Shaken, Not Stirred

by LovingGwendolaj

Summary

When her agent came to her with a new role - the first female lead in a new Bond movie - Gwen was skeptical. The role was hers if she wanted it, but the Bond franchise was a bit too mainstream and cheesy for her. After careful consideration though, she decided she can’t possibly turn down the opportunity to help others who have paved the way for changed female roles in film. Things get interesting when she discovers who could be cast as her sexy Bond Boy sidekick and love interest. It’s been many years since she last worked with Nikolaj, but their onscreen chemistry always sizzled. Now that he’s divorced though, will their off screen chemistry rise to a new level?

Notes

I admittedly don’t know a lot about Bond Movies or the inner working of Hollywood projects, so please forgive any errors. I just couldn’t pass up the opportunity to tell this story after recent Twitter activity ;-)

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Series: Part 1 of Shaken, Not Stirred
Chapter 1

“And that’s everything Ms. Christie,” the young intern announced with a smile. Gwendoline set down the pen she’d been using to sign and initial the thick contract that had been set before her, along with two more copies. She glanced over at her agent and they shared a smile. It had taken her a while to agree to the role, but now that things were official and the ball was rolling Gwen was feeling really excited about the new project.

The pay was substantial - the most money she had ever made as an actor, but that wasn’t the reason she had finally gave in. It was also her first leading role, but again, that wasn’t the main reason she took the role. What had really drawn her in was the opportunity to help pave the way for women in Hollywood to star in action movies. Not only was she starring in a well known franchise that had always had male leads, she was also going to be directed by a duo of women.

Rosemary Rodriguez and Mimi Leder were set to direct the movie and they had personally requested her for the role. They said their vision of the character was perfectly suited to Gwen and they couldn’t imagine making the movie with any other woman as their star.

When her agent first came to her with the idea she turned it down instantly. A leading role for a woman in a James Bond movie usually meant being a love interest for Bond. She was flattered that they found her attractive and sexy enough to play a Bond girl even in her mid 40s, but Gwen had no interest in those types of roles.

It wasn’t until she was sent the script and she realized she wouldn’t be a Bond girl at all, she would actually be Bond herself, that Gwen actually gave it serious consideration. It was the same typical spy movie, a bit cliche, a bit cheesy, but the roles were reversed so James Bond was now Priscilla Bond, the secret love child of Bond and Pussy Galore. Pussy was mostly interested in women, but had sex with James and (according to the new film) ended up having his child. The film briefly explores the backstory, but the focus is really on how Priscilla is very much her father’s daughter.

The main Bond boy and Priscilla’s love interest was described as a rugged, athletic man who cleans up nicely, named Jack Offen. She rolled her eyes at the name but the character was actually rather interesting. She’d expected the Bond boys would be younger, tanned, with hairless chests and rippling abs, but Jack was actually scripted to be a bit older than Priscilla and not at all the typical eye candy type of character. There were a couple of those as well, but their interactions were brief and meaningless. The main love story centered around Priscilla and Jack.

That love story aspect included a lot of sex scenes though, which Gwen was nervous about and pushed her towards turning down the part. The sex was very female dominant, which she appreciated, but was concerned about acting out in front of the cameras. She could certainly control a man in the bedroom, but doing it as an actress was a different story.

It took her a full week to finally make her decision, but she was pushed over the edge by a personal call from one of the directors, Mimi. She spoke to Gwen about the opportunity to be a part of something that could really impact Hollywood in a positive way for women. If the movie was as well received as the other Bond films it would be huge worldwide. The exposure and the ability to show that female directors could make a huge action movie with a female lead was something very special. It wasn’t that it hadn’t been done before - Gal Gadot starred in Wonder Woman, directed by Patty Jenkins and it was a massive success. Since then though, nothing else had come out like it and female directors were still struggling to land big movies and actresses were still getting paid way less and given smaller roles than actors.
Before she even hung up the phone Gwen texted her agent and said she would take the role. The feminist in her just had to be a part of the movie. She would just have to figure out all the other stuff when necessary.

All that had happened about a month earlier, while she’d still been in London finishing up a much smaller project. Over those weeks she had grown more and more excited about the new role, but she hadn’t told anyone. She didn’t want to jinx it before all the paperwork was complete and everything was official. Now that the ink was dry on her contract she could tell her family and friends the incredible news. She hadn’t even told her mum just how long she would be over in LA for because Gwen knew she would start asking too many questions. She visited LA often, but never stayed away for more than a couple weeks.

“The schedule for tomorrow,” the intern said, passing her some papers. Gwen took it and glanced at the first page. They had narrowed the role of Jack down to 6 men and they were all coming in to read and screen test with her the next day. It was incredibly important to make sure Gwen and the actor who would play Jack had on screen chemistry, given the sexual nature of the relationship. It was a key part of the movie and the role had to be cast perfectly.

She flipped to the second page and something caught her eye. Beside the last screen test of the day was a photo of a very familiar face. Gwen’s heart rate picked up as she read his name, even though she knew without a doubt who it was - Nikolaj Coster-Waldau.

Gwen pointed at the page, “Nikolaj is up for the part of Jack?”

When she looked up she almost rolled her eyes at how love struck the young lady looked. Nik often had that effect on women with his handsome face, beautiful hair and gorgeous smile. “His audition was amazing,” she gushed. “In my opinion, he’s the front runner. And given that you two have worked together in the past,” she smiled and bit her lip. “I’m betting the screen test will seal the deal.”

“Wait, does he know he’s reading with me?” Gwen asked curiously. It had been almost 4 years since the end of Game of Thrones, but they still kept in touch and made sure to see each other when they were in the same place. She had actually texted him the week before and said she would be in LA, where he lived now, so they could have dinner one evening.

“No,” the intern shook her head. “No one knows because you hadn’t signed your contract yet, so I guess it will be a surprise tomorrow when he shows up.”

Gwen looked back down at the paper in her hand and a smile spread across her face. It had been a long, long time since she’d acted opposite Nikolaj and she truly missed those days. Filming Game of Thrones with him had been one of the best experiences of her entire life. She hated to admit it, but he’d taught her so much and really helped to hone her craft. The year before she had rewatched the series and she could actually see how much she improved from season to season under his guidance.

Could it actually be possible they would be cast as love interests in a huge movie? Gwen didn’t recognize any of the other actors on the schedule. There was always a chance one of them would really hit it off with her, but she knew that her and Nikolaj had something special - something magical. She couldn’t imagine any other actor being able to replicate that spark in a short screen test. The other men had a decade of history to compete with on top of that sizzling chemistry that her and Nik had without trying.

Gwendoline said her ‘goodbyes’ and ‘see you tomorrows’ and then headed back to her hotel. When the cab pulled up to the Dream Hollywood hotel the driver had to get her attention because she was lost in thought. She couldn’t get over the fact that she would be screen testing with one of her oldest, dearest friends the next day. But a potential problem came to mind on the drive back - the fact that
she would have some pretty graphic sex scenes with Nikolaj if he was indeed cast.

Thinking about the love scenes from the script and imagining acting them out with Nik made her cheeks flush - not with embarrassment, but with desire. When she thought back to the early days of working with him she had to admit there had always been an attraction. He was this sexy, older man, she was in her early thirties still exploring her sexuality, so it wasn’t surprising that she had a stirring inside for him. The more she worked with him though and the closer they got as friends, she was able to push that sexual attraction deep into her subconscious, or so she thought. He was married anyway, so it was never going to go anywhere.

Things were different now though. Last she heard Nikolaj and his wife were going through a rough patch and there was talk of possible divorce. Gwen hadn’t asked him about it in months. She told herself it was because it was truly none of her business, but if she was completely honest perhaps there was more to it. Maybe she didn’t want to allow herself any sliver of hope because she knew that attraction she’d buried would come bubbling back to the surface.

Gwen paid the cabbie and went to her room. She flopped down on the bed and closed her eyes a moment. She couldn’t let herself get carried away with those feelings she used to have for him, she needed to focus on their relationship as it was - really great friends.

With her eyes still closed she groped around on the bed for where her phone had landed. When she found it, she opened her eyes and looked at the screen. She had told Nik she would let him know when she was in town so they could meet for dinner or drinks. Gwen smiled wickedly, wondering if he would be free that evening. He had no idea who he would be reading with the next day and she thought it could be really fun to mess with him a bit beforehand. She truly enjoyed playing with him and this was an opportunity she couldn’t possibly waste.

Gwen went to her text messages and located his name. She had always found direct and to the point worked best with Nik: **I'm in L.A, staying at the Dream Hollywood. Let's do dinner tonight. You can pick me up at 8.** She hit send and tossed the phone aside. It would ping when he replied, but she was so confident he would say yes she headed for the shower to start getting ready.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

I tried really hard to write their dialogue and banter in the manner we have seen in interviews and such. It’s so unique and special I fear I haven’t done it justice. But I hope I could at least paint a picture of the two of them messing with each other in that way only they can do.

Gwendoline was towel drying her hair when she heard the little ding indicating a text message. She picked up her phone and read his reply: You assume I don’t already have plans?

She typed a response: Cancel them.

Gwen could see the bubble and knew he was typing a reply. He was taking forever with his big, fat, man thumbs. Finally the words popped up: You think you’re that important?

At that point she knew he didn’t have plans and was just messing with her. I know I am. I’ll see you at 8.

He was typing again and she waited, and waited, yawned, sighed, tapped her fingers and waited some more. “Is he writing a novel?” She muttered. Ping. “Finally,” she spoke out loud. Fine. Don’t dress to fancy. Going to a seafood place on the pier. It’s ‘too fancy’ she thought, correcting his grammar.

Don’t worry, I’ll leave my stilettos and tiara at home. Gwen added the eye rolling emoji and hit send. Ironically, the shoes she had planned to wear were heels because she liked being just that much taller than Nikolaj. But flats would have to do.

Gwen laughed jovially when his final text popped up. Good. I hate it when you’re way taller than me. See you at 8. - N He’s such a massive dork, she thought, laughing again at the fact he’d signed his name to a text she clearly knew was from him.

After blow drying her hair and fixing her makeup Gwen got dressed. She only had about 15 minutes before Nik would be there and she didn’t want to be late. He wouldn’t be able to linger long at the front of the hotel and she wouldn’t hear the end of it if he had to make a trip around the block. She slipped into a tight pair of jeans, paired with a light blue fitted cotton t-shirt tucked in at the front to show the sparkly belt around her waist. Gwen found a cute pair of sandals, grabbed her shades and purse and headed out the door.

She spotted Nik’s black SUV the moment he pulled in the drive and made her way towards him. He stopped and she jumped in. “Thank God you were ready on time, I really didn’t want to circle the block in this traffic,” he commented. She smiled at how well she knew him.

“And I didn’t want to hear you bitch and moan about circling the block in this traffic, so here I am,” she replied as she bucked up.

“Oh how I’ve missed you,” he said with a chuckle.
“Wish I could say the same,” she teased. The truth was she had missed him, she always did. She missed his laugh, his smile, the way he looked at her and she especially missed the banter. There was not a single person in her life that could give and take her crap like Nik did. They both enjoyed it and it was just a part of their relationship at that point.

They chatted and made fun of each other all the way to the restaurant. He parked and they got out. Now that they had the chance to hug they still didn’t. Gwen had never really understood why they didn’t hug and kiss like they both did with other people. One day she would ask him about it, but she knew it was half on her too so she needed to figure out her side first.

They pier was busy, but they actually got lucky and didn’t have to wait for a table at the restaurant. They also got lucky that no one stopped them for photos, even though Gwen knew they’d been spotted by several people.

They were seated quickly and given menus. Gwen started to browse hers but when the waitress approached wearing a trendy pair of ripped jeans she noticed Nik eying them. Oh here we go, she thought.

No more had that thought ran through her mind and he spoke, “Did you do that yourself?” The poor girl didn’t even have a chance to welcome them and take their drink order.

“Excuse me?” She said sweetly.

“Your jeans, the rips in them - did you do it yourself?” He clarified.

“Oh,” the waitress smiled. “No, I bought them this way.”

“I have never really understood…” he started.

“Oh my God, stop,” Gwen interjected. She needed to save the poor server and save him from himself.

“No seriously,” he continued. “Everything else, it gets a hole and we throw it away. But not jeans, we actually pay more for them with holes. How much did you pay for those?” He asked, pointing at her legs.

“Ahhh, holy crap, oh my God, I am so sorry,” Gwen said to the waitress. “Just ignore him, please.” She gave Nik her best ‘shut the fuck up’ look.

“It’s okay, I don’t mind answering,” the waitress said. That’s when Gwen recognized that glazed over, giddy look that women get around Nikolaj. She gaped, dumbfounded, while the girl answered him, blushing shyly. “$120, but they were on sale for 40% off.”

“$200 jeans, full of holes,” he muttered, doing the calculation quickly in his head.

“You need to stop,” Gwen hissed. Nik never really understood or appreciated fashion like she did. He was happy to model for magazines and clothing companies but he didn’t really get the trends or the more eccentric and artsy pieces.

Finally he paid attention to her. “My apologies, I was out of line,” he said to the waitress, who blushed even harder.

“Oh, it’s no big deal,” she gushed. “Um, can I get you something to drink?”

“Two sweet tea,” Gwen said quickly. The girl nodded and trotted off. “You are something else,” she
scolded him. “You can’t ask women how much they paid for their clothing or why it has rips in it.”

“It’s fine,” he said calmly. “She didn’t mind. She said so.”

“That’s because she looked at your pretty face and turned into a puddle of goo,” Gwen hissed. Nikolaj smirked in amusement. He honestly didn’t see how sexy he really was, but he did know the effect he had on women. “Thank God you’ll never make me all weak in the knees like that.”

He raised his eyebrows, intrigued, “Is that a challenge?”

Gwen leaned her elbows on the table and placed her chin in her hands. She smiled at him, “No, it’s a fact.”

The waitress returned at that moment with their drinks and asked if they were ready to order. Gwen really hadn’t even had a chance to look at the menu. “Do you trust me?” Nik asked. She really wasn’t that picky with her food, besides he had clearly been to the restaurant before and he had a good idea of the things she really didn’t like, so Gwen nodded. He ordered them a crab dip appetizer and then some kind of sampler platter for two to share for their main course. It sounded delicious. Once they were alone again he started up the conversation, “So, what brings you to LA?”

She shrugged, “Work, the usual.” Gwen didn’t want to get into any details to the point she had to outright lie to him, but she would if she had to so she could keep the next day a secret.

“Anything exciting? How long will you be staying?” he continued.

“We’ll see,” she said, shrugging again. “And that depends on how things go,” Gwen added, keeping it vague. Before he had the chance to ask more questions she kept talking, “So what are you doing tomorrow? Around 3? There’s this amazing little theatre that plays old, classic movies and they are screening Psycho. Would you like to go with me?” She chose Psycho as part of her story because she knew Nik was a huge fan of Hitchcock.

“No,” he groaned. “I would love to, but I can’t go at that time. Is it on again later? Or maybe another day?”

She hadn’t thought that far ahead, but still came up with something on the fly. “No it’s actually the only time it’s playing. They switch things up very quickly. What’s going on tomorrow? Can you reschedule?”

“Nope,” he sighed. “It’s a screen test for a new movie role.”

“Oh that’s exciting,” she gushed. “What’s the part.”

He hesitated and she had to bite the inside of her cheek to keep from smiling. “It’s, well, it’s a new Bond movie actually.”

“You’re going to be the next James Bond?” Gwen squealed. “Move over Daniel Craig, there’s a new man in town.”

“Shhh,” he said quickly, trying to quiet her down. “I haven’t got the part yet.”

Wait, was he really going to pretend it was actually James Bond he was auditioning for? Oh this is too good, she thought wickedly. “Oh come on, you know you’re going to get the part. Look at you - you’re the perfect James Bond. Handsome, rugged, the right age - super sexy - ”

“You think I’m super sexy?” he interrupted her.
“Well I don’t,” Gwen scoffed. “But most women do, for some reason,” she rolled her eyes and they laughed at her teasing. Yeah, I do think you’re super sexy, she thought. He wasn’t dressed up by any means. He was actually wearing a similar outfit to her - jeans and a fitted t-shirt that showed off his fit body and muscular arms. His face had some stubble on it, not a full beard, but just the right amount that always seemed to make him even more handsome somehow. Get yourself together woman. “Anyway, you will definitely get the role, I can’t imagine a more perfect person.”

“Maybe if I were a woman,” he replied.

Gwen faked being confused. “What does that mean?”

“I’m not auditioning for Bond because in this movie Bond is a woman,” he explained. “That’s who I’m screen testing with tomorrow.”

“Well then who would you be playing?” It was getting really hard to keep her face straight.

“Her love interest.” Before he even fully finished she was already laughing. Her big bold, loud cackle. She knew half the restaurant was looking at them, but they were both used to people staring and Nik was very used to the looks they got when she laughed. “Fuck I’ve missed that laugh,” he said, though she barely heard him through her snickers.

“You - oh my God - you’re,” she paused to laugh some more. “You’re playing a bond girl?”

“Bond Man,” he corrected her.

“I can just - “ she snorted and lost herself in a fit of laughter. “The costumes - “ she laughed harder again. “Oh you better get this part - I can’t wait.”

Nik smiled at her. He didn’t take offence at all, he was way too used to her having a good laugh at his expense. “Glad you’re enjoying this so thoroughly.”

“Tell me more,” she said, leaning forward eagerly.

“There’s nothing more to tell. If I get the part we can talk then.” He was saved by the arrival of their crab dip. “Oh yes, dig in - this stuff is amazing.” Nik attacked the dip with a pita triangle and she followed suit. For the next few minutes they ate and discussed just how amazing the dip was. Just as they finished their food arrived and the conversation about food and eating continued.

By the time they were done she was stuffed. “Dessert?” he asked.

“I could use a coffee, but no more food, I’m so full,” Gwen moaned. Nik ordered them a coffee and they chatted more while they sipped. “How have you been? Are you living her full time now?” She couldn’t help but be a bit curious about what had happened with his wife. Gwen had already noticed he wasn’t wearing his wedding ring, but there were times in the past he just hadn’t put it on. She didn’t want to flat out ask him though, which was weird because they had always been very direct and open with one another.

“For the most part, yeah. Nukaka kept the house in Denmark so I just stay in a hotel when I got back to visit family, but the girls come visit me here quite a bit. They both have an interest in acting, so they love it in LA,” he explained. Well apparently she didn’t have to pry too hard for him to spill the details.

“So you two have split?” she asked calmly, as she took a drink of her coffee. Exactly what she’d feared was already happening - her heart was beating faster and there was a fluttering feeling inside her body. Her happily married, dear friend was absolutely single now.
Nikolaj nodded. “We’re still friends, but our marriage is over. She just wasn’t willing to start a life here in the states and I was tired of spending all my time doing indie projects in Denmark. Besides, she was fully focussed on her music and we just weren’t in sync anymore. It was definitely mutual.”

Gwen expressed her condolences to his face while inside she was celebrating, then hating herself for feeling that way. She couldn’t allow herself to be attracted to him. They made great friends and she couldn’t risk messing that up. She spent the rest of their evening together trying to act normal while she battled internally. Every once in a while she caught herself looking at him in a different way - noticing how his eyes sparkled or realizing how sexy she found his accent.

When Nik finally dropped her off just after 11 she started to miss him, even before they said their goodbyes. She knew she would see him the next day, but he didn’t know that. “Maybe we can meet up early next week?” she asked, still playing her game.

“I would love that,” he replied, looking very sincere. “You know I’m serious when I say I’ve missed you,” he added, his voice getting soft and dipping low.

For once she didn’t bother to make a joke. Gwen unbuckled and leaned over, placing a light, lingering kiss on his cheek. It was the first time she’d done that and it just felt right. He smelled so good. She closed her eyes, inhaled once more to commit his scent to memory and then moved away. “Me too,” she said before getting out. “Me too.”
Chapter 3

Halfway through the day, with several of her Chemistry Tests complete Gwen was feeling a bit defeated. Not one of the men who she’d read and acted with thus far had provided even a hint of a spark. She was beginning to wonder if it was something she was doing wrong? There were a couple of possibilities that she’d been pondering. The first was that she just didn’t have the natural ability to create that buzz with another actor that some of her peers had. The other was that she already knew who she wanted to work with on this movie and she wasn’t exactly giving her best effort. Am I holding back with these other men because they aren’t Nikolaj? She wondered.

The choice wasn’t up to her - it was up to the 8 people in the room that were watching closely and making detailed notes. Gwen couldn’t let go of the idea that perhaps she was sabotaging the process to make sure it would fall in her favor. She knew it was out of her hands, so was she subconsciously giving herself some control anyway?

There were 3 more actors and then Nikolaj was last. Gwen decided that she was going to really focus and put everything she had into the rest of the reads to be certain that the decision was the correct one and not just the comfortable one. Even her best efforts didn’t help with the next actor. He was good, but he was too good and he knew it. His ego shined too bright and it put her off right from the get go. She did her best to read with him fairly, but she found herself relieved when it was over. Judging by the looks of several of the faces in the room she wasn’t alone.

The next actor that came in was a very handsome Italian man named Anthony Rizzo. He was by far the most attractive man that she’d read with so far and he actually seemed like a very kind and genuine guy. He was easy to work with and by the time it was over she finally felt like they were getting somewhere. It was strange because even though she’d planned to give one hundred percent effort she didn’t have to try. It wasn’t at all forced with Tony, it was just easy and natural. It reminded her of her first experience working with Nikolaj - though she’d been far more nervous that day.

The room was buzzing when Tony left and Gwen felt her stomach twist with anxiety. Had she just given Nik some genuine competition? She was feeling very conflicted between being happy that one of the Chemistry Tests had finally been a success and being worried that perhaps it had actually been too successful.

“Ms. Christie,” one of the observers said. “It seems we’ve had a cancelation from the next actor - he was just notified that he got a part in something else he’d auditioned for.” She nodded in understanding. It wasn’t surprising. Actors were often auditioning for several roles at once. “But Mr. Coster-Waldau is actually here early if you’re ready now?”

“Oh,” she said in surprise. She hadn’t been mentally prepared to face Nikolaj quite yet, but she really had no excuse to hold up the process. “Yes of course, bring him in,” Gwen replied with a bright smile. It only took her a minute to get her shit together and feel excited to see his reaction when he walked in the room.

An aide led him in and he froze immediately. Gwen gave him a little wave and started to giggle. The usual process would be for introductions to be made between the actors and then quick introductions to the others in the room. Clearly Nik and Gwen didn’t need those initial introductions though. “This is really strange,” Nikolak said, sauntering closer. “You look exactly like my good friend Gwendoline, who I actually had dinner with last night, yet she didn’t mention anything to me about being cast as the lead in the next Bond movie,” he drawled.
“Didn’t I?” Gwen gushed. “How could I forget to mention such big news?” she added sarcastically. She realized that Nikolaj was now the very first person in her life who knew and she felt a buzz of excitement at that realization.

He closed the gap between them and surprised her with an aggressive, full body hug, wrapping her completely in his embrace. “I am so proud of you,” he gushed. Gwen hugged him back in delight. It felt so good to have this moment of celebration with someone who cared about her - finally. He surprised her again by actually lifting her off her feet and spinning her around. This was uncharacteristic for them, yet it just felt normal like they had always been that physical with one another. “I wish you had told me so we could have properly celebrated last night,” he added, setting her down.

He hadn’t meant it that way, but it came off very suggestive. She decided to just go with it. “Well now you know so we can properly celebrate tonight,” she flirted back.

“Yes,” Nik nodded. “I will allow you to bestow all your gratitude upon me for teaching you everything you know.”

“Ha,” Gwen scoffed. She couldn’t deny that he really had taught her a lot - she’d admitted it on more than one occasion, though the admission was always painful thanks to that smug look she saw on his face right then. “You may have taught me a few things - but not everything,” she purred. “I think I could teach you a thing or two actually.”

Nik raised his eyebrows, “You think so huh?”

Gwen nodded, “Oh I know it.” The entire exchange between them was teeming with sexual energy and innuendo. Ironically, the scene they were acting out was actually something very similar. It was a lot of flirting and banter between the characters, like they would do so often in the movie.

“Does he had a different script? What’s happening right now?” Gwen heard one of the observers mutter. “Have they started?”

Someone else chuckled, “Nope, I think this is all them.”

It was perhaps a much needed reminder that they weren’t alone in the room. There were times, like the present, that the two of them would just get so fixated with each other and getting the upper hand, that they would forget people were listening and watching. It happened quite often during interviews back in their Game of Thrones press days.

“My apologies,” Nikolaj said, turning to address the rest of the room. “Nikolaj Coster-Waldau,” he said, introducing himself. “I was just very surprised to learn who you’d picked as your star, as I’m sure you can understand.” He glanced over at Gwen and smiled. “You definitely picked the right woman though, she’s absolutely perfect for the role.” He was oozing with charm and confidence - as usual. Sometimes she found it irritating how he could captivate an entire room without even trying, just by simply being himself, but right then she was very grateful.

The rest of the introductions continued and moments later they let her and Nik know they were ready for them to begin. Gwen had read the part so many times that everything had become second nature, but something changed when she started acting with Nikolaj. His interpretation of his character was nothing like all the other men and it threw her for a loop right off the bat.

She recovered quickly though and just like it always was with them the whole thing felt natural and easy. The premise of the scene was that her character, Priscilla, was hitting on Nik’s character Jack. While he was flirting back it was clear she was the aggressor and had the upper hand. All the other
actors had plated Jack in a fairly submissive manner, confident, yet Priscilla was able to easily put him in his place. Nik put a twist on things and as Jack he pushed back harder than the rest had, to the point he’d even flustered her. Gwen went with it though and it all worked into the most perfect dynamic she could have imagined. It reminded her that Jack absolutely needed to be her equal because a woman like Priscilla wouldn’t be attracted to anything less.

When they finished the scene the room was left in a stunned silence. Gwen actually started to feel a bit nervous at the awkwardness of the room being so quiet. She noticed that several people started to share looks and were nodding at each other. “We would like the two of you to act out a kiss scene for us please,” a middle aged woman named May spoke up on behalf of the others.

“Excuse me?” Gwen blinked in shock. A kiss scene? She hadn’t prepared for that. Not with Nik, or with any of the other actors for that matter. She glanced over at him and he didn’t seem the least bit phased. He was already nodding as if it was nothing.

“Excuse me?”

“Would you be able to give us just a minute?” She heard Nik ask. “Maybe we could just step out into the hall, get a quick drink and quickly discuss a plan before we perform it for you?”

“Yes, of course,” May said. “Take ten or fifteen, and figure things out. We’ll take a quick restroom break. I look forward to seeing what you come up with.”

Gwen felt him take her hand and lead her away, but she was in a daze. Nik let her into the next room and shut the door behind them. “Talk to me,” he said. “What’s going on?”

“I - I - don’t know,” she stammered. “I just freaked out I guess, thinking about us having to kiss.”

She looked at him and realized he had taken what she said the wrong way. He looked sad and hurt. Before she had a chance to explain he started talking. “If you’re not comfortable kissing me it’s okay,” Nik said. “This is the role of a lifetime for you and while I was really hoping to get this part it’s not the end of the world if I don’t. I’ll find something else. You’ve worked so hard and you’re finally getting the recognition you deserve to go along with that best supporting actress Emmy and I don’t want to compromise that in any way.”

His words brought tears to her eyes. Nikolaj had always been her biggest supporter and this was no different. The only reason she had that Emmy award was because he believed in her and encouraged her to submit her own name when HBO didn’t include her. She had fought him on it at first, but he had so much conviction and was so proud of her work that she finally went ahead and did it. He’d been the first one to congratulate her when she got the nomination and she was pretty sure he was every bit as excited as she was when she actually won. They were both with other people that night, but they found a moment alone and she cried while he wiped away her tears and maybe a few of his own.

This was the kind of man Nikolaj was. He would sacrifice a great role that he was destined to get just
to make sure she wasn’t uncomfortable. He always had put her first and Gwen knew he always would. “No,” she said, shaking her head. “You deserve this role every bit as much as I deserve mine. You’re made for it and we’re the perfect pair to play this couple.” She took a deep breath and was already feeling calmer. “I can do this and I will.”

It was no longer about her. Gwen knew she had to make the kiss sizzle because she wanted to make sure that they picked the right man for the part of Jack. She stepped closer to him. “We only have about 5 more minutes to practice,” Gwen said. She reached for the front of his shirt, balled it up in her fingers and pulled Nik’s body against hers. “So let’s make sure we get his right.”
Chapter 4

Gwen was about to lean in and kiss him when Nikolaj stopped her and pulled something out of his pocket. “Need one of these first,” he commented. She saw he had a little container of Listerine Breath Strips.

“My God, is my breath really that bad?” she asked, covering her mouth and stepping back.

“Oh I don’t know, but mine probably is,” he replied with a shrug. “I was drinking some nasty ass coffee in the lobby while I was waiting.” He popped one of the little strips onto his tongue and offered her the pack.

“Sure, why not?” Gwen said, taking one, just to be safe. She set it on her tongue and closed her mouth. It started to dissolve instantly and that’s when she felt the burn. “Holy fuck,” she gasped. “It burnssssssss. Owwwwww.”

Nik looked at her and snickered. “They really aren’t that bad, you’re such a drama queen.”

“Drama queen my ass, I think this thing just took 3 layers of skin off my tongue,” she whined.

“Need me to kiss it better?” he asked, without missing a beat.

Gwen glared at him, standing there looking all cocky and amused. Not to mention handsome - there was definitely that, there was always that. “Let’s just get to work,” she said, trying to hide the fact that he’d thrown her off her game. He didn’t get to her very often, but when he did she had to really fight to conceal it because she would never hear the end of it if he knew. “How do we want to play this scene for them?”

“Well, if we stay true to the characters I think you, Priscilla, should initiate the kiss, but Jack should also have the upper hand at some point,” he said. Nik was really good at analyzing characters and she loved listening to his take on things. “I haven’t read the full script, but from what I have seen so far, I don’t think Priscilla would be interested in a man who can’t go toe to toe with her.” Gwen smiled. It was like he’d literally read her mind from earlier.

“Okay, so what if I come in first, full on aggressive and it’s hot and heavy for a bit, then we pull back but you draw me back in with something more tender and romantic?” She suggested. “I think Jack is going to be the more romantic of the two for sure, but that’s how he gets to her and plays on her more vulnerable side.”

Nikolaj was already nodding. “I couldn’t agree more. That sounds absolutely perfect.”

“Okay,” she nodded.

“Okay,” he echoed.

They stood there awkwardly for a moment, until Gwen realized that with everything they just worked out - the next move was on her. “Oh for the love of God,” she sighed in exasperation. She channeled her inner Priscilla, got into character and dove for his mouth before she could change her mind. Gwen knew the first take was the hardest and after that it just got easier.

She didn’t take him by surprise at all. Nik, or Jack perhaps, was ready and kissed her back eagerly. Gwen had flashes in her mind of the only other time she’d kissed Nikolaj this same way, which was when they filmed their kiss for season 8 of Game of Thrones. He was more the aggressor that time,
but it was the same kind of high energy, almost frantic kissing. This time though, there was tongue and lots of it. It just naturally developed to that point and the next thing she knew she was tasting his minty fresh tongue.

There were feelings happening inside her that Gwen had to push aside and ignore. She wasn’t ready to think about them or explore what they meant. She couldn’t deny that she enjoyed kissing him though - the man knew how to use his tongue that was for sure. Finally they pulled apart and looked at each other. She immediately wondered if they were both still in character or not? Gwen wasn’t even sure she could answer that question for herself.

Nik gave a little half smile and then reached out to touch her face. He stroked her cheek gently with his thumb and then slowly inched his way back to her lips. He kissed her softly, very tenderly. It was the kind of kiss that sends tingles down your spine and Gwen tried really hard to ignore that very sensation.

Finally he pulled back and it was over. “That was, uh –” Gwen stammered.

“Yes,” Nikolaj finished for her. “We just have to do it exactly like that and I guarantee we’ll be working together on this movie.” She nodded slowly. “You okay? You seem unsure. Is this really what you want?” he asked. “You can still change your mind if that didn’t feel right or whatever,” Nik said quickly.

“No, of course not,” Gwen shook her head. “You know I want you for this role. I was just, uh, well surprised by how - easy - that was.” She chose her words carefully.

“You need to find the same fearlessness you have in real life when you act,” Nik said. “You’re really good Gwen. You have an Emmy to prove it. You always talk about how talented Lena is and it’s true, she’s amazing - but you beat her because you’re just as great.” His words were filled with so much validation and so much truth. She always thought she had won because she’d just been given the best material to work with, so it was quite gratifying to hear him say that. “You walk into a room, you step onto a runway and you’re larger than life. You command an audience, you make everyone look at you, you shine - use that when you act.” His voice was filled with so much passion and enthusiasm. “Love scenes, kissing, all of that - it’s no different than anything else. You’ve kissed before, you’ve had sex - you know how it all works.”

“Actually, I’m a virgin,” Gwen interrupted.

“You’re what?” he gasped. She amused herself watching his face as his brain caught up from the initial shock. “No you’re not,” he said. “You were with Giles for years.” She raised her eyebrows, keeping the ruse going a little longer. “No, this can’t be true. I mean, I always wondered if he was gay -” Nik muttered, thinking out loud.

“Bisexual,” Gwen corrected, giggling as he figured it all out and his handsome face filled with relief. “What if I was a virgin? What would it matter?”

“Well, it wouldn’t, I guess - but -” Watching him struggle to explain himself was another highlight of her day. “I just assumed you were - uh - not at all like Brienne,” he finished with a goofy smile.

Gwen gave his shoulder a little shove and laughed again, “You such a fucking dork sometimes.”

Nik caught her hand and held it against his chest. It was a strange moment and she didn’t know quite how to react. The way he was looking at her, like she was the only one in the room. Okay, she literally was the only one in the room, but there was just something about his stare, like he was captivated by her. “Come on,” he said softly, releasing her hand. “Let’s go make out next door and
show them the best chemistry test they have ever seen.”

If the first run through the did alone was good, the second one put it completely to shame. The room burst into cheers and claps when it was over. “I think we have a winner,” someone said. Gwen was so happy that she couldn’t help the massive smile that spread across her face.

Then next few minutes were a blur of congratulations and excitement. She had actually forgot how important it was to everyone involved to find the right person to play her love interest, but she was reminded quickly by the buzz and the feel in the room. Everyone was thrilled.

Eventually they took Nik away to discuss next steps and likely plan a time for him to come back and sign. Gwen took her time and lingered around until he was finished. It just didn’t feel right leaving before they had a chance to talk again.

“You stayed,” he commented, when he saw her waiting in the empty hallway. He looked pretty pleased, almost cocky about it.

“Yeah, well don’t think too much about it,” she replied. “There was mention of some celebrating later and I’m pretty sure you’re buying the drinks.”

“Or you could just come to my place and we’ll drink for free, order in dinner maybe?” he suggested. Gwen shrugged and nodded. Celebrating in private was a much better idea anyway. Or is it? A voice in her head piped up.

She brushed it off as they started walking. “Do you have any idea what you’ve got yourself into?” Gwen asked, with a smirk. Nik shrugged. She had read the entire script, but she knew he’d only seen a limited amount of it. “There’s lots of kissing, some hardcore making out, sex in a car, definitely some oral stuff.” She glanced over and saw him raise his eyebrows, intrigued. “You on me, not me on you,” she said. “Don’t get too excited.” So far he didn’t seem phased. “And of course there’s the nude, fucking against a wall, scene.”

Once again he looked more intrigued than nervous or put off. “Does this mean I should start working out my glutes?” he asked.

“Probably,” she replied. “And maybe trim up those pubes some too,” she added. “A little manscaping never hurt no one.” She had always wanted to tease him about his massive bush that she’d seen in their tub scene on Game of Thrones, but the right moment had never come up.

“Oh come on, Au Naturale is the way to go,” he scoffed. “You should try it yourself,” he added, giving her a “touche” sort of look. Gwen had waxed off everything before the tub scene so none of the sticky cover up thingies they used would hurt coming off later.

Neither one of them had even noticed the young intern that had heard the last part of their conversation, evident by the look of horror on her face as she practically ran away, but they were both laughing their asses off as they burst out of the building into the LA sunshine. “I really, really missed you,” Nik said as soon as he could speak. “I know I’ve said it before, but I’m going to keep telling you and telling you because I hope we never go that long again without being in each other’s lives.”

Gwen couldn’t reply right away and she never did reply the way she wanted to. What she wanted to tell him was that she agreed completely and she missed him just as much. She wanted him to know that he held a special place in her heart and he always would. But for some reason she just couldn’t tell him all those things. Instead she slipped her arm through his and teased him like she always had, “Oh come on, don’t go getting all sappy on me now - we have celebrating to get on.” And they
headed to his place to do just that.
“Where do you keep your wine glasses?” Gwen yelled from the kitchen. Nikolaj was changing down the hall in his room and she was trying to get them a drink poured.

“Top cupboard, far left on the top shelf,” he called out. “I’ll be right there.”

Gwen had originally planned to go to her hotel and change herself, before coming back to his place to chill for a while. Nik had convinced her to just borrow something of his to save driving all the way across the city when he was so much closer. She agreed so they left her car and she rode with him. She would just take an Uber or Lyft home later if they drank too much.

She found the wine glasses and poured from the bottle she’d selected from his vast collection. It always amused her how much Nik enjoyed a glass of wine, expensive wine though, the older the better. Gwen would be perfectly happy with a $20 bottle of anything, but all the options on his wine rack were a minimum of $100 each.

When Nik returned he picked up the bottle to see what she had chosen. “Oh, nice - Cabernet Sauvignon, 2010. I picked this one up at Martha’s Vineyard a few months ago - great choice.” Gwen couldn’t help but smirk when he talked wine like that. “What?” he asked noticing the way she was looking at him.

“Nothing,” Gwen replied, lifting her glass to take a sip. The wine was incredible. She smiled at him, “You just surprise me sometimes.”

Nik lifted the glass from her hand. “Go find yourself something to wear before you spill this on that very expensive, very white shirt you’re wearing.” He set the glass on the counter. “Tees are in the second drawer of my dresser, pants are in the third.” She nodded and started to walk away. “Don’t look in the top drawer though,” he called after her.

Gwen stopped and turned around. “What’s in the top drawer?” she asked curiously. “Is that where you keep your butt plugs and other freaky sex stuff?”

He smiled and shrugged, “Busted.”

She had no idea if he was serious or joking. “Well now you know I’m going to look.”

“You were warned,” he said calmly.

Gwen opened the door to his room, closed it behind her and headed right to the dresser. She yanked open the top drawer and peeked inside. She giggled and closed it, then quickly picked out a t-shirt and a pair of trackies and changed her clothes. She had been wearing a camisole and hadn’t needed a bra so she slipped on the t-shirt braless. It felt nice to be out of the tight fitting clothes and into something comfortable. She had to roll the waistband to keep the pants up and the t-shirt was quite baggy, but the soft cotton felt good on her skin.

Gwen pounced the second she was back in the kitchen. “A fleshlight? Really?” she teased. She honestly wasn’t the least bit bothered by Nik’s sex toy but she couldn’t help but bug him about it a bit. “Is it really that much better than your hand?”

He raised his eyebrows and swallowed the wine he’d just sipped. “Some of the reviews said it’s even
better than a woman.”

She put her arms across her chest. Her nipples were stiff and she didn’t need him seeing them poking through the shirt. “Do you agree?” she asked.

Nik shook his head. “Nope, there’s nothing like a woman, but it’s been a while so it’ll do for now.”

Gwen loved how they were both open about their sexuality and could talk about pretty much anything. They had even attended a couple of rather risque plays together years back. This time though, it felt different. It felt like they were actually flirting. “And why are you being all judgemental anyway?” he continued. “Like you don’t have a vibrator back in your hotel room.”

“Nope,” she said with a straight face. He gave his best ‘yeah right’ face. “I have two,” Gwen giggled. “Couldn’t decide which one I preferred so I brought them both. I’ll be here a while.”

Once again they both found themselves laughing at each other’s expense, which continued through the takeout they ordered and through the rest of the bottle of wine that they polished off. They were sitting in the living room on the couch when Gwen’s phone vibrated and a text message popped up on the screen. It was sitting on the coffee table, faced towards Nik and like the nosey bastard he was he glanced at the screen. “Marco wants to know if you’re free?” he said. “Who’s Marco? You didn’t tell me you were seeing someone.”

“Relax, he’s just a fling. We fuck sometimes,” she shrugged. “I haven’t been in anything serious since I broke up with Giles, but a girl’s gotta do what a girl’s gotta do.” He nodded slowly, but he still looked like he was judging her choices. “Come on, are you actually telling me you haven’t been with anyone since you and Nukaka split?”

“You do think a man would be texting me at 1am?” she asked, rolling her eyes. She almost laughed as he connected the dots and then scowled. She wasn’t quite sure what the scowl was about. “Relax, he’s just a fling. We fuck sometimes,” she shrugged. “I haven’t been in anything serious since I broke up with Giles, but a girl’s gotta do what a girl’s gotta do.” He nodded slowly, but he still looked like he was judging her choices. “Come on, are you actually telling me you haven’t been with anyone since you and Nukaka split?”

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“You know what you need?” she said, breaking the silence and also changing the subject. “You need to cut loose and have some fun.”

“I have fun,” he shot back. “I’m having fun right now. I have fun when I work and when I’m at the gym and when I visit the girls.”

“Give me your phone,” Gwen demanded.

He narrowed his eyes but dug it out of his pocket and handed it over, trusting her when he probably shouldn’t have. “What are you going to do?”
She opened his messages and scrolled down until she found the group chat they still had going amongst the former Game of Thrones cast members. “Are you aware of just how many of our former coworkers are in California right now?” He shrugged, but clearly didn’t know where she was going with it. “Daniel, Lena, Peter, Richard, Emilia, Kit, Liam and I’m sure a few others.”

“What’s your point?” he asked.

“Well,” Gwen said, as she started typing. “It seems that you’re having a party on Saturday and they are all invited.” She hit send and handed his phone back.

“You didn’t just do that,” he breathed. “You fucking did,” Nik added, looking at his phone. “What the fuck Gwen? I don’t want to have a party. I’ll go to one, but I’m not hosting. I don’t do that shit.”

Gwen gave him a smug look, “Well you are now.” She saw the message pop up on her own phone. “Oh look, I just got invited to you party. Let me RSVP.” She replied back and watched his face as he read the message she’d just sent back.

Nik glanced up from his phone. “This is your party,” he said. “It might be at my house, but it’s your party. You get to plan everything. You get to tell people what to bring when they ask. You get to greet them at the door with a smile and take their damn coats.”

“And if I’m doing everything what will you be doing?” she asked.

Nik picked up his glass of wine and drank every last drop. “I’ll be drunk. Very, very drunk.”

“People are going to find it weird that I’m hosting a party at your house. They’re going to ask questions -” she let her voice trail off suggestively.

As usual he wasn’t phased at all. “I’ll tell them that in a moment of weakness I let you touch my phone and you’re making up for it.”

“Come on, aren’t you at least a little excited to get the gang back together?” Gwen asked. “We can share our exciting news in person.” She nudged him with her foot, trying to get a reaction. He scowled. She nudged him harder and she was sure she saw the corners of his mouth turn up slightly. “Come on Sunshine, you can do it.” When she went to nudge him again Nik grabbed her foot and she screamed. “Ahhh, it tickles,” she squealed, wiggling around, trying to get away.

They wrestled around for a while, laughing, and jabbing at each other. It all went south when she accidentally kneed him in the balls and Nik doubled over in pain. “Fuck, oh my god, my nuts,” he wailed.

“Well it kind of serves you right,” she said smugly. “You started it.” He didn’t say anything, just moaned in response. “Are you okay?” Gwen asked, feeling a little bad for him.

Nik leaned his head against the back of the couch but opened his eyes, “Yeah, I’ll be fine - eventually.”

She gave him a minute to recover. “Come on,” she said finally, offering a hand. “When I was looking for wine glasses earlier I noticed you have all the necessary ingredients for s’mores.” He took her hand and let her help him up. “Nothing heals broken testicles like hot, sticky -” She licked her lips and then finished the sentence, “S’mores.”

“I can think of a few other things,” he muttered following her to the kitchen.

They gathered up the graham crackers, chocolate and marshmallows. “I can’t remember how long
you put them in the microwave for,” Gwen said.

Nikolaj looked horrified. “Microwave? Nooooooo,” he shook his head. “You have to make S’mores over a campfire.” He picked up the supplies. “Come on, let’s go outback, everything we need is out there. I’ll get a fire going and we’ll do these right.”

Half an hour later Gwen took her first bite and moaned. “This is amazing,” she groaned. The s’mores didn’t go well with the second bottle of wine they’d opened, but they were still incredible. The chocolate was sweet, oozing out the sides of the graham cracker, the marshmallow was soft and sticky and the first bite was heaven.

Nik was watching her as she took the second bite, he hadn’t touched his own yet. They were sitting side by side on a comfortably, padded, bench seat in the warm evening air. It was a really pretty night and she was enjoying the contrast of how his backyard seemed so country in the city.

The wine buzz was kicking in and she felt so relaxed. Gwen had a third bite of the s’more and Nik was smiling at her as she chewed. “What?”

“You have some chocolate -” He went to reach out, but she saw something change in his eyes and the next thing she knew he was sucking on her bottom lip. Gwendoline froze completely. She had no idea what she was supposed to do and the alcohol wasn’t helping her thought process. Her mind went back to kissing him earlier that afternoon, both the practice run and the real thing. Her body felt like it was on fire and she couldn’t believe how turned on she was getting.

She had to make it stop before it was too late. It was all too much. Gwen pulled back. “What are you doing?” she whispered.

He looked stunned for a moment, but regained his composure quickly. “Sorry, I was just getting the chocolate.” He reached out and moved the pad of his thumb over her bottom lip where his mouth had just been. “All gone now,” Nik said softly.

It was like a switch flipped for a moment and then it was back off again. He started nattering on about green spaces and CO2 levels like absolutely nothing had happened between them. While she, on the other hand, could barely listen to him speak because her brain wouldn’t stop analyzing what had just happened. There was only one way to get her mind to stop reeling. Gwen grabbed the wine bottle and filled her glass right to the top.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

I’m finding it a bit challenging to go back and forth between the two WIPs I have going, so I’ve been considering maybe just focusing on one and finishing it before I work on the other. I haven’t decided which one though. If anyone has an opinion on that idea, feel free to let me know if it’s a good plan or bad plan and which fic you would like to see finished first. Thanks again for reading. I’m honored.

