



TEDDY GUTIERREZ  
TO THE  
PERSON  
IN MY  
ATTIC

AN UNLIKELY FRIENDSHIP



To the  
Person in  
My Attic  
Teddy Gutierrez

*Also, by Teddy Gutierrez*

*The Orcas Series*

Tobias

Family Ties\*

*The Dehumanisation Series*

~Just Another Number

~I Will Find You

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~Ace of Hearts\*\*

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~Creatures of Hyfern\*

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\*Work in Progress

\*\*Yet to be Rereleased/Yet to be Released

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For those who have stood  
by me over the past decade,  
Thank you.

To those who are waiting  
for me to fail,  
Fuck you.

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# Introduction

It's not unheard of for people to hide in strangers' houses while trying to avoid being homeless. It's quite common, especially with the current economic climate.

With more and more people becoming homeless and jobless, hiding in empty houses has become the best option to avoid dying on the streets.

There are horror stories of people climbing out of attics and vents to spy and prey on the occupants of the house. But it's not always like that – some people are just desperate.



## Chapter One

A new house, a new life. Casey was one of the lucky ones – he grew up in the funeral home *industry*. People never stop dying, so people never stop needing coffins.

“Troy, can you hurry up with the decorating? I need help with the boxes,” Casey groans, carrying three boxes into the kitchen while his little sister calculates where the first nail in the wall should go for their pictures to be hung on the wall the way she likes it.

“Can’t rush perfection, Casey,” she mutters, putting the nail to the wall and hammering it in slowly – making sure not to bend the pin or to put it in at an angle.

Casey rolls his eyes as he lets out a long sigh. He leaves the house, going back to

the moving truck to get the other three *kitchen* boxes. *Considering we rarely cook, we have a fuck ton of cooking utensils...*

“Is she really still putting pictures up?” Annie pouts, crossing her arms as she walks out to help Casey.

“She’s going to be doing it for a while, she’s so particular...” He says, grabbing one of Annie’s boxes from the back of the truck and passing it to her.

“Why did we have to move in with your sister?” Annie questions, a joking tone to her voice.

“Because she’s a pain in my ass that I seemingly can’t get rid of,” he laughs, shaking his head as he grabs the other kitchen boxes and walks up the path to the house with Annie. “It’ll be fine.”

“I know.” Annie smiles, entering the house with Casey behind her.

“Why won’t you hang straight?” Troy growls at one of the pictures that she’s hung, the frame seemingly crooked no matter what she does.

“Because the hanger isn’t?” Annie suggests.

Troy turns to the pair, squinting as she looks at Annie. “Don’t bring my gayness into this! The picture isn’t gay!”

Casey leans to look behind Troy, peering at the picture. “I think you’ll find that’s a picture of you and Annie kissing, suggesting it is, in fact, very gay.” Casey swiftly leaves the room, going to the kitchen to deliver the final boxes while his sister and Annie giggle from his comment.

“Do we have any food?” Troy asks, entering the kitchen with Annie following close behind.

Casey shakes his head. “Someone spent six hours collecting pictures together to go on a wall in the living room, that doesn’t even have a couch in it yet. So, no. We have no food.”

Troy presses her lips together. “Want me to go get some?” She asks.

“No, we don’t have time. We need to get the furniture in before the drivers empty the truck and leave it in the rain... Which is forecast for tonight,” Casey tells her, gesturing to the front door. “Please go get furniture.”

Troy sighs. “Fine, I’ll go get some stuff.”

“Thank you!” Casey praises the lord as Troy leaves the house.

“We should’ve just moved in faking that we were a straight couple,” Annie chuckles.

“It would’ve been easier than getting your wife to do something productive...” He

winks at Annie before heading back outside to help his sister get the boxes and furniture inside while Annie starts unpacking the kitchen boxes.

A thud causes Annie to stop, listening for the sound again. She's seen Casey and Troy enter and leave the house, but no one has gone upstairs.

"Casey?" She says, seeing the pair entering the house again.

"What's up?" He stops in his tracks, carrying in an armchair with Troy.

"There was a noise upstairs," she mutters.

He nods, continuing into the living room to put the chair down. "I'll go take a look."

“Be careful,” Troy suggests, trying to get the armchair at the perfect angle as he heads upstairs.

“Of course.”

Getting upstairs, he finds the attic slightly open – the string hadn’t been freed from the tape he’s put up to avoid it from touching his head as he walked across the landing.

“Did you guys put a tall stack of boxes in the attic earlier that could’ve fallen? The attic door is slightly open,” he shouts down the stairs.

“I haven’t been up there,” Troy states, continuing to faff around in the living room while Annie does some actual unpacking.

“I put some boxes up there with you, but I didn’t stack them to avoid them from

falling when we have to go up there,” Annie announces.

Casey frowns, looking up at the slight agar attic door. Reaching up, he removes the tape – allowing him to fully open the door – the ladder coming down.

Nothing had fallen. He slowly makes his way up the stairs – looking around the vast, open space – boxes around the entrance but nowhere else – they were planning on dealing with the attic another time.

He didn’t see anything move, but he heard movement. It wasn’t a bird or a rat, like they’re usually is in attics. Although he didn’t see it, he could sense it... And it was much bigger than a bird or a rat.

“Looks like a box fell over,” he shouts down to the girls. He takes a scrap of paper and a pen out of one of the boxes to write a note:

*To the person in my attic,  
I hope you're okay. If you need anything, let  
me know. I'll leave some pizza for you in the  
kitchen tonight. Put this note in the bin when  
you go down; try not to scare my sisters too  
much.*

*Thanks,*

*Casey*

Leaving the note on top of one of the boxes, he heads back down, closing the attic fully and going downstairs again.

“So, it was just a box?” Annie asks as Casey enters the kitchen to help her put the pans and plates away in the upper cupboards.

“Of course. What else would it be? Another lodger?” He chuckles.

She laughs, awkwardly, gulping before looking back to the cupboard to watch what

she's doing. "It's not uncommon, you know," she mutters.

"I know, but there's nowhere up there that anyone could hide. There's no walls or holes. It was just a box that had dropped." He smiles in an attempt to try and reassure her. "Sis, trust me. I wouldn't let anything happen to you or Troy, would I?"

Annie sighs. "I know you wouldn't... Otherwise, we wouldn't be here."

"Exactly, so trust me," he says, wrapping an arm around her shoulders and kissing his sister-in-law on the forehead before going back outside – hollering for Troy to join him so that they can get the sofa inside.

