him.

He had been wearing a smile but it faded at her implication. “I wasn’t just talking about you.”

“Oh I know.” Camille said simply, not missing a beat. He glared playfully, pushing both arms back to rest on them on the grass. Camille tried to keep a straight face, but it was hard not to smile with the sad puppy look plastered on his handsome features. Damn, he really was a beautiful looking man. Her eyes lingered lower, the rest of him was not bad either. It was hard to not get distracted by his broad shoulders. Yes, he had hugged her plenty of times, but Camille wondered what it would feel to him hold her down in bed.

Whoa. She really needed to stop daydreaming. It only led down a hole she was not ready to go into. But at the same time Camille was feeling frustrated. Sexually frustrated to be exact. It had been months since she had shared an intimate moment with anyone. And damn it, the more the days passed the longing for sex seemed to grow. It was a pesky little problem and she wished there was some way to get her fix without involving anyone else.

“Cam? Camille?” She blinked a few times, finding Sebastian waving a hand in front of her face. The expression on her face must have been a stupid one, because Sebastian was looking at her with concern. “Hey…” he said softly.

She pressed her lips in embarrassment, thankful he couldn’t read her thoughts. “Hmm yeah?” she managed to stammer out.

“You know, if you need to talk to him, no one is going to think less of you.”

David-?”

David? What did David have to do with- oh, oh. He thought she was thinking about David, because of the phone call. She had been having a good time laughing and joking around with Sebastian that David had somehow slipped out of her thoughts. Well it was better than having Sebastian know the real reason why she had the look. It took Camille a few more seconds to let what he had just said
register with her. “You’re saying I should talk to him?” she questioned. So far everyone around her had told her to do the opposite.

Shrugging, Sebastian shoved his phone back into his back pocket. “I’m not saying you should or shouldn’t. I just know it’s hard to cut someone off cold turkey. Especially when your life has been intertwined with theirs for over 6 years.” By that time he was sitting back up. The wind had begun to pick up making it harder for her hair to stay in place. She frowned to herself swiping a few curls out of her face. “Here…” he started, gently moving a strand of loose hair behind her ear.

Camille sighed nervously. “Crazy curls.”

Sebastian licked his bottom lip deliberately. “Uh huh…” Those fingers grazing the side of her neck. She felt her senses heighten at his touch. And everything moved in slow motion. Camille still couldn’t figure out how they were able to do a one-eighty so quickly. One moment they were laughing, acting goofy and then the next he was making her want to throw caution to the wind just to get a single taste of his lips. There went her mind again, wondering to the place it shouldn’t go to. It would just complicate things. And she could not handle more complications in her life right now.

“Cam…” he started.

She only hummed in response, enjoying the tingle from his touch. Her eyes dropping to his inviting lips. They looked so soft and was sure they would feel wonderful against hers.

“Camille-.” Sebastian repeated, his tone low.

“Yeah?”

His fingers roaming over the top of her bare shoulder. (It was still hot, so yes she was in a tank top!) “Since you’re making me put a picture of you as my wallpaper, does that mean I get to make you do the same with yours?” he asked in a serious voice, his eyes dancing with mischief at his own question.

Camille blinked out of the daze, giving him a slight shove back. “You really know how to ruin a moment.” She mumbled, irritation bubbling in her stomach.

Sebastian raised both eyebrows in surprise. “Oh? We were having a moment?” Leaning in, giving her that smile, that made her knees weak.

Pushing away from him, narrowing her eyes. “Were is the key word.” All of a sudden, the feeling of annoyance filling her. Mostly at herself.

She jumped slightly when he wrapped one strong arm around her waist to pull her closer to him. Just a few more inches more and she would have been in his lap. Looking down at her through his lashes. “I thought you said-... Camille expectantly raised an eyebrow. He sucked in a large breath before speaking. “I thought we said no more…” trailing off and tilting his head a bit as to get a better view.

Every part of her body was awake now. Almost screaming to have him touch her. “You know we could just…“ But stopping mid-sentence. Yet her heart was racing rapidly within her chest. Obviously her brain, her heart and hormones were not on the same page.

“Yeah.” Sebastian nodded in agreement.

She twitched her nose. “How could you possibly know what I was about to say?” she challenged.
“You’re practically on my lap.” Sebastian reminded with a hint of a smirk.

Gaping at him, she snapped. “You put me here!” She groaned in frustration. “You know why this would never work?” She blurted out without thinking.

Sebastian’s eyes widen in pure surprise at her words. “Why?” he asked slowly.

“Because half way through anything we’ll end up bickering.” She perceived.

Stifling his laughter, Sebastian asked. “You think so?” But even through this conversation, he hadn’t let go of her.

“If you’re trying to patronize me, it’s working.” Sebastian opened his mouth to speak then closed it. No one would understand them if they saw them together. And regardless of the annoyance she felt at the moment, she liked knowing that. “What if I were just to sit on your lap?” she murmured. There were those hormones again.

“I’m not stopping you.” Camille knitted her eyebrows together at his response. Grinning he added. “It’s New York, no one would even bat an eye.”

“You don’t think I’ll do it.” Camille stated. It wasn’t a question, it was a statement.

“It’s not that I don’t think you won’t do it.”

“Then what?” She asked curiously. “Because if you haven’t noticed I have a lot of pent up frustration right now.” Great. Now she couldn’t even keep her mouth shut.

Fine. Fine. She was horny, and feeling lots of anger. Both of those together were not a good combination. How the hell did they end up back on this topic anyway? It didn’t lead anywhere. Fuck, her emotions were all over the place.

Letting out a rejected sigh she whispered. “You should let go.” He didn’t argue. He just dropped the one arm from her around her waist. Moving a few inches from him. They sat in silence. Camille finally spoke up. “I’m sorry.”

He quickly looked up. “For what Camille? For being human?” He asked. “For being confused?” Shaking his head sadly he continued. “Don’t be. You have every right to all of those feelings.” He paused for a good long minute. “I just- when we’re alone-.” He stammered with a short laugh.

“I know.” Camille said chewing on lower lip nervously, looking out into the mist of people in the park. For the first time really paying attention to the hustle and bustle of the city. A tiny part of her feeling relieved he felt and understood how confusing all of this was. “We need a chaperone.” She teased.

Sebastian snorted. “Please don’t ever tell Charles that.”

Tossing her back she laughed. “Deal.” She promised. Letting her head and back fall against the green grass, allowing her body to relax. Lifting her chin up, she shut her eyes, enjoying the warmth of the sun on her face and body.

“You know there is an easy fix for this.”

“Oh?” she said without opening her eyes. “What did you have in mind?” Feeling him move next to her. Camille didn’t need to open them to know he was settling on the grass as well.
“We just eliminate the elephant in the room.” He said in a sing voice.

Camille’s heart began to race a bit quicker once again at his words. A part of her knew Sebastian was saying this to easy the moment. Clearing her throat Camille mused without a missing a beat. “Yeah, but Chris is nowhere to be found.” Trying her best to hide the light smile on her features.

“Fuck you Camille.” She heard Sebastian say next to her, feeling a few strands of grass hit the top of her head.

Giggling, she quickly opened her eyes up and found Sebastian glaring down with those steel blue orbs. Trying to keep her giggles to a minimum, she pushed herself up on both elbows. His blue orbs quickly soften. He looked like a sad puppy. “Aww no hagas esa cara.” Camille stated in Spanish.

“I have no clue what you just said.” He confessed, clenching his jaw. He squinted down at her. “And this is not distracting me from your smart ass comment by the way.”

“I was joking.” Camille argued, getting distracted by how lovely his hair and face looked while the sun hit him. Tilting her head to one side of her shoulder, she gave him a serious look. “So…you want to eliminate the elephant in the room?” repeating his words from a few seconds ago.

“Too late.” Sebastian snapped stubbornly, yet Camille saw the mischievous gleam in his eyes. Without a word, she tugged on his wrist, pulling him down. Sebastian eyes widen in disbelief, hovering above her. “I just want to point out- this time- this was you’re doing.” He declared with a large grin.

“I’m not disputing it.” Camille whispered. Hormones were winning this battle. But before anything else could be said, she heard the ringing of a phone. “Seriously?” she groaned, dropping her head back, eyes wondering to the sound.

“It’s mine.”

“What?” Lifting her head back up.

Sebastian growled in frustration. “This time,” Pressing his forehead gently against hers. “It’s my phone.” Leering deep into her eyes.

“Oh.” Was all Camille could muster at the moment, mostly because the way he was eyeing her, made it hard to concentrate. “Y-you should answer it.” she said lamely.

“Yeah.” He mumbled, breaking their gaze for him to shove one hand in the back pocket of his jeans. Sitting down properly in the grass, he glanced down at the screen. Camille noticed the angry twitch in his jaw when the recognition of who was calling him became clear.

She didn’t need to ask. Camille recognize his expression, it was the same one she got when David called her. Quickly sitting back up herself. “You know,” she started softly. “You could take your own advice.” Nodding in the direction of the phone in his hand. Referring to his earlier counsel about taking phone calls.

“How did I know that would come and bite me in the ass?”

Shrugging, Camille stated “Because it’s me.” She peered down at the phone again. “It’s okay to answer it.”

Closing his eyes for a second, he half joked. “You don’t need to see that side of me.” She snorted at his response. But realized he had been stalling, the call had gone to his voicemail. “Besides I don’t
want to ruin your trip.” Grunting as he pushed himself up from the grass, he extended his arm out. Camille frowned up at him, but took it.

“You’re amazing at avoiding problems.” She teased with a wink “Want to teach me that skill?”

Sebastian didn’t miss a beat and retorted back. “I don’t know darlin’- you seem to be doing a pretty good job on your own.” Stuffing the phone back into his pocket.

She made a face. “Haha…ha.” But looped her arm into his. “We are two of a kind.” she mocked. They weren’t perfect. But here they were. It was obvious he was going through some shit as well. She wished he would talk to her, maybe it would make him feel a bit better.

He tossed his head back, barking out a laugh. “I guess so.” After about ten steps, he asked cautiously. “Where are you dragging me now?”

“You said there were a few book stores around here…?”

At the suggestion, his eyes lit up in approval. She couldn’t help but feel her heart warm up at his reaction. She never met anyone who enjoyed book stores as much as he did. Camille had a feeling he liked to spend hours in them, and she was down for that. “There is one…about a block from here.” He answered, his step picking up rapidly.

Camille smiled. “Okay.” She paused. “Also, I need coffee. Lots of it.” she demanded before coming to a stop.

“You got a problem.”

She scoffed. “I don’t judge your lifestyle, so don’t judge mine.” Scrunching her eyes and nose together up at him. “Besides I like having a cup of coffee in my hand when I’m browsing a book store.” Walking again, her arm still looped with his.

“For the record,” Sebastian started. “I’m not avoiding-I’m still just trying to process some shit.” Camille blinked in surprise at his sudden directness. Biting on her lower lip, she came to halt and slowly nodded to let him know she was listening. He leaned into her, not breaking his gaze. “Give me a few more days.” He promised. Camille nodded again. “Now c’mon, let go get your caffeine before you faint on me.” He teased with a wink.
Chapter 15 The Hard Stuff *edited*

Chapter Notes

Hi all! I actually added on this chapter! It was a little bit too short! :) Hope you enjoy!

xoxo

Chapter 15 The Hard Stuff

“Dude! Where the hell have you been?” Chace Crawford exclaimed, gently slapping Sebastian on the chest.

Sebastian distractedly took a long drag from his cigarette. “Huh? What?” Blowing the smoke from one side of his mouth, his eyes wondering around the large outside terrace. “Have you seen Cass?” He asked, ignoring Chace question completely. “Or Camille?”

Chace gave his friend a curious look, but before having the chance to respond, a female voice interrupted. “Chace!” she whined. “I thought we were going to dance?” Sebastian frowned in annoyance at the voice.

“Get us another round of drinks.” Chace ordered sweetly. “I’ll be right in.” The woman didn’t argue, just gave him a beaming smile, turning on her heels and making her way back inside. Once the admirer was out of sight, Chace turned back to Sebastian. “What happened to you?”

At the same time Sebastian asked again. “Have you seen Cam?”

Yes, Camille. That’s who he needed to talk to. He wasn’t sure what would come out of his mouth if he found Cassidy first. He was fuming.

“I saw Cass inside with-. “ Chace stopped as realization hit his face. “Oh.” His eyes widening.

“Yeah.” Sebastian muttered after taking another long puff.

“C’mon man, you know she didn’t mean any harm-“

Sebastian glared. “She needs to learn how to stay out of people’s damn business.” Taking an angry puff off his cigarette. Camille, himself, Alyssa and Chace had an early dinner. Then met up with a few other mutual friends at a high-end bar/club Chace has suggested. He had been having a pleasant night until about twenty minutes ago. The night had been going pretty smooth, with drinks, dancing, laughing and flirting all around. He even gotten a nice buzz after a few beers, but it slowly began to fade when someone bumped into him at the bar.

His first thought was: Camille coming to join him after she had disappeared to the ladies room. But he had been mistaken. Sebastian hadn’t talked or seen his ex-girlfriend since the breakup. At first, it had been because of their busy work schedules, but eventually it was by Sebastian’s choice. As more time passed, a few things had begun to come to light about her unfaithfulness during their time together.

“She must have put her up to this-. “ Chace said, trying to defend Cassidy.
“Yea well- she should have known better.” Sebastian growled, putting the beer bottle up to his mouth. Wanting desperately to get the alcohol buzz back. He knew drinking was not the answer, but it was the only thing he could control. Beer and a cigarette was all he needed at the moment-and talking to Camille.

“Camille did come out here with me...” Chace mumbled, looking around his surroundings with concern. “Wait-she was with Cassidy before you went to the bar. I thought she-“

Chugging the last bit of his beer, he tossed the empty bottle in the trash can closest to him and snorted. “I think I would have noticed if she has been standing next to Leighton.” He might have reacted a bit nicer if Camille had been around. Instead all the anger, confusion and hurt had seeped out and he had been nothing but snippy with Leighton and Cassidy. And from the expression on Cassidy’s face, she had thought she was doing a service putting them together in the same room. But before Sebastian had the chance to say anything, she quickly disappeared with a lame excuse. Leaving him alone with his ex.

By then, people had started to gawk and Sebastian knew he would have to be the adult and walk away. He wasn’t as well-known as other actors but in the New York scene people knew who he was. And they especially knew about the relationship with Leighton. So he said his hello through gritted teeth, even giving her a quick hug before walking away. It had not been enough. She followed and cornered him, wanting an explanation on why he had been avoiding her phone calls. Before he even realized what was happening they had made their way into one of the VIP bathrooms, bickering and fighting.

It wasn’t his style. But something inside of him hated the fact that she had shown up at the same bar he was at. Because he knew it had not been a coincidence. She planned this.

“Oh wait.” Chace started. “She got a phone call!” nodding vigorously at his revelation.

“Who?”

“Camille!” He peeked over his shoulder. “So she’s out here somewhere.”

Sebastian laughed despite his mood. “Thanks man.” Placing a hand on top of Chace’s shoulder. “Did you see which way she went?”

“Toward the other side of the terrace...I think.”

Glancing down at the watch Camille had given him for his birthday, he wondered who she was on the phone with. It was past midnight in New York, and even though it was 2 hours earlier in Los Angeles, he was pretty sure Tia Yolanda was already in bed. Which meant she was most likely on the phone with her sister.

He took a puff from his cigarette once more before speaking. “I’ll find her.”

Chace nodded. “Cool.” Glancing eagerly over Sebastian’s shoulder into the inside of the bar.

Sebastian smirked. “Didn’t you send her to fetch drinks?” He teased.

Chace glared back at Sebastian. “Ha-ha.” He said sarcastically. “I’ll catch you later.” He must have spotted the female admirer inside because Sebastian didn’t even get a chance to say a word before Chace quickly disappeared back into the bar.

Shaking his head, Sebastian turned on his heels in the opposite direction, in search of Camille. The outside terrace was bigger than he expected, for the next 15 minutes he walked virtually all the way
around with no sight of her. He was about to give up and head back inside, but came to a halt- from
the corner of his eye, he spotted her leaning into the rails of the terrace, half of her body turned to
him, with one elbow slanted over the top of the rail, her head tilted to the other side. Sebastian’s eyes
looked her up and down. Once again, flabbergasted of how strikingly beautiful she was- even if it
was from the back side. Tonight she had chosen to wear a dark pencil skirt with a low back cream
cami, outlining every single curve and strappy heels to match, her curls up, divulging her neck.
Sebastian licked his lips sensually, putting the last bit of his cigarette out in the corner ashtray,
forgetting for a split minute why he’d been looking for her in the first place. His thoughts couldn’t
help but drift to whether or not she was wearing anything else underneath the skirt.
But as quickly as the thought came to him, the faster he chastised himself for thinking it. Besides,
checking her ass out was not the reason he had been looking for her.
What he needed was his friend who would listen to him. For the last few weeks he had been trying
not to burden her with his problems, but now realized he did need someone to talk to. Camille’s
words from the night before resonating; about him being her best friend. He felt the same way.
Camille was now part of his core of friends, one of his best friends. He wasn’t sure of where their
relationship was going to lead or end up -if earlier conversation was any indication (it felt like a
seesaw at times trying to guess who would pull who down first) but they were in each other lives
now and Sebastian wouldn’t have it any other way.
She was intently into her conversation she hadn’t notice him nearing closer. He stood a few feet
away, his ears picking up on the phone call.
“Did you drive?” Camille asked in a troubled tone. There was a pause on the other end as she
listened to whomever was speaking. She spoke again. “Okay- I mean is there any way you could
have someone drive you home? Or pick you up? You shouldn’t be driving-.” She pleaded softly.
The person on the other line must have been arguing because he heard Camille say: “Promise me
you’ll get someone to take you home.” She urged. “Do you want me to call-. “ Getting interrupted
again.
Sebastian watched her body language, one finger nervously playing with a few curls that had fallen
from the top of her head. Sighing she spoke again. “I know you’re sorry-but we can-.” But not able
to finish her sentence, instead she let out an exasperated sound. “Why?” Another pause, as the voice
on the other side of the line spoke. “Because you’ve had a lot to drink and you aren’t making any
sense right now.” Camille’s voice sounding defeated as she straighten up, back still to Sebastian.
He wasn’t all the way sober, but the pieces slowly started to fit together on who she was on the
phone with. And it made him clinch his jaw in annoyance. Wasn’t she avoiding his calls? Isn’t that
what she had asked him to do earlier in the park? Hit the ignore button on her phone? Why hadn’t
she done that again?
“I know you wish it wouldn’t have happen.” Camille lamented. Sebastian knew he should not be
eavesdropping, but couldn’t seem to move from his spot. “But it did. And I really don’t want to talk
about this-.” David must have interrupted because she was quiet for a few more seconds. “Right now
you just need to find a way to get home.”
Sebastian felt his stomach tighten in anger, listening to her plead with him. And why the hell was
David calling anyway? She was thousands of miles away, she couldn’t do anything from New York.
Why couldn’t he just leave her alone?
“David-this isn’t the time.” Anxiously tugging on the curl wrapped around d her finger. “I-I don’t
know when-but it’s not right now.” She stammered. “No I can’t come home.” Another long pause.
“It’s not that-.” Stomping her foot lightly on the ground beneath her. “Don’t!” Camille exclaimed in her best stern voice.

Sebastian had the sudden urge to take the phone from her and throw it over the terrace. Yet a part of him was annoyed with her as well. Why continue to torture herself?

“If you show up, you know Nat will not hesitate to call the police.” Camille warned. “And I can’t meet you. I’m not back in LA yet.” Letting out a dejected sigh, as if she knew the conversation was not going to lead anywhere new.

She spoke again. “What? I’m not understanding.” David must’ve repeated himself because the next words out of Camille’s mouth were: “I’m not sure. Maybe in the next few days?” Slowly turning around so she rested against the terrace rail and at the same time tossed her head back. “No, not in Manchester.” Sebastian heard her murmur. He must’ve asked where she was, because she hesitated to answer. “Just promise me you’ll fine away to get home.” Trying to change the subject. “I can’t stay on the phone with you all night.”

Even though she no longer had her back to him, she still hadn’t notice him standing there. She was quiet for a few minutes, the phone still to her ear, listening.

“This is not how we should be having this conversation.” She started again. “Why have I been avoiding you? Because this hasn’t been easy for me and I needed to try and deal with it.” Another long pause. “Hold on I can’t hear you.”

Sebastian watched her take the phone away from her ear to tap the screen.

“I want us to work this out.” David’s voice came over the speaker phone. “I miss you.” His words slurring.

“Just get home.” Camille repeated. “Okay?”

“No!” David’s voice adamant. “Not until you say we will-will work this out. Not until you say you’ll talk to me when you get back here.” He pushed, and she shut her eyes, not saying a word. “Camille? Ille…” he pleaded.

It didn’t take a rocket scientist to see the hurt in her as she listened to David plead with her. If he could only see what his actions were doing to her.

“These last few weeks haven’t been easy.” She confessed.

“I know sweetheart. And it’s my fault.” David replied, his words still slurring. “I love you Camille. I-I love you.”

She rubbed a hand nervously over her face. “I know David.”

“Then let me p-prove it. Let’s talk okay? Please. I know you still love me. We’ve been together too long to just end things this way.” He was begging now, that was obvious.

Good. He didn’t deserve her.

Camille folded one arm across her chest bringing the other arm up with the phone up to her face, listening. Sebastian watched her quickly wipe a tear away. “I’m gonna get off the phone.” She managed to say.

“Wait-sweetheart-“
She shook her head even if though he couldn’t see it. “No, no. I gotta go.” It was almost as if she was trying to convince herself. “You’ve obviously have had a lot to drink and I’m not exactly the most sober person right now… and answering was a mistake.” Taking in a shaky breath.

David wasn’t giving up so easily. Sebastian heard him quickly speak again. “Okay, okay—at least think about it? Please? Say you’ll think about seeing me when-when you get home?”

Camille wiped another tear from her face before answering. “If I do-will you head home right now? Have someone pick you up?” She tried to bargain.

“Yes.”

“Okay-I’ll think about it.”

“Yeah?”

“Yes.” Camille stated.

“Great!” David said too enthusiastically for Sebastian’s taste. “You know I love you right? I love you.” He repeated for what seemed the 100th time in the past 10 minutes.

Sebastian watched Camille turn to lean into the terrace railing again. “I know.” Sebastian heard her say. “I...love you too.”

Sebastian ran his fingers through his hair, feeling like someone has just stung him in the chest, listening to Camille say those three little words to someone else. He knew he shouldn’t be listening. It wasn’t his business. Camille was a grown woman after all. Barely hearing Camille say goodbye to David, he turned on his heels, hoping she wouldn’t notice.

“Seb?” He heard her call out.

He stopped mid-step, jaw twitching, eyes shut. Well, so much for that idea. Slowly he turned back in her direction. She stood in the same spot, only this time facing him, her phone gripped tightly in her hand, a forced smile on her beautiful face.

“No wine?” She tried to tease making her way toward him.

“Huh?”

“I thought you went to the bar to get us drinks?”

“You disappeared on me, so it just seemed useless.” He said in an edgy tone, not sure where it was coming from. Camille must have noticed too because her eyes widen in surprise.

“What’s wrong?” She quickly asked, taking a closer step.

Sebastian shook his head, not meeting her gaze. “Nothing.” He lied.

Was she going to tell me him about David? Or just pretend like the conversation had just not happen? What the hell was wrong him?! Who was he to demand any explanation from her? But he couldn’t seem to control his emotions at the moment. He was annoyed and angry on how she handled the whole situation with David.

“Liar.” Camille stated with a suspicious glare.

Her response only infuriated him. So he snapped back. “Are you okay?” mirroring the same look she
had given him.

Tilting her head to one side, she broke the gaze for a split second, pressing her lips together before locking eyes again. “I’m fine. What makes you think I’m not?”

So she was going to pretend as if the phone call hadn’t happen. “Just making an observation.”

Wrinkling her forehead. “Did I do something to upset you?” She asked cautiously

Was he upset? Fuck yes he was. His cheating ex-girlfriend had just cornered him, and he had just heard the girl he had feelings for confess her love to her cheating ex fiancé, so yes he was a little upset. And confused. And he needed another cigarette and beer to deal with this. Could he possibly be overacting? Yes. But his drunk ass was not listening to reason at the moment.

Shrugging nonchalantly he responded. “No. Why would I be?”

If he wasn’t irritated himself he would have been scared of the dirty look she was giving him. She shrugged and snipped back. “Just making an observation of my own.”

Sebastian wasn’t sure how long they stood there -just staring, but it was obvious they were both trying to figure out what the other one was thinking. He spoke up first. “We should probably get back inside with everyone else.” Pointing in the direction of the club.

Camille’s face soften, reaching out to touch his elbow. “Wait- Sebastian what’s going on?”

He knew he could talk to Camille, that’s why he had been looking for her in the first place. But after hearing (fine, eavesdropping) on the conversation, he was hesitant to do so. It didn’t make sense, it was just how he was feeling at the moment. “Nothing.” He repeated, forcing a smile. “I just need another beer.” Patting his back pocket. “And maybe a cigarette…” he mumbled to himself. Where the hell did he leave his pack? Maybe his behavior was a bit petty, he just couldn’t help himself. He patted his pants again. “Where the hell did I put them?” He mumbled to himself. He looked up in surprise when Camille handed him the pack.

“You asked me to hold on to them while you went to the bar.” She reminded with a small smile.

“Thanks.” He muttered. Shit, he had. That conversation felt like so long ago now. They had been flirting for most of the night. Getting closer and closer as they sat in the VIP area with the rest of his friends when he’d realized Camille’s glass was empty. So he offered to get them refills.

“Sure.” Camille answered, gripping tightly on to her phone.

Glancing down at her hands, Sebastian found himself asking. “Were you on the phone with someone?” He didn’t know why he had asked but a part of him wanted to know what her answer would be.

Camille looked anywhere but his face, licking her lips nervously with a shake of her head. “No.” She answered simply. “Just needed some air.”

He gave a small nod back, taking another cigarette out of the pack. Okay, so she wasn’t going to tell him about the phone call. Why did it bother him so much? Because for the last months they shared everything. Not sure of what else to say, he put the cigarette to his lips.

Camille took another step closer, facing him. Without warning she took it out of his mouth. “What happened?”
He glared, trying to grab it back from her. “What are you talking about?”

She tilted her head, narrowing her eyes. “Well, 20 minutes ago you were all happy and drunk and now you look like someone hurt your puppy.” She tried to joke.

He was getting tired of this conversation. What was the big deal? She didn’t need to know his mood change had to do with her and his ex. “You’re right- I’m upset.” He started. “I’m upset because I’m out of beer.” Trying his best to not sound cross with her, he forced a smile, but it quickly faded when he spotted Cassidy walking toward them. Camille opened her mouth to respond, but shut it when she saw the look on his face. She slowly turned her head, following his gaze. Cassidy stood a few feet away, nervously bouncing on the balls of her heels. He clinched his fists at the sight of her. He needed to control his anger. Or at least try.

Cassidy tugged a strand of blond hair behind her ear, slowly walking over to them. “Sebastian, I’m so sorry.” She stated quickly. “I had no idea she was going to do that…” Stammering the last part.

Sebastian couldn’t help but glare. “You know Cass -you should really learn how to stay out of peoples business.” He barked.

“Sebastian-. “ Camille warned.

But he wasn’t listening. He was angry. Why did everyone else think they knew more about his relationships than he did? Cassidy had been pushing for Leighton and him to reconcile for weeks now. “You knew exactly what would happen.” He accused. Camille watched the both of them, not sure of what was going on. Sebastian continued. “You just have to be the middle of everything...”

Cassidy eyes widen at the words. “I said I was-“

Sebastian brought a hand up. “If I were you- I would keep quiet because nothing you say is going to change any of this.” He snapped. If he wasn’t so upset he would have felt a bit guilty at the way she looked right now.

“Sebastian-. “ He heard Camille repeat softly. “Maybe this can be talked over tomorrow?” She suggested. “When everyone is a bit more sober?”

Breaking the gaze from Cassidy, he looked back at Camille, his jaw twitching. “This really doesn’t concern you.” He blurted out.

Camille raised both eyebrows, in confusion and hurt. But it quickly fade, the look in her eyes held anger as she narrowed them at him. Chewing on her lower lip she cleared her throat, taking a step back from him. “You’re right.” She said shortly. “I’m sorry.” Looking between them. “I’ll be inside…getting another drink.”

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Sebastian let out a large frustrated sigh. He hadn’t meant to make her feel alienated, he just didn’t know how to handle all these damn feelings at the moment. And he wasn’t thinking clearly. He watched her take two steps (leaving Cassidy standing there) before he quickly made his way to her, grabbing onto her elbow. “Camille, wait- I’m-I’m sorry-“

Camille glanced at him over her shoulder, eyes not showing any emotion. “It’s fine.” Trying to break free from his grip. “Let go.” She ordered through gritted teeth. Sebastian knew better than to argue. He dropped his hand and she gave him a grim smile. “Thank you.” And without another word, walked away from him.
“Thanks.” Camille muttered walking straight past Sebastian when he opened the front door of the apartment. Without another word, she began taking the hair pins out, a headache coming on. Letting her curls fall to her shoulders, she gently massaged her scalp, moaning softly, eyes shut. She opened them back up to find Sebastian watching. Quickly she moved the hand away, as they locked eyes. Maybe if she wasn’t so irritated with him, this could have led to another one of their little flirting sessions, but she was feeling humiliated from earlier, that not even his good looks could sweet talk him out of this. “I’m going to bed.” She announced.

“Are you seriously going to ignore me?” Sebastian probed, the look from a few seconds ago disappearing, shutting the door behind him. “In my damn house?” Camille turned on her heels, giving him a blank stare. He pursed his lips together and blew air out of them. “I guess you are.” He concluded, flipping the light switch on. “Look-. ” He started. “I’m sorry about earlier-. ” His eyes filling with regret.

She cleared her throat with a shake of her head. “And I said it was fine.” Trying to avoid eye contact so he couldn’t read her emotions.

Sebastian snorted, shaking off his jacket and tossing it on the end of couch, mumbling in Romanian. Camille only scowled, wishing she understood what he just said. “Well at least you’re talking to me now.” He observed. She opened her mouth to protest, but swiftly pressed her lips together. Raising one eyebrow, Sebastian snorted again. “Oh yeah, everything is fine. You’ve barely said two words to me since we left the bar.” he accused, walking toward the kitchen.

He was right. She hadn’t spoken a single word to him on the taxi cab ride. Mostly because she was too heated to say anything. Her anger and hurt was not only because of Sebastian, but also due to the conversation with David.

Sebastian had every right to tell her to butt out of his life, it was just the menacing tone of how he had asked that bothered her. It was fairly obvious he was upset. Camille wasn’t sure if his anger was directed toward her. And if it was, what the hell had she done to deserve it? They had been having a fun evening- or at least she thought so- before he had gotten up to the bar. And maybe she was overacting. Her mind was foggy with David’s word; his confession of wanting to fix their relationship still lingering in her head.

Plus she was not completely sober. So having serious relationship discussions while under the influence of red wine was not ideal. Yet, her heart couldn’t help but skip a beat at the miniscule possibility of working things out with David. But then again maybe that was the wine talking. She shook her head slightly, as if doing so would somehow would make all of her jumble thoughts evaporate.

“Camille?” His voice sounded so far away. Blinking a few times, her eyes focused back on Sebastian’s face. Her stomach clinching at the sight of him. Unsure of how he fit into the puzzle of her feelings. Because despite the anger she felt at the moment, Sebastian was important to her.

“Camille?” he repeated, only softer that time.

Running one hand through her curls, she mumbled. “I’m just gonna go to bed-. ” Maybe sleeping would help clear the mind.

“Wait-. “ His voice gruff, feeling the familiar tingle down her spine when he touched her hand. “Can we just talk? Please?”

Camille’s eyes fell to where their hands touched and she pulled it away. “What are you gonna say? That you’re sorry-“
“Yes.” Sebastian interrupted, those blue orbs growing wide almost in she would forgive his moment of assholeness.

“Okay.”

Sebastian took a step closer, squinting in suspicion. Obviously not happy with her answer. “Now who’s being the -“

“Asshole?” Camille supplied.

“Okay,” he started with a nod. “I deserve that.” She blinked slowly in response. Camille wasn’t going to make this easy. He frowned, running his fingers nervously through his hair when he recognized it too. “C’mon Cam. I don’t like this.” He paused. “I wasn’t upset with you….”

Raising a perfect eyebrow, not saying a word, she licked her lower lip. “Is this what you meant earlier?” She snipped despite trying to keep her tone even.

Sebastian looked at her in confusion. “What?”

“About seeing this side of you?” she prompted. The confused look in his eyes evaporated at the words. Instead those blue soft orbs Camille had come to know, slowly turned icy. Pretending the look didn’t bother, she tugged a strand of hair behind her ear. Fuck maybe she shouldn’t have said that. Because she had a feeling she’d just pushed the wrong button. Biting on her upper lip she shook her head. “Never mind.”

“No. If you have something to say then say it.” The beautiful sculpted jaw clenching and unclenching. His face inches from hers now. The smell of mixed alcohol and cigarettes hitting her nostrils rapidly. “I just think it’s funny though…you not willing to let this drop when I heard you easily forgive someone else-“

Camille’s eyes narrowed, his words making her stomach drop. “Wait- “ She stammered, moving a hand up and taking a step back from him. “W-wait-what?” Her eyes searching his face for answers to something she already knew. But she wanted to hear him say it. Yet her anger wasn’t going to let her. “You were eavesdropping?” she growled. “Are you kidding me Sebastian? Who do you think you are?!” her voice escalating with every word. She sucked in a shaky livid breath. “You had no right to do that-I-I-.” At the same time, taking clumsy step back, almost tripping on her heels.

Sebastian was quick on the draw, gripping her by the waist before she fell backwards. “Take a breath.” His voice calm.

She glared, shoving the arm that was around her waist down and off her. No! He wasn’t just going to make this go away with his charms and looks. He had been listening to her conversation with David. She had wanted to process it by herself before deciding to share it with anyone. Before deciding to share it with him. And he had violated her privacy. “Don’t.” she breathed when he took a step toward her. The alcohol was not helping the emotional roller coaster she was going through. Quite the opposite, it heighten it. And everything was still fresh, Sebastian’s and David’s words. And her own muddle thoughts.

Was she exaggerating? It was possible. But her mind and heart were not on the same page at the moment. Their eyes locked and Camille saw the apprehension in his. Almost as if regretting what he just said. Well it was too late. There was no taking it back. Tears forming in the back of her eyelids, she looked away.

Why the hell was she going to cry?
She heard him sigh loudly. “I didn’t mean to eavesdrop.” Taking a step close again, and trying to make her meet his gaze, Camille sniffed, stubbornly not meeting his eyes. “I was looking for you….and when I found you -yeah….you were on the phone.” He finished lamely.

“And instead of leaving you decided to stand there and listen -“

“You had him on speaker phon-!” Sebastian bellowed but stopped, clinching his mouth shut to keep from saying anything else, instead waving a hand in front her. After a few moments of silence, he let out a dejected sigh, rubbing the top of his head nervously. “I was looking for you.” He repeated slowly. “To talk.” He paused for a long moment. “And yea, maybe I could have… walked away-“

“But you didn’t.” Camille snapped.

Sebastian scowled and repeated. “But I didn’t.” He crossed his arms, seemingly frustrated. “Why are trying to pick a fight?”

Her jaw dropped at his accusation. “ME?” she yelped. “I wasn’t the one who was acting like a jerk.”

“I told you I wasn’t upset with you-“

The tension in the room whirling between them like a tornado funnel. Furiously shaking her head, Camille continued. “It was before Cassidy walked out into the terrace Sebastian. You were upset with me.” Rubbing her hands nervously up and down her own arms and shoulders. “You still are. I might not know you as long as Charles or Chace but I’ve been around long enough now to know when something is wrong or bothering you.”

He threw his head back in an exasperated sigh. “I was looking for you, Camille. Because I wanted to talk.”

“But you didn’t talk.” She indicted. “Instead you acted like a damn prick.” Sebastian’s eyes widen in surprise, and she could have sworn his lips twitched upward at the word. Any other time, Camille would have welcomed an innuendo comment, but not at the moment. And Sebastian picked up on it, because he kept his mouth shut. Her feelings were hurt and trying to joke out of it was only make it worse.

He hastily reached out for her, tugging softly on the loose curls closest to her neck. “Draga-.” His fingertips touching her skin now.

Her body shiver despite her mind wanting to shut it down. She gave a small shake of her head. “Don’t-Sebastian.” She warned.

“Don’t what?” Stroking the skin behind her left ear

“You can’t sweet talk your way out of this.”

She heard him snort. She glared.

“You know, we act more of a couple than couples do.”

“Well, it’s a good thing we aren’t one then.” She bit back

Sebastian glared at her remark. Okay, she could have been a bit nicer with her response. Clearing his throat. “You’re right. It’s a good thing we aren’t.” The tone of his voice icy, his hand dropping from her. Great, neither one was saying or doing anything right tonight.
Sebastian’s mouth twitched in annoyance, licking his bottom lip. “You know what? You’re right, bed sounds like a good idea.” It was obvious her words had stung. He took a step back.

It was her turn to reach out for him. “Wait.” She said with a sigh. “You said you were looking for me.” She stated softly. Despite the feeling of anger towards him at the moment, she still cared. And she wanted to know he was okay. Something had obviously happened between the time he was at the bar to the time he walked outside. Then it dawned on her. “What happened with Cassidy?” He gave her a dubious look. “Oh right.” She mumbled.

This is why they were having this whole fight/argument about. Camille not minding her own business.

Sebastian furrowed his eyebrows and said dejectedly. “Think whatever you want Camille. I already said I was sorry. I mean, you’re the one letting other people off the hook over worse things.”

Camille’s jaw dropped at his words. “I’m sorry not all of us can be perfect like you.” She snarled. “I’m sorry I can’t just snap my fingers and make all these feelings disappear.” Her voice breaking. She was projecting her emotions. That was fairly obvious. “Unlike you, I can’t seem to push my feelings-.”

“You want to know why I was looking for you?” he interjected, before Camille had the chance to continue. “The reason why I was so upset? Why I’m still so pissed off?” He snarled. Camille jumped slightly at the tone of his voice, pressing her lips together to keep from speaking. She could have snapped and told him to fuck off but the look in his eyes stopped her. Why? Because they mirrored her own feelings of confusion, hurt, anger and sadness. And just like hers, they were caused by someone else. Sebastian continued. “Cass let Leighton know about tonight. It shouldn’t fucking matter, she is free to go wherever the hell she wants, but Cassidy’s brilliant plan was to get us together- for what? I don’t fucking know.”

Camille watched him, unsure if she should speak. He clearly needed to vent his frustrations of seeing his ex-girlfriend. Before she could stop herself.

“You didn’t have to talk that way to her.” Referring to Cassidy, then bit her lower lip. Maybe she did need to learn how to stay out of other people’s business.

“I know.” Sebastian mumbled, running his fingers through his short hair, before locking eyes with her. And there he was again- the gentle Sebastian. The one she had come to know and care for in the last months. The one who always made her laugh, and feel safe and good about herself.

“What did she do?” Camille found herself asking.

“It doesn’t matter.” He said with a shake of his head.

Camille groaned in frustration. “Fine, kept shutting me out.”

He glowered. “You have your own things to deal with-.”

“What are you? 12 years old? Besides you were the one that told me there was no shame in talking to him.” She reminded.

“You’re right. I did say that.”

Camille narrowed her eyes, knowing exactly what he doing, trying to deflect. “You wanted to talk. That’s why you came looking for me right?” she paused. “Then talk to me.” Almost pleading.

Pursing his lips together, Sebastian shut his eyes, as if debating with himself about whether he
wanted to share or not. Opening his eyes again, he spoke. “I found out from mutual friends… that she was not being faithful while we were together.”

Her stomach dropped at the words. They were all too familiar. Quickly, things started to make sense now. Why he had been so hesitant to talk about Leighton. Why he wouldn’t take her calls. Her face must have held a look of shock, because he smiled despite everything. “Why are you smiling?”

“Because- this is why I hadn’t said anything.” Walking toward the living room, plopping himself down on the couch. “The look on your face. I didn’t want to make you feel-.”

She felt a bubble of annoyance hit her stomach. “I hate when people tell me how to feel.” She warned with a raised eyebrow. “Why don’t you let me be the one to decide that?” Following his lead, she made her way toward the living room, sitting on the arm of the couch. “It didn’t cross your mind that maybe I would be able to relate?”

“It did.”

“You could have talked to me-.”

“And I told you I wasn’t ready.” He gritted. “Besides you have your own shit to deal with….”

Maybe it was the fatigue of the last few days, combine with the events from earlier in the evening, plus their own feelings but Camille felt the very little self-control and reserve evaporate her body. “Which you’re shaming me for.” She snipped back, standing up, nervously playing the shoulder straps of her dress.

He gritted his teeth. “You’re a grown woman Camille. And we both know it’s not what I’m trying to do. Don’t try and make this into something it’s not.” Getting up from the couch, and walking around it to get to her. “I just don’t want you getting hurt. Again.” he confessed. He was standing in front of her now.

Giving him a sad smile, she said. “It’s too late for that.” He opened his mouth, but she waved a hand dismissively. “This isn’t about me anyway.” And it wasn’t. Yes there was shit she was dealing with but it didn’t make her blind to others problems. Especially Sebastian. He snorted taking a step back. “What?” She asked.

“This isn’t something that can be fixed.”

“I know that. I’m not trying to.” She argued, getting aggravated with him again. “I just thought maybe you could use someone to talk to.” Slipping her heels off, she bend down to pick them up. “Goodnight.” She simply stated, gripping the straps of the heels, and turning in the direction of bedroom hall. Camille wasn’t going to argue anymore.

“That’s it?” Sebastian called after her.

“Yep.” Camille said over her shoulder. She was a few feet from the guest bedroom door when she felt a hand grasp her wrist. Without looking at him, she said. “I’m exhausted Sebastian. And we just keep going around in circles with this conversation, so I’m going to bed.” Rubbing her temple with the palm of her free hand. “I’m not trying to force you tell me how you’re feeling, it’s not my place-you’re right. But it doesn’t mean you have to be dick about it.”

He tighten the grip on her. “Camille.” He pleaded, but she refused to make eye contact. He released her hand and she let out a sigh of relief, but it quickly turned into a gasp of surprise when she felt Sebastian slip around her, standing between the bedroom door and her. She shut her eyes, taking a deep breath. “Look at me.” He ordered gently.
Camille’s eyes fluttered open, a small frown on her lips. He had one hand gripping on to the door handle, while his eyes searched her face. After what seemed like an eternity, Sebastian whispered. “This isn’t easy.” At those words, Camille finally met his gaze in curiosity. He didn’t have to elaborate, Camille knew exactly what he meant, but it still didn’t get him off the hook. He inched closer. He was so much taller that he hovered over Camille, those blue eyes dropping to her lips. Tilting his head to one side as if deciding what to say next.

The way he was eyeing her at the moment made her break the gaze. “Sebastian…” she started, trying to push past him to get into the room.

“Cam-.”

She furiously shook her head. “No, Sebastian.” Giving him a small shove that made him drop his hand from the door knob. The anger from earlier resurfacing. “I’m done.” Trying to not be distracted by those long eyelashes.

“You’re the one that wanted me to talk about it!” Pointing to himself in disbelief. “I can’t fucking win with you tonight!” he mumbled.

At those worse, Camille felt every inch of her body heat up, but she wasn’t going to argue. Instead, she reached behind him and gripped on to the door knob, twisting and pushing the door open behind him. His jaw dropped in surprise at how quickly she pushed past him, into the spare room. “You’re right, you can’t. So let’s just stop okay?”

“You don’t mean that.” But Camille was already closing the door in his face.
Hi! Just a little update, I added on to Chapter 15.
Chapter 16 Deserve

Chapter Summary

Again, always thank you for your patience! xoxo. I love reading all the comments.

Chapter 16 Deserve

Sometimes I don't think I deserve you
So I say some fucked up shit just to hurt you
But you know I do it all 'cause I love you
So, baby, tell me I'm the one that deserves you

Sebastian slammed his book shut with a frustrated groan. He had been reading the same paragraph for the past 45 minutes. “Fuck it.” he mumbled, tossing the book to the end of the bed. Frowning, he sunk into the abyss of his pillows and blankets, wondering if Camille had fallen asleep yet. He was nearly tempted to get up and knock on the guest bedroom and force a conversation. But he knew that would only make things worse. He sighed loudly, licking his bottom lip. Despite the car horns, ambulance noises and god knows what else outside his building, his thoughts were louder at the moment.

She just need to sleep on it...I just need to sleep on it. He thought.

Sebastian could have handled things a bit differently, he admit. But so could have Camille.

The whole thing has been a shit show.

Yes, he was angry: with Leighton, David, Cassidy, Camille, but especially with himself. He was fucking confused about his feelings. Was the anger he was feeling toward Camille, really just jealousy and fear? Fear of losing her to David? Losing her? She didn’t belong to him. She didn’t belong to anyone for that matter. But it killed him, hearing her tell David she would think about seeing him once she got back to Los Angeles. After everything he had put her through, Camille still wanted him in her life?

You’re the one that told her there was no shame in talking to him, you idiot.

It was like him still wanting Leighton in his life. At her name, his stomach tighten. There was no confusion there of how he felt about her or their situation.

Anger and hurt.

His jaw twitched as he remembered their interaction from earlier in the evening in the private bathroom. He had been unable to muster an inch of sympathy as she cried and asked why he was acting like such a jerk. It felt like waste of energy. Except of course for his anger.

He snorted to himself at the thought. So maybe he had been a bit petty. But he was humiliated.

Blinking out of his thoughts, he heard a light scream. He shook his head. He was definitely back in
New York, with all the outside noises. It was comforting actually. He hasn’t realize how much he had missed the city until now-

He heard the scream again and his heart stopped. It wasn’t coming from outside his apartment building, it was coming from inside. He quickly sat up, maybe he misheard. Unless it was Camille-

Then he heard it, clear that time. Without another thought, he jumped out of bed, running down the hall toward the guest bedroom.

Waiting a second before knocking, he felt his stomach do cartwheels in nervousness. “Camille?” He called out. No response. But he faintly heard shuffling of some sort on the other side of the door, along with whimpering. Whimpering? He knocked softly. “Are you okay?” Again no response. But he heard a sob, followed by another light whimper. “Cam? Please open the door!” he exclaimed.

She was scared and that only made him panic.

Sebastian knocked one more time out of courtesy, but he already knew there would be no answer. With one hand on the knob, he turned it and pushed the door slightly open. The room was dark, except for the city lights coming through the windows. It took a few second for his eyes to adjust to his surroundings, but they finally fell on the king size bed. He blindly flipped the light switch on the wall, the lamp next to the dresser lighting the rest of the room. He expected to find the bed empty, she was still laying in it, but the covers were on the floor. “Camille?”

“No, no, no-please no.” She whimpered through a sob.

The sound of her voice felt like a stab to his heart. It sounded like she was in pain, having a nightmare. He took a step in the direction of the bed. Her whimpers and sobs becoming louder the closer he got. She stirred in the bed and cried out again. Standing to the side of the bed, Sebastian was not sure how to wake her. Or if he should wake her. He looked down, hesitantly raising one hand, wanting to touch and make her feel better.

She let out a painful whine followed by a light scream. Sebastian’s heart twisted at the sound. He tried to place his hand on her shoulder, but wasn’t sure if that was a good idea. He didn’t want to scare her more than she obviously already was.

“N-no. No, please leave him a-alone…” It was almost as if she was gasping for air. Bending down, he grasped the bed sheets, feeling a bit weird being in the room while she only wore a pair of silky rose colored boot shorts and tank top. It felt like he was invading her privacy. But before he could continue to feel guilty, he jerked his head back in her general direction when his name escaped her lips.

Without thinking twice, Sebastian sat on the bed, reaching for her. “Camille…” he started softly. “Wake up, it’s just a bad dream.” He continued, gently placing a hand on her arm. He had a feeling this was more than just a nightmare. “Wake up.” he repeated. But she couldn’t hear him, instead she let out another painful sound. Sebastian mildly gave her shoulder a shake. He needed for her to open her eyes. “C’mon dragoste…” he muttered. “Wake up. It’s not real.” He soothed.

Finally after a few more moments of his encouraging words, along with a few more light shakes of her shoulder, she jumped up, her arms flailing in the air in surprise, eyes still shut tight. “No, no, no.” she kept repeating.

“Hey, hey, hey.” Sebastian said calmly. “It’s okay. You’re okay.” He promised, reaching out for her. But she wasn’t listening. She pushed his arms off, shaking her head furiously, and tears rolling down her cheeks. “Open your eyes.” He ordered gently.
But Camille just continued to shake her head in fear. “Don’t touch me…” she kept repeating.

“It’s okay. You’re safe now.” Sebastian whispered delicately.

With her eyes still shut tightly, Camille brought her hands up, covering her face. “No. Stay away from me.” She pleaded, shoulders shaking. Sebastian reached out and placed his hands on each shoulder and Camille tried to break free from his grip. “Stop, stop!”

“Camille, open your eyes.” He repeated a bit more firmly. She also kept repeating his name. “Hey, hey, it’s me. I’m right here.” Sebastian said, hoping that would calm her. “I’m okay.” Trying to envelop her in his arms. Camille only pushed at him. “It’s me. Sebastian.” He tried again.

At those words, Camille’s eyes flew open, but they still held lost and fear. “Seb?” She questioned in a tiny voice.

“I’m right here baby.” He murmured. “Right here.” He repeated as Camille threw herself at him, wrapping her arms around his neck, burying her face into the crook of his neck and shoulder. He could hear the light sobs when he pressed her close, he wrapped one arm strongly around her waist, while the other stroked her back and loose curls. He swayed back and forth slowly, exhaling her sweet scent. “It was just a bad dream.” He reassured as she tighten her grip on him, her body still shaking.

“It felt so real.” Camille whimpered. “So real.”

“Shh.” Sebastian whispered. “It was just a nightmare.” Nuzzling his nose into the mess of her soft curls. Their fight from earlier, feeling like it happened light years ago, as he held Camille tightly.

“I-I couldn’t move…” she stammered. “I tried and I just couldn’t.” Her arms still securely around his neck.

“Shh, it’s okay.” He shushed softly, running his fingers deftly through her hair. She was pressed so tightly against his chest, Sebastian could feel the beating of her heart. The urge to keep her protected was all that flooded his thoughts at the moment. Gently breaking their embrace, he snaked one hand behind her neck, while the other cupped her face, thumb stroking her cheek. “Do you want to talk about it?”

Camille met his gaze, wrinkling her forehead in concentration. After a few moments, she shook her head lightly. “I-I can’t remember… I d-don’t…” she stammered. “I can’t seem to remember anything now.” A look of frustration hitting her striking features. “All I remember was the terror of... I just don’t know why…” she murmured.

“You said my name.” Sebastian offered. She kept squinting and furrowing her eyebrows in concentration, trying to recollect, he wanted to help her remember -whatever it was. Maybe saying it out loud would ease the fear she was obviously feeling.

“I did?” Camille questioned. She gave a slight shake of her head, as if by doing so it would jog back her nightmare. “I-I-I can’t remember.” She said in an agitated tone. “I can’t.”

Sebastian reached and cupped her face between his hands. “Hey-shh it’s okay.” He reassured. “Don’t force it.” Gently pressing his forehead against hers. Her breathing still labored. If he didn’t know any better, he say she had a panic attack of some sort.

Shutting her eyes tightly, she barely whispered. “I didn’t mean to wake you-.” Sniffling back a few tears. “Was I screaming? I was screaming wasn’t I-.”
Sebastian stroked one side of her cheek with his thumb, lightly quietening her. “It doesn’t matter.” He comforted. He could feel her anxiety bouncing off her and unto him and all he wanted was to make it disappear. It literally made his stomach ache, not knowing how to fix this for her.

“And we were fighting before-.” She whimpered. “Weren’t we?” Her eyes still shut, tears rolling down her cheeks.

“Camille, shhh. Forget about that right now.” He shushed, placing his thumb over her bottom lip, her faint breath tickling his fingertips. Could he just wrap her in his arms? “I’ll go get you some water.” He said lamely, not sure of what else to do.

At those words, she swiftly opened her eyelids back up. “No, wait-.” Gripping tightly on to his wrist, their eyes locking. “I-I’m sorry about earlier.” She stammered. “I acted like a jerk.”

“Draga, it’s okay.” Sebastian murmured. If anyone should be apologizing it was him. “I’m just going to get you some water.” He repeated, but only moved his hand from her lip to stroke her cheek, his gaze going back and forth between her eyes and lips. He licked his bottom lip nervously and swallowed. His stomach did a full on somersault when his blue orbs met her brown ones. She blinked a few times, eyes swollen from the crying she had just been doing.

“Sebastian...” her voice barely above a whisper. He leaned in closer, his fingertip outlining the bottom of her lip.

“It was just a bad dream.” he said in a hoarse voice, hesitantly moving his thumb away and moving it up toward her cheekbones. Camille gave a minor shake of head, almost in as if agreeing with him. But did not move an inch. “You’re still trembling.” He detected with a small frown.

Camille only hummed a response, their gaze never wavering. Carefully studying his face, Camille dropped her grip on his wrist, and Sebastian took the opportunity to cup her face once again between them, foreheads pressed against each other. “I’m sorry for waking you up.” she repeated, tears pooling in eyes again, letting out a large sigh. "Especially after earlier tonight. You were right." Camille babbled, breaking their gaze, chewing on her bottom lip. "I had no right to get in the middle of your life-.

"Hey..." Sebastian started in a soothing tone, feeling the nervousness vibrate off her, clearly still shaken up. "Look at me." But she wouldn’t meet his eyes. “Camille-look at me.” He repeated sternly. At the tone of his voice, she finally locked eyes with him. “I don’t care about that right now.”

She gave another small shake of her head.

“Okay?” he reiterated.

“Okay.”

“Good.” He tugged a loose curl behind her ear, admiring her beauty, even with the messy bed hair. Leaning in, he softly placed a kiss on one cheek. She was a magnet, a pull he couldn’t seem to get away from—even in these type of moments. Even during their argument earlier, he just had to be near her. He heard a small sigh leave her lips when he pulled away. “S-sorry.” He stammered, feeling his cheeks flush with embarrassment.

She did not seem bothered by it, instead she cupped one side of his face and pulled him toward her. He exhaled gradually at their closeness. Tilting her head, Camille nuzzled her nose against his. At first, Sebastian thought it had been accidental, but she only did it again, scooting closer. He closed his eyes for brief instant, letting his body and mind cherish the intimate-yet simple moment. When he
opened them back up, he found Camille looking up at him through her lashes, pink tongue sticking out to swipe her bottom lip before inching closer to touch half of his upper lip with the bottom of her own.

Sebastian could have sworn he stopped breathing for a brief moment at the warmth of her touch. She nudge his nose again with her own as encouragement. His body felt like it was on fire, and the butterflies in his stomach would not quit fluttering when she angled her head enough for her mouth to press a bit more against his. He couldn’t move.

And all Sebastian wanted to do was wrap his arms around her, pull her into his lap and let his lips melt with hers, but something in the back of his head stopped him.

Fucking great Sebastian. Now you decide to get a god damn fucking conscience. He cursed to himself.

With whatever strength he had, he tilted his head and lips back from her and stuttered. “I-I uh...your water.” He said, the words not making any sense. “I’m going to go get you some...water.”

It was only for a brief second, but Camille gave him a confused and hurt look. Yet, it disappeared as quickly as it appeared. Chewing tensely on her top lip, she gave a small nod. “Thanks.”

Hoping not to trip on his own feet, he foggily stood up from the bed, uncertain of where he was supposed to get the water. Stupidly he rubbed the back of his neck, trying to remember where the door was. Clearing his throat and without looking at her he said. “I-I’ll be right back.”

“Oh.” Sebastian distantly heard Camille say.

Cursing in Romanian he shuffled into the kitchen, opening the top cabinet with the glasses, he continued to mumble to himself as he poured water from the filter faucet.

He could have allowed it, he knew this. But he also understood how it could look- taking advantage of her because of the situation. Especially after waking up in such a horrible way. Besides, there was so many unclear things between them at the moment, Sebastian hated to add something else to the bunch, regardless of how tempting it was.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

All he would have had to do was press himself closer, his body and his lips. But thankfully he wasn’t fully thinking with his penis. Because deep down, Sebastian knew it wasn’t purely about sex with Camille. Not even close.

With the glass of water in his hand, he walked back in the direction of the spare room, trying his best to push the image of Camille on his lap out of his head, but it wasn’t easy. He began counting in Romanian under his breath. He couldn’t remember the last time he counted in his native tongue just because. If he wasn’t feeling so frustrated at the moment he would have laughed.

He came to a halt at the door, his eyes falling on Camille. She had managed to settle against the headboard, the sheets/duvet from the floor now over her lap. He watched for a few moments as she absently kept playing with her hands, gazing out at the window, lost in thought.

He wondered what was going through her mind at the moment when she blindly reached for the corner of the sheets and wrangled it between her hands. It took a few seconds, but Sebastian eyes focused more clearly and watched her blink rapidly, trying her best to hide the tears, letting go out the blanket, she wiped them away with the back of her hand.
Sebastian didn’t know what to say or do. Was there anything to say? He didn’t want her to think he was rejecting her. Because that wasn’t the case. If she only knew how much he fantasized and thought about her. How much he wished their timing was different.

He must have been lost in own damn thoughts because he had somehow walked toward the bed, Camille’s gaze never faltering.

“Penny for your thoughts?” She teased gently.

He chuckled lightly with a shake of his head, folding one leg beneath himself, handing her the glass. “That obvious?” Camille shrugged, bringing the glass up to her lips. Clearing his throat, Sebastian rubbed his chin with his fingers. “Listen, I don’t want you to think that I don’t—or didn’t want to—.” Pressing his mouth together to keep from talking. No sure of how to continue or if he should. Sebastian needed to convey to her why he had stopped himself.

Placing the now empty glass on the small night table, Camille’s eyes soften when she looked back at him. “It’s okay.” She replied with a small smile. He narrowed his eyes, trying to find the lie in her face but didn’t see one. She continued. “There is just so much going on in here.” Making a circle motion on the top of her head with a cynical laugh. “And you always seem to be here when I need you, no questions asked. Regardless of how I’ve acted.” Blinking back those tears. “And I get it.” Giving Sebastian a small nod in understanding. “So thank you.” She whispered earnestly.

“For what?”

“For never taking advantage Sebastian.” She answered with a half-smile.

And that right there was the reason he had held control. And he didn’t want to add more confusion. But it still didn’t make him feel less of an asshole. Obvious the events that transpired earlier in the evening were included in why he was feeling that way. But he tilted his head, eyeing her. “You know, we’re going to have to talk about earlier right?”

Camille gave him a guilty look. “I know.”

“Just not right now?” he guessed. Sebastian knew better than to push the subject any more at least for the time being. “Were not going to avoid this.” He couldn’t help but say with a raised eyebrow.

“And I don’t want us to.” She responded back.

With a light smirk, he stood up. “Later?” He suggested. Camille only nodded. A humorous chuckle before he ordered gently. “Get some sleep.”