“Where am I?” Gwendoline groaned as she started waking up. Her head was pounding and she closed her eyes instantly after opening them. She knew she wasn’t in her bed, but she couldn’t sort out where she actually was. Everything was fuzzy.

“You’re drooling on my leather couch cushions,” a voice said.

He really hadn’t spoken loudly, but his words echoed and made her head pound harder. “Shhhh,” she moaned. “Can you speak softly? Use your indoor voice for fuck sakes.”

“Seems someone is a bit hungover,” Nik said, much quieter. She opened her eyes and noticed he had moved closer and was perched on the edge of the coffee table, staring at her with an extremely amused look.

“How come you aren’t?” she muttered, annoyed. Things were slowly coming back to her and she knew he’d been keeping up to her, glass for glass.

“Guess some of us can hold our alcohol a little better,” he said, shrugging his broad shoulders and grinning at her.

“Why am I still here?” She asked. “You couldn’t have poured me into a cab last night so I could sleep in my own bed?”

He started laughing. “Oh there was no way you would have made it through the lobby and up to your hotel room. Besides, you flopped down there and said ‘leave me here to die’ so I did.” Nik used a high pitched, dramatic voice to make fun of her.

“Well I didn’t die,” Gwen grumbled. She shifted and groaned as her head started throbbing. “Might have been better if I had.”

“Don’t worry, I checked on you a few times,” he admitted. “Mostly because I didn’t want you to stain my carpet with red wine vomit.”

“I don’t puke,” she whispered. “It’s a blessing and a curse.” There were times she just wished she would throw up after a long night of drinking and get it out of her system.

“What were you dreaming about right before you woke up?” Nik asked.

His question jogged her memory and it all came back to her. She glared at him and lied, “Well if you
must know I was with a very muscular, extremely sexy Brazilian man, with a tight ass, great abs, a very experienced tongue and nice long fingers.”

Nik nodded, unfazed. “Yeah, that’s what I thought. He must have been really good hmm?”

“Oh he was,” she replied. “My sex dreams are quite exhillarating.”

“I think the neighbors might be well aware of just how great your sex dreams are,” he snickered.

She gave him a saucy look. “If you think I’m loud in my dreams -” She let her voice trail off and licked her lips seductively. Gwen had no idea why she was flirting so hardcore with him, but it was actually quite fun. One thing he would never know though, was the truth about the sexy dream she’d just had. It wasn’t a sexy Brazilian man at all. The experienced tongue was much more Danish. It was the first time she’d ever had a dream like that about Nikolaj and it was throwing her for a loop, but she was covering well.

“Oh I have no doubt about that,” he muttered. Nik stood up and she noticed he was wearing shorts, a t-shirt and running shoes. “I’m going for a jog if you want to join me?”

Gwen eyed his socks. She couldn’t look away. “What is happening down there?” she asked pointing at the fashion disaster.

“What?” he looked down but was way too dense to have any idea what she was talking about.

“The dad socks,” she sighed. “Do you not own a single pair of ankle socks?”

“Of course I do,” Nik scoffed. “I wear them with my loafers and dress pants.” He was grinning at her as she rolled her eyes.

“At least push them down a bit,” Gwen said, rolling over onto her side and waving her arms towards his ankles. She did the best she could manage through the nausea from her headache and then finally gave up.

“So, are you coming jogging now that you’ve fixed my wardrobe?” he asked.

She gave him a look that said ‘are you fucking serious right now.’ “You know how much I love huffing and puffing, sweating profusely and that brilliant pain under my ribs, but I think I’ll pass.” Nikolaj chuckled. At least she was still amusing him. “What I need is Advil and a shower.”

“And a toothbrush,” he teased. She whacked him with the nearest throw pillow. “There are towels, a new toothbrush, toothpaste, a bottle of water and - sorry it’s Tylenol, not Advil, waiting for you in the bathroom. I’ll be back in an hour or so and maybe you’ll feel like breakfast by then.”

She thanked him and watched Nik leave. Once she was alone she could actually still feel the tingling of desire leftover from the dream she’d been having. Gwen resisted the urge to slip a hand down her pants and instead focused on getting to the shower - slowly. It took a good five minutes of sitting up before she could even attempt to stand.

A long, pathetic 15 minutes later she finally made her way to the bathroom and got some meds into her system. She also finished the entire bottle of water to help with the dehydration. This wasn’t her first hangover, so Gwen knew once the drugs kicked in and she got enough fluids into her that she would be just fine.

By the time she was done showering the pounding had stopped and it was just a dull, manageable ache at that point. She wrapped herself in a towel and went into Nik’s room to rummage through his
dresser again for more clothes. She could have put her own clothes back on from the day before, but his baggy shirts and pants were much more comfortable.

Gwen deposited the towel she’d used and the clothes she’d borrowed the day before into his laundry hamper. She was standing naked in the middle of his bedroom. Who ever thought I would be nude in Nik’s room? She thought with a little giggle. She slipped on the t-shirt and pants she’d picked out. The fuzzy interior of the material felt nice on her bare ass.

Gwen checked the time on her phone. Almost an hour had passed by that point, so Nik would be back any minute. She went into the kitchen and sat at the table to check her texts. She opened the GOT group text and saw that several had already confirmed they would attend the party on the weekend. After counting she realized the guest list was already up to 10 people, not including her and Nik. Surely a few more would come too, so it was shaping up to be one amazing party.

She decided to start making a shopping list for Nik while she was waiting. She had almost finished when she heard him come in the front door. She put the paper on the counter as he came in, red faced and sweaty. “I’m going to shower,” he said. “And I was going to wear that shirt today,” he added, smirking at her.

“It’s so soft,” she said, running her hands down the front of herself, over the material and also over her breasts.

“You better give it back,” he warned.

“Did you want it now?” she asked, reaching for the bottom. Gwen was shocked once again at how full on she was going with the flirting.

Nik crossed his arms and nodded. “Sure.”

The challenge was on. How am I going to play this? Gwen wondered. She’d been the one who started it, but she’d expected him to laugh it off and head for the shower. She was perfectly comfortable being nude and honestly didn’t care who saw her naked. But there were sexual undertones - this wasn’t just about nudity and being free and comfortable.

Fuck it, she thought. They were about to film a lot of half naked scenes together, might as well get used to it. She started to pull up the shirt slowly, but before she bared her breasts she felt his hand over hers, stopping her. “It’s okay,” he said, leaning close to her ear. Gwen held her breath.

Why was he affecting her this way?

“IT looks better on you,” he whispered. She closed her eyes, but she didn’t need to see to know how close he was or to feel the lack of his presence when he finally moved away.

“I’ll make breakfast while you shower,” Gwen said, trying her best to pretend she hadn’t been affected by any of that at all. It made her extremely irritated that he was so in control, but she hoped she was hiding it. Actually, she knew she was because if he saw even the smallest crack he would have pointed it out and teased her mercilessly. She knew that because they were a lot alike and she would have done the same with him.

She whipped them up some eggs and toast. Nothing fancy. Now that the headache was mostly gone she was actually quite hungry. Gwen was already eating when he returned and joined her at the table. “Ohhhhh,” he said sadly. “Didn’t I tell you? I’ve gone vegan.”

“Shut up,” she said, tearing off a piece of her toast crust and throwing it at him. “Vegans don’t keep eggs in the fridge you dolt.”
“It’s a very recent change,” he said. “I decided about 38 seconds ago.”

Gwen clued in. “My cooking isn’t that bad. I can make eggs,” she grumbled. “And these eggs are fucking good,” she mumbled with a mouth full of the fluffy scrambled eggs.

“Fine,” Nik sighed, taking a bite. “Actually these are really good, but do you call this toast?” he asked, holding up a piece. “It’s more like warm bread.”

She snatched it from his hand and took a huge bite, then shoved it back at him. “Yep, it’s toast. Also fucking delicious.”

After that he just laughed and left her alone while they ate. Then he followed it up with a moment of genuine gratitude. “Thank you, that was a great breakfast.” He was looking at her, with those sparkling dark blue eyes that she knew so well.

“Well it’s the least I can do after you letting me drool on your couch last night,” she joked. “Don’t worry, I wiped it down for you - no stains - promise.”

“You’re actually pretty cute when you sleep,” he said softly, reaching over to caress a strand of her hair. “When you’re not moaning and groaning like you’re at a PornHub audition.”

“PornHub - is that your website of choice?” she asked, with an amused look.

“PornHub, youPorn, Brazzers - whatever I’m feeling on a given day,” he shrugged.

“I fucking love you,” she said, laughing out loud. There had never been another person in her life quite like Nikolaj. There were guys she joked with and guys she talked about sexual things with, girls too of course, but it was never quite the same as their natural back and forth. She didn’t know how much she needed him in her life until after Thrones ended and they spent far too much time apart. This movie would have them spending so much time together again and she was so thankful. “I really should get going,” Gwen said, almost sadly. “Oh hey, check out the list I left you over there. It’s for the party.”

He got up and walked over to the counter and picked it up. He perused it quickly. “Uh, Gwen - this entire list is alcohol.”

“Not the whole thing,” she replied, walking over to point at it. “It says plates and Solo cups right there.” Something else came to her. “Oh and get some of those little cups to make Jello shooters. And some Jello.” She grabbed the pen and added both to the list.

“Give me that,” he said, snatching the pen from her. He started adding to the list. She tried to peek at what he was writing. “What? If we’re buying booze we need the good stuff. You think Liam would be satisfied with Cuervo or Smirnoff?”

Gwen smiled, happy he was finally getting into the party idea. “Come on, you need to drive me to my car. I have to get to my hotel room and change and then do a little shopping myself. A party is always a good excuse for a new outfit.”

“And new shoes,” he said, grabbing his keys. “Don’t forget the shoes. Actually, you should probably buy a new car to drive to the party in too.” The teasing continued the whole drive and when they parted she already couldn’t wait until they were together again.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

I had a few requests for a chapter from Nik’s POV. I wasn’t going to do it initially, but as I was planning out the next few chapters in my mind it actually made sense.

I still haven’t decided which fic I’m going to focus on or if I’m just going to keep trying my best to manage both, but it’s been a while since I’ve updated TBT so I’ll try to do that next.

I really appreciate all the feedback and hearing your preferences.

Two days had passed since he’d dropped Gwen off at her car and drove home to an empty, quiet house. As much as Nikolaj told himself he loved the serenity and peacefulness and that he should enjoy it given the impending party that was only a couple more days away - he just couldn’t help but feel a little sad. When Gwendoline was there she filled the entire place with her presence. No matter where he was in the house he could feel her there. Her big, bold laugh and her engaging personality took over.

He’d spent the entire day she’d left pondering what had happened between them. While some moments felt like the same old Gwen and Nik, other times he felt something new and different. They’d never spent time together while they were both single before. Even though they had flirted some in the past, neither of them took it seriously back then. They laughed it off and went right back to butting heads in spectacular fashion. Now, their lives were different. His marriage was over and she wasn’t committed to anyone, so it wasn’t wrong for them to flirt and there was no reason to feel guilty for it.

Nik also couldn’t stop thinking about the way their kisses had gone in audition. He really tried to keep himself in character, but he was pretty sure neither one of them were acting by the end of it, especially the second kiss. He’d felt things that he shouldn’t have been feeling in an audition room. He’d felt things he knew he wouldn’t have felt if he’d shown up and was paired with any other actress in Hollywood.

But it wasn’t any other actress - it was Gwen, and their chemistry was off the charts. He knew the second he saw her there for the screen test that this was one role he was guaranteed. The problem was, there was real, true desire when they kissed. They could try to chalk it up to great acting, but Nik knew different and he was pretty sure she did too.

They were friends though, and had been for many years. He couldn’t imagine losing that friendship or not having Gwen in his life, which made things very delicate and complicated. Could he possibly work this closely with her again and film nude scenes, without allowing himself to feel what he was already struggling with?

Nik had always been able to get into character and stay there. There were even times he’d been known to actually black out and could barely remember filming a scene because he was so into it that it was like he actually became the character and lost himself. That’s why it was really throwing him for a loop that he’d ventured into reality while him and Gwen were acting out the kiss.
It didn’t help matters when he crossed a line again while they were eating s’mores. Sucking the chocolate off her lip had been sexy as hell and he could tell he’d really thrown her off, which is why he tried to just play it off as nothing and move on.

Nikolaj grabbed his keys and headed to the garage. He was thinking about Gwen wearing his shirt and how he’d stopped her from taking it off. He would have killed to see her topless, while it was just the two of them alone in his house. But he also knew he would have needed more willpower than he had to keep from taking one of her nipples into his mouth. What would have happened then? His mind wandered to a ‘what if’ fantasy that had him fucking her on the kitchen table. He could see her tits bouncing as he pounded her tight pussy. A loud honk dissolved the images in his mind and he realized he’d almost sideswiped the car in the lane beside him.

Nik gave a sheepish wave of apology and shifted his focus to the road where it should have been. “I really need to get laid,” he muttered out loud to himself. He’d finally quit counting how many weeks it had been when the number got embarrassingly high.

The thought of actually getting out and trying the dating thing terrified him. There wasn’t much that he was scared of, but the awkwardness of the lulls in conversation or trying to find a way to escape politely were things he wanted to avoid. There was this celebrity/rich person Tinder app that a friend had told him about. It was pretty much the same concept as regular Tinder but you had to be verified to sign up and there were Non Disclosure Agreements and confidentiality paperwork and all sorts of privacy protection too. Maybe he was too old school, but the whole thing just seemed sleazy to Nik.

No, the real problem, if he was being honest with himself, was that he was too much of a romantic for one night stands and random hookups. He wasn’t judgemental about others who did enjoy casual sex, but it just wasn’t for him. He needed something more. “Or maybe I’m insane and I really just need a good fuck.”

His head was a mess and he decided it was Gwen’s fault. He’d been managing just fine until she showed up with her stupid adorable laugh and her loud, grating, sweet and perfect voice. By the time he got to the studio he was irrationally mad at her. It was like when you have a dream where someone does something awful so you’re angry with them even though they actually hadn’t done a thing wrong.

He parked and headed inside. Nik and his agent had been in the day before. They went through the contract and signed so it was a done deal. He’d been asked to come in the next day for a photoshoot in full costume to put together some promo material to announce Gwen as the lead and him as the main supporting character.

Nik had arrived a bit early so he went to the lounge to find a bottle of water and see if there were any snacks. He’d always been a sucker for snacks, which made the jogging and gym sessions very necessary. He was just grabbing a water from the fridge when the door swung open and Gwen waltzed in. “Oh you’re here already,” she said brightly, giving him a smile.

He scowled at her. “Nope, I’m just a figment of your imagination. You’re actually just talking to yourself right now,” he grumbled.

His head was a mess and he decided it was Gwen’s fault. He’d been managing just fine until she showed up with her stupid adorable laugh and her loud, grating, sweet and perfect voice. By the time he got to the studio he was irrationally mad at her. It was like when you have a dream where someone does something awful so you’re angry with them even though they actually hadn’t done a thing wrong.

He scowled at her. “Nope, I’m just a figment of your imagination. You’re actually just talking to yourself right now,” he grumbled.

Her smile faded and she gave him a strange look. “What’s got into you?”

“Nothing,” he snapped. “You’re always so fucking chipper,” Nik added, under his breath. He knew he was being a complete asshole, but she was messing with his head whether she meant to or not.

Gwen took two steps towards him and crossed her arms. Before she even spoke he knew he was in for it. “Normally I wouldn’t give anyone who treats me like shit another second of my time, but
because it’s you I’m going to allow you to explain why you’re being a complete fucking douche bag.” Well fuck, he thought. “Last time I spoke to you everything was fine - now here you are with that stupid scowl on your face acting like I pissed in your cornflakes. So spill it - what did I do that has you so fucking angry?”

Nik sighed and rubbed his face with his hands. “You didn’t do anything, it’s me.” He felt like every bit the asshole he was. He looked at her sadly, “I am so sorry. You didn’t deserve any of that.”

Her voice softened, “This isn’t like you. I know you have your diva moments at work sometimes, but this isn’t work yet. What happened? Is everything okay?”

What am I supposed to tell her? He wondered. Nik was always very open and honest, so lying, especially in the spur of the moment, didn’t come easy to him. “Can we get through this photoshoot first and maybe we can chat over drinks later tonight?” Gwen chewed her lip for a moment. “What?” he asked.

“Well, it’s just that I already had plans,” she started. Gwen smiled, “But don’t worry. I can cancel - it’s no big deal.”

“Absolutely not,” Nik shook his head. “You don’t need to do that. We can chat another time. It’s really not that big of a deal.”

Gwen snapped her fingers. “I have a better idea. How about you come with me.” She lifted the bottle of water from his hands and opened it, then took a drink and handed it back. “I’m meeting with a real estate agent. He’s taking me to look at a couple of places. Come with me, I would love your opinion anyway. Then we can grab a drink somewhere after.”

“You, uh, you’re buying a place here? In LA?” Nik was shocked. He knew Gwen didn’t mind visiting the states but he never expected she would consider living there.

“Am I being stupid?” She sighed and looked embarrassed. “I just thought with this movie - that - you know - other opportunities were likely to follow. So maybe I need to be in the area more often.”

“Oh God, no, that’s not what I meant,” Nik scrambled. “I just never thought you would move from London. You love it there.” Her face filled with relief. “I think - “ he said stepping closer to put a hand on each of her shoulders. “That you will have more opportunities than you can even imagine. Things are changing in Hollywood and it’s thanks to women like you. I’m really proud of you.”

She gave him a puppy face, “Aww, thank you.” Gwen leaned in and placed a peck on his cheek. “You’ve helped more than you will ever know.” She snatched the water bottle from him again. “I have to get back to makeup. But wait until you see the dress I’m wearing for this photoshoot,” she added with a mischievous look. “See you soon.” With a wave she was off, taking his water with her.

Nik shook his head and got another bottle from the fridge. He was intrigued about the dress, which he learned was for good reason when he finally saw the it an hour and a half later. It was low cut and revealing in the breast region, with straps that crossed in the front and tied around her neck. The entire thing was form fitting and black, with sparkling rhinestones accentuating the cleavage area. When she took a step Nik had to hold back a groan. The dress was slit up the front on both sides almost to the top of her thighs and her long sexy legs were on full display, along with the strappy silver stilettos. There was also a small pistol in a holster strapped to her left thigh and she was holding the same style of gun that James Bond always carried - a Walther PPK.

They had dressed him in a tux, with the top two buttons of his shirt open and his bow tie hanging undone around his neck. Gwen’s hair was gorgeous, falling free with soft curls, while his was spiked
up, back off his forehead, but mused to match the tuxedo look. The photographer obviously had a clear plan for the photoshoot, which they most often did.

He couldn’t not react to Gwen’s dress or it would have seemed suspicious. “Wow,” he said, looking her up and down when he approached. “You weren’t joking.”

She winked at him and spun around. He knew how much she loved getting dressed up and feeling beautiful. “You clean up pretty well yourself,” Gwen commented. She grabbed both sides of the bow tie and leaned in, “this is a pretty sexy costume.”

Nik shook his head and rolled his eyes, “No one will be looking at me.”

Before she could reply the photographer called them over and explained the concept. “Okay, so we have this stool here, Nikolaj, I would like you to have a seat there, profile to the camera.” Nik did as instructed. “Now Gwen, you’re going to straddle him, make sure that left leg is bared - yep, good, just like that.” Both of them had done countless photoshoots and they knew how to follow directions. Nik felt her weight bare down on him as she slipped her legs to both sides of him and settled into his lap. She was being completely professional and he forced himself to follow suit. If Nik let his mind wander he was going to wind up in an embarrassing situation.

“So now Nik, I want you reach around her waist with your left hand, yep and Gwen, lift up some and push in tight against him, good. Now Nik, reach for the gun and lay a hand on the grip like you’re about to take it out of the holster.” They adjusted themselves into the pose the photographer wanted, which left her cleavage pretty much right in his face. Focus, he said in his head. Focus.

“Perfect. Good. Okay last thing, Gwen, with your left hand I want you to reach around the back of his head, keep that arm low so we can still see his face and then run your fingers through his hair.”

Before she moved Gwen glanced down at him and their eyes locked for just a second. In that second he was absolutely sure that she had broke character, just like he had. His heart started to pound in his chest and he became even more aware of their groins pressed against each other and her breasts so close to his face.

“Oh fuck yes, just like that,” the photographer said, running to his camera. Nik did his best to listen to the directions, but he was so distracted by the way he was holding Gwen and the dress, and how good she smelled. The next half an hour was a form of extreme torture. He had to hold his pose, but make small changes as the photographer requested - lift your chin a bit, thumb a little to the left, lean back a bit more - and so on, while at the same time trying to think of anything he could to keep his cock from turning hard as a rock.

“And we are done. You two were bloody brilliant.” Gwen looked down at him and smiled as he took his hand away from her face and released his grip from around her waist. He offered her a hand to help her slip off his lap and she took it, then got to her feet. Somehow he’d survived. He had no idea how he’d managed and no idea how he would manage when they actually started filming.

The room started to buzz with excitement as the photographer showed off some of the photos on his
camera and others started to clean up the set. “That was awkward,” Gwen sighed, as they wandered out of the room.

“Totally,” Nik agreed. “But I suppose we’ll need to get used to it.”

“I’m not ready to think about that,” she moaned. “I have no idea how I’m going to pretend to have sex with you with a room full of people watching.”

“We can practice without people watching,” Nik said. He hadn’t meant it to come across like it had, but as her eyes widened and he clued in to what had just come out of his mouth he actually blushed. “I didn’t mean it like that,” he stammered. “I just meant, you know, like we did with the kiss.”

Gwen’s demeanour slowly changed. “Yeah, I’m sure that’s exactly what you meant,” she said, with a teasing smile. “I’ll pick you up at 4:30,” she called over her shoulder as she headed off to her dressing room. He watched the sway of her ass in the sexy dress and didn’t look away until she peeked back and busted him. Nik heard her giggle as she disappeared into the room halfway down the hall.

He closed his eyes and composed himself. It was going to be a long, long few months of filming. But still, he was looking forward to every second they spent together - including the house hunting and drinks that would come later that evening.
“You better uncork one of your best bottles and pour me a massive glass,” Gwen sighed. “You owe me.”

After 3 hours with her real estate agent, visiting 5 different properties, they were back at Nik’s place and Gwen didn’t even make an offer on anything. “I owe you? You’re joking right? I saved your ass from buying a place you would hate as soon as you moved in.”

She scowled at him. “I loved that last one though.”

“That last one had absolutely no security and will end up sliding down that hill when it erodes a few more inches.” He led her into the kitchen as they talked. “So unless you wanted to relocate your entire home the next time we get a shit ton of rain or spend a lot of money to reinforce it - you’re welcome.”

Gwen pouted. “I’m just so sick of staying in a hotel,” she whined. “I really wanted to put in an offer today and at least get excited about the prospect of moving into my own space sometime soon.”

Nik leaned on the counter and thought for a moment. He had no idea that she hated staying at the hotel. He’d always enjoyed hotels himself - someone making your bed every day, ordering room service, fluffy white robes and slippers. “You really hate hotels?”

“I do,” she nodded. “I want to make my own bed and do my own laundry, cook my own meals - well, have the option to cook my own meals,” Gwen said with a laugh. He knew she ordered takeout or went to restaurants every bit as much as he did. “I want to unpack my suitcase and spread my things out like I’m going to stay awhile.” She looked at him, “I don’t want to avoid using the pool because I know I’ll get asked for countless selfies in my swimsuit. Hell, I want to swim naked if I feel like it.”

“Then move in here, with me,” Nik blurted out.

Gwen froze, still staring at him. “You want me to swim naked in your pool?”

He laughed, “I wouldn’t object.” She smiled at him. “But seriously, I have this huge house, 5 bedrooms, and it’s just me. Filippa has a place out here now so Safina stays with her when she’s in town.” It took him a while to get used to this massive place being his bachelor pad. He’d bought it for his family, but life throws curves and now he had all kinds of space and no desire to sell it and downsize. There was too much he loved about it, even if it held some memories he’d like to forget. The thought of making new memories there - with Gwen - was very exciting. “Move in, stay as long as you want. We can keep looking for a house for you, but in the meantime you wouldn’t have to stay in the hotel.” She looked a bit skeptical. “I want you to be able to make your own bed and do your own laundry and cook when you want to.”

“I don’t know,” she muttered. “I don’t even really like you,” Gwen teased.

Nik shrugged, “If you get too sick of me I’ll go to a hotel for a few days.” She probably had no idea that he was actually serious. “There’s also wine to help, lots and lots of wine.”

“I could put a good dent in your collection,” she said, crossing her arms.
He shrugged again, “Then you’ll have to come with me to the local vineyards and help me restock.”

“This is crazy.” Gwen said. He felt a pang of excitement since it seemed like she was giving in. “It’s crazy isn’t it? Are we nuts?”

“It’s not crazy at all,” Nik said softly. “We are going to be working together a lot - we can carpool. Besides, you’re here all the time anyway - it’s much easier for me to get your drunk ass to bed if it’s right down the hall, not across town.”

Gwen didn’t reply, she just turned and walked out of the room. He tried to peek and see where she was going, but decided to wait and not bother following her. She returned moments later with a bottle of wine. She set it on the counter and found the corkscrew in the drawer. She started to open the wine and then looked up to see him watching her curiously. “What? I figured if I’m living here now, surely I can pour myself a glass of wine.” She poured them both one and they went to the living room to sit on the couch. “Sooooo,” Gwen said, running a hand through her hair. “When you were being a massive mofo earlier, what was that about?”

“Mofo? Really? What are you? 14?” Nik rolled his eyes at her choice of slang.


“I need to teach you some Danish insults, they turn me on more,” he joked. “But Jackass works. I was definitely a Jackass earlier.”

“Yes, you were - now tell me why.” He could tell she was trying really hard not to seem as impatient as she was in case it was something she needed to be sensitive to. It almost made him want to make something up as a prank, but given the circumstances he decided it was definitely not the right time.

Speaking of bad timing, maybe this really wasn’t the best time to let Gwen know he was attracted to her. With her moving in now, and with him knowing she was still feeling awkward about their love scenes - he really did have shit timing. But what was he going to tell her instead? Should I make something up? Nik wondered. Or I could stall somehow maybe. “I’m hungry. Are you hungry? We should order dinner first, then we can talk after.”

He started to get up. “Sit down right now,” Gwen snapped. “We aren’t doing anything else until you tell me what’s going on.”

Well that didn’t work. He sunk back down onto the couch. He couldn’t lie to her, that was the biggest problem. “I like you being here - with me,” Nik said softly, almost timidly.

“And I like being here with you too,” Gwen replied, looking quite perplexed.

“No,” he sighed. “It’s just that - well - I think maybe I like it - uh - more than I should - if you know what I mean.”

She clearly had no idea what the fuck he was talking about, it was all over her face. “I don’t get it,” Gwen said. “And I don’t get how you liking me around would have made you treat me like shit earlier.”

Just fucking tell her. “The last few days -” He started to speak but when he looked into her eyes his voice trailed off. Fear gripped him so he reached for his wine glass and took a huge drink. Nik swallowed and then tried again. “The last few days I’ve noticed that I’m happy when you’re here and I get angry when you’re not - maybe not angry - lonely. Yeah, lonely. I didn’t notice before you arrived that I was lonely, but now that you’re around I really feel it when you’re not here.” Hey, that
wasn’t so bad, Nik thought. He had somehow found a way to explain what he was feeling and why he was angry while leaving out the part about how she made his dick ache and that he would love to go down on her. “So when I saw you at work today I took it out on you and I shouldn’t have. It’s on me. So I’m really sorry about that.”

She nodded slowly and it seemed like she understood and accepted his explanation. “Won’t it make it worse to have me living here?” she asked. “If you get used to me being around and then I find myself a place and move out - won’t that upset you even more?”

Nik shook his head and then paused and nodded, then paused again and shook his head. “No, yes, no,” he said along with the nods and shakes. He laughed at what a moron he sounded like and tried again. “I think it will help to have you around for a while to get me out of this funk I didn’t know I was in - so hopefully by the time we do find you a place I’ll be okay.”

“I guess that makes sense,” she said slowly. “So, you’re sure that’s it?” Gwen asked, looking at him over her glass of wine. “There’s nothing else that was bothering you?”

How the fuck could she read him so well? Nik felt guilty for not telling her everything, but he needed more time. “Nope, that’s it. I really, truly am sorry,” he apologized again.

They drank the first glass of wine slowly, but as they chatted about work and the script and poured another glass it went down much quicker. “I have an idea,” Nik said. This is a terrible idea, his brain told him, but the words were already coming out of his mouth. “You’re nervous about the sex scenes, so let’s practice one here, alone - just us.”

They had been discussing how limited her experience with nude scenes and love scenes was and he could tell she was freaking out about rehearsals, even though it was still a while off. “Okay,” she nodded slowly. “Which one should we do?”

“Which one are you most worried about?” he asked.

“There are a few - “ her voice trailed off. “But I think we both know which one will be the most, uh, awkward.”

“Page 68,” he said.

“Would have been a little too ironic if it started on page 69 huh?” Gwen joked.

“Perhaps,” Nik laughed. “But it continues onto 69 - that’s where it gets really good.” He picked up his script off the coffee table and flipped to the scene. He didn’t have to read it - he’d already read it a few times and had to go beat off in the shower.

“Are we actually going to do this? Right now?” she asked, wringing her hands.

“There are two ways these type of scenes work,” Nik explained. “You either practice a lot until it’s really comfortable and becomes second nature - or you completely wing it and hope for the best. In my experience nothing in between seems to work.”

“I can’t wing it, I know that much. I’ll freeze up and freak out for sure,” she admitted. “So I guess practice makes perfect.”

Nik tossed the script back onto the table. “The scene starts with me getting out of the shower, so should we use the master bath or the one down the hall?”

“Wait - are we, uh, actually taking our clothes off for this?” she asked.
“I don’t know what wardrobe has planned, but I suspect you’ll be wearing some sort of nude colored thong and I’ll have my junk tucked into one of those sock things. So sexy,” he added, with a smile. “So I guess if we just strip down to our underwear to practice that would make the most sense. I mean, if you’re okay with that?”

“Yep, might as well get used to it,” she said bravely. “Make this as authentic as possible.”

“Yes, we’re all about the authenticity,” he replied.

Gwen jumped up. “Let’s do this.” She finished her wine and Nik did the same. “You go get ready in the bathroom down the hall and I’ll burst in on you like the scene calls for.”

“Do you want me wet?” Nik asked. In the actual scene he was just stepping out of the shower and when they filmed it he would have to be dripping wet. His question left the air heavy with sexual tension though, he could feel it between them and it was a bit terrifying.

“Yeah, that would probably be best,” Gwen replied. The tone of her voice left his heart pounding in his chest.

“Okay,” he said quickly. “I’ll see you in the bathroom then.” Nik spun and headed down the hall. He quickly stripped down and had a cool shower, hoping it would help in other areas as well. He must have taken longer than she expected because when Gwen burst into the room to start the scene she got all the authenticity she wanted.

“Oh holy fuck,” she squealed. “I thought you’d be ready.”

Nik was reaching for a towel when she came in, but he slowly pulled his hand back and run it through his hair instead, pushing it back off his forehead. Gwen was wearing nothing put a lacy pair of blue underwear and he was completely naked. He didn’t reach for his underwear on the floor because he knew she was looking at his body and he liked it too much. There were many ways he could have quickly covered himself, but instead he just stood there and let her look him over exactly the way Priscilla was supposed to ogle Jack.

“Is there something I can help you with?” he asked taking a step towards her, just like the script said. He wasn’t sure Gwen was going to play along, but she absolutely did and it was perfect. “I had no idea you were in here,” she purred.

“Of course you did,” he replied, grinning at her. “You always know exactly what you’re doing. So what is it that you want Priscilla?” He took another step towards her.

“You know what I want,” she breathed, reaching her hands up to cup her breasts. The groan that came out of him wasn’t scripted. Fuck, this was a terrible idea, he thought. The aching and tightening in his groin told him that if he looked down he would find that his cock was already starting to get a bit stiff. If Gwen hadn’t noticed yet she would soon. She took a step towards him and glanced down. That was scripted, but her moan wasn’t. They were both completely turned on and there was no hiding it. When she lifted her eyes she was supposed to meet his gaze and say his name. She was supposed to look into his eyes and softly say, “Jack” before their lips crashed into one another and the craziness started.

But when Gwen lifted her eyes to meet his and spoke, it wasn’t Jack that came out but, “Nik.” And that was the moment it all went off script.
I couldn’t decide which POV to use for this chapter so I’ve opted to split it into two chapters so you get one from each of them.

The first one is Nik’s and the next will be Gwen’s.

I love you guys for all the comments on the last chapter - I hope this lives up to your expectations.

It’s pretty explicit and NSFW 😊

I’ll try to get the second part up as soon as possible.

Her almost naked body is pressed against me. Her breasts are touching my chest. Her nipples are hard. So is my cock. The thoughts were rolling through Nik’s mind like waves crashing on the shoreline - one after another, unstopping.

Gwen’s fingers were playing with the wet strands of hair at the back of his neck. Her other hand slid down to his ass. She was doing everything the script told her to do but there was one problem - he knew she wasn’t acting.

Nik knew it was real because he had a massive erection that was rubbing against her lower belly and still the “scene” continued. He knew from the moment she uttered his name, not his character’s name like she was supposed to. That wasn’t a mistake. She wanted him to know and see how he reacted. His reaction had been to pull her against him while his dick grew harder by the second. If they were acting one of them would have asked for a break while he got himself under control. Things happen sometimes that you can’t predict, but everyone knows that and it’s taken care of then you move on.

Not this time though - because this was real. He found her mouth, again, totally scripted, but when their lips met the kiss almost buckled his knees. You couldn’t fake the passion and lust they were both putting in. If anyone were to film what was happening between them in that moment it was complete pornography. Actually, it was X-rated reality TV because there was still acting involved in porn.

Nik grabbed the back of her legs and lifted her onto the bathroom counter. With her legs spread he could see that the material of her underwear was a different color, because it was soaking wet down there. He bent his head and took one of her nipples into his mouth. They might be using body doubles for this part of the scene, he wasn’t sure but suspected that was likely the case, yet that didn’t stop him from fulfilling it anyway. Gwen moaned and arched her back while he sucked, hard.

He released her nipple with a little popping sound and lifted his head. Nik looked in the mirror and couldn’t believe what he saw. His face was so raw and feral, eyes wild with lust and desire. He let his eyes wander down her reflection, her shoulder blades, and back, then the curve of her hips to her full round ass, covered with just a little bit of lacy blue material.

The next part of the scene would have the cameras showing their faces only, while it was implied
they were pleasuring each other below, off camera. There will be no implying tonight, Nik thought as he reached for her panties. Gwen lifted her hips off the counter and let him pull them off. He couldn’t resist holding them to his face to drink in her scent before he tossed them aside. The smell of her desire actually made him physically shudder with pleasure.

Nik moved back to stand between her legs and looked down at her sweet pussy, fully waxed and bare, just as he imagined it would be. As he went to reach out and touch her Gwen did the same. He felt her hand wrap around his cock and he moaned loudly. His dick throbbed in her grip, even before she started to stroke him. No one had touched him there in a long, long time, other than himself. He’d been married to one woman for over two decades, who knew what he liked, but even before their sex life was completely nonexistent, it was almost always all about her. Now this woman was touching him - this woman who had never touched him before - and Nik was positive that it had never felt this good - not even close.

She was somehow gentle but firm and her hands were so soft. There was a confidence in her movements that could only come with experience. While he didn’t want to think about the men she’d done this to before - he couldn’t help but be grateful. He closed his eyes as she slowly moved up and down his shaft. He wondered what her blow jobs were like, if her hand jobs were this good.

Nik opened his eyes and set his focus to his half of the act. He reached down and traced a finger along her slit, just barely grazing her. Gwen’s body shuddered as a low moan escaped her throat. He watched her face as he did it again, dipping his finger a bit deeper, where she was slick and wet. Her desire was thick and slippery on his finger and he remembered how delicious it smelled on her panties. Nik pulled his hand away and waited for Gwen to open her eyes. When she did he moved his hand to his mouth and sucked her flavor off his finger. It tasted incredible and he really wanted to shove his face between her legs and taste more of her, but they were sticking mostly to the script so far so he resisted.

The second he pulled his hand away she grabbed the back of his neck and yanked his lips to hers. Her tongue eagerly explored his mouth and they shared her flavor that was still lingering there. It was so sexy how turned on she was by it and for a second he almost forgot that her hand was still stroking his rock hard dick.

Nik pulled his mouth away from hers and moved to her neck, pressing her up against the mirror in the process. She gasped and tensed as her bare back met the cool mirror, but within seconds she relaxed again with a sigh. He felt her fingers tangle into his hair as she released his cock for a moment.

Nothing could have prepared him for the sound of her voice in his ear though. “I want you to fuck my pussy,” she whispered seductively. “I want your big dick inside me,” she moaned, getting a little louder. “I love a good hard fuck. Can you do that?” Well this is an interesting turn of events, he thought. There was next to no dialogue scripted, as the scene would likely have music overlaid. Gwen reached for his cock and started to stroke his shaft again. He’d never had a woman talk dirty to him and it was making his body feel crazy things. Her voice was so fucking sexy, all low and saucy. Nik really hadn’t appreciated her accent as much as he did in that moment. This proper British woman, saying dirty things in his ear was so damn hot he could barely hold himself together.

Nik needed to get her hand off his dick before it was too late. “If we’re going to make it to the fucking you’re going to have to let go of my cock,” he said, standing up straight. “And believe me, I can fuck you as hard as you want. I’ll give you as much as you can take.”

She licked her lips and slowly let go of him. Nik took a step back as she hopped down off the counter. Back to the script - he grabbed her and spun her around, then bent her over the countertop.
They were really playing up the sexiness of using the mirror - catching their reflections and having them look at each other. Camera angles would be tricky so they wouldn’t be seen in the shot, but they clearly thought it was worth the extra work. Nik had a good feeling they were right.

He put his hands on her hips and started to rub his dick in the crack of her ass. Nik could have spread her and shoved his cock in her right there, but as far as he knew this was still a trial run of the scene, with some added perks, so he stuck to the plan. He gave her left ass cheek a hard slap and Gwen moaned on cue. She also gave him a glare in the mirror that told him he would face her wrath in some form of payback sometime soon.

Gwen shoved back against him, bumping him out of the way enough for her to turn around and once she was facing him she put her hands on his chest and guided him back against the wall, pinning him right where she wanted him. Nik knew what was coming, but it didn’t keep him from gasping when she bit his lip instead of kissing him. It was more of a playful nip than anything, but it stung a bit - just enough to make it really erotic. There was pleasure in pain sometimes and this was one of those cases.

There was a brief pause in the action where they stared into each other’s eyes for a moment. Her blue eyes were so pretty, especially the way they sparkled in the light. Despite them still following the script he knew he was looking into Gwen’s eyes and seeing her true emotions, not the emotions she would need to tap into for her character. Nik truly hoped that she knew it was the same for him. He considered saying something, but he didn’t want to risk changing the course of what was happening because it was so damn erotic and unlike anything he’d ever done before.

“Take me to bed - now.” Gwen spoke one of the few scripted lines before they attacked each other again and attempted to navigate their way out of the bathroom and into the hall while kissing and groping each other, almost desperately.

Nikolaj was thankful that he had turned off the security cameras a few weeks earlier or their naked romp down the hallway would already be on film. He ignored a perverted moment of disappointment that followed when he wondered what it was like to make a sex tape and watch yourself fucking later on. Then he wondered if Gwen had ever done that and made a mental note to ask her about it someday.

Halfway down the hall was the scene of their next encounter - the big moment. It was the fucking against a wall scene that Gwen had brought up even before he read the script. It was probably the most graphic love scene he’d ever been a part of, though it would likely get edited down to something a bit more big screen, movie theatre friendly.

It was time. He grabbed her in his arms and backed her up against the wall. “I can’t wait any longer,” he panted, reaching his hand down between her legs. “I’m going to fuck you right here.” He paused and planned to skip the part where he said her character’s name, but he remembered what she said when this whole thing started and he finished his line with the right name. “Gwen.”

This was the moment of truth. They had already crossed many, many lines, but there was still one major line they hadn’t crossed. Did she really want him? Were they actually going to go through with it? Those things she had whispered in his ear before - did she mean them? Did she really want him to fuck her hard? Or was she just playing along? Everything he’d been so sure of only a few minutes before he was questioning. Nik wished he was certain, he wished he just knew, but he couldn’t risk just going for it with asking her first. So he took a deep breath, looked her in the eye and said, “Are you sure?”
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

The read numbers since posting that last chapter have been crazy - thank you all so much! You’re all absolutely amazing ❤️

Also, I have a question, what’s “bookmarks”? I assume it’s a way to favorite and save a fic you enjoy but is that the only purpose? Or does it give you notifications of updates? (I used to post on ffic .net and I know you could subscribe there). Sorry for being a total noob but TIA to anyone who can explain it.

And lastly - enjoy some Gwendolaj smut from Gwen’s POV 😊😊

“Oh God, you pick now, right now - this exact moment to get all chivalrous on me?” Gwen drawled. “Do you even remember what I - not so subtly - whispered in your ear a few minutes ago?” She was ribbing him, but she was honestly touched that he stopped to make sure she was okay with what was happening. It was so sweet and such a Nik thing to do. The man could be insufferable and arrogant and cocky and such a complete ass sometimes, but deep down he was actually a romantic. He would never pressure her into anything she didn’t want to do, but that was what annoyed her - she was pretty clear about her intentions so how did he not get it?

“Oh I remember. Don’t think I’ll be forgetting that anytime soon,” he replied. His hand was still between her legs, stroking the inside of her thigh. “I just, well, I wanted to be sure you’re sure -” his voice trailed off.

“Wait, are you not sure?” Gwen asked. Suddenly she had butterflies in her stomach.

“What? Are you kidding me? Of course I’m sure. Like I said I just wanted to be sure you’re sure.” His hand moved higher and her pussy started to ache again.

“I’m sure.”

“You’re sure. Good.”

“Oh my God, stop saying ‘sure’ and start fucking me already,” she moaned.

By that point his fingers had hit the spot and were working their magic once again. It wasn’t as if they had done anything too crazy so far, mostly vanilla stuff, but she was honestly surprised by how skilled he was. The way he kissed should have been a good indication now that she thought about it, because the man could seriously kiss. She couldn’t help but wonder if he was into anything kinky. He would probably tell her if she just asked him - maybe she would some time.

“I don’t know, I just can’t really tell if - you’re - sure -” he teased.

Gwen glared at him and moved his hand away. She could tell he wasn’t sure how to react, but he stood there with his usual air of cockiness, waiting. She let her eyes wander down his body. He really was a sexy, sexy guy. And that cock was, well - unexpected but very appreciated. It felt good in her hand. Gwen loved the control she felt stroking him and knowing how much he enjoyed it.
She licked her lips as she stared at his massive erection and slowly she started to sink to her knees. They had already gone off script, what was one more little diversion. “Oh fuck woman, what are you doing?” he groaned.

Gwen took his shaft in her hand and felt him throb and pulse. She flicked out her tongue and swirled it around the tip. The moan that came out of him was so arousing it made her squirm. She missed his fingers touching her and she wanted his cock in her so badly. Gwen took that cock in her mouth instead and started to suck him off. She felt his knees buckle before he caught himself as she took him deep into her throat. “Oh fuck,” he whimpered. She moved up and down his shaft a few more times when she felt his hands on her head, stopping her. “Please - you have to stop or I’m gonna come and the fucking won’t be happening at all.”

Gwen released him and slowly stood up. “Well, we don’t want that, do we?” she said sweetly. “So, um, maybe - “ she stroked his chest, playing with his chest hair with her fingertips. “Maybe we should get back to that script, hmm?”

Nik took a step forward, pressing into her and pinning her against the wall once again. He wasn’t taller than her, no man she’d ever been with was, but he was close to the same height and he had enough confidence to be almost domineering, which she found incredibly sexy. He reached behind and lifted her leg. “Action,” he breathed huskily.

Nik pulled her leg up over his hip and then lowered himself enough to push up into her while she kept the other leg on the ground. Just like that, in one swift motion he was inside her, filling her, and joining their bodies intimately. It felt so good - just like she imagined it would. He fit her so well too, not so big that it hurt but big enough to stretch her out some and really let her enjoy all of his length and girth.

Gwen wrapped her arms around his neck and held on tight. She knew what was coming and she was ready for it. He actually did start slow, really letting her feel every inch of him as he pulled out completely and penetrated her again, pushing all the way back in, as deep as she could take. He did it a few more times and Gwen couldn’t believe how turned on she was with such a slow pace. The position they were in was incredible too, the angle allowed him to hit that sweet spot inside her, but he was also adding pressure to her swollen clit each time he went deep and brought their bodies together. “Fuck you feel so good,” he moaned into her ear. “Your pussy is so wet, so fucking tight.” The sound of his voice when he was turned on was different than she’d ever heard from him before. A little deeper, yet almost breathy.

She had a strange desire to hear him say her name in that tone, dripping with lust. “Say my name,” she requested. “Say my name while you fuck me.”

Nik held her tight and started to speed up. “You like that Gwen?” he spoke into her ear and it sent heat through her entire body. Her pussy felt wetter than ever as he plowed into her. “You like a good hard fuck?”

“Fuck yes,” she hissed. “Harder, I like it even harder,” she moaned. He slammed into her, just like she wanted over and over again. Soon Gwen felt the early tingles starting in her belly, moving to her pussy where they grew stronger and stronger as he fucked her wildly. “Oh god, I’m gonna come,” she gasped, before she couldn’t speak any longer. The tingling sensation deepened and it felt like an electrical current pulsating everywhere his cock was touching. She held him tighter and rode the edge, until she finally cried out and dug her nails into his back. The feelings flooding her body were almost too much, yet she craved more at the same time - the dichotomy of her emotions was crazy.
What made it even better was that while her pussy was gushing with desire and throbbing from her orgasm Nik was still fucking her which seemed to make the euphoria last even longer. He braced her as he drove into her to keep her from slamming too hard against the wall, though the banging still echoed through the hallway.

Finally he pushed into her one last time, all the way in, right up onto his toes and his body jolted and shuddered. Nik tucked his face under her chin and she felt him lick her neck and suck lightly while he emptied himself inside her. It was so sexy that he was still giving her pleasure in his moment of gratification. That part wasn’t scripted - the scene they were practicing was essentially over and would pick up later in bed.

With his dick still inside her Nik kissed softly along her jawline to her mouth, where he gently brushed her lips and then rested his forehead against hers. Gwen rubbed his back and played with his hair. She loved running her fingers through it, even still damp from his quick shower earlier. They shared a really tender moment, just holding each other like that for a while. She could feel him start to grow soft inside her, slipping out just a bit. It was a disappointing reminder that it was over, but it was also nice to still feel their union.