They had a long day ahead of them, but with a guarantee of pizza by the end of the day.





## Chapter Two

“PIZZA!” Troy yells as she enters the living room with two pizza boxes having taken them from the driver.

“Why did you get an entire pizza for yourself today?” Annie laughs, taking the top box and passing it to Casey as Troy sits down next to her – Casey sitting in the armchair.

“I like pizza, I’m hungry, and if there’s any left I can have it for breakfast in the morning,” he says, opening the box and looking down at his crispy, triple cheese and spicy meatball pizza. “Hey, baby – I’ve never seen you here before.”

“Oh god, don’t talk to the pizza!” Troy groans, a disgusted expression on her face.

A grin appears on Casey's face as he picks up a piece of pizza and slowly raises it to his lips. "I love you, Pizza."

Troy squirms, cringing at her brother.

Annie giggles, taking a slice and devouring it while watching TV – blocking out the pair as she focuses on the film playing.

At the end of the night, Annie and Troy head to their room while Casey keeps clearing things up. Taking his leftover pizza out of the box, putting it on a plate and covering it with a plastic dome, he heads upstairs – removing the tape from the attic door – allowing the string to hang down again.

Heading to his room, he hears the boxes in the attic move – the guest clearing a path to the attic door.

The noise awakens his sister. Troy quickly exits her bedroom with a baseball bat in hand.

“Woah! Troy, it’s just me,” he says hands up.

“The noise came from the attic,” she mutters, still half asleep.

“I’ve only just closed the door; I put another box up there. Sorry for waking you up,” he tells her.

She mumbles something unrecognisable before wandering back into her bedroom – baseball bat dragging on the floor behind her.

Hearing her getting into bed, he closes her bedroom door as the attic door descends behind him.

He turns around, trying to catch a glimpse of their hidden guest. He sees someone slowly come down the stairs –

looking around as if to make sure that no one can see them.

Casey steps back into the shadows of the gloomy corridor as he watches the person get down and close the attic door behind them, heading downstairs for pizza.

They're thin and bony, their hair slightly matted from what Casey could see but most of it hidden by the hood of their coat.

Casey walks across the landing, heading to his bedroom – not worried by the stranger downstairs.

Swiftly changing into jogging bottoms and a t-shirt, Casey is ready to sleep.

Lying down on his new bed – the soft mattress making him sink. His duvet hugging him. He takes a deep breath, exhaling slowly as he closes his eyes and drifts off to sleep.

As the sun rises, the blinding light floods Casey's room. The lack of curtains making it almost impossible for him to hide from the sun.

He groans, rubbing his eyes and stretching before sitting up in bed and looking towards his door – finding a note on the ground.

He gets up and stumbles toward the door, still groggy and his eyes still glazed over. Leaning down, he picks up the note.

*Thanks for the pizza.*

*Vx*

He smiles, folding the note in half and putting it in his jogging bottoms pocket. He opens his bedroom door, heading downstairs to find his sister and Annie looking very confused as they stand in the kitchen.

“What’s wrong?” He asks, jogging down the stairs – a bounce in his step as he moves.

“The pizza’s gone...” Annie mutters, looking at the empty box.

“Ah, yeah... Sorry about that. I woke up in the night and had a bit of a pig-out...” He mutters, his lie not being too far from the truth. He’d left almost half a pizza for their strange lodger; seemingly they needed more than he’d left behind.

“As long as we don’t have rats, that’s all I was worried about,” Annie says, closing the pizza box and folding it before shoving it into the bin.

“What should we have for breakfast then?” Troy probes, crossing her arms as she leans against the kitchen units.

“I’ll go get something from the café down the road,” Casey tells them, heading toward the door.

“You’re not even dressed,” Annie laughs.

He shrugs his shoulders, turning to look at them. “I’m going to look like shit either way. It’s fine; I’ll be back soon.” He bends down, pulling his shoes on before grabbing his wallet from the table by the door and heading out.

Finally getting to the café, Casey goes inside.

“Hey, Darling. What can I get you?” The woman behind the counter asks.

“Can I have three bacon baps and two hash browns, please?” He asks.

“Yeah, not a problem,” she says, writing the order down and putting it in the kitchen window for the cook to pick up. “Are you part of the new couple from the old house on 31<sup>st</sup> street?” She questions.

He smiles. “Sort of, it’s my house, but my sister and her wife are living with me.”

The middle-aged woman makes an *o* shape with her mouth. “What do you do for a living then?”

“I’m a coffin maker,” Casey comments. “My father and brother are both morticians.”

“Oh, is there a lot of money in that?” She asks as she plays with her long brown and grey hair.

“Enough to live comfortably.” He looks around the café; people sat at their tables slyly glancing up to look at the new occupant of The Oak Tree House on 31<sup>st</sup> street.

“I assume they got rid of the squatter before you moved in,” the woman chuckles.

He looks back to her. “There wasn’t a squatter in the house.”

“There was a young girl seen in that house a few days ago, so unless she’s with you...” She mutters.

Casey looks down at the woman's name tag. "Emily, that girl is a friend of mine, she's around now and again. We were having some work done, so we needed someone in the house for when the contractors came."

"Oh... Sorry," she mumbles.

He shrugs, seeing his food finally being brought out of the kitchen. "It's fine..."

He takes the food, pays with his card and swiftly exits the café. His nosey neighbours still staring as he leaves.

Arriving back at the house, he gives the bag to Troy to unpack while he sits in the living room with Annie. "Just a warning..." He pauses. "The neighbours think we had a squatter in here before we moved in..."

"There aren't any signs of there having been a squatter though..." Annie mutters, turning to look at him.

He bobs his head. “I know, there wasn’t one. It was a friend of mine – she came and stayed while some work was done, they didn’t question her they just assumed she was squatting.”

“She was living here while work was being done?” Annie probes.

“Yeah, she’s out of work at the moment, so it was fine for her to stay here. She may come and live with us again,” he says.

Annie shrugs, taking the plate of Troy. “Fine by me.”

“What’s happening?” Troy asks, sitting down and taking a large bite out of her sandwich.

“My friend may be coming to stay with us. The neighbours thought she was squatting here before we moved in, nosey people...”

Casey grunts, taking his plate from Annie and grabbing his hash brown.

Annie sighs, “it’ll be fine... Though, you did choose the neighbourhood.”

“I chose the house, not the nose ass neighbours,” Casey says in a defensive tone.