Camille’s eyes widen at his words, yet gave him her best brave smile.

“Camille?”

“Hmmm? Yeah?” She answered, the smile wavering as she shifted anxiously in the bed. She was still scared. The dream might be foggy but the feeling it brought was real.

“I can stay.” Sebastian offered.

“Y—you don’t have to.” She barely whispered, pulling the sheets up to her shoulders.

He heard the words, but her body language told him otherwise. Without another word, he parked himself next to her, leaning back against the headboard. “C’mere.” If there was one thing he’d come to learn: was Camille’s pride sometimes overruled her, and at times asking for help was out of the
question. So at times it was just better to offer. It saved him time.

“What are you doing?” She asked, her eyes holding a hint of mischievousness.

There it was. The indication that the Camille he had grown to know was still there. He had been a bit worried. But answered innocently. “Getting comfortable for sleep.”

“Sleep?” Opening her mouth then shutting it again. “Here? S-sleep?” She stuttered.

“Uh huh.” Sebastian replied, sliding down, his head hitting the fluffy pillow. “Vino aici.” He said in Romanian, looking up at her.

“Are-are you sure?” She asked, pulling her hair up into a ponytail, loose curls falling down the side of her face.

“Yes.” Sebastian quickly answered, lifting his head slightly up with a squint of one eye. Those brown orbs bore into him and Sebastian wondered if he would ever deserve her. He mentally shook his head. This wasn’t about him at the moment. This was about making sure Camille felt safe.

“Seb, you don’t have to.” She repeated slowly.

He glared playfully, letting his head fall back dramatically. “Who says I’m doing this for you?” He scoffed, stretching one arm out.

“Oh?”

Sebastian continued to play along. “Maybe I’m the one that needs this ...” trailing off. That comment got him a small giggle. He hid his own smile, waiting for her response.

“You do?” She asked in a serious tone.

Sebastian felt and heard her shuffling on the bed. Then felt his insides warm all the way when she curled into his open arms. One hand, resting comfortably on his left peck, her head resting deftly on his extended arm, while the rest of her adjusted into him. He couldn’t help but think how perfect she fit with him. He gave her shoulder a squeeze, shifting so they faced each other. “Maybe I do.” He replied smugly.

Camille let out a shy laugh, snuggling closer, one cheek now pressed into his chest. “Whatever I can do to help.” she teased.

“Thank you.” He answered sarcastically then clearing his throat a little too loudly, hoping she wouldn’t feel or hear how quick his heartbeat was going at the moment. “Can you kick the blanket up a little higher?” he asked.

“Yeah.” Blindly reaching down for the sheets. They both moved around for a few moments trying to get comfortable. But not before Sebastian jokingly threw the full duvet over both of their heads, causing a fit of giggles to escape out of Camille’s mouth.

Once they were fully settled, they lay together but in silence. Every so often Sebastian’s fingers would stroke her bare shoulder. He felt his eyelids getting heavy, but tried his best to stay awake. Letting his ears adjust once again to the city noise outside the apartment building. He felt her move next to him, and his eyes opened wide. “You okay?” He mumbled sleepily.

“Yes.” Camille whispered. Silence once again. “Sebastian?”
“Hmm?”

“Thank you.” She stated.

Sebastian smiled to himself. She didn’t need to explain. He shifted a bit, pulling her close. “Try and sleep.” Barely able to keep his own eyes open, fatigue suddenly hitting his body. He kept his eyes open long enough to hear Camille’s steady breathing, which indicated she had fallen asleep. Before he realized it, he found himself drifting away....

His eyes shot open when he felt the jerk next to him. It took him a few moments to remember where and who he was with. He heard the light whimper. “Draga?”

Sebastian felt movement again. “Please don’t go.” She cried, nuzzling her face into his neck, much like a cat, while loosely wrapping one arm around his torso.

He reached down and soothingly rubbed on the arm around him. “I’m not going anywhere.” He promised with a light shiver at the physical contact. “I’m right here.”
Chapter 17 Best Part

You're the coffee that I need in the morning
You're my sunshine in the rain when it's pouring
Won't you give yourself to me
Give it all, oh

Next Morning

“Por dios, why aren’t you faster?” Camille muttered, peering down at the mug under the coffee machine. She glared at the small appliance as if doing so would quicken the process. Running her fingers through her wet hair, she trudge to the opposite end of the kitchen island, to her open laptop and stared blankly at the black computer screen. She scowled when she caught a glimpse of the reflection: wet frizzy hair, bare skin, and puffy eyes under her glasses from the lack of sleep and crying. You look great. She gloomily thought, tapping on the small mouse to wake up the computer screen again.

Yawning, she leaned into the counter, elbows up, and resting her cheek on one hand. She groaned, shutting her eyes. She was tired

No. No that wasn’t it- she was cranky.

Fucking cranky.

She’d hoped taking a shower would help her mood or least wake her up, but that idea had failed miserably. She continued to absently run her fingers through her hair, eyes still shut, as the events from the last 12 hours ran through her head. The bar/club, the fight and the nightmare she couldn’t seem to remember. And because of it, sleep had turned into the enemy. She had been forcing herself remember but nothing was clear, everything was just a foggy mess, except for the feeling of terror it had caused. So much of it, that it had Sebastian storming into the room because of her screams apparently.

She winced in embarrassment remembering how she had clung on to him when she heard his serene voice whisper how everything was going to be okay. But her insides warmed up- thinking about how soothing his voice had been, as he attempted to calm her down. He had been patient and sweet even after their huge blow up earlier that evening. She squeezed her eyes tighter, realizing she could have handled things a bit differently.

In reality, Camille wished she could do the night over. Starting with the phone call from David. At that thought, she groaned even louder. She didn’t know what had possessed her to pick up the phone when he called. How was she supposed to start moving past him when she still kept taking his damn calls? She shook her head in disgust. Her heart started to race rapidly thinking about going home and potentially seeing David.

If he is making you feel this way now, how are you going to react when you see him? She thought anxiously. Not when Camille. If- if you see him.
She sucked in a large breath through her nostrils, trying stay calm. Funny enough, the smell of the coffee did still her nerves. She must have dosed off because next thing she knew- she jumped when the phone vibrated loudly on the granite countertop. Blindingly, she reached for it, standing up straight in the process. She tossed her head back in displeasure when she realized it was David…again.

He had been calling all morning, and she had been ignoring all morning.

Tossing the phone gently on the counter, she turned toward the direction of the coffee maker, trying to disregard the buzzing. God, had he always been this needy?

No, but it’s the first time he isn’t getting what he wants. She laughed bitterly at the thought. If this whole thing with David wasn’t recent she would have found his sudden neediness humorous. Then again, maybe he had always been this way and never noticed before.

Trying her best to push the thoughts of her ex-fiancé away, Camille rested both elbows on the top of the counter, bending down to pout at her barely filled coffee mug. But the pouting only lasted for a few moments before glancing over shoulder at the sound of the front door opening and Sebastian’s voice, talking rapidly in Romanian.

She couldn’t control the flutter in her heart at the view of him, despite how clumsy he looked at the moment walking toward the kitchen, phone between the top of his shoulder and cheek, two plastic grocery bags in one hand, while his other hand gripped onto a disposable tray holder with two coffee cups.

At the sight, Camille quickly made her way toward him to help. She took the two bags out of his hand. Sebastian smiled gratefully, but continued to speak into the phone. “Da, ea este chiar aici.” A small smile tugged on her lips as she placed the bags on the counter, and listened to Sebastian. “Da, mama…”

Camille giggled, opening one of the groceries bags, ears on high alert as she tried to pick up on the Romanian words

Sebastian heaved a loud sigh. “Cam?”

She looked over her shoulder, hand midway inside the bag. “Hmm?” Was her response.

He rolled his eyes dramatically and said. “Ma, wanted me to tell you hi…from her.”

Camille pressed her lips together from laughing at his expression. “Buna!!” She exclaimed unable to keep the smile off her face any longer, forgetting about her problems for a few moments. It was endearing that his mother wanted to say hi.

Sebastian wrinkled his nose and playfully mouthed the words ‘show off’ at her. Forgetting about the grocery bags, Camille strutted back to him, sticking her tongue out as she simultaneously took the tray holder out of his hand. But before she had the chance to take a step, Sebastian gripped unto her wrist with a light grunt.

“What-?” she started with a frown.

With the phone still attached to his ear, he bobbed his head directly to one of the coffee cups. “Mine.” he said in a low whisper.
“Oooh…” Camille mouthed back with a wiggle of her eyebrows, handing over the coffee.

Giving her a reproachable look, he brought the hot coffee to his lips, almost spitting it out. Camille could only assume it was because it was still too hot. She snorted back her laughter as she took the cup out of his hand and placed it on the counter before taking a few step backs. He wrinkled his forehead in a scowl, but before getting the chance to speak, he blinked abruptly realizing he was still on the phone with his mother. “Huh?” He stammered. He looked away from Camille. “Yes, ma I’m listening.” He said in English. “Wha-? Nothing, I just burnt my tongue with coffee that’s all.”

Camille stifled her snickers at his words. He quickly looked back, pointing one finger dramatically at her, almost as if doing so it would stop her from moving. She rolled her eyes, but couldn’t help but think how adorable he looked at the moment. Without breaking her gaze, she blew theatrically into her coffee. Sebastian only narrowed his eyes at the action. And at that point Camille couldn’t hold it anymore and tossed her head back to laugh.

“Huh?” he repeated into the phone, dropping his hand down. Camille gave him a strange look, as he shuffled his feet and his cheeks flushed at whatever Georgeta was saying to him. She tilted her head to one side with curiosity. “No ma…Im nu distras…” Followed by a long pause. “O-okay, I’ll call you later. Te ibuesc.” He said before hanging up the phone, dropping it on the counter in exchange of his coffee.

“Don’t burn your tongue again.” Camille said innocently.

He made a face at her, turning his attention to the groceries bags instead. “Thank you so much for the coffee Sebastian, you know how I get if I don’t have it first thing in the morning…” he trailed off in a mocking tone.

“That sounds nothing like me.” She protested, standing next to him.

He side eyed her as he began taking things out of the bag to hand to her, a carton of eggs, jug of orange juice, bread, and meats and fresh peppers and potatoes. “Okay dragoste.” He deadpanned

“And you wouldn’t have had to bring me coffee if you had a working machine.”

Sebastian did turn to her at those words, a smug look on his handsome face. Camille’s jaw dropped. “You didn’t tell me on purpose.” She accused.

Without saying another word, Sebastian shoved his hand into the second bag, taking out a bottle of champagne and handing it to her before bending down on the spot to take out two cooking pans beneath the counter.

She pouted with the bottle still in her hand. He really didn’t tell her on purpose! “You were going to let me suffer?” she huffed jokingly, placing the champagne on the counter at the same time he took out a cutting board.

Sometimes he was a little shit… this was one of those times.

“Please hand me the peppers and potatoes.” He instructed, a knife already in his hand. Camille continued to glower in annoyance, but did what he asked. He smiled sweetly as he took the peppers from her. “For the record- I was going to tell you about the coffee maker last night,” he started with a raised eyebrow. “But we both know how that ended up.”

Camille frowned and shifted uncomfortably before leaning back against the counter to watch him carefully slice the peppers. She knew they were going to have to talk about last night, but could she
have a little more caffeine and food before doing so? She knew they couldn’t avoid it, Sebastian had made it perfectly clear it wasn’t going to happen. “So you were punishing me?” Camille teased, bringing coffee up to her lips.

He paused mid slice on the vegetable and smirked without looking at her. “I can think of better ways to punish you than taking away your source of caffeine.” And continued the task of the veggie slicing.

Camille suppressed the moan in her throat at the tone of his voice, taking a huge gulp from the Styrofoam cup instead.

“And I’ve had that machine ever since I was living with roommates, I’m surprised it still turns on. I keep meaning to get a new one, but I always just end up getting coffee on the go and forget.” He explained as if his previous sentence had been no big deal.

“Uh huh.” Camille said with a wrinkle of her nose, but couldn’t help but smile when his blue orbs fell on her face. She literally felt her cheeks burn up when she realized, she threw herself at him the night before. She tried to kiss him. Again. She wasn’t sure what possessed her to do it. He was just being so gentle and patient after her nightmare. And then he leaned in to press a kiss onto her cheek and she found herself wanting to be comforted even more by him. And just thinking about it, made the urge of neediness bubble over.

God, she hadn’t realized how much she was craving that sort of attention until right now. Yes, she was craving sex, but she was also missing the intimacy that came with the sex. Camille knew she could have gotten that with Sebastian the night before. But being the kind of person he was, he didn’t take advantage. He could have allowed her to kiss him. Their lips had literally been on top of each other, but he had pulled away. Sebastian had the self-control she’d been lacking. And oddly enough, she was thankful for it, even though it left her aching for it.

“Your coffee is going to get cold.” She heard Sebastian say in a playful tone.

Blinking out of her thoughts. “What?”

He nodded to the coffee in her hand. “It’s going to get cold, the way you’re nursing it.”

She glanced down at it, apparently she had blindly been circling the top of the rim with her finger. “Then I guess I’ll just have to make the mimosas.” She joked, trying to move the subject along, so it would not get stuck on what was on her mind.

Sebastian chuckled, mixing the peppers and potatoes in the frying pan. Had she really been so deep in thoughts, she hadn’t noticed he had started cooking? “There should be a pitcher in the top shelf.” He said, pointing. “And you better drink that coffee after all the shit I’ve gotten for it.”

Reaching for the pitcher on the top shelf, she looked over her shoulder and glared. Her glare slowly turned into a self-satisfied look when she caught him staring at her ass. There was no mistaking the flush on his cheeks, there was no way he could talk himself out of it. “This one?” she asked instead. Clearing his throat, he only nodded before focusing his attention back on the stove.

Camille pressed her lips together from smiling. He was cute, standing in front of the stove, making them breakfast. She grabbed the orange juice jug as well, making her way to where the bottle of champagne sat. “Do you need help with anything?” she offered.

“No.” Sebastian said with a shake of head, moving to the next task of cooking the turkey (which Camille knew was for her) and bacon on the pan.
It was silent for a few moments as he worked on their food, and Camille made the mimosa pitcher. It
didn’t go pass her, how domesticated this whole scene must look. He had gotten up early to get
groceries, while she slept. Camille had felt him move around and leave the guest room, but had been
too exhausted to open her eyes and say anything. Besides, what was she going to say?

Thank you for laying with me after I threw myself at you, because I was too scared to be alone in the
dark?

She jumped lightly when Sebastian whispered into her ear. “You’re zoning out on me again.”
Turning slightly she came face to face with him, nose scrunched up. Camille was only able to give
him an apologetic look. “Still can’t remember the dream from last night?” He guessed.

Biting her bottom lip between her teeth, she shook her head ‘no’. Unable to keep her eyes from his
mouth. Wouldn’t it just be simple to kiss him? She was sure doing so, would melt away all of her
problems. And dear god, did he smell good. Clearing her throat, she answered. “I know it was sleep
paralysis. It doesn’t happen often, but when it does-it’s never fun. And I usually can’t remember
anything. It’s usually caused by too much stress.”

“Don’t push it.” He said softly, licking his own lips.

“Yeah.” Was all she could muster saying. For the next few moments, neither one moved. The only
noise was the crackling of the frying pan. “Do you always smell this good in the mornings?” She
blurted out. She winced at her own question.

Sebastian snorted, taking a step back toward the stove. “If by good, you mean a combination of
coffee and peppers then…that would be no.”

Camille shook her head, feeling stupid for asking. It was just- he was close and his smell was
intoxicating. Letting out a sigh, she said instead. “Mimosas are ready.”

“Awesome!” He exclaimed. “Potatoes are almost done.”

Grabbing the empty paper bag from the counter, she tossed it into the trash bin. Trying her best to
help keep his kitchen clean while he cooked. She blindly reached for the second paper bag. “Oh-I
was going to throw it away, but there’s something still in here…”

Camille jumped back in surprise, when Sebastian pushed the bag out of reach. “Don’t throw it
away!” He practically yelped.

“I wasn’t going to!” She protested, giving him a weird look, trying to reach for the bag. Curiosity
now taking over. “But now I wanna see…” She said with grin.

“You know,” he started. “I could use your help-“

Camille’s grin faltered and interrupted. “You said you didn’t need any help.”

“I lied.” Sebastian said without missing a beat.

Camille wasn’t buying it. He was trying to keep her distracted, keep her away from the bag. She
decided to humor him. “What do you need help with?” Eyeing the bag.

What else did he get? It didn’t occur to her, that it was something he didn’t want her to see, but more
of the lines of it being something he wanted to share until he was ready. Well she wasn’t good with
later. Later could be now.
“You can get the dishes out.”

“Mmmkay.” She murmured, slowly letting her fingers roam in the direction of the bag. “Where are they?” She asked, hoping it would distract him long enough for her to take a sneak inside. She knew it was a bad habit. There was a reason why on birthdays and Christmas she was never told if she would be getting gifts. She would annoy the hell out of everyone, wanting to know beforehand.

“In the dishwasher.”

“And where would that be?” She blinked innocently, trying to stifle her laugh.

Sebastian shuffled toward her. “Are you seriously asking me this?” Pressing his lips together to keep from smiling. His eyes following her hand. “Camille…” He warned.

Her hand stopped moving at her name. “Hmm?” Tilting her head to one side.

“You’re not going to give up until you see what’s in the bag?” He asked dejectedly. Camille shook her head ‘no’, with a sweet smile, her fingers once again moving in the direction of the bag.

He scowled, his eyebrows furrowing together, his perfect sculpted jaw twitching, his nose flaring in a bit of annoyance. Dios mio, he was beautiful. That was the best way to describe him.

Without saying a single word, he gave a nod that said ‘go ahead.’ She beamed, he narrowed his eyes, but she saw the hint of amusement in them. Camille’s fingers quickly gripped the bag, pushing it toward her. “You’re going to be sorely disappointed-“

“Oh my god…” Camille said at the same, pulling the mysterious item out of the bag. “Oh my god.” She repeated looking wide eyed at Sebastian.

“I told you it wasn’t a big deal.” Sebastian argued with a shrug.

Camille’s eyes fell to the stuffed panda plush in her hand with the one eye. “If it wasn’t that big of deal why were you hiding it?” She accused. He shrugged shyly. “It only has one eye…” she cooed.

Sebastian smiled weakly. “Yea I know. It was the only one there… I kind of felt bad for the little guy.” He explained.

Camille’s heart was melting at the adorableness of the whole thing. “So you bought him.”

“So I bought him.” Sebastian repeated.

“It’s so cute.” She gushed, turning its face toward her own. Stuffed animals weren’t really her thing, but she couldn’t help but smile at this one.

He ran his fingers through his hair nervously. “You weren’t supposed to see it yet…” trailing off, before walking to the stove and cracking a few eggs into the frying pan.

“Why not?” she asked, pushing herself unto the counter, one leg crossing the other with the panda still in her hand. He only smiled awkwardly, scrambling the eggs. Camille narrowed her eyes suspiciously. “Why?” she pushed, but unable to keep the smile from spreading on her face as she looked back down at it.

“No reason.” He said without meeting her gaze.

Camille opened and shut her mouth, gently tossing the plush toy from one hand to the other, not sure what to say. Instead she quietly watched Sebastian finish making their breakfast.
“I was going to use him as a peace offering just in case…” Sebastian trailed off, bending down in front of where her legs dangled. Distracted by his action, she brought the one eye panda up to her chest and squeezed it. A guilty smile fell on her face when he opened the dishwasher door and gave her a poignant look.

Right, the dishwasher.

Giving a light shake of her head, his words registered within her brain. “Wait-? What? A peace offering?” Watching him hold two clean dishes in one hand.

With a smug smile, Sebastian peered between Camille and the stuffed toy. “But maybe this was a better idea.” Bringing the toy down to her lap, she raised an eyebrow, shifting side to side. “I thought it might soften you up if you were still mad at me.” He confessed with a short shrug. Caught a bit by surprise at his honesty, she tilted her head to one side with a light frown, uncrossing her legs. A tiny part deep inside hoped they wouldn’t have to have this conversation, but the adult part of Camille knew it was necessary. Sebastian gave a knowing chuckle at the look on her face. Standing in front of her, he planted his palms on each side of her on the granite. “I said we were going to talk about this.” He reminded.

Camille’s frown grew, pulling the stuffed toy up to her face, eyes only visible. “Are you sure?” she asked, giving Sebastian her saddest puppy eyes. “Because this is perfectly distracting me.” She tried humorously, shoving the one-eyed panda in his fine-looking face. “Look at his face.” She pleaded with a pout. “Should he have a name?” she mused, trying to stall as long as possible.

Sebastian tried to keep a straight face, but those blue eyes gave him away. He looked almost adoringly over her.

But almost as if on cue, her stupid phone vibrated loudly a few feet away. Sebastian broke his trance, looking over his shoulder at the sound. Shutting her eyes, her hands dropped from in front of her. Camille knew there was no avoiding it now.

He took a step to grab it, but Camille gripped his arm. “Don’t.” she simply said, not meeting his gaze. The vibrating echoing louder in her ears.

“Oh.”

“Yeah…” she whispered, finally meeting his gaze. She expected to find judgement written on his face, but there wasn’t any. “Still want to talk?” she teased lightly, after the vibrating had stopped.

“Camille…”

“For the record, I’m not mad at you.” Pause. “I mean…I was-last night- but we both sort of acted like jerks.” She tried to explain. “And I know I was projecting my anger at him…to you.” Long pause. “And you had every right to be upset with me. I should have not butted in.”

Wow. So maybe talking wasn’t as hard she originally assumed it would be, once getting started. It was like ripping off a ban aid. But she also knew she was blabbering.

“I thought you wanted to avoid the conversation?” Sebastian asked teasingly.

Camille laughed shyly and confessed. “Once I opened my mouth the words just started to come out.” Shrugging at him. He chuckled back. With an embarrassed look she added. “I might have snipped back a little too quick…”

“You think?” He questioned with a raised eyebrow.
“I’m apologizing!” She exclaimed. She heard him chuckle lowly. She grimaced. “You’re joking…”

Sebastian nodded. “A bit, yeah.”

Crossing her arms in front of her chest, Sebastian tossed his head back to laugh. “You’re laughing at me.” She whined with a slight frown.

Sebastian was quick to react, shaking his head, he cupped her face between his hands and tugged her toward him. “Whoa, whoa, whoa. Dragoste, I’m not laughing at you. I’m laughing at this whole….thing.” His breath tickling her face.

With the pout on her lips, she looked up at him through her lashes. “I wasn’t very understanding. And I know you were just looking out for me…I just-” She stopped, nibbling her bottom lip, pulling away from his touch. “I’m just trying to wrap my head around so much stuff you know? And I just snapped.”

“I know. I get it.” Sebastian answered, taking a small step back, as Camille slid off the counter, coming face to face with him.

She was about to continue talking when her phone rang vibrated again. She groaned in annoyance, shutting her eyes tight. “And I shouldn’t have answered him.” She confessed with a light stomp of her foot. “Because he hasn’t stopped calling all morning.” She barely whimpered. “How I’m supposed to get my thoughts together about us when he won’t stop?” She asked desperately. The anxiety of dealing with David and everything else back at home consuming her suddenly. “I mean I get it, he wants to fix this. But I don’t even know if there is anything for him to fix. Is there even us? Do I even want us back together?” The phone stopped vibrating for a few moments, but only long enough for it to start again. Camille looked back up at Sebastian wide eyed, her body almost shaking in nervousness. “You were right, I should have just ignored it-“

“Hey, shh. Breath baby.” He cooed. “I’m gonna touch you, is that okay?” He asked. Camille gave a small nod in consent.

She felt the top of her shoulders and back muscles begin to relax when his strong hands began to massage, then smoothly rub up and down her arms. She tightened her eyelids, as if doing so would keep the tears from rolling down her cheeks. It was trivial for her to be crying. But she couldn’t help it. There was no running from it now. Camille knew she was going to have to deal with David and their relationship and it was overwhelming. It made her heart beat and breathing increase a bit faster at what was waiting for her back in California.

Silence surrounded them, except for the car honking and ambulance noises outside Sebastian’s apartment of course. Camille couldn’t help but snort at the thought.

“What?”

“Nothing.” She started with a shake of her head, eyes still closed. “I was just trying to focus on a sound and I kept thinking how quiet it is… before I heard a car honk.”

She heard him chuckle. “It’s New York darlin.”

She smiled and opened her eyes, locking her gaze with his. “Yeah, I guess it is.”

Smiling warmly, he asked. “Feeling a bit better?” He has stopped rubbing her shoulders and arms, but he still hadn’t let go of her.

“Yeah…a bit.” Taking her glasses off to wipe the tears away, and her breathing slowing down a
little. “If I wasn’t hungry before, I am now.” She admitted.

“Yeah? Good.” The smile on his face growing. But before they made another movement, the vibrating occurred again. Both of their smiles faltered at the sound. Camille couldn’t control it, a small whiny sound left her lips, pressing the top of her forehead gloomily against Sebastian’s strong chest. He rubbed her shoulders again. “We could turn off the phone?” He suggested slowly. Almost hesitantly, as if he was scared of what her response might be.

“Liz is supposed to be calling.” She said with a large sigh, not lifting her head. Liz had scheduled a meeting earlier with some new potential clients and said she would be calling with the details. Apparently it was big news.

“At least until we eat?”

At those words, Camille lifted her head, meeting his gaze. The vibrating from the phone echoing annoyingly through her ears. The calmness she felt no less than a minute ago disappearing, the longer she paid attention to the sound of the phone the more agitated she felt. “Okay…at least until we eat.” She reasoned, trying to calm her breathing again.

Rubbing both of her arms one more time. “Good.” He said with a crooked smile.” He didn’t wait for her to say anything else, he turned on his heels and swiftly turned the phone off, setting it back down.

Camille’s heart feeling a bit lighter now, knowing she didn’t have to hear it anymore. But murmured. “I know it’s my fault.” By then Sebastian faced her again. “I just couldn’t let him get in the car last night. But this isn’t going to work.”

Camille realized now, was just saying things she had been holding inside for months. And it felt good to say out loud.

“God…I can’t be with someone like that. Someone who constantly brings me anxiety. I mean I haven’t even seen him yet and look at me!” Peering back at Sebastian, almost expectantly.

Sebastian snorted, reaching for the two dishes of breakfast food. “Oh don’t look at me. I’m the last person who should be giving advice on this shit.” Making his way to the dining room table. “But what I do know? Is that this- isn’t your fault Camille.” Shuffling back into her general area.

She took a startled step back when he bend down in front of her. But chortled back a laugh when he stood back up.

“You dropped ‘No Name One Eyed Panda.”’ He teased, sitting the stuffed toy on the counter. “He really does need a name…”

Her insides warmed up at his cute gesture. Camille couldn’t think of anyone else who would have thought to bought the last stuffed animal toy because they felt sorry for it. Sometimes Sebastian’s heart was bigger than she even realized. Because she knew it could go beyond a simple toy. He has proven that to her plenty of times in the short time he’s been in her life.

“Let’s eat before the food gets cold-.” Camille tugged at his hand before he took another step. Giving a quizzical look, he asked. “Camille?”

“I’m sorry for lying about being on the phone last night-.” Sebastian opened his mouth to speak, but Camille shook her head wanting to continue. “Sebastian… I kept something from you. Even if it was small. And I don’t want to do that with you. Ever.” She whispered truthfully. “You’ve become my constant… the one who seems to know what I need and I don’t want to change or ruin that.”
The awareness of why he had been upset with her, almost hitting her across the face as she spoke the words out loud. Pressing his mouth together, he didn’t say anything for a few moments.

Licking his bottom lip, he finally did. “I didn’t meant to eavesdrop…at least not at first.” He said shamefaced. “I know I should have walked away…but I didn’t. You just sounded…I don’t know.” He said with a nervous chuckle. “I just don’t want you getting hurt. And I ’m not trying to make excuses.” He added quickly.

“So…in conclusion: we both fucked up?” She asked with a raised eyebrow.

Tossing his head back, he inhaled loudly. “Yup.” He concluded with a slight twitch of his mouth. “We both fucked up.” He rubbed his temple with his forefinger. “Wait-this does not sound like an apology at all. If anything it sounds like I’m apologizing to you…” He stated, his eyes dancing with mischief. Camille gave his chest a light slap. “Oomph!” He grunted.

Camille rolled her eyes, but asked. “Are you going to share why you treated Cassidy the way you did last night?”

Sebastian winced at the words. “Can we eat first?” He pleaded, making his way back to the table, the pitcher of the mimosa in his hand.

She didn’t argue with him, instead she followed suit. And just like he wished, Camille didn’t ask. Instead, they talked about other things while they ate and drank. He told her about when he first moved to the city, his first apartment and his many roommates that came with it. She listened eagerly, happy to take a peek into his life. The conversation continuing to flow as he talked animatedly about his childhood, his mom and stepdad as they finished eating, cleaned and washed the dishes.

Once they finished in the kitchen they made their way into the living room, glasses full of mimosas in one hand, coffee in the other. Camille settled back into one corner of the couch, legs folded in front of her, while Sebastian sat on the other end, long legs stretched out, foot lightly tapping the top her knee.

She swatted his covered sock foot away with a frown, setting the coffee on the small corner table. Dropping her head back into the plush pillows behind her, tummy full of food and head feeling lightheaded because of the mimosas. “I can’t remember the last time I drank this much back to back days…” she mused out loud.

“Are you drunk already?!” He exclaimed.

Her head snapped back up. “Nooo…” She said, taking another sip of her mimosa.

He narrowed his eyes suspiciously. “Mincinos.”

“Who says I’m lying?” She protested. Understanding the translation of the word.

He shrugged, bringing the glass up to his lips. “It’s okay. You’re supposed to drink on vacation.” He validated.

“Oh? Is that what I am on?” Technically it was a vacation…she wasn’t working at the moment and she was in a different state. God, had she forgotten what vacations felt like? Suddenly something dawned on her. “I thought I was supposed to be helping you look for a new place?”

He took a swig of the last bit of his drink, setting the empty glass down on the coffee table. “I called and left a message to the realtor my manager told me about, but she hasn’t called back.” He explained with a shrug.
Camille stifled her yawn, the thought of a nap sounding nice right at the moment. But the point of the trip had been to help Sebastian find a new place. So she was just going to have to suck it up. Besides she could sleep later.

“But maybe it’s a good thing she hasn’t called me back yet…“ Sebastian observed with a small smile.

"Sorry,” Camille muttered with an embarrassed smile. “I blame the lack of sleep, yummy food and alcohol.”

He chuckled with a shake of his head. “If she does call, I can rain check.” He offered.

Giving him a guilty look, she shook her own head. “Wait-Seb, we can still go-”

Sebastian waved a hand nonchalantly. “It’s okay Cam. I can do it when I come back from LA. Besides it’s supposed to start storming and the places I had my eye on are within walking distance.”

And almost as if on cue, thunder clapped loudly outside, making Camille jump up in her spot. That only made Sebastian snicker. Camille threw him a dirty look.

“You’re scared?”

“I’m scared of many things.” Camille huffed, trying to get comfortable again on the couch, as Mother Nature screamed in her own way outside Sebastian’s apartment. He lived on the top floor, so they could clearly hear the rain drops on the roof now, followed by more thunder.

“Ooh that’s such a bad answer.” He said with a gleam in those blue orbs of his. She opened her mouth to make a snide comment but was beat by the ding sound. A ding that sounded much like a phone alert. The humor in his eyes fading when it happened again.

Groaning, he pushed himself off the couch. Camille’s eyes widen when she remembered her phone was still turned off. Shit, what if Liz had called? “Seb-I-”

“I got it dragoste.” As if reading her mind. A few moments later, he handed her phone back, settling himself back in the same spot.

Smiling warmly, she turned it back on. Her insides bubbling with nervousness, waiting for the screen to pop up. After a few more moments, the alert sound started to go off, emails, a few text from her sister, no phone calls from Liz and of course 4 missed calls from David. Letting out a sigh, she shoved the phone under a few pillows next to her. She really wasn’t ready to deal with him yet. Maybe she could just stay in New York for a bit longer? That would be nice.

Raising her head up, Camille knitted her eyebrows together in concern when she saw the look on Sebastian face as he scrolled through his phone, forgetting about her problems for a few seconds. “What is it?”

“Hmm?” He asked, looking back up at her distracted. “I guess words out I acted like an asshole last night.” He said bitterly with a frown. “It’s Charles-wanting to know what the hell happened.”

“Oh.” Was all Camille said.

Sebastian let out a short laugh. “Yeah, I know.”

“Know what?”
“I deserve it.”

Camille shook her head in surprise. “I mean… yea, you acted like an ass.” Sebastian narrowed his eyes. “What? Just because you acted like it doesn’t mean it has to be spread around.” She added quickly. “Is that something Cassidy would do?”

“It wasn’t Cass.” Letting out an aggravated sigh in the process.

“Oh.” Camille repeated for the second time in the last minute. He didn’t need to add on to the sentence to know what he meant. But she didn’t know what else to say.

“I had planned on stopping by Cassidy’s this morning, but she didn’t answer when I called.” He informed Camille, gently tossing the phone on the coffee table with a grimace.

That was the Sebastian she knew. The one who couldn’t bear to hurt anyone’s feelings—at least not on purpose.

“I know she was just trying to help.” He started, running his fingers through his short hair. “And I know I could have been nicer. And I fucking know it wasn’t her idea.” He almost seethed. She didn’t say anything, she just let him vent. Because she knew he needed to. Because it was obvious now it was what he had been looking for the night before, Camille to be his sounding board. “But you were right—I should have waited to talk…” Sitting straight up, he cleared his throat, cheeks flushed. “I guess it’s my turn to apologize.”

Trying to hide her smile, she pushed her glasses up her nose. “Go ahead.” Trying to lighten the mood.

“You’re enjoying this a little too much.” He accused, scrunching his nose and forehead. Camille only smiled innocently.

“That face is dangerous.” Sebastian said with an accusing finger, but quickly pressed his lips to keep himself from saying anything else. His cheeks turning an even darker shade of red.

“What?!?” she exclaimed confused, while sitting up straight at the same time.

“Yes, trying to distract me with that adorable innocent smile.” Sebastian flustered.

She didn’t say a word, instead she brought the wine glass up to her lips, breaking away from his intense staring. Reminding her of the almost kiss from the night before. Swallowing the last bit of mimosa, Camille opened her mouth. “Sebastian, listen about the other thing that happen last night-.”

Shaking his head, Sebastian squeezed her knee. “Dragoste, don’t worry about it.”

“But-” she tried to protest.

“Don’t.” Tugging gently on one of her loose curls, face inches from hers. They sat facing each other for a few long moments. Clearing his throat, Sebastian finally spoke up. “We’ve talked about it.” he reminded. She snorted back her laugh and he smiled awkwardly back at her. “Okay, fine. We’ve attempted to talk about it.” he corrected himself. “Besides, that’s not what we should be talking about right now.”

“Why not?”

“Because I’m trying to apologize for being an ass to you last night.” he said in an aggravated tone.
“Oh.” Camille then added good-naturedly. “Well, you haven’t done it yet.”

“Camille!” he chortled.

“What?” She started. “I know you’re sorry.”

“But…?”

“But nothing Sebastian.” she said with a slight shrug. Yes, she had been upset, but Camille also knew it would pass.

“You weren’t butting in.” he stated. “I was just feeling frustrated and I said it without thinking. In fact-that’s why I was looking for you in the first place…” trailing off. She must have had a guilty look on her face because he quickly said. “Whoa- Camille, it’s not your fault I acted the way I did.” Pushing himself back against the couch. “I didn’t meant to hurt your feelings. I would never want to do that intentionally.” Camille only continued to stare, unsure if she should speak. “Because you’re important to me too.” he murmured. She blinked, startled by his honesty. He continued. “And I don’t want to ruin that.” He rubbed the back of his neck uneasily.

The familiar butterflies fluttered in her stomach, listening to him. Because she knew everything he was saying, he meant.

“Even if I could just snap my fingers and make everything perfect again…”

Camille sunk into the cushions, groaning in humiliation, as he used the same words she used on him the night before. “Listen, I was mad when I said that.” She protested, looking back at him through her lashes.

He sat back, staring at her, an amused look on his face. “I’m just trying to lighten the mood.” he said with a laugh.

“Uh huh.”

“It would make things easier,” he mused. “All this shit would be less humiliating with Leighton…” he muttered under his breath. Camille’s heart squeezed at the sound of his voice. “All this time I felt guilty for leaving, when it didn’t even matter.”

Camille completely understood where he was coming from. Because it was exactly how she had been feeling about David. The feeling of dread hitting the pit of her stomach again. Her heart feeling heavier as well.

“Sorry.” he mumbled.

“Don’t be.” she said with a quiet laugh. “Trust me, if anyone understands-it’s me.” Reaching down for her coffee, almost dropping it, when the thunder clapped again. “In fact, I was going to ask if I could just stay in New York longer.” she half-joked, hoping he didn’t catch her reaction.

“You can stay as long as you want.” he said without missing a beat.

“Thanks.” Camille whispered sincerely, taking a sip from her cup. “But it would be such a long commute from my job.” Sebastian rolled his eyes at her attempted joke. “What? I thought it was funny!” she exclaimed.

He shook his head, but said instead. “Well-how about for the time being, we just hang out here and watch movies since it looks like it’s going to rain all day?”
Camille felt the tightness in her chest relax a bit at his suggestion. She had enjoyed New York, but it had been non-stop since stepping into the city. And besides, she wasn’t sure how much fun she would be, with lack of sleep.

“I’ll only judge a little if you fall asleep on me during a movie.” he teased with a grin.

Camille tossed her head back and laughed. But asked. “You sure it’s okay?”

“Dragoste, you’ve barely slept. I can vouch for that, because I was laying next to you, as you tossed and turned.” he explained, his grin turning into a worried look. “And we fly out tomorrow afternoon—which means you’re probably planning every single detail in your head about how it’s going to go—”

But he stopped talking when Camille put her hand over his mouth. He playfully glared.

“You think you know me so well.” she huffed with a glare of her own. But was a bit impressed by the fact that he had picked up on a few things. God, he really was getting to know who she was. Her chest tighten a bit at the realization. Carefully, she moved her hand away. “As for tomorrow…I just want to prepared.”

“All the more better for a day of just chilling out,” Sebastian pushed. “And later on tonight, I’ll take you to dinner. There is a nice, quiet restaurant a few blocks from here.” he offered, his cheeks flushed again.

“Why Sebastian Stan, are you taking me out on a date?” Camille teased with a wink.

At the same time, he stood up from the couch and walked toward his collection of movies in the built in book case, next to the big flat screen television. Looking over his shoulder, he narrowed those blue beautiful eyes down at her, making Camille’s heart skip a beat. A tiny bit scared of his response.

“Well I usually pay on dates…and I don’t plan on doing so tonight…soooo no.” he stated in a matter of fact tone.

Camille’s jaw dropped at his candor, but laughed. “You little shit!” Grasping for the first pillow her fingers felt and tossed it in his general direction, as his own laugh bellowed through the apartment.

I just wanna see
I just wanna see how beautiful you are
You know that I see it
I know you’re a star
Where you go I follow
No matter how far
If life is a movie
Oh you’re the best part

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for your patience and for the feedback! Feedback and kudos is what keeps me writing! xoxo Im in the process of working on the next chapter. Much love.

*Credit song/lyrics: Daniel Ceasar*
Chapter 18 Wild Horses

Chapter Summary

Sorry it's taken so long! But thank you so much for those who continue to stick around.
Your comments and support is what keeps me writing!

Chapter 18 Wild Horses
Studio City, California September 2010

Sebastian pushed his sunglasses up to the top of his head, before ringing the doorbell, clutching the case of beer in his other hand. His eyes roamed around the perfectly cut/cleaned yard of the house. Camille had not been joking when she stated Natalie and Sam’s home was big enough for her to stay in. The outside of the house so far, was awe-inspiring. He had a view of the pool and backyard all at the same time. He could only imagine what the inside looked like.

It had also been almost 3 full days since they landed in California-Studio City to be exact. Sebastian had been in meetings for the past two days (in hope of new acting jobs), while Camille moved her things out of the house she shared with David. It had been two days and this was the first time he was physically seeing Camille since arriving in California. This was also the first time since meeting and working together (back in April) where they had not seen each other on consecutive days. It was a bit disconcerting. He frowned and felt his stomach drop at the realization that this was just the beginning of how different things were going to be now that they were back in the states.

A twinge of sadness hit the pit of his stomach when he realized that in a few days there weren’t just not going to see each other every day but that they would be hundred, thousands of miles apart.

It always took a few days to adjust back to his routine after being gone on location for a film, but this time, it was going to take a little bit longer. Because it also meant adjusting to not having Camille around all the time. He was going to miss the 5 am banter as they prepared for the day’s work. The random text/phone calls to each other about work. Her calming voice and warm smile that always met him on set.

Fuck.

He was just going to miss all of her.

A feeling of relief did set in his heart knowing they had settled and talked about their little tiff back in New York. Well, it felt like a little fight now. But in the moment, Sebastian had feared he had fucked up their relationship, with how he had talked to her. He was sure his mom would have smacked the top of his head at his behavior. Not only to Camille, but to Cassidy as well.

He had managed to apologize to Cassidy, finally. He just hadn’t been able to do it in person like he had wished, but she accepted it. She had apologized herself for not realizing it had been a rouse by his ex. In the end, things got cleared up. And that’s all he had wanted.

At the thought of his ex, he chewed the inside of his cheek in annoyance. Leighton had called a few times after the night in the bar, but she had seemed to get the message and hadn’t contacted him since arriving in Los Angeles and he couldn’t be happier. He was ready to close that chapter in his life and
move on.

Jolting out of this thoughts, the front door swung open and he found himself face to face with Camille’s look alike. Also known as Camille’s younger sister; Natalie. She had the same beautiful melanin skin, beaming smile and brown welcoming eyes, the difference was the short bob haircut and missing birthmark on the lower left side of her mouth. He had been surprised and done a double take when she picked them up at airport two days ago and spotted her walking toward them at the baggage claim.

“Hey!” Natalie exclaimed, grinning from ear to ear, taking a step to the side of the door. “You made it. I thought maybe you got lost.” She teased with a wink.

Sebastian chuckled. “That’s what GPS is for.” Taking a step inside. “And that big private fence around the property helped finding it.”

Natalie rolled her eyes. “That was all Sam’s idea. Try fighting with a designer.” She explained.

The view inside the home was just as remarkable, with its soaring ceilings, wide plank floors and open plan. Shit, this place looked better than the hotel he was staying in at the moment. With the case of beer still cradled in his arms, he followed Natalie. “Well, it definitely helped finding you.”

Natalie led him through the long hall to the chef’s open kitchen and living space, his eyes landing on the open French doors that led to the patio/pool area outside. The smell of food hit his nostrils and his stomach growled. Thankfully the music playing throughout the speakers in the kitchen drowned out the noise.

Natalie glanced over her shoulder with a sheepish smile. “Sorry, we like a little music when we’re cooking.” She explained, trudging to the small stainless stereo on the white granite countertop, turning the volume down. “Especially when we’re making carne asada.”

Sebastian tossed his head back to laugh, before placing the beer on the countertop. “Hey, whatever keeps the good smell of food coming in.” he admitted.

“Yeah?” Her smile growing from ear to ear, only reminding him of Camille’s. “Well good!” Walking toward the stove. “The rice should be done in about five minutes.” Reaching for the wooden spoon.

“Rice?” Sebastian questioned, leaning back against the countertop. “With bbq?”

She looked up from the stove, the smile on her face turning into a frown. “Not bbq-carne asada.” She corrected, pointing the wooden spoon in his direction.

Sebastian tried to hide the smirk on his features. He might have made that comment on purpose. It has started two days ago when Natalie picked them up from the airport and took them to Manhattan Beach for lunch. Somehow the conversation turned to BBQ, and how Sebastian had never been much of a fan of it. He would eat it, but it wasn’t something that he looked forward to. Unlike in the Solis family apparently, where it seemed to be a weekend thing. Especially because it seemed to be not like the BBQ he’d ever attended- by the way both Natalie and Camille described it.

Which lead to light teasing from Sebastian about how you can you have BBQ, without potato salad? And that only got him weird looks from the Solis sisters. Which only lead to more joking and arguing, mostly between himself and Natalie. And before Sebastian even realized it, Natalie had declared he was coming over for carne asada.

Sebastian had been a little bit worried Natalie would not end up liking him. But the thought quickly faded as they bantered back and forth, as if they had known each other for years. Camille had leaned
back into the chair at the restaurant, rolling her eyes every so often, listening to them go back and forth. It was almost as if they were mirroring the first time Camille had met Charles.

“Beer?” he offered, as Natalie turned her full attention back to the stove.

“Sure.”

Sebastian took two bottled beers out of the case, taking the cap off and handing her one. “I’m going to put the rest in the fridge- if that’s okay?”

“Yeah of course.” Blindly taking the beer out of his grasp. “Get whatever you want in there. We also have a bar fridge outside stocked with wine.” She stated.

He smiled. “Stocked huh?”

“The perks of being engaged to someone who’s parent own a winery.”

“So I’ve been told.” He answered, pressing the open bottle up to his lips. His eyes wondering around the large space in front of him. “Maybe I’m in the wrong business…” he mused out loud.

“It is nice.” Natalie admitted with a light shrug, turning off the stove in the process.

“What’s nice?” Asked another voice.

And at the same time, with the beer in one hand, he took one long stride to get closer to the stove. Bending down, his nose took in a large whiff of the cooked rice, his stomach growling again. She was smirking. He didn’t need to look- to know it was so.

“Having you-as a fiancé.” Natalie replied without missing a beat.

Sebastian straighten back up, his eyes setting at the figure coming toward them, with a large foil tray in hand.

“I’m already cooking babe. You don’t have to keep trying to butter me up.”

Natalie looked at Sebastian first with a guilty smile. “I did kind of sweet talk her into doing it…” Then turned to look back at her fiancé. “But you’re still nice.” She finished in a sweet voice.

Sebastian only snickered.

“You’re so full of shit.” Sam stated, but in contrast leaned in to give her quick peck on the lips. Then swiftly turned to Sebastian with a huge grin. “It’s good to finally put a face with the name.” she said a chipper tone.

He smiled back. “That’s exactly what I was thinking about you.”

Camille talked so much about Natalie and Sam that he felt like he should know them by now. Unlike with Natalie, where he had been surprised on how she looked (in spite of being Camille’s sister). Sam was just like he had pictured her, especially after Camille’s description. She was tall (might even say taller than him!), dark complexion, long brown hair, tattoos all up and down both arms.

“Here.” Handing Natalie the empty tray. “Do you want to hold off on putting the rest on the grill?” she asked.

“Yeah, until later.” She glanced between them. “I guess I should officially introduce you to each other huh?” Sebastian brought the bottle back up to his lips. Natalie wrinkled her nose. “Are you
“Both really going to make me do this?” She whined. Sebastian and Sam gave each other side glances, but neither one said a word. “You’re really going to make me.” she said in incredulously voice, but her eyes danced with mischief.

Sam tossed her head back to laugh before wrapping one arm around her shoulder. “Honey, you don’t have to.” She then quickly turned to Sebastian and said. “Sam- short for Samantha.”

“See? We just did.” Sebastian piped in, referring to their five second interaction.

“Besides-isn’t Cam supposed to be doing the introductions?” Sam questioned.

Sebastian didn’t miss the worried look that passed through Natalie’s eye, but said half-jokingly anyway. “After the shit show of the last few days, I think she deserves a break.”

“What exactly happen?” Sebastian asked, curiosity taking the best of him. From the few text between himself and Camille, moving hadn’t gone on without a hitch, which he had not that been surprised about—but apparently it had been worse than what Camille had originally anticipated.

“She didn’t tell you?” Sam asked with a raised eyebrow.

“She mentioned a few things, but not in detail. She said she would tell me in person.”

Natalie laughed dryly. “In that case, I’ll let her tell you.”

“Well it can’t be that bad right? She isn’t out here, obsessively cleaning.” He observed, remembering that cleaning was one of the ways Camille dealt with issues/stress.

“Why do you think she’s sleeping right now?” Natalie asked with a smirk. “She was up at like 6 am, fucking scrubbing down my granite.” She informed him.

Sam shook her head in almost disgust. “She’s lucky she’s family.”

“Sam gets a little bit sensitive when it comes to the kitchen, since she designed it.” Natalie explained. Sam was a home designer. But Sebastian’s mind was wondering to Camille now. Natalie gave him a sympathetic smile when he wrinkled his forehead with worry. “Oh don’t worry-I was expecting it after last night. I just didn’t think she was going to be up that early.”

If the sudden urge to comfort Camille wasn’t so urgent, he would have laughed at Natalie’s statement. Because it did sound just like her. He looked back at Natalie and found her staring at him with curiosity. “What?”

She gave a slight shake of her head. “I can see the wheels turning in your head.”

He sighed sadly. “Just thinking about how bad this must be.”

“It’s nice to know she had someone watching her back while she was away.” Natalie said gratefully.

“It wasn’t hard to watch her…back.” He finished lamely, cheeks burning, when he realized how that sounded. The couple glanced at each other, bursting into a fit of giggles. “Shit, that’s not what I meant.”

But Natalie and Sam just continued to laugh. After a few more moments, Sam stopped first, her eyes still gleaming with amusement. “We know what you meant.”

“Oh, so it’s just you two making fun of the new dude?”
Sam leaned into the counter, placing both elbows down. “Pretty much—yeah.”

“Thanks.” He mumbled still blushing. But unable to keep his mind from wondering what happened. What had David done? Because that was the only reason why she would be so upset at the moment. “She’s asleep? How did you get her to do that? Because we both know she was up all night.” Sebastian indicated.

“We… gave her something to…help calm down.” Sam supplied and at the same time opening the refrigerator door to take out a bottle of water.

“She was out of the sleeping pills—.” But stopped talking when he felt both set of eyes staring back at him. “What…?”

“She really did share a lot with you.” Natalie said in astonishment, giving her fiancé a side-eyed look.

Sebastian cheeks continued to burn, as he reminded himself that he was still a stranger in Natalie and Sam life and it was probably odd listening to him go on about Camille’s habits, especially since they knew Camille as good—even better than he did. But the need to make sure she was okay, was still there. Because for almost 5 months, they spent all their time together.

“What is new, because the Solis sisters don’t open up to just anyone.” Sam teased.

“Shut up.” Natalie mumbled before elbowing her gently.

Sebastian knowingly nodded at Sam. Natalie glowered at the both of them. But it was true, Camille had not been easy to crack, he still wasn’t sure he gotten her figured out. Clearing his throat he asked. “What did you end up giving to help her fall asleep?”

“It wasn’t necessarily to help her fall asleep.” Sam started, grimacing slightly. “It was more to calm the nerves.” At those words, Natalia took a sip from the beer, looking wide eyed at Sebastian first then back at her fiancé. It was the same look Camille gave when she was up to no good. “What? You give her herbs or something?” He asked with a chuckle.

“Kind of.” Natalie said in a low voice.

Sebastian wrinkled his forehead in concentration, trying to understand why this was so secretive all of a sudden. “Nah, Cam isn’t into the herb shit.” He muttered. He was trying to rack his brain on what else could it be, then tossing his head back he joked. “Did you get her high?” Knowing that wasn’t a possibility. But glancing back at Natalie and Sam, their faces said otherwise. His eyes widened. “Wait—are you serious? You guys got her high?”

“It’s not like it’s the first time she’s done it.” Sam protested.

Natalie quickly asked. “Did she say she’s never done it before?”

“Well no. It’s never been a question really.” Sebastian answered truthfully. It wasn’t something they had talked about. And it wasn’t a big deal in his opinion. He couldn’t help but snicker. “You guys did this at 6 am in the morning?”

“Nooo.” Sam scoffed.

“We might have made breakfast first.” Natalie supplied with a guilty smile. Sebastian cackled at this
revelation. These girls were a hoot and he’d only been around them for 20 minutes. “We always get a bit hungry.” She said with a shrug.

“We? I thought it was only Cam?”

“Where’s the fun in that?” Sam asked.

“Samantha!” Natalie exclaimed.

Sam blinked innocently. “What?” She asked with a giggle. “He doesn’t care.”

“I don’t.” Sebastian stated with a light snort. “I’m just trying to picture the three of you all sitting around smoking at 6 in the morning…” trailing off.

“It wasn’t 6 in the morning!” Natalie griped, trying to scowl, but a smile broke out instead.

“Why does it matter what time it was?” Sam asked.

“It matters to him!” Natalie said pointing accusingly at Sebastian.

Sebastian eyes widen in surprise, placing the almost empty bottle of beer on the counter. “Whoa-no it doesn’t!” Putting his hands up in defense, but still smiling. His smile did slowly fade as his mind began to wonder about how bad the last few days must have been for Camille, if it resulted in needing something more than her regular medication. “What did David do this time?” he blurted out without thinking.

Natalie almost snorted out her beer at his question. “How did you know it had to do with that asshole?” she asked sarcastically with a roll of her eyes.

“Porque le bajaron a la musica?” Camille’s familiar voice echoed into the large kitchen/living room. Sebastian turned his head to the sound of her voice just as she appeared from down the hall somewhere. His heart did that flutter thing -as it always did- at the sight of her.

Not noticing him, she gathered her long curls in both hands, slowly and blindly shuffling toward the kitchen and pulling it into a ponytail, her eyes shut. She wore a pair of pajamas shorts, and light pink tank top, that outlined the black bra perfectly underneath. He swallowed, trying his best not to gawk at her.

Yep, two days later and she was still stunning. He thought maybe once they left Manchester his little crush would fade, but that theory had been tossed out the window after their almost kiss in his apartment. He grimaced to himself when he thought about the fact that he actually pushed her away.

“Shouldn’t you be asleep?” Sam asked, breaking Sebastian out of his thoughts.

“It’s almost 3 in the afternoon. I’ve already missed most of the day-.” But stopped talking when she finally spotted Sebastian next to the counter island. He couldn’t help but grin widely as recognition hit her eyes at the sight of him. “Hey-you’re here!” she squealed.

“Hi Sleeping Beauty.” He teased.

Wrinkling her nose, she took quicker steps in his direction, but asked instead of a snarky comeback. “Did you find it okay?”

Nodding, he answered. “Yeah.” Quickly noticing the puffy circles around her eyes. It didn’t take a genius to know it was due to crying. He decided not to bring it up-at least not yet.
But at the moment, crying was the last thing on her mind, Camille grinned back widely. “Good. I’m glad you’re here. It’s been a bit weird not seeing you every day.” She confessed, her eyes softening.

His heart felt lighter at her words. A tiny part of him had feared she didn’t feel the same. “Yeah?” he asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Ahem.” They broke out of their gaze at the sound, turning to the direction of the interruption. Both Natalie and Sam had their elbows resting on the countertop, staring at them, expectantly. “Is this how it always is?” Natalie asked, pointing back and forth.

“Is this what, what is?” Camille retorted in a warning tone.

“The private looks and smiles.” She quipped, daringly looking at Camille with a wiggle of her eyebrows.

“Bien chistosa.” Camille said in Spanish.

To which Sebastian had no idea what it meant. But he did watch in amusement as the two sisters stared each other down. Thankful Camille had let him into this part of her world. Because he craved to know about her outside of Manchester.

“Dejalos.” Sam interjected. “We used to be the same way.” Straightening up and walking to the fridge to take out a beer.

Camille quickly turned her attention to Sebastian. “Do you want something to drink?”

Sebastian shook his head. “I already had one while your sister and Sam shared the events from this morning.” Smirking at her.

At that point, Natalie and Sam looked at each other guiltily before gulping down on their beers. “Babe? We should probably go check on the rest of the food.” Natalie said rather quickly, but didn’t wait for a response from her fiancé as she dragged her by the wrist toward the patio.

“Chismosas!” Camille called out after them. Natalie just waved a dismissive hand in the air before disappearing outside. Once they were out of sight, Camille took a step toward the refrigerator and asked simultaneously. “What did they tell you?”

“Whoa-hey. I don’t even get a proper hello?” Sebastian teased with sad puppy eyes.

Camille stopped mid step and turned back around to face him. “Oh my god, don’t give me that look.” She pleaded, bringing her hands up to her face to keep from laughing. Sebastian attempted to frown at her. Any time he could bring a smile or make her laugh was a win for him. Especially right now. She now stood in front of him, hands down by her sides. “What is consider a proper hello?” she asked cheekily.

“I don’t know. You tell me.” He challenged, tilting his head to one side.

Closing one eye, she pursed her lips together and bounced on the balls of her heels as if trying to decide what her next step should be. His gaze didn’t falter. “Hmmph.” She mused, but stood tall again. Pushing herself up on her tiptoes, hands resting on each side of his arms for leverage, Camille leaned into him and pressed a soft kiss on one cheek. After a few seconds, Camille pushed herself away and said simply with a warm smile. “Hi.”

Sebastian’s mouth twitched, trying to hide the smile on his features. “This is just ammo for your sister.” he indicated. At the same time pretending her gesture didn’t do anything to him.
“Ah, so you were paying attention.” She accused, twirling back around toward the fridge. “You looked lost there for bit.”

“I was observing.” Following and leaning back against the opposite counter. She gave him reproachful look before opening the fridge door. He just kept staring, incapable to break his gaze from her as she grabbed a bottled water. Was he really not going to see her every day? The thought of that again made his insides turn.

“You’re staring Stan.” She said in a mocking tone, taking a large gulp of water.

“Don’t call me Stan.” He reminded. “And just checking you didn’t grow a horn since the last time I saw you.”

Camille rolled her eyes. “You’re so dramatic Ojos Azules.” Pause. “It has been a bit weird.” She confessed. “But then again so have the past few days.” A hint of sadness hitting her eyes.

“You didn’t get any sleep last night.” It was statement not a question.

“I got some this morning!”

He chuckled. “So I heard.”

Groaning, she took another sip of her water. “I swear they are the biggest chismosas I’ve ever met. Especially when they get together.” Sebastian just watched, not saying anything. But she caught him. “What?” she asked with a wrinkle of her nose.

Shaking his head he replied. “You’re so riled up.” Trying his best to hide his smile. “Also don’t try and change the subject.” Narrowing his eyes, knowing exactly what she was trying to do. Keep him from asking anymore questions on her wellbeing. He didn’t care about the details, all he cared was that she was okay. And despite her attempt of joking around, he could sense she truly wasn’t.

“Just so we’re clear- I don’t do it all the time.”

Sebastian scrunched his nose in confusion with a slight shake of his head. “You don’t what dragoste?” Using the nickname he had started using on her back in New York. It had slipped once, but it fit her perfectly and she didn’t seem to mind it.

Camille bit her lower lip with an embarrassed look. “Me-smoking.” She stated as if it was obvious. “It’s usually with the two of them.” Pointing in the general direction of the backyard. “And it’s usually when I’m over stimulated and extra wired and it usually relaxes me and-.”

“Hey.” Sebastian interrupted, face to face with her again. Letting out a light chuckle he added. “I could care less. It’s not like I haven’t done it myself.” He confessed. Camille looked meekly up at him. Reaching out, Sebastian grasped both of her hands in his, pulling them close to his chest. “What I want to know….” His attention on their now intertwined fingers. “Is how many hours of sleep have you gotten since yesterday morning?” Tilting his head to one side as he absently played with her fingers. “Hmm? Two? Three hours?” He guessed.