“That was amazing,” he said, sounding sleepy.

“It was,” she agreed. Gwen didn’t often like to give him any sort of ego boost or satisfaction, but she couldn’t deny that they’d really had an incredible fuck.

Nik released her leg and pulled the rest of the way out and then collapsed to the floor. “My legs are so tired,” he whined.

It wasn’t until he was no longer supporting her that Gwen realized her legs felt like they were made of jelly. She sunk down and laid on her back beside him. There were a million thoughts going through her mind in that moment. Too many to try and make sense of, so she laid there quietly and tried to push them all away.

Slowly though the thoughts returned. She didn’t regret what had just happened - not at all. There was nothing to feel guilty about - they were both single and free. But the list of reasons why it should never happen again was growing by the second. She didn’t want to mess up their friendship, they were about to be roommates and they had to work together for the next several weeks. They couldn’t let anything get in the way of making the movie every bit as incredible as it deserved to be. Yet, the thought of never feeling his hands on her body again and knowing something more was coming was quite heartbreaking.

She needed to be firm though. This was not the time for them to be in a relationship. Gwen sat up with a sigh and looked down at him. “That cannot happen again,” she said, dead serious. Nik nodded in agreement but looked amused. “What? Why are you smiling?”

He shrugged, “it’s actually more of a smirk I would say. That’s what I would call it.”


He nodded once more but continued to smirk. “Yes, absolutely. Couldn’t agree more,” he said. “One time thing. Got it.”

“I’m not joking,” she added.

“Of course you’re not. I would never have presumed you were.” His tone was one hundred percent facetious and she wanted to smack him.
“I hate you,” she muttered. He continued to smile - no, he continued to smirk. Gwen sighed again and glared at him. Then she got up. “I’m going to get dressed.”

She started to walk away when he spoke. “I fucking love your ass,” Nik called out. Gwen flipped him off over her shoulder and kept walking. She didn’t turn around so he wouldn’t see her smiling. “One time thing,” she mumbled when he was out of earshot. “Never again.” She entered the bedroom where her clothes were then flopped onto the bed and exhaled loudly wondering how the hell she was going to keep herself from jumping that sexy piece of Danish ass the next chance she got.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Since I had some tag questioning recently I added a cute little dream scene at the start. I like to imagine that Nik has Braime dreams sometimes :)

Thanks again to everyone for all the support and for reaching out. I can’t express how much it means to me ❤

As for the rest - I think we may have hit a smutty patch for a little bit 😅 Enjoy!

“Brienne, hey, Brienne - what’s that one’s name again?” Jaime asked, pointing at the little blonde boy.

“How can you not tell our children apart, Jaime?” she scolded him.

“I had the first 5 down, but these last two sets of twins,” he sighed. “They just all start to look the same. Blonde hair, blue eyes, adorable - and loud, so loud.”

“Well, you might want to figure them out before the next one is born,” Brienne said, rubbing her belly.

“You’re pregnant again?” he jokingly moaned. “How does that happen?”

“I think you know how it happens and if you want to stop doing the thing that makes it happen -” she said, giving him an amused smile and a shrug.

Jaime stood up and walked over to her. He wrapped his arms around her and kissed her lips. When he drew back he placed a hand over her belly where another one of his babies, or two, was growing. They were both exhausted at times and completely stressed, but he wouldn’t change any of it for the world. Truth was, he knew all their names, all the tiny differences in their looks, and their unique personalities and he loved every single one of them, just like he would love any others they were blessed with. “I love you,” he whispered, his hand still on her belly. “Both of you,” he added, looking up at Brienne and kissing her again.

“Maybe all three,” she said, with a laugh.

“Please no,” he chuckled. “I really think 10 is enough.”

Nikolaj was still amused by his Braime Bunch dream as he brushed his teeth the next morning. It wasn’t the first time he’d had dreams about Jaime and Brienne, but it had been a while. The reappearance of Gwen in his life and perhaps their encounter the night before must have triggered it.

He was in his bathroom, standing at the sink in his underwear. On the counter was the underwear he’d pulled off Gwen the night before in the guest bath. When she left to get dressed she forgot to grab them so he’d shoved them in his pocket when he put his clothes back on. He’d intended to give them back after he teased her a bit, but they had another glass of wine and he convinced her to just stay the night and he’d never got around to it.
Nik picked them up and examined them. They looked really good on her and even better off. He closed his eyes and held them up to his face again. Her scent lingered on them and it instantly brought back flashes of the night before - the way she tasted, the way she smelled, the sounds she made, the way it felt to fuck her.

He found himself smiling again as he set the panties back down. He had fucked Gwendoline. They actually had sex. They banged like lust crazed lovers up against the fucking wall in his hallway. It had been so long since he’d been laid, but this was far beyond what he ever could have hoped for or expected. It was good, more than good, it was amazing. He was actually thinking it might have been the best fuck he’s ever had. Perhaps if he fucked her again, just one more time, he could decide for sure. He was grinning like a fool at the very thought.

But Gwen was adamant that it was a one time event, which was actually the funniest thing he’d heard in a while. Did she really think that they could work together and live together with ample opportunity to fuck and it wouldn’t happen again? He was quite certain it wouldn’t have taken much to get her in his bed the night before, but they had drank enough to get her buzzed and he didn’t want to take advantage of her then.

We’re both sober this morning though, he thought. Just picturing her ass and how it felt in his hands was enough to make his dick as hard as a rock. Nik looked down at the tent he was pitching in his boxers and smiled. He knew Gwen was already in the kitchen, probably making coffee, so he didn’t bother putting anything else on and strutted out to the kitchen to join her.

“Morning,” Nik said, heading for the coffee pot. He poured a cup and then turned around, leaning against the counter while he took a sip.

“Morni - oh God,” she gasped, turning away.

“What?” Nik asked, trying not to actually laugh out loud.

Gwen turned back and pointed. “You have a massive erection,” she hissed. She was wearing one of his shirts again, but no pants. He knew her only panties were in his bathroom, which meant - Nik fought back the groan, but he couldn’t do a thing to stop his dick from throbbing.

“Oh yeah, I hadn’t noticed,” he said casually, while adjusting himself. Nik licked his lips, looked down and then up at her. “It’d be a shame to waste it,” he said.

Gwen rolled her eyes, “Want me to go see if your neighbor wants to help you out?”

“Nah, I’m not really into dudes,” he replied.

“Other neighbor,” she said, raising her eyebrows.

“Oh yes,” he nodded. “Well I’m not so sure Mildred, the 85 year old widow, can handle all of this.” He swirled his hands around his package area and grinned. “You know, with her arthritis and all.”

“You cut her grass don’t you?” Gwen asked.

“I find it funny that you think I cut my own grass,” he said. “But yeah, when my landscapers come I usually send them over,” he added sheepishly. “Why are we talking about old ladies and lawn care?”

“I was hoping it might tame the -” She waved her hand. “The snake in there.”

“The giant python?” he said cockily.
“The common garter snake,” she sneered.

Nik took a step in her direction. “You seemed to enjoy the common, average, snake last night.”

When Gwen didn’t back up he moved closer until he could reach out and put his hands on her hips. “What’s one more time going to hurt?” He could tell he was getting to her. He could also tell he’d been right about her not having anything on under the t-shirt. She closed her eyes and sighed, a soft, breathy sigh that sounded really sexy.

Gwen pushed her hips forward until she was brushing against his hard on and Nik smiled in satisfaction. It had almost been too easy. Perhaps the next time he would make her work for it, because there would be a third time and a fourth and he would love to see her beg someday.

He gathered up the t-shirt material in his left hand and confirmed his suspicions. “It appears you may have forgot your undergarments,” Nik said, slipping a hand around to feel that sweet ass he loved so much. Her skin was soft, her ass so round and perfect. He squeezed it, hard, and she moaned.

“You wouldn’t happen to know where my panties are now would you?” Gwen asked. “I went to find them last night in the bathroom - where I left them - and lo and behold they were gone.”

“Hmm, I think I vaguely remember seeing something lacy on the counter in my bathroom,” Nik replied. “They may have had something to do with the current state of my penis.”

“You’re a pervert, you know that right?” Gwen breathed.

Nik groaned, “How do you make that sound so sexy?”

“It’s a talent,” she said casually. Gwen slipped out from behind him and wandered slowly over to the kitchen table, lifting her arms above her head while she walked, which gave him just a glimpse of her perfect apple shaped ass. She leaned over on the table to reach for her coffee on the other side, instead of just walking around, leaving her completely exposed.

“Well played,” Nik groaned, bending his head for a better look. She took a sip of the coffee and then leaned over again to put it back. Before she could stand up again he was on her. He bent her over onto the table and rubbed himself against her. He wished he’d pulled down his underwear first, but even through the material it felt incredible. “You want this?” he whispered into her ear.

Gwen pushed back against him and then reached back and grabbed her ass cheeks, spreading her legs wider to give him a better view of her pussy. “Do you want this?” she asked, looking back at him over her shoulder.

Well, he really hadn’t intended on making her beg this time anyway, so there was no sense in prolonging things. “Yep, yes, uh huh, sure do.” He shoved down his boxers and grabbed her hips, eyeing her sweet, glistening vagina. Nik took hold of his shaft and rubbed it up and down her slit, covering the tip with her juices. His dick was practically vibrating in his hand, aching to be inside her perhaps even more than the first time.

He couldn’t take it anymore and shoved into her in one smooth motion, with a grunt. It was absolute heaven being inside her and it felt even better when he started to move. She quickly braced herself on the table as he shoved deep inside, working his hips to push in and out. “Oh God Nik, oh fuck,” she cried. “That feels so good.”

He thought about the night before and how much she loved it when he fucked her hard and fast. When she came and he continued to fuck her he had no idea he was going to be able to hold on as
long as he had, but he loved how sexy and blissful she looked and didn’t want it to end so somehow
he kept himself in check just a little longer.

With the way he was feeling though, Nik was pretty sure he wasn’t going to outlast her this time, so
he wanted to make the most of it while he could. When he sped up the table shook with each thrust
and he saw her coffee splashing onto the table, but he didn’t give a fuck if the entire thing fell off the
table and smashed on the floor. Nothing could stop him from pounding her until he came.

“Oh fuck yes, harder, harder,” she cried out. Well, it was a form of begging, Nik thought feeling
satisfied. He gave her what she wanted though, fucking her faster and harder, enjoying the sound of
their bodies slapping together.

When it was clear he wasn’t going to outlast her Nik pulled out and came on her ass. He quickly
wiped it off with a napkin, while they both panted, then he spun her around and urged her up onto
the table. “Lay down,” he commanded her. She gave him a thankful look and laid back, not caring
that she was likely going to get coffee in her hair from the splatter they created.

Nik spread her legs and dove in, face first into her pussy. Eating her out was literally the best
breakfast he’d ever had. Gwen was so turned on she was writhing and moaning with pleasure as he
nibbled at her folds. She’d likely been pretty close to coming when he’d pulled out, so he knew it
wouldn’t take too long, but when she grabbed his head and lifted her ass off the table, he was
shocked when he realized she was already there.

He tried to suck her clit but she sucked in a breath and shoved him away. Nik pulled back, looking
amused, as he wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. “Fuck off,” she pouted. “It’s sensitive right
after sometimes.” She sat up and slid off the table. “But that’s not something you’ll have to worry
about ever again,” she said matter of factly. “Because that really was the last time.”

Nik chuckled and that got him a serious glare. “Oh come on Gwen, do you really believe that?”

She sighed and her face softened. “It’s not because I want it to be, but it needs to be.”

“How about we just quit talking about it, putting parameters on things, and just go with the flow,” he
said, shrugging.

“Go with the flow,” she repeated, mocking him. “How are you always so laid back about
everything?”

“I just don’t see the point in getting all worked up over things you can’t change,” Nik said, smirking.

She shook her head. “But we can change them.”

He cocked his head to the side, “Do we really need to?”

Gwen licked her lips, but didn’t reply. He had no idea what she was thinking which was a bit
unnerving because he could usually read her very well, either that or she expressed her feelings very
openly - and loudly. “I’m going to go find my underwear and get dressed. Then, we are going to
make a list of things that you need to get done before our guests start arriving, with washing the
vagina smell off your face at the very top.”

“But it smells so good,” he chuckled.

“Ugh, pervert,” she groaned. “Anyway, then I’ll be going home to get ready for this party and when
I come back tonight we need to pretend we haven’t been fucking.”
“Aye aye captain,” he said, saluting her.

“You better behave,” Gwen hissed. “Tonight is about spending time with old friends and sharing the news about our movie - nothing more.”

“Absolutely,” Nik nodded, batting his eyelashes at her.

“God you’re insufferable,” she muttered, spinning around to leave the room. He caught another glimpse of her ass as she left and he wondered if he would get to touch it again soon - perhaps after the guests were gone - or maybe even - during the party.
Chapter 12

I didn’t think I was going to get this thing finished today, but yes! And it’s a long one :) Hope you guys enjoy it.

When Gwendoline left Nik’s house she swore she wasn’t going to spend the day thinking about him and everything that happened. She didn’t want to become one of those flaky girls who swoon and daydream about some man all day long - some really sexy man with a very skilled tongue. A skilled tongue, a great ass, a nice solid, muscled chest and broad shoulders and an adorable smile - “Oh fuck it all,” she snapped, slamming a hand on the steering wheel.

She turned on the radio. Gwen loved singing along in the car - it was always her go to way of clearing her mind. She was already singing along with the first song before she actually noticed what she was singing, “Gonna wrap my arms around you, hold you close to me. Oh, babe, I wanna taste your lips, I wanna fill your fantasy.” She quickly poked at the radio and the song on the next station was Thinking Out Loud by Ed Sheeran. “Are you fucking kidding me?” She muttered. She gave it one more try - I’d get down on my knees, I’d do anything for you, don’t want anybody else. When I think about you, I touch myself.

Gwen shut off the radio with an angry finger jab. “I’ll sing my own songs,” she muttered out loud. She drummed her fingers on the steering wheel and tried to think of something. Madonna was usually her first choice, but Like a Virgin and Justify my Love were the first ones that came to mind, so she opted for showtunes instead and spent the entire drive singing about lollipops, yellow brick roads and all that jazz.

When she got back to her hotel she grabbed the remote, flopped on the bed and turned on the Twin Peaks reboot on Netflix. She’d already watched it 4 times through, but it was just the distraction she needed to keep her mind off a certain Danish god. Unfortunately, she got a little too lost in her favorite series and when she noticed the time she only had an hour to get ready and get back to Nik’s place.

She somehow managed to show up at his door only 15 minutes late. “You’re late,” were the first words out of his mouth when he pulled open the door.

“Traffic was awful,” she lied. He called her on it with a look. “Oh fine, I was watching the telly and I lost track of time.”

“Here,” Nik held something out to her. It was a key.

“I sincerely hope you showered first,” she said, taking it from him.

“Nope,” he shook his head. “In fact, I gave the key cutting guy at Lowe’s all the sordid details of how my morning went.”

Gwen rolled her eyes. She knew the second part obviously wasn’t true, but she actually wondered if he’d gone to the hardware store before he cleaned himself up. She didn’t want to think about any of that though, since she’d made out so well most of the day not thinking about any of it. “Okay, what’s
still left to do?”

“Nothing,” Nik replied.

“Nothing,” she repeated. “You’ve done everything on the list?”

He nodded. “I also cleaned the pool, chopped some wood for the fire pit, and set up the bar area out on the deck.” Gwen couldn’t hide the look of surprise. “But from this moment forward - it’s your show.”

She spent some time checking over all the jobs she’d left him while he followed her around with that damn cocky smirk and made egotistical commentary about the quality of his work. She didn’t have much to counter with because he really had effectively done everything she asked.

Gwen was saved by the sound of the doorbell. She glanced at the clock. “It’s a bit early,” she said, wondering who was there already. She ran to the door and pulled it open. Gwen squealed with delight when she saw who was at the door. “Alfie? My love! What are you doing here? I didn’t think you were coming.”

She grabbed him and pulled him in for a hug. With their height difference she was pretty much squishing his face into her boobs, but they were used to it. “Where is Toni?” Alfie was one of her closest friends on set. They adored one another and used to talk all the time. They had drifted apart some the last few months, but seeing him made her realize how desperately she missed him.

“I hope it’s okay I’m here early,” he said as she released him. “I can’t stay late because I’m flying out on the red eye - my flight this morning was delayed so I thought I would pop by. Toni is sleeping - she can’t sleep on planes so she’s trying to get in some rest while she can,” Alfie explained.

Nik and Alfie shared a hug and exchanged pleasantries. They weren’t really close but they still chatted comfortably, for a few minutes, but soon her and Alfie dominated the conversation with tales of old and Nik was looking quite bored. Gwen had just started to feel sorry for him when the doorbell rang and Lena arrived. They all went through the same hugs and hellos, but quickly paired off.

Even as a few more guests arrived Nik stuck with Lena and she stayed close to Alfie. Gwen couldn’t help but notice how relaxed and happy Nik seemed, as compared to earlier with her and Alfie when he looked like he might fall asleep. Peter had joined them and they got even louder than before. It’s a fucking Lannister reunion apparently, she thought with a sneer.

“So you okay?” Alfie asked. “You seem distracted.”

“Oh yes, I’m fine,” Gwen said snapping out of it. “I was just thinking I should start putting out some snacks and maybe make a round to see how everyone is enjoying themselves.” She reached out and grabbed his hand. “Come with me? Please? I promised Nik I would play hostess if he held the party here, but I don’t want to leave you,” Gwen pouted.

Alfie was an amazing cohost and they wandered around together making sure everyone had everything they needed. It felt so good to have so many people she missed deeply all in the same place again. There were people like Conleth for example, that she hadn’t seen since their last award’s show for the final season. Gwen got a lot of compliments on her dress too, which made her happy. She also caught someone looking at her a few times and while she gave him a bit of a glare, she felt flutters inside any time it happened.

A couple of hours after everyone had arrived Gwen gathered them all around the pool to finally make their big announcement. She grabbed Nik from where he was sitting and and they stood
together with everyone looking. “So,” she started, glancing over at him with a smile. “Nikolaj and I have some exciting news -”

“Holy shit, you two are engaged,” Emilia squealed.

Gwen’s eyes widened in horror. “No, oh my God, no - that’s not it.”

“You’re moving in together,” Emilia made a second guess, clapping her hands together in drunken delight.

“Jesus,” Gwen muttered, looking over at Nik. That one hit a little too close to home. He wasn’t any help at all because as usual he just looked amused about the whole thing. “No, sorry, wrong again,” she said, trying to laugh it off. Technically they weren’t moving in together, she was just going to stay with Nik for a while until she found a place. “No, it’s more exciting than -”

Emilia squealed again, “You’re pregnant!”

“Oh my God, please make it stop,” Gwen pleaded to anyone who would listen.

Kit stepped closer and slipped an arm around Emilia and put his hand over her mouth. “Sorry,” he apologized. “I got this. Go ahead.”

Gwen took a breath and composed herself. “Those were all great guesses,” she joked. “But, the news it - Nik and I are filming a movie together. But not just any movie - the latest installment of the James Bond series.”

It felt really good to finally tell people about this amazing career moment and the entire group was incredibly happy for both of them. There were lots of hugs and a round of shots for everyone who was drinking - which was pretty much everyone but Kit. She actually hadn’t been sure if he would even come knowing he’d been on the wagon for some time. But he seemed to be okay with being the only fully sober one there. Peter didn’t seem to be drinking much and Gwen really hadn’t had a lot herself either. Nik was drinking, but he held his liquor well and he had to be completely wasted before it was even noticeable.

The party continued to thrive. It made her really happy to see how much everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves, except Nikolaj. It still annoyed her every time she looked over and saw him smiling and laughing without her. Deep down she knew she was being absolutely ridiculous, but she couldn’t help it.

Things took a turn for Gwen when Alfie announced that he had to leave to pick up Toni and then head to the airport. He said goodbye to the others first and then came back to her for a long hug. They both promised to keep in touch better than they had recently and talked about dinner when he was back in LA in a few weeks.

Gwen needed a moment to herself. Just to splash some water on her face and take a breath. She loved parties and she loved being around people, but she tended to gravitate towards the ones she was closest to and with Alfie gone and Nik still stuck like glue to Lena the last time she was out by the pool she just had to compose herself for a second and find her mojo again.

She tried both bathrooms and they were in use so she headed down the hallway to Nik’s room to use his en suite. Surely no one else would go in there, she thought, so it should be free.

Gwen walked in and shut the door behind her, then headed toward the bathroom, just as someone was exiting. “Oh,” she said, startled at first, until she realized who it was. “It’s you,” she muttered.
Her tone had more edge than she intended and he didn’t miss it. “Uh oh, what did I do?” Nik asked.

“Nothing,” she said, pouting a bit. “It’s just - “ she could see his face and read his expression clearly - oh here we go - that look screamed. But it didn’t stop her, she just didn’t have enough composure right then to find her filter. “I’ve barely seen you all night because you’ve been attached at the hip to Lena from the second she walked in the door.” Oh that sounded awful, Gwen thought, wishing she could take it back.

Nik crossed his arms over his bare chest. It was getting dark and most everyone else had put some clothes on by that point, but no, not him. He stood there in just his swim shorts, hung low on his hips as usual, with that fucking delicious Adonis Belt in full view. “You sound quite jealous,” he said, his voice husky. Nik bit his lip and looked her up and down.

Gwen knew exactly where that line had come from. It was one of her favorite lines from their scenes in season 8. But unlike Jaime Lannister she wasn’t about to admit it. “I’m not jealous,” snapped. Oh girl, you are such a liar, a voice inside her head told her. “I just - I um, well you could help me out a little by making some of the other guests feel comfortable.” It was the only excuse that came to mind.

“You know Lena doesn’t handle group events as well as most. She needs to be around someone she’s comfortable with,” he tried to explain.

Gwen knew all of that. She really did. “Well I’m sure Peter would have been happy to stay close.” Fuck, I’m a total asshole, Gwen thought, sighing out loud. “I’m sorry,” she said softly. “I’m being a complete jerk. You don’t deserve this and neither does she. I’m really happy she’s here and I’m glad you’ve made her feel comfortable all evening.”

It wasn’t very often Gwen apologized to him, but this was one time it was necessary. “It’s okay,” he replied, looking genuinely touched by her apology. “She’s being very entertained by Pilou and Conleth at the moment so I know she’s in good hands.”

“Have you two ever - “ Gwen let her voice trail off suggestively. She had no idea why she asked that but it just came out.

“Oh God no,” he shook his head looking a bit repulsed. “Lena is amazing and beautiful and I love her but she’s literally like a sister to me and I am not Jaime Lannister.”

Gwen smiled, just a tiny grin. “No you’re definitely not.” She felt tingles at the way he was looking at her. The air in the room got heavier and just like that it felt harder to breathe.

“You know,” he started, his voice soft and sultry. “If there’s something you want - you should just - take it.” Nik licked his lips and lifted his gaze from her body to her eyes.

“Right now? Right here?” She asked, looking around the room.

He shrugged. “Depends on what you want.”

He knew exactly what she wanted. It was precisely what he wanted too. But the house was full of their friends and they were hosting a party. They couldn’t - shouldn’t - maybe - She glanced at the door and thought about locking it, but instead she turned back to Nik and pounced.

Their lips met and she kissed him passionately. Nik kissed her back with every bit as much lust as she was feeling. They craved each other, that was clear. She started to shove down his shorts and she pushed him onto the bed. She pulled them the rest of the way off, then lifted her dress up and shoved down her bikini bottoms, kicking them aside.
She glanced again at the door, but still she didn’t move to go lock it. There was a sense of urgency and excitement created by the fact that anyone could walk in on them. Gwen held up her dress and straddled him. He wasn’t quite ready yet, but she knew she could fix that in a moment’s time.

Gwen rubbed her pussy on his dick, over and over again. It wasn’t long at all before she could feel him getting stiff and then completely hard. She continued to grind on him. He was more than ready by that point and she could have easily taken him inside her, but she was enjoying the way it felt to rub her clit on his hard shaft and how she could control the speed and pressure of it.

Nik had been very patient to that point, but she could tell his reserve was slipping. He grasped her hips and ass first and then reached for her breasts. Gwen wished she had of taken off the dress and her swim top and could feel her naked tits in his big strong hands, but this was supposed to be a quicky so she hadn’t bothered.

Her heart started to pound as she heard sounds and laughter coming from somewhere in the house. Anyone could burst in at any second. That made her pussy ache just a little more as tingles of anxiety filled her. She decided it was time. Honestly, she could have got herself off with a few more minutes of clitoral stimulation, but she really did want to fuck him bad.

Gwen lifted her hips, lined up with the tip of his cock and pushed back. It only took a couple tries and she felt the penetration and sunk all the way down his shaft with a sigh of satisfaction.

Nik moaned and looked quite blissful, enjoying their union. She smiled at him wickedly and then started to move, slowly at first. His face told her everything she needed to know about how much he was enjoying it. She watched him for a while, letting his expressions and moans heighten her arousal even more.

Gwen shifted a bit and changed her angle, then sped up some. “Holy fuck,” Nik hissed. She concurred. She had found the perfect spot and was also able to press her swollen nub against his body as she moved. The early warning signs of her orgasm took her by surprise. She often found when she was on top she focussed on the man and didn’t always come, but it became clear really fast that it wouldn’t be the case that time.

“I’m so close,” she whispered, closing her eyes and biting her lip to make sure she didn’t cry out. “Oh,” she hissed, feeling the orgasm erupting inside her body. Sparks of light seemed to flash behind her eyes as the heat rippled through her from head to toe. She had stopped moving and was leaning on Nik’s chest with her pussy throbbing on his dick.

He moaned again and wiggled. Gwen started to move as her senses returned, but Nik stopped her. “I like how it feels,” he said, referring to the contractions. It wasn’t until they faded that he held her hips and fucked her from below until he finally came too.

Gwen collapsed on his chest again and Nik held her, stoking her back for a moment. “You should get up and get dressed and I’ll wait a bit and slip out later,” she suggested.

He made his dick move just slightly inside her. “Might make more sense if you leave first and I wait here for a bit. I was going to put some clothes on anyway.”

“Yes, you’re right,” she said. Gwen was about to slip off him when they heard someone grab the door handle. Her eyes widened in shock, but Nik acted quickly. He grabbed her and grabbed the blanket and then rolled, shielding her with his body and covering them both with the blanket.

The door started to swing open when they heard voices in the hall. “Nat, that’s not the bathroom - this way Love.” The door shut and they were alone again.
“That was close,” Gwen said with a nervous giggle.

Nik smiled at her. “Go,” he said, tapping her ass as she slipped out of bed. Gwen grabbed her swimsuit bottom off the floor and went into the bathroom. She used the loo and then looked in the mirror to get herself in order. She splashed water on her face like she’d planned initially and took a quick look at her reflection. It took her a moment to wipe the post great sex grin off her face but once she did she left the bathroom. “See you in a few,” Nik whispered as she snuck out with a little wave.

The hall was empty thankfully and Gwen headed right for the kitchen to get another drink. She was pouring a generous portion of vodka into a glass when she heard someone approaching. “Oh hey,” she said smiling at Kit. “How are you?” Gwen added some orange juice and picked up her glass.

“I’m good,” he replied. “I’m getting used to being the only sober one at parties these days.”

“I’m really proud of you,” she said. Kit had gone through a lot to get himself straightened up and he really had turned his life around.

“Thank you,” he nodded. They were quiet for a moment and Gwen took a sip of her drink. “So, I’ve found that my observation skills have been heightened lately. I notice things that people tend to miss under the influence.” Gwen took a deep breath, wondering where he was going with it. “I’ve seen the way you and a certain Danish man had been looking at each other and acting around each other,” he started, letting his voice trail off.

“Pilou?” she asked. “I’ve barely seen him all night.”

Kit gave her a look. “You know who I mean. I’ve seen him ogling you in a way that can only mean one thing. And while I’ve seen you looking at him the same way, I’ve also seen you shooting him daggers sometimes too. I mean, it’s really none of my business, but if you want to talk about it -” Again his voice trailed off.

Gwen took a huge drink from her glass and sighed. “It seems that Nik and I have had a few sexual encounters lately,” she said softly, making sure no one else was around. Kit raised his eyebrows, intrigued but clearly not surprised. “Like three of them - in the last 24 hours,” she whispered sheepishly.

“You’re both single,” he shrugged. “So what’s the problem? I always assumed you two would end up a couple if you were ever both single, though I never expected his marriage would end.”

“I don’t know,” Gwen whined. “It’s just that he so - so - so insufferable sometimes.” It was the only word she could think of. Her head felt so fuzzy.

Kit laughed. “I don’t think our definitions of insufferable are the same. The way I was, the man Rose had to put up with was insufferable. I put that woman through so much,” he sighed. Gwen honestly hadn’t talked to Kit since his divorce and she felt honored that he was opening up to her. “She was so strong and she tried so hard, but everyone has a breaking point and I finally pushed her far enough.” The pain in his voice hurt her heart. “She deserved better than what I had to offer back then. The show ending messed me up and I was already a mess before that. She tried so hard to understand what I was going through, but she show ended for her years earlier and she already healed. She didn’t get it.” Kit rubbed his face. “I’m just lucky we’re still friends, because I can’t imagine not having her in my life in some respect.”

“Is it weird for her with you and Emilia?” Gwen asked curiously.

“Maybe a little at first, but the three of us have been friends for years and we all honestly just want
the others to be happy. Rose and I were completely done before anything started with Emilia, and we were honest with her right away. The timing was never right for us before, but once the show was over it was - and Rose moved on to find a man who she deserved,” he explained. “Timing really is everything.”

“That’s what worried me,” Gwen admitted. “What if this isn’t the right time for Nik and I? We have this movie to focus on and it’s something I’m really proud of. I want to do it right.”

“You could always wait until the movie is filmed,” Kit said with a shrug. “But I get the sense that might be an impossible feat.” He smiled at her. “Listen to your heart Gwen. Quit thinking so much and just do what feels right. I may be out of line here, but I think you’ve had feelings for Nik for a long time, feelings you had to hide at that point in your lives. Don’t hide them anymore if you don’t have to. We only have so much time in this world.”

“When did you get so wise?” she asked, reaching out to touch his face.

“Maybe when I quit drinking a bottle of whiskey a day?” he said with a laugh. “C’mere.” He pulled her in for a long warm hug and it was just what she needed.

After he released her they shared a smile and Kit took her hand. “Come on. Have you ever seen Emilia do her Trump impression?” Gwen shook her head. “Oh man, it’s hilarious. Let’s go, you’re going to die laughing.” She had no doubt he was right and was already smiling as Kit led her into the other room to join the others - including the man who was occupying her thoughts lately and likely would be for some time to come.
I’m going to reply to all the amazing comments once this chapter is posted. You guys blow my mind with your kindness.

I’ve been trying really hard to keep updating frequently while I can but unfortunately my holidays are almost over 😞. I will still do my best to update quickly, but I know it won’t be daily like it’s been this week. I apologize for that. I know the quick updates are why the traffic and amazing support has really picked up lately so I hate to mess with that, but life gets in the way sometimes 😊

Thank you all again for reading 😊❤️

Gwendoline

Gwen was sitting alone on the couch when Emilia plopped down beside her. “Holy fuck, that Trump impression was epic,” Gwen gushed.

“I’m still waiting for SNL to call,” Emilia joked. The poor sweet girl was really drunk, but she was also quite hilarious. “Listen, I’ve been trying to get you alone all evening,” she slurred, tapping Gwen’s knee.

“Oh really?” Gwen asked. I think I’m going to need another drink for this, she thought. Something really strong. But unfortunately she had an empty glass and no means of escape.

“Did - you - know -?” Emilia started. Her words were coming out one at a time, slow and probably much louder than she thought she was speaking. Thankfully people were spread out and no one was paying them any attention. “Did - you - know - that - Nikolaj,” she leaned in and whispered his name, a loud slurred whisper. “Has - a - really - reallllllllly,” she groaned. “Nice - ass.” Gwen’s eyes widened and she looked around to see if anyone was listening. “I - played this - um, Game of Butts thing - once - and -” she giggled. “I thought at first - that is was a girl butt - you know, because it’s so round and delicious and perfect - but, it was Nik’s ass. You need to hit that,” she finished with a nod.


It was as if Emilia didn’t even hear her. “You’re single, he’s single - he’s fucking hortttttttt,” she made a cute face and Gwen couldn’t help but laugh. “Look at him.” Emilia leaned against her and kinda pushed her head, pointing towards Nik across the room. When he immediately noticed them looking Emilia gave a little wave and smile. Gwen gave him an apologetic look and shrugged.

“Okay, but yeah, for real - you have to jump him,” Emilia continued. “Or have you already?” she whispered, her pretty eyes shining.

Gwen scanned the room and found Kit. It took a minute but finally he looked at her and she screamed HELP with her eyes. He came right over and sat down with them. “Hey sweetie,” he said to Emilia.
“Oh, hi,” she giggled. “This one here has a really great ass too,” Emilia said in her loud whisper, followed by a really cute snort - if a snort could ever be called cute.

“Okay, we’re talking about asses here,” Kit said, nodding slowly.

“Nik’s ass. That’s what we were talking about,” Emilia informed him, louder than ever. “Don’t you think he has a great ass?” She turned to Kit. “I think Gwennnnnn needs to get her some of that ass.”

“Oh fuck,” Kit muttered. “So, Emilia sweetie, I think it’s time for us to leave - suddenly I have a bit of a headache.”

Gwen felt bad, but it probably was for the best that he get Emilia home to bed. It took the two of them, plus Nathalie to convince her, but eventually they got her safely in the car with the promise of a chocolate frosty from Wendy’s on the way home. By the time they were off several others were making arrangements to head out as well. Gwen was surprised when she looked at her watch and saw it was almost 2am.

She said goodbye to everyone as they left and was very proud that the whole evening had been so successful. Nik was outside waiting with Peter for his Uber so Gwen grabbed a garbage bag and started to wander around filling it with trash. The place was a bit of a disaster, but it really wouldn’t take long to gather most of it.

“What are you doing?” Nik asked when he returned.

“Oh, I just thought I would start cleaning up at bit so we don’t have as much to do in the morning,” she replied, tossing a Solo cup and some lemon rinds into the bag.

“Did you just throw lemons in there?” he asked.

Gwen froze and looked at him. “Yeah?” she gave him a confused look.

“They go in the compost,” he said. “And that cup you just put in can be recycled.”

“You’re not actually serious right now?” She really should have known that Captain Planet was going to call her on her garbage sorting skills. But it was 2am, she was half drunk and she thought she was being helpful by trying to clean up.

Nik walked over and gently took the bag from her hand and set it aside. “Let’s just leave it for morning,” he said. “It’s so late.”

“I’m not really tired though,” she said in a challenging tone. She had no idea why she wanted to fight him on it when he was doing something good and she should have been appreciative of his efforts to make the world a better place.

“Let’s go sit in the living room then and you can tell me about your night - like what you and Emilia were talking about?” he asked. She gave in and followed him into the living room, laughing to herself along the way. “So? Why was she looking at me and pointing?” he asked as they sat side by side on the couch. “What were you two discussing?”

“Your ass,” Gwen admitted, with a giggle.

“My ass? You’re joking right?” Nik looked unsure.

“Oh no, totally serious - after she told me what a great ass you have she also told me I need to get a piece of it,” she said, biting her lip to keep from laughing even harder.
“Oh the irony,” he replied, finally cracking a smile. “I don’t suppose you told her you’ve been there, done that?”

“Oh of course not,” Gwen gasped. “Not in her condition. She might have called for a round of shots and toasted it to us fucking if she knew.” Nik looked a bit relieved and she wondered if he wanted to keep it a secret. That made her feel guilty so she decided she needed to come clean. “But I did tell Kit.”

“Oh,” Nik replied, looking a bit surprised.

“He kind of called me on a few things,” she said sheepishly.

“Let me guess? He noticed you shooting daggers at me? Or was it the motherfucking heart eyes you were giving me when you didn’t think I was looking?” he asked, leaning back on the couch with a look of satisfaction.

“I didn’t do either of those things,” Gwen scoffed. He made some sort of amused grunting sound that made her want to throat punch him. “Oh fine, yes that’s exactly what he called me on - but he also noticed the way you were looking at me too, so fuck you Romeo.”

“At least I won’t bother to deny it,” Nik shrugged. “I bet it was something like this -” His voice trailed off and he picked up her hand in his while he gazed at her. It was probably exactly like that she thought, her heart starting to pound in her chest at the intensity of his stare. Gwen allowed herself to look back at him the same way, just for a moment. It felt good to expose that feeling and that emotion while she knew with certainty that he was seeing all of it. But before long she felt too open and honest - it became scary and she needed to stop.

Gwen yawned and leaned against his shoulder. It was her way of not completely ending the moment, but making it much safer for her. Nik slipped an arm around her and she wiggled closer and laid her head on his chest. The late hour and the alcohol were hitting her hard and suddenly she was very sleepy. She yawned again and closed her eyes. Nik was stroking her hair softly - between that and the steady up and down rhythm of his chest she couldn’t stay away a moment longer.

Nikolaj

Sharing a quiet, intimate moment with Gwen was something Nik really hadn’t known how badly he needed or how much he would enjoy it. When they were together it was always non stop banter, always trying to outdo each other. Even the three times they had fucked had been filled with lust and energy, both loud and aggressive. There was never a moment’s rest between them.

This was different though - Gwen was fast asleep on his chest, breathing softly and he couldn’t stop stroking her silky hair. Nik was pretty tired himself, but he forced himself to stay awake so he could enjoy as much of the tenderness as his body would let him.

The night had been a success, a much greater success than he could have anticipated. He really hadn’t wanted a party, but an hour or two in he was enjoying it immensely. Nik had spent most of the evening with Lena, it was true, but he’d also had the chance to talk to everyone else at some point and there was that stolen moment in his bedroom with Gwen.

The way he felt about her was like nothing he’d experienced before. She was almost too much for him at times, but even when she was overbearing and he was sure she was going to break him - he still wanted more. He could never let her know any of that though. Nik had to play it cool like he
was absolutely in control at all times - which was where his acting skills came in.

Nik really wouldn’t have cared if all of their friends knew that him and Gwen were, well, starting something, or whatever it was they were doing, but he didn’t think Gwen wanted people to know so he was doing his best to cover his feelings. His acting skills had failed him that night though because not only had Kit picked up on it, but Lena had as well.

It wasn’t that surprising that Lena had noticed though. There was a time several years ago that they had a conversation about the way he looked at Gwendoline and how dangerous it was. He’d still been married then and he knew Lena was only trying to help him. Nik realized that she’d been right and he very easily could have let himself slip if the moment presented itself. He had his family to think of and somehow he’d managed to suppress his attraction to Gwen and never did anything they might later regret.

Nikolaj knew that Gwen was a good person and it would have killed her to hurt people if they had of crossed lines while he was married. He honestly didn’t know if it was ever an option but he suspected she might have felt attracted to him too, at least a little. It wasn’t their time back then though and that was okay. But was it the right time now?

That’s exactly what him and Lena had talked about for half the night. They weighed all the pros and cons together and she had made him laugh and smile with the quirky way she saw the world. What it came down to in the end was that it didn’t matter if Nik thought it was the perfect time for them - if Gwen didn’t agree.

Lena had offered to talk to Gwen, but Nik declined. He knew whatever was going on between him and Gwen was something they needed to sort out together. Getting advice and venting with a friend was one thing, but having someone else involved was completely different and he was confident that it wasn’t necessary. Lena made him promise to call her if he needed to talk things over and he happily agreed. They had really drifted apart since the end of the show and he missed talking to her.

Nik looked down at his hand, still gently stroking her soft blond curls. He leaned over, closed his eyes and took a deep breath, taking in the smell of her sweet shampoo. As much as he wanted to just stay there with Gwen leaning on his chest all night, he knew they weren’t going to get a good sleep that way. He needed to get her to bed and then get himself to bed too. He planned to get up long before her so he could properly sort the trash without her scoffing and pouting about it. He appreciated her wanting to help, but his recycling regime was strict and he was quite anal about it. It was probably one of the things he would find most difficult about her moving in, but they would figure it out somehow.

He smiled when he thought about her actually bringing all of her stuff to his place and moving in there permanently. Well, until she found a place, he corrected himself. If she found a place, he added, smiling again. Nik yawned, which reminded him to get back on track.

He jostled Gwen a bit and she murmured something sleepily. “Hey, come on sleepy head, let me help you to bed.” It took a bit of urging, but finally he got her on her feet and down the hall to the spare room that would be hers when she moved in. Nik pulled back the covers and poured her into bed.

“My, so comfy,” she mumbled, snuggling into the pillow.

Nik pulled the blankets up over her. Part of him really wanted to move around to the other side and climb in with her, but he resisted. They weren’t there yet. “Yet,” he whispered, letting himself smile
at that thought. He leaned over and kissed her forehead. “Night Gwen,” he said softly.

“Night Nik,” she replied sleepily. The sweet sound of her voice rang in his ears until the moment he laid down in his own bed and crashed.
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

So I’m still working out in my mind where exactly I’m going next with this, but in the meantime I was able to get out one more fun, kind of sexy chapter. Hope you all enjoy it and bless you all for the sweet comments. I will reply soon - I promise 😊

“You purposely got up before me to clean didn’t you?” Gwen accused him as she wandered into the spotless kitchen that he’d just finished tidying. “So I wouldn’t throw out any more compost.”

“Busted,” Nik admitted. “Compost and recycling are all sorted in the garage and the place is back to normal.”

Gwen pouted as she took the coffee he handed her. “Are you really sure you still want me to move in here? I’m probably going to drive you nuts and then you’ll have to kick me out. We could avoid all that awkwardness if I just never move in to begin with.”

“You’re right. You’re probably going to drive me nuts,” he agreed. Gwen scowled at him for agreeing. “But I’m going to drive you nuts too and maybe you’ll want to head back to that tiny hotel room.”

Gwen licked her lips and looked at him. Nik could tell that she knew exactly what he was doing - so it was game on. “You know that I have like at least 30 pairs of shoes in my hotel room. I filled a massive suitcase with just shoes. Loads and loads of shoes. Heels, sandals, running shoes, a cute pair of boots - all kinds of footwear.” Who the hell needs 30 pairs of shoes, he wondered. “That’s only a small fraction of my shoe collection - the rest is back home in London.” Nik’s eyes widened. “But the point I’m trying to make is - I have a lot of shoes and I have a bad habit of leaving them all over the place. By the door, in the hall, in the living room - wherever I happen to take them off. You might trip on them, step on them, kick them - it’s going to be really annoying.”

“I can deal with shoes,” Nik said with a shrug. “But I also have a bad habit. I hate doing dishes and sometimes I let the whole sink pile up and it starts to smell before I finally do them. It’s gross, I know. But I never remember to empty the dishwasher so they just start to stack up.”

“I don’t mind loading and emptying the dishwasher,” she replied mimicking his shrug. “But you should know that I sing in the shower. Loudly. Very, very loudly.”

Nik smiled. “I’ve heard you sing Gwen, you have a nice voice so I don’t think that will bother me at all.” My turn. “I watch a lot of footy and when I do I yell - at the TV - loudly and I cuss. Lots and lots of profanity and screaming.”

“Like I fucking care if you fucking swear, asshole,” she replied with a laugh. “I’ve been to footy games with you before - it’s actually quite entertaining, especially when your team is losing.” Even thinking about Leeds losing made him twitchy. He watched Gwen interlock her fingers, put her elbows on the table and then rest her chin on her hands. “I scream sometimes too - when I masturbate.”

Somehow he took in her words, processed them and kept his shit together. She was upping the game
and he couldn’t let her win that easily. “I like to jerk off in the living room, on the couch naked while watching porn on the big screen TV.”

Gwen dragged her tongue over her teeth seductively. “Show me,” she said.

Unfortunately every bit of composure he’d worked so hard to maintain dissolved. “Excuse me?”

“Show me,” she repeated.

“Uh, I think you get the basic concept of jerking off,” he said, moving his hand in a suggestive motion.

Gwen stood up slowly. He actually hadn’t noticed what she was wearing until then. It was the silky cover that she’d had on over her swimsuit the day before, but it was quite evident that there was no bikini on underneath it. “I don’t mean that part - the porn on the big screen part. Show me.” She turned and started to walk out of the kitchen towards the living room. He watched the sway of her ass and wondered if she was at least wearing panties as he jumped up to follow her.

“You really want me to turn on porn, right now?” Nik asked, sitting on the couch in the same place he was the night before. He picked up the remote as she nodded and settled in the position she was in the night before too - leaning on his chest. “Uh, okay,” he said, turning on the television. He brought up the channel guide. “Sunday morning programming is looking super classy,” Nik said with a laugh. “We have - Fix my Computer, Then Fuck my Pussy - One Night Stand Gets Arse Fucked - Tits, Thighs and Office Supplies - or the classic - Cum Get Your Paycheck,” he said, laughing again. “That’s C-U-M.”

Gwen rolled her eyes, “Yeah I think I got that part. How about the ass fucking one, that sounds fun.” Nik gave her a sideways glance, intrigued, but she pushed his cheek gently, guiding his face back to the television screen.

He took a deep breath and selected the show. It had already started so all of a sudden a naked couple popped up on the giant TV screen. Gwen laid her head on his chest, wiggled around to find a comfortable position and set her eyes on the screen. Is this really happening Nik wondered. He wiggled a bit himself, but it was because he was already starting to get aroused.

The acting was bad, but there was some seriously hard core pornography happening on the screen. The man had a massive dick and a six pack, the girl had huge tits and a perfectly tanned curvy body. When she sunk to her knees and took that massive cock in her mouth Nik had to shift his position again. Gwen’s hand was resting on his belly, just sitting there so innocently. His heart was pounding in his chest and he was sure she could feel it where her cheek was laying against him.

The room was filled with sexual tension, the air so heavy and thick it was getting harder to breathe. Nik knew she could feel it too, yet she didn’t make any sort of move. He soon realized what was going on - it was a challenge to see who could survive the longest without making the first move.

He couldn’t help but wonder if the porn on the television was affecting her as much as it was him. She would be able to tell pretty soon just how turned on he was, but it was much easier for her to hide it. Was her pussy wet? Was she aching inside? Did she want to be fucked in the ass like the woman on the TV?