Troy giggles, “you can’t pick your neighbours.” She pauses. “Who’s the other hash brown for, by the way?”

Casey swallows the piece of food in his mouth before answering, “I got it for me, might have it later. You know what I’m like for hash browns.”

Troy nods. “Fair enough. Makes sense considering you’re the only one who likes them.”

Casey smiles, taking another bite of his hash brown. *Fingers crossed she likes them, too...*

Night came quickly – the trio had yet another takeaway after being too lazy to go out for groceries.

“Night,” Troy says as she heads upstairs with Annie.

“Goodnight,” Casey says, clearing up the mess in the kitchen and putting leftovers on plates, heading back into the living room to watch TV.

An hour passes before a figure appears in the corner of his eye. He looks over, finding their attic guest looking over the plates in the kitchen.

“If you’re hungry, eat anything or everything from the purple plate,” Casey says, looking back to the TV.

The figure quickly turns around – startled by him. “I thought you were asleep...” Says the guest.

“Nah, I was waiting for you to come down. I’m good at sitting still though,” he mutters, keeping his voice low.

“What are you going to do?” She asks.

Casey frowns, turning to look at her. “What do you mean?”

“Are you going to hurt me, throw me out, or call the police?” She questions, still startled.

“None of the above?” He says. “I was planning on offering you a shower in my ensuite so you can avoid my sister and her wife.”

She tilts her head to one side, as if in confusion. “You were being nice...”

“I still am being nice, right?” He chuckles. “Get the purple plate and have a seat,” he says, gesturing to the couch.

“I can’t sit on soft furnishings,” she announces.

“Why?”

She gestures to herself. “I’ve not showered in a while.”

He lets out a quiet laugh, “don’t worry about it, we’re getting rid of the sofa anyway. Sit down and eat.”

She nods, taking the plate from the kitchen counter and sitting in Troy’s space on the sofa – the furthest spot from Casey.

“What’s your name?”

“Violet, but most people call me Vi.”

“Nice to meet you, Vi. I’m Casey.” He smiles, offering his hand to shake. She leans

over, shaking his hand. “So, what made you hide in a stranger’s house?”

She takes a deep breath, looking down at the plate of food. “I ran away...”



## Chapter Three

“Mum, please – you have to believe me...” Vi cries, banging against her bedroom door – being locked within. “Mum, I’m sorry, but he did this...”

“Lay on your bed, Violet. I will go get a doctor,” her mother says before leaving – her footsteps going away from Vi and soon vanishing.

Vi steps back, sitting on the edge of her bed as she continues to sob.

“Vi?”

Vi looks up, the voice behind her door threatening her peace. The voice makes her stomach churn and blood boil. “Leave me alone, Eddy,” she moans. Lying back on her

bed and rolling onto her side with her back to the door. Her mother has locked the door, and Vi knows there's only one key – he can't get in.

“She's never going to trust you again, you know?” Eddy says; a confident tone to his voice. He runs his fingers down the door frame, dragging his nails over the grooves. “Maybe you shouldn't've seduced her husband...”

His words cause Vi to flinch, bringing her knees up to her chest – cradling herself. Her mother had never really been the best parent. But this was a new low. Believing the words of her new, rapist husband over her victim daughter.

Vi's mother comes back to the door. “Go away, Edward.” She barks. “You're not allowed near her.” The footsteps indicate that he's gone, the door opens – Vi's mother stood in the doorway. “You pathetic child.” She enters the room, closing and locking the door

behind her. “A doctor is on his way; he’s going to fix you.”

“You mean he’s going to give me an abortion?” Vi cries. She doesn’t want the baby; she wanted an abortion the minute she found out she’d ended up pregnant by that monster.

But a doctor coming to the house for it? Unlikely to be licensed.

“Yes – we can’t have you being pregnant by my husband. What would our neighbours think,” she scoffs.

“Mum, please just take me to the clinic. They’ll do it right,” she pleads.

Her mother shakes her head, standing by Violet’s bed. “I can’t have you seen like this.”

Her mother held her down as the doctor prepared an injection – a sedative to

put her under while the work was done.  
“Please, mummy, don’t do it!” Vi screams. Her  
tears rolling down the sides of her face,  
dampening her pillow.

“You allowed this to happen, you silly  
child,” her mother growls, continuing to hold  
her down.

Days after, Vi had lost a lot of blood.  
Dazing in and out of consciousness, her  
mother kept an eye on her. Until she had to  
leave. She left the house to get groceries,  
coming back to find Vi unconscious and once  
again being attacked by Eddy – her stepfather.

Her mother screamed, realising that Vi  
had been telling the truth this entire time and  
she should’ve gotten rid of her new husband.  
She picks up her daughter’s baseball bat –  
swinging it at Eddy as he stumbles around the  
room. The man trying to pull his clothes back  
on as he tries to escape.

With Eddy gone, Vi's mother cries – trying to clean her daughter. Looking at the damage that she'd put her through when she could've been the parent she should've been to her sixteen-year-old child.

“Vi, I'm so sorry that I didn't believe you,” she says, using a damp cloth to wipe away sweat from Vi's forehead.

“It's too late for that, mum... You should've listened to me...” Vi mumbles, her eyes slowly fluttering as she fights to keep them open. Her hands reach down to her stomach – the intense pain in her lower belly now a reminder her of what her mother had done. “You'll never have grandkids, and I'll never have children, because of what you believed...”

Her mother turns away in shame, sitting on the edge of the bed, looking away from Vi. “I don't expect you to forgive me.”

“Good,” Violet blurts. “Because it’s never going to happen.”

“I just want you to understand why I did it,” she stutters.

The words stung Vi like nettles. “There was no logical or justifiable reasoning for this.”

As soon as she was strong enough, with her mother out of the house, she packed her bag and tried sneaking out.

Heading downstairs, she finds Eddy sat on the couch – seemingly sleeping in the living room because her mother had kicked him out of her bed. “Where are you going?” He questions.

Violet shrugs, pressing her lips together as she tries to keep her composure. If her mother had wanted even an ounce of her forgiveness, she would’ve permanently removed this man from her life. “Away from

you and away from this nightmare filled house.”

Walking toward the front door, Eddy swiftly stands and grabs Violet. “I can’t let you do that. She’ll never forgive me if you leave,” he grunts.

Vi scoffs, a confident and disgusted expression on her face. “Forgive you? She should never have forgiven you for what you did to me in the first place. But clearly, a part of that bridge has already been repaired. I doubt she’ll kick you out for letting me leave...” She pulls her arm out of his grip, spits in his face before opening the door and leaving.