She didn’t met his eyes. And that was all Sebastian needed, to know he had been right.

Finally after a few moments of silence she spoke up. “I got sleep today.” She reminded.

“What? Two, three hours is not enough. Especially in a 24 hour span.” He pressed with a frown.

Giving him a weak smile. “Let’s eat and I’ll tell you all about it.” She promised.
“I don’t really care about the details Cam. I just care about you.”

“I’ll be okay Sebastian.” She reassured, giving his hand a light squeeze.

They must have been lost in their conversation that they didn’t hear the footsteps near. “La comida ya esta.” They both heard Natalie state. “Foods…” She started to translate in English but stopped when she saw them. “Sorry. Didn’t mean to interrupt.”

Camille quickly broke her hands from his grip. “You didn’t.” She asserted. “What do you need me to grab?”

Sebastian sighed to himself, knowing there went his chance to getting her to open up.

“It’s okay. I got it.” Natalie said softly, walking toward the stove. Natalie looked back up at her older sister curiously. Camille only caught her eyes for a split moment, but it was enough for them to channel whatever sisterly bond they shared. Because Natalie cleared her throat, nodding toward the fridge. “Sam still needs to heat up las tortillas.”

With those words, Sebastian’s attention shifted quickly. “Wait-what?” His eyes widening and eyebrows wiggling. The mood in the air, feeling lighter once again.

“Tortillas.” Camille repeated, with the packet in her hand, brushing past him toward the patio. “C’mon Stan.” She said in a sing-song voice and wink. “Your taste buds are about to be blown away.”

“What are the tortillas for?” he asked, but followed behind Camille. “And I was promised a home cooked meal made by Natalie.” Looking over his shoulder at Camille’s younger sister.

“It is home cooked.” Natalie retorted. “And I never said it was going to be me.” Making a funny face, as she followed in toe.

“That’s why she has Sam for!” Camille piped in a chipper voice. Sebastian snorted his laughter.

“A ver, a ver!” Natalie called behind them, holding a pot. “Quien iso el arroz?” Gently pushing past him and Camille.

Sebastian turned to Camille with a questionable look, to let her know he did not understand a single word that was being said. She squeezed his shoulder with a sympathetic smile, giving a small nod for him to follow. His jaw dropped a bit when they fully stepped into the backyard and he was met with a large pool and covered patio area with comfortable outside furniture and a large grill and working stove, which at the moment was occupied with aluminum containers, in what Sebastian assumed held warm food. His stomach growled again.

“Holy shit.” He blurted out. The smell hitting his nostrils, and making his mouth water.

“Latinos like to eat.” Sam stated in a matter of fact tone and a shrug, as if reading his mind on the food spread laid out for them. “How do you think we get our strength?” she teased, then added. “Usually we have more people, and kids running around-but we aren’t in San Francisco.” She explained, and handed Sebastian a large paper plate. “Guest first.” Turning back to the stove to heat up the tortillas.

He didn’t even know where to start, but instinctively start at the one end of the counter patio and work his way down. Scooping rice, and pinto beans (pinto beans?! Wha-?), a few slices of radish (okay fine, more than a few), and a salad of mixed sliced tomatoes, onions, and cilantro, sliced lemons, and pieces of fully cooked meats (that made him salivate), topped with a few corn tortillas.
He glanced over his shoulder and found Camille grabbing the same amount of food as him, making him feel a bit better because he thought he had overdone it.

Slowly—as to not spill any of his food—he sat down at a nice patio furniture table that looked out to the large backyard. Natalie and Samantha did have a good set up with this house. They not only had a view of their amazing patio, but also the California Mountains.

Camille plopped next to him with a huge grin. “Oh!” Quickly standing back up. “We’re gonna keep this classy—want some wine?” she kidded. He nodded and watched her turn on her heels toward the wet bar a few feet away, a bottle of red wine in hand when she turned back to look at him. “Wine glasses are on the table.” She instructed with a small nod.

It took everything inside of him to look away from her at the moment. Because he was loving all of this. He was enjoying this little view into her world. It gave him another glimpse into the many layers of Camille. And he was willing to delve into it and enjoy it (the food helped of course.)

“Hey!” he exclaimed, feeling Camille’s hands playfully mess with the top of his hair, strolling behind him before sitting back down.

“Hand me a wine glass, please.” The wine opener in one hand. He handed them to her, his blue orbs watching, not saying a word. Once the cork of the bottle was opened, she poured them both a large glass and met his gaze. She smiled, but it did not reach all the way up to her eyes, like it usually did. He saw the sadness and tiredness in them instead.

Tilting his head slightly to one side, he tried to telepathically find out how she was feeling, as his eyes roamed all over her beautiful face. They locked with hers again, trying his best to get her to tell him something—anything. She must have sensed he wanted to ask, because the smile faltered slightly at his scrutinizing stare.

But before either one had the chance to speak up, they broke out of their trance at the sound of Natalie. “Oh Sebastian—if you don’t like this—then there’s something wrong with your taste buds.” She joked. Samantha and her joining them at the table.

Sebastian picked up his fork and pointed accusingly at her. “So basically you would be accusing me of being white with no taste?” But did not wait for her to reply, as he began digging into his food.

“Pretty much, white boy.” Natalie shot back with a wink.

“Natalie!” Camille exclaimed from across the table.

But it didn’t bother Sebastian in the least, instead he tossed his head back, laughing. And for the rest of the afternoon they continued to make each other laugh. Joking with one another, even after they had finished eating. In between the poking fun of each other, Natalie and Sam asked about his childhood, likes/dislikes etc., and vice versa. He come to learn that Sam and Natalie had known each other since grade school, then became roommates in college—with boyfriends—before realizing they were in love with each other. He also found out Camille’s love for musicals (preferably Julie Andrews ones), and cheesy rom-coms. (Apparently she had a sweet spot for Natalie’s Portman “Where the Heart Is”).

They continued to drink and talk, until Sebastian notice the sun beginning to set. Had they really been out here that long?

Leaning back against the cushioned seat, he mumbled. “I still can’t get over this amazing backyard…..” sipping on his glass of wine. He had lost count of how many glasses he’d actually had
in the past few hours.

“One of the perks of my baby sister finding herself someone who’s loaded!” Camille said a sing song voice. Then leaned back against her chair, a small moan leaving her lips when she stretched her arms up in the air. Her midriff peeking out of her tank top, giving Sebastian a glimpse of the damn tattoo that left him speechless back in Manchester.

“Payasa!” He heard Natalie spout as she threw a napkin in Camille’s general direction, making her put her arms down with a laugh.

“I’m just kidding.” Camille said with a roll of her eyes. “Kinda…” she added with a yawn. But quickly shut her mouth at the look Sebastian was giving her. As much fun as they had been having, he hadn’t forgotten about the lack of rest she had gotten—or the fact that he has no idea of what the hell had happened with David. “Wine makes me sleepy.” She explained, making the point of pushing the glass away.

Shrugging, he rubbed the back of his neck. “I didn’t say anything.” So much for his poker face, looking back innocently at Natalie and Sam, hoping to get some sort of support.

Camille’s mouth twitched into a frown when she caught the quick glances between Sebastian and the couple across the table. Of course they weren’t hiding anything from her, but she was smart enough to know they were probably all thinking the same thing. And if he was going to get her to open up, he knew better than to push and ambush her.

Obviously Natalie knew it too, because she spoke up before Camille had the chance to say a word. “Good. Maybe we can have Sebastian carry you to bed once you pass out.” She teased, bringing the wine glass up to her lips.

Tugging back a strand of loose hair behind her ear, she made a face in her sister’s general direction, but shifted a bit in the chair. “Ahora quien es la payasa?”

“Still you!” Natalie answered without missing a beat.

Sebastian attempted to catch Camille’s attention, but she only pressed her lips together, looking anywhere but at him. Was she embarrassed at what Natalie had said? Things just kept getting lost in translation with him. The only word he caught was ‘clown’.

“I’m just glad we got everything moved out.” Camille muttered.

Sebastian gave Natalie a quick glance, and she returned the look with a raised eyebrow that said everything he needed to know:

She will talk—in her own time.

“Even though he didn’t make it easy.” Sam added under her breath.

“I thought you had a key?” Sebastian asked.

Camille finally met his gaze, licking her bottom lip. “I do—well I did have it.” She answered sadly.

He felt a slight tug in his heart at the sound of her voice. The pain and hurt David had caused was prominent in her the way she spoke and body language. And that was to be expected, after being with someone for over 6 years. It was going to sting, and Sebastian hated that Camille had to go through it. But he didn’t hate the fact in which David was now out of her life. Hopefully permanently.
“The movers were able to get most of the stuff out on the first day. At least the big things. But without me being here, I obviously wasn’t able to pack my personal stuff.”

“And we would have done it before, but every time I attempted to set up a time, his lame ass would come up with excuses.” Natalie added dryly.

“I called, letting him know I was going to be there to get the rest of my things.”

“When? Yesterday?” Sebastian asked, his gut telling him -he was about to learn the real reason why she hadn’t slept in the past 24 hours.

She only nodded.

“So we got to the house around what? 11:30?” Sam uttered. “Because we knew he was at work and it would just be easier for everyone.” Giving Camille a few cautious glances as she spoke. But Camille wasn’t looking at her, instead she tugged her hair out of the ponytail and twirled it nervously in her fingers.

Clearing her throat, Camille continued, looking back up at him. The look in her eyes, telling him how over everything she was. She was tired of dealing with all of this, and she hadn’t even been back a full week. It killed him. “We got everything I needed. All of my extra clothes, books, jewelry.” A bitter smile tugging on that beautiful face.

“We were almost done when she showed up.” Natalie said through gritted teeth. “Apparently she has a key to the house now. That asshole gave her a fucking key! Can you believe it?”

“Nat…” Camille warned softly.

But Sebastian understood Natalie’s rage. Not even a week ago, he had been calling and begging Camille to take him back and all this time, he was having someone else in the house they shared?

“She didn’t know we were going to be there.” Camille argued.

Sebastian opened his mouth to speak but closed it, distracted as Natalie and Sam got up from the table, picking up the dishes, forks, etc. He made the gesture to get up, but Natalie waves him off, letting him know it was okay.

“We got it.” She stated, her eyes on Camille.

Without another word, the couple disappeared back into the house. Giving Sebastian the sneaky suspicion they had done that on purpose. He focused his full attention back on Camille. She had brought back the glass of wine closer to her, nursing it.

“They really didn’t tell you anything?” She asked cautiously.

“Who? Your sister and Sam?” He shook his head. And for the first time since arriving, his ears picked up on the city noise around them. “No, they didn’t.”

Giving a small nod, she sighed and finally said. “She’s pregnant.”

Sebastian’s jaw dropped at her words. He must have heard wrong. “Wait-What?”

“He got her pregnant. She is almost 5 months pregnant.” Emphasizing the word, as if doing so, it would have a different meaning. She locked eyes with him, tears pooling. “She didn’t even know about me Sebastian. At least- not until he decided to take the trip to come see me.” Letting out an
unsteady breath. “She showed up to pick up some extra clothes for him for work. And she looked like a deer in headlights when she saw me. And she kept apologizing over and over.” Running a shaky hand through her hair. “And I couldn’t even be angry at her. Because he lied to her too. And now she’s having his child.” Her voice cracking.

Sebastian just sat there, flabbergasted at what he was hearing. Unsure of what to do or say to make this better for her. He didn’t have to say anything, because she continued.

“She is starting to show. So I made the mistake of asking how far along she was….?” Rubbing a hand over her face. “And that’s when she said 5 months. He got her pregnant before I left to Manchester. He couldn’t even wait until I was gone to do any of this.” Her voice beyond a whisper.

Sebastian wanted to reach out, to give her a soothing touch, to let her know he was right there. But stopped himself for whatever reason.

They locked eyes again, and she let out a short cynical laugh. “I don’t know what came over me in the moment, but I marched up the stairs to our-his bedroom and into his closet-where he keeps his fancy suits-many of which I’ve bought by the way- and threw them out the window into the backyard with the sprinklers.” She said matter of factly.

Sebastian couldn’t help but snort at the confession. But could picture it perfectly in his head.

“Nat was already down there and turned the sprinklers on for me.” Blindly reaching out for her glass, finally taking another sip, almost in satisfaction. “I know it was irrational and immature but it just felt like the only thing I could control.” She explained. “And he loves those stupid suits…”

Sebastian chuckled wickedly. “How many were there?”

“Like 7 or 8?” She answered, a small giggle escaping her, despite everything. “I mean he has other ones, but these are the ones that he usually wore during functions or work stuff.” She paused with a worry look. “I know I shouldn’t have done it-“

“Cam-that is far less worse of what I would have done, if I would have been there and he’d been there.”

She gave him a grateful smile. “I haven’t checked my phone, but I’m sure he has been blowing it up, wanting to know what the hell I was thinking.” Letting out a large sigh, the smile faded, and the look of sadness hit her face again. “How could I have been so stupid Sebastian?” She whispered.

“Hey.” Sebastian started, sitting up straight to lean closer to her. “You’re not stupid.” He said in a stern voice, his fingertips touching the hand in her lap.

“Aren’t I?” She pushed. “I was ready to let him try and explain himself to me. And I would have. Regardless of what I was feeling back in New York…” her voice breaking again. “Because despite of everything I still love him.” Camille confessed.

“I know.” Was all he could mustered in spite of the twinge in his heart at her words, as he pulled her into his arms to let her cry. He happened to look up and in the direction that lead toward the inside of the house, only to find Natalie peeking out at them, with a look of concern on her face as she took a step back and disappeared into the house.

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“The fact that it took me 45 minutes to find cranberry juice is ridiculous.” Sebastian complained, handing Sam the paper bag before following her to the kitchen.
Looking over her shoulder, she gave him a sympathetic smile. “That’s Malibu for you.” Placing the bag on the counter to dig out the gallon of juice. “Thanks for going and getting this.” She said gratefully.

“No problem.” he stated, planting himself on one of the barstools around the kitchen island. It hadn’t even been 24 hours since Camille had revealed to him about David becoming a dad with someone else. And after sitting out in her sister’s backyard for a good 20 minutes the night before (hugging and letting her cry), Natalie and Sam reappeared, quickly suggesting they spend Saturday in Malibu, since Sam had her parent’s beach house for the weekend.

“You can’t say no the beach…!” Natalie had teased, with a knowing look.

So after a bit of begging from Natalie and Sam, Camille had agreed. Inviting Sebastian to tag along.

Sebastian knew Natalie was right. If there was one thing, he had picked up on: was Camille’s love for the beach/ocean. Whenever she talked about California, the mention of the Pacific Ocean was inevitable. Her whole face would light up talking about the many times Natalie, her parents and herself would spend hanging out at one of the many sandy beaches down the coast. It was fairly obvious those were fond memories for her.

The ocean was a perfect place to go get lost and distracted. He understood that. And this was definitely a time for her to do just that.

Speaking of…

“Is she still on the phone?” He asked and at the same time turned to look toward the huge windows that showcase expansive ocean and coastline panoramas of the Pacific Ocean. He knew Camille joked/teased Natalie about it, but Sam was fucking loaded-well if not her- then her family. But what he had quickly come to learn, was her lack of desire to parade the fact that she had money. Unlike some people he knew back in New York, she didn’t use her money to define who she was. In fact-she was the opposite of that. And that was only from talking to her in the past few hours.

“Hmm? Oh yea.” Sam answered.

“I don’t see her out there…” he mused, straining his head to peek outside. Before he had left, Camille had gotten a phone call from Liz and excused herself to the outside patio of the beach house.

“She must have walked down to the beach part.” Sam guessed, grabbing a bottle of liquor from one of the cabinets and placing it next to the cranberry juice.

Sebastian turned to Sam and smirked, the reason why he had gone and bought the cranberry juice in the first place in front of him. Sam had promised to make them her famous drink, she’d apparently learned while bartending in college.

“It’s been 45 minutes.” He mumbled.

“Maybe you should go find her?” She suggested, with a raised eyebrow, before tearing the cap off the liquor bottle. With everything that was going on with David at the moment, the need to keep an eye on Camille seemed to be a silent agreement between himself, Sam and Natalie. “The stairs will take you straight down into the sand. Sometimes she likes to go for runs or walks when were down here.” She explained.
As she spoke, Sebastian found himself getting up from the bar stool. His mind made up to go look for her and feeling thankful that Sam wasn’t teasing him about doing so. “I’ll go…see if I can find her.” He stated, while also grabbing his hoodie on the stool next to him. He came to a halt, as something dawned on him. “Where’s Natalie?” looking back at Samantha.

“Showering.” Sam said with a roll of her eyes. “She’s like a freakin mermaid.” Then shook her head, waving a dismissive hand in the air. “Go find Cam.” She ordered. “Food shouldn’t be here for another 30 minutes or so.”

They had decided on take out for an early dinner, instead of making anything after spending most of the day out in the sun. “Alright, I’ll be back.” He declared, already making his way toward the white French doors leading out to the patio. Stepping outside, he watched the sun softly begin to set over the west side of the horizon and ocean waves, at the same time the cool breeze hit his face. Following Sam’s directions, he trotted down the steep stairs that lead directly into the sandy beach. Once again, the breeze from the seas, catching him by surprise.

Once his feet, hit the sand, he bend down to slip off the beach sandals, enjoying the feel of the sand between his toes as he glanced from one side to the other, allowing his eyes to adjust to his surroundings of the beach/ocean. He walked for a few minutes along the almost empty beach, finally spotting Camille a few feet away. The closer he got to her, the clearer it was to him, how lost in her own thoughts she was at the moment.

She kept taking steps slowly in and out of the water, backing out whenever the waves reached above her ankles, hands crossed in front of her, rubbing on her bare shoulders from the coolness of air around them, her face set in a slight frown that was visible even from where he stood.

He watched her step in deeper into the water that time. “Trying to get sucked into the ocean?” he teased once he was inches from her.

Looking over her shoulder, she gasped in surprise. “What are you-?” Letting out a small squeak as the waves hit her again- a bit harder that time-almost knocking her over in the process. He chortled, swiftly making his way closer, his arms instinctively reaching out. She gave him a glare, but Sebastian could see the embarrassment in her eyes. “More like the ocean trying to beat me up.” She tried to joke, rubbing her shoulders again.

“Here.” He said, holding out his hoodie to her, and gave himself an imaginary pat on the back for bringing it out.

“It’s yours.”

“Yeah, and you’re cold.” Sebastian simply stated, taking a quick step back before the cold water touched his feet.

“I am not-“

“Dragoste, you’re in a pair of shorts and tank top, with a wet bikini underneath.” Sebastian observed with a raised eyebrow. Trying his best to push the sight of her in the pink bathing suit from earlier out his thoughts as he spoke. “And the sun is slowly disappearing, and you’re standing barefoot in the Pacific-“

“Okay, okay.” She mumbled, taking the hoodie out of his grasp.

Smirking in satisfaction, Sebastian watched from the corner of his eye as she put it on to shut him up. He knew all he had to do was nag long enough for her to cave in.
“Happy?” Camille asked, but slipped both her hands into the front large pocket of the hoodie for a few moments to warm them up.

“Are you still cold?” He scolded back with raised eyebrows. But unable to stop from thinking how right she looked in his clothes, regardless of how big it looked on her, while pushing the sleeves up her arms.

“No.” She muttered, shoving her hands back into the front pocket and breaking him out of his thoughts. Meeting his gaze, she narrowed her eyes in suspicion. “They send you out here to find me?”

“No. I came out here looking for you.” He confessed, jumping back startled at the huge wave that hit them. He heard Camille giggle next to him. Frowning, he extended his hand and asked. “Can we move from here and sit?”

“You can’t handle a few waves?” Camille teased, but took the hand, allowing him to lead them to a dry and sandy part of the beach. He made a goofy face, but didn’t respond.

After finding a good spot, Sebastian plopped down on the ground, pulling his knees up, tugging gently on Camille’s hand to do the same. Giving a playful glare, she let out an exasperated sigh before settling next to him. “Bad news from Liz?” he curiously asked, watching from the corner of his eye as she playfully leaned into one side of him. He wrinkled his nose, pretending to be annoyed, but in reality it didn’t bother him. He liked being close to her.

“Hmm, no.” she answered with a shake of her head, before gently resting it on the side of his shoulder. “She’s in the process of trying to close on this deal, and she has a tendency of getting super animated when she talks.”

“For forty five minutes?”

Camille lifted her head up, giving Sebastian a raised eyebrow. “Are you fishing Sebastian?” she said with a hint of annoyance in her voice.

“Not fishing.” He stated. “Just…worried.” he said softly.

She gave a sad smile, but looped one her arm through his and rested her head back on his shoulders. “You’re so dramatic Stan.” She whispered.

Letting out a short laugh, he gave his shoulders a quick shake to throw her off balance a bit. “I am an actor doll.” He sassed back, knowing how much she hated the nickname. Funny enough, the nickname was something he only used on Camille, and he only picked it up, while filming. It was never a nickname that was part of his regular vocabulary.

“Don’t call be doll.”

“Don’t call me Stan.”

With her head still resting on his shoulder, they sat in silence for the next few minutes, watching as the wave’s crashed against each other and the sun continued to set over the horizon. Shutting his eyes for a moment, he found himself inhaling her sweet scent of vanilla mixed with a hint of coconut. Was it her shampoo?

“What time is your flight on Monday?” she asked, breaking the silence between them.

Blinking a few times to remember he finally spoke. “Uh…6:30? No…6:45 in the morning.”
Tempted to reach out and play with her hair, as the wind kept pushing it in his face.

“Mmmkay. That’s perfect. I’ll drop you off then head to the office to meet with Liz about this deal she’s been working on.”

“You don’t have to drop me off. I can grab a cab-.” But pressed his lips together, when Camille rapidly lifted her head and narrowed her eyes. “I just don’t want you going out of the way to LAX if you don’t have to.” He tried to argue.

“I never said it was out my way.” She countered, giving a light shake of her head to push her curls that threaten her face out of the way. “I’m driving you to the airport.” Pushing her hair to one side, before throwing the hood of the sweater over her head. “Don’t argue with me.” She ordered, tugging back a few strands of hair. A small smile tugged on his lips, as he watched her. She met his gaze. “What?” she asked with a wrinkle of her forehead.

“Trying to soak me in as much as you can before I leave huh?” He teased with a suggestive eyebrow wiggle. But as the words left his mouth, Sebastian felt the familiar pang in his chest at the realization of what that meant. It made him feel uneasy, not knowing what the next step was for them. They kept telling each other, they would call and text, but what if after a few days, she got tired of doing so? With work and friends? What if their relationship only worked in Manchester but not anywhere else? He was firm believer in not pushing things together if there was no hope/future for it.

“I’m gonna miss you too.” He heard Camille whisper next to him with a slight shove. Swallowing the lump that suddenly formed in his throat, he gave her a pretend confused look and snort. “Who’s says I’m going to miss you?”

“Your face, Ojos Azules.” Giving his nose a light tap. “You have the worst poker face.” She stated with a small smile, before nuzzling closer into him, arm still looped through his and resting on the top of his knee.

Sebastian didn’t respond, instead he tried to catch his breath as all these thoughts and feelings ran through his brain.

She spoke up again, her voice lower than a whisper. “Don’t forget me too much, okay?”

His chest squeezed at her words. “Nu dragoste.” He whispered back. “Never.” He repeated in English. “You’re stuck with me now.” He added, trying to lighten the mood.

A light laugh left her lips, as she lolled her head/face up at him. “You say that now-.”

“I’ll say that always.” He interjected firmly. A hint of unsureness flashed through her eyes, but all she did was smile up at him instead. “Besides I still owe you a Broadway show.” He reminded as she shut her eyes.

Camille smile grew as the words resonated with her. “Can I pick the show?”

He rolled his eyes even though she wasn’t looking but his heart skipped a beat at the idea of making future plans with her. “I guess.” He deadpanned. And another small laugh left her lips. He tried to engrave every single of feature of her face into his brain at the moment as he stared.

Saying goodbye to her on Monday was not going to be easy. In fact, he was already dreading it. And then there was also the feeling of worry about leaving after everything that was going on with David. He needed to make sure she was going to be okay. Letting out a sigh, he mustered the courage and asked. “Do you wanna talk about what happened Thursday?” Not needing to say anything else.
He heard a small whine leave her lips with a small shake of her head. “Not really.” Snuggling her face even more into his arm.

“Camille…” he started with a light chuckle, thinking how ridiculous she looked at the moment.

“We talked about it last night.” She reminded, her voice muffled.

“We talked about what happened…not how you’re feeling about what happened.”

“Well…I’m feeling fine about it Dr. Phil.”

He sighed in frustration at her smart ass response. “C’mon Camille-.”

Lifting her head back up, she pushed her face closer to his, eyes barely visible due to the hood over her head. “I’ll be fine. Getting back to work and being around family and friends will help. It’s just about getting into a routine.”

He couldn’t help but wince at her statement. It hurt. He wasn’t going to be around much to help anymore.

“You don’t have to worry.”

Without thinking twice, Sebastian slipped a hand to one side her neck, pressing his forehead against hers. “I know I don’t have to…but I’m going to.” His heart racing a bit quicker all of a sudden.

She nervously licked her lips, but didn’t say a single word. Her eyes searching his face.

“Promise you won’t just push this aside?” His voice serious and concern.

She brought a hand up to his face. “I’ve already contacted my therapist. I’m just waiting for her to call back and schedule a day for an appointment.” She reassured.

A small feeling of relief hit the pit of his stomach at her words. One of the many things he admired about Camille was her openness about her mental health. He knew it had taken a long time for her to get to this point about it, but he was glad she had.

“See? Nothing to worry about.”

He let out a huffed chuckle before pressing a soft kiss to the top of her forehead. “How many times has he called?” Running his thumb against her cheek.

“Just since this morning?” She asked sarcastically. A devilish look tugged on her face. “I did listen to one of the messages. He was not happy about the suits.”

“Yeah because that’s what he should be upset about.” Sebastian muttered, his jaw twitching, as his thumb continued to stroke her cheek. “Cam, we aren’t thousands of miles away anymore. What if he decides to just show up to the house? Or work?” His eyebrows furrowing together.

“I’ll handle it.” Biting her bottom lip.

“How?” Sebastian pushed. “Because we both know he sure as hell doesn’t take ‘no’ for an answer.” He grunted. “And I won’t be here-.”

Camille cupped his face. “Stop.” She ordered. “This isn’t your responsibility Sebastian.” She said a little too harsh, but he could see the tears breaming in her eyes.
“You’re so stubborn.” Was all he could manage to say.

“Just… all the time.” She replied back with a hint of a smile.

“Being worried about you is not a chore for me.” Sebastian told her, unable to stop himself from nuzzling his nose against hers. “Just in case you’re wondering.”

Hearing her breath hitch, a few tears rolled down the side of her face. “I just want all of it to go away…” Her voice cracking.

“I know.” Sebastian said softly, wiping the tears away with his thumb. “I know.”

Pressing another kiss- to her cheek that time. Wishing he could fix all of this. Make David and the pain she felt disappear. And just hold her until she was no longer feeling lost or hurt.

Looking up at him through her eyelashes, she sniffed back the tears, and at the same time moved so her mouth hovered above his. Without hesitation, Sebastian pushed the hood back from her head and tugged the hand back behind her neck to pull her closer. He couldn’t stop himself, even wild horses couldn’t drag him away. Licking his dry lips, he closed his eyes, her breath tickling his face.

“Seb…” Her voice sounded so far away.

Before he could even register what was going on, his lips finally touched her soft ones and he swore he heard a whimper escape her mouth. Every single sense of his being was alert at the moment. He angled his mouth and at the same time she opened hers to let his bottom lip touched her upper lip. But before they had the chance to explore more of each other’s mouth, a loud ringing between them made Camille jump back.

He groaned and shut his eyes tightly. Of course this was going to happen. It always seemed to happen.

“Fuck…fuck, I thought it was on silent. I’m sorry.” She stammered, blindly reaching for the phone in her back pocket. “I-I’m sorry.” She repeated.

Sebastian ran a shaky hand over his hair. “Cam, it’s okay.” But deep down he was cursing David’s name. Because who else would fucking ruin this moment between them?

She glanced down at the phone in her hand and sighed. “It’s Nat. The food is here.”

Fuck. He has forgotten about Natalie and Sam.

“Okay.” Was all he could managed to say. He watched her push herself up from the ground, extending her hand out to him. Blinking a few times, he took it and pulled himself up, sandals in hand.

Camille gave him an apologetic smile, she wrapped her arm around his, leading them back to the beach house. “You know I’m keeping the hoodie right?”

Maybe it was a good thing they got interrupted. Camille was still upset and confused and he didn’t want to make it worse. But her statement broke him out of his trance of shock, following her, he laughed. “Is that so?”

“Yup, I’m keeping it as collateral until the next time I see you.”
“Will you let me know what you land?” Camille asked, anxiously playing with her car keys.

“Yes mom.” Sebastian answered dryly, shutting the car door and pulling his backpack over each shoulder.

Opening the trunk, Camille rolled her eyes. “You’re so funny.” Giving him once over with a pretend look of disgust. “And I’m not the one with the backpack.”

“Hey-don’t knock it.” He retorted with a grunt as he took his two suitcases out of Camille’s car trunk.

It was 5 in the morning on a Monday and she had just pulled into the underground parking lot at LAX to drop off Sebastian for his flight to New York. She chewed on her lower lip uneasily, watching him slam the trunk door down. She wasn’t sure if she was going to be able to do this. Her stomach felt queasy, and she kept getting heart palpitations. This was ridiculous! It’s not like he was a boyfriend!

No, but it was Sebastian. Someone who she’d come to care about deeply. Someone who for 5 plus months was only a few doors away. But that was about to change within the next hour. Because he was leaving. She was feeling abandoned, but it wasn’t even his fault. It wasn’t anyone’s fault. It was just how it was supposed to be. Camille knew this day was unavoidable, but it was still daunting.

He was bound to forget about her. And why shouldn’t he? So much was going to be changing for him soon. He was going to start getting more roles and traveling and it would be harder for them to keep in contact.

“Hey…?” Camille heard him whisper.

Giving a slight shake of her head, she blinked back to the present. Sebastian standing in front of her with a concern look. “Hmm? Yeah?” Forcing a smile to her face. “Ready?” About to turn in the direction of the long walkway that led to the entrance of the airport.

“Whoa- hold on.” Grasping her elbow lightly.

Why did she offer to drive him again?

“Thanks for dropping me off.” He said sincerely, letting go of her elbow and placing a finger underneath her chin, slowly forcing her to look up at him. Finally meeting his gaze, Sebastian smiled warmly. “Say you’re gonna miss me.” He ordered cheekily.

Camille shut her eyes for split second, a small smile tugging on her lips at his silly command.

“There it is.” Sebastian stated.

“There what is?”

“A smile dragoste.”

Glancing over her shoulder she hurriedly said. “C’mon, we should-.”

“Hey, what’s the rush?” Sebastian asked curiously.

“Your flight.” She exclaimed in an exasperating tone.
“Camille, my flight isn’t for another hour and forty five minutes. And besides I’ve already checked in my luggage through the website.”

“But it’s LAX-“

“Yes. But it’s also 5 in the morning.” He reminded with a frown.

Breaking away from his gaze, she shifted on the bottom of her heels uncomfortably. This would be so much easier if he just followed the airport protocol…or whatever. Where she walked with him across the street to the airport entrance, gave each other a quick hug and said bye.

“If you’re checked in already then why are we here?”

Sebastian tossed his head back to laugh. Then shook his head. “This was your plan.” He reminded, placing his hands on her hips. “I was the one who suggested we get here around 6, but noooooo that was going to be too late…” he mocked, bending at the knees, trying to get her to look at him.

Camille felt her cheeks burn, avoiding eye contact. She has said that hadn’t she?

“Goodbyes aren’t your thing.” Sebastian observed with a shake of his head. She met his gaze for half a second. “Noted.” No longer forcing eye contact.

Swallowing the baseball size lump in her throat, she finally looked at him again and asked suspiciously. “What do you mean ‘noted’?”

“It means: the next time I’m here and you insist on dropping me off at the airport, I’ll say no.”

She only frowned. But Sebastian gave her the smile that made her insides warm up whenever he did so. Damn him.

Clearing his throat, he continued. “Okay… tell you what-why don’t we just say goodbye here?” Placing his finger underneath her chin once again and tugging it upward to make her look at him. She was sure her eyes held confusion and hurt, because Sebastian quickly added. “Not because I don’t want you to go with me in there- I mean you can’t really go past much in there anyway unless you have a ticket…” he babbled on.

A small smile played on her lips, listening to him. Maybe she wasn’t the only one who was nervous.

Sebastian noticed, because he quickly scowled. “I’m glad you find this amusing.”

“I didn’t say a word!” She protested. He scowled for a few more moments and then Camille felt him pull her close. Her heart hammered in her chest, thankful it was 5 in the morning and it was still dark out and not many people were around. “You really want to say bye here?” She murmured after a few moments of silence, except for the occasional car horns going on behind them.

“Next time, let me take a cab.” He stated with a lick of his bottom lip. “Because I don’t like goodbyes either.” He quickly explained.

Camille lifted her nose up in the air and simply stated. “We’ll see.”

Shaking and shutting his eyes for a split moment. “So stubborn.” He accused.

She realized what he was doing all of a sudden. Procrastinating the fact that he had to make his way to the inside of the airport.

“Okay…” he started, glancing down at his watch. “I should probably start heading that way. It is a
little past 5:15 now.”

Camille gave him a knowing look. “See? Aren’t you glad we got here early now-?”

“Camille,” Interrupting her. “Say: ‘Sebastian, I’m gonna miss you.” He ordered in a serious tone, but his eyes danced with mischief.

She couldn’t help but snort back the sudden laugh. “This is not how goodbyes work. You can’t force someone to say-.”

“Fine, I’ll say it.” Sebastian declared. Camille pressed her lips together, her inside shaking and praying he didn’t notice. “Camille-I’m gonna miss you.” He said in a barely there whisper, that made her chest ache with fear once again.

She could only stare blankly. Unsure of what to say. Scared of opening her mouth, and begging him to take her with him. Or worse, asking him to stay with her. Remembering what almost happened on Saturday again. She frowned. They did that a lot didn’t they? The “almost happen/didn’t happen”.

“Cam?” He questioned, the small hint of hurt in his voice not lost on her.

“When’s your next audition?” She blurted out. Unable to say bye just yet.

He blinked in surprise at her question. “Uh, they are supposed to be calling me in the next few days so I can talk to the director and if he likes me then I could be back here in about 3 weeks, for a second audition.” Pause. “Hopefully.” He added.

By then Camille had pressed her body as close to his as possible. With saying a single word, she wrapped her arms around his neck, burying her face into his chest. He quickly drew his arms around her waist, rubbing her back soothingly. A slight shiver ran through her as his lips pressed a tender kiss to one side of the nape of her neck.

“Was that so hard?” She heard him ask in a teasing tone.

After a few more moments, Camille finally pulled away from his chest, to find him grinning knowingly down at her.

“I knew you were gonna miss me.” He said smugly. Camille only rolled her eyes. Despite the fact, he was right. Cupping her face between his hands he stated. “When I come back, you and Natalie are taking me to Disneyland. We’ll drag Charles along with us.” He suggested.

She smiled back at his promise. Not sure of what else she could say, without breaking into tears. So she let him talk. The last few days she has done a lot of crying because of David, at times it felt useless and worthless. And she was unable to stop or control it. So she wasn’t going to allow that to happen right now—even if crying this time was for a different reason.

Glancing at his watch, his mouth twitched and dropped his hands from her face. “Fuck. I should go…” trailing off and his blue orbs, taking in all of her face. “I’ll text you when I land.” He promised, pressing a soft kiss on to her cheek.

Camille could only nod as he took a step back from her and reached for his luggage. “Tell Liz I’m sorry I missed her again.” He apologized.

She let out a short laugh, finally speaking. “I will.” Liz had been annoyed when it came to her attention that he was leaving on the same day she was arriving in LA. Watching him maneuver his luggage. He gave her another quick glance and a small wave before turning his back and trudging
toward the airport entrance.
Chapter 19 Ex-Factor

Chapter Summary

Again-thank you for the comments and kudos! xoxo. I love reading them and truly keep me inspire to continue! Here is the new chapter!

Ex-Factor

Halloween 2010

Studio City, CA

Camille hummed along to the music as she ripped open the chip bag and tossed into the big plastic festive bowl in front of her.

“Alright, I’m still stumped.” Came a familiar deep voice behind her.

“Stumped about what?” she asked without looking up from her task, but taking a chip into her mouth.

“Your costume! I have no idea who you’re supposed to be.”

Camille smiled to herself, grabbing another chip bag and dumping into the next bowl. She felt him next to her a few moments later, shoulder to shoulder. Pretending she hadn’t notice him yet, she took another bite of a chip. But burst into a fit of giggles when he began shaking his shoulders from side to side with the music, bumping purposely with hers. “I hate to break it to you white boy-but you can’t dance.” She teased with a side-eyed look.

“You know, I would be insulted, but…sadly I know it’s the truth.” He said with a small pout.

With a shake of her head, she snorted back her laughter at his goofiness and finally turned to face Sebastian. Her heart did a little jump when she realized that he was already looking at her with those blue orbs she had come to care and rely on. He grinned widely, before reaching for a chip himself.

“Need help with anything?” he offered.

“Yeah, can you grab the extra plastic cubs from the pantry?” Camille replied.

He gave her an offended look. “I didn’t actually think you were going to make me help…” he scoffed. “I am a guest after all.”

Camille rolled her eyes, pointing in the direction of the pantry. “In there Ojos Azules.” Ignoring his whining.

He squinted in a glare, but walked back blindly toward the pantry. Without taking his eyes off her, he pulled the door open, a slight smirk on his features. Camille’s gaze didn’t falter, instead she suppressed her laughter again. It had been almost 4 weeks since their goodbye at the airport. It almost seemed a lifetime ago to her now. After he had left, she had sat in her car for a good 15 minutes, and found herself crying again. A combination of everything that was going on and the fact that
Sebastian was gone hitting her. After getting herself together, she drove to meet Liz. After that, most of the month had been a blur while she got back to her routine in LA, mostly with work.

And even though she had been fearful of the unsureness of her relationship with Sebastian, they managed to talk and text every day. Which had eased her insecurities. Now he was back in town for a few days, making Camille happier than she was willing to admit—especially to him.

Particularly since her birthday was only 2 days away, but were celebrating it a few days early with Sam’s. Throwing a Halloween/birthday party for both of them, since their birthdays were a few days apart. Hence the party favors/music/snacks and even costume! It had become sort of a tradition to share their birthdays and it was easier than celebrating two. Plus it gave them and their friends a chance to dress up for Halloween. And Samantha loved decorating the house all up for the holiday/birthday.

“Seriously, who are you supposed to be?” Sebastian asked, breaking her out of her thoughts.

“If you can’t figure it out then I’m not gonna tell you.” Camille responded with a frown.

“That sentence doesn’t even make sense Camille.”

She couldn’t help but giggle. It really hadn’t. Oh well. She grabbed another chip and shoved into her mouth. Wow. She really needed to eat if she planned on drinking for the night. She had been running around all day, helping get everything ready for tonight that she hadn’t sat down to eat.

“You know what does make sense?” Sebastian asked, standing next to her and handing her the cups.

“What’s that?” Taking them out of his hand with a grateful smile.

Resting both of his hands on the edge of granite countertops, he leaned his body forward, but tossed his head back, giving her a once over unhurriedly with a shake of his head in admiration. “Those spandex…”

Camille narrowed her eyes. “What about them? And watch your words carefully Stan.” She warned, but felt her cheeks warm up. Not sure if he was teasing or complementing.

He absently licked his bottom lip, gazing back up at her. “They’re…spandex.” He said lamely, his cheeks turning red all of a sudden, letting go of the countertop to run his fingers through his hair.

“Oh huh.” She uttered, opening the bag with the cups.

“I mean…” with another shake of his head, blowing air from his lips. “They fit you…perfectly…” He muttered, his eyes lingering up and down her body again, settling for a few extra seconds on her ass. “And what you have over them-.”

But stopped talking when Camille put her hand over his mouth. “Quit while you’re ahead.” She cautioned. Sebastian playfully glared, Camille daringly stared back. For a split second, it looked like he was just going to pull away, but her eyes widen in surprise when she felt a small sting on her palm. “Sebastian!” she squeaked, quickly pulling away.

Tilting his head to one side, he raised an eyebrow in satisfaction. “That’s what happens when you put things in front of my mouth. I bite.” He sasssed with naughty smile.

Camille frowned, rubbing her palm with her other finger. “That hurt, you jerk.”

Rolling his eyes, he took a step closer. “Let me see, you big bebelus.”
“No.” she grumbled, pulling her hand behind her back.

“Oh stop it. Here.” He said in an exasperated tone, reaching out to grab her hand. “I’ll kiss and make it all better.” He teased with a wink, assessing her palm.

Camille glowered at him, trying her best to at least pretend to be mad at him. In reality, she was feeling a bit relieved at the moment. She had been scared that even though they had been keeping in contact every day through phone calls/text, that it would be awkward when they were back together. But so far- they had picked up right where they had left off. It felt as if no time had passed between them. If anything, their flirtatious nature had been picked up since he arrived the day before when they met up for dinner with Natalie and Samantha. Maybe it was because they hadn’t seen it each other in weeks, she wasn’t sure.

She broke out of her thoughts when she felt him lift her hand up back to his face. “What are you doing?” she questioned.

He blinked and repeated. “Kissing it to make it all better.”

Swiftly, she jerked her hand away. “Nice try. I’m not letting your mouth anywhere near me-.” Yet quickly stopped herself at the realization of her words.

“Hmm…you sure about that?” he questioned, taking another step in her direction.

Camille didn’t miss a beat. “Pretty sure.”

“Hmmph.”

“I mean you did just say that you’ll bite anything that’s put in front of your mouth.”

“And that doesn’t sound like something you like?”

Tilting her head to one side, Camille pretended to think about her answer, as she reached out and playfully tugged on the end of his tie, biting on her lower lip before speaking. “I never said that. I just enjoy other things that are done with a mouth…” Shrugging nonchalantly, before looking up at him through her lashes.

His tongue slightly stuck out of the corner of his mouth, licking the top and bottom lip as carefully watching her speak. Camille pretended not to notice, and only continued to blink harmlessly at up at him.

“Seriously?” Came another a voice a few steps away from them. “You two are ridiculous.”

“What are you talking about?” Camille asked at the same time Sebastian blinked out of his trance, stumbling backwards at the sudden interruption. Camille only gave him a weak smile before taking a step back herself.

“You know exactly what I’m talking about.”

“You invited him?” Sebastian scoffed, quickly recuperating from their little moment and trying his best to change the subject.

“Yeah, because I bring the ice.”

“And I’m so grateful!” Camille said in a sweet voice and a huge grin. “Thank you Charles!”

Charles pretended to give her a disgusted look but asked. “Where do you want the bags Jessie?”
In the freezer.

Jessie?” Sebastian questioned in confusion.

“Yeah, as in Jessie Spano.” Charles explained, placing the bags in the freezer. “From Saved by the Bell?” he stated, looking at his best friend in disappointment for not knowing who he was talking about.

Sebastian wrinkled his forehead in concentration, obviously still unsure of what Charles was talking about. After a few more seconds, he tossed his head back and laughed. “That’s your costume?” he asked, looking back at Camille with an amused smile.

Camille gave herself a once over, with a hand on her hip. “What? You don’t think I pull it off?” she mocked. She wore a pair of tight black spandex, with a one piece bright pink bathing suit G-string over it. She had exaggerated her curls by fluffing them late 80’s style with a big black bow on one side of her head. There was also a towel she plan on carrying around as an accessory, but she wanted to get everything ready before everyone got there.

“Never said you didn’t darlin.”

Giving him a flirtatious wink, she tossed the empty plastic bags into the trash can. “Natalie is dressed as Lisa and Sam is Kelly.”

Sebastian lifted his nose up in the air before nodding in understanding. “Now those outfits make more sense…” he murmured to himself.

“Yup. The last few years we’ve tried to do theme costumes. Last year we were the Sanderson sister from Hocus Pocus.”

“Ooh I would love to have seen that!” Charles piped in with a wicked smile.

Camille beamed widely at him. “It was pretty good if I say so myself.”

“Which one of the Sanderson’s where you?” Sebastian asked with a light smirk.

She sassed back. “Wouldn’t you like to know…”

Charles groaned. “Ookay and on that note I’m going to go get the rest of the ice out of my car.” He indicated loudly for the both of them to hear. “Because I swear to god, it physically hurts me to watch you two right now. . . .” trailing off with a shake of his head, leaving them alone again.

Once he was out of sight, Sebastian snickered. “I knew that would get him to leave.”

Camille’s jaw dropped open. “Now why would you do that?”

“So I could give you your birthday gift.”

Her eyes grew wide in surprise at his revelation. She hadn’t been inspecting anything from him. “You didn’t have to get me anything-. . .”

Waving a hand in the air dismissively he interrupted. “I know, I know, me being here is gift enough-. . .” Camille rolled her eyes and gave his chest a playful slap. “Hey! You want the gift or not?” he teased, moving both hands behind his back.

Camille shrugged pretending to disinterested. “My birthday isn’t for two more days-“
“So you don’t want the gift?” She glowered at him. He smiled sweetly, and Camille watched as he maneuvered his left hand to the front of him, a small ocean blue box wrapped with a white ribbon in his hand.

She felt her heart begin to race, glancing between the box and Sebastian. Was that a Tiffany’s box? He got her something from Tiffany’s? She had never gotten anything from there before. Not even her old engagement ring was from there. In fact, she was not sure where David had gotten the ring from…

But back to the present, Sebastian stood in front of her with a Tiffany’s box. Blinking a few times, she met his gaze, he stared back with a knowing smile.

“Don’t worry, I’m not asking you to marry me.” He joked, but nervously ran his other hand through his hair, before placing the small box on the counter.

“Oh thank goodness.” She said mockingly, but curiosity took the best of her, giving the box a few more stares.

“Stop looking at it and open the box.” he softly ordered with a light shove of his hip.

She hesitantly reached for it. Not sure of what to expect. It was just a birthday present Camille. Just like the one you gave him back in Manchester for his birthday. Don’t be stupid.

She tugged at the ribbon and it slowly became undone, then took the top off. For the next few moments, neither one said a word. Camille kept her head down, blinking back a few tears when she realized what it was. Only Sebastian would think of a gift like this.

“Listen, if you don’t like it, we can return it for something else.” She heard Sebastian say in a panic voice.

“What?” Finally lifting her head to meet his gaze. He looked almost frighten. “NO!” she exclaimed with a shake of her head. “It’s-it’s beautiful.” She barely whispered with a sniff, taking the silver necklace out of the box with the music note pendant. Was she really crying? Oh geez.

“You sure?” Rubbing the back of his neck nervously. She smiled at him and only nodded. Her nod was like an invitation, and he stepped in closer. “I saw it and it reminded me of the story you told me about your parents.” He explained with a shy shrug.

“Yeah.” Was all Camille could mustered at the moment, not breaking from his gaze.

It had been months ago and they had been having a conversation about music and she mentioned to him about how her parents had met. Her mom had been a music teacher and to make extra money she decided to start tutoring on the side and one of the little girls she happened to be teaching was her dad’s little sister. It hadn’t been anything extraordinary, just something Camille had mentioned in conversation and then they had continued on.

“You sure you like it?” Sebastian asked uncertain.

“Y-yeah. I mean yes.” She stammered, sniffling again.

He raised a skeptical eyebrow. “Then why the tears? This was not supposed to make you cry.” he muttered.

“I’m fine.” She insisted with a small smile.
“Oh yea? You’re crying Camille.” He insisted, his cheeks turning red. “Birthday presents aren’t supposed to make you sad. Unless it’s not what you want–.”

But before he could get another word out, Camille wrapped her arms around his neck, inhaling his cologne. God the way he smelled was always so intoxicating. It always made her head buzz in appreciation. “Shut up.” She whispered. “It’s perfect. Thank you.” Not sure of what else to say.

She felt him wrap his arms around her waist, nuzzling his nose into her hair before giving her a light squeeze and whispering in her ear. “You smell good.” Camille only hummed in response.

“Oh for fuck sakes. I swear you two...!”

They broke their embrace and both looked in the direction of the voice. Charles was giving them a look of dislike before shaking his head and settling the two bags of ice on the floor. Turning on his heels. “You guys can take of the rest of this. You two need to figure this shit out…I swear to god...” He muttered over his shoulder, still shaking his head.

Sebastian rolled his eyes, walking toward where the two ice bags sat and called out after Charles. “Stop being such a drama queen!” But turned to Camille with a sheepish smile.

Shaking her head she composed herself but let a slight giggle, meeting him half way. “Help me put these in the freezer before Sam comes back here.”

*****

“Why do you have to be the one to do it?”

“Because,” Camille grunted pulling her gray sweat pants over the spandex. “They called me-.”

“They couldn’t call someone else?” Natalie snapped, arms crossed in front of her chest as Camille walked out of her closet.

“Look, I know you don’t like it-.”

Natalie furiously shook her head and interrupted. “This isn’t your responsibility anymore Camille.” Giving her sister a long stare. “It’s not.” She repeated a bit more softly.

Camille shoved her arms into her sweater, zipping it up before letting out a long sigh. “I know.” She agreed, nervously placing a strand of hair behind her ear. “I’ll be quick.” She promised.

“I’m not going with you.” Natalie stated, her voice raising again over the loud music in the living room.

“And I’m not asking you too. I can go by myself.” Reaching for her phone on the end of the bed.

“I don’t want you going by yourself either.”

“Nat-.” Camille started with a short laugh. “I’ll be okay.” Absently putting her phone in the hoodie pocket.

It was a few hours into the Halloween/birthday party and everyone had been having a good time. Dancing, drinking and even singing Karaoke. (Sam had bought a karaoke machine and had it out in the backyard with a small stage where people were free to use). Camille had been having a good time, drinking, laughing and catching up with Sebastian. It had been a nice distraction after the last few weeks of nonstop work.
Sebastian and Charles has been making her laugh for most of the night. Sebastian had pretended to be upset that Camille and Charles had lunch and dinner a handful of times since being back in Los Angeles. And had even exchanged numbers and texted as much as she talked to Sebastian. That only made Charles add fuel to the fire by giving Sebastian the full play by play of their “dates” as he had been calling them. It had all been in fun of course.

Camille had been ready to drag them to do karaoke when her phone had rang from a number she didn’t recognize, without thinking twice she had answered it.

“Hey! There you are!” Sebastian exclaimed, sticking his head into Camille’s bedroom. He looked directly at Natalie. “Sam’s looking for you. She said you know where the extra vodka is at...” but trailed off, obviously feeling the tension in the room. He glanced between the Solis sisters. “What’s up?” Furrowing his eyebrows. “Where you going?”

Natalie opened her mouth, but quickly shut it when she caught Camille’s warning look.

“I’ll be back.” Camille said, avoiding his question, trying to remember if her car keys were still in her purse. She felt Sebastian’s gaze on her and it was making her uncomfortable, because she knew this was not avoidable. She closed her eyes for a split moment before opening them up again and meeting his blue orbs. “I got a phone call from a bar...about David. Apparently he’s been there since this afternoon.” She finished, hanging her head down, not wanting to see Sebastian’s look of disappointment.

“So Camille is driving to the bar to pick him up.” Natalie added angrily. “Even though I keep telling her it’s not her responsibility!”

Camille abruptly lifted her head up, giving Natalie a long stare. “I’m not gonna let him drive like this!”

“Let his drunk ass get a cab!”

Camille sucked in her breath. “Look, we know the bartender. That’s why they called me. Apparently he’s not carrying his phone.” She tried to explained, looking back at Sebastian for the first time. He had stepped into the room and stood a few feet away watching the exchange.

“He really knows how to fucking ruin everything.” Natalie murmured.

“He isn’t ruin anything. I will just go pick him up, drop him off and come back.”

Natalie shut her eyes, as if trying to calm herself down. After a few moments of silence, she opened them back up. “Fine.” Her voice sounding dejected. “But I’m not getting out of the car.” She stated, nose up.

“I can go by myself. I don’t need you running out of the car to kick his ass.” She tried to joke, grabbing her favorite pair of sandals from underneath the bed.

“I don’t want you going by yourself.” Natalie repeated.

“I can go with her.” They both heard Sebastian offer.

Both sisters turned their heads slowly to Sebastian’s direction. Camille quickly shook her head in protest.

Sebastian gave her a small smile. “I promise to stay in the car.” Raising his hand up and bringing three fingers up. “Scouts honor.”
Camille raised an eyebrow. “You were never a Boy Scout.”

Dropping his hand, he shrugged. “Okay, fine. But I’ll stay in the car.”

“You don’t have to. I know you aren’t his biggest fan either. But I just can’t leave him there in good conscience.”

“I don’t mind.” Sebastian said. “Listen, he drove right?” Camille only nodded. “Well someone’s going to have to drive his car back to his place. You can drive it and I’ll follow behind.” He reasoned. “Okay?”

Camille bit her lip nervously. That did make sense. She hadn’t broke her gaze from him since he started speaking. She couldn’t read what he was thinking, but knew that it was probably a good idea to have some there with her. After a few more seconds of trying to rationalize with herself, she finally spoke. “Okay.” With a small nod. “You’re right.”

Sebastian smile grew a little more at her words. “I’m sorry, can you repeat that again?” He teased. Camille narrowed her eyes at him. But let out a silent sigh of relief at his teasing. So maybe he wasn’t that disappointed in her.

“You should have gotten that on record.” Natalie piped in.

“Ha-ha.” Camille said sarcastically.

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Unfortunately Camille had been wrong. Sebastian had been sitting in the driver seat of her car for 20 minutes before deciding to get out and stretch his legs and smoke a cigarette. He was now on his 3rd one. Leaning up against the car door he puffed one more time before flicking the cigarette butt on the driveway and stomping on it with his shoe. He glanced down at his watch, frowning. It had been almost 45 minutes since Camille had walked into the house with David.

Lifting his face up to the night sky, Sebastian tried to push the nervousness and displeasure he was feeling away. He was here for Camille, not David. She needed support and he wanted to be that for her. He had to keep reminding himself of that. It had definitely been important to repeat it to himself when they had arrived at the bar and watched from the car as Camille and some tall bulky guy (who Sebastian assumed was the bartender who had called) held up David from each side to maneuver him into his car. Sebastian had followed behind to the house that Camille once shared with him.

Once they arrived at the house, Camille quickly got out of the car and made her way to him and said it would only take a few minutes to get David settled inside. Sebastian had offered to help, seeing that he could barely walk. But Camille had decline, informing him that David had sobered up enough to make it inside.

With his face still up to the sky, Sebastian let out a large sigh. This whole thing was fucking ridiculous. Natalie was right, this was no longer Camille’s responsibility. Hell, even when they were together it should not have been a responsibility. They were supposed to be a couple, not Camille playing the part of a mother. He glanced back over his shoulder at the front door for what seemed the hundredth time in the past 45 minutes, tempted to go and knock and make sure Camille was okay.

If she needs you, she will let you know. He reminded himself. He wasn’t going to make the same mistake like in New York. Camille had to figure this out on her own. Regardless of how much he and her sister wanted Camille to drop his ass, she would have to do it on her own terms. Not anyone else. Even if it killed him.
Sebastian was about to take out another cigarette when he heard a door open and close, hurriedly he turned his attention to the noise. Letting out a silent sigh of relief, he watched Camille make her way toward the car, looking a bit frazzled when she reached the passenger side. Sebastian walked around toward her with concern in his eyes.

“I’m so sorry.” Camille started rapidly. “I know I said it was going to be quick-.”

“It’s okay.” Sebastian murmured, cupping her face in between his hands.

Camille looked up at him skeptically. “No it’s not. I know how you feel about him.” Nervously running a hand through her hair.

Sebastian gave her a guilty smile. “Okay, no it’s not.” He answered truthfully. Recognizing it was better not to lie.

“Thank you.” She said with a grateful smile, which Sebastian took as ‘thank you for not lying to me.’ about the situation.

“Ready to go?” he asked after a few moments of silence, gesturing toward the car. Camille pressed her lips together before giving him a small nod. “Good. C’mon.” dropping his hands from her face to open the passenger door.

Camille followed, but stopped abruptly before getting inside car. “You got a cigarette?”

It took a few seconds for her request to register in his head. But Sebastian chuckled lowly. “Darlin’ you don’t smoke.” He reminded.

“Ooh right.” She mumbled with a small smile, sliding into the passenger seat. Sebastian shut the door after her, shaking his head in amusement as he walked to the driver’s side.

“I’m glad you still have your sense of humor.” He observed, turning the engine on the car.

“Oh, I wasn’t joking about the cigarette.” Camille said, sliding the seatbelt on, leaning her head back against the headrest, turning her attention toward him. Gnawing on her lip for a few moments before speaking up. “I’m sorry again.” Her eyes filling with regret and remorse.

He leaned over the center console of the car, squeezing her knee. “Stop.” He ordered softly. He wanted to engulf her in his arms at the moment. Blinking a few times, she only nodded. He gave her another squeeze. “You okay?”

“Hmm? Oh yeah.” She said in a not so convincing voice, reaching for his hand that sat on her lap.

“Camille?” He questioned, tangling his fingers with hers before tugging it up to his chest. “Talk to me.” He almost pleaded.

“We should go.” She whispered, looking out the car window and ignoring his previous comment.

Sebastian knew better than to push. So instead he let go of her hand to put the car in ‘drive’, slowly hitting on the gas pedal, pulling up to the end of the drive that lead to one of the main streets. “Which way?” Reaching back over for her hand to get her attention.

She jerked her head in his direction when they touched again. “Left.” Gently placing her other hand on top of his.

Following her directions, he made the left. And for the next 10 minutes, the car ride was silent. It was
pretty late now so the roads where emptier that usual. Every few moments, he would give a side
glance, as she absently stroked the top of his hand but her attention was elsewhere. He had a feeling
she was trying to collect her thoughts.

They came to a red light and Sebastian couldn’t help but let his eyes linger a bit longer on her. In
spite of everything that was going on at the moment, one thing was true- he was glad to be in her
presence after almost 4 weeks. Just like he had predicted, it had taken him almost a week to get back
to his routine back in New York, especially with Camille not being around all the time. His fears
about their friendship only working in Manchester had been wrong-thankfully. They had managed to
keep in touch daily and that had been a great weight off his heart.

“I-I told him I couldn’t do this anymore.” She stammered in a barely there whisper.

Sebastian only continued to stare, unsure of how to respond. Mostly because he thought she had
more to share.

“The lights’ green.” She said with an amused smile, letting go of his hand to point ahead.

Clearing his throat and shaking his head slightly, he mumbled stupidly. “Oh uh yeah. Of course...” at
the same time stepping on the gas pedal.

“Natalie, Tia Yolanda, you...everyone was right...” She said with a bitter laugh.

“Whoa- it’s not fun to be right when you agree with me.” He tried to tease. She brought one knee up,
tilting her head in his direction with a knowing look. Sebastian shrugged and let out an exasperated
sound. “Okay-fine. It’s still a little bit fun.”