Nik licked his lips and took a deep breath, trying to calm himself and stay in the game. But when Gwen moved her hand, just her finger actually - a tiny little scratch low on his belly - he groaned. If that lost him the game he didn’t care for long because the next thing he knew her hand moved lower and started rubbing his erection through his pants.
There was so much going on that he couldn’t decide what to focus on - her hand rubbing him, the couple fucking on the massive TV screen, or the sexy woman wearing only a thin piece of silky material that was leaning her body on his. Gwen helped with that decision too when she tugged at the front of his pants so he lifted his hips while she pulled them down enough to expose him.

When she reached for his cock again it was skin on skin - her soft, strong hand wrapped around his throbbing dick. He forgot all about what was happening on the TV. Even the loud moaning coming from the television couldn’t tear his eyes away from the show happening right in front of him. Her hand moved up and down his shaft, slowly and Nik groaned every bit as loud as what was coming from the TV. “Oh fuck,” he hissed.

He leaned back and closed his eyes, letting Gwen work her magic. Nik wondered if she was planning on fucking him, and if he needed to give her a warning, but he had some time to enjoy it first. He still couldn’t believe what was happening. It had been weeks, months, he didn’t even want to think about how long, since he’d been with a woman and now it was like the two of them couldn’t go more than a few hours without touching each other - and soon, later that very day, she was moving in.

Nik opened his eyes once again and watched her work. He knew how to jerk himself off - he’d had a great deal of practice over the years, but especially lately, but even knowing exactly what he liked didn’t even come close to how good it felt with Gwen stroking him. She sped up a bit, but with a looser grip so her hand was brushing him fast, but gentle and it was incredible. When she finally did tighten her grip some Nik felt his balls getting tight. “I’m getting close,” he whispered, as a warning.

He expected her to stop or slow down, but Gwen just gave him a nod to show she understood and kept going. Nik held his breath as his balls got even tighter and his dick even more engorged. He gripped the couch as every muscle in his body tensed, waiting for that sweet moment of release that was so close. The sound of her hand swiftly stoking him was all he heard, even though the TV was still playing in the background. That fap, fap, fap sound filled his mind until finally - he exploded with a grunt as his entire body jerked. The jizz shot out the tip like a cannon, up first and then down onto his stomach where it landed in a white sticky mess. More followed and then some oozed out afterwards as Gwen slowly worked his cock just a little longer. A bit got on her hand, which she wiped off on his chest. She made up for it by passing him a few tissues so he could clean himself off. Nik wiped away the mess and then tossed the wad in the direction of the waste basket, nailing a three pointer from across the room with a cocky grin.

“Was that as good as usual?” Gwen asked, as she watched him pull up his pants.

Nik started to laugh. “Actually, I lied. I’ve never in my life jerked off in the living room or watched porn on this television. I do that in my room.” Gwen shook her head and smiled, then rolled her eyes a bit at him. “But I can assure you, it was far better than when I do it.”

“You’ll pay for that one day,” she said, giving him an evil grin. Gwen certainly wasn’t going to dwell on the moment, or even talk about it anymore - in the blink of an eye she had moved on. “I should probably get going,” she said, standing up. It wasn’t as if he really wanted or needed to discuss things, but he found it a bit strange how quickly she changed topics sometimes.

“I’ll have a quick shower and come with you to help,” he replied, turning off the TV.

“Oh no,” Gwen shook her head. “The last thing we need is the wrong person to spot us going into a hotel together and the next thing you know we’re all over the gossip magazines.”

Would that really be so bad? Nik wondered. “Yes, of course, you’re right,” he agreed, still unsure if he actually agreed or not. “But I feel bad that you have to do it all on your own.”
“It’s fine, really,” she replied with a smile. “I just have to pack it up and the bellman and concierge will take care of the rest.” Nik had never thought of that. Yet another perk of staying at an upscale hotel that she would be missing out on. She gave him a quick, friendly peck on the cheek. “Go shower. I’m going to change and head out. I should be back around supper time.”

By the time he was out of the shower she was gone, but instead of being sad and missing her presence he was excited about her return. “We should celebrate tonight,” he said out loud to himself.

Suddenly he had an idea. He grabbed his phone, found a number in his contacts and dialed. “Hey, Julio it’s Nikolaj - how are you?”

“I’m great - how are you? It’s been a long time,” Julio replied.

“I know, I’m sorry,” Nik apologized. “I’ve been living the bachelor life and haven’t really had anyone to share a nice meal with, you know?”

“But now there’s a special lady?” Julio asked, sounding amused and intrigued.

“Well, it’s not quite like that,” he replied, laughing it off. “A good friend of mine is moving in for a while until she can find a place and I would like to have a special dinner tonight to celebrate.”

“Good friend, huh?” he teased. Nik just laughed. “Well, you happen to be in luck because I just had a cancelation. What time would you like to eat?”

Nik considered it for a moment. “I’m thinking maybe 7? We start a busy work week early tomorrow, so I don’t want it to be too late.”

“That will work just fine. I’ll be there just after 5. Any special request for food? Or do you want it to be a surprise?” Julio asked.

Nikolaj knew that the chef he was bringing in was an absolute master on the BBQ. He also knew Gwen would try anything once so he figured it was worth the risk. “Surprise us. No seafood though and no vegan,” he requested.

“I know just the thing,” Julio replied. “And I have an amazing new adult beverage for you to try too if you’re interested.”

“Of course,” Nik agreed. They chatted a bit more and then said their goodbyes. He knew he still had several hours, but he set to work getting the table ready for a nice romantic dinner for two, complete with candles and cloth napkins. It would be the first of many dinners they would share at that very table and he wanted everything to be perfect.

Once he was satisfied Nik grabbed his script. He went out to the backyard and laid down in his hammock to read. He knew this movie was Gwen’s priority in life and he wanted to be sure he was every bit as supportive as he could possibly be - which included doing his very best work in his role. He honestly hadn’t been that excited about work in a long time and it was all thanks to Gwen coming back into his life. With one final smile Nik opened up the script and got lost in the Bond universe.
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

This one is a little bit different for these two. I know everyone loves the banter as much as I do, so don’t worry - it will return, but I hope you guys enjoy the slight change of pace 😊

“I think that’s everything Ms. Christie,” the concierge informed her as the bellman packed the last bag into the back of her rental SUV. “We are truly going to miss having you around,” he added. Gwen smiled and actually felt a bit wistful. It would be strange not going in and out of the hotel every day, walking through the lobby, being greeted by the friendly staff. Gwen knew many of them were just looking for a good tip, but there really were some genuine people that she would miss. She hadn’t really been there that long, but the place and the people had grown on her quickly.

“I’ll miss you too David,” she said, as they kissed both cheeks. Gwen tipped him and the bellman and climbed into her car. With a wave she drove off into the horrendous LA traffic.

Before she had left the hotel she texted Nik to let him know she was on the way, but she hadn’t anticipated just how bad rush hour was going to be. She made a quick text at a stoplight to update him before she got on the 405 parking lot. Her 25 minute drive took almost an hour, but she arrived at Nik’s place by 5:30 that evening.

The garage was open for her, but she noticed there was an unfamiliar vehicle parked on the side of the road out front. Gwen pulled in and parked and then opened the back to start taking her things inside. She caught a whiff of something and her stomach growled. “What is that smell?” she groaned, the second Nik appeared in the garage.

“That is our supper tonight,” he replied, looking very pleased.

Gwen narrowed her eyes, “You’re cooking?”

“Oh no,” he shook his head and laughed. “Not a chance. Julio is cooking out back on the barbeque. He’s the most amazing personal chef I’ve ever had. Just wait until you taste his food, so delicious.”

“A personal chef? Really?” She certainly wasn’t expecting that and she wasn’t sure how to take it.

“Don’t get all weird about it,” Nik scoffed. “I’m just happy you’re here and I thought it would be fun to have a nice dinner to celebrate.”

He actually seemed a bit offended by her reaction and she felt bad, so she went with a joke to lighten the mood, “You could have cooked us something.”

“Very funny,” he said, his face cracking. “It’s supposed to be a celebration, not a punishment.”

Gwen laid her hand on his arm. “Thank you,” she said genuinely. “It was a really sweet gesture and I literally cannot wait to eat whatever he’s cooking back there.” Nik nodded and looked satisfied. “Now can you be a dear and help me get all this shit inside?”

It took three trips but they finally got everything unloaded. “How much did you have to pay to check
“all these bags?” Nik muttered as he surveyed the suitcases scattering the room.

“Almost doubled the price of my airfare - and I’m not even exaggerating,” Gwen sighed. She looked around, then instead of starting to unpack she flopped down onto the bed on her back. “I don’t want to unpack tonight,” she whined.

“Have you looked at our work schedule for this week?” Nik asked, flopping down beside her. The bed bounced and her body shook with it. “You’ll be living out of your suitcase if you don’t do it tonight.” She knew he was right. They had long days ahead of them the entire week, so the next chance she would have that she wasn’t totally exhausted would be Saturday. “Come on, I can help.”

Nik started to get up. “Uh, no,” she said sitting up to stop him. “There’s no way you’re rummaging through my - my - things.”

“I think I’ve seen many of your - uh - things at this point, so what’s the big deal?” he asked.

He had a point. Was it really a big deal to let him help? The only thing that might be awkward, other than her thongs and feminine products, was her vibrator, but she’d already peeked in his sex toy drawer so it would only be payback. “What time are we supposed to be eating supper?” she asked.

“I didn’t say it was a date,” she grumbled. Okay, that had been exactly what she was thinking of accusing him of, but he didn’t need to know that. “You go and I’m going to change and meet you in the dining room.”

“Candles?” Gwen repeated. “There are candles?”

“Yeah,” he shrugged. “Seriously, why are you being so weird about this? It’s not a date or anything so you can relax.”

“I didn’t say it was a date,” she grumbled. Okay, that had been exactly what she was thinking of accusing him of, but he didn’t need to know that. “I just feel a little underdressed now, that’s all,” she added. “You go and I’m going to change and meet you in the dining room.”

“Candles?” Gwen repeated. “There are candles?”

“Yeah,” he shrugged. “Seriously, why are you being so weird about this? It’s not a date or anything so you can relax.”

By the time she tried on 5 pairs of shoes and decided to go barefoot it was already after 7. “I would have thought you could make it on time when you’re literally right down the hall,” Nik said as she entered the dining room. He actually did a double take when he looked at her though. “Wow, you look beautiful,” he added, standing up. Nik took her hand and lifted it to his lips, then pulled out a chair and helped her get comfortable.

“This not-date dinner is feeling a lot like a date dinner,” she said, scanning the table. There were fresh cut flowers as a centerpiece and the room was glowing with candles.

“You seem quite fixated on this,” he accused her. “It’s almost as if you want it to be a real date dinner.” The classic Nikolaj smirk appeared, yet for some reason she found it more sexy than
annoying.

“Oh no,” Gwen shook her head. “I wouldn’t say that. Nope. Not at all. Just making observations.” In her observation - the entire set up and the fact that he hired a personal chef and dressed up a bit - it was actually more romantic than any of the real dates she’d been on lately.

“Try the drink,” Nik said, gesturing to the delicious looking cocktail sitting in front of her. “It’s called - uh, something about peach tea - I can’t remember what Julio said, but it’s made with bourbon and it’s incredible.”

She picked up the glass and took a sip. It was amazing. “This is so delicious,” she gushed.

“Now wait until you taste what’s under here.” Nik lifted off the cover on the plate in front of her. “Usually Julio will stay to serve and clean up, but he had another booking so I’ll be your server for this evening.” Nik chewed his lip a moment. “I probably should have wrote this down.”

He was actually looking really concerned about forgetting what everything was and while she would normally give him a hard time about it, she didn’t have the heart. “How about we just eat?” Gwen suggested. “It looked delicious and that’s all that matters.” He gave her a curious look, but it changed to gratitude and she knew she’d made the right decision. “Holy fuck,” she groaned as the flavors of the first bite hit her. “Can he come cook for us every night?” It didn’t matter what the hell was on her plate - whatever it was it was absolutely incredible.

Nik smiled and took his first bite, immediately agreeing with her. They gushed about how good everything was, from the drinks to the meal and right through to the homemade pistachio ice cream with a triangle of salted caramel brittle. After the meal they stayed at the table and had another drink while they chatted.

“Did you see the proofs from the photoshoot?” Gwen asked. They had been emailed to them that morning, which was extremely quick turnaround time, but they were truly gorgeous and sexy.

“I had a quick look earlier,” he replied with a nod. “You look stunning.” Gwen was amazed by how they somehow managed to make the photos look classy, yet still sexy, but not at all trashy.

She pulled one up on her phone and turned it towards him. “This one is my favorite.” The way Nik was looking at her in the photo actually took her breath away the first time she saw it. Well, the way Jack was looking at Priscilla. It was a testament to Nik’s incredible acting skills. “You nailed that look - it’s absolutely perfect.”

“It was easy,” he said, giving her a little smile that made her heart flutter. What the fuck is happening to me? Gwen wondered, trying to shake it off.

A text message popped up and she felt the phone vibrate in her hand. She quickly read it and laughed out loud. “It’s from Emilia,” she informed him. “She’s apologizing for her behavior at the party.” Gwen quickly replied. Immediately she received another text. “Hey, what are you doing Saturday night?” she asked Nik.

“I have nothing planned so far,” he replied.

“Good. We’re having dinner with Kit and Emilia,” she said. Gwen texted her response and then set down her phone. Nik looked surprised. “She wanted to have us over to make up for the party. I told her it wasn’t necessary but she insisted.”

“Another non-date dinner?” he asked, looking amused.
"Yep, totally. Not a date at all," she replied, her eyes sparkling. She honestly had no idea what was going on between them. There was the sex thing that was happening - which was very enjoyable and satisfying. Then there was the usual harmless flirting that they’d been doing for years. But there was something else that she couldn’t quite put her finger on. For some reason she cared more about hurting his feelings than she ever had before and he seemed to care more about making sure she was comfortable and happy. It was bizarre but it was actually kind of nice.

Gwen stretched her arms and groaned. Her left shoulder was quite sore. She rubbed it and sighed. "What’s wrong?" Nik asked.

“Oh nothing much, my shoulder is just a bit sore from carrying in all those suitcases,” she explained.

Nik pushed his chair back and stood up. “You really need to learn to pack lighter,” he teased, moving around behind her. “Here, let me help.” Gwen held her breath and tensed until his warm hands touched her skin. She felt goosebumps spread down her arms as he gently worked her shoulder muscles and into her back. She moaned and relaxed, enjoying the way his hands felt on her skin and the deep tingling in her muscles as he released the tension for her.

She waited patiently as the massage continued, anticipating that moment when it would change from a massage to something more, but it never happened. A few minutes later he released her. “Feel better?” Nik asked.

“Oh, um, yeah,” she stammered in surprised. “Much better, thank you.”

He walked around towards his chair and when he saw her face he laughed. “Gwen, it was just a massage - I swear,” he said, holding up his hands.

“It’s never just a massage,” she replied, eyeing him suspiciously.

Nik sucked in a long breath and let it out slowly as he sat back down in his chair. “It really was just going to be a massage, do you know why I know that?” he asked. Gwen shook her head. “Because this is your very first night as my new roommate and I don’t want you to think I asked you to live here with me just so I would have a booty call available any time I wanted one.” For once in her life Gwen was speechless. She could have made some remark about how she might not actually be available whenever he wanted to fuck, but what he just said was too touching to taint in that way. “You know - you might just be my best friend,” he added, looking a bit bashful.

“Might? Are you for real? How do you not know for sure?” she teased. “I know you’re my bestie - Bestie.” He looked up and gave her a sweet, tender smile that made her heart want to melt. “Seriously though, thank you - for the massage, for dinner - all of it. Tonight was so lovely.”

“I’m glad you enjoyed it,” he said. She loved the tone of his voice when he spoke soft and low, especially with his accent making it sound even sexier. “I’m going to clean up and actually put the dishes in the dishwasher on this special occasion,” he joked. “But you should probably get to bed. You have a big day tomorrow.”

“So do you,” Gwen replied.

Nik shrugged. “I’m just an actor on the show - you’re the star. This is your big moment and I’m just really happy I get to be there to see you shine.”

Gwen blushed. She actually felt her cheeks turn pink. “Aw stop,” she said. “Seriously though, I need you there to keep me grounded and make sure I don’t turn into a massive diva.”
“I swear to you - I won’t allow that to happen,” he said with a laugh.

Gwen set her napkin on the table and pushed her chair back. “So I am going to go to bed, but I think since this is a non-date dinner it’s only right that you walk me to my door.”

“Oh is that the standard protocol for these things?” Nik asked, getting to his feet. She nodded. “Then by all means.” He held out his arm and she put hers through it. They walked slowly down the hall to her room and stopped at the door. “Well, here we are,” he announced. Gwen turned and leaned her back against the door frame. “Have a good night,” Nik added with a whisper.

Their eyes were locked and Gwen felt her heart start to pound in her chest. “I think, perhaps, there might be one more thing that’s required,” she said softly, licking her lips slowly.

“Oh yeah?” Nik played along, stepping closer. He placed a hand on the wall beside her head and leaned in a bit more. “What might that be?”

“I think you know,” she said demurely. Gwen parted her lips and ran her tongue along her teeth. He leaned in until their foreheads touched. The air felt electric and her whole body was buzzing with anticipation. She slipped a hand between them and grazed his cheek with her fingertips, feeling his beard stubble tickle her skin. He smelled so good. Gwen closed her eyes and waited. She was torn between wanting the kiss to begin and not wanting the delicate moment they were sharing to end.

His body shifted and Gwen tilted her head slightly, eyes still closed. She felt Nik’s hand on her lower back and then finally there was just the slightest brush of his lips on hers. She immediately darted out her tongue to lick her lips, pulling it back in just before his mouth touched hers again. The slowly easiness of Nik’s kiss made her feel every bit as special and cherished as the entire evening had and it was the perfect ending to a magical night.

There was just the slightest hint of passion, that moment where the kiss could have changed from tender to wild and frantic. Gwen knew if they crossed that line the night wouldn’t have ended in the doorway - it would have ended with his dick in her while they fucked as frantically as they had every other time. He knew it too and he pulled back just in time, leaving her panting and breathless. “I’ll see you in the morning,” Nik said, smiling at her. “Please try not to be late for once in your life - I like to show up to work on time.”

He turned and started to walk away. “Hey,” Gwen called after him. Nik turned back. She just needed to see his face and that sexy grin one more time. “Oh, uh, don’t forget to put out the candles.”
“Coffee, I neeeeed coffee,” Gwen was muttering when she came rushing into the kitchen. Nik glanced at his watch and was impressed by the fact that she appeared to be ready to go with close to an hour to spare. He watched her pour a large mug and walk over to the table where he was sitting eating breakfast. “What is that?” she asked, pointing at the second plate.

“I made you breakfast,” he said, smiling proudly. He didn’t cook much, but bacon and eggs were something he could handle.

“Did I say I wanted breakfast?” she snapped.

Nik was used to her moods and it didn’t faze him. She put up with a lot of his pissy moods too. He did give it back to her though. “I thought I was doing something nice,” he snapped back in the same tone.

“Well I can’t eat it,” she groaned. “I can’t even look at it. I think I’m going to barf.”

“Hey, Gwen - “ he said. He waited until she looked at him. “You’re toeing the line of diva territory and we haven’t even got to work yet,” he said in a hushed whisper.

“Oh God,” she sighed. “I’m just so nervous all of a sudden.” Gwen stood up and walked back over to where the coffee pot was. “Let’s try this whole scene again,” she said, walking towards the table again. “What is that?” she asked, pointing at the plate again.

“I made you breakfast,” Nik replied, repeating the earlier scene.

“Oh, that is so incredibly sweet of you,” she gushed. “But I’m just so anxious about work - I just couldn’t eat a bite. But thank you so much for thinking of me, you’re a legend.”

She looked at him and waited for approval. “Much better,” he said with a nod. “And we don’t want this to go to waste,” Nik added, reaching over to take the bacon off her plate.

“How can you eat a time like this?” she wailed dramatically. “We should go. What if the traffic is bad?”

“The traffic is always bad,” Nik said calmly. “If we’re a bit late because of traffic people will understand. It happens all the time - you know that.”

He finished eating while she stared at him. Actually, it was more of a glare that screamed ‘hurry the fuck up.’ Nik scraped the remaining food into the compost and put the plates in the sink.

“Dishwasher is empty,” he heard from across the room. He grumbled a few bad words but put the
plates and cutlery into the dishwasher. “Okay good, let’s go,” Gwen said.

Nik grabbed his keys off the counter. “And here I was worried about you making us late.”

Gwen’s anxiety didn’t improve at all on the drive. He tried to ignore her for the most part though. “We should have went a different way,” she commented as the 405 came to a complete standstill. “You should have drove faster before and maybe we could have missed this.” Nik shot her a look. “Well you never know. A couple of minutes can make a huge difference.” He turned on the radio, hoping she might shut up for a while. But no luck. “Come on, come on - let’s go people. What is the hold up?”

Finally he had enough. “You need to calm down,” he snapped. “If you don’t, I swear I will pull this car over to the side of the road, take you into the back seat and find a way to relieve your - uh - stress.”

He could feel her eyes on him. “Maybe I will keep it up if that’s the consequence of my behavior,” she said naughtily.


“I was nervous when I met you,” she said truthfully. “And you were a complete ass.”

Nik laughed again. “And now look at us - Bestie.” He playfully punched her shoulder.

“Oh, yuck - it sounds weird when you say it,” she said with a grimace. They both laughed again and he was happy to know she was starting to calm down some. “This is just new to me,” she admitted. “Don’t get me wrong, I love being the center of attention - you know that, but this is the first time I’ve been at the center of it all - at work. It’s throwing me for a loop. I feel like if this thing fails it’s on me and I’m letting everyone down. Not just the other actors, but you know, like women in general because being the first female Bond is supposed to be empowering.”

“It’s not going to fail,” Nik assured her. “Bond films have a huge following to begin with and I know the PR team is going to sell the feminist side of this movie - we’re in the perfect culture for it.” He could absolutely understand her worry. There was a time the success of a film in mainstream media was really important to him too. But eventually he realized that you can’t please everyone and he started picking projects that spoke to him, rather than ones he thought might be a hit. It became more about the love of the job than the fame or the money and it was so much better that way - for him. Gwen wasn’t there yet, so he wanted to make sure to be as supportive as possible. “You are magical on screen and magnetic. I honestly don’t know why you haven’t been the star of a hundred films. Half the world is already in love with you and the other half will fall in love with you when they see this movie.”

Gwen reached over and slipped her hand into his, just for a moment. “Thank you,” she whispered. He loved those rare, genuine and heartfelt moments between them. Nik was thankful they didn’t happen all the time because they wouldn’t be as special if they did. “Now eyes on the road - you could have slipped over a lane and moved up like 10 car lengths.” And just like that - the moment was over.

When they finally made it to work they were 10 minutes early. “See we made it,” Nik commented.
“Yeah, we left 45 minutes before we planned to leave and we got here 10 minutes early - if it wasn’t for me we would have been more than half an hour late,” she said haughtily. Nik just chuckled and followed her inside. The entire morning was a flurry of activity - from meeting the other actors, as well as the stand ins, crew, producers and directors, to the first prop and costume fittings.

Nik and Gwen ended up separated right away, which wasn’t surprising, but whenever they were in the same vicinity he made sure to check on her and see that she was surviving. “I really should be used to it by now, but every woman in this room is ogling you,” Gwen whispered, when they had brief moment alone.

“Is there something on my face?” he asked, staying humble as always.

“If there was I think I could find at least 6 women who would be willing to lick it off,” she laughed.

“As long as one of them is you,” Nik replied, leaning close to whisper it in her ear.

“Stop that,” she said. It was clear she was trying her best to be firm and use a warning tone, but it came off very different. She enjoyed it when he flirted with her, more so than usual, and it threw her off for a moment - every time. That was new and he really liked having that effect on her.

Before things had a chance to develop further a voice called out to them. “Gwendoline, Nikolaj, could the two of you meet in my office for a brief chat with Rosemary and I?” It was Mimi, one of the directors.

When they were all settled there was a bit of small talk and they finally got to the point. “We brought you in because we have an important question, and then some good news,” Mimi explained.

Rosemary took over, “We need to know your intentions with the love scenes. As you know from the script they are quite, well,” she laughed. “Steamy, to say the least. There will also be some nudity as well. We know the two of you are friends and these things can be a tad uncomfortable - so were one or both of you hoping for body doubles?”

“No,” Gwen replied immediately. “No doubles. We don’t want to take anything away from these scenes.”

“It seems you two have already discussed this matter?” Mimi asked, looking at Nik. “Of course our hope would be that you two would do the scenes yourselves, but we can edit it with doubles and make it almost as good if necessary.”

Nik shook his head. “No, I agree with Gwen. You chose me for this role because of our chemistry test - it’s important to the film and the characters so I’m happy to act the full scenes - no double.”

“Oh, great, it’s settled then. We don’t need to find suitable doubles,” Rosemary said, looking very pleased.

“Now for more good news,” Mimi jumped in. Nik liked how the two women played off one another. They clearly had an excellent working relationship and gave off a great vibe. “The final scene of the movie - Jack and Priscilla are together at a ski chalet in the alps - we had originally planned to find a spot locally and bring in enough fake snow to shoot what we need, but -” she smiled and looked over at Rosemary before turning back to the two of them. “Thanks to an anonymous donation we now have a much larger filming budget, so it looks like we are going to actually film that final scene on location in Russia at a beautiful little resort.”

“Oh wow, that’s amazing news,” Nik replied, genuinely excited. He loved skiing and had never actually been to a resort in Russia.
“Yeah amazing,” Gwen muttered sarcastically. “Who wouldn’t want to freeze our asses off in Russia?”

Rosemary looked surprised. “You filmed in the snow for Game of Thrones - I guess I assumed you really didn’t mind it.”

Gwen glanced over at Nik. “We are both actually the opposite of our characters - while Brienne grew to love the North, I’m not a big fan and while Jaime hated the fucking north - this one here -” she jerked a thumb in his direction. “He loves to frolic on the melting glaciers and freeze his nuts off in the arctic.” She shrugged, “I prefer to sink my feet in the hot sand.”

They appreciated Gwen’s honesty, though it wasn’t going to change the fact that they would all be headed to Russia in a few weeks. “Don’t worry - we will make sure you have a heavily insulated, yet very sexy, ski suit,” Mimi joked. “And I assume you’ll want your stunt doubles to do the actual skiing?”

They answered at the same time “Hell yes. No way.”

All four of them laughed. “Got it - no skiing for Gwen and Nikolaj will handle that part on his own.” Mimi made some notes. “Okay, so it looks like they need Gwen back in wardrobe for a few more hours, but Nik - you’re free to head home for today and we’ll see you again tomorrow.”


“All you read that scene?” he asked. “Skiing, snowball fights, kissing by the fire in a cozy cabin - sounds like it will be quite romantic.”

“I don’t know why we couldn’t have ended splashing around in the crystal blue waters of some Greek beach, kissing while the sun sets,” she whined.

“You can’t rewrite the ending no matter how badly you want to,” Nik said, giving her a look. “We know that better than most.”

Gwen laughed, “You got that right.” They stopped in front of the door to wardrobe. “Go home, I’ll grab a Lyft or Uber whenever I’m done.”

“You sure? I don’t mind waiting,” he said with a shrug.

“Go, I’m fine,” she insisted. “But you better have a glass of wine waiting when I get home,” Gwen added, giving him a smile before she disappeared with a wave.

Nik dug the keys out of his pocket. He loved hearing her refer to his place as ‘home’ and he loved that she would be coming home to him every night. Day one was in the books for Nik, and so far things were going really well. He said goodbye to anyone he passed on the way out and left the building with a huge smile.
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Sorry this one took so long. I had to come up with something to add a little drama 😊
Let’s see where that goes 😊 Thank you guys for being patient with me. I’m hoping to finish the play fic today too - fingers crossed.

Gwendoline

Once the Lyft driver had picked her up Gwen texted Nik to let him know she was on the way. She was quite serious about him having a glass of wine waiting for her and she knew he would oblige. He really had been extra sweet and quite wonderful the past few days when he wasn’t being annoying of course.

Has he really been that annoying? Gwen asked herself. She decided not to think about it because it was just easier to say he was impossible and frustrating than admit to herself that Nik was kind, thoughtful and ridiculously romantic. This thing going on between them lately was about two adults having a good time - that’s all. The sex was incredible, but she knew if she kept letting it happen it would keep happening because Nik certainly wasn’t going to end it.

She had already tried the one more time thing, and it had been a big failure. It failed because if she was honest with herself she didn’t want it to end. She liked getting freaky with Nik - she liked it a lot. He was handsome, sweet and they knew each other so well. He was a great kisser, an oral god and he knew how to fuck. The one thing she kept coming back to was that he was also a huge distraction. Instead of thinking about how her day had gone she was thinking about the possibility of getting it on with her best friend the second she got home.

I need to be professional, she thought. I shouldn’t be fucking my co-worker. Gwen sighed and bit her lip. But I really want to fuck him. By the time she got home she was ready to jump him the second she walked in the house. “Nik?” she called out, wondering where he was. She kicked off her heels by the door and set her purse down on the table, then she untucked her blouse from her pants and undid a couple of buttons.

“I’m in my room, c’mere,” he called out. Gwen smiled at just how easy it was going to be. When she entered his bedroom he was in the door of his bathroom. “Your wine and bath await my Queen,” he said, bowing grandly.

“You’re fucking crazy,” she said, with a laugh, starting to walk towards him. “I could have bathed in the other bathroom,” Gwen added.

“I have a massive jacuzzi tub full of hot water and bubbles with a large glass of wine sitting on the side. Don’t fight it. Just get in here and enjoy,” Nik said, reaching for her hand to tug her into the room. “You survived your first day - you deserve this,” he added softly.

The tub looked so warm and inviting. She reached over and dipped her hand through the bubbles into the water. It was the perfect temperature. Gwen loved a ridiculously hot bath and he somehow knew that. She wondered if she’d mentioned it in conversation at some point or if he’d just got lucky. There was a single glass of white wine on the side of the tub. “Where’s your wine?” she asked,
turning to look at him.

“I, uh, it’s your bath -” his voice trailed off. “I wasn’t trying to -” It trailed off again.

“Go get a fucking glass of wine, then strip off your clothes and get your sexy ass into this tub with me,” Gwen comanded him. His eyes widened at first, but he quickly followed with a grin and practically ran out of the room. By the time he got back with his wine Gwen was almost naked. She bent over, her ass in his direction, and wiggled out of her panties. She heard him groan as she climbed the steps and then stepped into the tub. She turned to face him and beckoned him with a finger.

Nik set his wine down and pulled off his shirt, then dropped his pants to the ground. “Commando? Really?” Gwen laughed. “You haven’t been like that all day have you?”

He shrugged and gave her a flirty smile. “Wouldn’t you like to know?” She couldn’t help but watch his dick sway and his balls jiggle as he moved up the steps and got in with her. “Now what?” he asked. They were standing, facing each other in the middle of the tub.

Gwen reached over and hit the button that makes the jacuzzi jets turn on. “Sit,” she told him. Once he sunk down into the water Gwen turned and sat in front of him, then leaned back against his chest with a sigh.

Nik brushed her hair away so he could rest his cheek against hers. “Tell me about your day,” he whispered, gently stroking her arm. Her whole body tingles with goosebumps and Gwen felt her nipples get hard. All that from the sexy sound of his voice and the light touch of his fingertips on her skin.

“You were there for most of the day,” she replied with a little laugh.

“Yeah, but I want to hear it from you. Tell me how you felt. Was it worth all the stress you were feeling this morning? Was it amazing? Was it awful? Are you excited?” She could barely focus on his words with the way his husky voice was making her feel.

“Today was actually pretty incredible,” Gwen admitted. “Everyone seems so nice, but also very committed to the project. I know people are always more gungho at the beginning, but I have a feeling the rest of the cast and the crew - they’re the real deal.”

“I feel the same,” Nik replied. “The vibe I got today was extremely positive - maybe more so than any set I’ve ever been on.”

“Yeah, everything was just amazing - well, except for the news about Russia,” she said with a pout. “What’s with that anonymous donation? That’s weird isn’t it? I mean, it’s amazing, but fucking Russia?” She moaned. “I’m sure it’s lovely there, but it’s cold. Way too cold. Seriously though, that donation - who do you think it’s from?” Gwen knew she was blabbing so she finally stopped.

“I bet you’re going to love Russia if you give it a chance,” he replied. She turned and eyed him over her shoulder. He completely avoided her question about the donation. “Snow can be so beautiful and peaceful - you know that from some of the shoots on Thrones.”

“Who do you think the donation is from?” she repeated, studying him suspiciously.

“Have you tried your wine yet?” he asked, reaching for her glass.
“Oh - my - God -” she gasped. “It was you. You made the donation. What the fuck?” Gwen didn’t know if she wanted to kiss him or throat punch him. “Why would you do that?”

“Busted,” Nik sighed. “Please don’t be mad.”

“I’m not - I don’t think - I’m pretty sure I’m not mad,” she stammered. “I just don’t understand. You probably gave back half of what they’re going to be paying you.”

“Almost the whole thing,” he admitted.

“Nik, what? Why?” Gwen turned all the way around to face him.

“I overheard a conversation that I probably wasn’t supposed to hear,” he started. “They had to make cuts to afford my salary. I felt guilty that they needed to cut corners to hire me.” Gwen couldn’t believe what she was hearing. “You deserve better. You deserve the best. I know I’m the right man for the role so you should have that and everything else they planned too.”

Gwen felt tears stinging her eyes. “You did it for me?” she whispered. Nik didn’t answer - he didn’t need to. They both knew it was the truth. He was literally working for free to make sure the movie had all the funding it needed. She drew up onto her knees and then moved to straddle him. “Thank you,” she said, looking him right in the eye to make sure he knew she was absolutely genuinely thankful.

“I really didn’t want you to know,” Nik said, licking his lips. “But I can’t lie to you either.” Gwen touched his face and drew her thumb along his bottom lip. He kissed the pad of her thumb. “You better not act all weird about it,” he warned. “I don’t want you getting soft on me.”

“Mmm, no we don’t want anyone getting soft do we?” she purred, sinking down against his cock. “I also want you to know that this fuck has nothing to do with your surprising news, I actually planned to fuck you long before that.”

“I would never accuse you of providing sexual gratification as a way of saying thank you,” he said with a smirk. “Actually hearing you genuinely say thank you is more than enough. It doesn’t happen very often. Thank you, sorry, you’re right Nikolaj - those don’t come out of your mouth very often.”

He wasn’t wrong, but she still kissed him roughly and bit his lip hard. It didn’t faze him at all, he simply drew her mouth back to his and kissed her just as aggressively. It still surprised her how Nik could match her every step of the way with his strength and intensity. It made her want to push his sexual boundaries and see just how far he would go because she was quite certain he wasn’t nearly as adventurous as she was, but he also displayed a vulnerable side with her in his sweet, romantic gestures, and she never wanted that to change. That’s one reason she couldn’t allow herself to test his limits. The other was the fact that they really shouldn’t be doing it to begin with so she shouldn’t be planning into the future.

Gwen pushed those thoughts away and focused on the moment. She wanted him and she was going to have him. She reached down under the water and grabbed his dick, hard and ready just like she knew it would be. She lifted herself into position to take him inside her. It took a little more work than usual, as the water was rinsing away her natural lubrication, but once she sunk down his shaft and started to ride him it was just as mind blowing as always.

She grabbed the side of the tub for leverage and fucked him harder as Nik worked to get hold of one of her nipples with his mouth as her tits bounced. He finally caught it, drew it inside and sucked
hard. “Fuck,” she hissed. It was pain and pleasure all at the same time and it really turned her on. Nik grabbed her ass and squeezed it, pulling at her cheeks as she moaned loudly.

Gwen slowed down some as Nik moved to her neck and kissed her, licking and sucking lightly. He moved spots and knew not to suck too hard and leave a mark, which she appreciated. They both knew how embarrassing it was to show up to make up and have them cover a fresh hickey. His hands moved from her ass to her breasts. He took them and kneaded them lightly, then pinched her nipples, eliciting a gasp.

If he wanted to get a little rough, she could play that game too. She dug her nails into his back and started fucking him harder again, then bent her head and nipped him hard on the shoulder. “Ow,” he yelped. “That’s going to leave a mark.”

“Whoops,” she said innocently. Nik shoved his hands into her damp hair and roughly pulled her down to his mouth, holding her there so she couldn’t move on him anymore. He kissed her in a very possessive way that was ridiculously erotic, then he shifted their position and took over the fucking.

Gwen was so turned on she wanted to scream. She could scream, as loud as she wanted - they were alone. She decided to just let it out and the closer he pushed her to the edge the louder she got. “Fuck yeah, you like that?” he asked. Why did it make her so damn horny when he talked while they fucked? “You feel so good,” he moaned. “Come on my dick.” Whether it was a request or a command didn’t matter because seconds later she gave him what he wanted. She exploded, her cries echoing through the bathroom. She rode the wave while he fucked her a while longer, her pussy enjoying the continued pleasure while it throbbed and pulsed on his cock. Gwen held on tight and took everything he had to give until Nik finally grunted and emptied deep inside her.

“You are so fucking sexy,” Nik murmered into her ear, holding her body against him as they both slowly came down from the incredible high. His hands gently roamed her body, caressing her lovingly.

“Mmm,” she sighed, letting him hold her as she laid her head on his shoulder and enjoyed the tender moment after the wild sex.

Eventually she moved off him and they sat together to enjoy the rest of their wine. When Gwen yawned it reminded both of them that they really should get to bed. They got out and dried off and Gwen said goodnight and headed to her room wrapped in a towel, clothes in hand. She forced herself not to over analyze things and just enjoy what they had shared.

Gwen slipped on an oversized t-shirt and went to get into bed, when she realized she needed to plug in her cell. She started looking for it, but it didn’t seem to be in her room so she headed out to the kitchen.

**Nikolaj**

After Gwen headed back to her own room Nik wandered to the kitchen to get a drink of water. He noticed her cell phone was sitting on the table and wondered if he should take it to her. He picked it up and noticed there was a text message from her Real Estate agent. His chest clenched and his stomach turned. He opened it and read the entire thing: *Hey. I found the most amazing place for you to look at. I think this is the one. You’re going to love it. Let me know when you have time to take a look. Hopefully soon, it’s not going to stay on the market long.*
Nik sat down at the table and stared at the screen, reading the message again. He wished he could make it disappear. He actually could make it go away if he wanted to. He drummed his fingers on the table. This was so wrong. He held his finger down on the message and then tapped on ‘more’ so the little trash can appeared in the left corner. With a deep breath he quickly tapped it before he changed his mind, then clicked ‘delete message.’ Nik realized there was one more thing he had to do though - so he quickly blocked the number too.

His stomach twisted with guilt, but it wasn’t nearly as bad as how he felt when he thought about Gwen moving out. If she ever found out what he did - she would kill him. He resisted the urge to unblock the number but there was no getting that message back so what was the point? He went down that road now and he couldn’t change it.

Nik set the phone down and shoved it away from himself as if putting distance between it and himself would somehow help. “Oh there it is,” he heard Gwen say. She had walked into the kitchen and he hadn’t even noticed until she was at the table beside him. “I was looking for my phone so I could plug it in and charge it.”

“I was just getting a drink and I was going to bring it to you,” he blurted out. Fuck, you moron, act normal. She looked at him weird and picked up the phone. “You really should put a passcode on that thing,” he added. Nik immediately wanted to smack his head on the table. What is wrong with you? He asked himself.

“I know,” she sighed. “I had one on there with the fingerprint thing, but one day it wouldn’t recognize my fingerprint and I forgot the code - so after an hour on the phone with Apple to get back into my phone I took them both off.”

“That sucks, but seriously - you need to be safe, especially when you have a tendency to leave that thing lying around. If the wrong person picked it up -” He let his voice trail off.

“You’re right. It’s going to be zero, then my birthday - day then month - then another zero,” she told him as she tapped at the screen.

“You’re not supposed to tell anyone,” he groaned.

“It’s okay, I trust you.” She leaned over and kissed his cheek. “Night.”

“I’m the last person you should trust,” he called after her. Gwen just laughed, assuming he was kidding. If she only knew how on the nose his comment really was - there would be big, big trouble.
Chapter 18

Gwen’s appearance in the kitchen was much the same as the day before, walking like a zombie, groaning about coffee. But this time she was still in a robe, though it appeared she had already showered and fixed her hair.

Her approach to the table and first words were also the same. “What is that?” This time though, she was pointing at the kale smoothie he’d made for her.

“Why does it feel like I’m in the movie Groundhog Day?” Nik muttered. “It’s a smoothie. Kale, banana and pineapple. I thought if your stomach was queasy again, maybe you could at least get down a smoothie.”

“My stomach is fine - Well it was fine.” She eyed it. “It looks like someone vomited bile into a cup.”

“Well it’s a good thing it doesn’t taste like that, isn’t it?” He replied with a smile. “Try it.”

Gwen wrinkled her nose but sat down and took a tentative sip. Watching her face was hilarious. It went from ‘okay not what I was expecting’ to ‘hmm not too bad’ to ‘wait, I’m not sure’ and then she finally nodded. “It’s alright.”

Nik watched as she reached over, grabbed the side of his plate and started to pull it over in front of her. “What is happening?”

“I told you, my stomach is fine. So I’m going to eat this plate of bacon and eggs that you made me,” she said, shooting him a smile. “It’s weird that it was sitting in front of you, half eaten.” Nik quickly snatched a piece of bacon before it was too late. “You can have my toast though, this should be enough.”

“How generous of you,” he said, rolling his eyes. Lucky for her, he had already eaten enough anyway because his stomach was actually knotted from the guilt of what he’d done the night before. It took him awhile to get to sleep thinking about it and imagining all the horrible ways Gwen could possibly react when she found out, but thankfully he finally fell asleep and actually got a decent night’s rest. Of course, it was the first thing on his mind again that morning, so he was trying really hard to act normal. It will get easier after a few days, he told himself.

After Gwen ate she went to get dressed and they left for work. She wasn’t nearly as bad in the traffic, thank God, and the times she did get riled up it was mostly amusing. Work was about the same too. They were planning to have the actors do some read throughs and start blocking some scenes the next day, but by early afternoon Nik was done for the day again and Gwen still had to stay longer. “I’ll come back and pick you up when you’re done,” he said. “I have some errands to do anyway.”

It was actually a lie, he didn’t have anything planned - but he was hopeful that he might be able to stop by Lena’s if she was home. He dialed her cell number and she answered right away. “Hey you, what’s up?”

“Are you home? Is there any chance I could swing by?” he asked.

“I am and of course. What’s going on though? Are you okay?” Lena’s voice was filled with concern.

“I did something really stupid and I need your help to figure out what I should do,” he explained.
Lena laughed. “I’m not sure I’m the best one to give advice on how to fix stupid shit since I’m usually the one doing it - but I guess that means I do have experience at least,” she joked. Nik said he would be there in half an hour and they hung up.

“Oh fuck,” were the first words out of Lena’s mouth when he told her what he’d done. “Why? What were you thinking?” Nik gave her a look. “Nevermind, I know exactly what you were thinking. You’re in love with her, aren’t you?” Nik didn’t answer. He actually hadn’t admitted that to himself yet, so he wasn’t ready to put it out there. “It’s okay, you aren’t there yet - I understand.”

This was exactly why he came to see Lena. She knew how to read people and she’d always been good at sorting out his moods and reacting to them positively. When Nik was pissy Gwen just gave it back to him. He loved that she didn’t back down - ever. It was one of his favorite things about her. But Lena was different - she gave him space, which he also appreciated. “What am I going to do? Tell me what I should do,” Nik sighed.

Lena reached across the table and held his hands. He looked up at her and she spoke candidly. “You have to tell her, Love. She needs to hear what you did and most importantly, why you did it.” She released his hands when she was done talking.

“I want to, believe me,” he said, sucking in a deep breath. “The guilt hit me the second I deleted that message. But I can’t.” Nik shook his head. “This movie is everything to her,” he explained. “I can’t do anything to jeopardize that. If I tell her and it pisses her off as much as I anticipate it will she will have a hard time working with me. I know Gwen and I know she will be absolutely professional about it, but she excited for us to work together and I just can’t do anything that will disrupt our chemistry or taint the experience for her.”

“I get that,” she replied with a nod. “I know what it’s like to try to work with someone you’re angry with - it definitely makes things challenging.”

“I know I should have thought about all of this before I did it, but when I saw that text and thought about her leaving - I just - I couldn’t let that happen. It was impulsive and so stupid,” he moaned. “But now I’m stuck and I don’t know what to do.”

Lena drummed her fingers on the table. “Let me think about this for a second,” she muttered. “I think you need to tell her right now, but I understand why you can’t.” Nik watched her face while she gave it some thought. “Okay, so what if you could tell her now, without telling her?”

“What the fuck does that mean?” he asked, not following her idea at all.

“I think you should write her a letter. Right now. Tell her what you did and why you did it, and also tell her why you’re waiting to be honest with her. Then once the movie is over - or if shit hits the fan, you give her the letter so she knows that you immediately wanted to be honest but had good reason not to be,” she explained. “Does that make sense?”

He nodded slowly. “I think so - that might actually work. Well, it might help once she comes around and doesn’t want to kill me any longer.”

“Maybe she will surprise you,” Lena said. “She’s going to be mad, there’s no doubt about that, but maybe it won’t be nearly as bad as you think. Especially if you’re ready to be completely honest in that letter.”

“How will I prove that I didn’t just write the letter the day before or something and back date it?” Nik asked.
“You could leave it here with me in a sealed envelope and I can vouch for you,” she offered. “That way if she questions it at all I can explain that you were here the day after you did the stupid thing and you left the letter with me.”

“Okay.” The knots in his stomach loosened. Not much, but a bit.

“Listen,” Lena said. “I need to take my pup for a walk. Why don’t I get you a pen and paper and you can start writing. I’ll go for a long walk and give you - say, an hour?” He nodded when she looked to him for confirmation. “Perfect. I’ll leave an envelope too and if you finish up and need to leave before I’m back you can go ahead.” She knew he had to go pick up Gwen when she was done work for the day.

Lena brought him the supplies and Nik thanked her. “I don’t know what I would have done if you weren’t here today,” he said. “Thank you so much.” He pulled her down and kissed her softly on the cheek.

“You’ll repay the favor one day,” she replied, pecking him back. “A Lannister always -” Her voice trailed off and they both laughed.

Once she was gone he stared at the blank paper for a few minutes. He wasn’t exactly sure where to start. But once he actually started writing everything just flowed out of him, easily. The letter ended up very open, honest and emotionally raw. He even had tears in his eyes several times. Nothing could change what he’d done, but he sincerely hoped that this letter would ease the sting when it came time to give it to her.