“You’ll never be allowed back,” he shouts, standing on the porch of her childhood home as she walks down the street.

Without even looking back, she raises a hand, flipping her middle finger at him as

she walks away. *He's not worth my time, neither of them are...*

~Present Day~

“This house had been on the market for years without anyone being inside, so I decided to move in... I had a little bit of money, so I sneaked out at night to get food. But I haven't eaten an actual meal until you moved in,” she mutters, continuing to eat the Chinese cuisine and random hash brown.

“I'm so sorry about your mother – she sounds like a terrible woman...” He mutters, stroking his chin – the slight stubble prickling his hand.

“It's fine. It's been years now,” she says, taking another bite of food.

“Years?” He questions.

Vi nods. “I moved in when I was sixteen. I'm twenty, turning twenty-one in a few months.” Taking another bite of the large

hash brown, the crispy potato snack falling apart in her hand.

“How much money did you have to survive that long?” Casey questions, sitting forward in the armchair. Resting his elbows on his knees as his mouth hangs open – a curious expression on his face.

She shrugs, waiting until her mouth was empty so that she can talk. “I had two thousand... I was given a bank account with my inheritance after my father had died. I went to the bank and cashed it all out. I have around twenty dollars left now...”

“If I’d not moved in, what would you have done?” Casey asks, a sombre expression on his face. His eyebrows pulling together – causing his forehead to crease slightly. His fingers intertwined as he looks over at her.

She looks down at the plate of food. “I don’t know...”

Casey sighs. He knows how lucky he was in comparison to her. He'd been brought up by loving parents, learnt how to make coffins and embalm in the family business of being a funeral director. Troy and Annie had the same opportunities. They'd all gone to university, learnt what they wanted to and now they're running their own Funeral Directors in town. There was no great turn in his life, no plot twist. He'd been lucky. "Would you like a shower?" He asks.

"I have nothing to change into..." She mutters.

He shrugs. "That's fine, you can wear some of my joggers and a shirt while I wash your clothes. Otherwise, I'm sure Annie or Troy will be able to find something that will fit you."

"You're going to tell them about me?" Violet's eyes widen – with him being so

secretive about her living there at all, she thought he'd continue hiding her real identity.

Casey presses his lips together, sitting back in the chair and slumping. "I won't tell them what happened to you – but I'm going to tell them that you're a friend who has been made homeless." He pauses, a sombre smile on his face. "It's all they need to know."

With tears welling in her eyes, Violet smiles – the first happy smile she's been able to show anyone for years. "Thank you."



## Chapter Four

“C’mon, you can shower and sleep in my room tonight. I’ll sleep on the couch.” Casey stands up, offering his hand to her. “It’s okay,” he says.

Pressing her lips together, she takes his hand – getting up from the sofa with an empty plate.

Taking the plate, he nods – gesturing toward the stairs. “Go on, get yourself upstairs.”

“Thank you,” she mumbles, her cheeks heating up as they turn a warm pink colour. She turns away, heading up stairs while Casey enters the kitchen – running the water quickly to fill the sink before Vi gets in the shower.

Washing the dishes, Casey hears footsteps coming down the stairs. “Did you find everything okay?” He asks. With no response, he looks to his left – finding a very confused Annie stood in the hall.

Rubbing her eyes and yawning as she looks at him. “If you’re down here – who’s in your room?” She walks over to the breakfast bar, taking a seat on one of the barstools.

“A friend of mine, she’s called Violet. She’s been homeless for a while – I invited her to stay with us,” he explains, drying his hands. “I know that the spare bedroom was supposed to be the nursery for you guys, but as that’s not really happening at the moment... I assumed it would be okay for her to stay in there until she’s back on her feet?”

Annie takes a spring roll off one of the plates, taking a bite as she shrugs. “I’m definitely not getting pregnant any time soon so... That’s fine.”

Casey sighs, “I’m sorry.”

She smiles, letting out a slight chuckle as she continues eating. “It’s okay. I understand...” She pauses. “And honestly, I don’t think I’m ready to have a baby.”

Casey bobs his head, a sombre smile on his face. “Let me know when you are, okay?”

Sighing, Annie nods. “I will, don’t worry...”

“So, who is this chick?” Troy questions, sitting on the couch.

A groggy, half asleep Casey slumped in the armchair. “Two things: one, she’s not a *chick*. And two, she’s called Violet.”

“What’s her story?” Troy says abruptly, as if it’s her business to know Violet’s life story.

“That’s really none of your business, hun.” Annie sits down next to Troy. “She’s been homeless for a while, that’s all we need to know.”

“How do we know we can trust her?” Troy scoffs. “None of this makes any sense.”

Running his fingers through his hair, Casey scratches his head. “How about you just trust me?”

“That’s not really how trust works,” Troy mutters.

Annie rolls her eyes. “Just trust your brother, damn it. If he trusts her then we can too.”

“I’ll tell them,” Violet says, entering the living room – still wearing Casey’s dressing gown. Looking directly at Casey as she fiddles with the gown’s tie. “If it helps, I’ll tell them.”

Casey leans forward in his seats, his elbows on his knees as he balances on them. “You don’t have to tell them.”

“I think she bloody does,” Troy announces.

Vi looks around the room, pressing her lips together. “My stepdad raped me, my mother got me sterilised, and I’ve been homeless ever since.”

Troy sits completely still – in shock – with her mouth hanging open. Tears welling in her eyes as she looks up at the young woman.

“Feel better?” Casey questions, standing up and walking around the coffee table. Putting his hand on Vi’s shoulder. “You can stay for as long as you need to.”

“Agreed – you’re better off with us, anyways,” Annie says – a soft smile on her face.

Violet looks down at Troy – tears running down Troy’s face. “I’m sorry for taking up your nursery,” Vi mutters.

Troy snaps out of her upset trance, wiping the tears from her cheeks. “It’s okay. I don’t think we’re going to be having a baby any time soon anyhow. Better make it of some use.”

“It should be ready for you tomorrow – you can stay in my room for the time being.” Casey walks into the kitchen, Vi following closely behind.

“Where are you going to sleep tonight?” She asks.

Casey shrugs, running the hot water to fill up the sink. “Either on the sofa, or on the camp bed in the nursery. Everything in there is my shit anyways, so it doesn’t bother me.”