“So that means I’m right.” She concluded, a small smile tugging on her lips.

He didn’t say anything for a few moments, but watched as she anxiously twirled the music note
pendant around her neck between her fingers. “Was he sober enough to even know what you were
talking about?” He asked a bit more bitterly than he intended it to sound.

“I made sure he drank plenty of water and had ibuprofen just in case.”

Camille would be the type of person to do those thoughtful things for someone even after all the shit
they put her through. Sebastian gripped the steering wheel a bit tighter when he thought about how
much David had made her cry in the last months. “You’re too good Camille.” He blurted out.

“I wasn’t feeling too good when he was begging me to stay and I told him I couldn’t.” She
confessed, but the tone of her voice sounded different this time. There was a hint of resolve in it. “I
told I couldn’t continue to be his go to person anymore. And that he needs to stop calling me.”
Pausing for a split second to gather her thoughts again. “That there was nothing else to work out or
work through.”

Sebastian felt something inside fill with hope as she spoke.

“Something just clicked Sebastian. Maybe it was seeing him literally sprawled on that table in the
bar... or having to drag him out of there as people stared. I’m not sure. I just realized that this isn’t
healthy. And I know I’ve been saying it, but now I think I’m finally ready. I’m tired of randomly
crying and feeling like I’m not good enough. I know it’s going to be fucking hard. But I know there
isn’t anything I can do to change what happened or change him for that matter.”

By then they had stopped at another red light, and Sebastian could stare with what he assumed was a
smile on his features.
“Go ahead, say I told you so.” She quipped with a slight wrinkle of her nose.

“I’m not going to do that.”

“Oh? Why not?”

“Because sometimes you have to figure it out on your own. And I’m sorry if I pushed.”

She continued to play with her new necklace. “You didn’t.” Then added. “Shit, we need to turn left here.” She instructed.

Glancing into his rear view window, he quickly got to the left lane, turning once the light turned green. “How did he take it?”

“He just kept saying he could change. And he was sorry for everything. That he loves me. I told him he needed to get shit together because he was going to be a father soon. Because this isn’t just about us anymore. There is a child involved now. I’m not going to be the reason why this baby doesn’t have an attentive father.” She finished firmly.

These were the words Sebastian had been hoping to hear for the past 2 months.

“He kept begging and begging for me to stay. By this time he had sobered enough where he couldn’t blame the alcohol.” She licked her bottom lip. “I was scared. For so long he’s been everything and the idea of not having that anymore is scary and overwhelming.” She confessed. Then gave an embarrassed laugh. “I’m just blabbing all over the place.”

“I don’t mind listening.” Sebastian stated. It was a satisfying feeling to have her share her thoughts with him.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah, talk my ear away. I’m used to it by now.”

“Thanks.” She said sarcastically. After a long pause, Camille spoke up again. “Can we not go home yet?” She asked meekly.

They came to another red light and he finally looked over at her with a furrowed of his eyebrows. “Where are we going to go?”

Camille had an almost offended look on her face. “The beach?”

“It’s almost 2 in the morning! I thought they closed?”

Camille lifted both feet and settled them on the passenger dashboard of her car. “Ah that’s what they want the non-locals to think. But there are ways around that.” She said mysteriously.

“If we get caught, I’m leaving you behind. I’m a fast runner.” He warned. Camille shook her head but with a small chuckle. “Alright-which way to the beach?” He asked instead.

The need once again to soak as much time with her as possible, hitting his gut. Realizing he didn’t want the night to end just yet. And he knew that’s what was going to happen if they drove them back to Natalie and Sam’s house.

“Make a right at the next light.” Camille ordered without hesitation.
Chapter 20 Wildest Dreams

Chapter Summary

I don't know how many times I can say thank you. But it never seems enough! So thank you for those who have stayed and read and left kudos or comments! I hope this was worth the wait! xoxo

Chapter 20 Wildest Dreams

Out in an unknown place
Kinda like that feels
You came in my life and held me here
Just in the nick of time
When I lacked the will
To keep on moving on
You’ve been in my dreams, but from now
Couldn’t figure out the reasons
I kept asking God why
And now I’m receiving abundance of love
And I get it,
But never could imagine it, in my wildest dreams…

February 2011

Studio City, CA

“You didn’t have to dress up for me.” Sebastian greeted sarcastically the moment Camille opened the front door.

Taking the candy sucker out of her mouth, she glanced down at her attire. She was in a pair of blue sweat pants and an old high school t-shirt she wore only around the house and messy hair pulled up in a bun at the top of her head. Okay, so maybe she wasn’t dressed in the best clothes, but it was Sunday night. Her period had just started, she been cramping all of day and hadn’t felt like leaving the house. She glanced back up at Sebastian with a slight smirk. “I had plan on wearing my garter belt and lacy bra but I thought it would be too uncomfortable.” Shrugging innocently and putting the sucker back in her mouth for effect.

Sebastian’s mouth slacked for a split moment at her remark but he quickly recuperated, letting his eyes linger up and down her body.

“What?” She asked, trying to push that tingle between her legs away at the way he was staring her down.

He met her gaze and responded. “I just got an image of you wearing what you just described.” Licking his bottom lip almost sensually.

Damn it. He always had a comeback! Sneaky bastard. But instead Camille scowled, grabbing the door as if she was about to close it.
“Whoa, whoa, whoa. You started it!” he quickly exclaimed with a chuckle. “Besides-are you really going to make me leave? I bring pizza!”

Of course she wasn’t really going to close the door on him, yet pretended to think about it. She raised an eyebrow. “Pepperoni?”

“Yes.”

“And pineapple?”

Sebastian scrunch up his nose. “Yes, you weirdo.”

Camille wrinkled her forehead at his remark. Apparently it was weird to him that she liked pineapple on pizza. Typically when they shared pizza, they always ordered half of what each wanted. Letting out an exasperated sigh, Camille took a step back gesturing for him to come inside. Sebastian grinned from ear to ear before closing the door behind him. Without saying another word, Camille moseyed toward the kitchen, Sebastian in toe.

“Have you eaten today?” he asked once they set foot into the kitchen. “Besides that sucker in your mouth.” He added smugly.

“Yesss.” Camille said with a small nod, throwing the now lonely stick in the trash can. “I’ve had cookies and chips as well.” She mumbled, then quickly asked. “Wine or beer?”

“Wines fine.” He answered, setting the pizza box on the countertop. “So you’ve had junk food?” he probed with a hint of amusement in his voice.

“Oh yeah, because pizza is just as healthy.” Camille mocked, taking two clean wine glasses out of the top cabinet, the bottle of red wine under her arm. She made her way toward him and the pizza, placing the wine and glasses down.

“I never said it was healthy.” Sebastian protested.

Camille quickly became distracted, her eyes landing on book on top of the pizza box. Tilting her head, she read the title out loud. “Picnic.”

“Huh? What?” Sebastian said, taking the cork out of the bottle.

“I was just reading the title of this book.”

“Oh yeah, I stopped by a book store for it.” He explained, pouring wine into each glass. “It’s a play actually, underneath is the script or screenplay my manager gave me earlier to look over. Apparently they are wanting to revive it on Broadway.”

“And Emily thought you would be a good fit for it?” Camille supplied with a warm smile, taking both glasses of wine and nodding toward the living for him to follow.

His cheeks had turned a shade of pink as he ran his fingers through his hair. “Yeah. I guess so.” Following after her, and putting the pizza box on the coffee table in front of them.

“Why Mr. Stan, I believe you’re blushing.” She teased, handing his wine over.

“Shut up. I’m not.” He muttered, carefully placing the book and script next to him before opening the pizza box and quickly shoving it into his mouth, chewing for a few moments.

Camille watched carefully, trying to read him. She couldn’t help but notice his hair had grown out a
bit longer from the last time she had seen him, and the 5’ o’clock shadow beard he had going on at the moment was doing things to her. Damn, he really did have a beautiful face. She hadn’t necessarily forgotten how beautiful, but it had been almost a month and a half since the last time they had seen each other and it was nice to have a refresher of it.

The holiday season had come and gone and the New Year had brought on a busy schedule for the both of them. Camille had been so swamped with work and the new project Liz had assigned her to, she had barely got a chance to truly enjoy the holidays, let alone really spend time with Sebastian. The same could be said about him of course, with auditions in New York and Los Angeles, he barely had time to breathe. Even when he was in Los Angeles the last few times, they had only been able to see each other 3 times since Christmas. Which Camille had come to recognize was their new normal, seeing each other when they could, but keeping in contact through phone/text and even email.

Camille grinned widely before reaching for a slice of pizza. “Yes, you are…” she said in a song-song voice. Sebastian glowered, but didn’t say a word. “What part would you be playing?”

“I haven’t even audition yet.” He protested, taking a large bite of his slice.

She chewed a few times, then said in a knowing tone. “But when you do and you get the part, who would you be playing?”

Sebastian let out a small snort. “Your confidence in me is flattering.” He tried to joke. “They wouldn’t start production for another year or so.” He explained, leaning back against the comfortable cushion. “But the character I would be auditioning for is named Hal Carter.” Camille took another bite, waiting expectantly for him to continue. Sebastian squinted his eyes playfully at her. “You want me to elaborate?”

Camille only nodded.

Clearing his throat, he sat up straight again. “From what I’ve read so far- he is supposed to be sort of a drifter who isn’t sure of where he belongs and gets invited to a Labor Day picnic by a former college roommate…and I guess causes havoc in the lives of the people in the small town. Especially the women.” He stated, nervously running his fingers through one side of his hair.

He was adorable when he was unsure of things. She couldn’t help the smile that tugged on her lips, watching him. “Would I be invited to the grand opening? On Broadway?” she teased.

He tossed his head back and let out a laugh. “Darlin, I haven’t even auditioned yet. Nothing is definite. It’s just pure talk right now.”

“Don’t sell yourself short Sebby.” Camille stated, gently tapping his nose with her finger. “And don’t think that this will count as you taking me to a Broadway show.” She added, prompting that he still owed her a show.

Rolling his eyes, he took the last bite of his slice. “Hey, it’s not my fault you can’t say no to Liz. You had an opportunity to come see me last month but you turned it down.” He reminded with a shrug.

Camille glared and defended. “You know I couldn’t leave her hanging with all those new people!” Referring to last minute supervision job Liz had her do a few weeks ago, while Liz flew down to New Zealand to sign the rest of the legal paperwork for the new job they had just been contracted to do.

Sebastian chuckled lowly. “Dragoste, I know.” Trying to hold in his snickers. “I was just trying to
get a rise out of you.” He confessed with a wink. “You think after all this time I couldn’t still do it… but here we are.”

Reaching for her glass of wine, Camille scowled. “You’re a pain.” Bringing the glass to her lips.

“Maybe so, but you wouldn’t want me any other way.”

“You think that wouldn’t you?” She snapped back with a smug look and taking another long swig of wine. Shaking his head, Sebastian snorted back his laugh reaching for his own glass. Camille felt a small smile tug on her lips at his laughter. Sigh. Fine. She couldn’t stay mad at him for too long. New York had been a perfect example of that.

For the next couple of hours they ate, drank and caught up on each other’s daily routine/life. Even though they had lunch the day before, they really did not get the chance to talk as they were surrounded by their friends. (Liz, Natalie, Charles and Will). Camille had suggested (mostly guilt tripped) him into coming over and hanging out before he flew back out Monday morning.

Resting the back of her head on the fluffy pillows, Camille listened to him talk about his last few auditions and meetings. She loved hearing him get all excited about his future endeavors when he spoke. His whole face would light up and his facial expressions gave away how much he loved what he did, regardless of the long trips.

“How’s the wedding planning going?” Sebastian asked, after he had finished telling her about his last audition.

Camille rolled her eyes and groaned before putting an arm over her face. “Don’t ask.”

“That bad?” he asked with a chuckle.

“The wedding is 3 weeks away and they are both driving me crazy! Which is why I suggested Sam drive up to San Francisco to keep an eye on things. Because they’ve been stressing me out with all their bickering. I know it’s just because they both want things to be perfect. And I get it. But being apart for a while before the wedding might be good for them.”

“I was wondering why Sam didn’t join us yesterday.”

Camille couldn’t help but let out an evil giggle, removing the arm from her face to look at him. “Because I sent her away. Well okay…I put the idea in their head.”

“Where’s Natalie right now?”

“She had to go and make sure the table settings are what they ordered. She should be back here in a bit.” Lifting her head up, she asked. “How’s Georgeta?” with a huge smile, changing the subject.

Sebastian grinned back. “Good. She just got back from a trip to Washington—which is a big deal for her because you know she isn’t much of a fan of traveling.” His eyes grew wide. “Which reminds me, she sent a box of German chocolate with me to give to you.” His eyebrows knitted together. “Shit, I thought I brought it in with me…” he mused. “I must have left it in the car.” Pushing himself up from couch. “I’ll be right back.”

“Okay.” Camille said after him, as he made his way to the front door. Following his lead, she stood up and reached for the empty pizza box, and almost empty wine bottle. She turned in the direction of the kitchen then abruptly stopped, pressing her lips together to reach back out for the book and script Sebastian had left on the couch. She couldn’t help it—she was curious and also had a feeling Sebastian was not sharing the whole story with her.
She reached for Tupperware in one of the cabinets and placed the remaining couple of pieces of pizza in them, before sticking it in the fridge. Once she had finished, her fingers reached for the small paperback book and began to skim through it, reading a few couple of pages. After a few moments, she placed the book down and grasped the script book, flipping through it as well.

“Did you drink the rest of the wine?” she heard Sebastian asked teasingly, making her jump a bit at the sound of his voice.

With the script still in hand, Camille looked over her shoulder, she must have been so enthralled in reading because Sebastian was walking toward her with both wine glasses in hand. She didn’t even hear him walk back inside.

“What did you do?” He asked cautiously.

Camille blinked innocently. “What do you mean?”

Pointing one finger accusingly he answered. “You’re eyes always get all big when you’re up to something.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Turning her attention back the script. “Although you could have mentioned that the part you’re going to be playing is kind of the lead.” She accused nonchalantly, flipping through it once again. “This would be so great!” She added excitedly.

Sebastian sat the empty glasses on the counter, leaning his whole body close to her. “I should just make you my publicist with all this hype you’re giving me.”

“I would make an awesome publicist-thank you very much.”

“It doesn’t pay too well.” Sebastian deadpanned, at the same time placing the box of German chocolate in front of her face. Grinning from ear to ear. “But I do provide chocolate.” He added quickly, shaking the box for effect.

“Your mom is too sweet.” Camille said, her heart warming up at how thoughtful Georgeta was with her.

“She seems to like you.” Sebastian answered with a shrug. “I don’t know why…” he muttered, looking innocently at her.

“Hmm, probably because I have to deal with the likings of you.” Camille sassed back, reaching out for the box but Sebastian was quicker and moved it from her reach. “Sebastian…!” she whined.

“You’re mean.” He said, feigning a look of hurt.

“Maybe so, but you wouldn’t want me any other way.” Mockingly repeating the words from earlier back to him.

Sebastian stuck his tongue out, but opened the box of chocolate and asked instead. “So- what do you think of the play?” Offering her a piece of chocolate.

“From what I’ve what I was able to read?”

“Yeah.”

“It’s a solid story. And Hal’s character would be perfect for you.” Taking a piece of chocolate into her mouth before sitting down on the bar stool closest to the middle kitchen island.
“Emily wants me to find a few scenes I like so I can use them for my audition.” He explained, taking another piece of chocolate into his mouth. “Was there anything in there that caught your eye?” he asked.

Camille glanced through a couple of pages, while her other free hand reached blindly for another piece of the delicious chocolate. “Hmm. I did see a few…” she mused, trying to find it again. After a few moments of silence, she gasped unexpectedly.

“What?” Sebastian said in an alarmed voice, pouring the rest of the wine for each of them.

“I can run lines with you!” She answered a little too excitedly, her face beaming.

He scrunched up his nose. “You want to run lines with me?” he repeated slowly.

“Sure, why not?” she said with a light shrug. Sebastian opened his mouth, then quickly snapped it shut again as if trying to decide what to say. “I mean if you want to…” Camille added, all of sudden feeling a bit self-conscious.

“No-I mean…yeah we can.” Rubbing the back of his neck nervously.

“But…?” Camille pushed.

Sebastian cleared his throat. “I guess I’m just a bit nervous, since we’ve never done that before.”

Camille put two and two together. “Sebastian-did you forget that we worked together and that I’ve seen you act on a set of a movie before?” And at the same time she pulled her hair out of the bun, it was starting to give her a headache.

“Well yeah-but that was after I had gotten the part and stuff.” He said lamely. They didn’t say anything for a few seconds, and Camille watched him carefully as he tried to process. He finally spoke. “But I guess it would be good to have someone to bounce the lines off of. Especially since I’ll be meeting with them this coming Tuesday.” He grinned up at her. “Okay, Ms. Broadway- which scene should we do first?” he asked jokingly.

They made their way back toward the living room and for the next 30 minutes or so, they found a few scenes they both thought would be great for him to try. Camille found herself completely enamored by him as they began to read some of the scenes out loud. While she had to keep looking down at her lines (while taking sips of wine in between of course) Sebastian seemed to pick up on Hal’s lines pretty quickly.

He really was something to watch. This was his craft and it only made Camille admire him even more.

“Camille?”

She blinked out of her thoughts. “Huh? What?”


Where she go? Oh she was just drooling over him that’s all. Seeing him this way made him even more attractive. Damn it.

“S-sorry.” She stammered. Hoping he hadn’t caught on. “Um where were we?” She asked clearing her throat nervously.
“Well Madge,” Sebastian started referring to her as one of the character of the play. “I just finished telling you I was a bum.” He said with a shy smile.

Camille quickly looked down at the script and fed him the next line. This went on for the next few minutes. And again she found herself in awe on how quick he could turn it on and not be Sebastian for a part. But she pushed through and watched him give his next line:

Hal: Baby, are you cryin?

Madge: Just a little.

Hal: Why?

Madge: I don’t know.

Hal: You almost got me doing it.

Madge: It’s not because I’m unhappy, really.

Camille took the moment to reach back out and take the last bit of wine down. She glanced back at him and felt the air almost leave her lungs at how intently he was looking back at her. He continued with his next line:

Hal: Same here, I’m not unhappy.

Madge: It’s just that-

Hal: Well…kiss me goodnight anyway, will you?

Camille felt her heart began to race faster all of a sudden. She licked her bottom lip and said the next line:

Madge: If you promise not to hold me?

Sebastian had stepped closer now, hands behind his back. He continued:

Hal: Yeah, I promise. I’ll keep my hands at my side. See?

Camille swallowed the lump in her throat. Unsure if she could speak. Taking in a large breath, she said the next line:

Madge: Now, I’ll kiss you.

She involuntarily leaned forward, and he did the same.

“What’s next?” Sebastian whispered.

She licked her bottom lip nervously trying to find the words. The room had also gotten a few degrees hotter. “Madge is supposed to kiss Hal…” She trailed off.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.” She nodded blankly in agreement, unable to make any movement. She wasn’t sure of what she was doing, but she knew she wasn’t ready for this little moment to end. It was like a magnetic pull. A magnetic pull she had not been able to understand after all these months. The line once again a blur. Any panic she had felt earlier about them evaporated as he leaned in closer. He seemed to
sense it too. It was just them now. She didn’t care about anything else at that moment.

Camille froze as his mouth touched hers. Her chin jerked up and her eyes met his. The realization of what was about to happen, sinking in. “You promised to keep your hands next to you.” She reminded, trying to keep the mood light. “I mean-” she stopped herself.

“Hal promised that.” Sebastian answered back not breaking his gaze. She braced herself, as she waited for him to pull away and tell her it was a mistake. “Me on the other hand…”

What she got was slow and sneaky. His lips were smooth and cool. Despite being unhurried, there was nothing tentative about the way he angled his mouth over hers, then slid his tongue inside before she had a chance to change her mind. There was just a second, when Camille thought he would stop if she told him to. But the unbelievable sensuality of his kiss made her realize that wasn’t what she wanted. Instead she wrapped her arms around his neck and tugged him back down with her, his fingers gripped one side of her hip, his tongue in her mouth, her insides melting like chocolate.

After several heart-racing moments he broke his lip lock, leaving Camille limp and dizzy. She blinked him back into focus, as the reality of what just happen hit the pit of her stomach. But unlike before when the possibility or thought of kissing him scared her, this time it didn’t bring any anxiety or panic, instead she felt relatively calm. “You didn’t keep your promise.” she murmured jokingly.

“I didn’t make that promise.” Sebastian said hoarsely.

Camille bit on her top lip, the feel of his lips still making her mouth tingle. Her mind was still whirling at what just happened. “That…was-was-.” unable to put sentences together.

“Overdue?” Sebastian offered with a weak smile, pressing his forehead against hers. She shivered as his fingers moved underneath her oversize shirt, his fingertips grazing her bare skin.

"Completely.” she whispered, unwrapping her arms from around his neck.

Sebastian chuckled. “Yeah.” He tunneled his fingers through her loose curls, drawing her face up, bringing her flush against his body. Body stiff, she lifted her head, her eyes shadowed by her long lashes. “Is this okay though?” he asked in an almost panicked voice.

Nicole lips parted and her eyes fluttered closed, nodding. “Y-yeah…yes…” she breathed.

“Okay, I just don’t want to push you into anything you don’t want-.”

“Sebastian.” Camille interrupted.

“Hmm?”

“Shut up and kiss me.” She demanded softly.

Sebastian closed the gap, kissing her once again. She melted into his arms and clanged to him, her breasts pressed against his chest, her body molding against his as she allowed his invasion. His mouth moved over hers and he caught her lower lip, tasting the inside of her mouth with the tip of his tongue. Camille moved against him, her hands coming up to comb through his hair as she nipped his upper lip between her teeth, then laved the sting with her tongue. He groaned in appreciation.

The simple act of kissing Sebastian was stunningly arousing, but then again Camille figured it would be. She didn’t want to stop. They hadn’t planned on doing this. They were only supposed to be reading lines. She could have pulled away, but the thought had lasted only a split second. And instead of showing she was in control he now had her wrapped in his arms and she was kissing him
back and demanding more.

She made an aggressive sound in the back of her throat as she arched her soft body full against him and slanted her mouth against his, changing the tempo and the rhythm of the kiss. She felt the warm caress of his palm against her face as he brushed her cheek with his hand. His touch more intimate than the kiss. Holding her firmly against him, he tangled his fingers in her hair again, capturing her moan on his tongue.

Somehow, someway they had moved and now Camille felt the back of her legs touch what she assumed was the side of the couch. As if struggling for control, Sebastian gently pulled away from her. Her eyes were closed. She didn’t want this to end. She needed more of his kisses. They were breathing new life into her.

He said her name. It sounded so far away. She shivered when his hands rubbed her arms up and down. She opened her eyes, still unfocused.

“God, your lips…” Sebastian literary groaned.

“Hmm? What?”

“So swollen baby.”

A small whine left her mouth, but answered. “It’s your fault.”

“I know and I’m here for it.” Sebastian uttered. “So fucking here for it…” trailing off and kissing her again.

Camille thanked the clouds above at how in sync they were. Because just like her, he seemed to not want to rush it, because they knew the moment that happened something would trigger them back to reality. And she didn’t want to go there just yet. So instead he employed a good old fashioned make-out session, no rushing, no groping, just kissing slow and easy, like when they were teenagers and kissing was enough to satisfy.

It was almost as they were floating, but they managed to push themselves unto the couch behind them. She relaxed beneath him.

“Sebastian…” she whispered against his mouth. Her breathing soft and languid.

“Shh…” Sebastian hushed her, as he ran his tongue across her bottom lip again. Camille moaned and he squeezed her waist as if letting her know he enjoyed the sound she made. It was a tiny sigh, a release, a letting go. She realized that’s what she wanted, what they both needed. No reality. Just each other and pleasure, for a short space of time.

He shifted slightly, falling back against the plush pillow his arm sliding down and wrapping loosely around her waist and pulling her on top of him. Somehow Camille twisted, and straddled him. He dropped his arm from around her waist, and she threaded her fingers through his, carrying his hands up over his head. Her eyes full of lust.

“Why did we wait so long to do this?” He managed to ask with a small smile.

“Because we’re stupid, stupid people.” Camille quickly answered, lowering her head to graze her lips against his again.

“So unbelievably stupid.” Sebastian repeated breaking briefly from her mouth to place a strand of loose hair behind her ear.

“So, so stupid.” She reiterated in whisper. Her lips twitched. Closing the gap, she kissed the corner of his mouth, his nose, his cheek, his jaw, then trailed her lips back to his. He closed his eyes as her tongue, warm and wet, tangled with his, explored leisurely. Camille could feel the beating of his heart as her kisses took a hold of something deep. It might have been 5, 10 or even an hour -she wasn’t sure- all she was sure of was how wonderful it was for his mouth and tongue to explore hers. She heard herself moan in pleasure when he moved slightly beneath her.

“Camille?!”

Suddenly her eyes flew open at the sound of her name and broke the kiss. It was Natalie.

“Who’s car is that parked in the driveway?” Her younger sister called out. “Oh wait! Its Sebastian’s rental isn’t it? I forgot he was coming over!”

“Oh my god!” She hissed, rolling off him as fast as she could.

“Camille,” Sebastian started with laugh, pushing himself up in sitting position.

“If she catches us, we will never hear the end of it.” Camille explained, stumbling to stand up. Reality settling back in. But before she could say or stand, she found herself tripping literally on her own feet, coming back down, thankfully the couch cushions broke her fall.

“Holy shit! Are you okay?” Sebastian exclaimed, quickly standing up and reaching down his hand for her to grab.

With one elbow resting on the cushion, Camille looked up at him, and burst into a fit of giggles at how silly she probably looked. “Yes.” She answered him, tossing her head back and cackled at herself. “Stupid couch got in my way.” Taking the hand he offered, still giggling. Sebastian snorted back his laugh as well.

“What the hell? What are you doing on the floor?” Natalie demanded.

Sebastian used his strength and pulled her up to her feet. They locked eyes and they only brought another fit of giggles from the both of them. Only this would happen to her.

“Camille decided to make out with the couch.” Sebastian answered after his laughter subsided.

Her jaw dropped at his response, letting go of his hand. She scowled. Sebastian only smirked back.

“Did you trip on your own two feet?” Natalie guessed.

“Noooo.” Camille responded annoyingly.

At the same time her sister made her way toward Sebastian. She leaned in and pecked him on the cheek as a hello. In the past few months, Natalie, along with Samantha had grown to care for Sebastian and consider him their friend as well.

Natalie sat down on the couch they had just finished making out on, leaning back against the cushion to slip off her shoes. She glanced around the room and looked back at her older sister with a judgmental eye. “No wonder you were on the ground, you’ve been drinking wine.”

By this time Sebastian had sat back down next to Natalie, while Camille found herself on the
opposite couch across from them.

“I wasn’t drinking it alone.” Looking pointedly at Sebastian.

“Hey, I wasn’t the one in eye level with cushions.”

Camille made a mocking face in his direction and Sebastian only smiled innocently back. She narrowed her eyes, but didn’t respond. She knew he was just acting like a little shit to see what kind of reaction she would have.

Hmmph. Just because he’s a good kisser doesn’t mean he still isn’t a little asshole. She thought to herself.

Holy shit.

She made out with Sebastian Stan. After all most 10 plus months of them flirting/teasing back and forth, they finally shared a kiss. Or lots of kisses if you wanted to get technical about it. They fully made out. Holy shit. Of course it had been better than she expected. She must have been so lost in thought because she when blinked back to the present, she found Sebastian eyeing her from the corner of his eye while half paying attention to Natalie talking animatedly.

Camille looked past him, her eyes widening at the realization that the script and book were on the floor next to Sebastian. She didn’t remember doing that. Natalie was so enthralled in telling Sebastian all about the wedding that she didn’t notice when Camille got up to pick up the book and script. But Sebastian did and gave her a look that clearly asked: what are you doing?

Tossing the books gently to the ottoman behind her, Camille locked eyes with him. She couldn’t help but get the butterflies in her stomach at the sight of him. Why did he have to be so handsome? And sexy. Fuck. He wasn’t even trying.

“Alright you two-what the hell is going on?” Camille heard Natalie asked suspiciously.

Breaking their gaze, they looked back her younger sister, who was eyeing at them as if they were criminals.

Sebastian sighed loudly, rubbing the back of his neck nervously. “Fine, you caught us.” If looks could kill he would be dead right now. But Sebastian wasn’t looking at her, instead he put his attention on Natalie. “I was trying to get Camille’s help in what to get you and Sam as a wedding present. And I didn’t want her to tell you, because you two are my friends now and I didn’t want you all to think I wasn’t trying…” he trailed off.

By then Camille had miraculously planted herself back on the other end of the couch and just listened. Okay, so maybe he wasn’t dead just yet.

“You don’t have to get us anything. And I thought it had something to do with Cam and her trip.” Natalie responded accepting Sebastian’s story.

Camille purses her lips together at Natalie’s statement.

Natalie continued. “But you’re still coming right?”

“Yes, of course.” He answered with a nod and at the same trying to catch Camille’s gaze.

“Okay, good.” She said with a relieved smile. “Are you bringing a plus one?”

“I thought he was going to be my plus one?” Camille interjected.
“Well I wasn’t sure since you said Liz had asked if you could leave sooner. Like the day of the wedding. So I just wanted to make sure-.”

Camille watched Sebastian softly place one hand over Natalie’s. “Breath sweetheart.” He ordered with a smile.

Camille’s heart warmed up at his sweet gesture.

Doing what Sebastian asked, Natalie sucked in a large breath and let it out before mumbling. “Sorry.”

“Nat, esta bien.” Camille reassured in Spanish. “I think its okay to feel this way right before your wedding. In fact I would be worried if you didn’t.” Blindly reaching for the plush pillow behind her and bringing it up to her chest. “Don’t worry, I talked to Liz, we were able to rearrange the schedule. I leave 2 days after the wedding. I wouldn’t miss this for the world.”

Camille could feel Sebastian’s gaze on her. “Two days after the wedding?” He repeated.

“You didn’t tell him?”

Camille gritted her teeth. “I haven’t had the chance…”

Which was the truth. She had planned on sharing the piece of information with him, but then they started eating and talking and kissing, that she got distracted and forgot.

“What happened to the end of the month?” Sebastian asked with a wrinkle of his nose.

Natalie snorted, Camille glowered back at her sister. “What?” She said innocently.

“Liz just told me about it 2 days ago.” She explained. Unsure of what else to say.

“Hence why I was freaking out.” Natalie added with a small frown.

“I was going to tell you.” Camille added quickly. “But then we started eating and talking and -.” Then stopped herself.


Camille suppressed the whimper from her lips at his action.

Ten months. That’s how long she was going to be gone for her next job. Ten months in New Zealand. Two months ago, the idea of this trip sounded like a dream. And now? It sounded like the worst idea ever.

Whoa.

She needed to calm down. It had just been a few kisses. Nothing more.

Camille watched them from the corner of her eye as they continued talking. How was he so calm? Because her mind just kept replaying what happened on that couch. The way he smelled and felt. The feel of his tongue tracing the inside of her mouth.

Maybe it wasn’t a big deal for him. A kiss was just a kiss. Right? If that was the case then why were her lips still tingling? Why did she have the urge to do it again?
“Cam? Camille?”

She blinked out of her fantasy and found Sebastian and Natalie on their feet. “Yeah?” Camille asked, pretending she hadn’t just gazed off.

“Sebastian said he has to get going.”

“You do?” She asked stupidly.

“It’s almost midnight.” Natalie answered. “And he has to be at the airport at 4:30 in the morning.”

Shit was it really that late already? The night felt like it had just gotten started. “You really need to start getting later flights.” Camille blurted out jokingly, pushing the dream of kissing him out of her thoughts.

“I’ll make sure to bring that up to Emily.” Sebastian said before giving Natalie a warm hug.

“I’ll see you in a few weeks.” Natalie stated, letting go of him in the process.

Camille nervously rubbed both of her arms. “I’ll walk you out.” Standing up, heartbeat speeding up at the realization they were going to be alone again.

“Oh geez Camille.” She uttered to herself, walking toward Sebastian’s rental. Not sure of what to do next, she halted by the passenger door and turned to him, a slight shiver running through her when the cold breeze hit her body. He was looking at her with amusement. Her cheeks felt hot now. “What?” she snapped, shifting from one foot to the other.

Smirking, Sebastian took a step closer. “Anyone ever tell you how cute you are when you’re nervous?”

Camille tilted her head to one side with a raised eyebrow, pretending his closeness did not affect her in any way. What was supposed to be their next step in all of this? Was there a next step? All this time she had been so focused on what it would be like to be in his arms that she hadn’t thought about the ‘what next’? Had he?

She jumped a bit when she felt a drop of water on her forehead. She felt it again. She shouldn’t be surprised. It was February in California after all. It had been raining most of the week. Gazing up to the dark sky she said. “You should probably get going before it really starts to come down.”

But Sebastian had other thoughts, he pressed against her, her body trapped against the passenger door. “We haven’t said bye yet.” He reminded in a low voice.

Camille swallowed the lump before looking up at him through her lashes. “We haven’t?”

“No.”

But before either one could speak up, more drops of water began to hit them. Sebastian swiftly opened the passenger door, gesturing for her to get in. Camille wasn’t sure of what do to, but found herself sliding into the car and watched him run to the driver’s side. The moment he shut the door, the rain really started to come down.
They locked eyes before laughing. “That was close.” Camille observed, leaning back.

“So what’s the plan after the wedding now that you have to leave early?” Sebastian asked, his head pressed against the seat, but eyes on her.

“I’m not sure yet.” She confessed looking straight ahead and playing with her necklace around her neck. In fact she hadn’t taken the pendant off since he had given it to her back in October. He only nodded. Camille quickly turned her attention to him. “I was going to tell you.” She repeated. “But I’m also still trying to digest it.” She finished with a small shrug.

“That’s a long time to be gone.” He agreed.

“Hmm, yeah.” Was all Camille’s mouth could say, eyes shut.

“You nervous?”

“I am that transparent?” She asked with a short laugh, opening her eyes to find Sebastian’s eyes lingering down to her lips. She fought the urge to lean in and kiss him.

He moved his gaze away from her mouth, and back to her eyes. Her heart started to pound faster, harder, when he leaned over the console. “I just know you better than you think.” He said with a light smirk, cupping her cheek with one hand.

“And I also know you’ve probably obsessed about it, wondering if you’re going to do a good job…”

Camille’s gaze never wavered as he spoke. He was right. She was ridiculously nervous about this job. This was her first job without Liz as her safety net. Meaning she was going to be in charge of the other makeup artist/crew that were coming with her on this long job.

“The answer is yes Camille. You’re going to do an awesome job. You’re going to kick ass.” He finished with a warm smile.

“Thanks for the boost of confidence.” Returning the smile.

“Always dragoste.” Sebastian responded with a wink.

She closed her eyes and turned her nose and mouth toward his hand. She heard him clear his throat.

“But I don’t want to talk about that anymore.” Pressing her lips into the moist hollow of his hand.

“O-oh no?”

“No.” Her voice was hoarse, quiet. Intense.

“Then what do you want to talk about?” He licked his lips and dropped his hand. She didn’t want him to stay away any longer. She needed to feel his lips against hers.

“About-about…” She stammered opening her eye as Sebastian closed in on her, his nose inches from hers, his mouth a hairbreadth away. She heard him suck in his breath in anticipation.

“What baby?” he asked but kissed the corner of her mouth, in such a light teasing touched that she shivered. He stared hard, and Camille became overwhelmed with feelings she couldn’t begin to explain. All she knew was that she needed to have him near, needed him to kiss her, hold her, touch her. His lips hovered above hers, his nose alongside hers.

“I wasn’t sure if you wanted to-.”

“Kiss you?” he answered without another second thought he kissed her, a honest to goodness, lips
everywhere, tongue-teasing kiss. A sigh escaped from her. She dipped her head back and opened her mouth as she let Sebastian marveled at the taste and texture of her, so soft, so wet.

“Mmmm.” she murmured when his lips moved to her jaw, her neck. But he cut off her moan with another kiss that left her clinging to him like a lifesaver.

“Kissing you again was all I could think of doing when we were in there.” He almost growled against her mouth.

Camille could hear the excited little rush of both their breaths, the pants, the moans, the shift from casual exploration to urgent questing.

“Really?” She whined, her heart feeling lighter at his confession.

“God yes, baby.” His lips sliding back down to the hollow of her neck. Camille felt the goose bumps all the way down to her toes. She felt his warm lips suck gently on her skin and she groaned loudly. Thankful they were confined in the car and no one could hear them. “Fuck.” He said in a hot whisper.

They were close, but not close enough, she wanted to reach out and touch all of him. Even though her thoughts were consumed with the touch of his mouth Camille seemed to once again pick up on his thoughts as he bit gently on her neck, because she crawled over the console and into his lap, her knees sunk into the leather on either side his hips, and gasped softly when she felt the hard and strained at the fly of his jeans.

He brought his hands up and cupped her face between them, his lips back on hers. Sebastian pushed his tongue between her lips again and met the wet heat of her mouth as she sighed with pleasure.

“You could’ve fooled me.” Camille murmured against his mouth.

He broke from her lips and dropped one hand, as the other stroked one side of her cheek with the knuckles. Sebastian chuckled lightly and pressed his forehead to hers. “Oh yeah?”

“Yeah.” Camille breathed, shifting a bit in his lap. She heard a grunt leave his lips. A small smile tugged on her lips when it registered she was sitting on Sebastian’s lap. She wasn’t sure it how it happened. But it just felt good to do.

“What’s the smirk for?”

“Nothing…it just hit me that I’m sitting on your lap and…” she confessed with a humorous laugh.

“Were making out?” He supplied with his own smirk.

She nodded. “Y-yes.” She moaned in response. His lips latched back on to the hollow of her neck and Camille wrapped her arms around his neck, as his hands slid up her back, making her whole body shiver. She could not even begin to describe how glorious this felt. He made her feel wanted. And she hadn’t felt that way in a very long time. She tossed her head back as his lips continued to torture her neck.

“Mmmm, is this your sweet spot?” Sebastian mused against her skin. Camille shifted once again and an almost like growl left his lips.

“Maybe…” Camille answered as coyly as possible, but it was hard to think straight at the moment. The bastard had found her spot.
He broke from her neck and lifted his head, a satisfied look in his eyes. “You know, you can be a real brat when you want.”

She playfully glared down at him through her lashes. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. I didn’t-.”

“Camille?”

“What?” She snapped, her fingers caressing the back of his neck.

“Shut up, so I can continue kissing you.” Sebastian ordered. And before she could say anything else he did just that, hard. She felt him smile against her lips when he heard her cry out in pleasure. She didn’t argue with him, instead let his lips do the talking.

After a few minutes, Sebastian broke their kiss and said. “I should probably get going.” But his hands roamed up and down her spine.

“Mmmkay.” Was Camille’s only response as she nipped at his lower lip.

He groaned. “Jesus, Camille you aren’t making this easy for me.”

“I’m sorry.”

He laughed. “We both know you aren’t.” Squeezing her waist before pulling her closer to him.

“You’re right, I’m not.” She said with a giggle.

“Come here.” he instructed softly, and covered her mouth with his again, one hand tugging behind her neck. He licked at her lips and teased his tongue into her until they both moaned in pleasure. Camille could not remember the last time she had a good full blown make out session. She forgotten how nice it was to just kiss someone.

“Didn’t you just say you had to leave?” She asked between kisses. He responded with a grunt. A grunt that turned into a low moan when Camille massaged his scalp leisurely.

“I’m trying.” Sebastian said with a laugh, his large hands still caressed her back. “But this is so much more fun.” His lips trailing down her jaw.

Camille moaned response for what felt the hundredth time. For the next few minutes their mouths continued to explore each other. A small whine left her mouth when Sebastian ran his fingers through her curls. Camille was so engrossed in the moment she had managed to push aside away all the sounds surrounding them. But she quickly opened her eyes when she heard a loud slam outside of the car. She broke from his lips. “What was that?” She hissed.

“It was just a car door closing.” Sebastian answered, pushing her hair to one side of her neck.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.” Sebastian said with a chuckle before pressing a light kiss behind her ear. He nuzzled his nose into the hollow of her neck. She heard him grumble when he inhaled her scent. “God, you smell so good.”

Camille didn’t know how to answer that. Instead she ran her fingers up and down his shoulders and arms and smiled warmly down at him. “As much as I want to continue this, you should get going.” She managed to say. “Don’t want you to over sleep.”
Sebastian glared up at her. “It happened one time!” He protested, but continued to stroke her back.

She stifled her giggles, burying her face into his neck. She was referring to back in December when he missed his flight home because he overslept. He had to be on standby until a flight opened up. Camille gasped in surprise, lifting her head up when she felt his fingers start to tickle her sides. “Sebastian!” She said through fits of laughter. “Stop!”

“That’s what you get for making fun of me.”

She dropped her arms from around his neck and shoulders and grasped his hands in each of hers. “Okay, okay! Stop!” She pleaded. “You know I don’t like being tickled.”

Sebastian stopped long enough to tangle his fingers with hers and bringing her knuckles up to his mouth. “I need to go.” He stated kissing her knuckles softly.

“You’ve been saying that for the past 10 minutes.” Camille reminded with a teasing smile.

“I know.”

She knew there was no more staling. He had to go. He needed to get some sleep before his flight. She had the urge to tell him to stay with her, but then she remembered her sister was there. Instead she leaned in and brushed her lips softly against his and murmured. “Start the car.” She ordered as sternly as possible. She could get use to kissing him like this all the time.

“I’ll see you a few weeks?” He asked, placing a strand of lose hair behind her ear. Camille only nodded. “I’m still your plus one right?”

“Yes. You can’t back out.” She ordered with a pretend scowl before pushing the door open. “You’re my scapegoat when Mi Tias start asking why I haven’t set a wedding date.”

“I’m glad I can help.” Sebastian said sarcastically. Camille was about to shift herself off his lap when he wrapped one arm around her waist. “Wait.” He started.

“What is it-.” But stopped talking when his lips touched hers again. She literally felt like she was melting against him.

After a few moments, Sebastian broke the kiss, a huge grin on his face. “Just one more for the road.”

Pretending it didn’t phase her, Camille slid off his lap, feet hitting the pavement. The grin he had a few moments ago disappeared and it was replaced with a frown when she shut the door with him still in the car. He turned the engine on and rolled down the window.

“Don’t pout at me.” Camille instructed, trying her best to keep her emotions in check. That only made him frown even more. “Stop.” She demanded with a small laugh, resting an elbow on the opened window. He could be such a baby sometimes. Yet, Camille knew it was his way of trying to lighten their goodbye.

“I can’t help if my mouth has a mind of its own.” He answered with a wiggle of his eyebrows. Camille rolled her eyes, ready to take a step back, but stopped when he placed one hand over hers. She looked expectantly at him. “Just so you know-if I had it my way….I wouldn’t be leaving right now. Especially after-.”

“I know.” Pushing herself on her tiptoes she leaned and pressed a sweet kiss to his cheek as reassurance. Then gathering whatever strength she had, she pulled away from him. “Text me when you land?” He nodded. Camille felt the drops of water again and quickly made her way to the open
Sebastian waved before backing out of the driveway. Camille waved back with one hand, while the other touched her mouth. Hoping to keep the feel of his lips on her for as long as she could. She waited a few more moments to head back inside, trying to digest the last few hours.

Things were about to change. She was sure of it. How? She had no fucking clue. She must have been so lost in thought, she hadn’t realized she walked back into the house. Regardless of what happened next, Camille felt like she was floating on a fluffy cloud at the moment.

“I thought maybe you decided to go with him.” Natalie teased, sitting on a bar stool in the kitchen, eating leftover Thai food.

“Huh?” Camille said absently. “No.”

“What were you doing? Making out?”

At those words, Camille jerked her attention to her younger sister. “You were spying?!”

Natalie’s jaw dropped and then quickly jumped out of the bar stool. “Oh my god! No! I was just joking! But it finally happened?” She squealed.

God damn. Her sister was just being a smart ass! Camille opened her mouth to protest, but Natalie was already shaking her head and pointing a finger at her.

“Oh uh, don’t even try to deny it. You just spilled on yourself. I want all the details! Can I say it’s about damn time. You two have been playing this game for too long.”

Camille met her sister’s gaze, a small smile tugged on her face despite trying to play it cool. She had to share this with someone. And who better than her sister? Besides she needed to try and figure out what all this meant.

“Is he a good kisser?”

Leaning against the stainless steel refrigeration, Camille covered her face with both hands, trying to hide the stupid smile. She shook her head, unsure of what to say. Because she couldn’t put into words what it was like to kiss Sebastian. What she knew was that for the first time in months, she didn’t feel as if there was a dark cloud above her.

Natalie squealed again. “Holy shit, that good?”

Camille moves her hands away from her face, smiling like an idiot at Natalie. Her sister made her way to Camille, grasping her wrist. “I want to know everything. Don’t leave anything out!”’ Leading her to the living room.

Sources: ‘Picnic’ excerpt written by William Inge, Lyrics: Brandy’s Wildest Dreams
Chapter 21 Butterflyz

Chapter Summary

Thank you all for being patient! I love reading all the comments! Here is the next installment! I hope you all enjoy. xoxo

Chapter 21 Butterflyz

Lately when I look into your eyes, I fly
You’re the only one I need in my life
Baby, I just don’t know how to describe
How lovely you make me feel inside

You give me butterflyz
Got me flyin’ so high in the sky
I can’t control the butterflyz

You give me butterflyz
Got me flyin’ so high in the sky
I can’t control the butterflyz

March 2011

Big Sur, CA

Sebastian shut the door behind him, pocketing the room key card in his back pocket for safe keeping. He leisurely walked down the long hall toward the staircase leading to the lobby of the hotel. As he walked, he admired the art on the walls. Damn, this place was definitely swanky, especially for it being up in the mountains. He got to the railing of the stairs, leaned the top half of his body into the rail, glancing down at the lobby and watched as people got directed to their rooms just like he had.

Blindly he reached into his front pocket for his cellphone, dialing Camille’s number again. It ranged a few times then it went to her voicemail. He frowned and shoved the phone back into to jeans. He anxiously gazed back unto the sea of people down in the lobby, wondering why she wasn’t answering his calls. He had sat around in his room for a good twenty minutes before deciding to step outside to find her. He wasn’t sure what the plan was for later on tonight, but most importantly he physically ached to see her.

It had been three weeks since he had been in California. It had also been three weeks since they kissed. His stomach did a summersault at the thought. He couldn’t help but lick his lips as the image of them kissing ran through his brain. For the past three weeks that thought was at the forefront of everything he did. It had been unexpected to say the least.

Had they mentioned it any time they talked on the phone or text? Of course not. Mostly because he felt that conversation should be done in person and he had a feeling Camille felt the same way. So instead they talked around the subject. Were their exchanges awkward? Funny enough, no. They talked like nothing had changed. It was comforting actually.
Sebastian jerked his head to the entrance of the hotel when he heard the familiar laugh echo throughout the lobby. He blinked a few times to get the figure in focus. He grinned widely like an idiot at the sight of her, thankful no one could see him at the moment. She wore a long sleeve floral maxi dress, her curls in a loose braid to one side of her shoulders. Even from where he stood she looked stunning.

He watched as she wrapped one arm around the waist of an older lady, leading her toward the front desk. They stood by desk now, talking to a member of the staff. Camille seemed to do most of the talking, every few seconds making eye contact with the older woman as she spoke. Then it clicked—Camille was translating. Realizing for the first time since arriving to Big Sur, California that he was about to truly enter Camille’s world. The last few months he had only gotten snippets of it, but now he was going to be around the people who knew her since she was little.

He began making his way down the stairs toward her. His hands feeling clammy all of a sudden. He snorted to himself. Get it together Stan. It’s not like you haven’t been around her before.

He was about 10 feet away from her and was about to call out her name but closed his mouth when a staff member tapped on her shoulder.

“Miss. Solis?”

“Yes?” Camille answered, turning her attention away from the front desk.

“Your aunt said she needs you back in the main room as soon as possible.” The young man said meekly.

Her back was to Sebastian but regardless he knew she had just rolled her eyes. “Okay.” Then said with a sigh. “Can you do me a favor?”

The young man nodded.

Camille continued. “Would you mind helping her to her room?” Taking the key card from the woman behind the desk and handing it to the other staff member.

“Sure!”

“Thank you.” She said with a smile. “Her luggage is still in the car—“

The young man waved a dismissive hand. “Don’t worry I’ll go get it as well.” And without hesitation he began helping the older woman toward the elevator.

Sebastian attempted to take another step to her, but stopped when someone else called out her name, in need of her help. (Something about the place settings for the tables). Once they had gotten their answer they moved along. He didn’t even get the chance to take another step when the woman behind the front desk called for her again.

“Miss. Solis?” She said with a phone in her hand. “It’s for you.”

“Thank you.”

But before Camille could even put the receiver to her ear, someone else had come up for an answer to a question. She told the person on the phone to hold on for a second as she dealt with the person in front of her. Only this time the woman asking was not in a uniform and asked in Spanish. Once the woman got her answer she quickly disappeared down a long hall.
He frowned slightly, his gut telling him she had been doing this for most of the day. Fending questions left and right. One side of her body leaned against the top of the counter, both elbows resting on it as she talked into the phone. Tactically he took a few steps forward, standing a few inches behind her. She was talking in Spanish and even though he couldn’t really understand the whole conversation, the tone of her voice sounded frustrated.

He listened for a few more second before clearing his throat loudly. “Miss. Solis?” He said, trying to disguise his voice.

At the name, Camille jerked her head in his direction, phone still glued to her ear with a slight wrinkle of her nose in annoyance. Her expression changed the moment she recognized it was him. The annoyed look from a few moments ago quickly replaced by beaming eyes and a huge grin that made Sebastian feel like he was sixteen again. With the phone still to her ear, she excitedly mouthed “Hi!”

Sebastian beamed back like a fool, unable to stop even if he wanted to. He wasn’t sure of what to do or say. But his heart did begin to thump a bit faster. She mouth to him to hold on and quickly went back to talking in Spanish, her eyes never leaving his face. He nodded and only stared back. She spoke too quickly for him to understand much of what was being said, but waited patiently for her to be finished.

God, he had missed her. He was never going to get used to saying goodbye to her, but the feeling he felt right before he got to see her again made up for it a little bit. Everything just seemed to get lighter the day or hours before and his stomach would flutter when he thought of her.

Jesus Sebastian. Get it together. He repeated to himself.

“You really got to stop eavesdropping on phone calls.” He heard Camille say, a hint of playfulness in her voice.

Sebastian gave a confused look, then it dawned on him why she said that. She was referring to what caused their little tiff last year in New York. He scrunched up his nose and muttered. “Cute Camille, cute.” But felt his cheeks getting hot.

Camille smiled back. “Gracias Ojos Azules.” She answered cheekily at the same time standing up straight to fully face him.

He knitted his eyebrows together. “It wasn’t a compliment.” He said dryly.

She scrunched up her nose in response and took a step closer toward him. “Stop frowning and give me a hug hello.” She warmly ordered, her arms already reaching out for him. She stopped abruptly when they heard her name being called. He heard a small sigh leave her lips as she took a step back from him, smiling sadly up at him. “Hold that thought.” Swiftly she turned around and faced the person who had just called her name. “Yes?” she responded a smile still plastered on her features.

Sebastian could only watch, not wanting to get in her way. He must have been staring hard because he felt Camille briefly reach out to touch his arm. “Yeah?” he asked lamely.

“Do you want to follow me?” Camille asked. “I have to go find the last set of silverware for tonight’s rehearsal dinner. I don’t want to lose you in the sea of people.” She finished with a small grin yet the relax look from a few seconds ago disappearing from her face.

“S-sure of course.” He sputtered.

Without another word Sebastian followed Camille and the hotel staff member as they walked down a
long hallway. He heard them talking but wasn’t paying attention to what they were saying. He just continued to focus his attention on Camille and her body language. She was tense which meant stress. And that became even more abundantly clear when they got stopped by a few other people asking directions about where things needed to go.

“Rose?” She started, coming to an abrupt stop.

“Yes?” Was the response from the woman standing next to them.

“Forget about the silverware for right now. Can you please direct these two gentleman of where they need to place the cake?” Camille requested.

Sebastian eyed his surroundings, an idea forming in his head. He half listened to Rose as she asked the two men to follow her and leaving him alone with Camille. Before anyone else came asking for her, Sebastian reached out and tugged at her hand, giving a small nod for her to follow him.

“Sebastian! What are you doing?” She hissed, as they now stood in a small breezeway/hall with one door behind him and another door behind her as they faced each other.

He hoped one of these doors were unlocked. Blindly his free hand searched for the door knob behind him, smirking when his fingers touched it, he pushed the door open with his foot.

Yes! Success!

Giving her hand a light squeeze he drew her into the empty room.

Camille laughed apprehensively. “What are we doing?”

Without letting go of her hand, he shut the door behind them and glanced around the room, his eyes widen in curiosity when they took in his surroundings. There were 6 long vanity tables with mirrors all along the back wall, and white couches that made the room feel homey and comfortable.

“We’re using this as the make-up/dressing room for tomorrow.” Camille explained as if reading his mind.

Sebastian nodded in understanding. “Nice.” Then quickly locked eyes with her. “I figured you could use a little escape.” He stated, changing the subject.

She gave him a grateful smile. “That’s sweet.” Letting out a gloomy sigh. “But I really need to go back out there.” But did not let go of his hand.

“What happened to the wedding planner?”

“She got a flat coming down from San Francisco. She’s on her way, but if we didn’t start setting up now, then it was going to put us behind. Thankfully Natalie had a copy of everything just in case. One of my tios and cousin’s drove up to meet where she’s stuck at.” She explained without taking a breath. “Nat’s trying to keep Sam from freaking out. So I’m trying to keep Nat from doing the same, while at the same time trying to keep Tia Yolanda from pissing off the hotel staff as she orders them around.” Finally letting go of his hand she began to pace back in forth in the room. “I love her, but she can drive me crazy sometimes. She has been trying to change the menu for tonight’s dinner for the past hour although it’s been set for weeks now! Can you believe her?” Raising her arms up in the air as she talked.

Sebastian didn’t respond. Not because he didn’t want to, but because it was obvious she needed to vent.
“She’s like: yo los conozco. They’ll listen to me. I’m like Tia: that doesn’t matter! We can’t change
the food last minute!” Camille cried out as she continued to pace back and forth. “It wouldn’t be so
bad if Staci was here to take care of the rest. But she isn’t, so it’s just me!” Her pacing coming to a
halt as she placed one hand on her hip. “Oh and to add on to it-I can’t find my damn phone! I placed
it somewhere and I have no clue where!!”

Well, that answered his question about why she hadn’t answered his calls earlier and he assumed
Staci was the wedding planner?

Yet, Sebastian had to suppress the smile that tugged on his lips watching her. He couldn’t help but
think how pretty she looked every time the sun hit her when she stepped in the direction of the large
windows. He wanted to kiss her again. What if she didn’t want to kiss him? He shook his head as if
doing so would push those thoughts away. Instead he tried to concentrate on her voice and what she
was saying.

“And the first thing I hear when I step into the hotel is mi tios wife-who isn’t even mi Tia- by the
way- como estas mijita?” She mimicked with a roll of her eyes. “She doesn’t care. She’s a chismosa
that has to be in everyone’s business! She had the nerve to say: probecito David. I talked to his mom
and he isn’t doing well either.”

And there it was. The real reason why she was upset. He had a feeling there was more to her stress
than just the wedding part. Sebastian knew this wedding was going to be a bittersweet event for her,
even if she kept insisting she was fine.

“As if I have the time to deal with all of that right now.” She said with a dismissive wave and taking
a step toward the door. “I mean there is all this other stuff that needs to get done before tomorrow;
setting up from brunch, and then we have all to be ready for the photographer.” Her hand grasped
the door knob. “Plus I have to try and keep Yolanda out of kitchen and-.”

Before she could finish her sentence Sebastian quickly slid between her and the door. She jumped in
surprise at his action. “I know this isn’t easy Camille.” He said softly.

She averted her eyes from him. She didn’t say anything for a few moments as if trying to collect her
thoughts. “I just want everything to go without a hitch for them.” She finally murmured, meeting his
gaze. She gnawed on her lower lip. Silence settling in the room again. “I can’t help but think these
are things that I would have had to do for mine…” trailing off.

“I know.”

Camille laughed uneasily. “Oh god, I’m sorry! This is probably the last thing you want to be hearing
about.” Rubbing a hand over her face. “We haven’t even gotten a chance to talk or have a proper
hello-.” She stopped mid-sentence and her eyes widen. “I-I didn’t mean-.” She faltered. “What I
meant was there are things we obviously need to talk about and-and-.”

“I know what you meant.” Sebastian reassured with a grin, not able to control the flutter in his chest.

“O-kay…” She barely whispered, taking a small step toward him.

“I figured you have other things on your mind right now.” He responded with a slight shrug and that
was the truth. As much as he wanted to figure things out, he also knew these were other pressing
things she had to do. He found himself taking a step backwards only to find his back against the
closed door.

“Yeah…” she started slowly. “I just don’t want you to think that it hasn’t crossed my mind.”
Sebastian couldn’t help letting out a small sigh of relief as her words hit his ears.

“This is not how I pictured us seeing each other again after three weeks.” She mumbled with a lick of her bottom lip.

Instinctively he reached out for her hand again, tugging her closer. “How did you imagine it was going to go?” Curiosity getting the best of him.

“It included us being alone…”

Sebastian tilted his head to one side with a light smirk. “We are alone dragoste.” He reminded, with another light tug of her hand to him.

“Ooh-right.” She swallowed not meeting his eye. “I forgot.”

He placed his free fingers underneath her chin and gave it a small tap. She must have caught on because she finally lifted her face. “I am making you nervous?” Sebastian questioned softly, eyes narrowing down at her.

“Yes.” Camille breathed, biting her top lip.

He was surprised at her honesty. “It’s just me, Camille.”

“I know that.” She said with a short laugh. “I know.” She repeated, eyes moving to his mouth.

Sebastian felt the mood in the room change rapidly. He let go of her hand only to wrap his arm around her waist. The electricity between them undeniable. “Is this what you pictured?” He murmured, feeling the heat of her body radiate against his as she pressed the palm of her hand to side of his chest.

“Yes.”

Before his brain could stop his mouth he blurted out. “Damn Camille, I want to kiss you. Can I kiss you again?” He almost pleaded, his heart threatening to jump out of his chest.

“Yes.” She repeated for the 3rd time in the past few minutes.

Sebastian swallowed the huge lump in his throat before cupping her face with his free hand, he planted a small kiss on her cheek, and a small sighed left her lips. He wanted to taste every single moment of this. He slowly pressed another kiss to her nose, forehead and side of her mouth with her birth mark sat.

“I’m not going to lie-I was expecting a bit mor-“

Sebastian cut her off as he captured her lips with his own. She sighed against his lips at the same time her arms snaked around his neck to pull him unto her. Sebastian wrapped his arms around her waist tighter. He wanted to taste every part of her. He had been dreaming about this for the past three weeks- if not longer. After a few moments he broke their lip lock and teased. “How was that?”