Nik had never been much of a writer, so it was quite shocking for him just how therapeutic it turned out to be. He was very certain that what he had down on the page sounded way better than what would have come out of his mouth. There was something about having the time to really think through each thing before he wrote it down that made the words feel more adequate and purposeful.

He had just read it through for the second time when he got the text from Gwen saying she was finished. Nik decided it was a sign that the letter was fine so he folded it, put it in the envelope and sealed it up. He wrote Gwen’s name on the front and added the date to the back, even though the letter itself was dated too.

Nikolaj scribbled a quick thank you note for Lena and let himself out. As soon as Gwen got in the car she let out a huge sigh. “You have to quit making me bacon,” she announced.

“How about we kick around the football in the backyard?” She suggested. “It doesn’t feel as much like exercise when it’s a sport.”

“I think I just got a hard on,” Nik groaned. “That was the sexiest thing you’ve ever said to me.”

“I’m actually better than you think,” Gwen warned. “And I will slide tackle your ass if you get too
cocky."

Nik made a sexy grunting sound, “You have to stop talking dirty to me or I’m going to jizz in my pants and crash the car.”

Out of the corner of his eye he could see Gwen looking at him seductively. “Maybe I’ll steal one of your Leeds jerseys to wear,” she purred. “I bet you could really see my nipples through that yellow material.”

“Oh yeah baby, I’m almost there,” Nik joked, gripping the steering wheel and faking an aroused face.

“Or I could order myself a Man U jersey from Amazon. I think maybe red is more my color.” Her voice was so sweet while she wounded him deeply.

“And just like that my dick is limp,” he sighed, sinking back into his seat. Gwen laughed at him for a full 5 minutes, then she filled him in on the rest of her day on the way home, with a quick stop to grab dinner.

When they were together, teasing and having fun it distracted him from his guilt, but when nighttime rolled around and things got quiet all he could think about was possibly losing all of it because of his own stupidity. Nik went to grab clothes for the next day from his closet and the bright yellow fabric of one of his Leeds jerseys caught his eye. He grabbed it and pulled it off the hanger.

Surely Gwen wasn’t sleeping yet. He wandered down the hall in his boxers and knocked lightly on her door. “Come in,” she called out.

Nik pushed open the door. She was laying in bed, likely nude under the covers, but that wasn’t what he was there for. He held up the jersey. “Make sure you’re up by 6:30.” Nikolaj set the jersey down on her dresser. “You definitely look better in yellow,” he said softly, thinking about the yellow gold dress she wore one year to the Emmys. “You’ve always looked better in yellow.” She smiled at him as he backed out the door and closed it. If he was lucky, he would dream about that smile when he fell asleep.
Hey! So I had a request from a reader in my feedback on the last chapter to write a one shot about Gwendolaj reading Braime smut together.

I thought about it for a few days and I’m considering doing it. But I like to keep RPF as realistic as possible so I would really like to use excerpts from real Braime fics in the one shot.

Of course I would only do that with authors permission. If there are any Braime writers here who have published fics with some seriously hot smut and you would be okay with me using it in the one shot could you reply with a link to the chapter of your fic with the smut you would be okay with me including. Depending on how many reply with links I may or may not be able to use all of them, but any that I use I will be sure to give credit to in the fic and tag when I post it. If there isn’t a lot of interest than I’ll take it as a sign that writing the one shot isn’t a great idea after all 😊

Thanks as always for reading! Please pass on the above message if you know of any authors who might want their work included.

Nik heard the sound of the ball being kicked around and knew that Gwen had made it outside before him so he quietly snuck out to watch her for a moment. He forced himself to ignore the Leeds jersey and how it hugged her curves with the way she had it tied to fit better and instead he took a moment to appreciate the effort she was putting in with the football. He smiled as she kicked the ball up with her toe and then caught it with the inside of her foot and then off her knee before it flew off to the left and she growled with frustration.

He did check out her ass when she jogged off to get the ball though - he couldn’t resist. She was wearing cropped tights and Nik decided he would have to look for underwear lines when he got closer, though he suspected he wasn’t going to find any.

“Morning,” he called out, pretending he had just arrived. Gwen turned, took a few steps back and then ran at the ball, kicking it hard in his direction with surprising accuracy. He jumped so it hit him in the chest and then the ball dropped to his feet, where he dribbled it for a moment and then kicked it back at her.

“Morning,” she replied once she stopped the ball. For the next little bit they really didn’t talk much. Nikolaj had a fairly large backyard that was fenced in which gave them lots of room to run around and pass the ball back and forth.

After a good warm up, they started to play keep away. Nik honestly had been planning on taking it easy on her but he didn’t have to. He actually had to work hard to get it away from her and work even harder when it was his turn to defend. It didn’t help when her body would brush against his though. Instead of directing his attention to the task at hand he would start to think about what might happen if he pulled her to the ground and pinned her down.

The game continued for a while, until they were both panting and sweating badly in the heat. “Water
break,” Nik announced and they wandered over to their water bottles for a drink. He eyed a droplet of sweat that trickled down her throat and disappeared under the collar of her shirt. He also checked out the way the damp fabric was clinging to her and the outline of her small breasts. With all the running around they were doing he assumed she would have put on a sports bra, but lucky for him he knew she was braless with the way her nipples showed through the jersey. He also decided he was right about her going commando - definitely no panty or thong lines.

“Admit it, I’m way better than you expected,” Gwen said, giving him a smug smile. Nik didn’t answer. His eyes drifted back down to her tits. Without a word of a lie he was certain a Leeds jersey had never looked better than it did right then. “Are you looking at my breasts?” she asked, her tone very accusatory.

“I am,” he admitted, with a groan. There was no point in trying to hide it - he’d been busted.

Her tone of voice changed to something more seductive. “Were you thinking about what I would look like in this shirt last night?” Slowly he lifted his gaze. Lucky guess, he thought, until she continued. “I came by your room not long after you dropped off the jersey -” Her voice trailed off but he knew from the look on her face that she had definitely seen what he was doing in his bed before he went to sleep.

He could have been embarrassed, but he really wasn’t. In fact, he was extremely turned on by the very thought of her watching him jerk off. Nik took a step closer and licked his lips. “How long did you stay?”

“Long enough,” she replied, with a cheeky grin that made his groin start to ache.

“You know,” he started, moving closer yet again so he could reach around and fondle her ass. The crops were damp with sweat which he found really sexy. “You could have come in. You could have joined me.”

“Oh I joined you,” she replied, the grin still firmly in place.

Nik raised his eyebrows. He needed details. “In your room? In bed?” Gwen shook her head. “You didn’t?” he gasped. Her smile got wider. “Right there? In the hall?” His heart was pounding. He really didn’t care if she was playing him or not - the thought of her standing in the hall, getting herself off while she secretly watched him stroke his dick was so fucking hot. It was like something you would see on one of those dirty porn channels.

He squeezed her ass again and drew her in so their groin areas were touching, then gyrated against her so she could feel how aroused he was. It was a bit ridiculous how often his dick had been hard since she moved in. He felt like a hormonal teen when he was around her. “I want to fuck you,” he whispered, moving his lips close to her ear. “Right here in the yard.” He heard her let out a little aroused sigh. “Dirty, hot, sweaty sex -”

Before he finished speaking she shoved him back enough to tug his shirt off, followed by her own. Nik watched the Leeds jersey land on the ground beside his own shirt, then shifted his eyes to her milky white skin. Her nipples were erect, stiff and hard, just like his cock. They were both kicking off their shoes at the same time and Nik watched her tits bounce as Gwen struggled with her socks.

When they were finally naked he pulled her to the ground, laid her gently on her back and fucked her right there in the middle of the lawn. It was hot and sticky and erotic and loud - so loud. If the neighbors were awake and outside there was no way they weren’t hearing what was happening.

“I could get used to this workout routine,” Gwen said with a sigh as they laid on the grass side by
side. “No wonder so many people enjoy playing football.”

Nik laughed, “I can’t say I’ve ever had a football game end like that before.”

Gwen rolled on her side and looked at him, “You’ve never played footy with me before either.” She got up and offered him a hand. “Come on - we have enough time for a quick swim before we shower and leave for work.”

They dove in the pool naked and enjoyed the cool water for a few minutes. When Gwen swam over to him and slipped her arms around his neck Nik actually considered fucking her again. She would have been game - she always was. Instead though, he kissed her. He brushed her warm, wet lips tenderly and gently. When their tongues met he kept it slow and soft because he knew how quickly they could get out of control.

When they finally parted he looked her in the eyes and smiled. Nik wondered if she had any idea how he felt about her? Eventually he would have to tell her. Someday they would have to talk about what was going on between them and see if they were anywhere near on the same page. Did she just want sex? Were they friends with benefits? Or did she feel something more the way he did? Nik would do whatever she wanted or needed to keep her in his life. Now that she was back, he couldn’t let her slip away again - but in what capacity would that be?

None of it mattered until the movie was finished, including all of the promotional events afterwards. He wanted her to enjoy every second of it and he wouldn’t do anything to compromise that. Go with the flow, Nik told himself. Quit thinking so much and just enjoy it. Gwen was far more impulsive than he was so he really needed to learn from her and quit stressing about everything.

The rest of the week was much the same. They went to work, had a lot of sex, got up early for their football and fuck workouts - even on Friday when Nik had the day off and Gwen had to work. The following Monday they were finally filming their very first scene together - which, shockingly, was a love scene. The relationship between their characters began with what was supposed to be a one night stand - which was the scene they had to film. It developed from there into a deeper sexual relationship but also a working relationship too.

Nik could tell Friday evening that Gwen was starting to get nervous about filming the scene. “Hey, we have the weekend off - no thinking or talking about work - okay?”

She gave him a look. “Easier said than done,” Gwen sighed. “You’ve done these scenes before - this is nothing for you.”

“No one is going to know if you end up turned on while we’re filming, but if I do - it will be pretty damn obvious.”

Gwen was struggling not to laugh, but finally she couldn’t hold back the giggle. “I’m sorry,” she said, laughing harder. “It’s not funny, I know - I’m so sorry. I just can’t stop laughing.”

“So full of support,” he drawled sarcastically.

“Wait,” she said suddenly as the laughing stopped. “What if you don’t get a hard on?”

Nik was confused. “That would be amazing and I would avoid any associated embarrassment. I don’t see that as a problem.”
“But it would mean I don’t turn you on,” she pouted.

“Are you fucking kidding me right now?” Nik rolled his eyes. “I get half hard smelling your shampoo when you walk by. As soon as you touch me I’m pretty much ready to go.”

“Has it ever happened to you before when you were filming?” she asked.

“Only once,” Nik admitted. “I pretended that I had to make a phone call as soon as the scene cut and left the set before anyone could even try to stop me.”

He watched her face change as she clued in to exactly what he was talking about. “Our kiss scene?” she asked softly. “With all the sex scenes you’ve done over the years? It was that one?” He nodded slowly. “And all this time I thought you were just being a diva,” she whispered. “I was mad at you for taking off like that you know.” Nik nodded again. “I thought I had done something wrong.”

He shook his head and reached out to cup her cheek. “I’m so sorry I made you feel that way,” he said gently. “I just kind of freaked out about it,” Nik admitted. “That had never happened to me before - and it was you - I couldn’t tell you. I didn’t want you to be embarrassed or uncomfortable.”

Gwen looked at him and touched his hair. There was something in her eyes he hadn’t seen before. He didn’t quite understand it, but it made him feel really good inside. “It’s okay - I understand.” She touched his bottom lip with her thumb and Nik shivered. It was crazy the effect she had on him with just a simple act. “We will figure it out together - I promise,” she assured him. “You don’t have to hide it from me this time, so if it happens we will deal with it together.” Her voice was so calm and reassuring - and he believed every word she said.

“Thank you,” he replied. “Now let’s just enjoy this weekend, okay? We have dinner with Kit and Emilia tomorrow and I was thinking maybe Sunday we could check this out.” Nik passed over his phone to show her two e-tickets.

“Diva Royale? Really?” she squealed. “You know I fucking love drag shows.” She gave him an enthusiastic kiss. “This is going to be the best weekend ever.” Nik genuinely hoped she was right.
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

I had planned on the dinner being only one chapter but it turns out it will be longer than that. At least one more chapter if not two. I’m sure some of you won’t mind, and if anyone doesn’t like Kit and Emilia just bear with me for a little longer 😊

In other news - I’ve had three lovely authors graciously allow me to use their work for the one shot. But I was thinking I would need 6-7 diff fics to pull from. I’m thinking the concept will be that they are trying to find the naughtiest Braime smut so the dirtier the better. If you have author friends who write smut and would be interested please send them my way :) If they don’t want credit I can always just avoid mentioning their name or the name of the fic and just copy and paste what I need. I know some might be uncomfortable about their work being in an RPF fic. Anyway, I’ll give it a bit longer to see if I get any other takers. Otherwise I might have to improvise or scrap the plan.

Hope you enjoy the chapter 💖😊

““You are not wearing that,” Gwen said, the moment Nikolaj appeared in the kitchen, apparently ‘ready to go.’

“What? Why? What’s wrong with this?” He looked every bit as offended as she felt having to look at the atrocity he was wearing. As much as she adored her friend he really did make some horrible fashion choices. “These pants are Gucci,” he added haughtily.

“Honey, where do I even begin?” she sighed. “You know I’m very fashion forward, but there are somethings that are just meant to stay on the runway - those pants are one of them.” He was wearing an awful pair of plaid trousers that were more fitted on the calves and baggy towards the thighs in a weird khaki and lime green pattern. To make matters worse he had paired them with one of the denim shirts he loved to wear.

“My new friends in Germany all told me they loved these pants when I wore them,” Nik said defensively.

“Oh sweetie,” she sighed. “When will you ever learn that people take one look at that ridiculously handsome face of yours and they LIE.”

“Maybe you should try it sometime,” he muttered with a pout.

Gwen ignored him. “Come on. Let me save you from yourself.” She led him into his room and made him sit on the bed while she found something more suitable. “Here you go,” Gwen said, handing him his new outfit. It was a pair of jeans, plain white collared shirt with a black v-neck sweater to wear over it.

“I wear those jeans all the time,” he said. “I was trying to step out of the box.”

“You need to jump right back in that box.” Gwen smiled. “Besides, I love the way your ass looks in those jeans,” she added, hoping the compliment would get rid of the scowl. Mission accomplished. It
was true though. Nik always wore his pants on the tight side and his ass did look great in jeans. “Now hurry up and change or we’re going to be late.”

An hour later they were ringing the doorbell at Kit and Emilia’s place. Kit answered the door. “Hey, come on in,” he said.

They hugged and Gwen immediately noticed a strange smell. “What is that smell?” she asked. Perhaps it was rude, but they were all friends and she knew neither Kit or Emilia would be offended.

“That was supper,” Emilia announced as she appeared, giving them a sheepish look. “Turns out neither of us know how to use the timer on the oven.” Her and Kit shared a look and they both laughed. Gwen could tell there was more to the story, but she didn’t ask. “Don’t worry though, there’s an amazing Italian place that delivers and our food will be here in about 20 minutes.”

Gwen smiled at her adorable little friend. “Come here,” she said, opening her arms. She bent down and gave Emilia a tight hug.

“Come on,” Emilia said, leading them towards the dining room. It was open concept, just off the kitchen. “We don’t keep alcohol in the house,” she explained. “But I’ve learned to make some delicious mocktails.” Gwen wasn’t surprised and she hadn’t expected they would be drinking for Kit’s sake.

They all took a seat at the table and Emilia served them drinks. Whatever the purple liquid in her glass was - it was amazing. They were all talking and laughing, reminiscing about old times when supper arrived. The chatter and laughter continued through dinner and into the living room where they moved after dessert. It felt really good to have a nice, quiet dinner with good friends. Gwen loved going out and she loved parties, but sometimes a more subdued affair was a really welcome change.

“We should play a board game,” Emilia suggested excitedly. They used to play games on set sometimes when they had long breaks. It was often just poker or Uno or other card games, but there were a collection of board games at the studio they would sometimes break out. “How about Balderdash?”

“No way,” Gwen replied quickly. “I’ve played Balderdash with Nik before and it’s horrendous.” Emilia and Kit looked amused but Nik looked offended. “Oh come on, you know it was bad,” she scoffed at him. “The best was when he wrote his definition in Danish and Liam couldn’t even read it.” Even Nik laughed at that one.

“Okay, Balderdash is out. What about Trivial Pursuit?” Emilia suggested next.

Gwen and Nik said ‘Yes’ and ‘no’ at the same time. Gwen glared at him. “I love Trivial Pursuit.”

“Yeah and you turn into a hyper competitive psycho whenever we play it,” he said.

“I’ve got to see this,” Kit snickered. “I’m on Gwen’s team.”

“You better keep up Fabio,” Gwen snapped. Everything Nik said was true. She did NOT lose at Trivial Pursuit. “Let’s destroy them.”

“Well that was such a fun time,” Nik said, his voice dripping with sarcasm. It was barely an hour later and Gwen and Kit had already destroyed them. “I just love playing Trivial Pursuit with you Gwendoline,” he added, reaching out to pat her knee.

“You really took that loss, that total demolition, quite well Nikolaj,” she said patronizingly.
“Yes, I truly did, didn’t I?” he replied. “Emilia, how are you holding up?”

“I’m still trying to figure out how anyone could possibly know the name of the leader of Turkey in 1927 off the top of their head,” she said, scowling at Kit.

“I’m just full of useless knowledge,” he said with a shrug.

“That’s my teammate,” Gwen said, standing up to high five Kit.

When the laughter and celebrating died down Kit stood up and motioned for Nik to follow him. “Come on, I have a couple of big fat cubans I’ve been saving for a special occasion. You seem like you could use one.”

Gwen actually enjoyed a cigar once in a while too, but she let the guys go off and have some male bonding time while her and Emilia stayed in the livingroom. Once they were gone Emilia spoke up. “Gwen, I really want to sincerely apologize for the things I said last weekend. If I upset you or embarrassed you I’m so sorry.”

“I don’t embarrass that easily,” Gwen said with a smile. “It’s fine - honestly. It’s not a big deal at all.”

“I was just so sure that you two would end up together and then you were hosting a party at his place and I had too much to drink and said things that should have stayed in my head,” Emilia babbled on.

“Wait,” Gwen interrupted her. “You were sure we would end up together? Why would you think that?”

Emilia looked at her like she was an idiot. “Come on. You have to know,” she said.

“Know what?” Gwen asked, without a clue what she was referring to.

“Everyone assumed you two were - “ her voice trailed off.

“We were what?” Gwen snapped. “And everyone who?”

Emilia looked truly shocked that Gwen had no idea what she was talking about. “The rest of the cast thought you guys were having an affair,” she shrugged. “No one made a big deal about it. We all loved you both and would never judge you for it. Happens all the time in our line of work.”

“Oh my God,” Gwen gasped. “People really thought that?” She actually felt her cheeks getting a bit red. “Why would they think that? Do they still think it’s true?”

Emilia’s voice softened. “I promise it wasn’t a big deal. It was just an assumption people made. It’s not like we sat around talking about it or anything - it was just, well, known I guess.”

“But there was nothing to know,” Gwen gasped. “It never happened. Nothing. Not even a kiss.”

“Wow,” she whispered. “But you two acted like an old married couple the way you bickered and made fun of each other. And the way he looked at you all the time - like, well - like you were the moon of his life.” Gwen couldn’t help but smile at the Thrones reference, but it quickly faded back to a scowl. “You both have to know that your chemistry is insane and so sexy.”

Gwen sighed. She did know that part - no one could even try to deny that. “I just can’t believe it,” she muttered.
“Please don’t be so upset,” Emilia pleaded. “It was years ago - and you said nothing happened. So there’s absolutely nothing to worry about. It’s in the past. Lord, why do I have such a big mouth.”

“What if it happens again?” Gwen asked. “We’re working together again now, what if the rest of the cast assume we’re fucking?”

“Uh, well, you are aren’t you?” Emilia asked. “Sorry,” she gasped, covering her mouth. “Kit told me. Don’t be mad.” Gwen was pretty sure she could never be mad at Emilia. “I’m just saying - what does it matter if people think that? You’re both single now anyway, so it’s completely different.”

“I guess,” Gwen said, slouching back against the couch. She crossed her arms. “I’m being ridiculous aren’t I?” she said finally.

“Of course you’re not,” Emilia reassured her. “These things can be very tricky - trust me - I wrote the book.” She gave Gwen a reassuring smile. “Do you want to talk about it?”

“I don’t know,” Gwen replied honestly. “Sometimes I think I would love to sit down with someone and try to sort out all these things I’m feeling - and other days I don’t want to think about it at all. And still other days it doesn’t even bother me and I’m all - let’s go with the flow and just enjoy it.”

“I want you to know I’m always here if you feel like -” Gwen cut her off. “I just don’t know what exactly it is we’re doing, you know? But does it really need a definition?”

“I really think that’s something that you and Nik need to discuss together. If you’re both feeling fine with what’s going on then by all means just go with it,” Emilia said. “But if you think you’re starting to feel something more -” She looked to Gwen for confirmation.

“He’s different sometimes,” Gwen whispered. “There’s always the bickering, that’s just us and it’s always there or at least lurking, if that makes sense. But he’s so sweet sometimes, so - I don’t know - tender, I guess.” She usually didn’t have much difficulty expressing herself, but for some reason she was really struggling with her words. “I catch him looking at me in a way that makes my heart race. Not in a sexual way though - I mean, he looks at me that way too sometimes but I know what to do with that look,” Gwen laughed. “He would kill me if he knew I told you this,” she whispered, looking around to make sure they were still alone. “He made an anonymous donation to the film that pretty much covered his salary because he felt bad that they were having to make cuts other places to afford him.”

“Oh wow,” Emila muttered. “That is extremely generous.” She had a look on her face that Gwen couldn’t quite read. “He must really - care - about you,” she added. Gwen noticed that she seemed to have chosen her words carefully. “How do you feel about him?”

“I don’t know,” Gwen moaned. Everything was so confusing. She knew she felt good being around Nik and that he made her laugh and smile, but he always had. She also knew that something was different between them and it was more than just the sex. Yet, she couldn’t place exactly what it was.

“I have an idea,” Emilia said, her pretty eyes sparkling mischievously. “I want to try a little experiment when the boys get back in here. Promise you’ll just go with it okay? Then when it’s over we are both going to have a strong craving for Ben and Jerry’s ice cream and I’ll send them to get it for us. That way we can debrief. Sound good?”

Gwen nodded slowly. She had no idea what she was getting herself into, but she hoped Nik and Kit would get back soon so she could find out exactly what the experiment was.
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

I wasn’t sure I was going to finish this one today, but alas - here it is :) Seriously though, where are all you amazing readers coming from?! You guys are crazy and you’re also the BEST 😊❤️😊😊😊

Emilia lightly touched her leg. “Listen, I need you to do something for me okay?” Gwen nodded. “I need you to just feel.”

“Just feel,” Gwen repeated.

Emilia nodded. “No thinking. Just feel everything. Take in information from all your senses and pay attention to everything. We’ll talk about it after.”

“I still don’t know what is happening, but okay,” Gwen shrugged.

“Oh, here they come,” Emilia whispered excitedly. “Follow my lead.” She jumped up and grabbed a remote off the coffee table and punched a few buttons. Then Emilia picked up her phone and tapped the screen. Gwen realized she was turning on music. It was a slow song and it seemed familiar but Gwen couldn’t place it at first. As soon as the words started she realized what it was and shot Emilia a look. She gave her a wink. “Kit, come - let’s dance. I love this song.”

He shrugged and put down his drink while Emilia pulled him to the middle of the room. Gwen only hesitated a moment. She’d promised she would play along and it was clear what Emilia wanted her to do. “Come on, we should dance too,” Gwen said, standing up and offering Nik her hand. He looked surprised, but took her hand. “Try not to step on my toes,” she added, in their familiar banter, rolling her eyes

The first thing she noticed was how warm and soft his hand was. Nik rubbed the back of her hand with his thumb and Gwen felt her heart thud in her chest. They joined Kit and Emilia in the middle of the room. She took a deep breath and stepped closer. Nik tucked the hands they were holding in close to their bodies, against his chest and then slipped an arm around her. She lifted her free hand and rested it on his shoulder as Nik drew her even closer so their bodies were touching.

Gwen had no idea how stiff she was until he whispered in her ear, “Would you relax.” She shook herself a bit and let all the tension out of her body. Then she leaned in so their cheeks were touching and let Nik do the rest. “It’s killing you to let me lead isn’t it?” he said softly. The low, sexy rumble of his voice made her body tingle.

“Sure is,” she replied back honestly. She wasn’t used to giving Nik control, even if she actually did trust him completely. Once she did let go though - it felt really good. She actually forgot that anyone else was in the room other than the two of them. She was entirely focussed on him and everything he was making her feel.

He smelled so good. There was a hint of the sweet cigar smell, mixed in with his cologne and it was
a delicious combination. Gwen closed her eyes and inhaled deeply, letting the aroma fill her senses as they swayed to the music.

His hand was resting on her lower back, very low, almost blurring the line between her back and her ass, yet it felt perfectly natural. The stubble on his face was tickling her cheek when they moved, causing her arms to prickle with goosebumps. Their bodies were pressed tightly together and she could feel her breasts brushing against his firm, muscled chest. Her nipples were hard and Gwen wished she’d opted to wear a bra instead of the silky undershirt she had put on.

She had to admit that Nik was a really good dancer. He moved perfectly in time to the music and led her in a gentle but confident way. She opened her eyes for a minute and caught a glimpse of Kit and Emilia. They looked so sweet and happy, dancing and smiling - so perfectly natural and comfortable together. Gwen allowed herself a moment of amusement at the contrast between the couples with both her and Nik well over 6 feet and tiny Emilia barely over 5 feet, tucked against the just below average height Kit.

As the song continued Gwen closed her eyes once again and sighed with content. It had been a long time since she’d slow danced with anyone to compare this with, but she was sure that this was the most comfortable she’d been in a man’s arms. There was just something about Nik holding her that felt so right.

The tingles she was already feeling intensified when Nik softly sang the next line of the song in her ear in his slightly off key tone. “Hold me close don’t ever let me go.” It was her favorite line of the entire song and she knew there was a huge smile on her face. He skipped the next line, but as the verse finished he sang the last bit. “Then you wouldn’t have to say that you love me 'cause I'd already know.”

Gwen felt her heart flutter and something strange grip her that she couldn’t quite understand. She drew back and looked at him. His eyes were light and clear and he had that smirk that usually made her want to jump him, but this time it made whatever that feeling was get even stronger. Gwen couldn’t resist reaching out to touch his hair, moving a stray piece off his forehead back into place. It immediately fell again and she pouted, then smiled at him. “Even your hair is a pain in the ass,” she said, her voice soft and breathy. She put her hand back on his shoulder and leaned back against him to finish the dance.

As hard as she tried not to think like Emilia had requested, Gwen couldn’t help herself. She was feeling so strange - strange in a good way. She needed to figure it out. She needed to know why he made her heart race and why he made her knees feel weak. She needed to understand how his touch brought goosebumps to her skin and why his smile made her feel warm inside. She wanted an explanation for the emptiness in her chest when they were apart for more than a couple hours. This wasn’t just anyone - it was Nik. He was her best friend. He drove her insane sometimes. He was so damn weird and they really had nothing in common. So why did it feel like she was made to fit perfectly in his arms? And why did it feel like he was born to be a big part of her life?

When the last notes of the song faded away Nik released her, except for the hand he’d been holding which he lifted to his mouth and kissed softly. The tingles changed to electricity, sizzling through her body.

“Well that was fun, but now I need ice cream,” Emilia announced as she turned off the radio.

“There’s ice cream in the freezer, does anyone else want some?” Kit offered.

Emilia was already shaking her head. “You know what ice cream I want,” she said, giving him a look.
“Really?” Kit pouted. “You’re going to make me go out right now?”

Emilia nodded. “Take Nik with you. Let him drive.”

“You got a new car?” Nik asked, perking up. Gwen rolled her eyes for the millionth time. Boys and cars.

“Come on,” Kit said, suddenly looking much happier about going out.

Gwen flopped onto the couch and watched Nik walk away. His ass looked so good in the jeans she made him wear. His shoulders were broad and he walked so confidently, with sexy swagger. Him and Kit were talking and laughing as they headed out, but finally the voices faded and they heard the garage door opening.

“Well?” Emilia said excitedly. “How did that go? Tell me everything. What did you feel?”

“Argh,” Gwen moaned, rubbing her face with her hands for a moment. She sat up and looked at Emilia. “It felt good,” she admitted. “Really, really good.”

Emilia smiled. “Details woman, come on.”

Gwen laid back down and closed her eyes. She knew the second she started speaking there was a smile on her face. “He smells so good,” she sighed. “When he touches me I feel all tingly and that stupid smirky smile thing he does makes my knees feel like jelly. It was hard for me to let him lead, but when I did it just felt - well - it felt right. Perfect. Like that’s how it’s supposed to be.” She groaned with frustration and smacked her hand on the couch, then sat up once again. Gwen looked at Emilia and spoke. “He has control over me. He has no fucking clue and he can never know, but he does.”

“And how does that make you feel?” Emilia asked.

“What are you? A fucking shrink?” she scoffed. “It infuriates me that I feel sad when he’s not around. It enrages me that I crave him. It makes me want to punch a wall that his kisses are perfection. And don’t even get me started on the sex -” She caught Emilia’s eye. “Mind blowing.” They both giggled for a moment.

“Is it because it’s him specifically? Or does it just bother you that anyone can make you feel like you’ve lost control?” Emilia asked.

“It’s him,” Gwen said with a nod. “No wait, maybe it’s not.” She growled. “See? This is what he has done to me,” she snapped. “I can’t even think straight.” She could tell Emilia was trying not to smile. “Fuck off,” Gwen grunted meekly, almost smiling herself.

“Well? What do you think it all means?” Emilia asked.

Gwen sucked in a big breath and let it out very slowly. “I don’t want to think about what it means,” she whispered. A wild pack of nervous butterflies filled her tummy. She knew exactly what it meant, but she didn’t know if she could say it out loud. Saying it made it seem more real. After a long moment of silence she gathered up her courage and finally admitted the truth. She looked Emilia straight in the eye and spoke softly. “I think I’ve fallen in love with him.”

Instantly Emilia hugged her with a girly squeal. “I’m so happy for you,” she gushed.
Gwen was already shaking her head when the hug was over. “Don’t be. Not yet anyway. Because I can’t tell him. Besides, what if he doesn’t feel the same?”

“He does,” she replied without hesitation. “I can tell from the way he looks at you - the way he’s looked at you for a very long time. The man is head over heels, all-in, totally and completely in love with you.”

Gwen felt her heart start to beat wildly. Hearing someone else tell her that Nik was in love with her so confidently was almost as good as hearing it right from him. But it really didn’t matter right then anyway. “Even if you’re right,” she started. “This is not the time to go down that road. Not until the movie is over.”

Emilia understood and she was so thankful that she didn’t have to explain further. “I can appreciate that. I know you want your primary focus to be on your work and I totally respect that. I know Nik would too. So wait until filming is over and then tell him then. It doesn’t mean you can’t show him how you feel along the way,” she added with a little smile.

“You somehow knew exactly what I was going to say - you specifically picked that song -” Gwen’s voice trailed off in amazement at just how intuitive her sweet little friend was.

“I got lucky,” Emilia admitted. “And it’s always been one of my favs anyway.” She plopped down beside Gwen and they leaned on each other. “I’ve always believed that actions speak so much louder than words anyway. Kit and I have this little thing we do,” she said, pausing for a moment. Gwen saw her cheeks were pink but she hoped she wasn’t too embarrassed to finish. “Whenever one of us says ‘I love you’ the other says ‘show me’ and then we do something to show each other. It could be just a kiss or a hug. Sometimes it’s a silly little gift or a sweet note. But it’s just a reminder that words mean nothing if you don’t back them up.”

“That’s really beautiful,” Gwen said, finding Emilia’s hand to give it a squeeze. “Thank you for sharing it with me.”

They sat there in silence for a moment before Emilia spoke again. “Okay, you have to tell me before they get back - is Nik’s ass really as fucking perfect as it looks? Like, does it feel great in your hands? Firm, yet still supple?” They both started laughing and they spent the next little while discussing asses once again while they wait for the guys to return with ice cream.
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

I have been working on this chapter for 3 days and I’m going to admit I struggled hard. I hope it’s not noticeable when you read it. I think it was because writing Not the Only One was such an incredible, cathartic, almost spiritual experience and because you all received it so graciously, that it was hard to go back to something else. I hope that’s all it was and when I start the next chapter of this one all will feel right again. Thanks guys❤️。

Nik and Gwen were both laughing over a joke he’d made as they walked inside the house. “Seriously though, would you just run off and get me ice cream whenever I wanted it?” Gwen asked, setting her purse down.

“Absolutely,” Nik replied. “What color is the Lamborghini I’ll be driving?”

Gwen laughed again. She loved how he made her smile and feel good, so easily. “How did you even fit in that thing?” She asked. Nik wasn’t much shorter than she was and Gwen was pretty sure she wouldn’t have fit in the shiny red sports car.

“It was tight, but - I do like a nice, tight fit,” he added suggestively.

Gwen rolled her eyes at him and turned around. She slipped off her shoes and started to walk away when all of a sudden she heard him swear loudly. “Fuck, did you really just do that?” he grumbled.

Gwen stopped and turned back around to watch him kick her shoes off to the side. It really was a bad habit of hers to just absentmindedly leave her shoes in the middle of the hall or the middle of a room, but to be fair she had warned him before she agreed to live with him. “You literally just watched me take them off, how could you trip over them two seconds later?” Gwen scoffed.

“I didn’t watch you take them off,” he snapped back, walking quickly towards her. “Because I was too busy checking out your ass.” By the time he finished speaking his arms were around her and his hands were on said ass. Gwen lifted her arms and draped them around his neck as they gazed at one another. The snapping, grumbling, and annoyed banter were quickly a thing of the past. She couldn’t believe how safe and comfortable she felt with Nik holding her like that, even though his grip was a bit sexual, which also left her feeling the first tingles of arousal.

“I liked dancing with you tonight,” Gwen said softly. She had decided that one way she could show Nik her feelings was to be a little more open and vulnerable with him - give him a ‘win’ once in a while, so to speak. There was still plenty of time for their usual teasing, but mixing in some tender moments that she initiated would be very telling, Gwen hoped.

Nik shifted his grip on her body to the way he’d held her while they danced earlier. “I liked dancing with you too,” he whispered, pulling her in close like he had when he sang in her ear. “We should do it again.”

“Right now?” she asked in surprise. It was actually pretty late and she had thought he would be more interested in getting right to dancing of the horizontal kind. Nik nodded. Gwen released him and pulled her phone out, then took his hand and led him to the living room as she scrolled through the
music on her playlist looking for a good song. Nik was a 90s alternative kind of guy and she was more of an 80s pop fan, but they both had a very wide and eclectic taste overall. Gwen spotted a song that she decided would work well and clicked on it.

When Nik recognized the song he nodded. “Good choice,” he said with a smile, opening his arms to her. Gwen stepped into his embrace and they started to sway as one just as the first line of the song began. *I can stay awake just to hear you breathing. Watch you smile while you are sleeping. While you’re far away and dreaming.*

She melted into him right away and the dance started off very sweet and romantic, just like the one they had shared at Kit and Emilia’s. But by the end of the first chorus things changed quickly from dancing to some serious foreplay - kissing, groping, clothes hitting the floor, until Gwen was wearing nothing but her silky camisole and underwear and Nik was down to his boxers.

“All’s well that ends well,” Nik said with a smile as he lifted her onto the bed and continued to kiss her. “You are going to love this.”

She melted into him right away and the dance started off very sweet and romantic, just like the one they had shared at Kit and Emilia’s. But by the end of the first chorus things changed quickly from dancing to some serious foreplay - kissing, groping, clothes hitting the floor, until Gwen was wearing nothing but her silky camisole and underwear and Nik was down to his boxers.

“Perhaps we should take this dancing thing to the bedroom,” Gwen gasped, breathless from the intense and passionate kissing. She had planned to really focus on ensuring their love making was very sensual and tender so she could once again let him see that it wasn’t just about lust and sex. Like it always did with them though, the passion took over right away, so she needed to find a way to slow things down.

The only way she could think to do that was to take charge. “Come on,” she said a little more forcefully. She decided if she was going to be in control it made more sense to take him to her bedroom for a change. Once they were inside she quickly removed the rest of her clothes and then pulled off his boxers.

Gwen had absolutely intended to run the show, but when Nik cupped her face and gently stroked her cheek, gazing at her like she was the most beautiful thing in the world, she let him take over. She could tell he wanted to lead so she let go of her plans and relinquished control. The amazing thing was that it was clear right away that they were on the same page, though the realization of just exactly what that meant was a bit overwhelming to think about.

They were only a step or two away from the side of the bed when Nik surprised her, by sweeping her off her feet. Her first instinct was to stop him, worried she was too heavy, but he was really strong and she felt perfectly secure in his arms. Gwen turned her head and found his lips. She kissed him tenderly, just a simple, gentle, lingering touch of their lips. It made her feel flutters in her chest and it was a reminder of how she truly felt about Nik.

He took the two steps to the bed and set her down easily, then stood over her for a moment, his eyes washing over her body from head to toe. Gwen had to take a deep breath when she saw the look in his eyes. It shook her to the core to see a perfect mirror of what was on her own face looking back at her.

What happened next was actually quite astonishing. They had been together enough times that they both had a sense of how things would go. Normally they would engage in some really sexy foreplay, usually some oral was involved and things would build and build until everything just exploded and they ended up engaged in frantic, desperate fucking, needing that release from all the build up. There was absolutely nothing wrong with that - they were both very satisfied afterwards and clearly craved being together. This time though, Nik was so gentle and soft. He did take a moment to place some light kisses on her body as he moved into place, but he didn’t grope her or go down on her, and he didn’t suck her nipples or touch her pussy, he just moved between her legs and looked right into her eyes as he very slowly slipped inside her.

Gwen whimpered the first time he pushed deep. She wanted to close her eyes, but she also didn’t want to lose the eye contact between them. It was really erotic to see his arousal and desire, while she
was feeling the same thing herself.

Before that moment if Gwen had thought about sex being this way, so tame and simple, she never could have imagined it being satisfying or erotic, but it was absolutely both of those things. The eye contact made her feel such a deep connection with him, like never before. The slow way he was moving in and out of her, sometimes even pulling all the way out and penetrating her again, was so sexy. She honestly couldn’t believe the way her body was responding. The fire building inside her was raging intensely, just like it would have been with a good hard fuck or when he licked her pussy. It was all truly mind boggling.

She managed to keep her eyes open the entire time, until she was about to come. Gwen whimpered again and felt her body shudder as she gasped and moaned. There wasn’t the same desire to scream that she often felt when they fucked, because everything was just so slow and easy. Her orgasm lasted way longer though and Nik kept moving with long, easy strokes the entire time, even as her pussy started to contract strongly.

She finally opened her eyes just in time to watch Nik’s face as he softly grunted and came. His grip on her hips got stronger for a moment as he emptied deep in her core. His face wasn’t just erotic, it was absolutely beautiful. Gwen reached up with both hands and gently stroked his stubby cheeks while he enjoyed the euphoria his body was going through.

Once Nik opened his eyes again he turned his head and kissed the palm of her right hand and then did the same on the left, leaving her soft skin tingling with the warmth of his lips. Then he bent down and kissed her lips. Gwen kissed him back, letting him know how truly grateful she was for everything they had just shared. Just to be sure he knew though, she whispered a quick, “Thank you” when they parted. He looked down at her and nodded slightly, then gave her one last peck on the lips before he pushed himself up and slipped out of her.

Gwen felt instantly cold as their union ended. Nik smiled at her. “Night,” he said softly.

“Night,” she replied, watching him pick up his boxers off the floor and turn to leave. It was usually her that was leaving because they always ended up in his room, so it was a chance for her to understand how it felt for him every time she walked out of that door after they had sex. Gwen decided right away that she didn’t like it. She didn’t like watching him walk away, leaving her room empty and quiet. She didn’t like the way the door closed as a reminder that she was truly alone. She didn’t like the ache in her heart or yearning she felt for his touch. It wasn’t a sexual yearning, just a need for him to be close.

Gwen tried to push those feelings aside as she climbed into bed and pulled up the covers. Even under her warm blankets she felt cold. She got up and put on a long sleeved shirt and a pair of comfortable cotton pajama pants, yet when she got back into bed she still felt chilly. It didn’t take her long to realize that she wasn’t physically cold, it was definitely emotional.

She was already halfway down the hall to Nik’s room before she wondered if she was doing the right thing. What if he didn’t want her in his bed all night? Gwen shivered and she knew the only way to get rid of that feeling was to be with Nik. If he didn’t want her to stay, maybe they could at least snuggle long enough to make her feel comfortable again.

She stopped at his door and then reached out to knock, surprised by the way her hand was shaking. Gwen rapped lightly and right away he called out, “Come in.”

She pushed open the door and slipped into the room. Wordlessly she walked over to the bed and climbed in. “Is this okay?” Gwen asked, as she slipped under the covers and slid over close to him.
“Of course,” he replied, sleepily, rolling a bit so she could lay her head on his chest. “I didn’t know - I could have just stayed.” His voice trailed off.

“I didn’t know either - until I just knew,” Gwen whispered. It truly wasn’t until he was gone and she felt that cold cold, lonely feeling that she’d decided she needed to be with him. It was a pretty significant step for the two of them to sleep together all night and Gwen knew they both recognized and appreciated what it meant.

Nik was grazing his fingertips up and down her sleeve and she sighed softly, finally feeling warm and content. He kissed her forehead and snuggled even closer. Gwen was thankful he was so welcoming and seemed happy to have her there. He stroked her hair and then spoke softly. His voice was calm and kind, but his words were such a perfect reminder of the true nature of their relationship, “You better not steal the fucking blankets.”
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long. Hopefully the next chapter won’t take quite so long :)

When Nik woke the next morning Gwen was rolled in his comforter like a burrito, looking very cozy and all he had left was a sheet. I knew it, he thought, smiling to himself. He took a moment to watch her sleep. She looked so content and peaceful, and it made him feel warm inside. It was such a contrast to her loud, chatty waking self and it was nice to see this sweeter side of her.

He wanted to touch her face, stroke her cheek and run his fingers through her silky hair, but she looked too comfortable to disturb. It was a good thing she was all wrapped up and wearing so many clothes because he knew he couldn’t have resisted if he saw her naked in his bed. This was a pretty big step for them though, and he wanted to maintain the integrity and sweetness of it all. There would be plenty of time for the other stuff.

Nik carefully slipped out of bed and headed to the bathroom. He went pee, washed his hands and face, then brushed his teeth. He put on the trackies and t-shirt he’d grabbed on the way and then slipped quietly out of his room to the kitchen.

"Where is that thing?" he muttered, opening and closing cupboards, careful not to let them bang shut. He knew he had a breakfast tray somewhere.

He finally found it and then set out to fill it with bowls of fresh fruit, yogurt, granola and almonds. Once the coffee had brewed he poured them each a mug and added it to the tray with two glasses of juice and utensils. It wasn’t a deluxe breakfast, but it would do.

His phone pinged and he set the tray down to take a peek before he headed back to the bedroom. It was an update from the company he’d ordered the tickets for the Drag show from. Curious he opened it and read quickly. His heart sank at the news. There had been a small electrical fire that had caused some damage to the stage area and a few props. They had to cancel all shows for the next several weeks and people could get refunds or attend the rescheduled dates.

Nik picked up the tray again and headed to the bedroom. Gwen was already awake, rubbing her sleepy eyes when he walked in. “I have good news and bad news,” he announced.

“If there’s coffee on that tray I don’t care about the bad news at all,” she replied, looking eager, as she sat up in bed and leaned back on her pillows.

“Deal,” he replied as he climbed into
bed beside her to share the breakfast tray. They ate quietly for a few minutes. It wasn’t an awkward silence, not at first anyway. But the longer they were quiet the more he started to wonder if he needed to say something about her coming to spend the night in his bed. If he did say something, he wasn’t sure if he should approach it as a joke and tease her or if it needed to be serious. Thankfully Gwen saved the day. “I’m really sorry about the blanket. If I ever sleep here again I’ll be sure to bring my own.”

“It was nice,” Nik admitted. “Not sleeping all night without a blanket,” he added with a chuckle. “But not sleeping alone.”

Gwen met his eye and he waited for the quick witted remark or the cute insult, but it never came. There was a little twinkle in her eye when she spoke, “Yeah it really was nice.” They didn’t need to say anything more than that. There was no need to push and end up making things weird or uncomfortable. It was just easy and simple and it was really refreshing.

They finished up their breakfast and set the tray aside. “So what are we going to do today?” Nik asked. “Now that our plans are cancelled.”

“I’m not sure,” she replied, looking thoughtful. “You have any ideas?”

Something came to his mind all of a sudden - something he’d been meaning to ask her. “Have you ever made a sex tape?” he blurted out. Gwen gave him a ‘what the fuck’ look. “What?” Nik said, shooting her a flirty grin.

“You want to make a sex tape?!” she scoffed in amusement. “Nik, we’re not 25 anymore.”

“Does that mean you made one when you were 25?” he asked curiously.

She shrugged. “25ish.”

“I knew it,” he stated proudly. “So, you’re a pro,” Nik continued. “Let’s do it.”

Gwen wrinkled up her nose. “You’re not actually serious right? You want me to agree and then you’re going to start laughing and making fun of me, aren’t you?” Nik was already shaking his head no. “Oh come on.”

She was way more resistant than he expected. “What are you so worried about? Obviously no one will ever see it but you and I.”

“My vag probably isn’t nearly as tight and sexy as it was the last time I saw it up close,” she said.

“Oh trust me, your vag is absolutely perfect,” he assured her. “Porn quality - I promise.”

“Well you would know,” she teased.

“We all have our personal skill set,” he replied with a shrug. “Sooooooooo?”

“I cannot believe I’m agreeing to this,” she muttered. “What did you do over the weekend Gwendoline? Oh, nothing much - had dinner with friends Saturday, a lovely breakfast in bed Sunday morning, made a sex tape - you know the usual,” she said in a mocking, sarcastic tone. Nik ignored her and started to lean over to kiss her. “Oh my God,” she gasped, pushing him back. “I need to shower and brush my teeth and stuff.”

He flopped back on the bed. “Okay, but come back naked. I’ll be ready.” Nik was expecting her to leave the room and go shower in her bathroom down the hall, but instead she went into his ensuite.
10 seconds later she popped her head out, likely already naked, “Can you be a dear and get my toothbrush?” He nodded. “Oh and my shampoo and conditioner - uh, and my brush too.” She gave him a sweet smile.