“You could just sleep in your own bed...” Violet mutters.

Casey shakes his head. “You’ve been sleeping rough for god knows how long. I’d prefer you to sleep comfortably from now on. And if that means sacrificing my bed for a night or two, I’m fine with it.”

Violet sighs, pressing her lips together again as she crosses her arms – her breasts being pushed up by her arms. “Fine...”

“How are we on flirting?” Annie interrupts – her eyes darting between Casey, Violet and Violet’s chest.

Vi bursts into laughter. “I’ve had minimal interaction with people for the past five years. I’d be happy for someone to flirt with me!”

“Well, you’re not going to get it from me,” Casey chuckles – going back to washing the dishes.

“Oh...” Vi mumbles, seemingly sounding disappointed.

“It’s not like that,” Annie tells her. “He’s asexual. He doesn’t find people sexually attractive so he avoids flirting. Mainly because the last time he did it, we had sex.”

“What?” Vi blurts – her eyes bulging.

Troy wanders in, taking a seat at the breakfast bar. “Don’t worry, it was years ago. We were all in university.” She pauses, gesturing to the pair. “They were a very good friend couple, and they decided to give it a try... Turned out Annie was a Lesbian and he vomited after trying to have sex... It didn’t work out well and here we are!”

Violet giggles, sitting at the breakfast bar next to Troy. “He vomited?”

“It wasn’t a great experience, okay?” Casey says abruptly, turning to the girls with his hands in the air – covered in soap suds. “I didn’t enjoy it, Annie certainly didn’t enjoy it, we called it quits. You’re welcome, Troy.”

Troy rolls her eyes. “Even if you decided it wasn’t all that bad, I still would’ve got the girl...”

“Probably,” he mutters, going back to washing the dishes.

“So, if I walked around the house topless, the only people that would be interested would be you two?” Violet laughs, gesturing to both Annie and Troy. “I like it...”

“Bit of a safety net after what your stepdad did.” Troy puts her hand on Violet’s back, rubbing her spine. “You won’t have any creepy men spying on you here.”

“There aren’t any creepy men here,” Violet chuckles.

Casey pauses washing, looking over his shoulder. “Am I to take that as a compliment?”

Violet shrugs. “I suppose that’s up to you.” Going back into the living room and sitting on the sofa.

“You like Casey, then?” Annie asks, sitting next to Violet on the sofa.

“How did you guess?” Vi chuckles awkwardly.

Annie shrugs. “I know the look. I was that person. The problem for me was that I was in denial about my sexuality for a long time, so long that I actually thought I’d found a man I liked... And I really did like him. I loved him, but I loved his sister more.”

“I lived in the attic...” She mutters.

Annie nods, pressing her lips together. “I gathered. Casey doesn’t have friends.” She pauses, wrapping her arm around Violet’s shoulders. “What made you come down?”

“Honestly?” She stops, raising her right hand to her lips – biting the nail on her thumb. “I thought he was cute. I didn’t mean

to get caught, but that's all that really happened."

Annie bobs her head. "Well, I'm sorry to say that if you want a relationship with him you may need to avoid sex."

Violet scoffs, "no problem there. After what happened, I don't think I even want to try it."

"You were a virgin?" Annie sighs, leaning her head on Violet's shoulder. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay. What's done is done," she tells Annie. "How long did it take for him to consider dating you?"

"Let me put it this way. I met him when I was sixteen, we finally started dating when we got to the age of twenty-one. We *finally* attempted sex at twenty-two, and broke up the same night. He's now twenty-eight. So, you've got a good five years to go before he may even

look at you in the same way as you look at him.”

Violet nods her head. “Awesome.” She pauses. “If it wasn’t for the sex situation, would it have worked out for you two?”

Letting out a long sigh, Annie sits up to look at Vi. “I think it would’ve. I loved him, and he cared about me. That was enough. But it wasn’t meant to be.”

“You still argue and act like a married couple,” Vi mutters.

Annie lets out a small chuckle. “I can’t disagree there. But I imagine you may take over that for me; fingers crossed you might be able to bond a little.”

“Thanks, Annie.”

Annie smiles, leaning in and kissing Violet’s cheek. “Don’t worry about it, sweetheart. If you need me, you know where I am. But I think he’ll take care of you...”

Violet nods. "I think so, too."





## Chapter Five

“House rules,” Casey says, putting a piece of paper on the living room wall.

“Don’t ruin my décor!” Troy growls.

Casey turns to look at her, eyebrow raised. “It’s my house, I’ll ruin a wall if I like.”

Annie giggles, on the sofa next to Troy as Vi enters the room.

“What’s happening?” Vi asks.

“We have some house rules to go by,” he says, gesturing to the board.

Vi steps forward, reading them aloud. “Rule 1: No nudity in communal areas. Rule 2: Rota cooking to make it fair. Rule 3: Rota cleaning to make it fair. Rule 4: No loud sex.

Rule 5: No setting Casey up.” Vi pauses, tilting her head to the side slightly. “Fair.”

“No loud sex?” Troy groans. “Really? Fuck me...”

“No, that’s Annie’s job – thanks,” Casey mutters. “It’s just to keep everyone happy. I don’t want to hear what you’re doing, and I doubt Vi would want to either.”

“But we can’t set you up with people anymore?” Annie frowns, a sombre expression on her face.

“Yeah, last time you set me up with someone, it was someone I didn’t know and someone who was adamant that she wanted to have sex on the first date,” Casey sighs. “I don’t want to go through that again.”

“Wait... Did you have sex with Alison?” Annie questions, her mouth hanging open.

Vi looks up at him, her eyebrows raised in surprise.

“Yes... It went worse than our happening...” He mutters awkwardly.

“How could it be worse than with Annie? You vomited...” Vi mumbles, a confused look on her face as she tries reading his expression.

“I vomited in the toilet when I was with Annie...” He says.

Vi’s eyes widen. “Oh no...”

“Oh yeah,” Casey groans, leaving the room while his sister and Annie take in the information that he’d vomited on a girl during sex.

Vi follows him, the pair going into the study. She closes the door behind her as he sits at the table. “You vomited on a girl during sex,” she mutters.

“Yes...”

She walks around the room, standing next to him – leaning against the table. “What was different between her and Annie?”

Casey takes a deep breath. “I think I’m kind of... Demisexual. It’s like being Asexual, but you can develop sexual attraction via an emotional bond.”