“Mmmmm…”

A small chuckle of satisfaction left his mouth at her response. He leaned back in and took her lips with his. Sebastian kissed her again and again, deep, hard, again and again, their mouths slapping together. Then her tongue slid along his lip in a sexy little lick. He groaned into her mouth. She was the perfect mixture of sweet and sexy. She broke from his lips for a split moment to catch her breath
but Sebastian couldn’t get enough of her, so he kissed her with everything he had, with deep pushy thrusts of his tongue. He heard the small whimpers leave her mouth every time his tongue touched hers.

Sebastian thought kissing her again would cure the need and ache from three weeks ago, but it had done the opposite. He needed more of her. He shouldn’t be surprise of this. Deep down he knew this was going to be the outcome.

Camille broke their kiss, licking her lips in the process as she took a small step back. “I-I-uh should probably go back out there…” she said rather unconvincingly.

“Oh-kay.”

“Oh-kay.” Camille repeated, but did not move. “We should probably open the door…”

“Right.” Sebastian answered with a nod. He glanced back trying to find the door knob, but jerked his head when he felt Camille reach for the door as well.

They locked eyes and it was like the dam had broken.

“But I kind of want to continue kissing you.” She confessed with a non-apologetic smile before letting go of the door knob to wrap her arms back around his neck.

Sebastian dropped his hand and pulled her back into his arms, moving just enough so she was now the one against the door. He took her mouth with one hand in the back of her neck, eliminating anymore distance between them. This kiss was determined, hard and urgent. He smiled against her lips when he heard a light mewl sound leave the back of her throat. Camille opened her lips and he teased her lightly with his tongue. Breaking the kiss for a small second, Sebastian pushed a strand of lose hair behind her ear.

“Don’t stop.” Sebastian heard her whisper, her eyes full of fervor.

He pressed his body to hers while pushing one hand against the door, leaning back in for another kiss. After a few more moments he moved his mouth from hers and nuzzled the hollow of her neck with the tip of his nose. “I won’t.” he promised.

Camille shivered as his breath tickled the side of her neck. “G-good, good, just want to make sure we’re both on the same page.” She moaned against his ear when his teeth nipped right above her collarbone, then used his tongue to laved the sting. “Dios mio …” She mumbled in Spanish. At the same time she slid her arms down from around his neck and gripped unto his broad shoulders. He nipped again before sucking gently on her sweet skin.

She smelled like vanilla and shea butter. His nostrils inhaled her in and his mouth only sucked harder. Camille moaned louder, clutching tighter on to him with every suck and kiss he gave.

“The collarbone is your spot isn’t it baby?” He asked in a taunting tone, lifting his head up at the same time she opened her eyes, their gaze meeting.

Camille tilted her head to one side. “What’s your fascination with finding my spot?” A hint of playfulness in her eyes.

A light smirk formed on his features at the sassiness. “Because…” he started with a lick of his lips and brushing them sweetly against hers, then making his way back down to place another open mouth kiss to her collarbone. He felt the grip on his shoulders tighten before she let out another whine that went straight to his cock. “I want to continue making you moan.”
Their mouths collided again. Only this kiss wasn’t light, sweet or questing. This one was hot, urgent, passion, desperate, his tongue sliding along her bottom lip, seeking entrance. Everything inside him ached and burned. They were close but not close enough. He needed more. Sebastian snaked his arms down her body, seizing his hands to her hips.

“More…”

Sebastian could feel his pulse quicken. “More what Camille?”

She stood on her tip toes, wrapping her arms tightly around his neck, her chest crushing against his. She sighed. “I need more. I need you to touch me…”

Her words echoed in his head. Was this really happening? Or was he dreaming?

He blinked out of his thoughts when she bit down on his lower lip. He grunted and slapped one hand above her head on the door for leverage. He pressed her back up against it then used one foot to push her legs apart. She dropped her arms from his neck and loosely wrapped one around his waist as the other hand touched and grasped unto any part of him. Her touches were desperate and needy. He returned the sentiment by taking her mouth with his in a long kiss that left them both panting and breathing hard.

Sebastian trailed his lips down her jaw and then back to her neck. Camille sighed in contentment. He lifted his head for a brief moment catching the look that passed through them- lust and longing. She leaned into him, her breast lightly brushed against his chest.

“Jesus Camille.” Was all his brain could come up with. Sebastian angled his head a bit, if he moved an inch closer his lips would literally be on top of hers again.

“What?” She asked innocently at the same time her warm tongue licked one side of his mouth. She leaned back in and kissed him fully.

She was like oxygen to his lungs. Each kiss had her grabbing him harder, which made him kiss her harder, until they were melded together, breathing heavily and taking and sharing passion. When his tongue invaded hers, Camille rocked forward on her feet.

“Tell me what you want.” Sebastian growled, moving the hand from the door down to her hips and spine. He kissed her jaw again and then her throat. He groaned against her skin when she took his wandering hand in both of hers and brought it up to her covered right breast.

Her response was a low hum.

Sebastian was dreaming. It had to be a dream. But once again he was broken out of his foggy state when he heard Camille’s plead.

“Sebastian…please…”

That was enough for him. He gave her breast a light squeeze. It took everything in him to keep from doing what he really wanted to do at the moment. She stirred against him and he instinctively began massaging her breast as his mouth attacked hers for the hundredth time in past 30 minutes. For the next few moments his hand alternated between both of her breasts, not wanting to neglect either one.

This was heaven. Fuck. There was no turning back now.

Not breaking their kiss, he smoothed his other hand down her ribs, hip. Easing one knee between her legs again, Sebastian fingers gripped beneath her thigh bringing her knee up to his waist. He pushed
her dress above her leg, exposing her skin. His pulse racing. His palm slid delicately up her thigh, touching soft skin. She was hot to the touch.

He broke the kiss and pushed his forehead to hers. Licking his lips, he managed to stammer. “A-Any time you want me to stop- just say the word. Okay?” He wanted her to know there was no pressure. Regardless of what he wanted, Sebastian was not going to do anything she wasn’t comfortable with.

“OhOkay.” Camille responded back in a whisper. Then cupped his face tenderly to give him a sweet and soft kiss.

Her kisses were going to be the death of him and she didn’t even realize it.

Sebastian’s hand slipped between her thighs, gliding over and coming to rest precisely where he wanted them to be. A breathy sigh escaped her lips. He felt her squirm when his thumb started to move up and down, stroking through the lace underwear. Her eyes rolled back and she gave a heartfelt moan of encouragement. At her response Sebastian used his forefinger to deftly outline the elastic edge of the underwear, feeling the light goosebumps on her hip.

“Seb… please.” She shuttered, arching her back.

He slipped his hand out of the dress and gave her covered ass a nice grab, whining himself at how good it felt to touch her. Both hands squeezed her again as his mouth devoured her lips in a hard kiss. He smoothed his hands up her hips, then to the dip of her back. His touches had become more urgent, eager just likes hers. They groped and clawed at each other, every few seconds fighting on who got to bite whose lip first. Sebastian’s hand gripped firmly on one side of her hip.

“Untie it.” Camille moaned against his throat. It took a few seconds for the words to register with him. Camille lifted her head up and tugged his large hand toward the string that tied the dress together. “Untie it.” She repeated, her voice laced with hunger.

Sebastian’s eyes never left her face and gently began to untie the side of her dress. He watched as she followed his hand with her eyes- daring him to continue. Sebastian’s lips twitched slightly. He expected her to stop him, but her eyes told him everything he needed to know. He got her dress completely undone and sneaked a hand inside, his fingers gripped gently on her warm skin. He couldn’t help but chuckled lowly as her eyes fluttered shut at his touch. She involuntarily pressed herself closer to him and Sebastian was now in contact with the side of her face. Her hair tickled his nose and instead of brushing it way, he buried his face in it and then pressed his mouth to her neck. God, she was sweet. Sweet and fucking sexy, and he just breathed her in.

“Seb…” She cried out softly.

He danced his hand inside of her dress, up and down her belly. Up, up…

To the very undersides of her breasts…. 

It took everything to keep himself from whimpering like a child. He pulled the dress with one hand so it rested open on her shoulders. He cursed in Romanian. He wasn’t prepared for what was waiting for him underneath it. She wore a matching lacy bra and underwear lingerie. But it was the tattoo on her hip that did him in. Yes he had seen her this way before but he had never been as close as he was at the moment.

He grin. “No garter belt?” Referring to their conversation from three weeks ago.

“Maybe tomorrow.”
If he wasn’t so fucking aroused at the moment he would have laughed at her response. Instead he moved the same hand down low enough to run to the very top of her covered mound…

Camille’s hand instinctively found his and she gave a small squeeze as a little whimper sound escaped her and tore at his gut. He pressed his lips to her jaw, her cheek, helpless to resist her smooth skin.

“This is better than I imagine. You’re better than I imagine.” He said, his voice dropping an octave.

“Seb…”

“Shh, I’ve got you.” he murmured.

“Sebastian.” she repeated, but didn’t move.

“Yeah. Me.” he teased gently. He kissed her jaw again and then her throat. He groaned when she took his wandering hand in both of hers and brought it up to her breasts. He smiled to himself, unable to stop it.

His fingers stroked her nipples through the lacy bra, his tongue worked its way to her bare shoulder and he nudged her against the door so he could lean over her to get a look at what he had exposed. Her dress had somehow slipped off her shoulders and rested half way down her torso. He completed melted at the sight of beautiful dark skin.

“I need you…” Camille choked out.

“Yeah?” he questioned.

“Yes.”

Fuck- that was hot, his eyes on her face, as if trying to engrave her in his brain. She didn’t let go of his hand. Instead she pushed it down and it took everything inside of him to not whine in disappointment. But when she pushed his hand-past her quivering belly into the warmth between her thighs-it worked too. She let out a needy murmur, one that had his name on it, and nearly had him coming right there and then.

He rubbed her covered mound with his thumb before his fingers found the elastic of her lacy underwear again. Using one foot between hers, he forced her legs wider as his digits moved to her wet folds.

“Jesus fucking Christ.” He uttered. “You feel amazing Camille.” His blood boiling at how sexy this moment was. “So…wet.” He grunted. “Fuck-how are you this wet already? I haven’t even eased my whole finger-”

“It’s been over a year Sebastian.” She interrupted with a nervous laugh. “Vibrators can only work for so long.”

He chuckled as his fingers ran through the narrow slit, circled her swollen clit, and then slid back to the aching entrance of her vagina.

“Sebastian.” she gasped, her body arching up when he moved his fingers, increasing the rhythm.

“I love hearing the sound of my name on your lips when I have my fingers inside you.” He whispered. He kept his hand on her, and pressed his mouth to her shoulder while he worked her into a feverish pitch with his fingers.
Another soft sound left her throat, and he felt her blindly search for his face. “Kiss me.” she pleaded. An invitation if ever he’d heard one, and he snatched it, he lowered his mouth to hers. She made the sound again and spread her legs for him, and he didn’t hold back, as he ran his tongue over her lower lip, and then drew into his mouth to suck then caressed it again, as he glided his fingers over her. Into her.

She gasped his name, and he leaned over her, inhaling her scent, the soft feel of her, the way she panted into his ear, how her mouth clung to his as if maybe, just maybe, he was a lifeline for her. Her breathing had turned into a mantra of his name, and he increased the pressure of his fingers, and she cried out, a needy sound that went straight to his groin. She opened her eyes, glossed over and disoriented with desire.

“Are you okay?” He asked, trying to hide the smile on his lips. He had caused that look and he was damn proud of it.

“Huh?” She responded, blinking a few times, licking her lips as if she was trying to concentrate. “Y- Yeah.” She stammered.

“Are you sure? Do you want me to stop?” He asked almost sarcastically.

That question got her attention quickly. She furrowed her eyebrows at him. “Only if you want to lose some limbs.” She threatened.

“You’re so bossy.” Sebastian mocked but was already trailing feather like kisses down her throat then the front of her chest. He shut his eyes when her fingers delved into his hair. At the same time he stopped his trail of kisses on her chest, sucking gently on the top of her cleavage.

“I-I’m not bossy.” She protested unconvincingly.

“Oh baby, you are.” Sebastian argued as his tongue involuntarily licked her soft skin. “But I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

He lifted his head back up and found her face flushed, her mouth wet from his kisses and that wasn’t the only place she was wet. She was drenched for him and the knowledge brought a surge of pleasure so sharp he couldn’t contain his groan or keep his fingers from playing in her slippery heat.

“Please…” Camille whimpered into his mouth as she rocked her hips in tune with his fingers, urging him on. He wanted to learn her body. He wanted to know what made her cry out in ecstasy. Her hand quickly came down on top of his, holding him there as if afraid he would pull away and stop.

That wasn’t going to happen. Not when he had her almost at the edge. Instead he moved with her and increased the pressure and pace as she wanted. He swallowed the lump in his throat and glanced down to watch, nearly making him lose it.

Camille’s eyes were shut tightly again as her mouth opened and then gasped for air, her belly quivering as he moved his fingers on her, in her. He bend down and sucked hard on her collarbone as he stroked her. She went tense then burst.

“Fuck- you look so hot right now.” He blurted out, lifting his head, unable to keep his eyes off her as she exploded for him, on him, all over him. It was the sexiest, most erotic thing he had ever seen and he hadn’t even been touched.

Her hips slowed and she released his hand. He was slow to take his hands off her and let them glide
up and over her hip, over her ribs, feeling the goosebumps all over her skin before he withdrew, gently helping her slip the dress back over her shoulders. Sebastian didn’t want to let go of her just yet, he leaned into her and pressed his mouth to the side of her cheek, his chest pressed against hers. He could feel her heart racing deep within her chest, just like his.

“Holy shit- that was amazing.” She breathed out.

“You’re amazing.” he whispered into her ear.

Camille turned her face towards his. “I think I had some help.” she murmured, sweetly pressing her lips to his. “I need a moment to catch my breath.” She confessed with a light giggle.

“Mmkay.” Sebastian answered, nuzzling the side of her face with his nose. Not able to keep away from her.

After a few extra moments, Camille finally spoke up again. “I can’t remember the last time I had an orgasm like that.”

“Want to try for another one?” Sebastian teased, kissing her.

“Oh?”

“Yeah.” He answered without a second thought and grinning from ear to ear.

“Mmmm, I might have to take you up on that…” Camille responded with another sweet kiss.

Their kiss broke at the sound of a phone ringing. Once, twice, three times before it stopped completely.

“What the-?”

Camille’s eyes grew wide with recognition and she gasped. “My phone! I left it in here earlier!” Quickly tugging at her dress so it fit right again and tying it back up. She looked back up Sebastian with a disappointed face. “They’re probably looking for me. I should get back out there.”

Sebastian placed another lose strand of hair behind her ear. “Okay.” Then cupped her face, tugging it toward him for another one of her kisses. Their lips touched for the next few moments in sweet and small pecks.

Finally Camille was the one to pull away with a shy smile. “We should stop now or someone will find us naked in here.” She teased with a wink.

Sebastian smiled slyly and responded. “I mean, it is technically a dressing room.”

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“Can I get a picture of you and the bride?”

“Of course!”

Camille jumped slightly when she felt a light tap on her shoulders. She blinked out of her thoughts and found her younger sister standing behind her with a curious look on her face. “Hmm? What?” She asked stupidly.
“He wants to get a picture of us.” Natalie repeated, furrowing her eyebrows.

Clearing her throat, Camille set down the plate of fruit and smile widely, wrapping one arm around her sister’s shoulder as the photographer took a few pictures of them. “Oh! Yes of course.”

After he thanked them and walked away, Natalie turned to Camille. “Okay- what’s up with you?” She demanded.

“What are you talking about?” Picking the plate with fruit back up from the dessert buffet. Rehearsal dinner had just ended and so far things were going without a hitch. Especially since Staci had finally showed up, taking over for Camille, which she had been more than grateful for her to do.

“You’ve been standing over here for a while now-“

“I’m getting fruit for Tia Lupe. You know she can’t walk too well.” Camille explained.

“Noo, you were supposed to be getting fruit for her but you were taking so long she asked one of the waiters to bring it to her.”

By that time Camille had gone back to distributing more fruit on the plate and was half paying attention. A silly smile tugging on her lips.

“Why are you smiling?!”

Camille pursed her lips together to try and hide it, but it wouldn’t go away. So she bit down on her lower lip instead, but it seemed she didn’t have control of her face at the moment. She quickly bend her head down and reached for a piece of strawberry to try and keep her mouth busy.

She couldn’t help it damn it! Every time she thought about the events from earlier, she would get a burst of butterflies in her stomach and a throbbing feeling between her thighs.

Sebastian had given her an orgasm. A hell of an orgasm. One that had not been inspected, but had felt amazing. It wasn’t like she didn’t try and take care of her sexual needs in other ways, but nothing could top a human touch. And Sebastian’s touch had been just what her body needed apparently. Plus, the fact that it had been over a year since she had sex it had made the moment more intense for her.

She had left the room before he had, legs feeling like jello as she had walked, but feeling completely and utterly satisfied. With whatever strength she had, she managed to continue getting things ready for the rehearsal dinner. No one being the wiser that she had disappeared for a little bit.

“Seriously! What’s going on with you?” Natalie asked at the same time grabbing Camille’s elbow, leading them to an empty table. Camille plopped unto one of the chairs, Natalie following. “Are you drunk?” Her younger sister hissed.

Camille jerked her head up to glare. “No!” She exclaimed, placing the small plate on the table.

“High?”

She jaw dropped open at the accusations. “No! Estas loca?!”

Natalie leaned back against the chair with a shrug. “I just had to ask.” Then folded her arms across her chest, a cautious look in her eyes. “I figured you weren’t though.” She stated with a satisfied smirk on her features. “Now tell me what the hell is going on!”
“I can’t believe you would accuse me of being high on your wedding day!” Camille mumbled as she folded her arms in front of her.

“Well… I mean I wouldn’t judge if you were…” Natalie trailed off. “I would just be upset that you didn’t offer me any.” Camille rolled her eyes. “It has been a hectic day.”

Camille’s mouth twitched, not bothering to argue. It had been a pretty stressful day- until Sebastian had shown up anyway. She licked her lips before biting on the lower one, trying again to keep from grinning like a damn teenager when her mind began to wonder back to their intimate moment from a few hours ago.

Fuck. The way he had kissed and took control made her insides flutter. She couldn’t stop her brain from replaying the moments over and over. It had been the hottest thing she has ever done. She wasn’t a prude when it came to sex. But she usually kept that for the bedroom…not out in public. She hadn’t been able to control herself or her hormones because she found herself not just wanting him but needing him. It had almost felt like an outer body experience. That was the best way to explain it.

“Mira, you either tell me or I’m going to go get Tia Yolanda.” Natalie threaten. “She’s already asked me twice if I knew why you’ve been so distracted the last few hours.”

“Maybe because I’ve been trying to help prepare for this dinner.” She reminded, hoping that answer would suffice.

It was Natalie’s turn to roll her eyes. “Please.” She started, crossing one leg over the other. “That’s such a bullshit answer. Although- it is the one I gave her.” She quirked an eyebrow. “She was also asking about el muchacho…”

Camille sighed. “What did you say?” She knew it was coming. The questions about Sebastian and who exactly was he to her. And as annoying as it was- she would rather answer Sebastian questions than David ones any day.

“Nothing. I just said he was a friend. She was like: de verdad? Esta guapo.” A sly smile on her face.

At that comment, Camille felt a small smile tug back on her lips. He was cute. Her Tia was right about that. Not just cute, but sexy. Never in her life had she described anyone in that way.

“Oh my god….!” Camille glanced back at Natalie. Her younger sister was looking back at her wide-eyed. “You guys did it!”

“Did what?”

“You and Sebastian!” Natalie whispered quickly.

“W-What?!”

“You didn’t?” Natalie asked with a disappointed look.

Camille let out an annoyed sigh at Natalie’s interrogation. “No, no we didn’t! We’ve barely had a chance to talk.”

Natalie interrupted her. “You mean- you guys haven’t kissed again?”

Pressing her lips together, Camille looked anywhere but at her sister. She wasn’t going to lie to her.
Natalie snickered. “Ha! I knew it!” Reaching out for a piece of fruit to shove into her mouth.

Camille jolted her eyes back to Natalie and tried to glare, but a goofy smile played on her lips. Ugh! She really couldn’t control it. “Fine…we…might have done some…kissing…” she admitted with a nonchalant shrug. “A lot of kissing.” She couldn’t help but mumble.

Natalie’s beamed, clapping her hands excitedly in front of her. “Que mas?”

“Nada mas!” Camille answered back in Spanish. But knew her sister would see right through her. She was right, Natalie was giving her a knowing scowl. Letting out an exasperated sound, Camille bit down on her lower lip apprehensively. Natalie was her sister, she wouldn’t judge, but this was also her wedding weekend and she didn’t want to take that away from her.

“Camille!”

“Okay, okay!” Camille exclaimed. “You know the drought I’ve been in the past year? Let’s just say-it officially ended today….” She gasped in surprise and almost fell out of her chair when Natalie wrapped her arms around her and squealed in delight. “Nat!” Camille cried with a short giggle and gripped unto her sister’s arm for leverage. “Why are you more excited about this than I am?”

Natalie let go and fully sat back down but still bounced in the chair. “Because you deserve something good in your life!” She said with a huge grin. “And Sebastian is a good guy. He cares and takes care of you and-.”

“Whoa-whoa. Slow down.” Camille said with a nervous laugh. “We haven’t decided on anything and you’re already making assumptions about something I don’t even know if I want.” And that was the truth. “Like I said-we haven’t even had the chance to talk-“

“Then go talk to him!” Natalie demanded eagerly.

Camille gave her a weird look. “I can’t right now.”

“Why not?”

She looked at her sister as if she had a third eye. “Because we’re here celebrating your wedding-.”

Natalie waved a dismissive hand. “Dinner is over. Everyone is just now hanging out, relaxing before we all go to our separate rooms.”

That was true. The benefit of having a wedding at a hotel was the fact that people had to leisure to come and go, especially since most of the guest were staying there. Natalie and Samantha has gone through a lot of scenarios/ideas of the type of wedding they wanted. Finally deciding on a wedding in the mountains and ocean. They had picked Big Sur, California. They wanted a weekend celebration with those they love. It felt intimate enough, but also allowed for people to enjoy their surroundings.

“You’ve done your big sister speech and made sure everything was perfect for me and Sam.” She added with a warm smile. Camille opened her mouth to protest, but Natalie stopped her. “Look- you’re leaving here soon- don’t you think you deserve to know what could be between you two?”

Camille opened her mouth again, but shut it. Not having an answer. After a few moments of silence, she spoke up. “What about Tia Yolanda?”

Because if there was one thing Camille knew, was her aunt kept tabs on everything and everyone.
Natalie creased her eyebrows in concentration. Camille could see the wheels turning in her head. “You leave her to me.” Standing up. “You were able to keep her away from staff most of the day, I think I can I can manage.” She added with a wink.

Camille followed her lead and stood up. Her heart beating a bit quicker. “Are you sure?” She tried to stall.

“Yes. I’m sure. Cam- you deserve some happiness too. I know these past six months have sucked.”

“I know. You’re right.” She murmured with a light sigh. “But I don’t even know what I want.” She confessed. Reality settling in the pit of her stomach. She was leaving for 10 months. She didn’t think she was ready for another relationship. She shook her head. She was getting ahead of herself.

“Then go find out. And in the process maybe have a few good orgasms.” Natalie teased.

Camille rolled her eyes at her sister’s lame joke. “Shut up.”

Giggling, Natalie nodded toward the bar. “Go.” She ordered sternly.

She looked over her shoulder and found Sebastian standing at the bar. His back to her. She shut her eyes for a split moment then turned back to her sister. “I can’t believe you’re encouraging this on your wedding weekend.”

“Hey- I shouldn’t be the only one having sex this weekend.”

Camille shook her head but laughed. “I’m not going to have sex-.”

“Okay, Okay, fine. I’m not saying you have to sleep with him. But you should go talk to him.” Then pointed a scolding finger. “But- don’t get too crazy. We still have the wedding tomorrow.”

Camille wrinkled her nose, without another thought or word, she turned on her heels and walked toward him. Her hands clammy all of a sudden. Once she was behind him, she came to a halt and sucked in a large breath. She took another long stride and stood next to him at the bar. She nudged his shoulder with her own.

Sebastian quickly turned his head in her direction, a warm smile tugging on his lips when he recognized her. “Hey.” He responded, nudging her back.

Camille felt a jolt of electricity run through her body at the light touch.

Since Sebastian was her plus one. He had sat at the table with her. Though they had sat together for dinner, the opportunity to talk was limited with other people there. The most they could do was share small smiles and light touches here and there. Whether it was passing each silverware, salt, pepper etc., their fingers, hands touched and it would linger longer than it should. The light touches were meant to look accidental but they were both acutely aware of what they were doing.

“They finally drive you away from the table?” She teased gently.

“Hmm?” He said with a raised eyebrow and a slow lick of his bottom lip.

Camille knew he didn’t do it on purpose. She knew it was a nervous habit at times. But damn, did it cause a reaction to her body. “My family.”

His eyes widen. “Oh no!” Shaking his head. “I needed another drink.” Showing her his glass. “I’m not one to pass up an open bar.” Camille only nodded as he took a sip from it. “Feeling better now
that’s over?” He asked with a knowing smirk.

“Yes.” She responded, her eyes searching for the bartender. He was at the other end, pouring drinks for guest. “We still have tomorrow.” She reminded.

“Yeah.” She heard Sebastian say.

She looked back at him and found him gazing back at her with those sapphire eyes, his jaw set, but Camille caught the clinch. She felt the air leave her lungs. They locked eyes for the next few moments, neither one saying a word. The noise from the guests surrounding them.

Swallowing the huge lump in her throat, she reached and brushed her hand over his arm. “C’mon.” She heard herself say.

Sebastian blinked in surprise. “W-What?”

Taking his hand, Camille nodded slightly toward the exit door a few feet away. “Follow me.”

“Are you sure?” He asked in a skeptical tone.

“Yeah, I’m sure.” Tugging at his hand, at the same her eyes landed on the unopened bottle of champagne on the other side of the bar. Biting lightly on her bottom lip, she pushed herself on her toes and swiftly grabbed the bottle. “Grab those two clean glasses next to you.” She ordered with a small giggle.

Sebastian eyes danced with mischief when he realized what they were about to do. Quickly he reached for them. Once they were securely in his hand, Camille pulled them toward the exit.

As quietly and briskly as possible they walked out and into the huge backyard that was the Pacific Ocean on one side and mountains on the other. The sun had gone down, but the lights from the hotel illuminated just enough of the walkway for them to walk down the steps. Camille could hear the waves crashing, even though they were technically on top of a cliff.

She was never going to get over how beautiful Big Sur truly was.

The further they got away from the hotel, the darker the walkway got until they reached the end of the cliff which was safely enclosed by stones you could sit on and a huge fire pit the middle, that was lit at the moment. Letting go of his hand, Camille walked ahead of him and sat down in front of the fire. A small shiver running through her when her body finally reacted to the cold breeze. She sat the bottle of champagne next to her at the same time Sebastian sat down.

“How is it that I’ve never been here before?” Sebastian mused. Camille squinted her forehead. He continued. “Just…my dad lives up north and I didn’t know this place was here.”

“It is pretty secluded.” She answered and leaned the top half of her body closer to the fire pit to warm up.

“Where’s your coat?” Sebastian asked, putting down the glasses to shake off his sport jacket and put over her shoulders.

“In my room?” she mumbled with a sheepish smile. “Thanks.” she added, sliding her arms into the sleeves of the jacket. He only frowned. “In my defense, I didn’t know I was going to come out here.”

“Hmm.” Was his only response at the same time she involuntarily leaned into him, and settled one side of her face on his shoulder. He pressed a light kiss to the top of her head, but didn’t say another
Camille shut her eyes, appreciating the comfortable silence between them. A part of her had been afraid that if they every crossed the line, it would make things awkward. Yet, it didn’t feel that way.

“Everything okay with Natalie?”

“Yeah, why?”

“I just saw you talking to her earlier and I wasn’t sure if something was wrong…” trailing off.

Lifting her head back up, she met his stare. “Everything is fine. We…were actually talking about you…” she said without thinking.

Sebastian raised an eyebrow in surprise. “About me?” he repeated.

“Hmm, yeah. About how I needed to find you so we could talk.” She said slowly, watching his reaction at her words.

That time he raised both eyebrows. “You told her…? I mean of course you told her-she’s your sister.” He reasoned with himself. Then swayed a bit to give her a small nudge, a sly smirk on his features. “You told her everything?”

“NO!” she cried out. “I mean not in detail-.” She stopped and tried to gather her thoughts. After a few moments, she spoke again. “I’m leaving in a few days Seb…”

“I know dragoste.”

She sighed. “And what happened was…wonderful.” She finished, unable to hide the smile on her face as she got flashes of what they had done. “But I mean I’m still leaving for this job…and I don’t know how you feel about it…” she said lamely.

Sebastian leaned his face closer to her, pressing his forehead to hers. “Well…” letting his tongue snake out to wet his lips. “I know I like kissing you.” He confessed. “A lot.”

She grinned like a fool at his words. “I like kissing you too…”

“Yeah I kind of figured that out.” He teased, giving her a genuine smile. “So why don’t we just kiss some more before you have to leave for this amazing job?” he suggested, cupping her face with both hands.

Her heart jumped, not just at the chance of getting to kiss him again, but at the recognition that he was as supportive in what she loved to do, just like her family was. She looked up at him through her lashes. “So…what you’re saying is…we should probably continue doing more if it…right now?” she asked, trying to sound as casual as possible.

“I would say…yes.” He answered without hesitation and a shy smile.

“Hmm…” Tilting her head just enough for her lips to brush against his softly. The butterflies from earlier setting back in to the pit of her stomach as she closed her eyes.

Sebastian tugged her face closer and opened his mouth over hers, almost as if unable to resist the urge to taste her. She shivered at the first lick his tongue did. Her mouth opened slowly, her hand buried in his hair, tugging him for a deeper kiss. She had feeling this was never going to get old, kissing him. Their mouths continued to invade each other for the next few minutes. Small sighs and
whimpers lingering in the air with every kiss they shared.

Camille wasn’t sure how long they had been sitting there before Sebastian broke their embrace and pressed light kisses to the side of her mouth. “Just so you know,” he said hoarsely. “There’s no pressure here. I would never want to jeopardize your career.”

She let out a shaky breath. “O-okay.” But her mind was only focused on his mouth now. She pressed one hand on his cheek. “I need you to kiss me.” A light shiver running all the way down and in between her thighs when he outline her bottom lip with his thumb. Her mouth reached out and nipped it. Her whole body feeling like it was on fire. She let her hand trail down the front of his chest as he leaned back in to press a hard kiss. His tongue assaulting hers again.

They continued to kiss, his hands coming up to grip the back of her head, his fingers tangling in her hair. He trailed his mouth down her jaw, neck, sucking lightly on her skin. Camille squirmed in her spot, enjoying the feel of his mouth on her skin again. Just like earlier.

“Sebastian…” she whimpered, breaking from his mouth.

He cleared his throat, opened his eyes and stroked her bottom lip again. His thumb had already made its way into her mouth. Camille took the opportunity to give it a gentle suck between her lips. He grunted at the action. “Fuck. Are you trying to kill me?”

Camille grinned despite herself. “Only a little.” Sticking her tongue back out to lick his thumb again. She swallowed slowly when his blue eyes darken. She needed for him to take her again. Just like in the dressing room. The smile from earlier disappeared as she took his mouth back on hers, kissing him eagerly and desperately, trying to convey what she needed through the kiss. “My room is only on the other side…” her voice laced with need.

At those words, he broke from her again and searched her face intensely. “Camille, I wasn’t trying to-“

She interjected by giving his bottom lip a soft nip. “I know that.” Smiling reassuringly at him before pressing her lips to his for another hot kiss. “It’s more comfortable than being out here and less likely to be caught by prying eyes.” She said after a few moments. “And I’m not going lie-I rather be in my room when you get touch me again…”

Sebastian lolled his head to one side at her words and mumbled something in Romanian.

“What did you just say?” She asked as innocently as possible.

His beautiful chiseled jaw twitched, the lustful look in his eyes obvious. Acting as if she didn’t notice his reaction, she grazed her fingernails up and down the front of his chest. He cleared his throat and writhe on the spot. She gasped in surprise when he gripped her wrist and brought her hand up to his mouth, kissing each fingertip tenderly.

“Is that a yes?” She breathed. Her heart feeling like it was going to jump out of her chest.

“A yes?” Sebastian mumbled.

“About going to my room?” Camille questioned, starting to feel a bit anxious about suggesting the idea. What if he didn’t want to? Maybe it wasn’t such a good idea. What if it truly ruined everything?

He pressed a sweet kiss to her temple. “I’ll do whatever you want. As long as you’re comfortable. I’ll follow your lead baby.”
Camille sighed in contentment. His words, easing her nerves and calming her. Lifting her head, she brushed her lips against his for a few more minutes. She broke the kiss and stood up. Grasping the champagne bottle in one hand, she felt her confidence building and reached for his hand. “C’mon.” She heard herself whisper, tangled her fingers with his and lead them toward her hotel room.
March 2011 Big Sur

“This room is way better than mine.” Sebastian pretended to complain, pouring himself and Camille a second glass of champagne, his eyes taking in the spacious cabin like room. They had made their way to her suite and while Sebastian opened the bottle they had confiscated, Camille checked her phone messages/text. It seemed that Big Sur was known for its lack of phone service-which Sebastian was okay with. It was nice to not be hounded by his phone.

Camille put down her phone on the table next to him and smirked, slipping off his coat and placing it neatly on the chair by the table. “The perks of being the maid of honor.” She answered with a wink.

“Oh is that it? Who do I need to talk to about getting that role?” He asked in a serious tone, his eyes dancing in playfulness as he offered her the champagne.

“That would be the brides.” Camille stated. Then looked him up and down with a slight frown.

“What? Why are you looking at me that way?”

She took a sip out of her glass. “I don’t know if you could do backless sweetie.” She said sarcastically with a slight shrug.

Without thinking twice, he reached his arm out and wrapped it loosely around her waist. Her eyes widen when he tugged her to his chest. She swiftly lifted the hand with the champagne glass above his shoulder as to not spill any. Sebastian’s pulse began to race when she bit down on her lower lip, giving him an expectant look.

“I could pull it off.” He said in an assertive voice at the same time trying to keep his eyes away from her plump lips.

“Okay.” Camille deadpanned with a nose twitch that made Sebastian want to throw caution to the wind about everything in his life.

“You mocking me?” He asked with a squint of his eyes.

“Me? Never.”

He leaned his face down to hers, noses touching. He lived for their flirting/banter. Regardless of what happened next, he never wanted that to change.

“I rather see you in that dress anyway.” He murmured, his fingers absently stroking the dip of her back.

“Then you’re just going to have to wait until tomorrow.” She whispered in a sassy tone.
“Hmm.” Sebastian responded before his lips grazed hers in a soft and luscious kiss. He felt her grip tighten on his arm and sigh softly when his tongue licked and nipped her bottom lip. In the short time they shared kisses, he had come to learn what made her squirm and he loved it.

Kissing had always been a fun thing to do, but it wasn’t until Camille that he realized what he had been missing out on. The kisses they had shared so far were the most arousing thing he had ever felt. Maybe it was who he was sharing them with...

After a few more moments, Sebastian finally broke their lip lock. His brain a bit foggy. Camille licked her lips and blinked up at him through her lashes. He pressed his forehead to hers. “Seriously-who do I talk to about getting a better room?” Trying to hide the smile on his face when Camille dropped her arm from his shoulder, tossed her head back and laughed.

“Oh my god!” She exclaimed through fits of giggles.

Sebastian grinned at the sound of her laughter. He enjoyed making her smile. He wasn’t sure what was going to happen next, but whatever it was- he wanted Camille to be comfortable.

“What so funny?” He asked after her laughter had subsided. “You stuck me in a room with Charles!” He accused.

“Oh no-that was not me.” She protested with a shake of her head. Then tilted her head slightly to give him an inquisitive look. “Where is Charles? Weren’t you guys supposed to be driving up here together?”

“He got held up at work so he’s coming up tomorrow.”

Unlike Sebastian- who had been invited by Camille and Natalie- Charles had been invited by Sam to the wedding. Funny enough- they knew each other prior to Camille and Sebastian becoming friends. They had a few college courses together and Sam had even worked on Charles’ (now ex) girlfriend’s house. Charles had received the invitation before Sebastian had. Which of course, he teased Sebastian about.

“You’re telling me-I might’ve had a chance with Camille if I had met her before you did?” Charles scoffed teasingly.

“Who says you don’t have a chance now?” Sebastian had responded sarcastically.

Charles had snorted and rolled his eyes. “Well, if you haven’t figured out why then you’re an idiot.”

Blinking back to the present, Sebastian gazed back at her, watching silently as she sipped on her champagne, a look of real concentration on her face. “What’s going through that brain of yours?” he probed.

Camille looked up at him, a bit startled. “I was just thinking about how you’re going to be alone in that room…” she answered shyly.

At her words, Sebastian’s stomach did a summersault. He had been serious earlier when he said he would do whatever she was comfortable with. The idea of having sex with her had definitely crossed his mind, but what happened next was up to Camille. The ball was in her court. He wasn’t going to push. Even if his hormones spoke otherwise.

Placing his glass down, he cupped her face and tugged it close to his. “I can stay here for as long as you want me to.” He answered truthfully.
“Following my lead right?” she whispered.

“Exactly.”

Camille took a step back from him then sat the champagne down on the small table behind her. Before Sebastian had a chance to blink, she had turned back around and wrapped her arms loosely around his neck, pushing herself up on her heels to press a warm kiss on the side of his mouth.

He swallowed.

“I want you to stay.” He heard her almost purr in his ear.

How was she able to go back and forth between sweet and sexy? Fuck.

Sebastian moved his face just enough for his lips to touch hers again. He felt his cock twitch when her warm tongue touched his. He moved his hands to her ribs, then let them slip lower, rubbing them up and down her spine. A low whine left her lips when he pressed her hips closer to him. His mouth continuing his sweet attack. He groaned back into her mouth when her nails caressed up and down on the nape of his neck, tugging him closer to kiss harder.

Fuck. She really didn’t realize what she did to him.

They continued to kiss passionately for the next few minutes, their breaths mingling together with every touch and peck their lips made. Sebastian’s hands absently slid lower down her back, smoothly giving one ass cheek a squeeze. She broke away from him and moaned loudly into his ear before giving it a light nip. Sebastian squeezed again and that caused Camille to nibble the edge of his ear once more.

He couldn’t help but smirk at the sudden teasing game they were playing.

Camille found his mouth again and gently brushed her lips against his. She tilted her head back just enough for his tongue to enter her mouth. Their breaths ragged as their hands gripped and explored each other’s heated bodies.

She felt perfect.

He wanted to touch more. This time both hands moved to her ass and clutched, pushing her body into his. He heard her let out a whine—but this one sounded pained.

He quickly moved his hands back up to her spine and broke the kiss, a concern look on his face. “Are you okay?” Afraid he had somehow crossed a line.

Camille gave a timid smile. “Yeah, yeah.” But looked down at her feet. “It’s these heels. I’ve been wearing them all day.” She explained, bending down a bit and using him as leverage. “I need to take them off.” Standing straight up. “I need to sit down to do it though.”

“Oh okay.” Sebastian answered with a chuckle and a relieved sigh.

She took a step back from him to walk toward the queen size bed. Camille plopped on the end of the mattress with a large sigh. Bending back down, she unclasped the straps from the shoes and slipped them off one at a time. Once they were off, she stretched out her legs to wiggle her toes. “I don’t know what made me think these were good shoes to wear.” She mumbled in a miserable tone.

For the first time since leaving the rehearsal dinner—Sebastian realized how exhausted she must feel from the long day.
“How long have you’ve been up?” He asked, the urge to take care of her seeping in his brain.

Tilting her head to one side, she tried to suppress a yawn. “Um... since 5?” Leaning back a bit and using her arms/hands for support. It was now past nine PM. “We had to load everything in the car, plus the drive.”

Taking a few step toward the bed, Sebastian creased his eyebrows. “You probably need some sleep.” He suggested despite his hormones telling him to shut up.

“I’m fine.”

At her words, Sebastian frowned. “You still have tomorrow.”

Camille grimaced, sitting up straight. “You worry too much.” Reaching out for his hand to pull him to her.

Without saying a word, Sebastian sat himself next to her, letting go of her hand and delicately pushing a strand of lose hair behind her ear. “Someone needs to.”

“And you’re taking on that responsibility?” She half-joked.

“Yup.” Sebastian answered without missing a beat. His knuckles stroking one cheek. He couldn’t seem to keep his hands off her.

“Dulce Sebastian.” She uttered in Spanish, before leaning in.

“Candy?” He questioned confused.

She smiled. “Sweet Sebastian.” She translated, giving him a small peck. “I can’t seem to stop doing that...” she revealed, her hands cupping his face.

“I’m not stopping you dragoste.” He said with a pleased look. “You can do it for as long as you want...”

“Hmm, that’s good to know.” Camille whispered, pressing her mouth back to his, their tongues meshing together for what seemed the 100th time since leaving the rehearsal dinner.

Sebastian slid a hand behind her neck, tickling the skin there. She shivered but angled her mouth to give him more access. Camille gripped on the front of his shirt, her mouth moving in sync with his. Both forgetting what they had been talking about a few minutes ago. Their mouths couldn’t seem to get enough of each other as the kisses switched between sweet and soft and hard and messy. Sebastian- again surprised how quickly her body and mouth responded to him. He broke their lip lock long enough for his tongue to trace along the top of her lip.

Camille clutched his shirt tighter and moaned. “Fuck Sebas-.”

Before she could finish saying his name, he captured her mouth in another hard kiss. He was determined to continue making her moan. Instinctively, he knew how much pressure she liked now to get her mouth to part for his tongue. He tried to concentrate, but it was hard to do when she kept grazing the palm of her hand on his chest. Without breaking the kiss, Camille slid back on the bed, tugging on his shirt to follow her lead. Once they were in the middle of the mattress, Camille broke away from him, her head falling back on the pillows. Sebastian sucked in a large breath and aligned his body next to hers, sliding one arm above her head while the other drew her chin back up to him. For the next few seconds he admired her beautiful face.
How did they end up here? At the moment he couldn’t seem to connect the dots. His brain was too consumed with the fact that he had Camille sprawled on a bed.

“Are you just going to continue to stare or are you going to kiss me some more?” She taunted with a nose scrunch.

He playfully glared. A feeling of satisfaction hitting the pit of his stomach when her eyes widen at his large hand coming up to massage her breast through the dress. “You were saying?” he asked mockingly. She opened her mouth then shut it and arched her back up instead. Sebastian squeezed one perfect mound in his large hand again, biting down on his own lip to keep from groaning at how good it felt to touch her.

“Smart ass.” Camille retorted.

“Do you still want me to kiss you?”

“Yes.” She answered without hesitation, lifting her head up to catch his mouth in a rough kiss.

Sebastian chortled a laugh against her mouth at the snarky respond, but glad she felt comfortable to just be herself. He moved his hand from her breast and slid it down her torso then hips. He gripped his fingers to her waist, feeling conflicted about wanting to just take or explore her body. Camille must have picked up on his predicament because she shifted her whole body to face him. At that move, Sebastian brushed his lips alongside her cheek, while his hand swept beneath her long dress to grip on her soft thigh, moving it up and over his.

He grunted at the closeness. Then almost lost it when Camille took the hand underneath the dress up to her ass, and his fingers touched warm skin—not the lacy underwear.

“Shit.” If they did this, he wasn’t going to last. “Shit.” He repeated in a stunned voice at the same time his fingers cupped her firm flesh. Bringing her in direct contact with his now growing cock, Camille let out a throaty moan. He growled lightly at the feel of her covered breasts nestled against his chest. It was incredible, but it wasn’t enough, he wanted more.

Sebastian wanted her.

“Mmmmm…” Camille sighed.

Sebastian involuntarily squeezed his fingers again on her ass. He lowered his head and stopped for a second to savor her sweet scent. He then kissed her again, softly this time, relishing the feel of her lips. “I have no fucking words.” He told her between kisses. His mind a blurry and aroused mess.

“Who says we need them?” She countered, sliding her arms around his broad shoulders, then neck.

Sebastian moved his hand out of her dress and shifted so he could straddled her. Camille instinctively spread her legs just enough for Sebastian to sit between them. Silently he encouraged her to wrap them around his waist, sliding his hands to her thighs. Once they were, she frantically rubbed her hips against his.

Breaking their kiss for a split second, Camille gasped at the friction and touch of coming in direct contact with his erection. She moved her hands from around his neck to cup his face and nip his bottom lip. Their breaths and moans mixing together and echoing throughout the suite with every kiss and needy grabs they shared.

Sebastian nuzzled his nose into the nape of her neck, using his teeth to softly bite down. Camille let out a soft cry at the action. He did it again- a bit harder that time and she bowed her back in response.
That only urged Sebastian on. He moved his mouth to her collarbone, smiling to himself as she let out a shaky breath. He sucked on her skin and her response was a whimper. He sucked harder.

“Oh my god...f-fuck Sebastian.” She stammered.

But Sebastian wasn’t done. Far from it. For the next few minutes he alternated between her collarbone and sweet mouth—unable to get enough of her. She gripped tightly on his hip as he continued to pleasantly torture her. With every minute his mouth attacked her, he felt the material of his pants get tighter.

His body needed a release—that was obvious, but he wanted to try and make this last. So for the next ten minutes, he concentrated on her, until he abruptly broke their embrace with a small frown.

“What’s wrong?” Camille asked in an alarmed voice.

Sebastian felt his cheeks burn at the realization. “It’s uh...” he started unsure of how to respond. Her eyes held panic. Pushing his forehead back to hers, he nuzzled her nose with his in reassurance. “I kind of have to break the seal...” he tried to explain, hoping he didn’t sound like too stupid.

Camille wrinkled her forehead in confusion, trying to understand what he meant. Finally it hit her and her eyes widen. “Oh!” She said with a slight giggle.

“That’s what happens when beer is free.” He tried to joke, feeling like an idiot for ruining the moment. “Sorry.” He mumbled, pushing himself off her.

“When you got to go, you got to go.” Camille teased, her head still resting comfortably against the pillow.

“Thanks for not making fun of me.” He said sarcastically. Then stuck his tongue out before standing up and off the bed. His heart literally skipped a beat at the sight of her laying there; lips full and swollen from all the kissing, hair messy from the rolling around they had done so far in the bed. Without lifting her head, Camille turned her face in his direction with a small smile.

“I-I’ll be right back.” He promised.

“Okay.” She whispered back.

Almost stupidly, he stumbled into the bathroom a few feet away from the bedpost. Once he was inside, Sebastian shut the door him, letting out a large sigh and feeling a bit relieved for the break. He needed to try and fucking control himself the best he could or he wasn’t going to last. But fuck, he just couldn’t keep his hands away from her. But this was supposed to be about Camille.

Once he was done, he flushed and washed his hands, flipping the light off. “Seriously though—don’t let me sit at the bar to...morrow.” He finished slowly and coming to a halt when his eyes landed back on the bed.

Closing his eyes for a split moment, Sebastian let out a small chuckle at the sight in front of him. Camille had pulled another pillow and had her cheek pressed up against it—fast asleep.

He knew she was tired but was too stubborn to admit it. Not wanting to wake her, Sebastian grabbed the large quilt on top of the couch and placed it over her, to keep her warm.

He slipped off his shoes and quietly slid on the other side of the bed with a small yawn. He tugged one arm behind his head and rested back on it with a smile. Well, I guess you don’t have to worry about it anymore. He thought amusingly. His eyelids feeling heavy. Before he even realized it, he
found himself dozing off into sleep...

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Camille stood in front of the bathroom vanity, unbraiding her hair with a grim look. She glanced back up at the mirror and frowned, feeling like the stupidest person in the world.

She has fallen asleep! She fucking fell asleep on Sebastian!

You ruined everything.

One minute she was waiting for him to get back from the bathroom, the next minute she opened her eyes and found herself covered with a quilt, Sebastian lying next to her, asleep.

If she wasn’t so humiliated, she would have laughed at how ridiculous all of this was. After she got her hair completely unbraided, she snatched a makeup wipe from the counter and began wiping her face. It had been over a year since she had sex and she would be the one to fall asleep before actually doing it.

Oh god.

What if Sebastian thought she wasn’t interested and that’s why she had fallen passed out? She groaned loudly and glanced back up at her reflection. She was interested, very much so! A light shiver ran down her spine when she remembered how he had straddled and kissed her. Closing her eyes, she moaned softly, heart racing rapidly at the mere thought of doing it again-

Unless of course, fatigue won over her hormones again. She rolled her eyes, at least she fell well rested now. Shaking her head, Camille tossed the used makeup wipe into the trash.

Unfortunately Sebastian was now the one passed out, and Camille couldn’t blame him. Especially since it was now past midnight. Maybe it just wasn’t meant to happen. Maybe this was as far as things were going to go.

Camille untied the front of her dress and slipped it off, distractingly. Placing the dress on the counter, she turned to grab her pajamas, instantly remembering she hadn’t taken them out of the suitcase. She had stumbled out of bed, after her two hour nap and went straight into the bathroom.

Letting out an annoyed sigh, she walked out of the bathroom and toward her luggage on the loveseat.

“Cam?” Came a groggy voice a few feet away.

Squeezing her eyes tight and feeling ashamed, Camille came to halt but wouldn’t look at him.

“Yeah?” She squeaked.

“Are you going somewhere?” Sebastian mumbled.

At the question, Camille sucked in a breath and faced him. He pushed himself in sitting position and slid toward the end of the bed at the same time rubbing a hand over his sleepy face.

“Everything okay?” He asked with a small yawn. A yawn that quickly turned into a small cough when his eyes finally landed on her. The sleepy look in his eyes disappearing.

Camille heard him muttered in Romanian.
“What?” She asked confused.

“F*ck Camille-you really know how to jolt a person awake.” He said with a lick of his bottom lip, his eyes lingering up and down her body. “God- you’re beautiful.” She heard him blurt out, his cheeks flushed.

It took a few second for his words and look to register. She had been so consumed in her humiliation, she had forgotten she taken off the dress and was only in her new lacy lingerie. Camille felt the heat on her cheeks. “S-Sorry. I honestly forgot I was only wearing this.” She finished lamely. But also thankful she had taken Natalie’s advice about buying new bra and underwear for the trip.

Sebastian raised a suspicious eyebrow and reached for her hand. “You sure?” He asked mischievously and drawing her to him.

“Yes.” Camille answered, looking down at him with a small frown. “I was trying my best to forget that I fell asleep on you...” she uttered, changing the subject.

“Well- I mean you technically didn’t fall asleep on me...but more of before me.” Sebastian reminded in a taunt tone.

Camille groaned in embarrassment, taking a small step back.

“Hey, whoa, whoa, whoa! C’mere.” Sebastian snickered lightly, placing his hands softly on each side of her hips before she could take another step.

“Seb-.” Camille protested and suppressed a low moan when his fingertips caressed up and down her skin.

“What?” He said, lifting his chin and eyes back up at her.

She sighed and mumbled. “I fell asleep!”

He nodded. “I know. Who do you do think covered you with the quilt?” A small grin tugging on his mouth.

Camille wrinkled her nose down at him. “It’s not funny.”

“It’s a little bit funny.” Sebastian countered with a wink. Camille frowned. He continued. “So you fell asleep-” She opened her mouth to speak, he gave her bare hip a light squeeze. “Cam- you had been up for almost 16 hours without sitting down-I’m surprised you didn’t crash sooner.” He said gently.

She sighed. “I know, but still-I’m sorry-. ”

He shook his head again and brought a finger up to her lips. “You have nothing to be sorry about.” He said in a stern voice. She furrowed her forehead, not sure of what else to say. “If it makes you feel any better- I fell asleep too.” Sebastian tried to comfort.

“Yeah- but after I did!” She cried.

He shrugged nonchalantly. “I mean...yeah...but for the record- I was tired.” He offered with puppy eyes that made her heart melt. “And a two-hour nap is just what I needed.” His eyes widening like a little kid. “Now I’m wide awake.”

“You’re just saying that to make me feel better.” Camille mumbled, leisurely running her fingers
through his short hair before trailing them to the back of his neck.

Sebastian gave a small nod with a twitch of his mouth. “Maybe.” Then dropped his hands from her hips to push up against them as he leaned back to get a better look at her. She saw the jaw clutch when his eyes lingered up and down her body.

Camille should have felt exposed, insecure even- but it was quite the opposite-she felt sensual and wanted- and that made her skin tingle with anticipation. “I’m wide awake now too…” she said hoarsely, leaning her face into his.

He smiled slyly and nuzzled his nose up to hers. “What are we going to do about it?”

Letting out a small sigh she answered. “What we should have been doing two hours ago...”

Sebastian tilted his head away from her to quirk an eyebrow and lick his lips. “Oh?” He said as his eyes fell to her cleavage.

Camille felt every nerve of her body on full alert. The mood changing between them again and Camille’s brain forgetting about the humiliation from earlier. The need to be near him absorbing her thoughts. She swallowed the huge lump in her throat and leaned back into him to press a soft kiss. For the next few seconds, neither one moved or said a word. Then Camille drew her head back and gazed down at him through her lashes.

“That still doesn’t answer the question.” He said in a serious tone, his blue eyes gleaming with mischievousness.

Camille pouted, standing straight up. “In that case-I should go put on my pajamas.” She shot back and motioned toward her luggage. But before she could make a move, Sebastian’s both arms wrapped around her hips, tugging her back. She hid the smile with a bite of her lip.

“Uh-uh. Nice try.” He grunted, deftly resting his chin on her exposed belly then moving his eyes back up to meet hers. She blinked back innocently. She felt the quiver all the way down her toes at the feel of his five o’clock shadow on her skin. “You okay?” He asked his voice laced with concern as the palm of his hands slid up her bare back.

“Hmmm, hmmm y-yeah.” Camille stammered and closed her eyes for a split second, trying to focus on his voice, instead of his touch. Opening them back up, she rubbed the top of his broad shoulders almost anxiously. Hoping he couldn’t hear how fast her heart was beating.

Sebastian tilted his head back and away from her with a look of real worry in his eyes. “Are you sure about this?” The worry look replaced by one of uncertainty as he dropped his hands.

She grasped he was as nervous about this as she was. They were about to cross a line they had been titillating back and forth for months. Yes, it was thrilling but it was also a bit scary.

Her eyes locked with his once more. “Yes-I’m sure.” She heard herself whisper before bending back down to press her lips against his in a sweet, gently kiss. “Very sure.” She reassured breaking away and pressing her forehead to his. “I want this...I want you.”

Sebastian’s whole face grew into a wide grin at her admission. His smiles were lethal, especially when they reached all the way to his face and eyes. She has never met anyone who could smile with their whole face. It was one of the many weaknesses she had when it came to him.

He snaked one hand smoothly behind her neck and captured her lips back in an asserting sexual kiss that made Camille weak at the knees. Sebastian’s warm tongue found hers and they both let out small
moans of pleasure. For the next few moments their mouths and tongues explored and teased each other in hungry, long and messy kisses. A whiny sound escaped her mouth when he massaged the back of her scalp. With their mouths still locked in needy kisses, Camille’s hand drew back up to his neck, clutching hard.

Sebastian broke the kiss first—but not before sucking on her bottom lip. Camille felt the quiver of the action go through her veins and between her thighs. Her hands trembling slightly on his neck.

“Camille—we don’t have to do this.” Sebastian reminded gently, peering up at her with a thoughtful look on his face.

A small sigh left her lips at his words, but locked her fingers behind his head. “You’re following my lead remember?”

“You’re right.” Sebastian answered with a small smirk and pushed his forehead back to hers. “Anytime this doesn’t feel right though—”

“I know baby.” Camille whispered, the butterflies in her stomach flapping nervously. And thankful for his reassurances and need to get consent from her. She let out a small gasp in surprise when his fingers tangled back into her hair and pulled her mouth a bit rougher to his. He nipped and sucked on her bottom lip once more, as his large hands smoothed through her hair, bare shoulders, back and spine before settling on her ribs. His lips trailed light feather kisses along her jaw, neck and front chest.

She tighten her grip on his hair and her eyes fluttered shut when one hand slid from her rib to the front of her belly, at the same time his mouth did. Camille let out a shaky exhale at the feel of his hot lips sending open mouth kisses up and down the front of her torso and every so often sucking tenderly. Small whiny noises left her mouth with every touch he made. Camille massaged his scalp, hoping to convey how good it felt. She licked her lips sensually in anticipation when she peered down at him.

After a few long minutes, Sebastian broke his lips away and looked up, his usual blue gleaming eyes—now blown and dark—filled with hunger. Not taking his eyes off her, he leaned back in to give one side of her hip bone a slight bite. Her eyes flickered. “Hmm, I finally get to touch this…” he grunted as one finger traced along the outline of her tattoo.

Camille tried to focus on her thoughts, but fuck, was it hard. After a few moments she mocked. “I forgot about your tattoo kink…” playing with his hair.

Sebastian furrowed his eyebrows. “We’re not having this conversation right now.” Camille laughed wholeheartedly at his answer. But it stopped abruptly when his tongue replaced his finger on the tattoo.

“O-oh my god.” She stammered.

“I did say if I ever had the chance I would trace it with my tongue.” He mused wickedly against her skin.

“Y-You d-did.”

His tongue slipped back out and torturously and carefully lick the outline of the tropaeolums flowers on her torso, then down her hip. Her pulse quickening when she felt his palm cup her almost bare ass.

“You know…earlier in the dressing room I just assumed you were wearing lacy underwear…” he
confessed with a bite of his own lip. “But fuck... was I wrong.” He growled, his other finger tracing the elastic of the bikini top on her hip.

Camille moaned. Feeling the wetness begin to gather between her thighs. Everything felt like it was happening in slow motion. She inhaled when both of his hands clutched each ass cheek.

“Fuck Camille.” He choked out, as if in complete shock of what he got to at the moment. She felt him squeeze and grip tightly, an animalistic sound tearing from his mouth. He clutched again and brought his tongue back down.

“S-Sebastian...” She whined.

He ignored the plea and sucked on her hipbone. Then lifted his head back up and smacked his lips together. “Can I find out how far your tattoo goes?” He implored softly.

If she wasn’t so immensely turned on or wet she would have laughed. Or if it would have been anyone else but Sebastian. But it was him, and she was putty in his hands. So instead she gave a small nod in response, since apparently that was all her brain could compute at the moment.

“Use your words dragoste.” Sebastian ordered tenderly.

She sucked in wobbly breath. “Y-yes.”

At her verbal consent, Sebastian put his lips back on her hipbone, simultaneously tugging on her lacy thong as his mouth excruciatingly dipped lower and lower. Her heart thumped loudly in her chest as she watched. Her breath irregular, the lower he got. Before Camille could put a thought together, Sebastian had plucked the lacy material all the way down her legs. She blindly stepped out of them and trembled when she felt Sebastian’s hot breath on her pubic bone.

This was the sexiest thing anyone had ever done to her and they hadn’t gotten fully naked yet.

She felt completely empowered and delved her fingers back into his hair and instinctively nudged him, wanting his mouth back on her. But Sebastian wasn’t taking the hint. She heard him exhale loudly and use one finger to stroke the very end of the tattoo, closest to her hipbone.