“Anything else?” Nik drawled.

“Yes, actually, can you also grab my razor?” She blew him a kiss and Nik rolled his eyes. As he walked down the hall to get her things though, he wondered if they might be moved permanently to his bathroom? Or at least for as long as she stayed with him. That thought excited him and made him very happy. It was one thing to cohabitate a house with Gwen, but for her to start sleeping in his bedroom and share his bathroom was something different. It meant their relationship was changing in a way that delighted him.

Gwen was humming a song in the shower when he returned with her stuff. He couldn’t see a thing through the steamed up glass, but knowing she was slippery wet and naked was enough to get his libido going. By the time she got out of the shower and met him in the bedroom Nik was sure he would be ready for action.

He laughed when the shower door opened a crack and her hand shot out. He put the shampoo in her hand first, the conditioner when it appeared again and finally the razor. “Need any help in there?” Nik asked.

“We can’t video in the shower,” she replied. “Go get ready.” As she spoke Gwen wiped away some of the fog with a swipe of her hand so he got a slight view of her boobs and bare stomach. “I won’t be long.”

Nik left the bathroom, adjusting his thickening cock on the way, while he also stripped down to his underwear. It was crazy how fast that woman could turn him on. Just the sound of her voice could fire him up if he let it. It was also a bit strange how aroused he was about the idea of filming themselves having sex. The filming part itself was pretty erotic, but Nik knew the part he was looking forward to was seeing the footage later on. He honestly didn’t know what to expect or how he would react, but he was pretty damn sure he would be horny as fuck watching it.

Originally he’d planned to just film with his cell phone, but that would only leave him with one hand free and Nik felt like it might be distracting, trying to make sure he was getting the shot. That gave him an idea. He had a GoPro with a head mount that he used when he was hiking and trail riding to get footage of the natural areas he was exploring. “Where did I put that thing?” Nik muttered out loud, trying to remember the last time he’d used it. “The garage,” he said, snapping his fingers.

Sure enough he had put it on charge in the garage after his last cycling outing. Nik grabbed it and turned it on. It was fully charged as expected, so he strapped it on his head with a grin.

When he got back to his room he froze in the doorway. Gwen was laying naked in the middle of the bed. He bit back a moan as he watched her run her hands over her body. Nik quickly started the camera recording as he secretly watched her. He felt like a total creeper pervert, but it was sexy as hell and he thought it would make a great opening sequence for their film. He held his breath as she reached between her legs and touched herself, as her knees fell open.

Nik silently pushed his underwear to his ankles and kicked them aside. It was only fair if he was filming her touching herself that they get some footage of him doing the same. He grabbed his dick and tilted his head down to make sure the camera would capture him stroking himself. He alternated between the two of them for a few minutes, until he had his cock throbbing.

He certainly did not anticipate the response he got when he pushed open the door and strode in, his
dick bobbing as he walked over to the bed. Gwen took one look at him and burst out laughing. Not just a little giggle - this was a full body, loud, shaking laugh. She curled up into a ball and laughed until she finally stretched out and wiped away tears. “Oh my God,” she got out. “You look like you’re going spelunking.”

Nik scowled. “Filming has started,” he whispered. Gwen tried to stop, but every time she looked at him she collapsed in a fit of laughter again. “Well this is going well,” he muttered.

“I’m sorry,” she snorted. “Take it off. You have to take it off.”

Nik yanked it off his head and stopped recording. Back to plan A I guess, he thought. He grabbed his cell phone and started a video. “Action,” he said. Gwen was still trying to get herself together, but at least the laughing had stopped.

Or had it. Next thing he knew she was cackling again. “I’m really sorry,” she got out. “I just - I can’t un-see it now.” She covered her face with her hands and took a few long, deep breaths. Gwen was really good at getting back in character whenever they broke in a scene so he was confident she could do it. Finally she removed her hands and gave him a little nod.

The problem was, he actually had no idea where to begin. Play with her nipples, a voice in his head said. He went to reach out with his left hand, but decided he would rather film with his left and touch her with his dominant hand. As he went to switch hands with his phone it slipped and the next thing he knew his cell hit her pussy with a loud slap. “Fuck,” he gasped, looking horrified.

Gwen was biting her lip hard as their eyes slowly met. “I think you just dropped your phone on my snatch,” she said.

“Whoops,” Nik replied sheepishly as he picked it up. That was literally it. They both started laughing and he fell down on the bed beside her. “I think it’s a sign,” he said, wiping away tears. “We just aren’t supposed to make a sex tape I guess.”

They laid there side by side until they both calmed down. Nik blindly found her hand. “I’m really happy you’re here,” he said, linking their fingers. Gwen held his hand silently for a moment, then pulled her hand away. She sat up and then turned and slipped a leg over his body, straddling him. He was pretty sure his cock knew what was happening before his head clued in.

She leaned over and grabbed his cell phone, then started videoing before she took him inside her. Nik couldn’t believe the show she put on for the camera. She talked dirty the whole time, she moaned and sighed and even screamed his name when she came. It was sexier than any porno he’d ever watched and it was all for him. She ran the show from start to finish and she even somehow knew just when to slip off of him just before he came and got the glory shot right on film.

When it was all over she turned off his phone and handed it to him with a knowing look. Gwen was putting her full and absolute trust in him to allow him possession of something so scandalous. “We watch it together - no peeking before,” she warned him. Nik nodded and gave her a grateful smile.

This was just another time that he realized how incredible Gwen was. She knew he’d really wanted to film them and she’d made it happen even after the disastrous way it had all begun. She didn’t do it for herself - she did it for him. Nik decided right then and there that if was ever lucky enough to call this woman his girlfriend one day, or maybe even his wife, he would always put her first. Then he spent the rest of the day trying to ignore the nagging feeling in his gut that came from the secret he was keeping and wouldn’t go away until she knew the truth.
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

I am SO SORRY it took so long to update. Things got crazy. If anyone is actually still reading this - THANK YOU. I’ve been writing this one for over 3 months! That’s insane I know people prefer quicker updates so I will really try my best to do better. 😏😏

“You ready for this?” Nik asked, as the two of them loaded into his SUV to drive to work. The big day had arrived - filming of their first love scene. They had actually went over it several times the night before, after their other home filming fun. Gwen had done incredibly well with the scene - they both had. If it went even half as good as their last take it was going to be incredible.

“We worked really hard last night,” she said, glancing over at him. They both smirked and then laughed at her innuendo. After the rehearsing they had a very energetic fuck, fueled by hours of pent up sexual energy that had built while they practiced. After the laugh she got serious, “But that’s what worries me.”

“What do you mean?” He asked, starting the vehicle.

“You and I fuck a lot. Do you really think we can switch all that off in front of the cameras and then still somehow pull off the scene with as much chemistry as it needs?” She asked.

“Why do we have to turn it off?” He met her eye before he started to back out. “No one knows but us, so why not use it? If it makes the scene better because we have real sexual chemistry then let’s go for it.”

“Are you insane?” Gwen scoffed. “You told me before you were worried about getting hard while we filmed these scenes, now you want to just go with it? You think getting hard is bad, what about when I’m so turned on my lube is getting that nude thong all wet at the front?”

Nik gripped the steering wheel a little tighter and tried to calm his rising libido with a deep breath. “We have each other and we’ll figure it out,” he said. “We’ll have robes - so if either one of us needs to cover anything up after the scene we request our robes and the other person stays in position until someone brings it over.”

“That might work,” Gwen agreed. “Maybe we should have fucked this morning and got it out of our system.”

Nik laughed. “The only way that might actually work is if we fucked right before we filmed the scene,” he chuckled. Gwen was quiet for a moment and when he looked over she had a smile on her lips. “No way, we can’t,” he gasped, feeling his dick stir at the naughty idea in her mind.

“Why not? I can come to your dressing room right before to ‘see if you’re ready’ and we have a quicky, clean up and hit the set,” she replied.

Nik groaned, “that really does sound tempting. But it could totally backfire and just make it worse you know. It really doesn’t take me long to be ready for round two with you.”
“We won’t know unless we try,” she replied with a shrug.

“That’s true,” Nik said, squirming in his seat. He was already horny as hell. Gwen touched his leg and he shot her a glance. She licked her lips seductively and he felt his heart start to pound. Was she actually suggesting going down on him in broad daylight on their drive to work? “You’re going to kill me woman,” he moaned. “But unless you want me to crash, you need to keep your hands and your dirty little ideas to yourself.”

She laughed and pulled her hand away. His dick twitched in angry protest until he reminded himself about the plan once they got to work. He started down his street on the way towards the freeway.

“You know, I haven’t heard a thing from my real estate agent in a while,” Gwen commented. Her words hit him with a massive pang of guilt.

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Nik had to stop her. Suddenly he swerved hard towards the shoulder and slammed on the breaks. Her cell flew out of her hand and landed on the dashboard. “What the fuck?”

“Did you see that?” Nik asked, brushing his hair back off his forehead nervously.

“See what? I was looking at my phone,” she said, starting to reach for it.

Fuck. He couldn’t let her continue that text message. “Something ran right out in front of me,” he gasped. “An animal.”

“A puppy?” Gwen asked, showing some concern as she dropped her hand, leaving the phone where it was. “I don’t think you hit it.”

“No, not a puppy,” he said shaking his head. “It was, uh, um, like maybe a turtle or something,” Nik blurted out, immediately feeling like every bit the moron that he was.

She gave him the most ridiculous look. “A turtle? It just ran right out in front of you? They are known for their speed,” she added.

“Oh not a turtle, but maybe one of those lizard things like Freddy, the one that lives by my pool,” he said.

“Okay not a turtle, but maybe one of those lizard things like Freddy, the one that lives by my pool,” she asked. “Those things are like 4 inches long - maximum.”

“Well I don’t know what it was,” Nik snapped. “But I saw something.” He had no idea why he was getting so angry with her when he was the big old liar pants who had made up the whole thing to hide another lie he was keeping from her. He opened the door and got out of the vehicle. Nik wandered around the SUV pretending to look underneath and check for the mystery animal.

“Are you okay?” She asked, getting out to join him. “You’re acting really weird.”

“It just shook me up pretty bad,” he said, trying to look the part. He held out his hand, and made it shake a bit. “Maybe you should drive the rest of the way.” Yes, that would work, he thought, proud of the idea that had just come out of his mouth. If she’s driving she can’t text. Then he could somehow deal with the situation in the meantime.

“Well, let’s go then,” Gwen said, still looking unsure. “We don’t want to be late.”
When they got in her phone was still on the dash so as soon as she pulled away from the curb he picked it up. “Listen, I was thinking,” Nik started. “Things are going to get really crazy with work, more for you than me. Filming hours are going to start picking up and you won’t have time to go look at houses. Why don’t I just text your real estate guy now and tell him you’re going to hold off on looking for a place until filming is over?” Why is this lying thing coming so damn easy? He wondered.

“I don’t know,” Gwen muttered.

“In the meantime, I can take a look around for you,” Nik offered. “I know what to look for and I know your taste. So if I find a place I think you’ll love we can set up a tour when you’re free. But there’s no sense in having real estate send you places you won’t have time to check out before they’re gone, right?”

“That’s true,” she replied, still sounding hesitant.

“Good, I’ll text him now,” Nik said. He quickly went to the settings to find where he’d blocked the number and unblocked it. Then he started typing the text, praying the entire time that the guy would reply right away.

“Make sure you tell him I’m really sorry and I will contact him as soon as filming is over,” Gwen called out as she pulled onto the 405.

“Yep, I will,” Nik muttered. He’d already sent the first text and was anxiously waiting for the reply. Finally it came. Thank God real estate agents are glued to their phone, he thought. It was pretty early in the morning. He read the reply - Gwen, I’ve tried texting and calling several times. We missed out on some great places. He quickly replied, apologizing. Then in a separate message he explained the filming and what Gwen wanted him to say. The agent replied back immediately - I completely understand. I look forward to working with you again in a few weeks. Nik scowled at the reply. Not if I can help it, he thought. He quickly deleted the first three texts so all Gwen would see were the last two and then he went back in and blocked the number again, just to be safe. “Done,” he announced. “He said he understands and looks forward to working with you later.”

Gwen nodded. “Thanks for doing that,” she said, causing him another pang of guilt. “It was the right thing to do. One less thing on my mind while I get through filming and all the craziness to come. As long as you’re sure you don’t mind me staying with you?” She glanced over quickly and then looked back at the road.

“You know you’re welcome to stay as long as you want,” he replied. Maybe she’d been trying to keep things light and flirty like they usually did, but his entire tone of voice changed and he couldn’t help it. She made him so soft and gentle sometimes.

“In your bed too?” She asked. This time he noticed her tone had changed too and it threw him off for a second. It sounded almost as if she was a bit uncertain and needed some reassurance that he actually wanted her there. Nik didn’t know what else he could possibly do to make her realize that he wanted her by his side every second of every day and that she was the only woman he wanted in his bed. He was delighted when she hadn’t moved back to her own room the night before. He loved seeing her face first thing in the morning and just feeling her presence in his bed. It was warmer and more cozy sharing it with her.

Joking was second nature so the words came out all on their own. “I think we’re going to have to get you your own blanket.” Gwen laughed. “Or maybe I can pull my sleeping bag out of storage.” She chuckled again and as always the sound of her laughter filled him with warmth.
“You know,” Gwen started. “When I steal the blanket you could come get it back - you could snuggle with me.”

“I would love to snuggle with you,” Nik sighed. “But I don’t think I would be able to sleep. My body has other plans when I’m touching you.” Right on cue he felt that tightening in his groin. “And would you look at that sunshine, looks like it’s going to be a beautiful day,” he added, not so subtly changing the subject before he was too far gone. Gwen laughed again but she understood. They talked about other things and Gwen sang along with the radio a bit - before he knew it they were at work.

When Gwen showed up in his dressing room later on, only a few minutes before call time, just like they’d planned, he’d had some time to actually think rationally about it. “You know this isn’t actually going to work right?” he said.

Gwen sighed. “I realized that halfway through makeup. I can’t have a quick shower after we fuck or I’ll rinse off these lovely contours they have painted all over my body.”

“You don’t need any of that,” Nik said softly. They both knew it was about camera angles and lighting, but he still felt the need to say it because she was perfect the way she was as far as he was concerned. She gave him a grateful look and they smiled at each other. “So I guess we act like the total professionals we are and just do this thing, huh?”

Gwen nodded. “We know the scene. We’ve rehearsed it enough. It’s going to be amazing. We’re amazing together.”

“Yes,” he nodded. “We are.”

“So we get through it - think of horrible stuff when you start getting turned on,” she teased. “Like the lizard you almost killed today. Or was it turtle?” She started laughing. “It ran right out in front of me - I think it was a turtle,” she said, mocking him.

He couldn’t help but laugh at his own stupidity. “I was traumatized and not thinking straight,” he laughed, trying to defend himself.

A knock on his door interrupted them. “We’re ready for you,” a voice called out.

“We’ll be right there,” Nik replied. He stood up and held out his hand to her. “Well - let’s go show them what a love scene should look like.”

Gwen took it. “After this scene is over and we’re done for the day - you better be ready.”

He glanced over at her, “Ready for what?”

She bit her lip and raised her eyebrows. “Ready for the powder keg to explode.”

He couldn’t resist pulling her in for a quick, but sensual kiss. There would be lots of kisses during the scene but he needed a real one before there were all kinds of people watching them. Nik released her and opened the door, motioning for her to go first. “Road kill. Dead turtles. Squashed lizards,” Nik muttered as he followed her towards the set in their matching robes.
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

Sorry guys, I had meant to get this out yesterday but smut is always a slow go for me and I didn’t get it finished until today. Hope you enjoy 😊

When her and Nik arrived on set one of the directors, Rosemary, called them aside for a chat and Gwen was reminded once again why she absolutely made the right choice in doing this movie with two amazing female directors. “So I know we have some very intimate, graphic love scenes to film and I know the two of you are good friends - I understand things could get awkward. Mimi and I have talked in great length about how we want the two of you, and all the actors and crew to feel safe and comfortable for the duration of this project.” Gwen looked over a Nikolaj and could tell he was just as impressed as she was with how amazing their directors were. “Today’s scene is closed set, as you know, we have the minimal amount of crew here and that’s also why Mimi is away - we wanted to make this as low key as possible.” Gwen nodded, feeling very appreciative. “Lastly, if either of you need a break at any time, for any reason, just hold up a hand and call for your robe. Let us know how long you need, 5, 10, 20 minutes - whatever - and we will completely clear the room. No questions asked.”


“Of course,” Rosemary replied with a warm smile. “So just give us about 2 more minutes and we’ll be ready.”

She walked away leaving Gwen and Nik alone for a minute. Things were about to get real and Gwen couldn’t get rid of the knots in her stomach, even with Rosemary’s extra efforts to make them comfortable. Nik gently touched her on the shoulder. “Quit thinking so much,” he said, reading her easily as usual. “You’re going to be amazing.” Gwen reached her hand up and lay it on top of his. “It’s just you and me,” he whispered.

Gwen looked into his eyes and felt a sense of calm wash over her. Nik always made her feel safe and she knew he would protect her no matter what, even sacrificing his own comfort if necessary. She wanted to be able to give that back to him too once she got control of the nerves. “Let’s do this,” she said, forcing herself to sound confident.

Barely 30 seconds later it was time. Gwen untied her robe and slipped it off, then handed it to the personal assistant that was waiting to take it. Wearing nothing but a skin colored thong she walked over to her spot on their mark to begin the scene. She focused on his face as Nik walked over to join her. He was completely naked except for his junk tucked into a sock thing. They were both extremely vulnerable and Gwen was very glad Nik was the one cast in this role opposite her.

“Okay, let’s pick up with the kissing, Priscilla will instigate but Jack will slowly take over as aggressor,” Rosemary announced. “And - action.” The two of them had practiced this scene many times and Gwen immediately got into character. She reached up and ran her fingers through his hair and then grabbed the back of his head to pull his mouth to hers. Just like every time they practiced it they didn’t really have to act to get the right amount of passion. Kissing Nik was electrifying, each and every time. When their tongues met Gwen felt her body respond. It wasn’t something she could control with him no matter how hard she tried, so she’d given up trying and instead just used those
feelings to make the acting even more authentic.

She felt Nik’s hand on her ass, as expected, but when he started to take over leading the kiss his hand moved up the side of her body and he grabbed her left breast. “Cut,” Rosemary called out. They immediately stopped. Nik gave her a quick apologetic look and she realized he must have just got caught up in the moment. Rosemary approached them and spoke quietly. “We are already pushing the boundaries here for a Bond film and we’re certainly going to hit the R rating but we have to avoid the NC-17, so as natural and sexy as that last move was - we will have to edit it out for sure. So I’m thinking we just take it from the top and make sure to avoid that in the future.”

They both nodded and when they faced each other again she rolled her eyes at Nik, who shrugged and gave her a half smile. Gwen felt her heart rate pick up a bit as she closed her eyes to compose herself to restart the scene. It was ridiculous the effect he had on her sometimes, but it wasn’t the time to dwell on that.

They ended up doing 4 more takes on the kissing scene before Rosemary was satisfied with the footage they had. They took a 15 minute break while the crew set the stage for the next part of the scene, which included Nik’s face between her legs. “Doing okay?” he asked, walking up behind her as she took a drink from her water bottle. She rolled her eyes when he took the bottle from her hand like he often did, and finished it.

“I think so,” she replied, picking up another bottle of water from the table. “As long as you behave.”

“I’m sorry,” he chuckled. “You know I can’t help myself.” Nik leaned in close and whispered, “I love touching your tits.”

“Stop,” she hissed, feeling her cheeks flush. “Just get through this and -” Gwen gave him a sassy look but didn’t finish. She would leave the rest for his imagination.

The next part of the scene was the section she would be most uncomfortable with if it wasn’t Nikolaj she was working with. It involved simulating him going down on her while she thoroughly enjoyed it. The way her and Nik had rehearsed it was slightly different than how it was scripted and Gwen wasn’t surprised that it took several extra takes to get it back to the way the directors were looking for. So for over an hour Gwen was perched on the edge of a bed with a Nik’s face between her thighs. She had her fingers in his hair, she had to arch back and spread her legs even more, all while making sure her face was accurate.

Finally on the 7th take Nik called for his robe and asked for a 10 minute break. They were both handed their robes and the room cleared right away. Gwen wasn’t sure if she was supposed to leave too, so she started to walk away. “Where are you going?” Nik asked.

“Oh, I wasn’t sure,” she muttered. Gwen couldn’t help glancing down to see if there was a physical reason for the time out. “How are you holding up?” she asked, her eyes lingering on his crotch area.

“Actually, not bad considering I’ve had my face in your snatch for over an hour,” he replied, as he adjusted himself. She could see when he did it that he definitely wasn’t fully hard, but maybe was a bit aroused. “I have killed Freddy the lizard in every possible way I can think of though. I needed a break to come up with some new ideas.”

Gwen knew he wasn’t the only one aroused. If she slipped a hand between her legs she knew she was wet. Thankfully though, it was enough to be noticeable - yet. “At least this is almost over and there’s just one more part to shoot,” she offered, trying to sound optimistic.

“Yeah, the part where you grind on me because we’re supposed to be fucking,” he scoffed.
“To be fair you do your share of grinding too,” she replied. The sex between Priscilla and Jack was supposed to be very back and forth as he challenged her need for control.

He looked at her with those sexy blue eyes and he licked his lips before he spoke, “That doesn’t really help.”

“We’ll get through it, just like we got through the rest,” Gwen said, feeling strange, but happy to be the one giving the pep talk this time. When things started up again though, and they got to the final bit of the scene she was the one needing a pep talk - or an ice cold shower perhaps. Even with all their practicing she couldn’t have prepared herself for how difficult it was to pretend to fuck Nik with several people watching and pretend to be turned on, while at the same time trying to hide that she actually was extremely aroused.

It didn’t make things any better when she realized by about the 3rd take that he was every bit as turned on as she was. Every once in a while she would brush against his erection, which was both terrifying and erotic at the same time. “Do you need a break?” she whispered, as she pulled him close and spoke into his ear.

Nik attacked her neck with his mouth and she moaned. He worked his way to her ear so he could respond, “Let’s just make this one perfect and it’ll be the last take.” She dug deep and did everything right. Nik did too and when Rosemary yelled ‘cut’ Gwen knew they’d nailed it.

“Wow, you two are incredible,” she gushed. “I cannot wait to piece all that together in the editing room - it’s going to be magnificent.”

Gwen was still straddling Nik, helping to hide his current state of arousal. “Does that mean -” she started.

Rosemary was already laughing. “Yes, it’s a wrap for today.” She motioned with her hand, “Come on - everyone out.” Gwen was astounded by how intuitive this woman was. It was like she somehow knew that they needed a moment of privacy - or at least considered it was a possibility and was trying to be respectful.

They were handed their robes and the room was cleared. When Gwen went to slip off of him Nik stopped her with a hand on her thigh. The way he was looking at her - with such intense hunger - she suddenly found it hard to breathe. “We can’t - not here,” she gasped. They were alone, but the crew would have to come back in eventually to clean up. “Just get your robe on and meet me in your dressing room.”

It had been her intention to rush home and likely fuck him before they made it anywhere near the bedroom, but Gwen knew they were both too far gone to get out of the building without getting the release they needed. She tied her robe quickly and rushed out of the room.

When she got to the hall where their dressing rooms were it was absolutely deserted. They were the only actors on set that day so it made sense and she was incredibly thankful.

Gwen slipped into Nik’s dressing room and he was mere seconds behind her. The door was shut and locked and it was go time. She practically tore off his robe and almost laughed at how absurd the sock thing looked trying to disguise his massive hard on. She grabbed the end of it and tugged, exposing all of him - thick, full and rock hard. Gwen moaned as the ache she’d been feeling and fighting for hours reached new heights. She didn’t have to fight it anymore though - she could fully enjoy the intense stirring in her pussy. “Fuck me,” she whispered, looking him directly in the eye. “Fuck me hard and make me come.”
Nik looked like he was about to come completely undone, just for a second, then he pulled himself together and did exactly what he was told. Gwen’s robe was a pool at her feet and the thong hit the floor right behind it. Completely nude and free she somehow felt even more turned on.

Nik moved around behind her and she could feel his cock pressed up against her ass. “I’ve wanted to do this all day,” he growled seductively in her ear as his fingers hit their mark and plunged into her wet core. “Fuck you’re so slippery wet,” he moaned.

Gwen needed a hard, wild fuck and the second Nik bent her over as she held on to the arm of the couch and shoved into her she knew that’s exactly what she was going to get. She had to work hard to keep herself from screaming. She wanted to just let it all out and moan and cry out and scream loudly. It felt so fucking good to have his dick in her and to feel their bodies slapped together hard as he pounded her relentlessly. She encouraged him as quietly as she could. “Yes, oh fuck yes, just like that,” she groaned.

The way she was positioned Nik had her almost straddling the arm of the couch so when she spread her legs just a little more her clit was grinding against the soft fabric, over and over. She gripped tightly and held on when her orgasm hit. It was explosive and left her knees weak as she bit back the cries in her throat trying to escape. “Oh God,” she gasped. Nik was still pounding her as her pussy was flooded with even more lubrication.

Nik’s grip on her ass tightened and she could feel her body start to contract moments before he grunted and pushed deep one last time, fast and hard, then emptied his load into her. They were both panting and sweating when it was over and Nik slowly pulled out. “That - was - incredible,” he mumbled, sounding exhausted.

“It really was,” Gwen agreed. “We should go home and do it again,” she added, as she turned around to look at him.

Nik reached around and grabbed her ass as he bit his lip. It was so sexy when he did that, especially because she knew he didn’t do it on purpose. “I didn’t even fuck this much when I was a horny college kid.”

Gwen smiled and ran her finger along his jaw line. “You hadn’t met me yet.”

Nik smiled back at her and wrapped her in his arms. His voice was softer when he spoke, “You were amazing today. You were perfect. And I’m really, really proud of you.”

There was a time she would have laughed off his compliment and teased him for being sappy. But she hadn’t even known how much she needed to hear that from him until he told her and it wasn’t something she could possibly make light of. It was her first true sex scene and not only had she survived, but she knew they had been incredible. Gwen leaned in and kissed him softly on the lips with a long, lingering kiss. When she pulled back she looked him right in the eye and simply said, “Thank you.”

As they left the studio a while later Gwen smiled because she now knew that she could get through all of the scenes they had yet to film. As they walked to the car Gwen took a quick peek around to make sure they were alone and then slipped her hand in his. Nik didn’t look at her, but she glanced over and saw him smiling. I’m so in love with you, she thought, her eyes washing over his handsome face. She couldn’t speak those words yet, but she truly hoped he already knew.
“His name was Steve,” Nik insisted as he and Gwen walked into the house from the garage.

“You’re wrong,” Gwen snapped. “I don’t know how many times I have to tell you - it was Stavros.”

They had been arguing for 10 minutes about the name of the friendly valet driver who had brought them their car after dinner. “You won’t win this one,” Nik warned her. He had no idea why it even mattered, but he was positive he was right and he wasn’t giving in to her like he usually did. “I’ll fucking drive back there and find him if I have to.” Nik was already taking off his jacket and the button down shirt he had on under it, leaving him in just a plain white t-shirt.

She scoffed. “Typical man, just has to be right.” She rolled her eyes as his blood boiled. The fact that the fight was completely stupid was lost as the argument moved into new territory. “I don’t know how you even heard him say his name anyway since you were so busy checking out that brunette’s ass in the black skirt.”

Gwen was far from the jealous type, but he could have sworn he was picking up a hint of it in her tone. “I was hardly checking out her ass,” Nik replied. Truth was, he might have taken a quick peek. “I was more intrigued by how she was going to get in that little Jag in that skirt with those heels on.”

“Wouldn’t you have liked to stick around and watch that,” she huffed. Yep, definitely jealousy, Nik thought. “Why are you smiling like that?” she snapped.

“Oh, no reason,” he shrugged, smiling more. “What about that blonde waiter that you were so smitten with?”

“What does that have to do with me not hearing the man say his name at the valet?” she questioned him.

Nik crossed his arms. “So you admit it then? You were paying more attention to the waiter than you were to me?”

“You were discussing something about melting polar ice caps and global warming with the man at the table next to us. Excuse me if I wanted to discuss hair stylists and the latest Couture line with my new friend Ty.” Now she was looking back at him with her arms crossed as well. It was a standoff.

They had been living together for several weeks and filming was way more than half over. Their trip to Russia was fast approaching, which is where they would wrap. Everything was going so well. Gwen had never returned to the other bedroom and Nik got to wake up every morning seeing her sweet face.

Work was amazing. They only had one brief love scene left to film, other than some kissing and making out on the slopes in Russia. Nik was proud of his own work and even more proud of Gwen. He even went in a few times to see her film when he didn’t need to be there, simply because he loved watching her work.
In all those days and weeks, even when they were completely exhausted they had never had a real fight. Now here they were, glaring at each other over some man’s name and a few other strangers that didn’t matter. Yet for some reason Nik just couldn’t make himself give in or shut up. “Well then, why don’t you go ahead and text Ty and find out if he works with a man named Steve or a man named Stavros.”

“Fuck off. It didn’t get his number,” Gwen sneered, rolling her eyes again. She happened to glance down at her phone at the same time and her face changed. “Holy, what is happening on Instagram?”

“Seriously?” Nik snapped. “We’re in the middle of a conversation here and you’re worried about Instagram?”

Gwen raised her eyebrows. “A conversation? Is that what you call this?” She looked back down at her phone. “The notifications just keep coming. There’s something going on.”

Nik pulled his own phone out of his pocket and looked at the screen. “Huh, mine too,” he muttered, scrolling through endless twitter and Instagram notifications. He often turned them off when he knew there was something coming up that would make his phone blow up.

“Oh shit,” Gwen sighed. “They released the poster tonight. Remember that photoshoot we did before we even started filming?” Nik knew exactly the one she was talking about. He’d been looking forward to seeing what they came up with from those photos. “Look.” Gwen held out her phone and Nik checked out the movie poster.

“Oh boy,” he said softly. “That is - well - uh - we’re fucking hot,” he said, looking up at her. The poster was sexy as hell - perhaps even better than he could have imagined. Gwen turned the phone around and scrolled through some of the comments, looking a bit horrified. “What’s wrong?” Nik asked.

“You have to read these,” she mumbled. She dropped her purse and kicked off her heels. “Come sit in the living room,” she said, heading in that direction with her eyes glued to the phone. Nik followed and just like that the fight or argument or whatever it was was completely forgotten. They plopped down on the couch side by side and started looking through the comments. “I mean, there are the standard ‘oh my God I can’t wait to see this movie’ and ‘I love you both’ and ‘so hot’ kind of comments. But then it gets crazy,” Gwen stated. She read a few more, “‘Those two are clearly fucking.’ ‘Gwennik for the win.’ ‘My Gwendolaj feels - my babies are in love.’ Oh my God,” she gasped, then giggled. “This one didn’t hold anything back - ‘If those two aren’t banging I’ll go to Walmart naked on payday.’”

“Well, thankfully the good people of Walmart are safe,” Nik replied, side eyeing her. “What’s our couple name thingy that people use?” he asked.

“There seem to be two of them - Gwennik and Gwendolaj,” she replied.

“I think I like Gwendolaj,” Nik said, pronouncing the “J” as an “I” like his name, all the while wondering how many people read it as a “J” instead.

“I’m leaning towards Gwennik,” she replied.

“Can you never just agree with me?” Nik sighed.

“Well that one you like sounds like people are saying I’m lying. Gwendolaj. Gwendolaj,” she said a couple of times. “See what I mean?”

“Okay you do have a point,” he agreed. “Fine - Gwennik it is. Even if it’s a tad boring.”
“Well what else could it be?” she asked. “Nikoline?”

“Hmm,” he thought. “Nah, that sounds like a type of battery or fuel for a car. Gwikolaj?” She burst out laughing and shook her head. “Well unless you have any ideas - Gwennik it is,” he shrugged.

“You could have just agreed with me to begin with and saved us some time,” she said haughtily. This time it was Nik’s turn to roll his eyes. After scrolling a bit longer Gwen looked at him and she had an evil glimmer in her eyes. “Want to have some fun?”

“Well unless you have any ideas - Gwennik it is,” he shrugged.

“Why do I get the feeling you’re going to get us both in trouble?” he asked cautious, but still intrigued.

“Hear me out,” she started. “You know people have wanted us to be a couple for years and years, even when you were married and I was with Giles - their comments were so totally inappropriate, but they still made them.”

“Okay -” he said in a curious tone, letting his voice trail off. She wasn’t telling him anything he didn’t know. He’d spent what felt like a lifetime reminding his wife to stay off social media and ignore the comments. There were some really, truly awful people out there who made some very cruel judgements of Nukaka. It got to the point where he had to be very careful of how he interacted with other women at events and on social media - particularly Gwen and Lena.

“We both want this movie to do well,” she continued. Nik nodded. “There’s always a little extra buzz around a film where the lead co-stars have become a couple -”

“You want to tell fans that we’re fucking, sharing a house and sleeping in the same bed?” he gasped.

“Holy fuck Nik, of course not,” she replied quickly. Giving him one of her best “you’re a fucking idiot” looks. “I just thought maybe we could take a slightly suggestive selfie together and let their imagination run wild,” she explained. “We don’t have to confirm or deny anything.” She gave him that same look again. “Seriously? When have I ever aired my laundry on social media?” she scoffed.

“How suggestive?” Nik asked, running his hand up her thigh.

“Slightly,” Gwen replied in a warning tone, though she looked quite amused. “I actually have an idea.” She shifted so he was behind her and leaned back some. “Now reach around and put your one arm across me like you’re hugging me from behind - yep just like that.” Nik put his chin on her shoulder and Gwen leaned her head against his, then held up her phone and took the photo. She fiddled with it for a minute and then smiled. “It’s perfect.”

She turned her phone and showed him. “Oh, wow -” Nik muttered. “We look like we could be naked.”

“Yep, but we’re not,” she replied. “The power of suggestion.” Gwen was wearing an off the shoulder shirt and he had a t-shirt on. She had cropped the photo close to their faces so all traced of clothing were wiped away. “Are you going to post it, or am I?”

“You go ahead,” Nik said. “I’ll like it and leave a comment.”

Ten seconds later she was finished. “Done,” Gwen announced.

Nik picked up his own phone and went to Instagram. He found the post and read her caption - ‘Shaken, not stirred’ a classic Bond line. There were already close to a hundred likes on the post and
it had literally been seconds. “We may have just opened a huge can of worms,” he said as he hit like and then replied to the post.

Gwen looked at her phone and started smiling. “You know,” she said, turning around to face him. “You might just get laid tonight after all.” Nik tossed his phone aside as she shoved him back on the couch and started kissing him. As his dick started to get hard he knew his comment was his best decision of the evening, even if it was a big lie. It wouldn’t make sense to anyone but the one person it was supposed to make sense to - *You’re right. His name was Stavros.*
Chapter 27

Chapter Notes

Edited to add: It seems as though some have taken offence to this chapter. If that’s the case and you’re respectful about it, then I will give you a sincere apology. But since some can’t seem to be polite I’ve had to turn on comment moderations. I apologize for that but the negativity upsets me.

***

In honor of Gwen’s birthday I wanted to post a fun chapter today. This is literally a trip 😎😎 and in no way forwards the plot of the fic. It’s just silly. I’m hoping you guys enjoy it though and don’t just think I’m insane 😍❤

“You are never going to guess what I just found in Filippa’s room,” Nik announced, practically stomping his way into the kitchen, where Gwen had been enjoying a quiet, peaceful evening cuppa, while reading a new book.

“You’re very likely correct and I’m never going to guess, so how about you just go ahead and tell me so I can get back to my book and find out if Deanna is going to forgive Aaron and get laid,” she replied sweetly.

Nik looked slightly disgusted at her literary choice for a moment and then continued by holding up a plastic baggie. Gwen immediately closed the cheesy romance novel and giggled. “Is that a bag of pot?”

“Yes,” he snapped. “What is she doing with pot?”

“Probably smoking it,” she replied. “Or baking weed brownies.” Nik made some kind of disappointed snort. “Oh come on, she’s old enough. She’s not doing anything wrong.” Gwen narrowed her eyes. She found the whole thing strange, given that she’s always observed him to be a very liberal parent. His girls were smart and responsible and Gwen knew Nik trusted them both.

“What’s the problem?”

“I, uh, I don’t know,” Nik stammered. “I just, well, she usually tells me everything and I had no idea she was into this kind of thing.”

“Maybe she’s not,” Gwen shrugged. “Maybe she bought it, tried it, and didn’t like it, so that’s why it’s still here.”

Nik tossed the bag of weed onto the table. “You could be right,” he sighed. “I just wish I’d known.”

“There are things a girl doesn’t need to tell her father,” she said, reaching out to pat his hand. “It’s not like she’s going to smoke a joint with her dad, that’s weird - isn’t it?”

“I suppose,” he replied, tapping his fingers on the table.

Gwen reached out and picked up the bag. “You look like you need to relax,” she said, opening the bag and giving him a look.

“Nooooo,” he said. “We shouldn’t - should we?”
“Why not?” She asked.

“Well, we don’t have papers to roll it,” Nik replied, clearly on board with the idea even if he was making excuses.

Gwen rolled her eyes. “Where did you find it?”

“In her top dresser drawer.”

“Wait, why were you looking in her dresser?” She asked, curious.

“Filippa has always been known for hoarding batteries. I needed some triple As for the remote,” he explained.

“Well you’re lucky pot was the only thing you found rooting around in her dresser,” Gwen giggled. “Anyway, where there’s pot, there’s papers. Go check that drawer and I bet you’ll find some.”

“Oh hell no,” Nik protested, with a shudder. “You go look. And if you find anything other than clothes and papers I don’t want to hear about it.”

Gwen returned less than two minutes later with a little pack of rolling papers. “Here you go,” she said, passing them over proudly.

She sat down and watched, impressed, as Nik went to work. “You seem like you know what you’re doing there,” she said with a snort.

Nik glanced up at her, smirking. “It’s been a while, but I do know how to roll a joint.”

He produced a perfectly rolled doobie and Gwen took it from his hand. “How have we never done this together before?” She asked. She didn’t smoke often, but if they were passing it around a party she would always have a toke or two. The two of them had been at a lot of parties together over the years.

“It makes me really stupid,” he admitted. “So I tend to avoid it at parties or anywhere in public. You’ve been warned,” he added with an apologetic shrug. “Come on.” On the way outside he grabbed a lighter.

They sat side by side on the hammock by the pool, which seemed like a good idea at first. Nik held the light and she took the first toke, sucking in the smoke, then holding it for a moment before exhaling, repeating the process, and then passing it over to him. By the time he took his own couple of hits and passed it back Gwen was already starting to feel the effects. It amazed her everytime just how quickly it hit her.

They continued smoking for a while, passing it back and forth, when suddenly literally everything seemed hilarious to Gwen and she started to laugh uncontrollably. Laughing like a hyena on a hammock was a really bad idea. In a matter of seconds she had tipped the whole thing and they were both dumped to a heap on the ground. At this point Nik was also laughing just as hard, while he scrambled to squash the joint that had flew out of his hand and landed on the grass. “Imagine if the next major fire in California started with you and I getting high?” he snorted between laughs as he whacked at the last little bit of the bud with a bottle of Coppertone. “Oh hey,” he said, realizing what was in his hand. He took the lid off and sprayed the joint with sunscreen.

“Well thank God you’ve protected the rest of our joint from the intense UV rays of the sun at 10pm,” Gwen teased.

They both laughed some more, rolling on the ground. “I’m so fucking high,” Gwen moaned happily. She hadn’t felt that relaxed and carefree in a very, very long time. She sat up and looked at Nik. He
was totally pie eyed, which only made her giggle even more.

“Holy shit Gwen, look,” Nik said, springing to his feet. “The moon is in my pool.” He was pointing and waving like a lunatic at the glowing yellow reflection in the middle of the pool.

“Whaaaaaa,” she replied, standing slowly. “It is. It’s right there - but how does it fit? I always thought it was bigger.”

“Seriously?” Nik scoffed. “When it’s in the sky it’s like really small. It looks even bigger now.”

Gwen nodded. Everything seemed correct and plausible at that point. “You’re right. It’s definitely bigger.”

Nik’s eyes widened and he shook his hands, flailing with excitement. He started to take off his pants. “I’m going in. I’m going to walk on the moon.”

Gwen raced over and grabbed him as his shirt hit the ground and he was stripped down to his underwear. “Nooooo you can’t,” she gasped. “What if it’s hot?”

Nik looked at her and blinked. “Fuck, you’re right. No wait, isn’t it just the sun that’s hot?”

“I don’t know,” Gwen replied, feeling panicked. “I read something once about the moon getting really hot during the day and cold at night. Or was it the other way?” She simply couldn’t remember.

“I’m pretty sure it’s made of cheese,” Nik blurted out. Their eyes met and he looked so sure he was right that she found herself nodding along.

“You have a big cheese ball in your pool,” Gwen giggled. “Oh but if it’s cheese and it’s hot it would melt, right? So it must be fine.”

Nik was already bobbing his head. “So I should jump in then?”

“No,” Gwen said quickly. “Cheese makes me think of Spongebob. We should go watch Spongebob, and you can’t sit on the couch if you’re wet.”

“You make a good point,” he agreed. Before they even made it inside they forgot where they were going. “Why are we going inside?”

“I was just following you,” Gwen shrugged. She had no idea what was happening or how much time had passed. All she knew was that she felt really, really good.

Nik snapped his fingers and grabbed her hand. “I know, come on.” He dragged her inside and down the hall to their bedroom door. He pushed it open and then dropped down on all fours. “Get down,” he hissed. Gwen felt her heart start to pound as she joined him on the floor. Nik started to army crawl towards the bed so she followed. “Look, right there,” he pointed at the carpet ahead of them.

“Where?” She looked around trying see what he was showing her.

“That spot, right there - I think that’s where it comes from,” he said, pointing again.

“Where what comes from?” Gwen whispered.

“The snoring sound,” he whispered back.

“Oh,” she said, pretending to understand even though she didn’t get it.
“They make it sound like it’s coming from you,” he added.

“Who is they?” Gwen asked, still confused.

Nik sighed. “You know - them.”

“Oh themmmmmmm,” Gwen nodded. Her head felt fuzzy. “Wait, why are we on the floor?”

Nik started laughing and it made her laugh too, until they were both laying on their backs, looking up at the ceiling with tears in their eyes. “I’m hungry,” Nik announced suddenly.

“Oh me too, let’s go see what’s in the kitchen,” she replied, getting to her feet. She felt extremely spry, yet very sloth-like at the same time. It was quite bizarre.

Nik practically ran to the kitchen and by the time she caught up he was wailing about the lack of ice cream in the freezer. “There were ice cream bars in here,” he moaned. “Chocolate, covered in chocolate. My favorite. Where are they?” She watched as he pulled everything out of the freezer.

There was a flash in her brain of herself holding a chocolate ice cream bar on a stick and Gwen wondered if maybe she’d eaten them all. “I bet they ate them,” she said.

He looked up, a bit angry, “They? Who are they? This is unacceptable.”

“You know, theyyyyyy,” Gwen said, tilting her head to the side.

“I fucking hate them,” Nik whined, with a pout. “Now what are we going to eat?” She started opening cupboards looking for some chips. “I KNOW,” he yelled, suddenly. Gwen watched as he climbed up onto the counter in his underwear, opened the cupboard and started reached way into the back. Then with an “aha” he produced the biggest Reese’s Peanut Butter Cup she had ever seen.

He hopped down, sat on the floor and tore into the package. “You’re eating a 2 pound peanut butter cup in your underwear,” Gwen said, giggling again. She just couldn’t help but find everything so funny.

“You can have some too,” he replied. “But you need to be in your underwear. It’s an underwear party, underwear party, underwear partyyyyyy,” he sang. He continued to sing while she took off her clothes. She wanted some of that fucking chocolate and if it meant stripping she would happily do it. “Taking off your pants, taking off your shirt, leaving on your underwear at the underwear partyyyyyyyyy.”

“Does a thong count?” Gwen asked, turning around to show her ass.

“You can wear boxers, you can wear briefs or you can wear a g-string at the underwear partyyyyyyy,” he sang in response.

Satisfied Gwen sat down on the floor beside him. The tiles were really cold on her bare ass, but she forgot all about it when he broke the peanut butter cup in half and handed her a massive chunk. All concept of time was lost for her as they giggled and pounded back the chocolate. She had devoured half of what he gave her when her stomach started to protest. “Ohhhhhhh,” she moaned. “I think I ate too much, I feel like I’m going to die.”

Gwen sat the rest down on the floor and leaned over against Nik. “We’re all going to die anyway,” he announced. She sat up and looked at him. His face was very serious and very sad. “You know
how hard I’ve tried,” he started, sounding absolutely pathetic. She realized she was actually coming down off her high as he continued. “Climate change. Climate change will kill us all,” he wailed. “I really tried. I tried so hard,” he patted her leg as he spoke. “But I’m only one man and I can’t make it stop.” At this point there were tears in his eyes. “The glaciers are melting. The sea levels are rising. The weather is insane. The planet is dying and no one cares.”

Nik laid down, sobbing and put his head in her lap. “It’s okay, I know you’re trying,” Gwen said, stroking his hair.

“You and I - should - just,” he stopped to sniffle. “We should - just - move to Mars and start a new planet.” Nik sat up and wiped his eyes. “Say you’ll go with me,” he begged, grabbing her hands. “Move to Mars with me Gwen, please?”

“Okay,” she nodded. “I think maybe we should get some sleep first though, okay? Then tomorrow we can pack to leave for Mars.”

“I should call Safina and Filippa,” he announced.

“No, no, it’s late - they’ll be asleep,” Gwen said, trying to deter him from making a very embarrassing phone call to his children. “We’ll call them in the morning.” Thankfully for both of them she was back down off her high and rational once again. Her evil rational brain was trying to convince her to get her phone and film some of this for blackmail material, but she knew it was going to be a massive challenge to get him to bed so she focussed on that.

Somehow she managed to get him into the bedroom, after letting him check behind every photo hanging in the hallway to see if there was a button to open a secret passage way to Hogwarts, even after she reminded him that he would have to go to the train station and find platform 9 and 3/4s to get on the Hogwarts Express. She also had to convince him that running into his wall was a bad idea because they weren’t at the platform.