“You had an emotional bond with Annie, but not with the other girl. So, while you could hold it in with Annie, you didn’t have the same control with the other girl...” Vi says, nodding. Looking out the large bay window situated behind him. “It makes sense. And it’s nothing to be ashamed about.”

Casey nods his head. “I suppose I got lucky.”

“Oh?”

Casey looks up, holding Vi’s eye contact. “She liked it.”

Vi's mouth opens as a look of disgust covers her face. She covers her mouth as she gags. "That's fucking wrong..."

"You're telling me..." He shakes his head, sinking into his chair. "Do you have any horror stories?"

"Other than the rape, no. I was a virgin before it happened," she tells him.

He looks up again, sadness on his face. "I'm sorry."

She places a hand on his shoulder. "It's fine..."

"Because of him, you'll never lose your virginity, though..." He pauses. "Sorry, I overheard a part of your conversation with Annie yesterday when you said you'd avoid it in future."

Vi's mouth makes an *o* shape before pressing her lips together. "Maybe? Maybe not?" She pauses. "If I find someone I really

like, someone I can trust; I may try. But I doubt it's going to go well."

"If it makes you feel any better, I can make sure that you won't end up alone," he says, looking up at her.

Her brows pull together. "I don't understand."

"If you get to the age of thirty without a single relationship, I'll marry you and give you a loving, sexless life," he says, a joking tone to his voice as he smiles up at her.

She shakes her head, her cheeks turning bright red as she blushes. Unable to hold the smile back. "You're on." She leans down, giving him a long and loving kiss on the cheek before heading towards the door. "See you later, future husband."

He laughs, smiling. "See you later, future wife."

Heading into the living room, she finds Annie and Troy earwigging. “Future wife?!” Annie squeals.

Vi shakes her head. “It’s not what you’re thinking.”

Annie frowns.

Troy raises her left eyebrow. “So, you’re not marrying my brother?”

She shakes her head. “No, we were joking.”

Troy sighs, slumping as she slouches back in her seat. “Fuck...”

The funeral directors that Casey owns has finally opened, with Annie and Troy as embalmers and Vi working at the front desk.

“How long have we known you now?” Annie asks, sat behind the front desk of the funeral directors.

“Four months,” Vi says.

“And we still don’t know how to make your tea...” Annie mutters.

Vi nods. “It’s not that hard...” She chuckles.

Annie shrugs. “We’ll get it eventually, I suppose.” She looks down at her watch, finding it to be the end of the day. “Finally, home time.”

Vi gets up, heading to the front door to lock it. A man seeing her as he walks past the shop, the young man smiles at her. A creepy expression on his face, before giving her a wink and continuing on his way. “I feel sick.” She locks the door, heading to the back of the building to the bathroom. Pacing the women’s restroom, she takes deep breaths. She’s not had an issue with her past haunting her until today.

“Vi, what’s wrong?” Annie asks, standing in the doorway of the bathroom. Casey and Troy standing behind her.

“The guy smiled at me, and it was creepy. I just... I just...” She stutters, her breathing uneven as she has a panic attack.

Casey moves Annie out of the way, walking in and taking Vi in his arms, rocking her back and forth in a soothing motion. “It’s okay, you can do this. We won’t let anyone hurt you,” he says, stroking her long hair.

Her arms slowly snake their way around his waist, holding him as tight as he’s holding her. Closing her eyes, her breathing slows – calming down. “Thank you,” she whispers.

He kisses the top of her head. “It’s okay. Let’s go home,” he says, stepping back and offering her his hand to hold.

She takes is, resting her head on his upper arm as they walk out the back of the building to the car. Troy locking up behind them.

Finally arriving home, everyone goes to their rooms to get changed. Their suit-like attire not being the favourite of any of them. Vi heads downstairs to find the others in the living room, getting a board game out – ready to play. “We’re playing *monopoly*?” Vi chuckles.

“Don’t you like *monopoly*?” Casey asks, patting the cushion on the floor next to him – gesturing for her to sit.

She shrugs. “Never played.” She moves past Troy and Annie, her short skirt accidentally getting lifted.

“Panty view,” Troy shouts – sounding excited.

Annie rolls her eyes, smiling, as she continues sorting the money out. Vi sits next to Casey on the floor, next to the coffee table.

“I like your top,” Casey says.

Vi looks down, the lace bodysuit hugging her curves well. Her breasts looking fuller with the extra support and tight fit. The black, pink lace item looking a little more goth-like than her other clothes – more to what she likes. “Thanks.”

The group start playing – hours go by, and there’s still no clear winner... “Can we go to bed yet?” Vi sighs, watching as everyone goes around the board for the gazillionth time.

Casey takes another sip of his *Godfather cocktail*, sitting back against the armchair. “You either need to go bankrupt or kiss me to get out of the game,” he laughs, slightly drunk at 1 AM.

Annie and Troy's eyes widen. Seeing him flirt for the first time in forever.

Vi chuckles, her head resting on his shoulder. "Where does this kiss have to be placed?"

"I will accept it anywhere on my face," he tells her.

She sits up, kneeling on her cushion and kisses him on the cheek – leaving a red lipstick stain on his clean-shaven cheek.

He smiles, wrapping his arms around her waist – he pulls her onto his lap. Giving her a hug as he says, "you're so cute..." He kisses her cheek before releasing her. "Go, be free!"

She gets up, laughing slightly.

Casey getting a panty shot as she does. He smiles, letting his head fall back, and his eyes close. "Goodnight, sweetheart."

Waking up, his neck cracks. *I slept on the living room floor...* He groans, his arse hurting due to the cushion being under his legs rather than his backside. He smiles, remembering the kiss. A confused expression on his face as he remembers seeing her behind... He looks down, an erection showing through his jeans. *No.*

He gets up, looking at the clock on the wall – finding it to be 10 AM. *She'll be awake soon...* He reaches into his jeans, adjusting himself to make it less noticeable. *How do I get rid of this?* He heads to his room, closing and locking the door behind him. Sitting on his bed, he looks down – his erection having relocated again – making a denim tent.

*I'm not doing this...* He sighs, undoing his jeans – his erection springing free with the lack of boxers underneath. “Why? Why now?”  
I’m twenty-eight for fuck sake...”

A knock at the door startles Casey. He quickly tucks himself into his jeans before zipping and buttoning them back up. “Casey, are you okay?” Annie asks.

“I’m fine,” he says. His voice uneven – sounding panicked.

“Are you sure?” She questions, a concerned tone to her voice.