“Seb, please.” She mewled and squeezed her eyes shut. The throb between her legs, growing with every second.

“Not yet baby.” He said, his voice dropping.

“But...” she started with a whimper in a sultry tone. Hoping that would be enough to get him to do what she wanted.

She heard him chuckle wickedly against her skin. “So impatient.” Camille whimpered louder. “Are you wet for me Camille?”

“Yes.” She breathed, biting down hard on her bottom lip.

“Let’s see...” He pondered as he began to rub her swollen and sensitive bud between her thighs. “Fuck.” He grunted when he felt the silkiness of her arousal. She jerked her body as he brushed her clit once, twice, three times, not breaking their gaze.

He rambled again in Romanian. Any other time she would have asked for him to translate. But she didn’t care- at least not right now.
Camille gasped when Sebastian twisted her body into the bed in a single move. She found herself looking up at the four poster bed but only for a moment before he drew her face close.

“You’re amazing,” he croaked before invading her lips with a sloppy kiss. Camille responded back, easing her tongue into his mouth. As they continued their attack, Sebastian aligned his body next to hers and Camille took the opportunity to slide her hands up his chest, not stopping until they were locked behind his neck. Pushing her back completely to the mattress, he shifted to one side, pressing her against his hard body. He thrust forward, making them both moan.

“Esti etat de frumos.” Sebastian breathed against her mouth, stroking one side of her cheek with his knuckles. She shivered, her brain not understanding what he just said. “The way your body is reacting to me...” he observed, breaking from her mouth. Then moved his knuckles down her bare shoulder, arm, resting on her stomach.

“It seems to have a mind of its own.” Camille confessed shyly. Then let out a pleasurable sound when he rubbed his thumb along her bikini line. “I need you Sebastian.” She almost begged, unlocking her arms away from his neck.

“I need you too.” He revealed, his voice full of emotion.

Before Camille has the chance to speak again, his lips seized hers. A demanding, selfish kind of kiss. A kiss that filled her mouth with urgent need and left her begging for oxygen when he broke it. She cried out when his hand cupped her mound and felt the heat radiate through her whole body. Sebastian used his thumb and forefinger to stroke back and forth. Camille gripped his wrist, desire shooting through her and flooding her inner thighs once again.

Dipping one finger into her slit, Sebastian hissed. “Jesus dragoste, do you always get this wet?” He didn’t wait for a response, instead he took her hand to her center and rubbed her own finger against her wetness. “Feel that? Hear it?” He whispered. “So warm...” Licking his lips.

Camille purred almost cat like at the action.

He brought their wet fingers away from her and moved it up to his face. “I’ve been wanting to know what you taste like...” he told her. Bringing her finger and his own into his mouth and sucked gently. Moaning. She bit her lip, watching Sebastian, as he tasted their fingers together. He licked them and sucked them and finally slid them out of his mouth.

All she could do was stare in awe, pretty certain she was dripping down her thighs and unto the sheets beneath her. The goosebumps rising all the way up to her nipples. She moaned when he eased a finger back into her. Sliding in and out. He didn’t mess around. He went straight for the kill. In and out he stroked her over and over until she was panting. She cried out his name softly when he added a second finger to the first one, without hesitation.

Camille bowed her back, her face distorted with pleasure as he continued his attack. She arched and bumped up against his fingers, forcing him deeper. Her nose nuzzling tenderly to his in search of his mouth for another searing kiss. Her moans and pants echoed throughout the suite with every long stroke his fingers made. She pressed forward on his fingers in impatience, eyes glazed with desire.

Sebastian tear his mouth away and stopped moving when she took over and began raising up and down. Small gasps escaping her mouth with every movement she made. She felt wanted, sexy and respected all at the same time. Sebastian had helped with that.

“You don’t even need me do you?” Sebastian asked, his voice laced with lust, but his eyes dancing with admiration.
She had established her own rhythm and her breathing had turned ragged and quick as her hips rocked unto his two fingers. “I do need you.” She whispered, snuggling her face into his neck. “I’m wet because of you Sebastian.”

At her words, Sebastian growled and nipped her earlobe. And at the same time she rolled her hips, her body desperate for more of his touch. She felt her stomach coil as she rocked a bit faster on his fingers, feeling the first waves of orgasm take over. She clasped tight unto him and then came on a low moan. Sebastian didn’t move his fingers, he kept them in place—and she gasped at how he filled her as she jerked and shuddered. She cried out his name over and over. It was long, tight as she enjoyed the orgasm with little pants of pleasure. Her chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath. After a few seconds, Camille whispered. "Mmmm, you’re so good at that.”

Sebastian chuckled softly at her response, nuzzling his nose sweetly to hers. “You did say it’s been a while...so don’t give me too much credit.”

If she wasn’t still coming down from the high, she would have rolled her eyes, instead she nuzzled back and sighed in contentment. A surprise whimper left her mouth when he pulled back a little, brushing her throbbing lips and not her clit. Camille whined. Her body needed a second to recuperate. But Sebastian didn’t seem to care about that, he smoothly stroked again, while he whispered in her ear what he wanted to do to her. She felt hot and trembly all over again.

And by the look in Sebastian's eyes, he knew it too.

He started touching her more eagerly, dipping inside her body with his big finger, and using the heel of his hand to stroke her. With each touch the pleasure built all over again until she whimpered out and came once more, this time going completely limp against the mattress. She felt as if the air had been sucked out of the room.

"Holy shit." she said after she had caught her breath.

"That was fucking sexy." Sebastian stated in admiration. "Have I mentioned how hot you are?” A hint of humor in his voice that made Camille laugh bashfully. He moved his lips to one side of her cheek and Camille could feel the smile on his face when he pressed them against her soft skin. He slid one arm around her waist, softly rubbing the small of her spine. She heard him inhale at the same time his hand moved from her spine back to her bare hip. “Seriously though...” he started, his fingertip lightly caressing right above the bikini line.

Camille drew her head back and frowned down at him with a pretend look of hurt on her face. “So...I’m not hot?” She asked with a scoff. Unable to stop herself from making a smart ass comment—even at a moment like this. It wouldn’t be her or them if she didn’t get a chance to roast him. And Camille was sure, deep, deep down he appreciated it. Or least she hoped he did.

“W-Wha-?” Sebastian started obviously confused.

“You said ‘seriously though...’” she repeated innocently, trying her best to keep a straight face.

It took a few seconds then it dawned on him and the confused look left his handsome face as he cocked an eyebrow. “You know what Camille-.” He started and tickled her side.

Camille jumped in surprise, unable to keep the fit of giggles from escaping her mouth. “Seb!” She squealed, blindly gripping his arm.

When she looked back, Sebastian had a huge grin on his face, his hand coming to a stop. “It’s lucky you’re cute.” He stated, giving her a hip a squeeze.
“Is that so?” She mocked after she stopped laughing.

“Hmm, hmm yea.” He responded back and smoothed his hand back down between her thighs. “And soft...” he added, the tone of his voice dropping when he cupped her mound.

Involuntarily she grind herself into his large hand. Her body energized again. A disappointed sound left her when he jerked his hand away, then glided it back up to her hip, torso and finally resting on one covered breasts. She nibbled on her bottom lip when Sebastian massaged it.

“So soft.” He moaned and pinched her nipple through the material. Camille withered against him. Without taking her eyes off him, Sebastian nudged his nose to the side of her face once more, before trailing down her jaw and neck. Once his nose touched her collarbone, he placed open mouth kisses before dipping down to her chest- his hand continuing to stroke.

Her pulse accelerated when his warm lips grazed the non-covered part of her breast. Her whole body vibrated when he sucked hard on the warm skin.

Sebastian tugged his face back up to hers, a look of gratification on his beautiful face. “That shut you right up didn’t it?” He mused. “Good to know for the future.”

Camille scowled and opened her mouth but wasn’t able to get a word out. Sebastian took her mouth again and claimed it. Claimed her. His hands slid down to her back as he took the kiss deeper. A low gasp escaped at the feel of his hand back on her bare ass.

She needed to feel him. Skin to skin. Her brain couldn’t comprehend what was happening, Camille yanked his shirt from his waistband but before she could go any further, he smoothly grabbed her wrist. She looked up at him in annoyance.

“I said- not yet baby.” He reiterated in a commanding voice that brought a tingle sensation between her thighs.

He unclasped the front catch of her bra and bared her to him. The cooler air brushed over hot skin and made her nipples hard as rocks. Her back arched of its volition as her body tried to get closer to his touch. “Oh hell yes.” He growled and glanced from his approval of her bare breasts to her eyes. “Fuck Camille-you have no idea what you’re doing to me.” Pushing the lacy bra aside, completely baring her to him.

“Let me touch you so I can find out.” She pleaded with a tremble.

“Not yet.” He repeated. “I need to savor this.” He confessed and slowly, so slowly lowered his mouth to her. With the tip of his tongue, Sebastian circled her nipple and a jerked cry of pleasure left her. Camille reached for his head. She wanted more that the teasing tip, but he swiftly pinned her wrist over her head with his hand. “Be patient.” He whispered.

Camille moaned and let her head drop back on the bed. She could feel the renewed wetness between her legs. She squirmed beneath his continued attention. He took her nipple between his lips and slowly suckled her. Camille moaned louder, the sounds ringing in the room.

A groan in pure pleasure left his mouth as he continued his exploration. She heard him mumble in his native tongue-not understanding, but also loving the fact he spoke Romanian in bed.

“Oh-.” She panted when he pulled on her nipple then let it pop free. She did it again when he did the same to other. Her hips moved and her arms went limp, her wrist still in his control. “Sebastian please...” She almost begged when he shifted his mouth away. “Baby please.” She whimpered when he nipped at her.
A small grin appeared on his face. “Never in a million years did I think I would ever get to hear you beg like this.” To assure she would keep her hand above her head, Sebastian slid hand down her arm then slipped it behind her back, she arched to him again and Sebastian took the opportunity to completely remove the bra. He kept his tongue and teeth busy on the budded tips of her breasts.

“Mmmm yes.” She panted as he laid her back against the bed.

She watched his tongue draw a lazy trail down the center of her torso and at the same time unbuttoning his dress shirt to toss behind him. She tried to not gape, but it was hard not to when he now stood in only his blue slacks. Her fingers itching to touch his bare broad shoulders and chest.

“Where is it?” She heard him murmur as he toyed with her nipples, rolling their damp tips between his fingers.

Camille let out a tiny wail. “W-where is what?” Surprised she was able to form words. She shut her eyes tight when he removed his fingers and trailed kisses back up the middle of her torso.

“The other one...” he mumbled, the tip of his nose nuzzling expertly along the underside of her left breast.

Camille couldn’t remember the last time someone truly explored her body the way Sebastian was doing. It only made her want him more. With every calculated kiss, touch, stroke he made, Camille found herself getting lost deeper in him. And her body’s need for him only grew with every second that ticked by. But damn- his teasing was torturous. Damn good, but still enough to make her feel crazy.

Sexy bastard.

She jerked out of her thoughts when his lips left small kisses onto the side of her breast. She heard him chuckle against her skin. “What’s so funny?” She demanded.


She squirmed when his fingertip gingerly traced along the underside of her exposed breast. Back and forth his finger stroked. Closing her eyes, Camille almost laughed at the realization of why he was touching her there. Sebastian had come across her other tattoo.

“There it is…” She heard him whisper, as he outlined the small music note etched on her skin. “It matches your necklace.” He teased, as his whole hand began to massage her breast again at the same time he snuck his tongue back into her mouth for a fiery kiss. They kissed for a few more moments until Sebastian smoothed his lips trailed back down the front of her torso.

This is how she was going to die. Being tortured by Sebastian Stan and his damn tongue.

He lifted himself off the mattress. Camille sighed in frustration and ordered. “Will you stop teasing me-.” But before she could finish her sentence, Sebastian pulled her toward him so he could kneel at the edge of the bed between her thighs.

Camille licked her lips in eagerness.

Her whole body lifted off the mattress when she felt Sebastian’s mouth suck on the inside of her thigh. He was quick to press her hips back down on the bed. “No, no, no. This is what you wanted right?” He tormented with a smirk.

Camille nodded.
“Words baby.” He reminded.

“Yes.” She answered obediently, lifting her head up front the mattress. She liked him taking control. He chuckled but didn’t say a word, instead dipped his mouth back and trailed it downward to her mound. Pushing herself up in almost sitting position, she rested on her elbows and licked her lips, watching Sebastian’s mouth continue his attack, slowly and delicately on the inside of her thighs. A raspy moan escaped her when his forefinger moved back and forth on her narrow slit never entering her. Sighing she licked her lips not saying a word as she fell back on the mattress.

Grasping unto both knees, Sebastian opened her legs wider, his large warm hands sliding down her hips, landing between the apexes between her thighs. Camille arched her back sharply and gasped when his expert fingers spread her open.

“Oh yes.” Sebastian hummed in appreciation. “Look at you.” He grunted, easing an index finger into her. She moaned at how easy he had been able to. She was wet again, soaking wet. She could feel it and she hadn’t touched herself. “Fuck-look at how pretty this is.” He admired, spreading her wider. She whimpered and thrust her hips against him as he finally let his tongue slip up and over, plunging deeply inside of her.

Another sound left her mouth that it surprised even her when she lifted her hips and drove his tongue deeper. He didn’t stop, he kept the rhythm, and Camille felt herself to start to climb. She lifted her head just enough to watch him slip several of his fingers into his mouth, then slid his hands up her body and take her nipples between his wet fingers again, softly tugging on them before he flicked the pads across her tips. Camille went wild beneath him.

She was screwed. They had open a can of worms and there was no turning back now. Her body now knew his tongue and lips and it ached for more.

She felt him slide the palm of one hand down her torso then slip his finger between her thighs. She growled deep-an almost guttural sound leaving her lips as she pressed herself into his face. A light growl left his mouth before he slid his tongue up and over her wet pulsing clit and pulled it gently into his mouth before pushing one finger deep inside of her. She was hot and so ready for more.

“Oh god...” she found herself muttering over and over with every thrust and lick he made. She could literally hear how wet she was when his warm tongue licked up and down, in and out of her pulsing core.

She didn’t know how long it went on, but every few minutes, Sebastian’s deep soothing voice would give her encouraging words and tell her how gorgeous she looked spread out for him. She shut her eyes tightly, her breathing labored when he slowly slid out and push back in, goosebumps all over her naked body. That was it. She saw stars behind her eyelids and her chest heaved as she came. Hard.

Camille’s hips jerked violently as she held his head with her hands, his tongue still buried inside her. Sebastian licked and laved up her juices at the same time she tried to catch her breath. All she could hear at the moment was the sound of her own heartbeat thumping inside her chest.

A mewl noise left her mouth when he gripped her hips and pushed her back up the bed. She needed a moment to recover. Tossing her head back, she brought one arm up to her sweaty forehead and eyes. She quickly moved it away when she heard the sound of a belt being unbuckled. Despite her body still trying to recuperate, she felt the throb between her legs again.

Jesus. What the hell had he done to her? Her body reacted to him out of its own desire. She didn’t seem to have control over it.
Hoisting her head back up, she moaned and pressed her legs together when she found Sebastian standing there as naked as her. Her eyes fell to his now hard erection. She couldn’t wait touch and taste with her tongue. She blinked then gasped when he moved his body up between her legs. Skin to skin. But it still didn’t feel like enough.

“Seeing you come undone is my new favorite thing.” Sebastian uttered before kissing her.

Camille sighed, tasting herself on his lips. She stroked his bare back leisurely with every thrust his tongue made into her mouth. She felt his strong muscles underneath her fingertips. He felt hot and hard and she hummed in pure admiration of his body. She then wrapped her arms around his neck and kneaded the thick knotted muscles there. Fuck, she always knew she wouldn’t be disappointed if she got see him naked, but this was even better.

Rubbing her cheek against his- almost like a cat- Camille dropped her arms from his neck -only to let her manicured nails, trace small circles on his exposed chest. “Hmmm.” She sighed, closing her eyes, loving how his chest hair felt against her fingers. She desperately need to feel more of him. Letting out a hearty moan, she trailed lower down his abdomen and felt his stomach muscles contract against her palm.

“Camille...” he hissed when she carefully took hold of his hard cock and stroked it gently while meeting his gaze. His blue orbs looked down at her with a mixture of warmth and heat.

“Yeah baby?” She cooed innocently, feeling him continue to swell in her hand. Not waiting for a response, she slowly pumped and stroked the length of his cock. She heard him hiss again when her thumb touched the tip and then smeared his own pre-cum on to it.

Sebastian’s eyes fluttered shut, but that didn’t stop him from finding her mouth and devouring her lips again. She carefully lowered her hand and reached a little lower to his balls, using her nails.

“Fuck!” Sebastian grunted into her mouth. “If you keep doing that I’m gonna cum.”

“What’s wrong with that?” Camille countered, moving her wrist back up to the base of his cock.

He sucked on her bottom lip before he replied. “Nothing...I just don’t want to cum before getting a chance to be inside of you...”

At his words, she continued to stroke up and down, panting as he nipped her earlobe at the same time. “Sebb...” she pouted when he reached between their bodies and clasped her wrist tight. “But I-.” She began at the same time he moved her arm back flat on the bed.

He looked down at her with a slight smirk, tightening his hold but at the same time adjusting so he hovered over her. “You know-I told myself if I ever had you this way I was going to put my best moves forward- but the truth is- I don’t think I will last.”

Camille gave him a sulky look. “But I wanna play.” Then exhaled when he pressed his hard naked body to hers. Her breasts coming in contact with his hot chest.

Holy shit. She was laying fully naked with Sebastian. The realization of what was happening finally hitting the pit of her stomach. For so long they had teased and talked around the subject, but now it was real. What they were about to do was real. For a split moment she felt her breath leave her. But was quickly jolted out of it when she heard Sebastian’s voice.

“I’ll let you play later.” He answered in a bemused tone. “Right now- I just need to know what you feel like inside Camille.” Running his free finger up her collarbone, over her neck and leaning into her to rest his head on her shoulder. She shivered. Sebastian nuzzled her ear with his nose and lips as
if drawing her scent into his head.

“I want to feel you inside too.” Her eyes fluttering close and running her own free hand through his hair. She thrust her hips upward and heard him growl when her thigh came in contact with his hard cock, distractedly he loosen his grip on her wrist. Camille took the opportunity to sneak her hand back down between them to reach and tease her narrow slit with the tip of his cock, feeling his precum. She felt like she was on fire.

Her action took him by surprise, because she heard him exhale before he lifted his head back up, grabbing unto her wrist again and away from his erection. Pretending to scowl, Sebastian tugged both arms up and over her head, pinning her down on the bed. “You play dirty.”

Camille blinked innocently. She tried to writher her break free from his grasp but he was stronger.

“I can play dirty too.” Sebastian responded smugly, his mouth hovered over her nipple for a few seconds before they brushed back and forth, in a maddening tease. Camille arched back as he brought his teeth down on her lightly.

“Sebastian...!” She whined, still trying to break free from his hold.

Sebastian pretended he didn’t hear and hovered over her other breast, feeling his breath tease over her flesh. Her nipples puckering under his touch. He paused for a second, in anticipation, then he let go of her wrists as he sort of attacked her, sucking and licking, nipping and pulling while Camille’s breasts tingled and ached. She whimpered and groped for him blindly.

“Mmmm, fine you win…” Camille moaned out when she felt a finger slide back and forth on narrow opening- frustration seeping in because he hadn’t eased a finger inside her. “For the record- you play dirtier than me.” Her sentence cut off short when Sebastian dipped back in and slid his wet tongue against hers.

What was she saying again?

Instead she eased her legs apart, wanting him closer. She breathed hard when she felt his erection along her thigh, thick and long, his tongue moving with determine thrusts. Camille held on to his smooth back, loving the way he felt, the way touched her with determination and desire. She fought the urge to squirm when his thumb started to stroke up and down again. She couldn’t hold it anymore.

“Sebastian…no more games.” She pleaded, her breath labored.

Pressing his forehead to hers, he grinned. “Hey, I was just following your lead.” She wriggled beneath him but stopped when he pecked her on the lips for a sweet kiss. “I had no plans on this happening…so I didn’t come prepare…” he said truthfully, cheeks bright red.

Fuck. They had been so lost in the moment and each other, that neither one had bothered to ask about protection. She hadn’t plan on this happening either, so she didn’t think of bringing condoms. Closing her eyes for a split second, she tried to concentrate and figure out what to do next. Her eyes flew open and her breath caught in her throat when she locked eyes with Sebastian. He was a beautiful specimen. Those blue eyes and half smirk were everything to her.

“Camille?” She blinked at her name. “Do you have any? I can go get us some-?” He offered.

“No I don’t.” she replied in a disappointed voice. She hated the idea of him leaving. She didn’t want him to. She needed him right there with her. Also she felt like it would spoil the mood. Be smart Camille. A tiny voice in the back of her head yelled. Letting out a sigh, she whispered. “Okay, but I
don’t even know where you can-.” She stopped and looked wide eyed at him.

“What?” he asked confused.

“I do have some!” she exclaimed. She had completely forgotten them.

“Where?”

“In that pink duffle bag by my suitcase.” She stated, licking her lips as she watched his naked ass walk away from her, shaking her head Camille continued. “Sam and Nat gave the bridesmaids goodie bags with all kinds of stuff and they stuffed condoms in there as well. They thought they were being funny.” She added with an eye roll.

Sebastian laughed as he made his way back to the bed, condoms in hand. “God bless your sister and future sister-in-law for their humor.” Sebastian said teasingly. “Remind me to thank them later. “ Tossing one unopened condom on the night table and ripping open the other one in his hand.

Camille rolled her eyes. “You’re all a bunch of comedians.” Propping back on her elbows and watched him, forgetting about her sister and soon to be wife. Her mouth dry, pulse quickening in response to what she knew was coming next.

The teasing look in his eyes had left him and it was replaced by a look of lust and termination. She gulped and watched as he rolled up the condom on his cock. She let out an involuntarily whimper.

A whimper he must have heard because he smirked confidently. Before Camille had another chance to think, Sebastian held her by the ankles and brought her to the edge of the bed.

Dios Mio. How was she wet again?

But before she had a chance to answer her own question, she felt the head of his cock sough her out, sliding with a mind of its own against her slickness. His eyes were closed on contact and she held her breath.

Sebastian slid his hands to her thighs and pulled her against him, bringing her onto his waiting cock.

Slowly, agonizingly slowly, he moved.

Inch by inch he entered her, pulling at her clit.

She licked her dry lips over and over, as her body tried to adjust to what was happening. With each slow methodical stroke, Camille squeezes her eyes shut, tears forming in the corner of her eyes. She had forgotten how good this could be. In the last months, sex was the last thing on her mind, but fuck was Sebastian quickly changing her mind on the subject. She needed to take care of herself too. And she needed this.

“Camille?” She heard his ask. “Is this okay?” A hint of panic in his tone.

“Mmmm, mmmm.” Camille responded with a slight nod, eyes still shut. “I-I just need a moment to adjust...”

“Adjust?”

“To your size...” she answered with a small laugh. Her whole body burning with need for this man.

“Do you want me to sto-’
“Mmm, no.” She interrupted laying back again, and reaching for his hands, placing them on top of her bare breasts. “I’m okay.” She drew his face close and gave him a gentle peck on the lips as reassurance. “Don’t stop.” She ordered softly after breaking their lip lock.

Yes it stung a bit and he was bigger than she expected, but Camille knew it was the good kind of pain. And she wanted more of it.

“Camille?” He asked again cautiously.

“I need you Sebastian.” She pleaded, not scare to say those words out loud.

“Yes?”

“Yes. I need you inside now. I need you to fuck me.” She moaned. Realizing how long she had been wanting to say that to him.

Leaning forward, he held her hair and looked into her eyes as he fucked her, holding back from moving any faster than a tease until Camille arched her back and moved her legs back down around his waist, burying him to the hilt.

A small whine of dissatisfaction left her mouth when he moved back and took her thighs, holding them so he could back out to watch his cock slide in and out her wet folds. She closed her eyes, enjoying the sound their bodies made, the swish of friction as she took him in.

Camille could die now. Why not? This was like ecstasy- and she had no idea what that was like but it has to be this. Right?

She moaned louder, wanting to reach down and touch herself but resisted as Sebastian pulled out and moved the head of his cock over her clit, sending shivers up her spine.

“God, you look amazing right now.” He said through gritted teeth as he moved her hand back to her side and increased the speed of which he rubbed against her, until she was alternating between heaving breaths and holding them in anticipation. “The noises you’re making... fuck baby.” He hissed, sliding his cock back into her and pushing down with his thumbs, holding her together tightly around his shaft. Her clit was locked in a close embrace and she started to squirm first, then shake as she came, trying to break free.

This orgasm wasn’t like the ones he had given her earlier, this one started out piercing but quickly lengthened to a luminous heat throughout her whole body as he fucked her harder.

“Seba.....” was all she managed to spat out.

Finally he let go of her, grasping her legs as leverage and pulled her toward him as he leaned back, striking the perfect spot inside with each thrust. Camille couldn’t put any sentences together, instead her responses turned guttural, the sensation of his cock so intense that she could no nothing more than to ride them until she was drowning him.

Her legs were shaking, she couldn’t breathe.

So he pulled out.

Camille couldn’t help but feel a bit guilty when she realized he hadn’t come yet. But it quickly dissipated when she looked into his eyes and he smiled before dropping to his knee between her open legs.
He wrapped them around his neck and she closed her eyes, her body limp. She sighed contently as he took her with his tongue, again in agonizingly slow motion. Just enough to calm her down and bring her breathing to an almost normal pace.

Until the flat of his tongue worked its way up and hit her still throbbing clit. She opened her mouth and a sound she never heard before escaped her. It only grew louder when he opened his mouth and sucked.

And the flashes began anew.

“Oh my god Sebastian…” She groaned.

“What baby?” he murmured.

“It’s so good.” She breathed.

He hummed against her clit. “You taste good.” Sucking gently again. “I don’t ever want to stop doing this.” He grunted out.

Camille cried out louder, hoping the walls were soundproof. “Seb…!” she called out.

“Hmm?”

“I want you back inside of me.” She demanded. “Now.”

He didn’t have to be asked twice. He moved over to her face. It started with lips brushing. Slowly accidental touching turned intentional, brushes turned to kisses and hands started to move. Hers over his chest, barely touching. Sebastian’s hands moved over her hips, gently caressing, following her curves.

Everything was in slow motion for Camille. It was just want she wanted. Warm, soft, relaxing, their movements flowing lazily as they touched and kissed. Sebastian moved on top of her and entered her slowly again. There was no resistance on her end, her body aching. She rubbed his back, feeling completely safe with him.

Sebastian smiled. Her head fell back and he took the advantage by kissing on her neck until she started to moan.

“Don’t stop baby.” She pleaded. “Please, don’t stop.” Camille repeated with so much emotions. Emotions that surprised her.

“Is that good baby?” He groaned before biting on her earlobe.

“Good. Mmm, right there.” She panted.

“You feel fucking perfect around my cock. So tight and wet just for me.” Sebastian complimented, dipping back down to take a taut nipple into his mouth. Camille only arched her back more into him.

He continued to slowly as if having every intention to tease her. Sliding almost to the point of slipping out and rubbing against her clit and then driving back in until he was completely buried. Camille needed the release again, she grabbed his hips and urged him faster. She was ready. Sebastian groaned and drove faster and harder. She felt herself contract around his hard cock as the orgasm took over her body, shaking beneath him.

Sebastian moved his mouth back to the side of her face, whispering in her ear how beautiful she was.
“You should see yourself right now.” He hissed.

She felt him twitch inside of her and the goose bumps rose all over her body again. She rubbed her cheek against his, her fingers gingerly roaming his bare back. She felt his whole body pulse as he finally burst deep within. “You feel so good inside of me Sebastian.” She purred. That got a low grunt of him. Sebastian thrusts had become a bit erratic, but it was enough to send him over the edge as he seemed to cum forever. He nuzzled his face into her neck and moaned in pleasure one last time.

“Holy shit.” She tried to stifle her voice, but it was too good. “That was…holy shit.” She repeated dumbfounded. No other words being able to describe how fucking amazing this was. For the next few minutes, neither one moved, the room silent except for their heavy breathing, as they tried to get their heartbeats to slow down. “I have to pee.” Camille finally muttered.

Sebastian planted a kiss on top of her shoulder, before raising his head up to chuckle. “I’m still inside of you.” Making his presence known.

Camille whimpered at his cock twitch. “I know. But I got to pee.” She managed to say. With a small sigh, Sebastian pulled out and rolled next to her. Sitting up, Camille bend down and pecked him sweetly on the forehead. “I’ll be right back.” Without waiting on a response, she jumped out of bed-naked-and strutted toward the bathroom. Feeling light as a feather as she walked.

She couldn’t stop smiling as she flushed the toilet after peeing and washing her hands. Swiftly she turned the lights off and walked back out. Sebastian was sitting on the edge of the bed now still naked- thank God. Camille noticed he had discarded the used condom into the small garbage can next to the bed.

The butterflies fluttered deep in her stomach at the way he was looking at her. “What?” she asked almost shyly.

Sebastian raised an eyebrow but shook his head. “Nothing.”

“You’re staring.” She accused.

“I have a beautiful naked woman in front of me- of course I’m going to stare.” Pushing himself up from the bed, and walking toward her.

Her eyes widen in surprise when he dipped his head and brushed a kiss unto her cheek. “My turn.” He stated with a silly smile. Camille raised an eyebrow. “I got to pee.” He added, nodding in direction of the bathroom.

“Oh.” The smile back on her face. “Okay.” Taking a step to the bed and settling back into the abyss of pillows against the headboard, her mind in a complete blissful state.

“Oh Cam?”

She quickly blinked and jerked her head in the direction of his voice. “Hmm?”

“It’s totally fine if you fall asleep.” He said in a serious voice, biting on his lower lip to keep from laughing.

Groaning and reaching for a pillow behind, she asked. “I’m never going to live that down I am?”

“This is me. Of course you’re not.” He shot back with a wink. “Hey!” He cried when the pillow came soaring towards him.
“Go pee, you smart ass.” Camille ordered, trying to keep her voice even, but burst into a fit of giggles when he shut the door behind him.

Feeling the happiest she had ever felt in a very long time.
Chapter 23 Morning Light

Chapter Summary

Thank you again for all the amazing kudos and comments! xoxo

Chapter 23 Morning Light

And I say to myself “In a whole wide world of guys,

I’m must be the luckiest alive”

Because I’m in love with you

Laying here in the morning light

And all I want to do is hold you tight, just one more night

Big Sur, CA

March 2011

Sebastian woke up with only two thoughts hours later. The first was trying to come up with a way to stay in bed with Camille for as long as he could—which deep down was impossible due to the wedding. He just didn’t want anything or anyone to burst the bubble they had somehow created in the short time.

The second thought that came close to the first was that he wanted her again. He wanted her to belong to him right now—he was sure she would roll her eyes at the wording—but it was the only way he could describe it. He wanted-needed the connection and not just in the physical sense. Sebastian was sure it sounded ridiculous after only a few hours, but his brain was craving it. He didn’t know where all of this was going to lead, but in the meantime he wanted to soak it in as much as possible.

He closed his eyes, trying his best to think rationally. Camille was leaving in a few days…for a long period of time. He needed to get used to that. It was one thing to be in separate states, it was something completely different being in two continents.

But the thought disappeared quickly when he heard a sleepy sigh next to him. Camille slept cuddled into his body, her tight little ass snug against his groin, her head resting on one of his arms, his other looped over her warm waist. They had quickly fallen asleep after a bit of talking and light kissing. But instead of using the bed sheets, they used each other’s body heat to keep each other warm. Sebastian inhaled the sensation of physical closeness for several moments, pressuring his hand against the warmth of her belly and rubbing his thigh against hers. Camille didn’t stir.
His brain still processing the events from earlier in the night. It had been more than what he could have imagined. She was perfect. And he was still not sure it had truly happened. Even though she was laying naked in bed with him. A part of him was expecting to wake up and not find her there.

He heard another sleepy sigh escape her lips as his thumb stroked her belly. After a few moments of debating with himself whether he should wake her, he carefully pulled his arm from under her head, guiding her onto her back. She sighed again in her sleep and turned toward him, subconsciously seeking the heat of his body.

Sebastian bit down onto his lower lip at the simple, yet sensual movement. He gently pressed her to her back again, wanting her open to his touch.

Even though they were inside the suite, he could hear the waves crashing outside, along with birds chirping. Which told him, it was almost morning. The light from the outside world was slowly trickling in. Sebastian wasn’t ready for it yet, mostly because it would mean not having the closeness of Camille.

Without hesitation, Sebastian lightly brushed his fingertips along her curves, licking his lips and gazing in pure awe of her naked body. Tiny bumps of sensual pleasure rose to her smooth dark skin, but she didn’t waken. Sebastian explored every inch of her softness, stopping every time she moved toward wakefulness.

“Hmmmph.” She purred, eyes still fully shut.

With gentle pressure, he pushed her legs apart and she let them separate with another sleepy sigh, allowing his finger access to the apex of her luscious thighs. She moaned and mumbled his name as he continued to waken the level of her arousal. Feeling his own body began to fully wake up with every touch he made.

He suppressed the groan from his throat when his finger teased her narrow slit. He was still astonished how quickly her body had come to react to his touch. And this seemed to be no different during her sleepy state.

He nestled his nose into the side of her neck. “Wake up.” he urged softly. “Wake up baby…” he whispered.

“Noo…” She whined faintly. The whine slowly turning into a low moan when he eased his index finger into her.

“Yesss.” Sebastian mocked with a slight smile, enjoying how her body prepared itself for him. His hard cock throbbing with the need to take her up on the subconscious offer. “I’ll make it worth your while.” He promised.

“No… Sleep…” She cried out unconvincingly.

To prove his point, he kissed each of her nipples in turn, tasting them carefully. Fuck, her breasts were a work of art and he couldn’t believe he was getting to play and touch them. Her tender dark peaks beaded and her torso arched toward him in an unconscious invitation. Sebastian accepted it, swirling his tongue around her nipple until she made a sound deep in her throat, alerting him she was fully awakening.

“Sebastian-what are you doing?” She asked hoarsely and groggily.

Before kissing her sleep softened lips he murmured teasingly. “You’re a brat you know that?” Because she knew exactly what he was doing. Opening his mouth over hers, unable to resist the urge
to taste her. Sweet like warm candy, the first lick turning his craving for her into hunger.

“No I’m not.” She pouted, but her mouth opened on a drowsy sound of pleasure and suddenly she was kissing him back, her mouth craving his as well. Her hand buried in his hair, tugging him into a deeper kiss.

He moaned into her mouth when he slipped a second finger with the first, feeling her wetness surround his digits. The warmth of her walls going straight to his cock. He began to gently move his fingers in and out of her.

“You’re the one that woke me up.” Camille panted in rhythm with every thrust his fingers made. She rubbed her cheek to his. “I was sleeping.” She grumbled.

“Of course you were.” Sebastian teased, sucking and biting gingerly on her collarbone. He smirked against her skin when she gripped tightly to his arm, knowing he had just hit his mark.

“Jerk.” He heard her muttered as he continued to lick and bite.

“Oh- I’m sorry-would you like for me to stop?”

Camille was quick and gripped unto his wrist. “You started this Stan. Now you got to finish it.” She ordered in a low voice.

“Don’t call me Stan.” Sebastian stated trying to keep a smile off his face at the nickname. It had become their inside joke. He brushed his lips back and forth with hers for the next few moments. He slowly eased his fingers out of her. Camille let out a dissatisfied sound at his action. “I have something better.” He promised between kisses, hovering over her now.

She hummed in response, gazing up at him expectantly.

Sebastian’s fingers frantically searched the night stand for the second condom he had tossed earlier in the night. Finally-he grasped it and quickly opened the wrapper, rolling the new condom on, letting the wrapper fall on the floor by the bed.

He locked his eyes with Camille, holding himself up with one arm, using his fingers to coax her apart again. He nuzzled the side of her face for a few moments, whispering how beautiful she was as he licked the side of her neck.

“You said you were going to make it worth my while…” she barely whispered, but her eyes gleamed with humor.

He wasn’t listening, instead he teased himself, letting the tip slide in.

“Sebastian.” She hissed, almost in surprise.

“Yes Camille?” He huffed. She rubbed her nose back and forth with his and Sebastian felt as if his heart was going to burst at the almost innocent action. Peering down, he realized her eyes were shut. “C-Cam?” He stuttered.

“Hmmm?” She barely whispered, licking her lips sensually, but her nose still nuzzling his.

Fuck.

She had him wrapped around her finger and she didn’t even know it.

“This has totally backfired on me.” Sebastian confessed with a low chuckle before covering her
mouth with his in sloppy, needy kisses. “I was supposed to be trying to seduce you,” he stated half-jokingly between their hot kisses. “But instead you’re the one doing it.” He growled. “Shit, Camille.”

“I’m not doing anything.” She protested in a whiny tone, eyes still shut, her warm tongue desperately licking his bottom lip. “I was perfectly sound asleep, thank you very much.” She reminded before once again nuzzling his nose and letting a content sigh.

Sebastian smirked, picking up on her subtle move of the nuzzling of the nose. It was her telltale sign of what she was asking/needling. She has done it a few times earlier in the evening.

“Sebb…” She exhaled, nudging again with her nose.

Shit, she was cute. More than cute if he was honest. He pressed his lips softly to the side of her face, moving them back to her lips. She locked her arms around his neck as the kiss intensified.

“Fuck, dragoste.” Sebastian grunted as he eased into her.

Camille’s eyes flew open, gasping at the feel of him, her mouth on top of his, but not moving. “Mmm… that’s good.” She said in a blissful tone.

Sebastian groaned louder, feeling the pleasure seep all the way to his toes. He felt her thighs drift farther apart, her lashes fluttering open and close. He rested inside her, halfway there, wanting more than anything to plunge and take. To keep himself occupied, he nipped and sucked tenderly on her dark nipple and brought his other hand up to massage the other breast, pinching on the very tip.

“Ahh.” He hissed when he felt her walls clutch around his hard cock. “Jesus, Camille.” He grunted.

“What do you expect me to do when you’re biting on my nipple that way?” She retorted playfully.

At that response, Sebastian took the taut nipple back into his mouth and sucked. Hard. She cried out his name and squirmed beneath him at the same time she squeezed around his erection again.

“I can’t help it.” Moving his mouth to the other breast. Her breathing increased as his tongue playfully flickered over her soft flesh. “I could do this all day baby. Fuck look at them…look at you.” He muttered in admiration as her nails lightly graze over his skull.

Jaw locked, teeth clenched, he sank a little deeper, feeling the stretch and pull of her tight inner muscle. She made a low murmur of approval. He moved his mouth back to hers and kissed her long and hard as he started to stroke. Long, slow, steady thrusts, in and out, gentle, loving touches that just about cost him his sanity. He knew he could fuck her, but his brain seemed to want to take this slow. His gut telling him to savor these moments, because he wasn’t sure what was going to happen next.

Pushing those thoughts away, he broke from her mouth, he dropped his head down to her shoulder, rocking against her. It hurt to hold back, but it also felt so damn good. He stroked after endless stroke, minute after minute. Camille moaned, wrapping her legs around his thighs, her fingers plucking at the pillow, her hair spilling across the side of her cheek.

Sebastian lifted his head back up and decided he had the most beautiful woman on earth beneath him.

She moaned again, this time a bit louder.

Her moan came to a halt when he bit down on her lower lip, and sneaked his warm tongue into her mouth. Their lips brushed back and forth, gentle at first, then second by second, their lip lock got messier and more aggressive. He thrust his hips hard into her and she gasped in surprise.
Her eyes widen in shock and her back bowed. Sebastian leaned down and pressed his forehead against hers. “I got you Cam.” He whispered. “Let it go baby.” Pressing his lips back down to hers.

Her nipples brushed against his chest as she came. Her orgasm was graceful as she went up and down, her body clenching onto his.

Not trusting himself, he pulled all the way out, then slid deep and allowed himself to come in tight pulsing jerks. Instead of an explosive burst, it dragged on and on. Sebastian held his body still the entire time, marveling that pleasure could be so intimately mixed with pain. He felt as if he were dying.

But Camille ran her fingers over his bare back and Sebastian knew it has been worth it, seeing the satisfied smile on her face. He needed to catch his breath, but his lips craved to find hers. He lazily but sweetly, kissed her. Then moved his mouth to the side of her mouth, before he pressed a tender kiss unto her forehead. He groaned and pulled out, quickly disposing of the condom and tossing it into the trash. He then rolled onto his side, pulling her with him.

She inhaled in contentment and settled against his chest. Snuggling her nose against his throat she whispered. “What time is it?”

“I have no idea.” He responded hoarsely, planting another kiss to the top of her head and giving her shoulder a squeeze. “The sun is starting to come out though…” Lifting his head just enough to see more light streaming through the large bay windows.

“Oh no…we missed the sunrise. It really is beautiful out here.” Camille mumbled, but the tone of her voice did not sound disappointed at all-especially when she curled closer into him, draping one arm over his chest.

“Maybe tomorrow?” Sebastian suggested with a small laugh, his fingers stroking the dip of her bare spine. He felt her shiver under his touch. “What time do you have to be up?” He asked after a few moments of silence. He knew her day was going to be fill with family and friends.

“I told myself 9:30.” She answered sleepily. “They are going to start serving brunch around 11, but we’re taking family pictures before.” She snuggled her warm body closer. “If the sun is out, then it’s probably around 6 or so…” she muffled into his neck.

Sebastian’s lips curled up at how perfect she felt in his arms. She just fit. And that made his heart warm up in a way he never thought possible. He pressed his nose into the mess of her curls. “I can wake you up.” He offered.

“Mnmkay.” But yawned in the process. “I’m going to need lots of coffee.”

He rolled his eyes. “Cam-you always need lots of coffee.” His fingers leisurely moving up and down her back.

“Shut up.”

He stifled his laugh and moved his lips to her cheek. “I’ll wake you up.” He promised.

“Okay.” She repeated. “I’m warning you now-future Camille is going to fight you.” She teased, not moving an inch from her current position.

“Oh?”

“Yeah.” She uttered. “So you’re going to have to figure out a way to get her up.”
“By any means necessary?”

“Yes.” She answered without missing a beat. “I’m dead to the world.” She stated.

He laughed again and replied. “I’m up for the challenge.” his eyelids feeling heavy as he continued to stroke her soft skin.

***

Sebastian walked out of the bathroom, sliding the belt through the loops of his slacks, coming to a halt once he reached the bed. He let out a dry chuckle as his eyes landed on a sleeping Camille, not surprise to still find her in bed. He had tried waking her before he walked into the bathroom but nothing. She laid on her side, back to him, white sheet covering only the bottom part of her body, the sun gleaming softly through the bay windows, hitting her dark skin perfectly. He finished putting on the belt, then sat down on the side of the bed, hesitant to wake her. She looked so peaceful, he hated to interrupt her slumber. In reality, he hated that they had to leave the room in the first place.

Their night had been amazing and he didn’t want it to end. Before he could delve more into his feelings, he felt Camille stir and sigh next to him. Glancing back down, he watched her roll over onto her stomach, soft cheek pressed against a pillow, arms over her head. Another sleepy sigh left her lips, but her eyes remained closed. He suppressed his groan and the sudden urge to take her again. Damn, he needed to control himself. Giving a slight shake of his head, he quietly plopped back onto the bed, facing her, and rested his body on one elbow.

“Cam?” He started gently, leaning in close. No response. “Camille.” He said a bit louder. But still nothing. She was sound asleep. He decided to try one more time. “Camille, you gotta get up.” Again, she made no sound but she did move a bit, adjusting herself, one arm was raised over her head and the other was where she rested her cheek.

He let out a breath, racking his brain to try and wake/get her up. He got momentarily distracted as his eyes drifted up and down her almost naked form. The sheets might have covered the bottom half, but the top half of her was still fucking sexually appealing to him. Her soft breast we’re pressed against the mattress, and he had a perfect view of the music note tattoo.

He felt the familiar twitch in his pants, thinking back to the earlier and how he finally came across the tattoo. He really hadn’t been sure where it was, but the moment he had her naked, his curiosity got the best of him. And fuck- had it been worth it.

Blinking back to the present, he stared for a few seconds longer, before reaching out and tugging some loose curls behind her ear. At his touch, she stirred, but didn’t wake. He frowned. Damn, she hadn’t been kidding about the whole ‘dead to the world’ statement. Yes, they had slept in the same bed a few times before, but usually he would be up first to let her sleep. He never once thought about the fact that she was a heavy sleeper.

“Camille…” he tried again, a bit louder.

She whined at the sound of her name, but instead of opening her eyes, she only snuggled more into the pillow and arm.

“Get up.” He ordered softly.
She groaned in annoyance, and brought a hand up to her face. “No.” she mumbled.

“Yes.” Sebastian responded back. “You’re sister’s wedding is today.” He reminded.

“Five minutes…” she pleaded.

He chuckled and moved her hand away from her face. “I gave you more than five minutes.” Letting his hand linger through her hair for a moment, before he stroked back and forth on her bare shoulder blade. “As much as I would love for us to stay in here…Nat would kill me.” She squirmed under his touch, but kept her eyes tightly shut. “You don’t want that do you?” he tried to guilt trip.

“But then I could sleep.” Camille reasoned.

“Ouch, that’s cold.” Feigning a hurt voice.

“I know.” She stated in a matter-of-fact voice, her eyes fluttering open-but only for a split moment.

“You’re really going to make me work hard aren’t you?”

“I warned you.” She muttered.

He laughed despite of himself. He wasn’t going to give up, instead he glided his hand lower down her soft body, using his knuckles to stroke the dip of her back, inches from her ass. He heard her inhale quietly, but didn’t budge. He did smirk when he felt the goosebumps rise on her skin. Enjoying the fact that he could cause such a reaction out of her. Without saying a word, he continued his tiny attack on her hot body. Up and down went his fingertips, drawing small imaginary circles between her shoulder blades.

She withered and moaned. “Sebastian…”

But he pretended not to hear her, instead he bend down and nuzzled his nose into the side of her neck, inhaling her sweet scent. He heard her let out a small sigh in satisfaction. Slowly, he moved his mouth and nibbled her earlobe, at the same time moving the palm of his hand down her back, letting it sit on her covered ass. Without thinking, he gave her a light squeeze.

“I’m trying to sleep…” She mumbled, but moved her face just enough for their lips to touch. He couldn’t help but squeeze again. She moaned and it went straight to his cock. “Sebastian…” she repeated.

Fuck, hearing his name out of her mouth was something he never thought would enjoy so much.

He licked her bottom plum lip. “And I’m doing whatever is necessary to get you out of bed.” He reminded, moving his mouth back to the side of her face and biting back down on her earlobe. He heard her breath hitch at the action. With a smug look, he pushed her long curls to the side and pressed a tender kiss behind her ear, salivating the slight whimper that escaped her lips. Without a single word he smoothly trailed his lips to her bare shoulder.

“Mm mm. This is not helping. If anything it’s only going to make me want to stay here longer.” She said, her voice muffled by the pillow.

He chuckled dryly then trailed his mouth, down her skin, and in between her shoulder blade. “Yeah…maybe I didn’t think all of this straight through.” He said amusingly as he gently nipped on her skin. Sebastian didn’t wait for a response, instead he continued his trail of kisses on her. He moved from between her shoulder blade, down to her spine. Every few seconds, nibbling and sucking on her dark beautiful skin. Without moving his mouth, he shifted on the bed, spreading his
legs open so he her legs were between his. She squirmed beneath him, but didn’t complain. “I can’t seem to keep my hands and mouth off you.” He confessed, his lips descending lower down her spine, until he felt the dip of her back against his nose.

“Baby…” Camille hummed, lifting her head up to look down at him.

“So beautiful….” he mused, his pulse racing. He grasped the white bed sheet and gently tugged down, exposing more of her body for his viewing pleasure. Once he had completely pushed the sheets down to the back of her legs. Sebastian growled in appreciation and caressed one bare ass cheek with his large hand.

Last night, he thought he’d seen everything, but fuck was he wrong. There was so much more when it came to Camille. He shifted again and pushed himself up on his knees.

She withered beneath him, and raised her head again to try and see what he was doing. He hesitantly moved his gaze from her behind and locked eyes with her. “I keep my promises.” He said huskily. His mind running wild with all the possibilities of what he could do at the moment. She raised a curious eyebrow at him, but didn’t say a word. He glanced back down and shook his head in pure adoration. He pulled her up on her knees and Sebastian gnawed on his bottom lip to keep from moaning.

Damn, he could see all of her in this position. “Fuck.” He choked out, running both palms up and over her bare ass before running a finger up and down her now pulsing clit. “Your ass is amazing…” He blurted out and to prove it, he clutched firmly on both cheeks.

“Thanks?” Camille answered with a timid laugh, but it came to a halt when he spread her open with his thumb and forefinger.

“C’mere.” Sebastian uttered, shoving the sheets to one side and looping one arm around her waist, pulling her up a bit more. “I need you resting on your knees and elbows.” He whispered. She grumbled something and sucked in her breath as she followed his instructions. “There you go.” He encouraged before kneeling behind her and kissing her. Not on the lips.

Camille gasped.

His tongue darted and licked while his thumbs held her open for him and she rocked against his busy, busy mouth. She panted his name, and moaned with every lick his tongue made. He smiled to himself when he realized how quickly she had gotten wet yet again.

His tongue laved her juices up. “God, you’re good at this too.” She groaned, biting her forearm.

He hummed in response and she cried out louder, the vibration doing delicious things to her tender flesh. He gripped her hips tightly and pushed her deeper into his mouth and she began to tremble so hard the bed shook. “That’s it baby. You taste amazing against my tongue. So fucking sexy the way you’re spread out for me right now.” That only got him a louder cry. “You’re dripping wet.” And to demonstrate his point, he moved his mouth for a second to let his forefinger trace her now swollen slit, his fingers feeling her wetness.

“Oh my g-god.” Camille stammered out, her hips rocking back and forth on his mouth.

“Does that feel good?” he murmured, his tongue dipping back into her, not letting up.

After a delightfully and torturous long time of bringing her to the edge and then pulling back, she finally came on his mouth. His name heaving out of her chest, her hands gripping tight unto the bed sheets in front of her as the orgasm took over her.
Watching her come undone during an orgasm was something he was never going to get tired of. He gently nibbled on the bundle of nerves, stroking her back delicately, with every heavy breath she took. After few more moments, Camille collapsed back unto the bed, catching her breath. Sebastian lifted his head from in between her thighs and pressed light kisses up her spine, and shoulder blade until he shifted and laid next to her, meeting her lips in a sweet kiss.

Breaking their kiss, Camille leaned in and pushed her forehead to his, eyes shut. “This totally backfired on you.” She teased, stroking the side of his cheek with her knuckles.

“Fuck, don’t I know it.” he answered back, smiling. Yet, not regretting his actions.

“So what you’re saying is… we should just stay here?” She inquired, opening her eyes, a hint of a gleam in them.

“Dragoste.” He warned, pretending to be annoyed. Even though deep down her idea sounded better.

“I will make it worth your time.” She taunted with a wiggle of her eyebrows. Sebastian swallowed and then cleared his throat when Camille trailed her hand down his chest toward his slacks. She glanced down then back up with a small pout. “You put on clothes.” Tracing her finger on his belt.

“Just pants.” Sebastian corrected with a hint of a smile.

She wrinkled her nose but dropped her hand from his belt with a defeated sigh. “But I’m so comfortable here.”

Sebastian chuckled and tugged a curl behind her ear. “I know.”

After a few minutes of neither one speaking, Camille finally mumbled. “Fineee, I’ll get up and start getting ready.”

He had to bite down on his tongue to keep from saying ‘Fuck it, let’s stay here.’ Instead he sat up and looked back at her. It was only for a split second, but Sebastian caught the flash of doubt and fear in her face and eyes. She must have realized what she had done, because she quickly pushed herself up and looked away from him. Unfortunately for her, Sebastian had come to learn there was more beneath those looks.

“I’m going to go take a quick shower.” she declared.

Before she had a chance to make another move, Sebastian reached and grasper her wrist. “Whoa—hold on.” He placed his other hand beneath her chin and forced her to look at him. “What just happened?”

Hesitantly she met his gaze and tried to tease. “You just forced me to get up. Remember?”

“Nice try.” he stated, narrowing his eyes. “I thought we were having fun?” he questioned, his own insecurities getting the best of him.

“We are!”

“Are you sure?” He asked suspiciously. “Because you just looked like—”

“You know—it’s annoying sometimes to have someone who can read you so well.” she mumbled teasingly, leaning into him and pressing a kiss to his cheek.

“Camille-.” he started, his voice stern.
She pulled away from him and fidgeted with the sheets. “It just hit me that I’m going to be leaving in a few days.” Nervously biting down on her lower lip. “And of course all of this is happening before I leave.” she said with a cynical laugh. “And I just-.”

Sebastian cut her off with his mouth, hoping his lips did the talking for him. He slid one a hand behind her neck and massaged her scalp as his fingers threaded through her soft curls. He kissed her over and over, wanting to make her forget about everything except for them. After awhile, he broke from her mouth. His lips curled up when he saw the hazy look in her eyes.

She licked her lips as if trying to salivate the taste of his lips. “Sebast-.”

Quickly he cupped her face with both of his hands. “Stop.” he ordered gently.

“I just-.”

“Dragoste- stop.”

She gave him a small frown. “You’re the one that asked.” she reminded.

Sebastian knew this was going to happen. Hell, he knew it needed to, but not at this moment. He smiled back at her. “You’re right, I did bring this up.” he admitted. “And we will talk about it- but it doesn’t have to be right now.” She gave him a confused look. “Right now-all I want is for you to enjoy this day. Be there for your sister.” Camille gave him a grateful smile, then tugged his face toward hers, giving him the softest kiss yet. After a few minutes, she tilted her head away and licked her lips. He cleared his throat and pushed his forehead to hers. “I promise we will talk about it-until were both blue in the face if you want. I just want you to be in the moment…at least for the next few days. Okay?”

She reluctantly sighed. “I do have a tendency to get lost in my own brain.”

“You think?” She pretended to glare and used her finger to jab the side of him. “Ow!” he said with a laugh.

“Cute.” She said dryly.

“Thanks.” He responded without a beat, then glanced between their naked forms. “I mean why else would you be sitting here naked with me?” Trying to get her back out of her thoughts.

Camille rolled her eyes. “And on that note- I’m going to go take a shower.” Pushing herself off the bed.

He fell back onto the pillows and snorted at his own lame ass joke. But before Camille even moved toward the bathroom, he reached for her wrist. His face serious once again, she looked back expectantly. “Just one more thing-I meant what I said last night—there is no pressure here.”

She nodded timidly but leaned in and pecked him on the lips. “You can be kind of adorable sometimes.” she said shyly.

He chuckled against her mouth, but felt his cheek burn at the compliment. “Stop stalling and go get ready,” he said instead, remembering once again that she was still naked. Clearing his throat, he sat back up and rubbed the back of his neck uneasily. “I should probably go do the same.” A hint of sadness in his voice when he realized they really did have to leave the room now. “Charles should be here any minute.”

“Yeah.” She responded with a lick of her lips. Their eyes locked and Sebastian felt the familiar flutter
in the pit of his stomach. Camille must have sensed it because she shook her head and pointed an accusing finger. “No-stop looking at me that way.” Then stammered with her eyes wide. “I’m going to go into the bathroom and shower, while-while you go and do the same. You were right, Natalie would kill us.”

Sebastian groaned and rolled his eyes, getting up from the bed. “Fine. I’ll see you downstairs in a bit.” Giving her a peck on the cheek before she disappeared into the bathroom.

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“How many cups have you had already?” Camille heard her sister teasingly ask as she plopped down on the chair across from her.

“Two- thank you very much.” Camille shot back, with a wide smile, sliding the sunglasses to the top of her head. Then stuck her tongue out before taking a sip from her coffee mug.

“Only two? Wow. I’m impressed.” Giving her a suspicious look. “I figured it would be more after last night…” she added with a smug smile.

At her sister’s words, Camille quickly pretended to be enamored by view in front of her. She knew Natalie was fishing for information about what happened between her and Sebastian. Taking another sip from her coffee, she continued to gaze out at the ocean.

This place truly was beautiful and peaceful. Whoever had the idea to have brunch outside was a genius in her opinion. Because the weather was just perfect—not too hot and not too cold, and it felt even better with the sun shining down on them. She decided to enjoy the view for little bit before the craziness of running around with family and friends started up again.

After an hour or so of the photographer ordering Natalie, Sam, plus both of their immediate families to pose for pictures(before the sun moved direction apparently), they all made their way back to the dressing rooms and changed out of the wedding outfits to meet everyone else for brunch in patio. For which Camille was thankful for, because she was starving. So she now sat outside, with full make-up and a pair of leggings and t-shirt.

“Okay, now that everyone’s left the table-spill.” Natalie pushed in an excited voice.

Camille resisted the urge to roll her eyes as she met her sister’s gaze. She blinked innocently, as if she had no idea what Natalie was talking about.

Her younger sister glowered. “Camille!” She exclaimed, throwing a napkin in her general direction.

“Natalie!” She mocked, but grinned. Especially when she thought about his perfect smile, with those crinkles around his eyes. They had done a lot of smiling and laughing in the past 12 hours. Her brain was still trying to digest the events from last night….and early that morning.

“Fine, don’t tell me.” Natalie huffed. “I mean, your face says it all anyway…” She added with a smirk.

Camille’s jaw dropped. “It does not-!” Biting down on her lower lip to stop herself. She glanced back up to find Natalie giving her an expectant look. “You do know you’re getting married today right? Shouldn’t that be your top priority?” She tried to stall.

Natalie rolled her eyes. “You’re seriously going to leave me hanging?”
“No seas dramatica.” Camille said in Spanish. “Besides what would Sam say if she knew you were more interested in your sister’s sex life than your own wedding?” She added in an accusing tone.

Natalie waved a dismissive hand in the air. “She knows.”

Camille’s eyes grew wide. “You told her?!”

Natalie shrugged. “Well yeah… I mean she is going to be my wife. I’m not going to keep things from her.”

“Natalie!!” She cried out in disbelief.

“It’s not like I just blurted it out!” Natalie defended. “She happened to ask last night where you were at. And she put two and two together when she couldn’t find Seb… I couldn’t lie to her.” Leaning back against her chair, Camille glared. Her sister rolled her eyes. “She isn’t going to go around telling everyone! You know her—unlike me—she is tombstone when it comes to secrets…” She trailed off, but her eyes widen.

“Que?” Camille snapped, still annoyed.

“You aren’t denying it…” Natalie gasped animatedly, grinning from ear to ear. “You guys totally did it!” Clapping her hands excitedly.

Bringing her thumb to her mouth, Camille chewed on it nervously, not saying a word. The annoyance she felt a few moments ago disappearing when she thought about Sebastian. Her stomach fluttering with big butterflies. She couldn’t help but look back at her sister with guilty eyes. “What do you want me to say?” she mumbled, her lips curling up.

“That it’s about time?!”

Camille covered her mouth with her hand, to at least hide the stupid smile on her face. But a small giggle left her lips anyway when she thought back to what they had done a mere hours ago. “I can’t stop smiling,” she confessed to her sister.