Once she finally had him tucked safely into bed Gwen was about to go have a quick shower to get the grass out of her hair and any yucky floor germs off her bare ass. “You need to get to sleep,” Nik announced. “The rocket leaves at noon and we still have to pack.” Thankfully he was fading fast, so she kissed him on the forehead and promised she would get to bed soon. As she walked to the bathroom she chuckled at his soft, tired, singing - “And I think it’s gonna be a long long time til touchdown brings me round again to find, I’m not the man they think I am at home, oh no no no, I’m a rocket man.”
Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

So it seems I totally messed up with that last chapter. I just wanted to do something fun before the heavy stuff but I apparently have offended some and I get the sense it just didn’t go over well at all. I sincerely apologize to those I have upset. If you didn’t like the last chapter you can just skip it and it won’t effect the story at all.

I’m taking off the comment moderation again for now but I’m not in the mood for the rude comments, which I’m betting are all from one person using diff names. Hopefully it won’t be an issue anymore but I will continue to delete rude replies.

Thank you to all who are kind and respectful and I’m truly sorry if I disappointed any of you.

The tip of his index finger trailed over her smooth skin. When Nik had woke up that morning Gwen was facing him, no covers on, and not a stitch of clothing on either. He watched her sleep for a while, like he always did when he had the chance, but then couldn't resist the urge to touch her body. It wasn't necessarily a sexual urge, but more the comfort of knowing she was there - right where he wanted her to be.

He started as low on her leg as he could reach without moving around, not wanting to wake her. Up her thigh, over the sexy curve of her hip and then along the side of her body, up and over her arm and then along the top of her shoulder. By this point Nik knew she was awake by the tiny smile on her lips. If her eyes were open he knew they would be sparkling blue with content happiness.

When his hand made it to her face he rested all four fingertips on her cheek and lightly grazed his thumb along her jawline. She was so perfect. Gorgeous and insanely sexy, but the thing he loved about her most was always how well she knew him. Right then in that moment she could have opened her eyes and everything would have changed, but she kept them closed and let him finish his exploration because she knew he was doing it for a reason and she respected that.

The quiet intimacy and the feeling of her delicate skin on his fingers had Nik quite aroused. It wasn't surprising - she could turn him on in seconds, but he honestly hadn't intended on making love to her right then. His body had other plans though, so he let go of her face and scooted closer, pressing their hips together so she could feel his erection. "I'm sorry," he whispered in her ear, after brushing away the stray hair.

Gwen opened her eyes and she smiled at him. They were just as blue and just as sparkly as he knew they would be. "Don't ever be sorry for that," she replied, reaching between their bodies to stroke his shaft. Nik sealed the deal with a little push and they were fully united. Nothing in the world felt quite as good as burying his dick deep inside her, knowing they were joined and feeling her warmth.

He rocked his hips and slowly moved in and out of her, with an easy, lazy rhythm. They tended to get quite vigorous and even frantic at times when they fucked, so the slow, tender pace was a nice contrast. Gwen cupped his cheek and they gazed at one another the whole time. That level of intimacy in itself was so erotic they didn't need the agressive, hard, body slapping kind of fucking
Nik pushed as deep into her as he could, over and over again. When he started to feel his balls tightening up he stopped moving for a minute and kissed her, focussing on that instead of his cock to give him a little longer. He at least wanted to give Gwen a chance to come before he was done and ended it all.

When they broke the kiss and he started moving again he reached around to play with her ass, squeezing it gently at first and then more roughly. His fingers ended up in the crack of her ass, brushing her anus and he felt her shiver with pleasure, reminding him that she enjoyed anal. Nik met her eye again as he teased her rim, adding pressure but not penetrating her. He sought out permission first and she gave it with a little nod. Slowly he moved his finger inside her, while he continued to fuck her, and Gwen moaned loudly. It was a game changer and he completely had the upper hand at that point.

He pushed deeper, then pulled his finger almost all the way out and she moaned and shuddered again. Her pussy seemed to be even wetter as he kept the slow pace, while fingering her ass at the same time. Nik knew she was getting close after only a minute or two, but so was he. He could only pray he would be able to outlast her - and he did, but by nothing short of a split second. As he emptied inside her, Gwen's pussy was tightening on his dick, while their bodies pulsed and shook together.

That had all happened only hours before. 7 hours earlier to be exact. That was their first morning of almost a week of freedom before they wrapped shooting in Russia. Filippa wanted to meet for lunch and they ended up having a long meal and then spent time walking the pier, then the beach, just talking and catching up. It had been an incredible morning with Gwen and a beautiful afternoon with his daughter.

Nik had even forgot for a while about his worries that Gwen might resume her real estate search in their time off. He'd been planning to sneak her phone at some point and unblock the number just in case, but he hadn't got around to it.
He wandered inside wondering how his day could possibly get better, but he was immediately struck with a sense of dread. Even before he saw Gwen's bags packed, sitting in the hallway, he knew something was wrong. He didn't have to kick any of her shoes aside or trip over them and there was just this eerie sense of sadness that overcame him immediately.

"Gwen?" he called out. There was a knife in his heart already from seeing her bags, but he hoped there was a much better explanation than the one he most feared.

She appeared and stood behind her things. "I had hoped I would be gone before you got back," she said icily. He could see the redness around her eyes and knew she'd been crying, even if she seemed quite put together at that point.

"What's going on? Where are you going?" he asked gently, as he moved closer.

"Don't," she snapped. "Stop right there. Don't come any closer to me." Nik froze. He felt his stomach churning, ready to spew out the amazing lunch he'd had at the Sushi place Filippa loved. "It makes me furious to even look at your face right now," she said with disgust. Her voice shook though, he didn't miss that. She might have been livid with him, but he couldn't hide the way it was hurting her to say those words to him.

"Can you at least tell me what's going on?" he asked, trying to keep his voice calm and hide the utter panic he was feeling inside.
"You know what you did," she seethed, her eyes flashing in a way he'd never seen before from her. But why would he have ever seen her like that? He'd never hurt her like this before. Nik shook his head. He wasn't ready to admit to anything until he had to. They still had the scenes in Russia to film and they were some of the most intimate and tender scenes of the movie. There was no way she could film those scenes properly hating him as much as she did right then. "I talked to my real estate agent," Gwen said, tilting her head as her voice trailed off.

Well now he knew for sure. "I'm so sorry," he whispered.

"I called him because I thought maybe with a week off we might be able to find something and I could move in when we got back from Russia," Gwen explained. So far her voice was calm, but he could tell it was building. "He started to tell me about this amazing place he'd texted to me weeks ago and how the deal fell through at it was actually on the market again." Nik's entire body was hot with anxiety, his skin was crawling and his heart was racing. "Before I had a chance to ask what the fuck he was talking about he had someone come in the office and promised he would call me back in five minutes." Nik knew exactly where the story was going as he swallowed at a lump in his throat. "I waited an hour before I called him back, and you know what he said? He said that he tried to call me back several times and it kept going right to voicemail. Then he explained about the text he'd sent again, the text that I never saw." He voice was teetering on the edge of turning to rage. Nik could see her jaw was clenched. "I sensed something strange was going on so I told him I would call back later and I did some investigating. You know what I found?" she asked. Nik shrugged. "No, you're going to tell me," she snapped. "You're going to tell me exactly what I found and exactly why my agent couldn't call me."

"Because I blocked his number," Nik mumbled.

"Pardon me? I couldn't quite hear that," Gwen said.

Nik lifted his tear filled eyes and looked right at her. "Because I blocked his number after I deleted his text about that house," he got out.

"You took my phone, read my text, deleted it and then blocked the number so he couldn't contact me again?" Gwen repeated for absolute clarification. "And that explains the whole turtle fiasco the other day," she added. "You had to make sure I didn't try to text him. You were just wayyyyy too shook up to drive so you offered to take care of it."

Nik nodded. "I unblocked him, texted an apology and then deleted anything I didn't want you to see before I told him you weren't in the market until after filming. Then blocked him again."

Finally she snapped. "What the actual fuck?" Gwen screamed. "Why? Why would you do that? Why did you lie about it? Whyyyyyyyy?" If he thought she'd looked angry before that was nothing.

"I didn't want you to leave," he replied meekly.

"So you lied and manipulated me, you took control of a part of my life that wasn't yours to control - as a matter of fact - no part of my life is, or will ever be, yours to control," she added. "When all you had to do was tell me."

"It was complicated," Nik said, trying to move a bit closer. "I deleted it without thinking and then I didn't want you to be mad and I wanted to make sure that property had time to sell before you had a chance to see it. Then one thing led to another and I had to cover it all up." He wanted to tell her more. He wanted to tell her how he was madly in love with her and he never wanted her to live anywhere but with him for the rest of their lives, but she was too angry and it wasn't the right time. "I just dug too deep of a hole. I'm so sorry. Gwen, please believe me. I'm so sorry. I will never, ever, do
anything like this again."

“No you won’t, because I won’t be giving you the chance,” She replied, shaking her head. “I’m leaving and I won’t be back.”

“Gwen, please,” he started. His eyes were wet. He didn’t want to cry because he wasn’t sure he would ever stop.

“No,” she snapped. “I have to get the fuck out of here and away from you.” The way she said “you” was like she just shot him.

“But you hate hotels,” Nik pleaded. “I’ll pack. I’ll go stay in a hotel for a few days and you stay here.”

“I’m not going to a hotel. I’m going home.” Gwen stared at him and waited for that to sink in.

“Home,” he repeated. “Home to - London?” He knew the UK would always be home to her, just like Denmark was for him. But it was hard for him to speak those words because he wanted home to be wherever they were together, no matter what country it happened to be in.

“I told my real estate agent I was no longer in the market for a place here,” Gwen said. “I’ll just fly in when I need to, like I always have.”

“Gwen,” he protested. “Even if you’re mad at me and won’t ever forgive me - don’t let that stop you from living out your dream.”


Nik had no idea what to do or say at that point. “I, um, I can’t help with your bags,” he muttered, stepping forward.

“No,” she stopped him in his tracks. “I don’t need your help now or ever again.” She gathered her things. “Okay, maybe you could get the door,” she added. It could have been funny in any other situation.

Nik walked slowly to the door and pulled it open for her. He could see there was an Uber waiting by the curb. He wanted to grab her and hold her against him and never let go. He wanted to kiss her and see if there was still that spark they had. She couldn’t just turn all that off could she?

His mind was racing with so many ideas of what he should do that he couldn’t pick one. Instead of dropping to his knees, begging for forgiveness and telling her he loved her, Nik heard himself say, “Have a safe flight. Please let me know when you’re home safe.” He knew she wouldn’t but he had to ask.

Nik watched from the doorway as the driver helped her load all her things and then without looking back she got in the car and was gone. The ache he felt when he closed the door was so painful it physically hurt his chest. The house was silent. Empty.

He couldn’t remember a time he’d ever felt so lost. Normally when he was this upset he would call his best friend and she would make him feel better but that wasn’t an option this time.

Nik started to wander but everywhere he went it just reminded him that something was missing. Finally he couldn’t take it anymore so he found the closest chair, sat down and let the tears come out.
Wow you guys have absolutely blown me away with all your amazing, sweet, generous and loving comments on the last chapter.

I know many were not concerned with how Gwen reacted, thinking she was a bit harsh. I hope this chapter will help to alleviate some of that. And alleviate some of your other concerns as well.

Thank you all so much - you’re all beautiful souls 😊😊😊

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Nikolaj

It took Nikolaj a full two hours to remember the letter. Two hours of sitting in that same chair wondering how he would ever be happy again. Two hours of his heart aching with emptiness and a feeling of extreme nausea that he was just barely controlling. Then it came to him and offered a glimmer of hope.

“I’ve got to call Lena,” he muttered out loud to himself. “I’ve got to get that letter to Gwen somehow.”

Nik dialed Lena’s cell and it took 5 rings, but she picked out sounding very sleepy. “Hello?”

“Lena? It’s me. Where are you right now?” he said, knowing she would recognize his voice, even if she hadn’t already seen who it was on the called ID.

“In bed, it’s the middle of the night here,” she said, followed by a yawn.

“Here? Wait, what? Where are you?” That glimmer of hope was fading fast.

Lena yawned again, then spoke, “I’m in London. Nik, what’s going on? Are you okay?”

“Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck,” he swore. “No, I’m not okay. Gwen found out and now she’s gone and I need to get that letter to her and you’re not home and now what?” he moaned. “I need to pack, right now,” he added. “I should have followed her as soon as she left. I need to get to London.”

“Woah, hold on a minute. Take a breath,” Lena said, trying to calm him. “How about you start by telling me everything and we’ll figure it out from there.”

Nik sighed and launched into his story, explaining everything that had happened. “So now she’s gone, on her way home to London and she hates me.” He stood up and walked towards his bedroom, wondering where he’d stored his luggage. “I’m going to get the next flight to London,” he announced to Lena.

“No, you’re not going to do that,” she said firmly, stopping him in his tracks. “You’re going to go get in your car and start driving to my place and we will talk while you’re driving.” There was a short pause. “Now,” she snapped.
“Uh, okay - Geez you don’t have to be such a grump,” he muttered.

“You woke me from a dead sleep at 2am - I have the right to be a grump,” Lena replied.

“Fair enough,” Nik agreed. He started towards the garage, grabbing his keys on the way. “Okay I’m backing out of the garage,” he said, once the phone synced with his car. “Now what?”

Lena took a deep breath and spoke calmly. “I know you want to chase after her but you can’t. Gwen needs some space right now. You know her better than anyone - she isn’t going to be happy if she’s trying to get away from you and the next thing she knows you’re right in her face. Some women would take it as a romantic gesture, but Gwen and I are a lot alike in this respect and I know she would see it like I would - obsessive and desperate - especially when the entire issue started with her perception that you were trying to control her life.”

“I guess that makes sense,” Nik agreed.

“So here’s what you’re going to do - you’re going to my house and I’ll tell you the code to get in. The letter is in the third drawer of that cherrywood stand in my living room. Get it and go to the closest courier - UPS, FedEx, whatever. I’ll text you my address here and you send it to me overnight express. Once I have the letter - I will go and see her and hand deliver it.” Nik listened to the plan and even though his heart was still telling him to go to London himself, he knew that Lena’s plan was better.

“Do you really think this will work?” Nik asked meekly.

“Yep I do,” Lena replied, sounding confident. “Gwen was too angry to listen to reason today. By tomorrow or the day after she will have calmed down a lot. She might even regret how she reacted. We all say and do things when we are angry that we don’t really mean. Once she’s more calm there’s a good chance she will be open to hearing your side of the story - so once she reads the letter I really think she might soften.”

“You know how stubborn she is though,” he said, feeling his hope waning once again. It was like a rollercoaster of emotion going from hope to despair, up and down, up and down.

“I also know that you two have a long, incredible history together,” she began. “Whether you two end up together or not - you’re best friends and have been for years. Gwen can be intense, and yes, stubborn as a mule. She feels everything deeply - the good and the bad. But she’s really, really smart and very empathetic - I just don’t see her throwing away everything over one mistake that you deeply regret.”

“I don’t know what I would do without you,” Nik said, feeling extremely grateful. “Thank you so much for everything.”

“You’ve always had my back, now it’s my turn,” she replied. “But, it’s still the middle of the night and I would love to get a few more hours of sleep if you don’t mind.”

Nik laughed and they said their goodbyes. He followed through with Lena’s plan and by the time he returned home two hours later with take out for a late supper the letter was on its way. He pushed his food around on the plate for almost 45 minutes before he finally packed it all up and put it in the fridge.

All he wanted to do was call Gwen. He needed to hear her voice - even if she yelled at him the whole time. But she was likely somewhere over the Atlantic and he couldn’t call her anyway. Nik went to his living room and found a book he’d been meaning to read and then went to bed. He read
Gwendoline

Gwen woke up to someone touching her shoulder. “Excuse me miss, we are about to start our decent to Heathrow so we need you to put your seat up now,” the friendly flight attendant informed her.

As she nodded and started to right herself she couldn’t believe she had slept for close to 7 hours of the 10 and a half hour flight. She had taken two Benadryl to knock herself out though, so it really shouldn’t have been too surprising.

The moment she glanced to her left and saw the empty seat beside the aisle though, it all came flooding back to her. Nikolaj should have been in that seat beside her, yet he wasn’t - and she was alone.

In actual fact, she shouldn’t have been flying out until two days later though. She had bought tickets for the two of them and meant to surprise him with the trip. The biggest surprise of it all was that she was planning on taking him to formally meet her mum. Nik had met her mother a couple of times at work events Gwen had brought her to, but it was a long time ago, with a lot of people and distractions about. She had wanted to have a nice dinner, just the three of them, and let two of her favorite people on the planet get to know each other. Then she wanted to spend a couple of days in her favorite city, with no worries or cares - just her and Nik enjoying London together.

All of that came crashing down less than 18 hours earlier though, when she found out what Nik had done. She could have cancelled his ticket when she bumped her own to the next available flight to Heathrow but she just couldn’t take the chance of having some chatty, peppy person sitting next to her when she was feeling devastated.

By the time she left Nik standing in his doorway and rode to the airport Gwen had already learned that the hardest thing in the world to do was hate someone you were deeply in love with. Just walking away from him had been agony, even as furious as she was. She was really glad he didn’t try to stop her or come after her because she truly wasn’t sure how she would react.

Waiting at his place for him to return she’d felt like a caged animal. She was so mad and disappointed and all she wanted to do was run - get away from him, as far away as possible because she needed the distance to break the pull he had on her. She had channeled everything she was feeling into rage because it was the only defense she had for his charms and her deep love for him.

Every waking second she missed him. Her heart was so heavy and sad, and it felt like a part of her was missing in the little time they had been apart. Her thoughts battled constantly. One part of her was saying she should have stayed and given him a chance to explain, the other part of her was saying that she should be absolutely disgusted with what he done and maybe never forgive him.

The thought of never forgiving Nik, never having him in her life again - it was unbearable. And that made her even more angry at him because it was all his fault.

Gwen needed to be away from him long enough to sort out her feelings. She also needed to see someone - the one person a girl can always go to when she’s hurt or sad. She needed her mum.

By the time she got off the plane, collected her things and rented a car for a few days, it was already past lunch time. Gwen didn’t bother stopping at her own house, she went straight to her mum’s place in the country.
Before she went inside she texted Nik. It made her angry that she was so damn compelled to do it, but they had a long standing tradition of always texting each other after a flight. They had once joked that the one time one of them forgot would jinx them forever. But the truth was, she didn’t care about the jinx, she simply couldn’t allow him to worry about her safety on top of everything else.

Gwen had held herself together as long as she could, so the moment she walked into the house and saw her mum she lost it. “Gwen, Sweetie, calm down and tell me what’s wrong?” Her mum pleaded. “You’re scaring me.”

Gwen sniffled and wiped her nose. “Let’s go sit in the kitchen and have a cuppa and I’ll tell you everything,” she got out, still trying to calm the tears. She didn’t cry often, but when she did it was full on waterworks.

Thankfully by the time her mom had a hot mug of tea sitting in front of both of them Gwen was ready to talk. She told her mum everything that happened. “So I stormed out, got in my Uber and went to the airport. Now here I am - two days early without him.”

Her mum reached across the table and took her hand. “Oh baby girl, from the time you were 4 years old you were a master of slamming doors and storming out of the room.”

“I didn’t slam the door,” Gwen replied. “But maybe I should have since he was standing in it.”

Her mum chuckled and then was quiet for a moment. “I know you were mad -“

“Are mad,” Gwen corrected her.

“Okay, I know you are mad, but you didn’t even give him a chance to explain himself,” she said gently.

“He did explain - he said he didn’t want me to leave, so he was trying to control me - that’s all I needed to know,” Gwen snapped, feeling her blood start to boil again.

“Yeah I know that, but did he say why he didn’t want you to leave?” She asked, raising her eyebrows. Gwen shook her head. “Maybe you should give him the chance to tell you more.”

“Whose side are you on?” Gwen said with a scowl.

Her mum squeezed her hands, “you know I’m always on your side. Always. And that’s why I need to make sure you’re not making a huge mistake.” Gwen narrowed her eyes, suspicious of where her mum was going. “In your entire life you have never brought a man home to meet me.”

“No,” Gwen shrugged, feeling defiant. “I don’t. And he’s not my boyfriend anyway. We’re just friends. Coworkers.”

“But you’re in love with him,” her mum interjected. “I know you, my sweet girl. You’re all grown up and you have been for a long time - but I still know you. I can tell by how hurt you are. And I’ve known for quite some time that Nik is much more than just a friend.”
Gwen didn’t know what to say. It didn’t feel like the right time to admit that she loved Nik with every part of her mind, body and soul. I didn’t feel right when she didn’t know anymore if they even had a future together.

“Tell me about him,” her mum requested. “Pretend I know nothing and just tell me about Nikolaj. Go!”

“Uhh,” Gwen stammered. “Um - well, he’s very funny, and he’s charming, kind, passionate - a complete pain the ass sometimes, but he’s loyal and devoted. He’s an incredibly talented actor. He’s very, very handsome - sexy,” she said, smiling a bit. “He’s honest and trustworthy and he always has my back - oh -“ Gwen gasped, realizing what she just said.

“Loyal, honest and trustworthy, huh?” Her mum repeated her words.

“Well I thought he was,” Gwen grumbled.

“You need to take a couple of days to clear your beautiful head,” her mum said, reaching over to stroke Gwen’s hair. “He made a mistake. He’s not perfect - but it sounds like he’s pretty damn close.”

“I don’t know if I can ever trust him again,” Gwen said softly, closing her eyes as her mum kept stroking her hair.

“Oh don’t get me wrong - you damn well make him earn that back,” she laughed. “If and when you decide to forgive him of course.” Gwen felt tears sting her eyes again and tried to fight them off.

“Sweetie? Do you love him? Have you admitted that to yourself yet?” Gwen opened her eyes and looked at her mum’s kind, honest face and slowly nodded. That’s when the tears started again. “Shh Baby, it’s okay.” She stood up and moved closer. Gwen wrapped her arms around her mum’s waist and cried against her stomach.

Gwen didn’t look at her phone again until after she had a nice lunch with her mum and finally headed to her own flat. When she did she saw there was a text from Nik. He’d responded to her text from earlier. It was a long reply and part of her just wanted to throw the phone down and ignore it. Her curiosity wouldn’t allow her to do that though, so she read it, laughed at the way he signed his name to it as if she didn’t already know and spent the rest of the day missing the fuck out of the man she was still completely pissed off at.

*Thank you for letting me know. I understand that you need space and time to think, but if you want to talk you can call me anytime, day or night. I miss tripping on your shoes and your make up spread all over the bathroom counter. I miss your laugh and your smile. But most of all I miss knowing for sure that I’m a part of your future. You’ll always be a part of mine. XO - Nik*

Chapter End Notes

PS Sorry for all the “mum”s but I don’t actually know Gwen’s mum’s name 😊😊
That night Gwen was tired, but couldn’t seem to sleep. Around 11:30 she decided to turn on the telly and see if she could find something interesting. She had spent most of the day getting her flat situated, dusting, cleaning, and making things warm and cozy. It had been a long time since she’d been home and it felt strange - even a bit lonely, which was something she’d never experienced coming home before.

Later in the evening she’d gone out to her favorite pub and had a pint and some comfort food. It was a bustling place which meant she could hide out in a booth and not get noticed, yet still enjoy the feel of being surrounded by people, noise, and music.

She opted to just turn on the BBC and distract herself with all the miserable things happening in the world that were way worse than her current situation. She had been watching for 10 minutes when her phone rang. Gwen picked up her cell and didn’t recognize the number, but something made her answer it anyway. Perhaps because she just needed to hear the voice of another human being, even if it was a wrong number.

“Hello?” Gwen answered.

“Oh, um, hi - is this, um, is this Gwendoline?” a young female voice with an accent asked.

“It is,” she replied hesitantly.

“Oh good, I was hoping I remembered your number correctly when I snuck a peek at my dad’s phone. It’s Filippa. Fillipa Coster-Waldau,” she said, introducing herself.

“Oh.” Gwen gasped in surprise. In all the years she’d known Nikolaj she’d never had a private, one on one, conversation with either of his girls. “Hello Filippa, how are you?” she asked.

“I’m doing okay,” she replied. “I hope I didn’t wake you - I know I’m calling pretty late, but I just left my dad’s place and I knew I had to call you as soon as I got home.”

“No, no, it’s fine. I was just watching the news,” Gwen replied. “Is, um, is everything okay?” She really didn’t want to know anything about what Nikolaj was up to, but she had a feeling she was going to find out anyway.

“I’m not sure where to start,” Filippa said, with a nervous laugh. “I guess I’ll just give you the background first. So, um, I had lunch with my dad yesterday, which I’m sure you know.” Gwen nodded, but didn’t interrupt with a response. “He told me that you two were living together. I teased him a bit,” she added, with another little laugh. “But he said it wasn’t like that at all. When I pressured him a bit all he would say was that it’s complicated because you’re working together again.”

“Definitely complicated,” Gwen muttered.

“Listen, I’m an adult now, not a child,” Filippa said. “I know you and my dad were sleeping together.” Her tone remained polite and pleasant. There was nothing accusatory about her comment. She was merely stating a fact.

“Oh, I’m not sure that’s really any of your business anyway,” Gwen replied. She also kept her tone...
calm and light. She didn’t want to come off as rude or aggressive.

“No, it’s not,” Filippa admitted. “But it just proves that your relationship is more than friendship as I expected.” Gwen couldn’t argue with that - there was no point. “The reason I’m calling is because I stopped by his house today to get something from my room.” Gwen couldn’t help but wonder if Filippa was looking for her baggie of marijuana. “When I got there my dad was - well - he wasn’t himself at all. His eyes seemed red. I think he’d been crying. When I asked what was wrong, all he would tell me was that you and him had a fight because he’d done something really stupid and that you were gone. Left. Moved out.”

“That’s correct,” Gwen confirmed.

“Well, I just wanted to make sure that you know my dad’s in love with you,” Filippa announced. “I don’t know if that changes anything for you or not, but I had to tell you because I don’t think he has.”

Gwen felt her face get hot, followed by her entire body. It wasn’t the first time someone had told her that Nik was in love with her, but coming from this young woman - Nik’s own flesh and blood - it just felt more real than it ever had before. “I’m, um, I’m not sure it does make a difference,” Gwen replied, after a moment of silence. The fact of the matter was, Nik had still lied to her and covered up what he’d done. He’d still taken something away from her that wasn’t his to take away. He’d broken her trust - and to Gwen trust was the foundation of any relationship. “And if it’s true,” Gwen added. “Why didn’t he tell me himself? Why didn’t he tell me and try to stop me from leaving?”

“I can’t answer that,” Filippa said. “Maybe he was scared. Maybe he didn’t want you to think he was only trying to use it to make you stay and leave you questioning whether he truly meant it. Maybe he wants it to be a special moment when he finally tells you - my dad is quite the romantic when he wants to be.”

“Listen,” Gwen said gently. “I know you’re just trying to help your dad and that’s so sweet and very admirable, but I just - well - I need some time. I have a lot of thinking to do.”

“I get that completely,” she replied. “But you need to know this isn’t just for my dad - this is for you too because - I know you’re in love with him as well and I don’t think you should throw that away.”

“What makes you think I’m in love with him?” Gwen asked carefully. Filippa hadn’t even been around. She hadn’t seen them together. Gwen had never talked to her. So she was naturally curious as to what made her draw that conclusion.

“You’ve been in love with him for a long time,” Filippa said gently. “A long time. Like, when my parents were still married.”

“No,” Gwen interrupted. “Nothing ever happened between your dad and I back then. I swear to you.” She couldn’t let Filippa think that she had anything to do with her parents splitting up.

“Oh I know that. I’ve just been thinking back and now that I’m older and I understand more about relationships, and feelings, and people - something struck me,” Filippa explained. “You’ve been my dad’s dearest and closest friend for a long time. He talked to you all the time, he probably made special trips to spend time with you, he told us how funny you are and how much fun you have
together - yet we never did anything with the two of you. Safina and I have barely spoken to you at all. There were no family trips together, not even a dinner. How weird is it that my mom and dad never had my dad’s best friend over for dinner? Not one time.”

Gwen felt chills listening to Filippa talk. The way she was analyzing the situation was nothing short of impressive and she had to admit that the young woman was making some really good points. She was picking up on things that Gwen had done without really considering or admitting to herself why. She’d made a point of keeping Nik’s family at a distance. She didn’t interact with his kids at all. She had never gotten to know his wife, other than the few times she’d met her at award shows and work events. “We both have very busy lives,” Gwen said meekly. It was a pathetic excuse and no one would have bought it, let alone this very smart young lady she was talking to.

“I don’t believe you and my dad were having an affair, I’m not suggesting that at all,” Filippa explained. “I just think that you have had feelings for him for a lot longer than you would ever admit. I think you kept us at a distance because of those feelings and out of respect for my dad’s marriage.”

Gwen didn’t know what to say. Was she supposed to admit it? It wasn’t often that Gwen was a lot loss for words but all she could do was sputter and stammer into the phone without actually saying anything meaningful.

“I’m sorry if I’ve said something out of line,” Filippa apologized. “I just think true love is rare and special. I know my parents had many happy years together and that they will always love each other - just not in the same way. I’ve accepted that and I just want them both to be happy. You make my dad happy - you always have.”

“He makes me happy too,” Gwen whispered. She hadn’t meant to admit it or say it out loud but it slipped out and she couldn’t take it back. It was the truth though.

“Listen, I won’t bother you much longer, but when you and my dad get back together could we please have dinner? Maybe with Safina too - I’m sure she would love that,” Filippa requested. “She was quite fascinated with you when we were girls. She wanted to be a model - just like you.”

Gwen had no idea that Safina had idolized her but there was a more pressing matter she needed to address. “Why are you so sure we’ll get back together?” Gwen wondered.

Filippa laughed. “I know my dad. When there’s something he really wants, he always finds a way to get it - and - he wants you.” Gwen’s heart thudded in her chest as the full effect of those words struck her. Did she want Nik to fight for her? There was something traditionally romantic and chivalrous about a man doing anything he could to win back his woman. Or would that just make it all so much harder for both of them?

“Filippa, sweetie,” Gwen said softly. “I can’t promise that your dad and I will be able to fix things, but the next time I’m in LA I would love you have dinner with you - and your sister if she’s around. Just the girls, okay?” It didn’t matter what happened with her and Nikolaj - Gwen was absolutely certain that she wanted to get to know the interesting and intelligent person on the phone. It actually made her sad how many years she had wasted not spending time with Nik’s girls. She had her reasons - the exact reasons Filippa had just called her on. It was something she had never fully admitted to herself though. She made excuses like how she didn’t want to impose on family time because with their crazy filming and promotional schedule family time was precious and limited.

“Okay,” Filippa replied right away. “Thank you for listening. I hope you have a good night.”

“Goodbye,” she said.

When Gwen hung up the phone she was in complete shock, feeling very mistified. Her hands were shaking and she tried to tell herself it was because she was tired. She glanced at the screen on her cell and realized she’d got a text while they were talking. It was from Lena - *Hey Love. I heard you were in town. I was hoping we could meet for drinks tomorrow night?*

Gwen knew exactly how Lena must have heard she was in town. She wasn’t sure if she could handle another one of Nik’s champions so soon. She really did adore Lena, but she just couldn’t deal with it right then. She needed to think and she needed to do that without outside interference. She replied back and then went to bed.

*So sorry - I have plans. Maybe another time. XOXO*
Chapter 31

With the combination of staying up late and not really getting a comfortable sleep on the plane Gwen ended up sleeping in quite late the next morning. She had two cups of coffee and some food and then showered and got dressed. When she needed to think she walked. Being outside in the fresh air, wandering around the familiar part of the city where she’d lived for many years was calming and comforting, which allowed her to think more rationally.

Gwen walked for over an hour and just enjoyed the scenery and the feel of being home, forcing any other thoughts out of her mind. When she finally arrived at a small park she loved, she found a quiet bench under some trees and finally allowed herself to think about Nikolaj and what happened. The other bonus of being out in public, even if she was in a very quiet and serene area, was that she wouldn’t let herself cry or breakdown like she would at home, alone, in private.

It really didn’t take very long before she was overcome with a feeling of loneliness and Gwen realized it was because she really wished Nik was there with her. They had never explored the city properly together. She’d never had the chance to show him all the nooks and crannies that tourists would never find or think to look for. She wanted to show him the places that only people who spent a great deal of time in London would know about. She wanted to share part of her life with him that she’d never really shared with anyone else.

As she thought about all the things they hadn’t done together and how much she wanted to do those things with him she started to feel angry because she couldn’t make herself stop putting the blame on him. If he hadn’t done what he did they would be flying to London together. If he hadn’t done those stupid things - lied to her and deceived her - they would still be happy.

That was how the cycle went for the next couple of hours. Lost in her thoughts and feelings Gwen couldn’t believe how much time had passed when she finally looked at the time on her phone. As she had been riding the rollercoaster of highs and lows the clock had ticked on and it was already late afternoon. Unfortunately she really hadn’t gotten too far from where she started. She knew she missed Nikolaj, but she wasn’t sure she was ready to forgive him or even hear his side of the story.

When Gwen started walking again she noticed she was very close to a place she’d spent a lot of time in the past. There was one other person besides Nikolaj that she had always felt perfectly comfortable confiding in. She trusted his advice and she trusted him - even though they hadn’t seen each other or spoken in a long time.

She took a right on the next street, her heart starting to beat a little faster with anxiety. It wasn’t often she felt that way about meeting people and she actually couldn’t remember a time she’d ever been nervous to talk to him. Perhaps it was the topic of conversation, mixed with the circumstances of their relationship. Gwen actually wasn’t sure he would even be there, but when she arrived and found the door unlocked as it often was, she let herself in knowing he would be there.

When Giles went to his private studio to work it was always with a purpose, which meant he was completely focussed on the idea that he wanted to bring to life and often ignored other things - such as locking doors behind him. She walked down the hall and into the first room on the right, feeling very nostalgic. How many times had she walked that exact hall and entered that exact room to find him sitting there, bent over his desk, scribbling furiously as he sketched out an incredible new design? The man was extraordinarily talented and they truly had shared some great times together over the years.

“Giles?” She said softly. He hadn’t even noticed her approach and looked up in surprise.
Slowly his face changed from shock to wide smile. His eyes lit up and he jumped to his feet. “Gwendoline, Love, how are you?” He came around the desk and kissed her on both cheeks and then they shared a warm embrace. “It’s been way too long.”

“It has,” she agreed. “I’m truly sorry for that.”

“Come have a seat. Can I get you a drink?” Gwen shook her head and sat down. “What made you stop by?” he asked, still looking pleased to see her but naturally curious.

They had always been quite honest with each other. That’s what had both led to their breakup and maintained their friendship afterwards. A few years in Gwen realized that Giles needed more sexually than just her. He was bisexual and she noticed the way he would look at other men. Neither of them had ever been the jealous type so when she suggested the idea of an open relationship they were both very comfortable with it. They also both knew the risks involved, so it wasn’t a huge shock the day Giles told her that he’d fallen in love with someone else. Gwen understood and she was happy for him. It came at a time when her career was starting to pick up and she was very focused on that aspect of her life, but at the same time she needed the comfort of having Giles close. Perhaps she’d been neglecting him emotionally and focused way too much on herself, so it was her fault he’d sought comfort in someone else, but she didn’t dwell on it and neither did he.

“I need to talk and I need good advice - I was hoping you might be game?” Gwen asked.

“You know I’m always here for you. What’s going on?” he asked.

“If you’re not comfortable talking about this, I’ll totally understand,” Gwen prefaced. “It’s about Nikolaj.” She didn’t miss the little smirk that told her he wasn’t at all surprised. “Is that okay?”

“We’ve both moved on. We’re friends. You can talk to me about anything, just like we always did,” Giles agreed.

Gwen nodded and took a deep breath. Then she started at the beginning, when Nikolaj showed up to the audition and filled him in on everything that had happened since. “And now - “ She paused and then concluded. “I think I’m in love with him, but I don’t know if I can or should forgive him.”

“You didn’t even give him a chance to explain,” Giles said, the second she was finished speaking. “And I point that out because I’m someone who knows exactly how that feels.”

“You didn’t do anything like this,” Gwen replied. “Does he even deserve the chance to explain?”

Giles nodded. “I think everyone deserves the chance at least. I know you’re stubborn and can be very hot headed sometimes, but you really need to let him tell his side of the story - the whole thing.”

Gwen sighed. “But I’m weak around him. I fucking hate admitting that, but it’s true. Even if his damn explanation is shit he will win me over - I know he will.”

“And why do you think that is?” Giles asked, pushing his glasses up on his nose.

“Because he’s handsome and he’s charming - he always knows what to say to get to me. He knows me too well and he can use that against me,” she grumbled.

“I hear you blaming him for everything,” he said, giving her a look. “You take no responsibility here at all? Tell me again why he has this much control over you? Tell me again why you think he will be able to charm you so easily?”

“Because he -” Gwen started.
He interrupted her. “Not him. You.”

“Because I -” she began again. “Um, because I -” Finally it clicked. “Because I love him that much,” she finished with a sigh.

“Because you love him that much,” Giles repeated. “You do now and you have for a long, long time.”

“Not you too,” she muttered, thinking about her conversation with Filippa.

“Listen,” he said, sounding very serious. “I think it’s time that I admitted something to you that I hadn’t planned on ever telling you.” Gwen’s curiosity perked up instantly. “I know you didn’t do any of it intentionally, but over the years the more in love you fell with Nikolaj the more you needed me. It took me a bit to figure out what was happening, but once I did - I couldn’t unsee it.”

“That’s not true,” Gwen said unconvincingly.

Giles gave her a little smile and continued. “I knew how hard it was for you because you would never be part of an affair. As long as Nikolaj was still married he was off limits - but that didn’t change how you felt about him. Nothing could ever change that. You tried so hard to love me like that but you never could. I don’t think you could ever love any man the way you love him.”

Gwen felt her nose prickle with tears. “So the more you needed me, the less I needed you. I wanted to be there for you though so I tried my best to be supportive and I will always love you - like a friend - the same way you loved me all along.”

“No, that’s not true,” she said again. “I did love you as more than a friend. I did,” she insisted, feeling tears welling up.

“It’s okay Darling,” Giles said, coming around to put a hand on her shoulder. “I would never hold it against you and I would never want to change the time we shared together.” He grabbed both of her shoulders gently and caught her eye. “But you need to let yourself be happy. You have the chance to be with the man you have loved for years. You know I don’t often get sappy but I believe Nikolaj is your soulmate. You can’t throw that away. You can’t miss the chance over one mistake. He will make more mistakes and so will you - but if you love each other like I know you do - you’ll get through it.”

Gwen reached out and put her arms around him, placing her head against his chest. Giles had held her like that many times before, but this time it felt different. She knew everything he said was the truth. As shitty of a person as it made her - Giles had always been just a friend. Nik was always the one, even before he was a possibility.

“Why didn’t you tell me any of this before?” she asked, sitting up. Gwen brushed a few tears away.

“Why were you never going to tell me?”

Giles shrugged. “I never thought Nik and his wife would split up and I thought pointing all that out to you would just cause you unnecessary pain. I figured eventually you would move on and find someone else and it wouldn’t matter. But when I heard your story today I knew you needed to know the truth.”

“Thank you,” Gwen whispered, reaching for his hand and squeezing it. “Next time I’m home can we go out for dinner and drinks?”

“Will you bring Nikolaj? Even if he did steal my woman’s heart - I couldn’t help but like the guy,” Giles said with a shrug. “And he is pretty easy on the eyes.”
Gwen laughed and smiled. “We’ll see.”

They talked a while longer and by the time she realized she should be heading home it was already dark. Giles offered to drive her and she accepted. Walking at night alone wasn’t a great idea. He dropped her off and they said their goodbyes and Gwen wandered into her flat. She was feeling a lot better than she had that morning, that was for sure.

She had barely had a chance to take off her coat and shoes when there was a knock on the door. She went to open it, expecting it to be Giles, wondering if she’d forgotten something, but when she pulled the door open it was Lena standing there. “Oh,” Gwen gasped. She immediately felt guilty about blowing Lena off.

“It’s okay - I’m not staying,” Lena announced. “I’m just here to give you this,” she said, handing over an envelope. Gwen looked at it and right away knew who had written her name on the front. “Don’t throw it out. Please. You have to read it.”

“I don’t understand,” Gwen felt very confused. “Is he here? How did you get this?”

Lena shook her head and explained. “The day after he deleted that text from your phone he came to see me. He was a mess. He felt horrible and he wanted my advice. Of course I told him he should just confess, the sooner the better. But once he explained to me why he couldn’t do that - we came up with a new plan. I left him alone and that very day he wrote you this letter. I kept it at my place in LA and I promised I would give it to as soon as things blew up. Unfortunately I was here and the letter was in California so I made Nik go get it and courier it to me so I could fulfil that promise.”

Gwen listened, feeling chills cover her body. Nik had a plan from day one. It was insanity. “Promise me you’ll read it,” Lena finished. “I need you to promise me on our friendship that you won’t destroy it.”

Gwen was quiet for a minute. Two days ago when she found out the truth there was a good chance she would have ripped it up or threw it away. But now she was curious. There was no way she would destroy the letter. “I swear I won’t,” she said finally. “I need to know everything.”

“Good. So I’m going to go now and you’re going to read that,” Lena stated. She gave Gwen a quick hug. “And - you owe me fucking drinks, Bitch,” she added with a laugh.

“You got it Bitch,” Gwen replied, laughing as well.

Once Lena was gone Gwen walked to the kitchen and sat down at the table. She caressed the envelope, running her fingers over her name written in Nik’s penmanship - which was neater than her own. With a deep breath she tore into it and pulled out the letter. Then Gwen started to read…
Chapter 32

Dear Gwen,

By now you know what I did yesterday but I’m not sure if you will ever understand how sorry I am about it. Yes, I’m deeply sorry, but do I regret doing it? No. Would I do it again - I hate to say it, but - yes, absolutely. Please don’t stop reading - allow me to explain myself.

Since I’m writing this letter before you even know what I did, I’m not sure how you reacted to the news. I know you though, and I’m going to assume you were every bit as pissed off as I’m expecting.

I want to start by telling you why I deleted the text to begin with. When I was sitting there and saw it pop up on your phone I read it. I couldn’t help myself. I don’t think me reading your text would have been a problem though, without what came next. When the words hit me I freaked out and completely lost my mind. The thought of you leaving made my heart hurt. I felt not only a deep sadness but extreme anxiety. I’ve never felt that before and now I understand why it’s so debilitating for some. The second I deleted it though, I felt better - just for a moment, until I realized that he would likely just text you again when you didn’t respond and my secret would be out, just like that. That’s why I blocked his number. I really don’t have any further plans than that. I’m just hoping and praying that you don’t call him or check in before we’re done filming the movie together.

That leads me to why I can’t tell you what I’ve done. You can’t imagine the guilt I feel, not only because it’s really bad, but also because you never would have done something like this to me to begin with - the knowledge of which only makes my own guilt worse.

Lena suggested that I tell you the truth and deal with the consequences, but I just couldn’t take the chance that our relationship will impact the movie in any negative way. This movie is your chance to show the world the shining star that I’m lucky enough to see every day. I can’t possibly risk affecting the chemistry of our characters or your mood in case it carries over. I know you’re a professional and so am I, but we both know that despite our best efforts we can’t always keep work and home totally separate. That’s the reason we shine together on screen and I can’t let it be the reason this experience isn’t absolutely perfect for you. Not only do I want your head fully in your work, I want you to be able to enjoy every second without any other stresses in your life.

This could all backfire completely. I’m well aware of that. You might find out anyway and then I’m an even bigger ass for not telling you when I had the chance. But I’m hoping once you read this letter you will at least understand why I didn’t tell you sooner.

Gwen, I need you to understand. I need to know there’s a chance that you’ll forgive me. I couldn’t imagine one day without you in my life. You are my best friend and the only person I really feel I can be myself with. You’ve never made me feel like I need to hide any of my quirks or my numerous faults. We have to put on a face in public, and often with friends and coworkers, even with family. But when I’m with you I’m just me and that’s all I feel like I need to be. You make me feel like I’m enough.

Spending so much time together has made me realize something else. It’s something I had to fight from the day I met you, for obvious reasons. I don’t know why I didn’t consciously realize this before now. I guess I pushed it down so deep and buried it, that it’s taken this long to come back up. Or maybe I was just scared to let myself see it because I wasn’t sure you felt the same. I have to tell you now though, because this might be the last chance I have. I LOVE YOU. Not just as a friend. I love you with every part of me. I hope I’m not scaring you away even further by telling you this but you are at the center of my universe, shared only with my girls. I can’t imagine a day, an hour, a minute
or even a second without you in my world.

I will do anything you need me to do to make up for what I’ve done. I’ll drop to me knees at your feet and I’ll beg for your forgiveness if that’s what it takes. It won’t be easy for me but I’ll give you time and space if that’s what you need. There is one thing I won’t do - I will never give up.

When you find the one you’re supposed to be with you just know. I get that sounds silly given that it means I spent over 20 years with the wrong woman but I can’t regret that because she gave me Safina and Filippa. I can wish and hope though, that I will get to spend the rest of my days with the woman that owns my heart - and that’s you.

I love you Gwen. I truly, deeply, desperately, love you. You need to know that and you need to believe it - because it’s the truest words I have ever spoken.

Thank you for reading this far.

Please forgive me and let me spend the rest of my life earning back your trust.

Love always,
Nik

When one of her tears dropped onto the letter and smeared the ink Gwen gasped. She’d noticed some similar smears as she was reading and now she knew exactly what they were. Nik was crying when he wrote the letter to her.

She lifted her hand and then pounded her fist down hard on the table in anger. She wasn’t mad at Nik or anyone else - she was mad at herself. If she hadn’t been so damn stubborn and emotionally impulsive she could still be in the same city as Nik. The same city, same country and same time zone. Instead, she was thousands of miles away with a vast ocean between them and she couldn’t run into his arms and kiss his face like she wanted to.

Gwen had always known she would forgive him. She had known even before people started pointing things out to her. She had fought hard though, because she felt like she needed to make a point. This wasn’t something that could ever happen again or become a pattern. It wasn’t something small or insignificant. She needed Nik to understand that what he’d done had hurt her and in her mind at the time running away was the best option. Seeing her mom was also a priority. She hadn’t felt that desperate need to have her mom hold her in a very long time.

She took a few deep breaths to calm herself. It was time for them to talk, but she didn’t want to do it over the phone. Gwen wanted to look into his eyes, caress his face and then kiss him after she finally told him that she loved him too.

She drummed her fingers on the table wondering what her next move should be. It was only a few more days before they would both have to be in Russia to finish the movie anyway, but she couldn’t possibly wait that long. It wasn’t fair to Nik either.