He heads over to the door, unlocking and opening it slightly. “Quick question, how do you feel about trying to get pregnant at the moment?”

Annie’s eyes widen, eyebrows raised in surprise. “You’re going to try?”

A grim expression crosses Casey’s face. “I don’t have much of a choice.”

“Why?”

He steps to the side, pointing down.

She looks down, finding his crotch bulging. Looking back up to see his miserable face. “I suppose it would happen eventually.”

“But I don’t know why it’s happening...” He groans.

“Well...” She pauses. “What were you thinking of when it happened?”

He thinks, *I woke up like this... Didn't I?* “I can’t remember, I woke up and it was just... there.”

Annie presses her lips together. “Is it possible you had a wet dream about Violet? Because Troy and I had a similar thing this morning... Can’t not with an ass like that.”

*Oh, God.* “I thought about her when I woke up...” He mumbles, looking down. “What do I do?”

“Well, first you need to get rid of *that*. Then, you may want to talk to her. She may need to avoid you for a while,” she whispers.

He rests his head against the doorframe. “I don’t want her to have to avoid me...”

“Then you need to get her to not like you... That’s what happened between us after all,” she says. “Though, you didn’t have this issue with me...”

“I’ll deal with this, do you have the pack that you need?” He asks.

She nods. “Just don’t stress yourself over it. It’s okay. And if it doesn’t happen, that’s also okay,” she tells him.

“Thanks.” He closes the door, locking it again. He heads into the bathroom, finding the bowl he needs to get the sample they need. *I’m donating my semen to my sister and her wife. That’s why I’m doing this... Not because of Violet.* He sits on the bed, undoing his jeans again – finding himself going down a little. *C’mon, they’ve been waiting three years for fuck sake...* He lays back, closing his eyes.

*Sorry, Vi...* He thinks of her, the fit of her top last night. The curve at the bottom of her ass, the perfect curve of it. Throbbing, his eyes still closed, he reaches down. Beginning to tug. Pre-cum dripping onto his shirt. Ten minutes goes by, he finally finishes – catching the load in the bowl.

He pants, letting out a long sigh as he quickly changes. Putting joggers and a new shirt on. *Time to make the delivery...* He takes the small bowl, unlocking and opening his door and heads down the corridor.

“Hey,” Vi says, coming out of the bathroom – towel wrapped around her, her hair soaking and dripping on her shoulders.

He turns, the bowl behind him. “Hi, you okay?”

She nods. “Yeah, you?”

“Yeah, I’m fine,” he says, trying to stay calm.

She smiles, trying to pass him, he turns so that it's easier for her to get through but her breasts – towel wrapped – still end up dragging across his chest. She heads into her bedroom, the door closing and locking behind her. He quickly nods on his sister's door. Troy opens it.

“Take it,” Casey says, giving her the small bowl.

“Are you okay?” Troy blurts, seeing her brother in distress.

He winces.

She looks down and quickly looks back up. “Fucking hell, leave please.”

“YUP.” He quickly heads back to his bedroom. “Why?!” He growls. He heads into his bathroom, quickly undressing and climbing into the shower. Putting the temperature on cold, he stands in the stream

– shivering – but nothing changing. “Fuck sake...” He sighs. “It’s been five minutes...”

“Casey?” Vi shouts, from his bedroom door.

*I didn’t lock it?!* He quickly gets out of the shower, wrapping a towel around himself before poking his head out of the bathroom. “Hey, you okay?” He asks.

“Yeah,” she says. Crossing her arms, wearing a loose-fitting t-shirt as a dress. Her long legs on show. “Annie said you might want to talk to me...”

*Of course, she did.* “Yeah, if it’s okay, I’ll talk to you later. I’m a little busy...”

“Of course, yeah. No. Sorry,” she says, awkwardly exiting the room.

“Wait,” he says.

She pauses closing the door, looking over at him.

He sighs, looking down. “Can you come in and close the door, please?”

Vi nods, closing the door and walking over to him. “What’s happening?”

“I told you I was demisexual, right?” He mutters.

“Yeah...” She says, looking up at him. “Are you... Experiencing an attraction?”

He gulps. “It seems a bit more than that because I can’t get you out of my head – which is normal... But since this morning... I keep getting...” He stutters.

“Boners?”

“This is the second one...”

Vi’s mouth makes an *o* shape. Leaning on the wall next to the bathroom door. “Sorry.”

He shakes his head, stepping out of the bathroom – putting his hands on her shoulders. “Don’t be, this isn’t your fault...”

She presses her lips together as she looks up at him. “Casey.”

He closes his eyes. “Yeah...”

“Your towel’s fallen down...”

He keeps his eyes shut. “Please turn around.”

“Why?”

“Because this is embarrassing and I really don’t want to find out if I can get harder...” He mutters.

“Okay.” She steps back and turns around. “Done.”

He quickly leans down, picking his towel up and wrapping himself up. “Thank you.”

“It’s not embarrassing though,” she says.

“What?”

She looks over her shoulder, a soft smile on her face. “I was going to hold out for a full ten years...”

“You like me?”

She turns around to look at him, inches between the pair. “Of course, I do...”

He lets out a sigh of relief. His heavy breathing calming down as he closes his eyes. *She likes me...*

“Do you need help?” She asks.

His eyes fly open. “No, no. I’ll be fine...”

Vi raises an eyebrow. “Are you sure?”

He nods. “I’ll be fine.”

She reaches up, cupping his face with her hand. “Okay.” She smiles. “If you need me, you know where I am.”

Casey nods as she turns and leaves the room. He quickly heads over, locking the door behind her. He goes back into the bathroom,

taking his towel off and climbing into the shower. Smiling as he grasps himself. Climaxing quicker this time around without having to deal with the guilt of thinking of her. Cleaning himself up, drying and getting dressed, he takes his washing down to the kitchen – filling the washer and setting it going.

“Feeling better?” Violet asks, wearing a pair of jeans under her loose-fitting shirt.

“Yes. Thank you,” he says. “I’ve never seen you in jeans.”

She shrugs. “Now that I know what you’re going through, I thought it might help.”

He looks away. “It wasn’t because of how you were dressed...”

“So, seeing my tits wasn’t what set up off this morning?” She questions, a serious tone to her voice.

He turns around, leaning on the kitchen unit opposite her. “Actually, it was your ass. But it’s because I like you, not because of how you dress.”

She turns around, leaning over – her ass sticking out. “So, this still does it for you?”