“I know.” Natalie said with a grin of her own. “I did say your face gives it away.”

Camille sunk into her seat and groaned. “Great. If you can tell—everyone else is going to know too. Especially Tia Yolanda.”

“Now who’s being dramatic?” Natalie teased. “And if anyone ask— you’re all smiles because it’s your little sister’s wedding.” She said with a wink.

She jerked her head, feeling guilty. “Oh my god— Nat, I’m sorry, of course I’m happy for you—“

Natalie rapidly shook her head. “Stop. No.” Camille wrinkled her forehead. “You have nothing to apologize for. I wasn’t trying to guilt trip. I know you’re happy for me dork. But it doesn’t mean you can’t be happy either.” She explained. “You deserve it too.” Camille opened her mouth, but Natalie stopped her and continued. “I know that’s a hard concept for you—but it’s true.”

Camille scrunched her nose in annoyance. “Whatever.” She mumbled instead, gazing back out to the ocean.

“Don’t ‘whatever’ me.” Natalie scolded.

Camille opened her mouth to answer, but was stopped when she heard another voice.
Both Camille and Natalie turned to the voice, and watched as Sam sat down next to Natalie, looking frazzled.

“Ha! Join the club.” Camille snorted as Natalie giggled. Both knowing Sam was talking about their aunt and her own mother. At least Camille was glad it wasn’t just her that her Tia was driving crazy. It was comforting actually.

Sam frowned. “I’m glad you guys think this is funny.”

“Oh honey, I don’t know what else you expected.” Natalie declared, leaning in to give her a peck on the cheek. Camille nodded in agreement, with a pleased look on her face.

Sam narrowed her eyes toward Camille. “Well aren’t we in a chipper mood this morning.” She teased.

Camille sighed loudly and glared at Natalie. “You two are worse than Tio Luis’ wife.” Knowing that would get a reaction out of them.

Natalie dropped her jaw and nodded in disgust “Ay, no seas mala.”

“De verdad.” Sam added with a disgusted look.

“No sean chismosas.” She retorted in Spanish.

Sam smiled. “C’mon sweetie-you know I’m just giving you a hard time.” Reaching out and squeezing her hand. Camille couldn’t help but smile back. “All we want is for you to be happy.”

“I know.” Camille answered back. Knowing deep down they meant it. “But let’s not get ahead of ourselves.”

Sam looked over at her fiancé. “I thought you said that-“

“I didn’t say anything.”

Camille shook her head. “Nat- you just said that she knew!”

“Nooo, I said she put two and two together. I never confirmed anything because I didn’t know either!”

“The fact that we are even having this conversation is ridiculous!” Camille mumbled, tossing her head back in aggravation. “No one else is to know about any of this-got it?” she ordered as she lifted her head back up.

But Sam wasn’t really listening, instead snickered. “Yes! That means I don’t have to pay Charles!”

Sitting up straight, Camille looked between them. “What do you mean ‘pay Charles’?” Natalie opened her mouth then shut it, busily looking down at the silverware on the table. Camille continued to look between them, expecting an answer from either one. But they kept averting their gaze. “What the hell did you guys do?” she demanded.

Sam bit down on her lip with a remorseful look and finally spoke up. “It was Charles idea!”

“What was Charles idea?” Camille asked slowly, tilting her head to one side. Then gradually she put two and two together. She gasped. “Oh my god. Did you jerks put a bet on me and Sebastian?!”
Camille threw daggers at both of them. Then narrowed her eyes in the direction of her younger sister. “Natalie Solis—did you take part in this?”

Her baby sister cleared her throat and glanced back up nervously. “Kinda?” She garbled “In my defense— you weren’t supposed to find out.” Turning to Sam and giving her a nudge.

“It slipped out!” She defended, with a sheepish look.

“Look— we are really sorry. It was a stupid bet. And I honestly had forgotten all about it!” Natalie pleaded. “It was months ago.”

“Oh—uh—” Camille said, folding her arms in front of her. But in reality she wasn’t even that upset about it. Maybe it was all the pheromones still going bouncing in her head, she wasn’t sure. But they didn’t have to know that. Instead she asked. “How much?”

“It’s not important.” Sam said with an uneasy laugh, trying to play it off, like it wasn’t a big deal.

“How much?” She repeated, gazing over at Natalie.

“A hundred…each.” Natalie uttered, sinking into her seat. “I said you two would happen by Christmas.” Then added quickly. “The bet wasn’t necessarily that you two would hook up—hook up—but more of you guys sharing a kiss—if it’s worth anything.”

“Oh because that makes it so much better.” Camille said sarcastically, but pressed her lips to keep from laughing. She cleared her throat and peered back at her future-sisters-in-law. “And you?”

Sam looked like a little kid whose hair caught stealing candy from a baby. “I said…the night of the movie premiere.”

Leaning back against her chair, she slipped the sunglasses back on her face. “And I’m assuming Charles said the wedding?” They nodded in unison. “So… that means he wins 200 bucks?” They both nodded again.

But they stopped mid nod when they realized what it meant. Sam and Natalie glanced at each other and before Camille had a chance to speak, they both jumped out of their chairs and wrapped their arms around her, squealing in elation. She tried her best to keep a straight face, but damn it was hard. After a few more seconds, they both finally sat back down.

Camille scowled. “This doesn’t get you two off the hook! And I’m still not admitting anything else has happened!”

Natalie rolled her eyes. “Oh please— you aren’t even upset about the bet.”

“I am—“

“No—Natalie is right. If you were— you would have stormed off without saying a word.”

Camille’s lips curled up, but didn’t argue. “I’m still going to kill Charles.” She vowed.

“What about me?”

All three girls turned their head to the direction of the voice. Charles trudged toward their table, a huge grin on his face. Sebastian in tow. Camille felt her pulse accelerate at the sight of him. This was the first time they were seeing each other since earlier that morning. He gave her small enigmatic smile, before saying hi to everyone else at the table.
“So, what about me?” Charles repeated, following Sebastian’s lead and saying hello to Sam and Natalie with kisses on the cheek, then sat down next to Camille. “Hey gorgeous.” He joked. Camille rolled her eyes under her sunglasses and put her elbow on the table to rest her chin on the palm of her hand, at the same time he leaned in and pecked her on the cheek.

“Hi.” She said, allowing him to kiss her. She did give a small jump when Sebastian squeezed her knee as he sat down on the other side of her. She turned to him and smiled without saying a word. He had shaved his beard, making his jaw line look better than before. He also smelled really good, which made her think about how good he smelled last night when he had moved lower down her body and in between her legs…

“What’s going on?” Sebastian asked as he ran his fingers through his hair, breaking Camille out of her fantasy.

Was it really a fantasy now? Or a memory?

“Cam?!”

Blinking a few times, she looked up and found the four of them staring back at her. “What?” She squeaked. From the corner of her eye, she could see Sebastian smirking. Clearing her throat, she tried her best to focus. “Nothing much, just hanging out before we have to go and get ready.”

"Yeah, we were just having a conversation about how we should have done a casino night.” Natalie casually added, giving Camille a side look.

“Oh that would have been awesome.” Charles agreed. “I love gambling.”

“Yeah we know.” Camille stated as she glared through her glasses. “You also like bets right?”

Sebastian snorted. “Charles just loves ways to win money.”

“Thanks man.” Charles said with frown.

Camille had to bring a hand to her mouth to keep from laughing when Sebastian gave his oldest friend a head nod with a smug look. After trying her best to keep the smile off her face, she spoke again. “Oh really?” Pushing her sunglasses back up her head and tilting her head toward Charles. “Well it looks like Charles has already won some money today.”

“I did?” Charles asked in confusion. Oblivious to where Camille was going with her statement.

“Yup, from Sam and my sister.” She added dryly.

Camille knew what this meant. Charles didn’t necessarily have to know the full details of what happened last night, but it would get him off their back for a bit. Mostly because it would be done on her terms not anyone else’s. And even though Natalie and Sam took part of the bet, Camille knew she could trust them in not sharing anything else. Especially with Charles. Which meant- her and Sebastian could have little bit of fun at his expense.

She saw the wheels in Charles head turning. After a few more seconds, he glanced back and forth between her and Sebastian. A short hoot escaped his mouth when he realized what Camille was talking about. His expression changed when he also became aware that Camille was going to have his head. Bringing his hands up in defense he started. “Listen, it was only supposed to be a little bit fun…”

Sebastian glanced between all four of them. “Did I miss something?”
“Nope.” Camille stated sweetly. "But Sam and Nat do owe Charles 200 bucks.”

Charles cleared his throat, looking between the girls, hesitation on his face. But he recuperated quickly and said. “I guess they do.” Sam glared, but slipped her hand into her back pocket (obviously she had been prepared for this) and placed two one hundred dollar bills in Charles palm. But before Charles clasped his hand around the money, Camille smoothly reached out and took it out of his hand.

“What the-?” He cried out.

Camille smiled pleasantly at him. “Thank you!” Pocking the money.

“That’s harsh Camille.” He mumbled. "I’ll split it with you.” he tried to joke.

Camille reached for her napkin and tossed it in his direction. “Nice try jerk. Technically this money belongs to me and Seb.”

He shook his head in amazement. "Well played, love.” he said with a wink. Camille smirked back and stuck her tongue out at him.

“What the hell just happened? Sebastian asked, glancing between them.

Camille could hear her sister and Sam snickering. With a quick self-satisfied look back at Charles, she swiftly turned to Sebastian and said softly. “I’ll explain later.”
Chapter 24 Overjoyed

Chapter 24

Overjoyed

March 2011

Big Sur, CA

“How does it feel to be a married woman?” Sebastian asked with a warm smile, as he took Natalie’s hand in his and wrapped the other around her waist.

Natalie grinned up widely, her eyes gleaming with happiness. “Pretty fucking amazing.”

Sebastian tossed his head and chuckled, pulling her close as they swayed back and forth on the dance floor to the music. The wedding ceremony had been beautiful, the sun had set almost perfectly on them as they took their vows on top of one of the cliffs surrounding Big Sur. Sam had been walked down the aisle by both of her parents, followed by Natalie being walked down by Camille and their aunt.

“I’m sure Sam will love that answer.” He quipped and glanced over her shoulder, spotting Sam also on the dance floor with an older gentleman- who Sebastian found out was another uncle to Camille and Natalie.

Natalie scoffed. “That better be her answer when people ask her.” And added a wink

“Oh I’m sure it will be.” He stated, gazing back out unto the dance floor. He had been sitting, watching everyone else around him, when he felt Natalie grasped his hand and dragged him to the dance floor. Apparently, Tio Juan had cut in during Natalie and Sam second dance, swooping Sam into his arms as they sashayed around the large dance floor that had been built on the outside grounds of the hotel. This was definitely one of the best weddings he had ever attended. But what really made it special was all the love and support that both families seemed to have for the couple.

“Thanks for coming.” Natalie said sincerely.

Sebastian blinked out of his thoughts to look back down at her. “Thanks for inviting me. I’ve never been this far North before- or at least down this way. Usually I just fly straight through to go see my dad.”

“Yeah, it’s pretty stunning up here.” Natalie mused. “This was the first vacation we took together, so it has sentimental value.”

“Well-it’s fucking beautiful up here. It’s going to be hard leaving tomorrow.” He confessed, his eyes wondering around to nowhere in particular. He was just enjoying the ambiance of the afternoon/night and the people he was surrounded by. So far he had meet a few family members- cousins, aunts, and others in between. He loved the whole experience of it.

“You guys are more than welcome to stay the extra day, Sam’s dad booked us until Monday.” She suggested. “Especially now that Cam doesn’t have to leave until the end of the week.” Giving him a wiggle of her eyebrows.

Sebastian pretended he didn’t understand her innuendo and said with a straight face. “I think Charles
has to be back at work by Monday though…”

She narrowed her eyes. “What’d you do? Make a pack to avoid all questions when it comes to the both of you?”

Sebastian gave a coy look. “Maybe.”

Natalie rolled her eyes and sighed in exaggeration. “Anyway- your rooms will still be there if you want them.” Then paused. “She did say she wanted to get a few things done before she left.” Trailing off, then shook her head. “But one day wouldn’t kill her.”

“Yeah, that’s what she told me. I offered for her to drive back down with me, since Charles brought his own car.” As they continued to slow dance. He smiled to himself when he spotted a few young kids running around the dance floor.

“When do you have to fly back to New York?”

“Wednesday.” A hint of disappointment in his voice as he looked back down at her. The awareness that in a few days they would have to go back to their realities. “I wanted to stay longer but I have meetings I can’t miss.” He had wanted to say his goodbyes and even take her to the airport. And that had been the plan-until Camille’s take off day changed. Again.

Natalie rubbed the back of his shoulders in understanding. “If anyone is going get it-is my big sister.” She murmured.

All he could do was smile weakly. How had they gotten to the topic of Camille anyway? He glanced back out toward the rest of the dance floor and spotted more guest on it. His stomach did a flip when his eyes found her. She stood on the other end of the floor, laughing and trying to stay in sync with her dance partner-who happen to be her 10 year old boy cousin. He heard her giggles when the young boy, twirled her around. Sebastian could only smile.

“How is our girl doing?” He heard Natalie ask, breaking him out of his daze.

Sebastian jerked his head away from Camille and peered back down with a shy smile. It was a good feeling to have Natalie’s support and trust when it came to her sister. Especially knowing how close they were. “In regards to her anxiety about her trip?” Natalie only nodded. He let out a low breath. “I really don’t think she’s had the time to truly think about it.” He answered honestly. “But I also made her promise me to try and not think about it for today.”

Natalie snorted. “How in the world did you convince her to do that?” He cleared his throat and averted his eyes, watching the people around him, pretty sure his cheeks were bright red. That got a snicker out of Natalie. “Ah…I see.” She said in a taunting voice. Her face turned solemn. “I’m just giving you shit. I’m just glad she has someone like you looking out for her and that you two finally stopped this game of going back and forth with each other.” She added, tossing her back dramatically for full affect.

“You should’ve have been an actress.” He mocked, trying his best to not laugh.

Natalie opened her mouth, but shut it when a couple strutted and stopped next to them. They both turned to find Camille in the arms of the Tio Juan that had been dancing with Sam a few minutes ago. Sebastian’s lips tugged upward at the sight of Camille. She had a huge grin on her face, but her eyes told another story.

“Es mi turno bailar con mi otra sobrina.” Tio Juan stated.
“You heard the man.” Camille stated with a silly face.

“What did he just say?” Sebastian asked curiously.

“We’re switching partners.” Natalie translated. “Seb-be aware-Tio Juan likes to lead.” She added with a somber look.

Sebastian’s eyes widen as he looked between both sisters. Natalie looked dead serious, but Camille snickered. “Will you stop?” Camille said to Natalie. “She’s joking.” she added and gave Sebastian a scrunch of her nose.

“Que pasa?”


Sebastian was able to figure out what was happening, when Camille let go of her uncle at the same time Natalie let go of Sebastian. Tio Juan pressed a sweet kiss on Camille’s forehead with a loving look before Natalie took her spot. Sebastian watched the exchanged and couldn’t help but smile.

“Gracias Mija.” Tio Juan said in Spanish then grinned at Natalie. “Es to turno.” Tio Juan then looked back at Sebastian and pointed a finger. “Cuidame la.”

Sebastian blinked in surprise when he realized he was talking to him. But nodded with a small smile, understanding him.

Natalie took her Tio’s hand and gave Sebastian a meaningful look. “No te preocupes, el la cuida.” And without saying another word, the two disappeared into the mist of people.

“Don’t mind him.” Camille started, taking a step closer to him. “He’s had a few beers.” Her eyes luminous as she reached for his hand. “You should wrap your arms around me.” She whispered, pushing herself on her tippy toes.

“Is that an order?” he asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Yes.” She deadpanned.

Chuckling lowly, he effortlessly wrapped an arm around the slim of her waist at the same time the music changed. Recognizing Stevie Wonder’s “Overjoyed” over the loud speakers as his palm rested deftly on her bare back. He pressed her close into him. He heard her exhale softly as he peered back down with soft eyes. “Hi.” He whispered, as if he was seeing her for the first time.

“How Ojos Azules.” She murmured in Spanish at the same time she slid one arm around his neck.

Without taking his eyes off her, he tangled his free hand with hers and brought it up close to his chest, as they slowly swayed to Stevie Wonder’s voice:

Over time, I’ve been building
My castle of love
Just for two, though you never
Knew you were my reason
I’ve gone much too far for you…

This was their first private moment since the morning. She had been running back and forth helping and hosting family and friends, they hadn’t had a chance to really be alone or talk. But now things were settling and calming down that the ceremony was over. All day his mind kept dazing off into their moments from the night before and morning. It still felt a bit surreal. Even though, he had made her promise to put those thoughts of the future on hold, he couldn’t help but think of the uncertainties of what was going to happen after this week.

He jerked his head at the sound of Natalie’s laughter a few feet away. “I thought Sam was dancing with your uncle?” he asked, meeting Camille’s gaze.

“She was. But that little wench passed him along to me.” Camille answered. “I was perfectly fine dancing with Rene, although he kept stepping on my toes.” She added with a slight shrug.

Sebastian laughed quietly as his knuckles grazed her soft back. She hadn’t been kidding about the backless dress. He was sure his jaw had dropped as he watched her walk down the aisle in a long form fitting blue pastel dress, with an open back, curls pulled up in a fancy hairdo, neck and back completely exposed. His eyes couldn’t seem to look away. He just continued to search her face, trying to engrave her features into his brain.

His heart thumped loudly- he was sure she could hear it over the music. He felt lightheaded and his mouth was dry all of a sudden. Fuck. Fuck. He had been trying to push the feeling away for months now. But he couldn’t deny it any longer-at least not to himself.

He fallen. He fallen in love with Camille Solis.

“Sebastian?”

He tried to swallow, but that was hard at the moment. Giving a slight shake of his head, he blinked.

“Hmm?”

“You okay?” she whispered worriedly, as he felt her fingertips stroke the nape of his neck.

Licking his dry lips, he gave a slight nod, his knuckles softly drawing small circles on her back. He couldn’t tell her. At least not right at this moment. She had so much going on already…and deep down he was truly afraid of her reaction. Everything was still fresh after her broken engagement. Sebastian knew better than to push. Because a tiny part of him was also terrified of falling for someone else so quickly after his break-up.

“Seb?” He heard her repeat, with a slight tilt of her head.

He cleared his throat and pressed his forehead lightly to hers. “I was just thinking how I haven’t gotten the chance to kiss you all day.” He murmured and smiled when he saw the look that passed through her eyes. “Don’t worry dragoste-I don’t plan on doing it in front of all these people.” He teased with an eyebrow wiggle.

She scowled playfully at him, as they continued to move to the music. “Chistoso.” She said dryly.

“I am pretty funny.” Sebastian agreed, but his eyes couldn’t stop studying her face. He loved the way her eyes would gleam in playfulness when she was teasing him. Or the way her lips would curl up into a small pout when she was concentrating.
“You’re starring again.” Camille indicated. “And this time I’m not naked.” She added innocently, nibbling on her bottom lip.

He suppressed his groan and shut his eyes for a split moment. “That’s not fair Camille.”

“What isn’t fair?”

He decided to play along. “Now all I picture is a naked you.” Licking his lower lip deliberately.

“Sounds like a personal problem Stan.” She quipped, not missing a beat and trailing her finger up and down the back of his neck.

He felt a slight shiver run down his spine at her touch. Before he could take another shot, they both turned to the commotion on their left- which was a little boy (maybe 5 years old) squealing as he was being chased down by her mother who was holding on to another child in her arms. Camille stifled her laughter and turned to look back at him. He looked wide eyed at her.

“That would be my cousin Carolina chasing her 5 year-Javier- and the one in her arms is Olivia who just turned one.” Camille explained with a shake of her head.

“They must be a handful.”

“Oh- they are. But they are so cute its okay.” Camille agreed and turned to look back at her cousin who had disappeared back into the hotel with both of her children.

When she turned back at him, Sebastian was watching her intently. “You look beautiful.” He blurted out without thinking, his cheeks hot. She raised her eyebrows in surprise. “Just… in case I hadn’t mentioned it today.” He added nervously with a chuckle, as his hand slipped to the dip of her back.

There was no one else but them- at least that’s how Sebastian felt. Not able to tear his eyes away from her.

Her brown eyes soften at the compliment. "Thank you.” she whispered back timidly.

This was different. Before when he would complemented, it was done in a teasing way. In a way for them to still joke about it afterwards as to not cross that line. But that line was crossed now, and all of this was new territory for them. He also realized they were still dancing to Stevie Wonder’s voice:

And though you don’t believe
That they do
They do come true
For did my dreams
Come true when I looked at you
And maybe too, if you
Would believe
You too might be
Overjoyed, over loved, over me

As the song finally came to an end, they stopped moving, but neither one made an effort to let go of each other. Camille was the one to break their trance when the music changed to an upbeat tempo, she dropped her arm from around his neck and smiled sadly. “We should probably get off the dance floor before we get trampled by the little ones.”
He chuckled, letting go of her waist, and followed after her. They made their way through the swarm of people and toward their table, before they had the chance to sit, Camille’s aunt came rushing toward her.

“Qué paso?” Camille asked in a concern voice.

Her aunt spoke too quickly for Sebastian to truly understand what was said.

“Oh, Tía Yolanda, no te preocupes.” He heard Camille respond in a calming voice.

He had been introduced to Tía Yolanda the night before during the rehearsal dinner and he would be lying if he said he hadn’t been a little nervous, but she had been as sweet and nice as he expected her to be. Camille had teased the reason for it was that she was too preoccupied with everything else happening this weekend to really grill him with questions.

Sebastian had come to the conclusion that Camille was right.

Tía Yolanda heard her name and without saying another word she left them again. Camille turned to look back at him, reaching for his elbow. “C’mon.”

“Where are you taking me?” he asked with a suspicious look.

Giving him a sly smile she responded. “She’s freaking out because she claims we need more wine out here and it’s not being brought out fast enough. Carolina was supposed to be bring more bottles up from the wine cellar but obviously got distracted by Olivia.” She explained, leading them toward the inside of the hotel and into the second reception room. “So I offered to go down there and grab them and you’re coming down to help.” She added in a coy voice.

Sebastian scoffed. “Whoa- I never agreed to this.” but reached for her hand and gave it a squeeze as she continued to lead away from the party. His heart raced a little bit faster at the possibility of getting a private moment with her. She scowled over her shoulder at him but Sebastian only winked back. He had the urge to reach out and wrap his arms around her waist and plant kisses along the side of her neck, but resisted.

“Cam!! Oh good!” Came an exasperated voice.

At the sound of her name, Sebastian let go of her hand and came to halt at the same time Camille did. It was one thing for them to show any kind of physical contact when they were alone, but it was something totally different to do it around other people-especially her family. Especially when they hadn’t discussed anything yet.

“Can you do me a huge favor? And watch Olivia for a bit while I go down to the cellar to get the rest of the wine bottles?” Carolina (the cousin) asked in a rushed tone, holding the one year old- Olivia on one hip.

“Don’t worry, I was just about to go down there.” Camille answered, gently poking on Olivia’s belly to make her giggle.

Sebastian smiled, as the little girl took the bottle of milk out of her mouth to give Camille a toothless smile. She looked just like her mother, with her dark hair that sat in two separate pigtails on the top of her head and a cute little pastel blue dress.

“Let me do it. I do not want to hear Tia later on tonight or tomorrow.” She said with a roll of her eyes as she bounced Olivia. “She’s already gotten on to me about- every little thing today.” She muttered. She looked back at her daughter and smiled affectionately. “You want to go with Ti-Ti for
a bit?”

“Ti-Ti!!” An excited Oliva squealed and stretched out her tiny arms to Camille, the baby bottle in one hand.

Sebastian knew there was no way Camille was going to say no to that face. “C’mere Liv.” He heard Camille say in a sweet voice as she reached out and took Olivia from Carolina.

Carolina grinned widely and leaned in to kiss her daughter on the cheek. “Mami will be back.” She promised and disappeared before Camille had another chance to say a word.

Sebastian couldn’t help but chortle lowly at the realization that maybe what Carolina wanted was a break from running around after a one year old.

“No, no, no mas!” Olivia kept repeating and as she shoved her almost empty bottle in Camille’s face. Without hesitation or annoyance, Camille took the milk bottle out of the little small hands and finally turned to Sebastian with a humorous smile. “Want to help me babysit for a little while?”

Sebastian peered over at the little girl and his smile grew bigger. “Why not?”

Camille grinned broadly at him, then leaned in and pressed loud kisses onto Olivia’s chubby cheeks. The little girl squealed in laughter. “Let’s go find a table for us to sit.” She stated and Sebastian followed. Sitting at an empty table, Camille placed Olivia’s bottle down before settling the little girl on her lap to kiss the top of her head.

“So…are you going to explain the nickname?” Sebastian asked with a smirk. He was intrigued by this side of Camille. He had seen so much of her already, but he wanted to know more.

“Ah I was hoping you wouldn’t catch that.” She confessed as Olivia took both of Camille’s hands in hers and played with her fingers. “She can’t say Tia Camille yet. So she calls me Ti-Ti-“

The little girl raised her head and smiled innocently at Camille. “Mi Ti-Ti!!”

Camille tossed her head back and laughed, then peered back down. “Olivia? Can you say ‘hi’ to Sebastian?”

“My Ti-Ti!!” She watched Sebastian shyly, then squirmed in Camille’s lap clumsily maneuvering her little body around to wrap her arms tightly around Camille’s neck, ignoring what Camille had just asked.

Camille rolled her eyes and snorted playfully. “Stop trying to act all shy.”

Sebastian ran a hand nervously through his hair. “I don’t think she likes me…”

Camille covered her own arms around Olivia to keep her from falling over, but smiled over at Sebastian. “That’s not true. Livy just likes to tell everyone I’m hers.” She explained and turned her attention back to Olivia, making funny faces. Olivia squealed in delight and brought her hands up to Camille’s face, squeezing her cheeks with those tiny fingers.

“Hmm.” Sebastian mused with a half smirk.

“What?” Camille asked with a raised eyebrow, peering at him from the top of Olivia’s head.

“I would go around telling people you were mine too.” He teased with a wink.
“Smooth.” She answered with a roll of her eyes. Sebastian only wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. “Ouch!” she cried out in pretend as Olivia pinched Camille’s cheeks. “Eso duele mami.” Camille explained softly. “Mejor dame besitos.”

Sebastian sat and watched the interaction, unable to keep the smile away from his face. It was obvious this little girl adored her aunt.

Olivia let go of Camille’s cheeks and wrapped her arm back around her neck before she leaned in and pecked Camille on the side of her face.

“Besitos Ti-Ti!!” The one year old cried out and pressed another kiss on Camille’s face.

He heard Camille giggle along before she leaned in and planted small kisses along Olivia’s chubby cheeks. The little hands tried to push Camille’s face away as she shook her head side to side with glees of laughter. Olivia was filled with pure innocence and love. And it was clear, Camille loved her as much as her niece did.

He was startled when he felt a little hand grasp at his sport coat. He turned and found both Olivia and Camille eyeing him. Camille with a complacent look and Olivia with curiosity. He looked between them uneasily.

“Ti-Ti?” Olivia whispered to her aunt.

Letting out a short laugh, Camille answered kindly. “No. That’s Sebastian.” Then looked back up at him. “She also likes to call everyone that.” They both turned back to the toddler, who now had her full attention on Sebastian. “Weren’t you just ignoring him a few minutes ago silly?” Camille jokingly asked.

But Olivia wasn’t paying attention to her Tia anymore. Instead she stretched her arms out toward Sebastian with a huge grin. “Tan!” Olivia blurted, her little fingers tugging on the collar of Sebastian’s shirt. “Tan!” she repeated eagerly.

The adults glanced and each other and burst into laughter. “I think she’s trying to say your name.” Camille indicated as Olivia tried her best to squirm out of her arms. “Mami, you don’t want me to hold you anymore?” she asked, trying her best to distract her away from Sebastian. He chuckled and Camille gave him a sheepish look. “You don’t have to hold her.”


“No, you dork.”

He raised both eyebrows expectantly. “You’re afraid she’ll like me better?” He pushed.

Letting out a gasp, she exclaimed. “Impossible!” Sticking her tongue out at him, then turning back to her niece. “You love me right Liv?” A small whiny cry left Olivia’s mouth as she struggled to break from Camille to get on Sebastian’s lap. She feign a hurt look as she glanced back at the little girl. “Traidora.”

Sebastian snorted and shook his head. “She’s one, Camille.” He reminded and stretched his arms out. Unwrapping her arms, Sebastian watched as Olivia literally jumped into his and enclosed them around his neck. He was startled by the move, but chuckled as he met Camille’s eyes.

Olivia was clearly curious about this new person, because she quickly brought her little hands up to Sebastian’s clean shaven face, he swiftly threw an arm around the little girl’s waist to hold her steady. Olivia giggled. “Tan!!”
He smiled softly at the little human in his arms and at the same time he heard Camille snicker next to him. He side eyed her with a playful glare. It was only for a second- because Olivia tugged at his face with both hands, her small palms rubbing his face inquisitively. He chuckled again. “Yeah, I decided to shave today. What do you think?” he asked in a conversational tone. Olivia just smiled, but her little fingers trailed along his jaw, repeating the version of his name she had decided on.

“He does have a nice jawline.” He heard Camille quipped with a raised eyebrow before she ran a forefinger right along where Olivia had. He felt his cheeks quickly burn at her comment and action at the same time Olivia’s hands dropped to her side. Camille chewed on her lower lip, as if waiting for him to come back with a sassy remark-he didn’t. He wasn’t sure of what to say. “Why Mr. Stan, I believe you’re blushing.” She teased, giving his thigh a squeeze.

“Tan, no, no!!” Olivia cried, breaking them out of their trance. Her little hands were back on his face and she forcibly got him to look at her. Sebastian pretended to be scared as his eyes grew wide at her command. He did his best to keep from laughing when she placed her hands over his eyes. He gasped. “What? Olivia no! I can’t see now!”

He heard the squeals, but she continued to keep his eyes covered (or as much as she could with her little hands). Camille snickered next to him. “No, no no, no! Ti-Ti mine!” she cried. Sebastian still able to see through his covered eyes as she pouted and shook her head furiously.

“Ooh, not even two years old and already bilingual.” Sebastian stated in admiration.

“Of course.” Camille huffed.

Olivia finally dropped her hands from his eyes, but still pouted. Gingerly, he patted her small back. “Don’t worry- I would never try to steal her away from you.” He assured the little girl, even though he was pretty sure she didn’t truly understand. “I’m only borrowing her for a few days.” He added, peering back at Camille with a smug look. She scrunched up her nose at him.

“Mine Ti-Ti!! Mine Tan!!!” Olivia declared, oblivious to the flirtation that was going in front of her. She extended her little arms toward Camille. “Mio!!” she stated proudly, her fingers gripping onto her aunt’s shoulder. “Mas besitos!!! Ti-Ti mas!” The little girl commanded.

“Mas?” Camille asked in a disbelief tone, her eyes wide as she looked back at Olivia. “She wants more kisses.” She informed Sebastian with a solemn face.

“Oh yeah?” Sebastian asked slowly. He placed both arms securely around the small of her back and waist, then looked back at Olivia. “Ready?” She looked curiously at him, then let out a tiny gasp when he pushed himself up from his seat and swiftly tilted her in the direction of Camille- almost like a see-saw-only for a split second, before he pulled her back towards his body. Her innocent laughter filled his ears when she gathered this was fun. Olivia’s sweet face looked at him expectantly. “Don’t miss this time!” he told her. He did it again-long enough for Camille to lean in and turn her cheek in Olivia’s direction. The little girl planted a kiss, then squealed when Sebastian pulled her back.

“Besitos para Olivia!” Camille exclaimed, when he did the same motion again. “Muaw!!” She cried out, this time planting a kiss on Olivia’s face. He did the motion a few more times, every time Camille pretended to let out a gasp in surprise.

This went on for a couple of minutes, until he felt his arms began to ache a bit. He stopped. “Okay, give me a second.” He said through his laughter. “I’m not young like you Olivia.” He joked and rolled his shoulders back to try and relax them. After a few moments he was ready to continue, but it seemed Olivia had other plans.
“Tan besitos Ti-Ti!” she exclaimed gleefully.

Camille narrowed her eyes suspiciously at her niece. “Did Tia Nat put you up to this?” she kidded.

“Camille!” Sebastian cried out with a roll of his eyes and a chuckle. Her questions ridiculous, yet hilarious.

“What? I wouldn’t put anything past her!”

Olivia was obviously and tugged on Sebastian’s chin. “Besitos palla Ti-Ti!!” she exclaimed.

Sebastian looked back up at Camille with a tickled look. “You heard the lady- kisses for Ti-Ti.” She tried to hide the smile, but it was no use, Sebastian caught it. He peered back down at Olivia who seemed to be waiting eagerly. He smiled. “Ready?” Olivia smiled widely. “One…two…” Sebastian counted slowly. “Three!” Tilting her and himself toward Camille, as both of them pecked her on the cheek, making loud kissy noises in the process.

“Muaw!!” Olivia mimicked, before falling into a fit of giggles.

“You know you’ve created a monster right?” Camille stated in a bemused tone.

“Oh I know.” Sebastian grinned broadly. “But at least she’s a cute monster.”

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“Go take care of your wife!” Camille heard Natalie good-humoredly yell after Carlos—their cousin (in-law) as they walked back outside from the bar, toward the rest of the group, at a nearby table.

Carlos glared as he walked backward in the direction of the French doors leading back to inside the hotel. He pointed a finger in Camille and Natalie’s direction. “For the record- I would have won!”

Camille snickered into her wine glass and eyed Natalie, fighting the urge to roll her eyes at the scene in front before her. This always seemed to happen when the Solis’ sisters got together with their cousins. The reception had come to an end, and most of the older family members and friends had gone back to their perspective rooms/suites-except of course for Camille and Natalie’s cousins (most of them- the same age as both them).

“Only because you cheated!” Natalie accused.

Carlos came to a halt before he stepped inside of the French doors and scoffed. “Oh that’s bullshit. You can’t cheat in Loteria!”

“This is why I don’t like playing with you two.” Camille muttered with a shake of head and walked back to the table where Sam and Sebastian sat. It never failed, someone always ended up bickering when they all go let together and played card games or Loteria.

“This is why I don’t play with you.” Carlos mocked with a face. “You’re just mad because you never win.” He tormented.

“I’m not the one making excuses to leave.” She retorted and stuck her tongue out.

“Es tu prima!” Carlos reminded in Spanish, taking another step backwards. Carlos was Olivia’s father-Carolina’s husband.
“Oh c’mon, you know she’s passed out already.” Natalie said, plopping down next to Samantha.

Camille nodded knowingly and stood behind Sebastian’s chair, distractingly reaching over his shoulder to grab the last piece of fruit on his plate. He tilted his chin and creased his eyebrows, eyes glazed. He was a bit tipsy. She was a bit tipsy too. In reality, everyone around the table was. She blinked a few times and frowned when she realized- almost everyone had left now. At some point there had been up to 10 of them playing.

Then again, it was past 2 in the morning and in did make sense everyone had gone to bed. Funny enough, the last ones hanging around at the moment, we’re the same ones who always went to bed last at family gatherings. Usually, Carolina would be the one to outlast her husband. But they seemed to have switched places for the night.

Carlos waved dismissively. “I don’t need to continue to listen to this abuse. I’m going to go check on my lovely wife.” He placed his full attention on to Sebastian with a slight nod. “It was nice meeting you. Thanks for taking care of my little girl earlier.” Sebastian nodded back with a half-smile. Carlos turned back to the 3 girls. “I’ll see you sore losers tomorrow.” He mocked and promptly disappeared from their sight, his laughter echoing behind him.

“That little shit.” Sam muttered.

“You know he’s going to be talking about this for months.” Camille stated and moved from behind Sebastian’s chair toward her own, but came to a halt when she felt Sebastian’s fingers clasped her wrist. She peered down at him and raised a suspicious eyebrow. “Excuse me sir, but can I help you with something?” She joked, her skin almost tingling at his touch. Sebastian brought his bottom lip between his lips and gave her a once over. “Sebastian…” Camille warned nervously. He pretended to not hear as he tugged her body toward him. She glanced between her sister and Sam, who were picking up the Loteria cards around the table.

“I’m not doing anything dragoste.” He mumbled with a half smirk as him thumb stroked the inside of her wrist.

He looked so handsome just sitting there, white dress shirt, tie undone, his hair messy from the many times he ran his fingers through it. She swallowed the lump in her throat when she thought about the possibility of seeing him naked again. But what if he didn’t want to see her naked again? What if last night was just a one-time thing and she was just getting her hopes up? This was her anxiety talking. Deep down she knew this, but insecurities still seeped through.

“Cam?”

She jolted out of her thoughts and met his gaze, those blue eyes looked even more luminous against the lanterns hanging from the trees. “Hmm?” Realizing he was still holding on to her hand.

“Stop overthinking.” He ordered gently with a knowing smile and dropped her hand to give her hip a light squeeze, the glaze look gone from his eyes.

Why did he have to be so damn good looking? Even at fucking two o’clock in the morning?

Without thinking twice, she took his chin between her thumb and forefinger and gave it a gently caress. He blinked in surprise. All night they had avoided touching, mostly to drive Charles crazy. But Charles was not around anymore. He had over done the wine drinking and had to be carried back to his room with the help of Sebastian about an hour before. It had been pretty entertaining to watch.
“And then there were four.” Sam stated lightly as she passed Natalie the rest of the cards in her side of the table.

Sebastian snickered. “There would have been five if Charles had been able to hold his wine.” Then distractingly, moved his arm up and around Camille’s waist, tugging her to him. She pressed one hand on to his shoulder for balance and then instinctively slid unto his lap, half of her back pressed against the front of his chest.

She dropped the arm on his shoulder around his neck and gave him a devious smile as she withered her ass in his lap to get more comfortable. She heard him inhale and Camille smiled smugly to herself. “I am overthinking now?” She literally breathed into his ear.

He glowered up at her. But before he had the chance to answer, they heard Sam snort. They both turned as she pushed herself up from the chair and eyed them with a smile.

Right, fuck- they weren’t alone…

Camille made the move to get up, but Sam shook her head and waved a dismissive hand. “Honey, it’s just us out here.”

Natalie was busy picking up her shoes from the end of the table, she didn’t notice until she stood up straight and smirked. “Ha! I knew you were waiting until Charles disappeared.” Then walked toward her new wife to place a sweet kiss on her cheek. “I’ll go get us that bottle to take to our room.” She said in a coy voice and made her way back to the bar.

Camille’s lips curled up at the couple. She couldn’t be happier for her sister. She knew this was a new chapter for her and Camille couldn’t wait to see what was in store for them. Any other couple would have probably gone straight to their honeymoon suite after the reception, but not her sister and Sam. They were always down for partying- mostly because they didn’t do it often. She jerked faintly when she felt Sebastian’s palm slid up her bare back.

“Grab two!” Sam yelled after Natalie. “Babe?” then let out a large sigh and strutted in the direction of the still open bar.

Once they were both out of sight, Camille turned her head toward Sebastian with a cocky look. He narrowed his eyes at the same time he slipped his arms comfortably around her waist and rested his hands on her belly. Then lifted his head just enough for their noses to touch.

“Vixen.” He teased with that sexy little look that made her insides heat up.

She dropped her jaw and pretended to be insulted yet placed her hands over his to trail her perfect manicured nail along one arm. “I have no idea what you’re talking about-.” But wasn’t able to finish her sentence as he brushed his lips softly against hers. She closed her eyes and moaned into his mouth in wonder and contentment. She broke from his lips. “What if they come back?” she asked stupidly.

He snorted. “Darlin, you’re the one that sat on my lap.” Then added. “Besides you heard Sam- it’s just us out here.” Planting a light kiss on the side of her face. “I’ve been wanting to do that since this morning.” He confessed and took her lips again, easing his tongue into her warm mouth.

She whimpered when his tongue licked the inside of her bottom lip. She felt dizzy and lightheaded all at the same time, she was sure part of it had to do with the amount of wine she had consumed, but the other reason had to be because of his kisses and words. He unhurriedly pulled away from her lips long enough to trail small kisses along her jaw, then down the side of her neck, stopping right at the
nape of her neck. She shivered when his teeth nibbled along the skin there. “Okay…if you say so.” She whispered.

“I say so.” Sebastian stated in a serious tone. “Mmm, you smell good.” He whispered and gave her waist a gently squeeze. Then continued to kiss along the back of her neck.

She involuntarily pressed her back more into him, and tilted her head just enough for his mouth to have better access of her neck. She shuddered again and gasped at how good it felt to have his lips back on her skin. “I-I think- it’s time for me to go to bed.” She stumbled.

“Okay.” Sebastian said, his mouth now on the top of her bare shoulder.

“And I think you should come with me.” Camille suggested. Hoping she sounded more confident than she felt at the offer.

His kisses came to a halt at her words. “Yeah?” He asked, lifting his head to meet her gaze, a shy grin on his features.

“Yeah.” Camille repeated with her own timid smile. Her heart thumped loudly in her chest with elation at the chance to be alone with him again. “Unless you don’t want to-.” She added quickly.

“Camille- I want to.” He interrupted softly. “Lead the way baby.” He said and dropped his hands from around her waist as if to let her know, she was in control.

She bit down on her lip and pushed herself off his lap, then turned to face him, tangling her fingers with his. He raised a coy eyebrow and did the same. Once they were both standing, Sebastian stood behind her and swiftly enveloped his arms back around her, deftly resting his chin on top of her shoulder. She draped her arms over his, unable to control the warm feeling all the way down her toes. Her smile froze. “What are you going to tell Charles?”

Chuckling into her ear, he gave her a squeeze. “Trust me-he won’t even notice. He got so drunk tonight he’ll miss breakfast later.” He said knowingly, then sucked gently on the side of her neck.

She giggled at his reasoning, but it quickly turned to a low whine when his teeth nipped along her collar.

“We’re you two really going to sneak away without saying good night?” Natalie demanded. In unison they turned their head in the direction of the voice. Her sister was playfully glaring back at them, with a hand on her hip and the other holding a bottle of champagne. “Well?”

Sebastian dropped his arms from around Camille’s waist. “We figured you two had already left for your room.” He defended with a sheepish look.

Camille rolled her eyes at her sister’s dramatization and reached for Sebastian’s arm. “Shouldn’t you be taking care of your new wife? Instead of butting in to other people’s business?” She asked, making a face.

“Ay- so cranky.” Natalie mocked, sticking her tongue out. “And where do you think I’m heading to? I just had good manners to say buenas noches.”

Camille could have sworn she heard Sebastian snicker behind her. She ignored it. “I swear you’re so fucking melodramatic.” She mumbled, letting go of Sebastian’s arm and moseyed over to Natalie, giving her a quick peck on the cheek. “Good night. Don’t drink both bottles of champagne.” Camille warned with a look, the big sister gene coming out. Without waiting for a response she took a step back and walked to Sebastian.
“Okay, okay! I’m going to bed.” Natalie announced, completely ignoring Camille’s warning. “I can only mess with you two for so long.” She divulged with a wink.

Camille gave her a dirty look, feeling Sebastian clutch softly on one side of her hip. “You’re so annoying.” She uttered reaching for his arm blindly as he shifted behind her again. “I’m going to bed.” Echoing her sister’s words from a few moments before.

He pressed himself up against her back once more and breathed softly against her ear. She tugged at the hand resting on her hip and slowly took a few steps toward the French doors that lead toward their rooms, Sebastian following in toe. “She won’t even remember this conversation later.” Camille stated over her shoulder, letting go of his hand.

“Yes I will.” Natalie shot, walking in front of them.

“No she won’t.” Camille mouthed to Sebastian once they stepped inside coming to a halt when they reached the bottom of the stairs. “Do you need me to walk you up to your room?” Camille half-teased.

“You’re so funny.” Natalie deadpanned. “I’ll be fine.” Then turned to Sebastian giving him a doubtful look, then huffed. “Oh yea-’you’re going to bed.’” using her fingers as air quotes at the same time she stepped onto the stairs.

“Don’t miss steps.” Sebastian added with a slight smirk, trying to derail the conversation off them. Camille nodded in agreement and took a small step in the direction of her room. She knew Natalie was drunk and this discussion would go on for hours if she let it.

“Ha-ha.” Natalie taunted after them.

Camille watched from the corner of her eye as he leaned in to press a light kiss on Natalie’s cheek. Then pranced back over to Camille, wrapping his arms around her body, as they continued to take small steps away from Natalie. Camille intuitively draped her arms around his when he moved them right below her torso. “Seriously- be careful going up the steps.” He repeated with a smile and a wink, then nuzzled his nose into the hollow of Camille’s neck.

She really needed her sister to be done with the chit chat, so she and Sebastian could go hibernate in her room. Her belly ached to feel and touch more of him. Jesus, she couldn’t remember the last time she felt like a horny teenager.

“You’re welcome for the condoms!” Natalie called after them, and hurriedly turned and strutted up the stairs.

“Natalie!!” Camille yelped. But when she looked back to Sebastian, he had the hugest grin plastered on his face, his eyes dancing with mischief. “It’s not funny!” she protested, trying to keep the smile away from her own face then glanced back to the stairs to find Natalie already gone. She turned back to Sebastian and pretended to scowl, but she knew it was hopeless. Instead she continued to lead the way to her room. Sebastian still wrapped around her, every few moments she would have to come to a halt with a fit giggles when he nuzzled his nose or full face into the hollow of her neck. This went on until they reached the door of her suite.

She couldn’t stop smiling. She was happy. Sebastian made her happy.

This whole day had been filled with it. Love and happiness- and Camille was thankful she got to share it with Sebastian. She was unsure of what came next, but she would remember this weekend with fond memories. Taking his advice about not over thinking the day also helped- but she wasn’t
going to admit that to him. At least not any time soon. It would totally ruin their dynamic… at least that’s what she kept telling herself. She smirked.

“Cam?” She heard him whisper behind her, his lips and teeth nibbling on her earlobe. She jerked in surprise, but turned her face to him. “You sure you want me to stay?” Sebastian asked warily.

Grinning broadly, she pressed her body closer into his and captured his lips with hers in a sweet gently kiss. “Yes.” She answered, reaching one arm up to let her fingers caressed the back of his head. He gripped onto her waist tighter as the kiss deepened. They needed to get inside. Hesitantly Camille broke the kiss. “The k-key…” Her thoughts foggy.

Fuck. Where was the key card?

Sebastian chuckled dryly and let go of her waist. “It’s a good thing I’m around.” He stated in a sassy tone, and brought his hand up to show her the key card. She opened her mouth and he winked. “You’ve left it on the table, I figured you would need it.” He added then swiped the card to get the door unlocked. She scrunched up her nose, and he just leaned in and pressed a kiss to the tip of her nose as if it was second nature.

Camille was glad he was still holding on to her, or she probably would have melted into the floor at the sweet gesture. After she composed herself, she raised a keen eyebrow. “You still got to open the door silly.” Sticking her tongue out playfully.

He pretend to glower as he pushed the door open with his foot. “You know, that tongue is going to get you in trouble one day.” He mused as they both stepped into the suite. He took a step back from her and flipped the light on behind him. She gave him a cheeky smile before she strutted toward the love seat a few feet away. She turned and sat on the arm of the couch. Sebastian locked the door behind him and squinted his eyes as he made his way toward her. “Unless of course you want to get in trouble?” Stepping between her legs.

Licking her lips, she tried her best to keep a straight face, but her heart beat fast within her chest. “Me? Never.” Feigning a look of innocence, which she knew Sebastian was not falling for.

He tilted his head to one side and eyed her. “Hmmph.”

“You don’t believe me?” she asked, biting the inside of her cheek to keep from smiling.

“Not even close.” He responded without missing a beat, then wrapped one arm back around her waist, gently tugging her closer to his body. She kept her stance and didn’t let her face falter for the next few moments. The tone of his voice soften as he spoke. “Did I mention how beautiful you look?” Leaning in to plant a kiss on her soft cheek.

A small sigh left her lips as he cupped her face with his free hand. “Yeah, you did, but it’s always nice to hear again.” She whispered truthfully. The butterflies in her belly fluttering like crazy-like the night before. She tried to swallow when his thumb outlined her bottom lip. The chemistry between them undeniable. Now that they had finally been together, the attraction was even more intense. Camille had really thought if she ever did have sex with Sebastian it would help with the sexual tension, but it had done the opposite.

“Good.” Sebastian reaffirmed. “Because you deserve to hear it.” His thumb still stroked back and forth on her bottom lip. On reflex Camille nipped on the tip of his thumb once he moved it to the middle of her lips. She glanced back up at him through her lashes and his nose flared. “God damn Camille.” He grunted, his usual soft blue eyes, almost dark.
She batted her eyelashes innocently then clasped her fingers around his wrist, tugging his thumb more into her mouth and let her tongue swipe around it, her gaze not waverung. His jaw twitched and that only fueled her need to continue teasing. Her tongue flicked back and forth on his thumb before she sucked gently, a low moan fleeing her lips at the same time. With his thumb still in her mouth, he tugged her a bit rough toward him, his dazzling eyes never leaving her face.

The butterflies she has felt a few moments ago, dissipated into a hot burning sensation all the way down to her toes with every suck her lips made. Camille needed Sebastian. Her body literally ached for his touch and kisses. She had never had this type of reaction to another human being.

As her lips continued to suck gently on his thumb, Sebastian took the opportunity to grip smoothly along the bottom of her chin with the rest of his fingers and licked his dry lips. Giving him a wicked look, Camille flicked her tongue one more time before she pulled away. Sebastian’s gritted his teeth, but before he could say a single word, she glided her arms around his neck and kissed him with everything she had. His fingertips gripped firmly on both sides of her hip. A small sigh left her lips before he sneaked his tongue into her mouth. She gasped in shock when his fingertips slid up her bare back and gripped her neck firmly. She broke from the kiss and he took the opportunity to yank back softly, so he mouth had full access to her neck.

Camille’s eyes rolled to the back of her head as his lips sucked where her neck and shoulders met. As he continued his attack, she recklessly began to undo the buttons on his dress shirt. Once she had them all undone, she pushed the material off his shoulder. As if reading her mind, Sebastian shook the shirt completely off, while his mouth sucked on her warm skin. Her fingers clutched around his arm when his lips nipped on her collarbone.

“You know, this is a pretty dress but I really think it needs to come off. I don’t want to ruin it.” Sebastian declared as he angled his mouth back to hers for a long and needy kiss. A kiss that had their teeth colliding against each other, and had their tongues fighting for dominance. He glided his hands down toward the dip of her back, at the same time Camille reached down and found his belt.

Without breaking the kiss, she unbuckled it, along with the front button of the slacks. She needed to feel him. She wanted to taste him. She moaned loudly when he took her bottom lip between his teeth and sucked. This was not going to be like the night before. She could sense it. This was needy and raw. And she was here for it.

She pulled away from his mouth and breathed heavily. “Only if you get out of these pants.” She ordered as her hands rubbed him through the material. She heard him growl. “It’s only fair.” She pouted.

“How so?”

“Because when I take the dress off I’ll only be in my heels and underwear.” She replied with a nonchalant shrug then used her palm to stroke him through his pants again. She licked her upper lip when she felt his cock twitch under her touch.

He tilted his head to one side. “So…if I take off my pants… you’ll take off the dress?” He pondered, playing along.

“It’s only fair Stan.” She repeated with a sweet smile.

Leaning in, Sebastian rested his hands on both side of the couch. “Don’t call me Stan.” He murmured slowly with a slight smirk and trapped her between the couch and his body.

A slow grin formed on her lips at his words and she only pushed him back with her hands, her
fingers drawing small circles on his bare chest. Rolling her eyes she banter. “Oh please, I know you like it.”

He grinned back as his hands roamed down the back of her outfit, his fingers masterly undoing each one of the small buttons the back of the dress. “As long as I can start calling you doll…” Gliding his hands up her exposed skin, then rested them on each side of her shoulders. Camille swallowed the lump in her throat and narrowed her eyes distrustfully when he slipped the front of her dress off with his fingers. Regardless of the look she was giving, Camille moved her arms out to let the material fall down in front, exposing her bare chest to him. “Fuck, I’m never going to get tired of looking at you this way.” He confessed with a shake of his head.

“I thought the deal was the both of us we’re going to lose clothes?” Camille stuttered, trying to keep cool, even though deep inside she was burning with the need to just throw herself at him.

“Technically we’re both now topless…”

A bubble of annoyance hit her stomach at how much of a smartass he was at times. He snickered when he saw the look on her face. Camille squinted her eyes in irritation and opened her mouth to speak, but only a squeak sound came out when she felt Sebastian’s large hand cup her right breast. Damn him!

She let out a shaky breath when he gently kneaded her breast. Her hands rapidly moved up and around his hair for leverage as she watched him take his tongue and trail a wet spot along the now beaded nipple. “Um-what we’re we talking about again?” she asked in a whimper. He laughed wickedly and brought his teeth down on her lightly, but enough to make her jump and slip the dress down her hips and ankles. She now stood in only her underwear and nude heels. Liquid pooled between her legs.

“Me…taking off the dress…” Sebastian managed to answer, his breath teasing her flesh at the same time his hands squeezed her almost bare ass. He grunted. “Please tell me you only own underwear like this?” Giving her cheeks another firm squeeze.

Camille tossed her head back and giggled. “Do you want me to lie?” At the same time, stepped out of the dress pooled on the floor and around her feet. He peered up at her. “Tell you what,” she started as he came face to face with her. “I’ll make sure to wear only thongs when I know you’re around.” She teased then captured his lips in a hot kiss. “How does that sound?” breaking from his mouth to press a kiss to his throat, his Adam’s apple bobbing under her lips.

“And heels…” he added, making Camille chortle before she trailed kisses down his chest. “Those blue ones you were wearing when we went out in Manchester…” he uttered then groaned when she nibbled on one of his nipple as she traveled further down his hot skin.

“Well aren’t we demanding?” Camille mocked then opened her mouth to let her lips drag over the rough grooves of his stomach. He could only groan again. “I get to play now.” She declared in a taunting tone as she circled his belly button with the tip of her tongue, dipping in. She peered up at him through her lashes and watched his fingers delve into her hair. Giving him a haughty look, she trailed her tongue right below his belly button and she felt his muscles contract.

“Camille…” he warned.

She got on both knees in front of him and brought her fingers up to the waistband of his boxers and slacks and tugged down, but only enough for her tongue to lick along his hip bone. “You promised I could play.” She reminded him with a pouty look.
He looked down at her doubtfully. “Or you’re just trying to get me back for teasing you.”

Batting her eyelashes, she answered. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.” At the same time she drew his slacks and boxers all the way down. Camille whined in appreciation when her eyes fell on his now naked form. Once the pants were pooled around his ankles, Sebastian toed his shoes off and stepped out of his clothes. Carefully, she took a hold of his cock and stroked gently while gazing into his blue eyes. He looked right back and her with a mixture of warmth and passion. She felt him grow in her hand. She wanted to give him the same pleasure he had imposed on her over and over the night before.

“Baby-.”

“I’ve been thinking about this since last night.” Camille said, interrupting as she rubbed it against her cheek then licked the pre-cum from the tip. She looked up at him and his blue orbs were blazing back, which only urged her to take him. She licked her lips and stared at his aching cock, taking it into her mouth. He hissed. Camille took him further in, and moaned and the vibration against his cock had him pressing forward. Tightening her hand around the base of his shaft, she began to pump. She felt the tears forming in the corner of her eyes with every pump. She moaned as her hand brushed against her lips with every stroke.

“Fuck…fuck…” Sebastian kept repeating, his fingers deep in her hair. He watched transfixed as his cock slid between her parted lips. “Camille…shit…b-baby.” He pleaded.

After a few more seconds, she allowed his dick to fall from her mouth. Angling her head she sucked one of his balls. He spread his legs out a little to give more access. She hummed, then ran her tongue from his balls up to the underside of his shaft around the head then back down.

“Holy shit!” he spat out.

His cock twitched just above her mouth and she ran the same trail over and over and then suddenly swallowed his cock almost to the base and sucked hard. “Mmmm….” She teemed out. The hand in her hair let up and Camille almost sighed as his thumb gently stroked the side of her face.

“Baby, I’m being serious, get up. If you continue I’m not going last and I want to be inside you.”

Giving him one last suck, Camille slowly removed her mouth and got herself up from her knees. With a devilish smile, she nonchalantly wiped one side of her mouth with a finger, then licked her lips, tasting him.

“You’ve been holding out on me.” Sebastian said through gritted teeth.

“Well…seeing that we’ve never done this before- I don’t know how that’s possible.”

“Smart ass.” Sebastian growled, before devouring her lips with his. Slanting his mouth more, he kissed her hard and with need. A low rumble left his throat when she pressed her bare chest to his. Skin to skin. With his mouth still on hers, his fingers moved and worked over her lacy underwear.
Camille squirmed under his touch. “Hmmm.” She crooned. She could feel her wetness with every rub his finger made.

“Did sucking on my cock make you wet baby?” Camille gnawed on her lower lip and gave a slight nod in response. The tingling sensation between her thighs growing as he pressed his thumb down on her clit. “Remember to use your words Camille.” He reminded hoarsely before he nibbled on her earlobe.

One of the things that made Sebastian so great, was his kindness and big heart, and how soft spoken he could be. And Camille had found it refreshing from someone who worked in this business. But she would be lying if she didn’t admit she liked this side of him as well.

“Camille?”

“Yes.” She answered automatically, locking eyes with him.

“Yes, what baby?”

She blinked slowly at him. “Sucking your cock did make me wet…” she whispered. She gasped when he slid down and gripped on to her bare hips, his fingers impatient for more of her. Every fiber of her body felt as if it was on fire.

A deep growl died on the tip of his lips when his hand slipped around to grab on her bare ass. Camille’s eyes widen when he pulled her up and lifted her up the floor. Instantly, she wrapped her legs around him, pressing her wet thong against his belly, full breasts against his chest. He closed his eyes for a split second as he held her- as if trying to catch his breath. Camille’s hands quickly went to his face, holding it in place as he stumbled toward the bed. Their mouths bumped and nipped eagerly at each other, their breathing ragged with every needy kiss. She broke from his lips and breathed loudly when one finger caressed between her ass cheeks.

He gently dropped Camille onto the big, neat and tidy bed. He stood about a foot in front of her, eyes running over the length of her. Sebastian was staring at her, with that look in his eyes that made her shiver with delight, anticipation and fear all at the same time.

She opened her mouth to speak when he turned away from her and took a step toward the small table a few feet away. But quickly shut her mouth when he turned back to her. “What? You thought I was going somewhere?” He teased with a wiggle of his eyebrows. “Not a chance baby.” Showing her the condoms between his fingers before tossing it next to her on the bed.

She feign a look of annoyance, but she was ready to feel him inside again. Before she had to form a thought, he tumbled her unto the white covers. Suddenly she was looking up at the ceiling. He kissed her with an intensity that her breathing hard and easing her legs apart, wanting closer contact with him. She whimpered against his lips when her thigh came in contact with his erection. Her moan stopped abruptly as his tongue moved with determine thrust.

She held on to his smooth back, loving the way he felt, and the way he touched her with purpose and need. She gasped as his fingers moved around her ass and gripped tightly on to her flesh. He then slipped between her thighs, gliding over and coming to rest what where she needed him to be.