Gwen thought about flying back to LA, but flying back several time zones when she was still getting her body regulated to London time, just to turn around and fly all the way back to Russia would kill her. He was worth it, but it would certainly impact her ability to work to the best of her skill. Given the fact he had kept things a secret to protect the movie (which had made her swoon) she knew Nik would be upset with her for putting her body through that kind of jet lag.

She considered calling him and asking him to come to London. If he came the next day they could still have that meeting with her mom that she’d planned. She could also show him around the city
and just enjoy having him in her stomping grounds for a change. Gwen picked up her phone and was about to dial when another idea came to her.

Instead of calling Nik she dialed her favorite travel agent. The woman was incredible and Gwen always booked through her. She had many celebrity clients and knew how to manage issues like privacy and confidentiality, as well as always ensuring Gwen had proper escorts to make her way through major airports virtually unnoticed.

It took about 20 minutes to tell the agent everything she wanted and needed. Gwen took the chance that Nikolaj would be willing and able to fly to Russia at a moments notice. She hoped that knowing he would see her was enough to get him there ASAP.

It made her heart hurt thinking of how sad he likely was. She knew it wasn’t fair that she was aware that everything was going to be fine, but he didn’t. Gwen felt guilty not telling him straight away, but instead she sent a simple, straightforward text - How soon can you be in Russia?

Almost as soon as the text was delivered she saw he had read it and sighed with relief. She would have paced the floor waiting for him to respond even if it took all night. She saw he was replying and started tapping her fingers again. I can pack and be on the next flight out of LAX if you need me to.

Gwen squealed out loud and jumped up and down. This just might work, she thought, bursting with excitement. She replied - Good. Check your email in an hour and you’ll find flight information and all the details you need. I want to get there early and practice our final scenes in the freezing cold.

He texted her back instantly - Sounds good. Can’t wait to see you.

Gwen typed Me too and then erased it. It was the truth, but she didn’t want him to know that quite yet. She wanted the whole thing to be a huge surprise. Her stomach panged with guilt. She had to give him a little something so she replied with - Let me know when you land safely.

She could picture him smiling when he responded - You know I will. You too please?

Of course. Night. Gwen put her phone down on the table and took a deep breath to calm her nerves and her excitement. She picked up Nik’s letter and she clutched it to her chest, hugging it to her heart.

The last couple of days had been a whirlwind of emotions. She had so many people to thank, people she was so blessed to have in her life. Her mom, Giles, and Lena had all come through for her like the beautiful angels they were.

Most of all, there was Nik. Without even being there he had made her feel important, special, treasured and loved. Now it was her turn to make him feel that way too. Gwen set the letter down and rushed off to start packing. In less than 24 hours she would see him again and she would finally get to tell him how she felt.
Chapter 33

Chapter Notes

I can’t believe we’re getting so close to the end of this one. I considered making the next two chapters into one long one, but this felt like a natural place to stop and then get into the rest in the next chapter (or two/three) and maybe stretch it out just a little longer 😊

As always Gwen’s travel agent came through big time. She had somehow managed to have Gwen’s flight arrive 5 hours before Nik’s, which gave her plenty of time to get settled at the ski chalet and make sure everything with their rooms was perfect.

Of course Gwen texted Nik when she landed and he replied back immediately. She sent him a second text telling him he should be sleeping and then put her phone away until she was in her room with her luggage and finally had the chance to sit down. When she checked her phone she saw he had responded, telling her that he can’t sleep on planes. She would have suggested drugs, but by that point it was too late. He would only be a few hours from landing. Nik had left in the morning LA time and would be arriving in the morning in Russia, which was only early evening back in LA, but if he was going to get his body adjusted he needed to either sleep on the plane or stay awake more than 24 hours. Jet lag was rough, but at least they had a few days before they actually started filming.

Gwen decided not to reply and just focus on making sure everything was perfect. She actually had slept a bit on her late evening flight and caught a decent nap in the afternoon before she left for the airport, but she was so excited and nervous that she was completely wired regardless of the time or lack of sleep.

She busied herself unpacking and preparing the room and then went for a long, hot shower. She couldn’t believe it when she was finished in the bathroom. There was a text waiting letting her know that Nik had already landed and expected to be there within an hour. Nerves hit her again, hard. She wanted things to work out perfectly, but she knew they rarely did. “They will this time,” she whispered out loud to herself.

When Nik texted again that he had arrived she took a deep breath. There was more to the text. He was raving about the scenery and the slopes, but she ignored all of that. She honestly hasn’t taken the time to really absorb how breathtaking the natural landscape was outside the chalet. She had to get through everything she had planned and then hopefully if all went well she could enjoy all of it, with Nik, as a happy couple in love.

She put the finishing touches on the room and then slipped through the adjoining room door into the room she had booked for Nik to wait for him. There was a knock on the door and her heart started to pound. Gwen stood and shook off all the anxiety and then walked to the door and pulled it open.

“Hey,” Nik said, smiling at her as he walked in. She could tell right away that he was nervous too, and that gave her so much comfort.

He only had a backpack with him so she peeled out into the hall, looking for the rest of his stuff. “Is the bellman bringing the rest later?” She asked.
He laughed. “Nope, this is it,” Nik replied, slipping the bag off his shoulder and tossing it aside.

“You fit everything you need into a backpack?” Gwen muttered in shock.

“Not all of us pack 10 pairs of shoes,” he teased.

“I didn’t pack 10 pairs,” she shot back. Nik crossed his arms and raised his eyebrows. “4 of them are boots,” she added, trying not to smile back at him. Just like that, they had easily slipped back into their usual banter, even though there was a huge elephant in the room.

There was a moment of quiet and Gwen allowed herself to really take a look at him for a second. It was a bad idea because he looked incredible and it made her feel so many things. His hair was back off his forehead, the way she liked it, and he had let his facial hair grow to somewhere between stubble and a beard. It looked so sexy she just wanted to touch his face and feel the coarse hair against her palms.

Gwen knew if she did that she would follow it up by kissing him and once that happened it would inevitably lead to them ending up in bed. In the grand scheme of things her plan ended with them in bed anyway, but there were things that needed to be said first. So she looked away from him to collect herself, though she could still feel the magnetic pull his presence had on her.

“Gwen?” He said softly. Why oh why did his voice alone make her feel so damn warm and fuzzy, yet jittery and crazy? “Should we talk now?”

“No,” she snapped quickly. She hadn’t meant for her voice to be so edgy. Nik put his hands up in surrender and she felt awful. It will all work out, she said calmly in her mind. “Just get your script so we can get started.”

“Can’t we eat first? I’m starving,” he said, sounding so whiny she wasn’t sure if it was pathetic or she felt sorry for him. Nik shrugged off his jacket. The blue sweater he was wearing underneath was gorgeous and made his eyes look even brighter.

She watched him walk to the bed, jump and spin, then land in the middle on his back. He bounced around like a child. “Pretty comfy,” he commented before standing up again. Nik looked around the room and wandered, checking things out. “This place is really nice,” he said, walking back in her direction. “Where’s your stuff?”

Did he actually think they were just going to share a room, share a bed, with the way they had left things between them? Ideally, that’s what would be happening anyway, but he wasn’t supposed to know any of that yet. She lifted her arm and pointed at the door to the adjoining room. “My stuff is in my room,” she told him. The way his face fell was heartbreaking. Maybe he really had thought they would be sharing a bed. He was so hard to figure out sometimes. It was hard not to break, right then and there. She wanted to cheer him up and let him know the truth, but she had to follow through with her plan. She’d put too much thought into what she was going to say and how it was all going to come out to change it at that point.

Gwen went over to the counter and dug around in the welcome basket of treats that was left in both rooms. She tossed some kind of Russian candy bar at him. “That should do for now. Grab your script.” The sooner they got started, the sooner she could see his handsome face looking happy and carefree once again.

Nik caught it and immediately tore it open. He took a bite which ended up being half the bar and then spoke while he chewed. “I don’t need my script,” he scoffed. “I know all my lines and yours too.”

“Of course you do,” Gwen muttered. While she’d always had to work hard at memorizing her lines
Nik seemed like he knew his after the first read through. It was annoying.

“What scene are we rehearsing?” he asked.

“The final scene,” she replied, trying to pretend it was nothing. He gave her that look again, but quickly shrugged and walked over towards the fire place. Obviously they weren’t in the same room where they would be filming, or even the same chalet, but the final scene took place in front of a roaring fire so he was making it as authentic as possible.

Gwen knew she was being extremely demanding and pushy with him. The poor guy had literally got off a plane, rode to the chalet and walked in the door and she was refusing to let him eat, change, rest or anything else. She also knew he was going along because he would do absolutely anything to get back in her good graces. She felt guilty about both, but soon Nik would understand and it would all be alright.

She took her place with her script nearby so he wouldn’t get suspicious. She had it memorized, even though she would be going off script eventually. She always kept it close when they were rehearsing though and he knew that. It was mostly a superstitious thing - she believed if it was handy she wouldn’t forget her lines, but if it wasn’t then she would. When they were shooting there was always someone ready to shout out the line if they needed help, but for rehearsal she still had her script.

“Whenever you’re ready,” she announced, turning her back to him to set the scene.

“Priscilla,” Nik said softly, before placing a hand on her shoulder. Gwen had to physically resist the urge to nuzzle his hand with her cheek and try to stay in character. “Please, will you at least turn around and look at me?” Gwen very slowly turned around. “Don’t be mad at me,” he whispered.

“You could have died,” she said icily. “It wasn’t worth it.”

“It might have been the only chance we had to get him,” Nik replied, trying to reach for her hand. Gwen pulled it away. “I didn’t want you to live the rest of your life wondering when he was going to come after you again.”

Her eyes flashed in anger and she lashed out at him, “What if you died though? Without you it wouldn’t have mattered anyway.”

A cocky grin spread across his face. Nik was incredible in this scene. His body language and facial expressions were absolute perfection. “Are you saying you need me in your life?” he asked.

Gwen crossed her arms. “I don’t need any man,” she replied, with emphasis on ‘need.’ Finally she let the ice melt. “But I do want you in my life,” she admitted. It was time to flip the switch. Her stomach was in knots and her heart rate picked up. “Nikolaj,” she said, instead of the ‘Jack’ that was scripted. Nik was about to correct her, but before he could she reached for his hands. “Nikolaj,” she said again, to make sure he knew she hadn’t made a mistake. “I love you.” Those were the very last words from the script that she spoke to him that night.
Well this chapter didn’t exactly go the way I had thought it would, but I just started writing and this is what happened. (Don’t worry, you’ll finally get that smut next chapter and I’ll try my best to make it worth the wait).

Nikolaj had dreamed of hearing her say those words to him. He had imagined it happening so many ways, so many nights, as he’d laid with her and more recently as he’d laid alone. Now that the moment had seemingly arrived he was in total shock and disbelief. There was so much they needed to deal with before she could tell him how she felt, wasn’t there? Nik had told himself it would be a long time before Gwen even admitted her feelings for him - if she even still felt that way at all. There was a time he was sure she loved him, but after the mess he’d made Nik hadn’t known if they even still had a chance.

From the moment he’d arrived and looked into her eyes Nik had felt something that he couldn’t quite place. It was almost as if Gwen was nervous about something. He sure as hell was anxious about seeing her again. He had no idea what to expect, or how he should act. Part of him had thought maybe throwing himself at her feet and begging for forgiveness was the way to go, but he knew Gwen too well and she would see that as desperate and clingy. Was he supposed to just pretend that she hadn’t ran off and left him in LA while she flew across the ocean? Was he supposed to pretend that he hadn’t fucked up the best thing in his life?

He wasn’t able to figure out exactly what he was sensing from her, but Nik had decided to just go with it and follow her lead. He’d asked if they should talk because it seemed like the right thing to say, but when she just wanted to get right into rehearsing he hadn’t resisted because it seemed really important to her to get on with it. Nik assumed she was just concerned that the strife between them was going to impact their filming, which was exactly what he’d been trying to avoid.

Things hadn’t gone at all like he’d expected though. When they started the scene he was quite impressed at how they were both able to put things aside and get into character - but now they weren’t in character anymore. She had said his name - his name - she’d said ‘Nikolaj’ not ‘Jack.’ Then she said it again to make sure he knew it wasn’t an accident. Gwen had never once made the mistake of calling him by his own name instead of his character’s, so for her to do it twice he knew it was absolutely intentional and he was completely floored.

“I, uh, I don’t, um, is this - is this real?” he stammered. Gwen looked even more beautiful than he’d ever seen her. With the flickering light of the fireplace casting a glow of orange light over her there was also a radiant glow from within her that was shining through. Her eyes were sparkling and her smile was stunning. “Do you mean it?”

Gwen nodded and her smile got even bigger. “I love you. I love you so much,” she sighed. “I love everything about you and I have for a long time.”

Nik felt like everything that had been weighing him down from the day he deleted that text was lifted off him. He felt light and free - and so fucking happy. “But what about -” he started to say. It was stupid to bring it up right then, but he couldn’t allow all those emotions to burst through until he knew for sure.
“We’ll talk about that soon,” Gwen interrupted. “But first there’s something I want to show you.”
She held out her hand and he took it without hesitation. “Even if you think it’s totally cheesy just pretend you love it - I don’t get romantic very often,” she said, leading him through the adjoining door into her room.

When he stepped inside he saw she’d placed several candles around the room and the fireplace was lit, just like his had been. But in front of it there were blankets and pillows set up on the floor, creating a cozy little place to sit. On the table off to the side there was a bottle on ice and two wine glasses, and some fancy tray of assorted hors d’oeuvres. Even with everything else on his mind his stomach grumbled, he couldn’t help it. Gwen rolled her eyes and laughed, but quickly grabbed the tray and offered it up.

“Sorry,” he apologized, stuffing three random little bite sized things into his mouth in quick succession. He didn’t have a clue what they were but they were delicious. He grabbed two more and nodded that she could put the tray down. She poured wine while he chewed and handed him a glass as he finished swallowing.

“If you’re done, I would really like to kiss you now,” she announced. They both took a drink and then set the glasses on the table.

“You should have said so earlier, my stomach could have waited a little longer,” Nik replied, slipping his arms around her waist.

The sexual tension between them was thick and heavy. His heart was thudding and he knew hers was too. His body was tingling where he was touching her and the air felt sizzling hot. “It’s okay, you’re going to need your strength,” she said, while slowly and seductively licking her lips.

“I still can’t believe this is happening,” he said as he reached out and put his hand on her face, then ran his thumb along her bottom lip where she’d licked.

“Believe it, because it is happening and I’m so in love with you,” Gwen replied, putting her hand over his.

He was never going to get tired of hearing her say that. She could say ten times a day for the rest of his life and each time would feel like the first. “I love you too,” he whispered, suddenly feeling even more emotional. It was as if him saying it back to her finally made him realize he wasn’t dreaming and everything hit him. He wasn’t often a crier, but there was no hiding the tears that welled up in his eyes.

“Aww,” she gushed, moving her hands to his face to stroke his cheeks. “I’m sorry I waited so long to tell you.” Nik saw her pretty blue eyes glistening like his as she moved in to kiss him. Gwen took the top and wrapped her arms around his neck and he circled her body, crushing her to his chest. Their lips met and Nik was sure there had never been a sweeter, sexier, or more perfect kiss between them.

When they parted he truly felt like things were right in the world again. One kiss and he finally felt whole. When Gwen took complete control of the situation and started to undress both of them Nik was surprised by her level of focus. It was like she had a need to take care of him or to show him how much she loved him. It took him a few minutes, but he finally figured it out. “Gwen?” he said softly. “Tell me what’s going on.”

“We’re both in our underwear - I think it’s pretty clear what’s about to happen,” she said, trying to pass it off as nothing.
She reached for his underwear and Nik reluctantly stopped her. “Talk to me,” he pleaded. “If you don’t I’m going to have to analyze and it would be really embarrassing if I’m wrong.” He held the hand that he caught and stroked it gently. “I love you,” he said gently. “And I know you love me. So tell me what you’re thinking right now.”

“I’m thinking how I would really like to fuck you,” she said insistently.

“Gwen,” he warned.

Finally she sighed. “Okay, okay,” she muttered. “Most men wouldn’t even notice once their dick was as hard as yours is right now.”

“Thanks for the reminder,” he muttered, adjusting himself with his free hand. “But I’m not like most men.”

“No,” she said wistfully. “You’re not.” Gwen sighed again and tugged his hand, as she sat down. He sat with her and waited patiently for her to talk. “I feel like an ass. I refused to listen to you or let you explain, I took off to London and I left you alone, wondering and worrying about our future, when all along I knew I would forgive you. I buried that at first, but even before I got your letter, before I talked to my mom and Filippa and Lena -”

“Filippa?” Nik interrupted, wondering why Gwen had been talking to his daughter.

“I think I’m going to love that girl,” she replied with a smile. “She called me. She’s so smart and intuitive. Must get that from her mother,” Gwen added, teasing him. Nik was hoping for more details, but he was just so thrilled that there was a budding relationship between them that he was okay with their conversation staying private.

“Anyway,” she continued. “I’ve had a lot of time to think and it has resulted in the conclusion that I’ve been a pretty shitty human being the last few days.”

“No,” he interrupted again. “Don’t do that to yourself. You had every right to react the way you did. You could have walked away and never spoken to me again and it would have been fair. I broke your trust. What I did was wrong and desperate - that’s not me. I don’t lie and I don’t manipulate people. You don’t deserve someone who treats you that way. I’m proud of you for standing up for yourself the way you did - even if it hurt like hell.”

“What you did was wrong,” Gwen agreed. “But I could have handled things a lot differently. I hold trust and communication as equally important in a relationship - you might have broke one, but I broke the other - so I’m truly sorry for that. That’s why I wanted to show you tonight how much you mean to me - to make up for what I did.”

Nik was already shaking his head. “You know what’s most important to me in a relationship? Equality. I made a mistake and you feel like you did as well, even though I don’t agree with you,” he added, giving her a smile. “So how about we both make it up to each other - together.”

“Sounds fair,” Gwen agreed, looking far more relaxed and her usual confident self. “You know I never could have left you anyway,” she said, sitting up on her knees as she took off her bra. “You have that sex tape you could leak,” she joked.

“Uhhh, about that,” he muttered, looking sheepish. “I may have accidentally deleted it.”

“What?” she gasped. “I didn’t even get to see it yet.”

“I was, uh, editing it,” Nik said, his eyes shifting guiltily. “And I meant to email it to myself and accidentally deleted it instead.”
“How are you such a technological failure?” Gwen sighed dramatically. It was getting really difficult to continue talking to her with her breasts holding most of his attention. “You watched it and jerked off didn’t you?” she accused him.

“What? Me? Of course not,” he drawled. She gave him a look. “I was lonely and I was missing you and fine, I was really horny. So yeah, I may have watched it and jerked off - once or twice.”

“Twice? Oh my God,” she shrieked, playfully smacking him.

“Three times. It was three times,” he admitted the truth. “But then I deleted the damn thing and that was the end of it.”

“You are ridiculous,” she laughed. “Three times though? Were we really that good?” Gwen was suddenly curious.

“Oh it was fucking hot. I can’t even explain what it’s like to watch yourself fuck or get fucked,” he shivered and felt his dick start to throb.

“Where’s your phone?” Gwen asked. Nik reached for the jeans she’d taken off him and pulled it out of the pocket, then handed it to her. She tapped the screen a few times as he sat there wondering what she was doing. Maybe we’re making a new sex tape, he thought. “You really are a moron sometimes,” she announced, smiling at him. She crooked a finger and beckoned for him to come closer. They laid down side by side on the pillows and Gwen turned his phone sideways. “When you delete a photo or video it goes into the deleted folder for like 60 days and then disappears after that.” Their eyes met and then she hit play. Yet again Nik couldn’t help the shock of how things were not going at all as he’d been expecting - but in the most wonderfully possible way.
Chapter 35

Chapter Notes

Wow, I can’t believe I only have a couple more chapters left! Hopefully once this is done some of you will be happy to read Turn Back Time as I’ll be finishing up that one next. I also have another idea kicking around in my mind that I need to work out (as a teaser the working title is Ghosts, if I can figure out how I want to tell the story). Thank you all for reading! ❤❤❤

Gwen had actually thought a little bit about how it would feel when they finally watched the sex tape they had made. She really expected she would either laugh or be totally embarrassed by her, well, technique. What she definitely was not prepared for was how turned on she would be.

Instead of giggling like a fool or a running commentary of everything that was wrong with their sexual encounter, Gwen was completely silent. She couldn’t take her eyes off the screen and the longer she watched the more her body responded to the erotic content.

There were so many things she didn’t see while they were fucking, whether it was because her eyes were closed or because she just didn’t have the point of view to see them. Somehow she had captured things with the camera that she never would have seen. It wasn’t perfect - there were times she wasn’t holding it at the right angle, but that didn’t affect the sounds they were making which took everything to another level.

Gwen bit her lip and squirmed, trying to relieve the building tension between her legs. “This is, uh, wow,” she muttered.

“I might be biased, but I swear we’re better than half the porn I’ve watched,” Nik said.

“And that’s a lot of porn.” Her comment made them both chuckle, even though she had teased him about watching porn many times. Gwen needed that moment of levity to dispel some of the sexual tension before she combusted.

She felt him move and momentarily took her eyes off the screen. “Where are you going?”

“I’ve already seen it a few times. You keep watching and I’m just going to help you enjoy it a little bit more,” Nik replied, reaching for her panties. Gwen shifted her eyes back to the phone but lifted her hips so he could tug off the last remaining piece of her clothing.

The second his mouth made contact with its destination Gwen moaned. She now knew from the video just how loud she was, but she couldn’t stop the sound from escaping and she didn’t want to. It was very clear that Nik enjoyed the noises and the volume. It was likely inflating his over large ego even more, but the man could fuck - she had to give him that.

Her fascination grew as she continued to watch, right along with her level of arousal. She was so turned on she actually felt like he could probably push her over the edge with one damn thrust. Nik was still exploring with his tongue though, which was masterful in its own right. The way he teased her, but knew when to stop before he pushed too far was so intuitive. It reminded Gwen just how well he knew her and she loved that level of intimacy between them. She was certain she had never
quite reached that level of sexual familiarity with anyone before and the incredible thing was - they still had room to grow.

It didn’t take long before all the stimulation bombarding her senses was getting to be too much to take. They say you can never have too much of a good thing, but at that point she begged to differ. Just the feel alone of what Nik was doing with his tongue at that very second was taking all her focus and attention. She couldn’t even try to watch the video any longer so she set his phone aside and let herself enjoy him going down on her.

With her level of arousal from the video it didn’t take much longer for him to push her over the edge. He knew she was ready and he moved his attention to her clit, tracing circles around it with his tongue to start, then lightly flicking it, before pulling the whole thing into his mouth. He sucked gently and that sent her over the edge almost instantly.

Gwen cried out as the orgasm slammed into her. It was intense and absolutely incredible. She was quivering from head to toe, vibrating and buzzing, as the waves of pleasure rippled through her. “Bloody hell that feels good,” she moaned, enjoying every second. After fucking furiously and frequently for so many weeks it actually felt like forever since they had been together, even though it was only a few days. So even right after just coming, she wanted more - she wanted to feel him inside her, she wanted to be united in every way with the man she loved.

As Gwen sat up she could still hear the sex video playing on the phone she had tossed aside. She didn’t even need to see what was on the screen to conjure up the image of Nik’s face in her mind that went with the groan she just heard. “Get those fucking boxers off now,” she demanded. He smirked at her, but did exactly as he was told.

Once he was naked she straddled him, hovering over his massive erection. As she started to sink down on him, her wet pussy ready to accept every inch, Nik sat up too. By the time they were fully united, she was wrapped in his arms and they were kissing.

There were times they went a while without kissing, skipping that and getting right to the fucking, but when they did take the time to properly make out she was quickly reminded what an incredible kisser he is. Gwen could taste herself on his mouth and tongue. It wasn’t typically something that turned her on, but for some reason she found it really erotic right then. It also brought on an emotional reaction knowing that the taste was because of his desire to pleasure her and that made it even sexier.

They stayed that way for quite some time, just enjoying the feel of skin on skin and their bodies becoming one, while kissing passionately. Gwen really focussed on making sure she held on to a little bit of tenderness. Quite often things became so heated and frantic between them it was purely physical - fucking, instead of love making. It wasn’t that they didn’t love each other, they both knew now that they had for quite some time, but it was just that they got so turned on and wrapped up in the physical pleasure that it took over.

While they continued to kiss Gwen started to rock her hips. Not much, just the slightest bit of movement. But even that tiny motion was enough to make them both moan and break the kiss. Gwen put her hands on his shoulders and looked him in the eye, then started to move a little more. She was blessed with really long legs that gave her lots of leverage to work with, even in their current, slightly confined position.

They took turns taking control, easily giving and taking when the other needed or wanted to take over. When Nik would fuck her from below she could feel every inch of him, pushing deep into her pussy, filling her up. When she took over she could change the angle and hit new and different places deep inside her. Both felt equally amazing.
The interesting part was that they were both very content with the slow and easy pace. The level of intimacy was so high they didn’t need the usual hard, body slapping fucking to feel just as turned on. Gwen touched his body as she moved, grinding slowly. She stroked his arms and shoulders and back, and traced his incredible jaw line with this tip of her finger. She ran her hand through his silky hair and kissed and sucked on his neck. All the while he was doing the same to her. Touching wherever he could reach on her body, licking her skin, sucking her nipples. Everything was incredible from those touches, to his cock buried inside her, to the way he gasped and moaned and the look on his face that told her he was getting so close to coming.

All of a sudden there was a knock on the door. “Room service,” a voice called out and Nik groaned for a different reason.

“Did you order room service?” he whispered.

“I did,” she whispered back. “I didn’t anticipate you would last this long,” she teased.

He chuckled quietly, “I can’t even argue with that.”

“Can you just leave it by the door?” Gwen called out loudly.

“Of course Ma’am, enjoy,” the heavily accented male voice replied.

She looked at Nik and smiled. “I guess I had better finish you off so our dinner doesn’t get cold.” Gwen pushed him back onto the pillows and started to ride him, still keeping it slow like they had been doing. He’d already been close before the interruption so she knew it wouldn’t take too much longer. Even though she had teased him about getting it over with so they could eat, Gwen continued to make it sensual and loving. She truly wanted him to feel how much she desired and needed him - in all ways, not just sexually. She wanted Nik to feel her love, not just the lust.

He looked up at her and she felt her heart swell. He loved her so much, she could see all over his face and in his eyes. It felt so good to just be able to look at him and know. She truly hoped he could see it on her face too, but just in case she told him one more time, “I love you so much.”

He started to respond but it got caught up in a grunt and moan as he finally came. Gwen could feel his hands gripping her hips, tightly at first and then loosening as his orgasm fade. When he finally opened his eyes he finished, “I love you too.”

Gwen slipped off him and went to the bathroom to grab them each a robe. Once she was covered she opened the door to gather their food. By the time she brought it in Nik was in his robe, popping more of the appetizers from the tray into his mouth. “How are you so hungry?” She asked.

“I’m stress eating,” he mumbled, with his mouth full.

“But the stressful stuff is over,” she said, confused.

“I know, I was stressed before so I wasn’t eating well, now I’m making up for it. Isn’t that how it works?” Nik asked.

Gwen stared at him. He was honestly the most adorable dumbass on the planet. “I am quite sure that’s exactly how it works - for you,” she laughed. “Come try this. I told them to bring us the most popular Russian dishes on the menu.” Thankfully neither of them were picky at all, but it really didn’t matter because the food was so good she was sure anyone would love it.

“Can I ask a question?” Nik said as they finished up their dessert. She nodded. “Why all this? Why here? I could have just met you in London. You could have told me over the phone, Face time or
Skype. Why come all the way to Russia?"

She had been waiting for him to ask that. Gwen wiped her face and set down the napkin. “A couple of reasons actually but the main reason was because of what you said in your letter and your reasoning for trying to keep what you did a secret - the movie.” She took a second to gather her thoughts. “I know we couldn’t have been together when we first met, for obvious reasons, but I think, well, it was actually Filippa who made me see that our feelings for each other started back then.” He looked surprised at her mentioning Filippa again, but didn’t interrupt. “I’m not a big believer in fate and soulmates and all of that, at least I wasn’t. But the more I thought about it - this movie brought us together at the perfect time in our lives to discover what we mean to each other. If I hadn’t got the role, if you hadn’t auditioned, if they hadn’t seen our chemistry - things might not have happened the way they did. Even the fact that you did the stupid thing you did - what if I had of looked at that place and loved it, then moved out. Maybe we wouldn’t be where we are right now?”

“We would have found each other eventually. I think this is meant to be,” he said softly.

“Maybe, but I still feel like this movie helped and it’s important to our relationship.” Nik nodded in agreement with her words. “So it just felt right to me to bring you here to Russia so I could tell you how I feel and we could spend a few days here together before filming. I knew if I said I wanted to rehearse that you would come and I thought using that final scene as a catalyst was perfect.”

“It was. Everything you did was perfect,” Nik said with a smile. “And what was the other reason?”

“I need to get used to the cold. Have you seen the fucking costume I’m wearing for the outdoor scenes?” She spat. “They have you all bundled up in heavy ski pants and a fur hooded parka, but I’m wearing some thin, skin tight onesie thing. Do they think I’m, um -“ Gwen couldn’t remember the woman’s name she was trying to think of. “You know that American skier who was banging that really good golfer guy.”

Nik was already laughing at her. “That went really well,” he teased. “I think you mean Lindsay Vonn and Tiger Woods.”

“Yes that’s them,” she snapped her fingers.

“I don’t think there’s any chance anyone will mistake you for Lindsey Vonn when they see you ok skis,” he added, still laughing. “But don’t worry, you have your own strengths and whatever skin tight onesie they put you in will make even JLo jealous.”

“Ha, I doubt that, but thank you,” she replied, taking the compliment as best she could.

“I would take you over JLo any day,” Nik said, coming over to kiss her. “Now will you take this robe off and come to bed with me.”

“Again? So soon?” She laughed.

“It’s not what you think,” he chuckled. “Maybe later, but right now I just want to hold you and finally get a few hours sleep. I haven’t slept well since you left.” Nik yawned as he finished speaking. He really did look tired and she could use a nap herself so Gwen stood and undid her robe, then let it fall to the floor. She undid his and pushed it off, then took his hand and led him to bed. They climbed in and she slid over close. Nik moved his body next to hers and slipped his arm over her, pulling her snugly against him with a little sigh. Before Gwen even had her blankets situated Nik was already snoring softly.

She closed her eyes and smiled, feeling so very happy and content. Her plan had worked perfectly
and she was in the arms of the man she loved - safe and secure. She couldn’t wait to enjoy the next few days with him and finally finish off the movie they had been working so hard on. Once again, all was right with the world.
Chapter Notes

Warning, this authors note might be a long one.

I first of all want to say - don’t panic that this seems to be the final chapter. I had initially planned one more chapter as an epilogue to incorporate some of the press stuff and movie premiere etc. But I decided it was a bit much for one chapter so I have opted to convert this fic into a series and then I can add maybe 3-4 epilogue chapters to it over time.

The plan is to get back to Turn Back Time but then maybe every couple of weeks add an epilogue chapter to this one until it’s fully completed.

With that being said, the main part of this fic is over and I can’t be more grateful to you all for making this experience so special for me. With every comment and kudo and read you guys gave me I was absolutely overjoyed. The wonderful conversations I’ve had with some of you along the way have been so special and I cherish them.

I hope many of you will stick with me as I move back to the other fic and start future endeavours. But if this is the end of the road - thank you so much!!! You all are incredible❤️❤️❤️

Gwen had spent the morning watching her stunt double ski with Nik. They were allowing him to film most of the ski scenes, except a few more challenging runs where they had a double taking over. Gwen had only skied a couple of times in her whole life, so they had to bring someone in for even the most basic scenes on the slopes. There was no way she could film anything that would look like a hectic, high speed chase even with editing help.

It was only a few takes in before the green eyed monster hit her and she was going crazy not being the one working beside Nikolaj like she should have been. I could have planned this better, taken lessons, worked hard and did this stuff on my own, she thought. It wasn’t just that feeling of personal failure, but also feeling like she had failed her character and the simple jealousy of someone else working beside her leading man, wearing the same sexy ski suit that she was wearing.

Gwen had filmed a couple of scenes first thing that morning and opted to stay in the ski suit because it was actually extremely warm. They had added some sort of special material that kept her body heat in and the cold out. It was quite amazing that something so thin could actually keep her toasty.

Just before lunch Nik filmed his last scene on the slopes. Gwen watched him and was amazed at what a talented skier he really was. It wasn’t surprising when she thought about it though, he was one of those people who could do anything a few times and already be doing it better than people who had been doing it half their lives.

This was a bit of a complicated run where Nik and the double had to switch spots and swerve past each other a few times, while pretending to duck and shoot. It only took them two tries to nail it perfectly. Gwen hung back and watched them all celebrating and tried not to pout. She knew she was being childish but it annoyed her the way they were hugging and high fiving. She took a deep
breath and shook off the negativity. The fact that the double did such great work meant they when it was all put together it would look amazing and that’s all everyone wanted - herself included.

When Nik spotted her he started to walk in her direction, scowling a bit. She knew before he even got there what he was going to say. “I could do the rest of these scenes myself,” he grumbled. “I’ve been skiing since I was 6.”

“I have no doubt you could, but if something were to happen we still have one more scene to film that I need you to stay alive for,” Gwen replied.

He raised his eyebrows, “that’s it? You only need me for one more scene and then you don’t care if I die tragically in a horrible skiing accident?”

“I would miss you terribly, it’s true,” she said. “But think of all the press and buzz around the movie it would bring.”

Nik knew she was joking and chuckled a bit. “I know a better way to bring some press and attention to this movie. One that involves both of us still alive - and quite happy.” He slipped his arms around her and pulled her close. Gwen rested her mittens on his chest and looked into his eyes. She lifted a hand and tucked a piece of hair back under his wooly winter hat, giving him a smile, so lost in the moment that she forgot to care who saw them like that. It really wouldn’t matter soon anyway - people would figure it out pretty quick and they really had no reason to hide it. “We could go about this quietly, or - we could really sell it.” He licked his lips. “What do you say? Want to be the next Brangelia? Or Bradley Cooper and Lady Gaga?”

Gwen shook her head, “Not Brad and Gaga. Fake news.”

“What?” He looked shocked and nodded to say she was telling the truth. “Well that’s disappointing.” He smiled at her and touched her cheek with his gloved hand. “Well we are definitely not fake news.”

“We might be if you spend much more time with my stunt double,” Gwen muttered. Fuck, she thought, wishing she could take back the slip.

“What was that?” Nik looked far too amused for her liking.

“Nothing. You heard nothing. I was just saying what a lovely day it is,” she drawled.

“No I don’t think that was it, I think I may have just detected a wee bit of jealousy,” he pressed.

“I don’t do jealous,” Gwen scoffed.

“Not normally,” he agreed. “But you just did.” She was preparing herself for more teasing, but his face changed. “What’s up? This isn’t like you at all.”

“It’s really nothing,” she insisted.

“Oh come on, you have to know you’re the star of the show here. I mean, look at you,” he backed off so he could get a full view of her costume. “I’d do you right here, right now, if I wasn’t worried my dick would freeze and fall off.” She couldn’t keep a straight face at that imagery. Nik pulled her back in and she relaxed in his arms again. “Seriously though, you have put everything you have into this. People will be lining up, begging you to work for them after this movie. Gwen, you’re magical. No one, I mean no one, has your sparkle, your energy, your magnetic hold on people -“

“I really wasn’t fishing for compliments you know,” she interrupted. “But if you insist, please
continue.”

He pulled his arm in between them to hold her hand against his chest and then looked her right in the eye. “You’re beautiful, genuine, charismatic, sensitive, intelligent, and captivating.”

“You forgot witty,” she said, her eyes sparkling from his love and adoration.

“Yes, definitely witty,” he added with a laugh. “I promise you never need to be jealous with me. No one compares to you as far as I’m concerned, not even close.”

“But I can’t ski,” she said softly, actually admitting the issue. She felt she owed him that little bit of honesty since he was being so sweet. “Ana is incredible. She was amazing and you looked so happy skiing with her.”

“She was great and I was happy because I want this movie to be perfect - for you,” he replied. “But to tell you the truth, I would ski the bunny slopes any time just to be with you.”

“Will you teach me?” She blurted out. “Sometime.”

His eyes lit up. “I would love that. But, don’t feel like you have to -“

“No, I really want to,” she stopped him. “I had no idea I could stay warm and look this good,” Gwen added, laughing.

“If you wear that you’ll cause a lot of grown men to wipe out on the slopes, probably a lot of women as well,” Nik teased.

They were smiling at each other when a voice spoke up. “Hmm, what do we have going on here?”

Without looking Gwen knew it was one of the directors, Rosemary, but out of the corner of her eye she saw that Mimi was standing there as well.

Gwen gave a little shrug and then leaned in and kissed Nik softly on the lips.

She knew it was up to her to make that kind of public move to confirm the suspicions, but she also knew he would be perfectly fine with everyone knowing, obviously, since he suggested letting the whole world know.

“Gee, we didn’t see that one coming at all,” Mimi said sarcastically, with a laugh.

“Was it really that obvious?” Gwen asked, turning to look at them.

Mimi and Rosemary looked at each other and started to laugh. “Why do you think we hired him?”

Gwen sighed in resignation. “From the first second he walked in the room and you laid eyes on him we knew.”

“But wouldn’t that work against us?” Nik asked. “Aren’t directors usually concerned about potential break ups or relationship issues?” He glanced over at Gwen and they shared a look. No one else there knew about what they had just gone through, but it had the potential to have ended a lot differently.

“Normally we do tend to avoid casting couples together,” Rosemary agreed. “But technically you weren’t a couple yet, at least we were pretty sure at the time you weren’t, and your chemistry test was just too sizzling to pass up.” Mimi was nodding her head in agreement. “So do people know yet?” Rosemary continued. “Your friends? Family?”

“A few,” Gwen replied. “But not everyone. It’s kind of, uh, well recently official.”

“Well, we are both really happy for you,” Mimi said as they all shared hugs. “The media will eat this
“Assuming you’re not planning on keeping it a secret?”

“Nah,” Gwen shook her head. “By the time press and promotion rolls around I’m sure the word will be out.” Nik looked pleased.

“What we actually came over for, was to let you two know that we finished out here earlier than expected. The stunt team is going to film the last couple of runs, so we’re hoping to start on the final scene in a couple of hours,” Rosemary explained. “So if you want to get yourselves some lunch and then head to hair and makeup we’re going to get going as soon as you’re both ready.”

By two that afternoon they were already hard at work. Nik and Gwen had actually rehearsed the scene several times in the free time they had before the rest of the cast and crew joined them in Russia. They had it down dialogue wise, so all it took was a few changes here and there to incorporate the directions and they were almost done in no time.

Nik actually got to say the final words of the movie, right after her last line. He stood up as she pulled the sheet up to cover herself. Gwen actually had nude spandex clothing on underneath, but it appeared as though she was naked after Priscilla and Jack just had some mighty fine makeup sex after their little quarrel and declarations of love. “Would you like a drink?” he asked.

Gwen nodded. “I would love a martini, Sha -”

“I know, I know,” he interrupted, smiling down at her. “Shaken, not stirred.”

“And cut,” Mimi called out. “I can’t believe I’m saying this folks but - That’s a wrap,” her and Rosemary finished together.

As everyone else cheered, hooted and hollered, Gwen felt her chest tighten with anxiety and her nose start to tingle. The next thing she knew her lip quivered, her eyes welled up with tears and she put her face in her hands with a sob. Nik was by her side instantly. “Hey, it’s okay,” he said, pulling her against him.

Gwen sniffled and let the tears flow against his bare chest.

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“Once everyone has showered and changed we’re having a little party in room 108. Dinner, and drinks - lots of drinks,” Gwen heard Mimi announce to the room. “Everyone head out and we’ll see you there soon.” Gwen felt a few pats on the shoulder and heard several people congratulate her as they all started to file out of the room, but she continued to cry in Nik’s arms. It reminded her of her last day on set for Game of Thrones. She cried so many times, but the last day of filming had been the worst. She honestly hadn’t expected to react that way. She had spent almost a decade of her life on Thrones, it was a huge chapter coming to an end. It had only been a few months filming this movie, so she really hadn’t anticipated being so emotional.

“Once everyone has showered and changed we’re having a little party in room 108. Dinner, and drinks - lots of drinks,” Gwen heard Mimi announce to the room. “Everyone head out and we’ll see you there soon.”

“Hey,” Rosemary said softly, as she approached. Gwen sniffled and drew back from Nik to look at her boss. It was comforting to see that she also had tears in her eyes. “I am so honored and proud to have worked with you. You’re a remarkable woman and we were so lucky you took this role. I can’t imagine anyone else as our Priscilla.” She reached for Gwen and the two of them embraced while she muttered a sloppy thank you through her tears and sniffles.

Mimi was next and echoed a lot of what Rosemary said. “This movie would be nothing without you. Thank you so much. “ She also hugged Gwen and all three of them wiped away tears.

It wasn’t until they had left that she noticed someone else had tears in his eyes too. “Stop,” she whined. “You’re going to make me cry even harder.”

Nik laughed. “I never in a million years would have taken you for a crier until we got to the end of
“Oh God,” she moaned. “I was ridiculous. I annoyed you so much didn’t I?”

“I wouldn’t have admitted it then, but I was annoyed because every time you cried it got me choked up and I honestly didn’t want them to get that satisfaction,” Nik explained. Gwen understood what and who he was talking about without further explanation, so she nodded. “Listen,” he said, getting to his feet and then offering her a hand. “What do you say we go back to one of our rooms and have a nice, hot shower?”

“How hot?” Gwen asked, letting him pull her to her feet.

“I’ve been rolling around on the floor, making out with you for hours - I have a lot of pent up sexual frustration to get out,” he said, adjusting himself in the boxers he was wearing. “So it’s going to be very, very steamy.”

“Sounds perfect,” Gwen purred. They slipped on robes and practically ran to Gwen’s room on the other side of the ski resort they were filming at. They didn’t even make the shower, or the bed before it began. The second they were naked he had her pinned against the wall in a manner that resembled the very first scene they had rehearsed together all those weeks ago at his place.

Nik’s kisses were hungry and demanding, just the way she liked them. She melted into him in no time, seduced by the way he tasted and the way he commanded her with his kisses. They truly had been kissing all afternoon in character, but it was so different when it was real. It just felt so right.

Their love making the last few days had taken on a slower, more familiar pace, which had been nice, but it was clear this time was taking them right back to those wild, unbridled early days. Gwen loved that it could be that way between them - each time so different - a reaction to the moments leading up to the sex and their level of arousal. It could be full and complete lust to absolute and total love - plus everything in between.

Nik’s tongue was thrusting into her mouth, his hands touching every part of her body he could reach, squeezing and stroking her skin. He had her pinned against the wall and it was cold against her back. She wiggled slightly and Nik exerted his strength and dominance over her, stopping her movements and showing her he was in charge. It was such a fucking turn on for her when he got like that - she liked being dominated and controlled sexually, which was a bit ironic given their latest fight had been about control.

Gwen felt her body shiver as she strained against him, but Nik didn’t give - he held her exactly where he wanted her and did to her exactly what he wanted to do. With one hand on her stomach holding her in place he stepped back and his eyes washed over her. She looked him over at the same time and her tummy fluttered as he stroked his shaft slowly, still taking in every inch of her body.

He let go of his dick and reached between her legs, pushing against the inside of her thigh, widening her stance so he could touch her easily. After he caressed her with his fingers, rubbing her pussy gently several times, Nik dropped to his knees, tilted his head up and licked the length of her slit with his warm tongue. Gwen splayed her hands flat against the wall and held her breath as he nibbled and sucked. She bent her knees slightly to give him better access and was rewarded when he took her clit into his mouth. His hands had worked their way to her ass and he was teasing her, just with one finger and a little pressure over her opening.

He almost had her begging for it when he abruptly stood and grabbed her leg, hooking it up over his hip, pulling her legs apart to expose her wet pussy to the cool air. Gwen shivered again, but on the inside she was burning up. With his free hand Nik grabbed his cock and lined it up. She moaned
when the tip brushed against her and cried out when he penetrated, her body stretching to accommodate all of him. The feel of their union was so familiar and comfortable, which made it even more erotic as he pushed up fully inside her.

Before he started to move Nik bent his head and started to suck one of her nipples. She threaded her fingers through his hair, enjoying the way he was teasing her with his tongue. When he still held himself inside her without moving Gwen started to contract the inner muscles of his vagina on his dick. He looked up at her and moaned and then attacked her mouth again.

The sound of their desperate kissing and moans echoed through the otherwise quiet room, soon joined by the slapping of their bodies as Nik began to thrust in and out of her pussy. Gwen soon realized if she bent her knees at just the right time she could take him up even deeper inside, reaching new places that were itching to be stroked.

She gasped and panted, not sure how much more she could take before her body was too weak to stand. When the orgasm rolled up through her body, warm, consuming every inch of her Gwen felt Nik’s strength once again. He held her, safe and secure as he continued to thrust, hitting that same spot that had already sent her over, prolonging things even more. The pleasure he was providing caused her to cry out, shuddering with release, feeling so warm and blissful.

After some time, though she was too lost in the euphoria to have any idea just how much, Nik thrust deep and groaned, holding his dick way up inside her pussy as he came. “Fuck I love you,” he moaned into her ear. Gwen could feel his strength diminish as his legs grew weak like hers, but they managed to hold each other up and limp carefully to the shower afterwards.

Much later that night, as she lay in bed beside Nik, a red wine buzz keeping her warm inside and his body keeping her warm on the outside, Gwen thought about everything they had been through together. From the very first day she met him, to the journey of working together on Game of Thrones, to their more recent reunion and exploring their feelings for one another. It was late and Nik was snoring by the time Gwen’s mental journey made it to their time together in Russia. It had truly been magical to have those extra days together and then to finish up the movie that very afternoon.

It seemed like their road had already been a long and twisty one, but Gwen knew it was really just the beginning for them, starting their new life together - as a couple. She couldn’t wait to share the rest of her journey with him. She wouldn’t wait to spend time with his girls and for Nik to properly meet her mum. She couldn’t wait for him to teach her how to ski and for whatever other adventures they embarked on. Even the little moments that would come excited her - no one bantered better than they did and Gwen knew that was a part of them that would never change. They would always make other people uncomfortable with the way they ribbed each other mercilessly and she couldn’t imagine it any other way. There was so much excitement coming their way from the press tour promoting the movie, to the premiere and dare she hope an award show or two.

Gwen touched Nik’s face while he slept and then she closed her eyes with a smile. She had never been so happy and content in her entire life and it was truly just the beginning.

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