He laughs. *She’s only doing this because the girls are out...* “Do you want me to prove it or something?”

She looks over her shoulder, a mischievous smile on her face. “Maybe?”

Without thinking, he steps forward – his hands reaching under her shirt. Grabbing her waist and pulling her close. Her ass grinding against him. A brand new erection already forming.

She puts her hands on his as she stands upright – moving his hands from her waist up to her breasts.

He squeezes as he leaves kisses down her neck.

A moan escapes her lips. She smiles, “we’re somehow not breaking any of the rules...”

A grin makes its way onto his face – his lips by her ear. “Yet... They’re my rules, so I can break them...”

She laughs, stepping out of his grasp. She smiles, hopping onto the kitchen counter. Her legs spread. He steps forward, her legs wrapping around his waist. Their lips grazing as his arms circle her – pulling her close before kissing her. Tugging on her bottom lip, her tongue tasting his.

She tugs on his shirt, pulling it up – breaking the kiss to remove it.

He does the same, pulling hers off. Throwing it to the ground as she lies back on the counter. He pushes her further onto the

kitchen island as he climbs on top. Kissing across her scar on her lower belly before kissing up her stomach – making his way to her breasts. Enveloping her left nipple with his lips, teasing it with his teeth. Seeing her squirm as he tugs. He smiles, reaching up, nudging her nose with his. “Are you okay?” He asks, heavy breathing as he looks down at her – his eyes full of lust. Something he’d never experienced before.

She presses her lips to his, one hand on his back. The other on the back of his head – playing with his hair. She breaks the kiss, panting. “Never been better.”





## Chapter Six

“Oh my fucking God!” Troy screams, instantly turning back to the front door – away from Vi and Casey.

The pair quickly hide behind the kitchen island, pulling their clothes back on, giggling as they do.

“Why are you allowed to have sex in communal areas but we’re not?” Annie asks calmly, stood at the end of the island, facing away from the pair.

Casey stands up as he pulls his shirt on. “Possibly because it’s my house?” He laughs.

She rolls her eyes. “Fair enough.” She shrugs, looking up at him. “Are you okay?”

Pausing, Casey looks down at her. A confused expression on his face. “Why wouldn’t I be?”

Now fully dressed, Vi stands up – stood behind him.

Annie presses her lips together as her eyes dart between the pair before bobbing her head. “I was just checking.” She heads upstairs, Troy following close behind.

“What was that about..?” Vi mumbles.

Casey frowns, turning around to look at her. “I don’t know...”

Knocking on his sister’s bedroom door, Casey stands outside. Waiting for one of them to answer.

“Yeah?” Troy asks, opening the door.

“Can I talk to you two?” He says.

She bobs her head, opening the door so that he can enter.

Annie pats the bed for him to climb on and sit between them. “What’s up?”

Sitting between his sister and sister-in-law, Casey sighs, “why did you treat us like that this morning?”

Taking a deep breath, Annie looks up at him. “You have only just started feeling for her...”

He shakes his head, pressing his lips together. “That’s not true...”

Annie frowns. “What do you mean?”

“When she initially started *actually* living with us, I liked her, and feelings were there. It may have only just further developed for me. But I’ve never gotten this far with anyone...” He mutters.

“Without vomiting afterwards,” Troy chuckles.

Casey smiles. “Yes, without vomiting afterwards...” He pauses. “I want you to be happy for me.”

Annie looks away as her eyes tear up. “I am happy for you,” she says, her voice uneven.

“Then, why are you crying?”

“Because I love living with my wife *and* my best friend... How are we going to do that with you having a family?” She sobs, a panicked tone to her voice.

Casey nudges her with his elbow.

She peers up at him.

He starts to laugh. “Me? A family? This is my family... I’m not having kids, and Vi isn’t interested... You’re not moving out.”

“Are you sure she’s going to feel the same way?” Annie scoffs, sounding angry as she looks down at her hands on her lap.

“I’m not having kids...” Vi mutters as she stands in the doorway to the bedroom. “I have nowhere to grow a kid, and I also don’t want to be a parent.”

“We’re going to be having a baby,” Annie blurts.

Vi bobs her head. “I know, that doesn’t change the fact that I’m not having a child.”

Annie’s mouth drops open – forming an *o* shape. “Of course, not... It’ll be ours...”

Pressing her lips together, Vi smiles. “I’m not going to steal him away from you. And I don’t think I’d be able to live alone with him – he’d drive me nuts. So, please stay.”

“Oi,” Casey laughs. “Cheeky.”

Vi sticks her tongue out. “Can’t help that you’re a twat.”

“Am I really that bad?” He questions, taking the comments as jest.

Troy shrugs. “You’d be better if you didn’t leave socks everywhere...”

“I don’t leave socks everywhere... You’re aware I suffer from OCD, right? My clothes *always* go in the basket,” he mutters, a confused expression on his face.

“Then who’s socks are littered around the house?” Vi questions.

The three of them look at Annie – her cheeks turning bright red. “Really? You’re just going to let my ship sink?”

“I don’t mean to, I just keep forgetting to pick them up...” Annie erupts.

Troy laughs. “How do you forget to pick up a sock when you’re still wearing the second one?!”

Casey pulls back the blanket covering Annie’s feet – finding only one foot wearing a sock. “What is wrong with you?”

Laughing, Annie covers her face as she turns bright red.

“I’m happy you turned out to be Lesbian, because I don’t want to marry someone who can feel okay while only wear ONE sock. Socks come in pairs for a reason, Annie!” He howls before climbing off the bed. “You should be ashamed of yourself,” he says, dramatically leaving the room and swiftly falling over a sock on the landing. “ANNIE!”

The three women continue laughing.

Vi winces, a shooting pain erupting from her lower belly as she laughs. She takes a breath, trying to fight the pain. She didn’t

know that she had scar pain until she met them... She'd never laughed so much before...

Standing behind her, Casey wraps an arm around her waist. Placing his hand on top of hers on her belly. "Are you okay?"

She bobs her head. "I'm fine, it was just a bit much."

Troy calms as Annie continues giggling to herself. "What's wrong?"

"It's just my scar tissue," Vi tells her. "I'll be fine."

"Sure?" She questions.

"Maybe we should take you to the hospital to check it?" Casey whispers.

Vi shakes her head. "They'll notice it was a botch job."

"I know, but they might be able to help..."

A sombre smile seeps its way onto her face. "I'll be fine, I promise."



# Chapter Seven

Coming Soon – 15/03/2020