

Chapter 59

Star

Pain is everywhere. My whole body feels like it's been hit by a truck, fuck have I been in an accident? Carefully I open my eyes, only to close them again quickly, as a shooting pain in my head leaves me breathless.

I try to get my bearings. I am lying on tummy, on something soft. There is a warm, bright light covering me. Am I dying?

A sudden heavy weight is on my back, I scream..... a very masculine chuckle fills my ears, "Aww, is my baby feeling poorly this morning?"

"mmmmnuuy rrfgy mmmm," why can't I talk? Oh, my goddess, do I have a brain injury?

"Baby? It's time for daddy's little piss head to get up,"

"mmmhateyoudick."

A loud smacking sounds followed by a sharp stinging on my ass, "did you just say you hate me and call me a dick?" I hear the laughter in his voice as my whole world spins. I am floating in the vast nothingness.

Freezing cold water covering my whole body startles me to full consciousness. "FUCKING HELL!" My eyes focus on a pair of amused grey eyes.

Shivering so hard my teeth chatter, "Lexi?" I cling to his neck. The water heats up and I sigh in relief. Lifting my head, I groan as a million gongs go off in my head.

"Is my baby hungover?"

Snippets of memories from last night flash in my mind, drinking wine in the bath..... eating my body weight in cheese..... oh, goddess the tequila..... dancing.... then...."did we go camping?"

"You told us you had never been camping and wanted us to take you. You kept going on and on and on. In the end, Ace made us a tent on our bed. You passed out as soon as you claimed in. You are a funny drunk, miss Anderson."

"Oh goddess, kill me now!!!"

Lex helps me shower. When he massaged the shampoo into my scalp I moaned in pleasure, "keep making those sounds baby and I'm going to pin you to the wall and fuck you till you puke."

The shower door opens and Ace hands me two paracetamol and a glass of water. "How you feeling this morning, Tink?"

"How the hell are you guys so alive? I feel like shit."

Ace grabs a fluffy towel and holds it open for me. I walk into his arms. He wraps me up and carries me to the bedroom, the remnants of our bed tent hand from the canopy, "Oh goddess, this place is a mess, don't ever let me drink again."

Grinning, Ace kisses my forehead. "Princess, I think we all needed to blow off steam last night. Do you remember forcing Cam to make you scones? You were arguing that West Country scones were better than Scottish scones, and then you fell off the counter."

"Ohhh goddess."

Lex grabs my clothes and the boys help me dress, my mind starts to clear, and I look around the room, searching.... "Where is Ash? Did I kill him?"

A hoot of laughter comes from the door, "did you kill me? No, goddess, you didn't kill me. I think you might have killed your dad though; tequila is definitely not his drink."

I put my head in my hands, “breakfast is ready baby, come on.” He holds his arms out to me and I run into them.

Walking into the dining room, I am engulfed in a massive pair of arms. “How is my beautiful step daughter this morning?” His booming voice rattles my brain.

Putting my finger to his lips, I shush him, “turn down the volume, giant man, I have severe brain damage, I think it’s fatal.”

“It must run in the family. Your dad is unresponsive this morning.”

“Did we have a party? I don’t remember much after drinking wine in the bath.”

“We had the best party ever. You and your dad have so much in common, the first being that neither of you can handle your drink. And you are both hilarious when you are drunk.”

Ash puts a huge fry up and a can of coke in front of me, I down the pop the bubbles fizz in my tummy, there is a moment when I am not sure if it will settle my tummy or make me puke, thankfully the former.

My mouth watering at the sight of my greasy goodness. Halfway through my plate, my dad stumbles into the room and slumps into the chair next to me. Ash gets up and puts another plate and can of pop down in front of my dad.

“Morning baby-girl, you feeling, ok?”

I think for a minute, and decide that the pills, pop and grease have done the trick. “Actually yes, I think I am feeling ok now. I apologize for anything I said or did last night. I hear I may have been less than polite about Scottish culinary practices.”

Cam’s booming laughter doesn’t split my head open anymore, but I see my dad wince.

Seeing everyone laughing and joking around the table, I smile. There is no more doubt in anyone's minds anymore. There is a feeling of complete trust in the room. I am filled with hope.

The next few hours are spent lazing around the lounge, chatting, laughing, and there is a fair amount of teasing. Me and my dad on the receiving end of most of it.

Knowing that reality will come to find us soon, I try to push away the feeling of doom that lies just beneath the surface. Who is behind the attacks, and what will they do next?