“Mmm.” She breathed when his thumb started to move up and down, stroking the lace of her underwear.

“Come here.” Sebastian grumbled and pulled her to the edge of the bed, he dropped to his knees, between her legs, face level with her breasts. And he just stared, inspecting every visible inch of her
body. She licked her lips in excitement, as she let him see her, study her. With his hands on her knees, Sebastian finished off the few inches between them and flicked his tongue across Camille’s nipple.

Camille involuntarily bowed her back toward him, and Sebastian took the opportunity to put his mouth around her nipple, eyes closed. The nipple beaded in his mouth as he rolled his tongue over the taut surface. Her fingers dug into his shoulders as his lips attacked her. She panted and then whimpered as he sucked, then licked the under swell of her breast, and moved to the other. She felt him wedge closer between her legs, forcing her thighs apart.

“O-oh g-god.” Where the only words she could put together at the moment.

But he wasn’t done tasting and teasing as he continued to suck and pull on her sensitive nipple. He ran his thumbs along the outside of her thighs, down around the top of her backside, as she dangled over the edge of the bed. He stroked over her cheeks and skirted forward back, forward again, avoiding the middle of her thighs.

“God baby…your ass is fucking beautiful.”

Camille didn’t have a response, her legs started to shift restlessly, as her nails sunk even deeper into the muscle of his back. Both of their breathing quickening, her head going left and right, then tipped back. She felt dizzy and warm. She buried her teeth between her bottom lips at the same time his own teeth sank back into her nipple. Camille whimpered and Sebastian squeezed her ass again, gripping hard.

“I need to see more of it.” He declared, his normal blue bright eyes gone. “Get up and bend over for me.” He ordered.

She obediently did what he asked and deftly bend over the edge of the bed. She shut her eyes tightly when she felt a finger move up and down between her cheeks. Her backside had never been something she every truly thought about, but if Sebastian thought it was something to awe about- then she was okay with it.

He groaned in appreciation. “Fuck Camille…” his fingers grazing her flesh.

Camille flinched when he tugged back on the material of the thong. “Sebastian!” She squeaked out at the same time withering under his touch.

“No Camille- you gotta stay still for me.” He commanded in a soothing voice.

She rested on her elbows and knees, but looked over her shoulder and grimaced. “That hurt…” She started to complain, then moaned loudly and hung her head when she felt the warmth of Sebastian’s tongue pressed up against her pulsing clit. “Fuck Sebb.” She whined instead.

She shivered when she felt the vibration of his chuckle on her clit. Then gasped when he used his index finger to part the lips and ran his tongue over her exposed flesh. She felt her muscles in her thigh tighten as he continued to lick and then suck on her clit. She moaned loud but slow as he flicked his tongue against her again.

She sucked in her breath as he sucked gently on her. “Oh god Sebastian….” she panted. She was positive she could be heard outside of the room but she didn’t care. Not when he continued to explore deep inside her.

Camille rocked back and forth on his mouth- for how long- she wasn’t sure. But her moans and pants grew louder with every lick and suck he made. She whined when his mouth circled her clit and
flicked. Over and over he danced along her slit. Penetrating her, licking her, teasing her, driving her
crazy until she was gushing liquid.

“Fuck-you’re dripping.” Sebastian said in amazement and stirred behind her.

Camille’s heart pounded in her chest with such pressure as she gasped and struggled to breath. Her
whole body tingled, her legs quivered. Fuck, and she hadn’t even felt him inside yet. She’s had good
sex in the past, plenty of orgasms, but damn- with Sebastian it was on a different level. The way her
body reacted to his every kiss and touch was something she could not form into words. All she knew
was that she needed more of it. Of him.

He dropped to his knees behind her and Camille whimpered, feeling the pulsing head against her
entrance. She had been so consumed with trying to catch her breath, she hadn’t noticed when he put
the condom on.

He grunted as he rubbed himself in her wetness before he slid in. Camille gripped the sheets in front
of her as he entered her slowly from behind, his thickness pushing her apart as he held on to her hip.
Shutting her eyes tightly and holding her breath she waited for it, the unhurried movement as he put
his cock out to the perfect position where her clit responded best. She gasped when he hit his mark.

“So tight…” he grumbled from deep in his chest. “You feel amazing dragoste.”

Slowly he fucked her, thrusting back in deeply. A nice methodical rhythm, a bit frustrating at first,
but then it turned transcendence the more she tighten around him. Goosebumps rose all over her
naked skin when he bit her neck as he moved against her, his hand on the flat of her stomach.

“Right thereee…” Camille consented. Then panted loud when his fingers closed down on her
narrow slit.

Damn, he hit his mark again.

“Does my cock feel good baby?” He gritted through his teeth.

Camille whined in respond.

“No Camille- I need to hear you say it.” He ordered and stopped mid thrust.

“Y-yes.” She breathed through her teeth. “Your hard cock feels so good.” She panted again as he
moved again, in slow rhythm. For a split second she thought she wouldn’t make it, and then he thrust
hard and deep and she went into free fall. He stroked faster as if getting lost in her wetness.

Camille brought her hand around the back of his neck and held onto him, taking everything, he was
giving her.

“Jesus, you’re fucking perfect.” He grunted into her ear.

“Hmmmm.” She hummed. “Don’t stop baby.” His hips smacking into hers brutally making her
stomach tighten.

With every thrust he made, he whispered in her ear all the dirty things he still wanted to do with her.
“You like that? Hmm?” He asked.

“Oh god…” she gasped, feeling it build and build. She was so damn close. “Holy shit Sebastian…”
a low whimpering noise leaving her lips as he pushed and pulled, in and out of her hot body. She
was so close. She could almost taste it. He gripped her hips tightly as his hard dick banged roughley
into her. “Fuck this feel so good.” Letting out a low purring noise as she felt his hands squeeze her ass cheeks.

“Damn Camille- I wish you could see how good you look taking my cock in this position.” He hissed. “And your ass…fuck.”

Before she had the chance to respond, she felt Sebastian’s hand come down on one of her ass cheeks. She jerked in surprise at the light slap on her flesh, but it was all it took. Camille’s entire body convulsed around him, a moan tearing from her throat. His hips bumped steadily into hers and she clutched the sheets tighter with trembling hands, trying her best to breathe. She grunted softly as he continued to work her overly sensitive flesh.

“Uh-uh. We’re not done yet.” He stated. “Cam…”

“Whaaat.” She whimpered out.

“Look at me.”

“You’re behind me.”

“Turn your head.”

She followed his command and turned to look over at him, her eyes glazed. He licked his lips.

“There you go.” Sebastian stated calmly. “I want to see you…” then leaned down and kissed her hard as he continued to take her. He moved his hands back to her hips and gripped tightly as he pounded deep into her.

She was sure there would be bruises left on her skin but she didn’t care. God, he was good. “Mmm.” She tried to catch her breath. Sebastian moved in and out of her. It had been so long since she had something feel this good. She shivered hard as he thrust into her. She gasped for breath as he worked her hard and deep.

“Shittt.” He gritted out and moved his hand to her hips again, pulling her back against him roughly.

“Oooh my g-god.” She moaned, her head falling forward, her breath ragged and now raspy. She heard him growl loudly and she knew he close. His hand snaked down around her warm him and she knew where his fingers were going. “I…I don’t think I can handle this…” she cried out.

“Yes you can Camille.” He whispered encouragingly. “I got you baby.”

He slid his fingers between her throbbing folds and she cried out again. A cry that quickly changed to a mantra of his name. Before she had the chance to stop herself, she let out a scream and fell to her elbows. Her entire body shook, every muscle tingling and tightening. She stopped breathing again. All she could do was listen to him moan as he hips eagerly pumped into hers.

He cursed over and over and then collapsed against her as his orgasm hit him, he rocked his hips slightly against hers.

Neither one said a word or moved an inch for a while. Camille’s eyes tightly shut, his breathing labored.

She heard him finally exhale normally. “I don’t think I can move.” He whispered. She let out a short giggle. He was completely wrapped around her body…still inside her.
“I just realized I’m still wearing my heels…” Camille blurted out.

“Mmm I know.” Sebastian mumbled. “Do you know how fucking hot it is to see you with your ass up in the air and only heels?” Gently pulling out of her.

Camille collapsed fully into the mattress now. “Please don’t tell me I just fulfilled one of your fantasies?” She asked teasingly, her eyes lids heavy, sleep calling her name.

She felt the bed move and knew he was getting up to dispose of the used condom. She let out a startled gasp when he pressed his warm lips to one bare shoulder. “Cam- if you only knew how many you’ve fulfilled in the last two nights.” He whispered shyly.

Camille hummed a response with a small smile, as he felt herself dozing off, his words ringing in her ear.
Chapter 25 Get It Over With

March 2011 Big Sur, CA

Sebastian closed the door behind him, his heart squeezed when he spotted a groggy Camille, sitting up against the patio chair, the up-do from the wedding gone, and her normal curls on display. She jerked her head in his direction when she heard him. Blinking him into focus with a sad smile, she pushed her long hair to one side of her shoulder, then shoved her hands into the pockets of her hoodie- or rather- his hoodie.

Taking a step, he bend down and pressed a tender kiss to the top of her head. “Hey.” He murmured, then slid behind her in the chair so she was pressed up against the front of his chest. He felt her wriggle a little, and he took the opportunity to wrap his arms around her waist, drawing her close- to keep them both warm since they were outside and it was 5:30 in the morning.

Camille tilted her chin up a little, the back of her head resting on one side of his shoulders. “I’m sorry I woke you up.” She whispered.

Leaning in, he nestled his nose into the hollow of her neck and exhaled her sweet scent. “Stop dragoste- you didn’t.” He reassured and gave her waist a slight squeeze. “How are you feeling?” he asked in a concern voice, his lips against her neck.

“Tired.”

It had been about 45 minutes ago when his eyes flew open and his ears picked up on Camille having a difficult time breathing next to him. It had taken a couple of minutes for it to register that she had been having a nightmare. He had tried his best to wake her without startling, but it had not been easy. Especially once she was fully awake and a severe panic attack took over. He spent the next 30 minutes trying to soothe and calm her as she cried and hyperventilated in his arms. He had felt useless-unsure of how to help. But finally, after doing some breathing exercises-he had read about, she finally calmed down, clearly exhausted.

“Yeah?” He asked tenderly, at the same time she turned her face toward his. The gleaming eyes from a few hours ago had disappeared and was replaced by redness and puffiness all around them from the crying. “Let’s go back to bed.” He suggested. Wanting her to get some rest before brunch with everyone. He knew her well enough to know she needed it before meeting up with her family in a few hours.

She snuggled her ass and back more into him and let out a small sigh. “Not yet. I wanted you to see the sunrise up here…”

A small smile tugged on his lips at her words, then followed her lead and lifted his head up. Camille hadn’t been kidding about the view. They were high enough that not only could he hear the ocean but see it as well. It wasn’t as if he hadn’t noticed it before- it was just now he felt like he could enjoy it-with someone who loved it so much. For the next few moments, neither one spoke, instead they admired the streaks of light rising up toward the clouds, as the sun pushed its way through the sky.

“This is helps.” He heard Camille whisper as she tugged on his arms, indicating for him to embrace her closer.

“What does? Me or being out here?” He teased.
“Both.” Camille answered without missing a beat. He chuckled but content with her response. “I’m sorry if I scared you…” she trailed off.

“All I care about is that you’re okay.”

Camille licked her bottom lip fretfully. “I guess I am bit stressed.” She concluded meeting his gaze.

Sebastian smiled knowingly. “Just a bit.” Leaning in to brush his lips against her soft cheek. “Is this the first night terror you’ve had since New York?” He paused. “Or was that more of sleep paralysis?” Then uttered more to himself. “In New York it was a night terror, you woke up screaming and crying.” When he looked back at Camille, she was looking at him with a fascinated smile and look. “What?” he asked.

“I didn’t realize you knew so much about it.”

His cheeks started to feel warm. “I kind of did some reading on it. Just wanted to educate myself.” Her lips curled up and she leaned in and kissed him softly on the mouth. This kiss was the opposite from the ones they shared earlier. This kiss was almost innocent and pure. It quickly hit him about the possibility of not getting to do this for 10 months and it made his stomach curl with anxiety.

She pulled her lips away but pressed her forehead to his. “What I’m going to do when this happens in New Zealand and you’re not around?” she half-joked.

“You call me.” Sebastian stated, moving a strand of hair behind her ear. The ache in his heart more prominent now. He had finally recognized his own feelings for Camille—but there was nothing he could do about it. It would be selfish of him to tell her, because he knew her well enough to know she would feel pressure to give him an answer. That was just the type of person Camille was.

“Thanks for calming me down.”

He broke out of his thoughts and grimaced. “I don’t think I did much.”

“Trust me—you did.” Camille answered sincerely, nestling into his back again. “I had one a few days ago….before driving up here.” She confessed. “I guess sometimes my stress manifest in my nightmares.” Her voice low. “I’m sorry if I ruined—.”

“Baby—” Sebastian declared firmly yet gently. “I’m glad that I can be here for you.” Rubbing his hands up and down her arms while at the same time spreading his thighs apart to give her better room to snuggle into him.

Camille angled her head to one side, and adjusted herself, so her back aligned with his front. “What if I fail at this?” Licking her lips nervously again. “What if I mess all this up?” Sebastian knew better than to answer. He knew she just needed to let her doubts and fears out. So he just listened. “I’ve been so focused on the wedding and now it’s over…so I guess my brain has decided it’s time to start focusing on something else.” She stated with a cynical laugh. “I mean I know it’s okay to be worried and even a bit scared… and that works for a normal person…but then my anxiety takes over and I start overthinking everything that can go wrong and how I’m going to make Liz look bad…..” trailing off and fidgeting with her hair. “Logically I know I’m overreacting.” She mumbled.

“Camille…you’re allowed to feel this way.” He whispered into her ear.

If there was one thing he had come to learn about anxiety was that it wasn’t logical. There were many layers to it. Many different layers. It didn’t have a schedule, it came when it wanted and it would stay for however long it wanted. Sebastian knew Camille had been having a good time the last few days, it was evident—but that didn’t stop the anxiety or the attacks that came with it. And
many people were quick to label it being dramatic, but that wasn’t the case. Camille had come and shown him that.

“You don’t think I’m crazy for feeling this way?”

Sebastian angled his head to give her a tender kiss on the cheek. “No baby.” Then nuzzled his nose into the hollow of her neck. “But if it’s worth anything: Liz would not have given you this job if she didn’t think you could do it…. but that’s just my two cents.” He said lightly and lifted his head back up. She turned and smiled gratefully at him. He only squinted his eyes playfully.

She stirred a bit and tugged his arms tighter around her body. Neither one speaking for the next five minutes, as they watched the sun completely rise up and over the sky. It was beautiful.

“And what are we going to do?” He heard her murmured, breaking their silence.

“About what?” He asked confused.

“About earlier, about last night?”

It clicked. She was asking about them. Well, he knew it was coming, but he just didn’t have a straight answer. Especially now. He looked apprehensively back at her. “Was that part of the nightmare?” Hoping she couldn’t hear the beating of his heart deep within his chest.


Sebastian felt his heart rate began to regulate, then asked. “What do you want to do?”

“I asked you first.” She quipped in a teasing tone.

“Well…” he started. “I definitely liked what you did earlier.” He concluded with an eyebrow wiggle. He let out an ‘oomph’ sound when Camille elbowed his rib. But he did see the smile on her lips. “Ah- I knew I could get a real smile out of you.” He murmured into her hair. After a few moments of silence he spoke again. “Did I mention how beautiful the sunrise is?” His face still nuzzled in her soft curls.

“Sebastian?”

“Hmmm?”

“Are you stalling?”

“No?” But lifted his head with a sheepish look. Camille frowned. His face quickly turned serious. “Listen, I know these last months have been shit. I don’t want to complicate or add on to any stress for you.” Pushing her hair to one side. “If I’m being honest, I wasn’t expecting this to happen. I mean had I thought about it? Hell yes.” He added with a squint of his nose, biting the inside of the cheek to keep from smiling. Her frowned turned into a scowl. He ignored the look and continued. “But I’m not expecting anything more than what it is.” Running his fingers through her hair. And he meant it. He wasn’t just saying the words. Regardless of his feelings.

Camille gnawed on her upper lip anxiously. “Are you sure?”

Sebastian pressed his forehead against hers. “Yes, I’m sure. Cam-I’m not one to get in the middle of someone’s plans or career if it makes them happy. Especially yours.”

Licking her lips, she angled her head back and shifted slightly in the spot, just enough to cup his face
with both of her soft hands. Sebastian swallowed but let his eyes linger all over her face, unsure of what else to say. But he didn’t have to say another word, as she pressed her lips to his in a long and gentle kiss. Sebastian shut his eyes tight, his breathing ragged as she continued to kiss him.

She finally broke from his mouth and licked her lips before letting out a shaky breath. “So were just going to leave this unanswered?” She said cheekily with a gleam in her eyes.

“Should we put a label on this?” Sebastian whispered, his eyes boring into hers. A tiny part afraid of her answer.

Camille leaned into his broad chest and tugged his arms around her. She tilted her head back, but turned to face to him, noises touching. “No.” As she blinked at him. “Because the moment we do-“

“It will complicate things.” Sebastian supplied and rested his chin on the top of her shoulder.

“Yeah.” He heard her say in a quiet voice. “You’re too important to me Sebastian…and I don’t want to ruin it and rush and I lose you.” She confessed. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be.” He murmured.

“God-does that even make sense?” she asked nervously.

“It does.” And it did. He understood. Others might not, but he got where she was coming from. Because it was exactly how he felt.

It was quiet again. He took the opportunity to playfully nip on her earlobe. Camille tried to stifle her laugh but it was useless. Finally she cleared her throat and crooked her neck to face him. “Seb, I-“

Yet, didn’t get a chance to get a word out because his mouth was on hers-with light brushes of his lips. She sigh and responded back to the tender kisses with her own. It took a few moments but she pulled away.

“I don’t want you to think these last few days haven’t meant anything.” Camille murmured before she gave him another light peck and her knuckles stroked his jaw. “I mean I can’t remember the last time I had that many orgasms in a span of 48 hours.” She teased.

Sebastian smirked and quirked an eyebrow. “Ooh yea?” Subconsciously puffing out his chest.

Camille rolled her eyes. “Oh geez-did I just inflate your ego?”

“Hey-I didn’t say a word. You were the one who brought it up.” Giving her an accusatory look. She responded back with a mocking face, before pressing the back of her to the front of his chest once more. Sliding a bit more comfortably into the patio chair, Sebastian slipped his hands down both of her arms, reaching for hers to intertwine their fingers.

“For the record-.” Sebastian started, bringing their tangled fingers up to his mouth to nip on her knuckles blithely. “I don’t think that. This wasn’t just a one-time thing for me either-“

“Obviously.”

Camille gasped in surprise when he bit harder on her knuckles and playfully glared. “Ha-ha.”

She smiled back sassily and gave her a resolved look. “I don’t want you to think that I’m trying to take advantage of our relationship in any way. But everything is still so fresh from the last year and it wouldn’t be fair. And there is so much I still have to work through…”
That’s what he had been expecting to hear. “I know.” And pressed a sweet kiss on to her knuckles.

“You hate me.”

“What?” Giving a shake of his head in confusion. “No- of course I don’t.” Sebastian knew that was her anxiety talking. He continued. “You’re right-it wouldn’t be fair to start something when we both don’t know where we will be in the next few months.” He paused and tried to collect his thoughts. “And if we rush into this and things don’t work out…our friendship wouldn’t work for a while.”

Camille bit down on her lower lip and nodded. “So this is really okay?” She asked timidly, looking over her shoulder at him.

“Yes.” He reassured and nuzzled his face into the crook of her neck.

He felt her shudder. “So…we should keep the sex to just here…in Big Sur?” She spluttered and lolled her neck to the left to give him more access.

He peppered kisses along her warm skin. “I think that’s pretty fair.” Sighing against her neck. Unable to keep away from her, he licked a wet trail along the collarbone. After a few good minutes of Sebastian teasing and nibbling, he swiftly pulled away from her and got up from the chair. Her jaw dropped slightly at the sudden change of events, but quickly recovered when he leaned in and scooped her into his arms.

Instinctively she looped one arm around his neck and kicked her legs up in the air. “What are you doing?” She asked in a fit of giggles.

He looked down somberly. “You just said we should keep the sex only here… and were leaving in a few hours…so I’m going to try and get as much as I can in- pun not intended-before this afternoon!” He proclaimed with a wink.

Camille tossed her back dramatically. “Oh god Sebastian Stan.” She mocked, lifting her head up. “You’re ridiculous-“

A low moan escaped her throat when he kissed her, his tongue quickly finding hers. He kissed her with intensity and determination. Their breathing in sync as their mouths collided with each other. He could kiss her forever. That was how amazing her lips felt. He dragged his lips away from hers and smiled to himself when he saw the look on her face- eyelids heavy, lips swollen. He done that. He liked knowing he could cause a reaction like this from her.

Camille hummed and licked her lips. “Maybe-maybe the sex until you leave on Wednesday?” She bargained with innocent eyes.

“Oh?” He asked with a side look. “So are we extending this rule out of Big Sur? To LA?” So far liking where this was going. He wanted to be the sponge and absorb as much of her as possible before they went their separate ways.

“I mean- it only makes sense right? I’m leaving for like 10 months and it would just be for a few days.” She reasoned. Sebastian couldn’t help but chuckle at her reasoning. “Unless of course you don’t want to-”

“Oh dragoste, I want to. I like your logic.” He confessed with a wink, his blue orbs gazing into hers, he then maneuvered one of his arms out and toward the zipper of the hoodie. “Isn’t this mine?” he probed. She opened her mouth and feigned a look of shock. He hid his smirk and narrowed his eyes. “I kind of want it back.” He stated, tugging on the zipper and slowly exposing some of her skin. He suppressed the moan when he realized she wasn’t wearing anything else under it.
“You don’t want it back.” She accused.

“You’re right-I don’t. I just want to get you naked again.” He said with a mischievous look, slowly stumbling toward the French doors, Camille still in his arms.

“When you suggested going to back to bed, I just assumed it was to sleep.” Camille mused as he blindly reached for the doorknob.

“Oh -we will.” Sebastian said in a not so convincing voice.

“Liar.”

Pushing the door open with his foot, he leaned in and kissed her again. “You’re right-I ‘am lying.” And to prove his point, tugged the rest of the zipper down, so he had a full view of her chest. “And I don’t even fucking care.”

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“Bueno- y el muchacho?”

Camille almost choked on her fried platanos at the question but quickly recovered and cleared her throat. “Cual muchacho?” Reaching for her cup of coffee and pretending to be completely enamored by it, as she felt Tia Yolanda’s eyes on her.

“El que estaba bailando contigo ayer.” Her aunt asked casually, eyes still on her, as she brought the fork up to her mouth.

Camille grimaced to herself, there was no way it out. They were the only ones at the table. Damn, she had been paying attention last night. She’d hoped her Tia would have been consumed in the wedding and reception details she wouldn’t have time to notice. But who was Camille kidding? This was her aunt and she never missed any details. Especially when it came to herself and Natalie. Funny enough, she had been the first one to comment on Natalie’s and Sam’s relationship before they even realized it.

Taking a sip from her mug, Camille shrugged nonchalantly. “Probably still sleeping.” She answered in English. But knew he wasn’t. After their talk out in the balcony, and a few orgasms later, they had finally fallen back asleep, until about an hour ago, when he got up and left to take a shower in his room. She had gotten up right after that and taken a quick shower, then put on make up to hide the puffy eyes from the crying her panic attack had caused before meeting her family for brunch in the big reception area. So far she had been the first one down. Natalie, Sam had still hadn’t appeared-not that she was surprised.

“Does he have a girlfriend?” Tia Yolanda, not beating around the bush.

“Tia-are you looking for a boyfriend?” she teased with a wink before setting her cup back down.

Tia Yolanda glared. “Ay si, bien chistosa.”

Camille blinked and smiled harmlessly. She needed to make sure the conversation was kept light and casual and away from what her aunt really wanted to know. Because she wasn’t sure she could lie.

“Pero mira- if I were a few years younger-“

Her eyes widen in pure shock and she quickly sat up in her chair. “Tia Yolanda!” Camille cried out, but when she met her aunt’s gaze, a satisfied look was plastered on it.
“What? He is a good looking young man.” Yolanda protested. “Don’t you think so?”

“I mean- yeah- but I don’t think I’ve ever heard anything like that come out of your mouth.”

Yolanda leaned back her chair and folded her arms across her chest. “Ah entonces si has estado prestando atencion.” Quirking an eyebrow across the table at her.

Camille cursed to herself. Shit. She just got tricked. “You just said it.” She reminded, not meeting her aunt’s eyes as she reached for her fork.

“He seems nice.”

“He is.” Camille answered genuinely before shoving food into her mouth.

“And he seems to be very protective of you.” Tia Yolanda detected. “He was the one you worked with in Manchester, no?”

“Si Tia.” Then added. “We became friends quickly.” Camille’s pulse picking up.

“He was there when all the stuff happen with David?”

Camille finally met her gaze. “Yes.” Putting her fork down, she remembered how Sebastian had been there, during her crying fits and how patient he had been listening to her. She still wasn’t sure how she gotten lucky to have him in her life-but Camille knew there was no way he couldn’t be in now. He was too important.

“He made sure you ate?”

She furrowed her eyebrows at the odd question, but responded anyway. “Si Tia.” Leave it to her aunt to make sure to ask about her eating habits.

“Good. I’m glad you had someone looking out for you. He seems-what’s that word?” Yolanda paused, angling her head to one side, trying to rack her brain. “Como se dice? Smitten? Si! Smitten!” Giving her niece a knowing look. Camille shifted in her chair uncomfortably, unsure on how to answer. “Esta guapo mija.” She repeated.

“Tia…” Camille started in a warning tone.

Yolanda sat up straight in her chair and leaned into the table, narrowing her eyes. “Will you just listen to me for a moment sabelotoda?” She ordered in a stern voice. Camille knew better than to argue, instead she nervously twirled a loose curl in her finger as she waited her aunt to continue. “I know these months have been tough. And I know it’s going to take time to move past everything that has happened…but it doesn’t mean you can’t enjoy company of others.”

“Nothing gets pass you.” Camille mumbled in astonishment.

“Claro que no.” Yolanda huffed, but winked teasingly. “You’re not a little girl anymore-I don’t expect you to tell me everything-but I do want you to know that you deserve to be happy- in whatever way that may be and if ese muchacho does that for you, then that’s all that matters.”

Camille quickly got up from her chair and strutted toward her, wrapping her arms lovingly over her aunt’s shoulder. “Who are you? And what have you done with mi Tia?” she teased before kissing her cheek loudly.

Yolanda slapped Camille’s hand in jest. “Yo fui joven tambien. I understand.” Patting her niece’s
hand warmly. “And I’ve always been cool.” She stated, side-eyeing her.

Snorting, Camille leaned back in and pressed another kiss. “Oh si, Tia, muy cool.” She deadpanned. Her aunt glowered, Camille couldn’t help but giggle. “I’m just kidding- you are cool.” She finished.

“Yo se.” Yolanda answered back smugly. “Camille? One more thing.”

“Que?”

“You’re using protection right?”

Camille almost fell over at the question. “Oh my god!” she cringed. “Tia!” Feeling her cheeks heat up. Sex wasn’t a topic that had ever been truly talked about in the Solis household and she would have been content, letting her aunt think she was still a virgin.

“What?! You need to be safe.” She scolded.

“Who needs to be safe?”

Both she and Yolanda turned to the voice. Natalie and Sam were standing a few feet away, hand in hand, looking like they had been through the ringer. Camille couldn’t help but snicker, but that quickly changed and felt the flutter in the pit of her stomach when she spotted Sebastian and Charles walk toward them.

“N-nobody.” Camille stammered, letting go of her aunt and standing up straight. “Tia Yolanda was trying to be funny.” A small smile tugged on her lips when her eyes met Sebastian’s.

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Sebastian looked up from his phone screen at the sudden sound- hoping it was Camille coming back out to join him in the pool. He grimaced when he realized there was no one by the patio door. Pushing the sunglasses to the top of his head, he lifted his head up to the sky- the warmth and the brightness of the day slowly turning into a breezy evening in Los Angeles.

He glanced back at his phone when it vibrated. Without looking up, he turned around and planted his elbows on top of the pool, careful to not drop the device in the water. He then put it down on the outside of the pool and opened his message from Charles.

Charles: Are you coming out to dinner? Or are you still not ‘feeling well’?

Sebastian snorted to himself when another text came through his phone; a smug emoticon, followed by one rolling its eyes.

Sebastian: Yes, fucker.

Charles: Cool. Can you do me a favor?

Sebastian: ?

Charles: Can you ask Cam if we’re doing Cuban or Thai food?

Sebastian smirked, Charles thought he was being smooth. He waited a few moments before texting
Sebastian: Why don’t you ask her?

Charles: Because it makes more sense for you to ask, since you’re with her- dumbass.

At his last message, Sebastian couldn’t help but chuckle dryly. Before he had the chance to reply, Charles sent another text.

Charles: And for the record I know you weren’t sick last night.

Fine, so he might have fibbed a bit the night before -but there was a good reason for it. Sometimes his best friend could be annoying. His phone vibrated again.

Charles: Just let me know.

Sebastian didn’t respond after that. Instead he placed the phone back down and walked toward the other side of the pool, the water around him making a swishing noise as he moved. Once he was at the other end, he plopped down on one side of the bench that had been built deep within the pool, the water up to his chest. He peeked back up to the patio door and frowned. He knew better than to go and interrupt, but fuck- curiosity and wariness spoke otherwise.

It had been almost two full days since Camille and Sebastian had gotten back from Big Sur. They had left Sunday afternoon and arrived in Los Angeles late in the evening. The plan had been for Camille to be dropped off at Natalie’s and Sam’s place and he would then head to the hotel he had booked for himself (Granted the hotel had been booked before the events at Big Sur) and he still would have- until Camille convinced him to stay the night- not that she had to twist his arm. So after they both had showered and changed they ended up fast asleep until early Monday morning.

But unlike Sunday, Monday was spent in bed, enjoying each other’s naked bodies and company, while in between they ate take-out and watched movies. Although, they couldn’t seem to get through any movies they started, mostly because Sebastian couldn’t keep his hands off her.

By the time Monday evening rolled around and Charles had suggested dinner and drinks, they were both so comfortable, the thought of leaving the house sounded like the worst idea ever. Hence, why Sebastian had come up with the excuse of not feeling well. Charles hadn’t argued but Sebastian knew he hadn’t fallen for the lame explanation. Because even though he hadn’t said it, Charles knew they were together.

A small smile tugged on his lips as he thought about the day before. To say his muscles didn’t ache would be a lie, but it was all worth it. Especially since he was leaving tomorrow. He wanted to soak as much of Camille as possible and of course that included sex. Lots of it. Sebastian couldn’t remember the last time he spent a whole day in bed with someone. Maybe at the beginning of his relationship with Leighton? But even so, it didn’t compare to what him and Camille had done yesterday. They had finally passed out around1 in the morning and slept all the way through the night until the morning.

Sebastian had gotten up first and snuck out to get a few things to make breakfast. He wanted to do something nice for her. He knew their time was coming to an end, and he wanted to take with him the best memories as possible, unsure of what was to come in the next months.

He knew he could have left right after breakfast, but instead he had asked if she wanted him to cancel his hotel reservation. She had only nodded timidly, before she kissed him sweetly. But instead of staying cooped up in the house- like he wanted-Camille dragged him around the city, getting a
few last minute things before she had to leave. Of course he had whined, but in reality he was just grateful to be with her.

Sebastian wasn’t oblivious, he knew what their friends and family’s would say if they saw how they’d been acting the last few days. But he also had to keep telling himself that it wasn’t anyone’s business but theirs. And right now, all he cared about was getting as much time with her as possible. To him—it was about the present, not the future.

His eyes flickered toward the patio door when he heard it slide open. His heart doing that fluttered thing when they landed on Camille. She walked toward the pool with a beer bottle in each hand and a look of exhaustion on her face. Without saying a word, she bend at the knees and handed him the beers. He quirked an eyebrow, but didn’t speak. Instead he watched her stand up straight and slide off the shorts, followed by the t-shirt, tossing it on the patio furniture behind her. She stood there in her army green two piece bikini. He brought one beer bottle up to his lips, his eyes never wavering from her hot body as she made her way down the stairs of the pool and toward him.

Fuck, this woman was beautiful.

“I’m going to start charging you for all the clothes you’re stealing.” Sebastian teased, speaking up first.

“It’s not my fault your stuff fits me comfortably.” She retorted and tugged on the shoulder straps of her bathing suit before she pulled her hair up in a messy ponytail. Once she reached him, she playfully splashed water in his direction.

He gave a stunned look, but it quickly faded and turned into a pretend exasperated look. Batting her eyelashes, Camille extended her arm out, indicating for the other bottle of beer. Sebastian scoffed and brought both bottles close to his bare chest. “Are you going to be nice?” He scorned.

“I’m always nice.” Camille deadpanned as she grasped her slim fingers around one of the bottles.

“You’ve yet to show me your nice side.”

Camille took a swig out of her bottle and side-eyed him. “Hmm, maybe so. But I have shown you other sides of me…” Taking an even closer step to him.

He quirked an eyebrow and then took the bottle out of her hand. Sebastian knew her well enough now what when she was stalling. “Speaking of nice…” Sebastian started. “How nice were you in there?” Nodding back toward the house, his insides tingling with nervousness.

“Subtle.” She stated with a smirk.

“Oh- I wasn’t trying to be subtle.” He confessed, his eyes never wavering from her face.

Camille smiled wittily, standing inches from him. His pulse picked up at the mere closeness of her. He watched as she licked her lips slowly then leaned forward to brush those soft lips unto his gruff cheek. “I like that you don’t mince words.”

“I’ve learned it from you Dragoste.” He managed to say as her lips found the side of his mouth. He shut his eyes and enjoyed the feel of her touch. He heard a small sigh leave her mouth as their lips finally met. Blindly he set the beer bottle behind him and slid a hand up to cup one side of her face to kiss her back. He exhaled against her mouth, but didn’t stop. Angling his head, he continued his attack with his mouth. His tongue in search of hers. Their heavy breathing and the swooshing sound of the water ringing in his ears.
Sebastian should have expected this- Camille was an expert at avoiding conversations, especially when it came to her. Finally after a long few minutes, he managed to break the kisses, but couldn’t help but give a few sweet pecks before pulling all the way from her. As much as he was enjoying their little make-out session, he needed to be make sure everything else was okay.

“Camille.” He started softly but sternly.

“Sebastian.” She mocked back with a twitch of her nose. Stroking the side of her cheek with his knuckles, he gave her a long look. Her eyes soften before she moved her face and kissed his knuckles. “I’m okay honey.” As if reading his mind.

“What did he want?” he blurted out, referring to David’s surprise visit. The curiosity getting the best of him, and bubble of irritation hitting the pit of his stomach when he realized her ex had ruined a perfectly good late afternoon make-out session in the pool.

After the early afternoon errand/shopping and lunch, they’d gotten back to the house and decided to enjoy the pool and the sun. For the first 45 minutes or so they actually did some swimming, but soon after they got tired of it and ended up in each other’s arm, kissing and touching. They had started to get hot and heavy when the doorbell rang. (Apparently they sold ones to put outside…) Sebastian tried his best to distract her into not leaving his side, but she had insisted it was UPS with some important documents from Liz that she needed to look through before she left for New Zealand.

She had batted her lashes and asked if he could go get the door while she went in and put on a shirt to cover up. Of course he hadn’t argued and did what she asked. Sebastian now wished he hadn’t opened the door, because on the other side of it stood David. And as much as he wanted to slam it in his face, he knew he couldn’t. Even after Camille’s first reaction to seeing him. Somehow David persuaded her to talk- she had agreed- but only if it was outside.

Of course that had been almost 45 minutes ago.

“Apparently- he’s decided to move to San Diego.” Camille started with a lick of her lips. “To be closer to his son.” Sebastian’s eyes widen in shock. She laughed wryly. “Yeah… it seems she has family down there and she wants to be closer to them.” He extended his arm out in the water and slid it loosely around her bare torso to draw her close. “Supposedly they aren’t together, but he wants to be part of the baby’s life….that I was right about him getting his shit together.” She avoided Sebastian’s eyes and distractedly stroked his right peck with her fingertips.

It was quiet for the next few moments. All Sebastian could do was watch as she deftly raked her nails on his bare chest.

“You’re upset he’s leaving?” He managed to croak out. Of course she wasn’t over David. They had been together for 6 years.

She finally looked up and met his gaze. “Huh?” Then shook her head when she realized what he asked. She abruptly stopped playing with his pecks and shook her head more firmly. “No…It just makes me feel sad.” She concluded honestly.

“Sad that he’s leaving…and you’re not going with him?”

He heard a short chuckle escape her lips. “No, definitely not that.” Sebastian only continued to stare, unsure if he should speak up. Camille smiled knowingly. “He was a big part of my life, and it is bit saddening to know it’s really over. I guess sometimes I do think about what might have been-not in the way of wanting to get back with him-.” She added quickly. “Just curious… I guess.” Giving a small shrug. “Does that make sense?”
Sebastian smiled softly. “It does.” Every once in a while the same thing would cross his thoughts when it came to his exes.

“I’m finally passed all of it…but it doesn’t mean it still doesn’t sting a little bit. But I also knew things hadn’t been good for a long time. So either way, this would have been the outcome.” She paused. “I know that now. It’s taken me over 5 months to see it.” She lifted her face up to the sky. “It just took me by surprise, seeing him standing there. Especially when it had been months since we last spoke.” She peered back at him. “You know what else I realized?”

“How exhausting he could be at times. How I put up with it-I’ll never know.” Sebastian couldn’t help but chuckle at her revelation. “Ha! I knew could get you to laugh.” She badgered with a wink.

He squinted, but felt his cheeks warm up. “I still don’t understand why he felt the need to come and tell you he was leaving.” He mumbled, and realized he probably sounded like a jealous boyfriend.

“He said he wanted to me to hear it from him. Especially after how bad things ended.” She answered with an indifferent shrug.

“Hmm.” Sebastian uttered skeptically. He could be overacting, but he didn’t trust David as far he could throw him.

“Stop scowling.” Camille ordered playfully, and pulled herself up even in the water and settled her thighs on either side of him. Sebastian gulped at the sudden change of position, he instinctively placed his hands on her hips. “It’s going to ruin this pretty face.” And cupped his cheeks with both hands for effect. “I’m okay.” She repeated, the tone of her voice changing. He nodded and slid his hands up and down her soft skin in the water warm. “But it is kind of nice.” She murmured and moved her arms down and around his shoulders, clasping her fingers behind him.

“What is?”

“You…being jealous.” She muttered lightheartedly before she leaned in and kissed him. His fingers had moved back down to her waist and he gripped on her skin, her words registering in his brain. She broke the kiss first and pressed her forehead to his, peering down through her lashes. “I don’t want to be with him. He’s part of the past…and you’ve helped me see that.” She whispered.

“I have?” He whispered back, his heart threating to spill out of his chest.

“Yes dork.” She answered earnestly. “I could not have gotten past these months without you. You’re my constant Sebastian-even if these last few days hadn’t happened.”

Sebastian heard himself let out a sigh of relief as he glided his hands up, and moved one behind the back of her head and the other on her neck, his mouth in search of hers. Their lips found each other once again and he slanted his mouth just enough for his tongue to slip in and tease. The kiss started light, but with each second that ticked by, it got messier and aggressive. He grunted into her mouth when she withered her hot little covered mound right on top of his erection.

Once more, she broke the lip lock, but only long enough for her mouth to glide over his jaw and down his neck then back up. He licked his lips over and over as she sucked tight behind his ear. Small sighs escaping her with every little suck she made. By then his hands had moved back down under the water and he kept twirling the strings of her bikini bottom with his index finger. One hand gripped roughly on one side of her bare hip when she stirred her ass on his lap and at the same time
peppered light kisses along the side of his neck before she gave one of his bare pecks a light nip with her teeth. Sebastian breathed heavily at the move and slid a large hand up her back for support.

While his hand kept her from falling backwards, her hand reached down into the water, unto his stomach, until they finally landed on his swim shorts and she squeezed gently. A low groan left his mouth when she did it again, her mouth licking and biting along his wet chest. He had a feeling there would be marks left on his skin, but he didn’t care.

Using his other hand, he tugged on her chin and lifted her face back up to his. “What are you trying to do huh?” he growled. But his stomach swam with butterflies.

“Nothing.” Camille said sweetly, those beautiful brown eyes looking at him innocently.

He let go her face, but moved his own hand back down in the water and cupped her mound, heat met him and without breaking her gaze, he moved the bikini to one side and slid his finger an inch or so inside her. Her eyes grew wide at the sudden turn of events. Sebastian knew they were in water, but there was nothing like feeling Camille’s wetness. So silky.

She panted when he stroked the finger inside of her in and out a few times, her eyes fluttered open and shut. She gave his now hard cock one last squeeze before she moved her hands to her each side of her hips and pulled the strings of her bikini, so they became undone.

Shit. She was going to kill him.

Sebastian pressed the finger inside and she gasped. “I’ll ask you again-.” Easing his long digit out of her. She whined in protest. “What are you trying to do?” And then slowly moved it back in and stroked, her bikini bottom floating away and disappearing out of their sight.

“T-trying to get you to fuck me.” She stammered and rocked back and forth simultaneously on his hand.

“Is that so?” He mocked before he leaned in and nipped her lower lip. A rush of excitement running through his veins at the sight of her.

“Yes.” Camille murmured against his mouth. “But for you to be able to do that, you’re going to have to take these off.” And moved her hand back down to his shorts.

Chuckling lightly, Sebastian slipped the finger completely out of her and quickly removed the rest of his clothing. He lifted the swim shorts up to show them to her before he carelessly tossed them behind him. He sat himself back down and she took the opportunity to settle her thighs back on each side of him. He winced when he felt her wet opening tease him. Sebastian gritted his teeth and tried his best to think straight.

Letting out a shaky breath through his nose, he found her lips and tried to distract himself in that way. Camille didn’t object, she only kissed him back, as the kiss deepened, she stirred in his lap. His hands smoothed over her belly and ribs, before they landed on her back. Without hesitation he swiftly pulled the string that held her top up and it quickly became loose, her beautiful dark breasts on display for his eyes as they broke the kiss.

She stirred and the water around them moved as well, for a second he forgotten they were in a pool. The water hit her bare breasts and Camille jumped in surprise. “The water is getting cold.” She said with a giggle.

Sebastian smiled softly down at her. “It is getting dark.” He observed and gave the sky a look. The sun almost gone. Not waiting for a response, he maneuvered his hand around and cupped one breast.
He gently kneaded the soft flesh and suppressed the moan when his thumb rubbed on the beaded nipple.

She closed her eyes for a few moments and hummed in appreciation at his touch. “Mmm, this helps though…” She tried to tease.

He snorted back a laugh as his fingers continued their sweet torture. She hummed again. “You’re so beautiful…” Sebastian blurted out, his eyes flickering back from her face to her breasts. He couldn’t help but feel a tiny bit of guilt when he spotted the light marks/bruises his teeth and mouth had left from the day before. “Shit—I’m sorry for these.” As his forefinger stroked the marks on the swell of her breasts.

“It’s okay.” Camille murmured, followed by a tiny sigh as he bend down and kissed the bruises. “S-Sebastian…” she breathed. “I need you.” She declared, gliding her arms back around his neck.

He needed her too. Fuck- his whole body literally felt like it was on fire—even thought he was in water. He lifted his head back up and swallowed when her mound glided against his hard cock. He grabbed her hips hard, ready to shove her down onto him—but came to a halt when he finally realized what was missing.

“Seb?” Camille questioned in a small whisper.

He sucked in his breath and locked eyes with her, but sure he was going to explode any moment. “C-Cam… w-w don’t have a condom.” He had to think with the right head—even if killed him.

She shook her head. “I-I can’t wait baby.” And pressed her forehead up against his. She bit down on her lower lip. “It’s okay.”

Sebastian spread his palm onto her spine and swallowed the huge lump in his throat as he tried to not get excited at the chance to feel Camille without anything on. He always used condoms- it was the safe way—for so many reasons and he was more than okay it with it. But this was Camille…

He squeezed his eyes shut, but this was also Camille talking in the middle of passion. One of them had to have their head on straight. So after taking another large breath to calm his brain, he spoke up.

“Camille- are you sure?”

She nodded again. “Yes.” Rubbing on the top of his wet shoulders. “I want you to feel me Sebastian. Really feel me.” He tilted his forehead to one side and closed his eyes as her words sunk in.

Sebastian knew she was on birth control—that wasn’t the problem—So then what was the issue? He thought to himself.

He hadn’t been with anyone in over 6 months (back in Manchester) and he was sure she hadn’t been with anyone since David.

“But I totally get it if you don’t want to.” He heard her murmur as she began to pull away. “I don’t know what I was think-.” But stopped talking when Sebastian covered her mouth with his and wrapped his arms around her and pulled her body closer.

The kiss was needy, desperate as Sebastian frantically groped and touched every part of her, water splashing around them. “Fuckkk.” He groaned as she proceeded to drive him crazy, sliding herself on him, moving the tip of his cock between her swollen inner folds to her clit then back again.

“Oh god-this feels good.” She panted.
Hell. Fuck. Shit. Those were the only vocabulary words his brain could muster. Sebastian grunted, and shifted a little, clutching her hips and dropped her down onto him. She let out a pained gasp and he quickly jerked his face toward hers.

“Camille?” He asked worriedly, breaking out of the fog of bliss.

“I’m fine. Just-just a bit-“

“Sore?” He offered. She gave a small nod and licked her lips, eyes tightly shut. Again, a tiny hint of guilt hitting him and recognized he was the reason she ached.

“My body is not used to this much sex.” She joked and opened her eyes. He leaned in and pressed a sweet kiss to her forehead before they locked gazes. He opened his mouth to speak but stopped and groaned along with her when she moved just enough for him to fill her deeply. Camille pushed her forehead to his and sucked in a shaky breath as their eyes locked. “O-oh my god.” She breathed.

Sebastian felt the air leave his lungs as she moved, breasts flat against his chest, hands on either side of his head, she moved, rocking herself onto him. He clinched his jaw and sat still, letting her take him. She fit perfectly around his cock. He never wanted to leave. His hand sprawled across her ass, teasing little strokes up and down on her cheeks, his mouth now hovering against hers—not kissing, just breathing together.

She panted his name over and over as she continued to move on him. He watched as she closed her eyes tightly. “No, Camille.” He breathed, moving a strand of lose hair from her soft face. “Look at me.” He ordered softly, his heart swelling with overwhelming love for this woman. “Keep your eyes on me.” Holding on to her hips, scared if he let go, she’d leave.

She shuddered, but did what he asked as she began moving on him again. “Fuck Sebastian.” She whined, her face contorted in pleasure.

“I’m right here baby…take what you want baby.” He encouraged in a low whisper. Camille continued to move-whether it was because of his words or of her own accord—it didn’t really matter. This went on for a bit, as their hands frantically groped and touched as much of each other as possible. Finally Sebastian took over the pace and lifted his hips to grind them closer, pressing her clit more tightly against his hot flesh. Wanting to show her how much he loved her, wanting to express what his words couldn’t. He grasped onto her warm skin, and continued to move within her.

She gasped loudly, her sounds echoing in his ear as her head snapped back and felt her clinched around him, the orgasm washing over her, frantic little gasp leaving her mouth as her forehead went back against his. It was beautiful thing to watch-her shock and pleasure both at the same time. Without taking their eyes off each other, Sebastian held her to him and then pushed in deep, jerking her a little as he came, hot breath rushing past her ear.

They breathed heavily together, Camille’s hands still on each side of Sebastian’s head as his hands slowly glided up and down her bare back, trying to regain his composure. Camille sucked in a large breath, but didn’t make an effort to move from his lap. He took the opportunity to press his warm chest to hers, still throbbing to be skin to skin.

Her eyes fluttered open and shut a few times, and her chest heaved up and down. He stare wide eyed, unable to keep his eyes off her, a pure look of delirious plastered on her face. He was sure, he had the same expression. After a few more moments, Camille was the first one to speak up. “We can never tell Nat or Sam about this.” A sheepish grin on her features.

Sebastian chuckled and cupped her face in between his hands. “What? You don’t think your sister
would approve of you having sex in her pool?” he asked sarcastically before covering her mouth with a tender kiss that left him breathless when they broke away. She moved and he hissed. He was still inside her. “Jesus.” He muttered.

“Sorry.” She apologized with a grimace.

“Don’t be.” Sebastian answered quickly. “You can sit this way for as long as you want.” He finished with a wink.

“So sweet.” She deadpanned. “Unfortunately- we’re meeting Charles for dinner remember?” And gently eased herself off his lap.

He groaned in disappointment at the fact that he wasn’t inside her anymore. “Where are my bottoms?” he heard her mumble to herself.

“At the other end of the pool.” Sebastian snickered and reached back for his shorts.

“How the hell did they get over there?”

“Well darling- you were moving a lot.” He answered with a raised eyebrow. “Then the water…” making a wave motion with his hands.

She wrinkled her nose. “It’s too far to grab and my legs feel like jello. I’ll just use a towel.” She declared and smiled innocently back at him, sinking into the water, her head the only visible part of her. “Can you grab it for me? It’s the one over there.” And nodded toward the patio chair with their towels.

“Personally- I would be okay if you just walked inside naked.” His hand on his chest, feigning a look of innocence. The patio lights had turned themselves on since the sun had gone down and he was sure it would give him a perfect view of her ass.

She peeked her eyes in suspicion. “Oh, I’m sure you would be okay with it. I don’t need the neighbors looking at me naked.”

“Babe- we literally just had sex in the pool. What’s the difference?” he asked, trying to hold in his laughter.

She looked dead serious. “I’m cold now.”

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Camille shoved her hands uneasily into the front pockets of her hoodie- or rather Sebastian’s hoodie and watched him set his suitcase in the trunk of the rental car.

“Okay- I think that’s everything.” He sighed and shut the lid. Her stomach was in knots and for the last half hour the urge to throw up had been on her mind. He turned to her with a small grin, but it slowly faded when he saw her face. Trying her best to mask the look, she hastily plastered a smile back on. It was too late.

“C’mere.” He ordered softly and reached his hand out to grab a hold of the hoodie’s pocket and tugged her to him.

Camille’s pulse quicken as she avoided eye contact, afraid she might cry. It was 530 in the morning and they stood in the middle of the still dark driveway about to say goodbye. She felt his thumb underneath her chin and gently forced her to look at him. Her heart ached at the sight of his beautiful
The usual smile wrinkles around his eyes- gone, his blue arises looked down at her with concern. She told herself she was going to keep it together-at least until after he was gone. Crying was not going to make this goodbye any easier, she still had other goodbyes in the next few days.

With his thumb still under her chin, he tilted it up and gently brushed his lips against hers. She sighed softly, eyelids fluttering open and shut. She was going miss his lips, his kisses, he broke the kiss. She knew this was going to be hard, and she had been trying to not think about it for the last few days, but here they were. He pushed a strand of loose hair behind her ear. “Camille?” His breath ticking her face.

She met his gaze and gnawed on her upper lip and pulled down on one sleeve of the hoodie. “Will you let me know when you land?” she murmured.

“Only if you promise you’ll eat breakfast.” He bargained as he loosely slipped his arms around her waist, chest to chest. She laughed despite of her nerves. “What?”

She shook her head. “Nothing-you just reminded me of what Mia Tia asked a few days ago.”

“That you forced me to.” She teased with a nose wrinkle.

“So…she likes me?” his chest puffing out a bit.

“She likes that you made sure I was fed.” Camille corrected.

He grinned. “I’ll take it.” Then gave her a serious look. “You have to eat.”

“I ate.”

She pretended to glower, but caressed her back with the palm of his hands. “Half a pancake.”

She couldn’t help but let out another short laugh at his observation- not because it was absurd, but because it was just Sebastian being Sebastian. Always looking out for others, even at 530 in the morning. He had gotten up before her to make them a quick breakfast. He had insisted it was because he didn’t care for the breakfast they serviced at the airport, but Camille had a sneaky suspicion it was to make sure she was fed before he left. She had mentioned the day before all the things she still needed to do before leaving and he knew Camille had a tendency to forget about eating when work was involved.

Pushing herself on her tip-toes, she glided her arms around his neck, interlocking her fingers behind him. “Thank you for making breakfast.” She murmured sweetly before their lips met for a kiss. Her insides melting when he tighten his arms around her and deepened the kiss. The anxiety from a couple of minutes dissipating as she allowed herself to enjoy his soft and warm lips.

After a few long moments, Sebastian broke away and nuzzled his nose to hers. “What time are Nat and Sam supposed to be here?” Giving her lips a few light pecks as his fingers delved into her curls.

“They said later on this morning.”
After the wedding festivities, Natalie and Samantha had stayed an extra night in Big Sur as a newly married couple, then drove up to San Francisco to pick up the rest of their things before heading back down to L.A before they left on their honeymoon. Hence, the reason for Camille and Sebastian’s last few days-they had the whole house to themselves and they definitely had taken advantage of it. Her whole body ached, but it had been worth it.

Sebastian gave her another peck. “Okay.” Sliding his arms down to the dip of her back.

Camille scrunched up her nose, looking at him through her lashes. “You’re going to tell them to make me eat too.” She pestered.

“Yes.” He deadpanned. “Because I know you and you’ll forget. Have I mention how much of a pain in my ass you can be?”

She sulked. “I thought you liked my ass?”

He narrowed those blue eyes and squeezed her waist. “Don’t try and distract me.”

She wasn’t necessarily trying to distract, but more so trying to stall so he wouldn’t leave just yet. Since the moment she opened her eyes that morning, she hadn’t be able to stop thinking of the ‘what if’ when it came to her and Sebastian. Camille knew everything they had talked about in Big Sur and even the last few days was the practical thing to do. It made sense. Right?

But now- being in the moment- she couldn’t help but feel a deep ache within her chest at them separating. Then again-it could just be the hormones talking.

She blinked back to the present as Sebastian’s hands soothingly rubbed up and down her back. “Try and get some more sleep.” He ordered tenderly, his eyes gleaming with mischief.

“Hey-I was trying to get some sleep, but someone kept poking me.” Emphasis on the word at the same time her eyes leered down to the front of his pants.

“I didn’t hear you complaining.” he shot back.

After dinner and drinks with Charles, they had driven back to the house- and picked up where they had left off in the pool. Somehow- Camille still wasn’t sure how- they ended up having sex in the car in her sister’s driveway. After a bit of cuddling in the living room, they got ready for bed and fallen fast asleep-until Sebastian woke her around 3, wanting her again. After a few orgasms later, they ended up dozing off until Sebastian’s alarm went off at 4:30am. He gotten up first and showered before waking her.

“No- I definitely wasn’t complaining.” She answered with a wicked smile.

The memories from earlier rushing through her head. This last time it had felt different. It had felt almost animalistic, the way they had attacked each other. As if subconsciously they knew it was the last time they were going to be able to share this. Camille’s smile slowly faded at the thought.

“Hey.” Sebastian said in a low voice. She caught his gaze. “What’s going on in that head of yours?”

Camille distractingly tugged on his shirt and broke the intent look he was giving to play with his collar. “You’re leaving.” The words stinging more than they should.

“Yeah-and you’ll be doing the same in a few days.” He reminded and pressed his forehead back to hers, one set of knuckles stroking her cheek. She opened her mouth, but he beat her to it. “And you’re going to be great Camille. I don’t want you to doubt that.” His voice sincere. “Okay?”
Biting her lower lip apprehensively, she nodded at his words. Not sure of what else to say. The words she had rehearsed over and over in her head gone now that they stood there about to say goodbye for 10 months.

She swallowed the huge lump in her throat and closed her eyes when he cupped her face in his hands and leaned in to kiss her again. Camille kept her eyes tightly shut, afraid the tears would start to fall. Instead she let his tongue find hers as the kiss deepened and his hand slid to the back of her neck for a better angle. She wasn’t going to get over his perfect luscious lips for a long time. He knew exactly how much pressure to put to make her melt, to make her moan in pure bliss. The kiss went on for the next few minutes, every so often breaking apart for a breath or for a nip of each other’s mouth.

Finally after a while, Sebastian teared his mouth away, his breath ragged when they locked eyes. She couldn’t help but give him another sweet peck. He only smiled softly.

“You should probably get going.”

“One more thing-.” Camille quirked an eyebrow. “Say you’re going to miss me.” He ordered cheekily, his hands back on her hips.

Camille let out a small laugh at his request with a shake of her head. Ever since their first goodbye-he always demanded the same thing when he left Los Angeles, and every time Camille would refuse to say the words out loud.

“All you have to say is: ‘Sebastian, I’m going to miss you’.” He lightly pushed and licked his lips in the process.

She held her ground and just smiled. She knew if she said those words right at the moment, she would lose it. Her heartbeat ringing in her ears, wanting more than anything to wrap her arms around him and tell him to stay and go with her. But Camille knew that wasn’t fair.

“Okay, then.” Sebastian whispered, his eyes soft. “I’ll say it- Camille- I’m going to miss you.”

She let out a shaky breath and blinked back the tears. Then wrapped her arms around his neck and buried her face into his neck, inhaling his cologne one more time. The pang in her chest growing. She shivered when he pressed his lips along the side of her ear, then cheek and finally back to her lips.

She heard him sigh against her mouth and repeat the same word from the first time they said goodbye. “Was that so hard?” Grinning knowingly at her as they fully pulled away from each other.

“I really should get going…”

But she wasn’t ready for him to leave yet, she reached for his hand and tugged him back to her. Her action must have taken him by surprise because he looked at her expectantly. She glanced down at their intertwine fingers then back at him and opened her mouth.

Sebastian brought his other hand back up and pressed a finger to her lips with a slight shake of his head before he captured her lips with his. A tiny part grateful he had stopped her. She inhaled through her nose as he kissed her again, deep and hard. Camille blindly gripped on his shirt to hold herself up, not wanting to let go of him. He sucked on her lower lip one last time before he teared himself from her.

Camille presses her lips together to keep the tingle of his kiss longer. “I was just going to say I plan on keeping this longer.” She murmured and nodded toward the hoodie. Realizing she was speaking
for the first time in the past few minutes.

“Oh yeah?” Sebastian asked with a light chuckle, then pecked her a few times on the lips.

“Yeah.” She retorted and brought her hands up to his beautiful face. She brushed one of his brows with her fingers, trying to ingrain his features into her brain.

He reached and clasped his fingers around her wrist, bringing her knuckles up to his lips. “It looks better on you anyway.” He stated with those pouty lips.

Camille leaned back in and gave him one more long and sweet kiss, her eyes tight to keep the tears from falling. She moved from his mouth, ready to tell him to stay.

But he spoke up again after a letting out a large sigh and taking a step backwards and toward the rental car. “I really should go.” He repeated, dropping her hand. “I’ll let you know when I get there.”

Camille nodded and chewed hard on her lower lip, afraid she caused it to bleed, but ignored it and as she watched Sebastian get into the car. Unable to keep from feeling deep down that things were once again about to change.

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