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[Point of view character] – [Chapter #] – [Scene#]

Example: Cam-Ch3–Sc2.mp3

Your lines are highlighted in yellow.

Please read narration/prose in a slightly more narrator voice than the dialog, so the listeners don't get narration and spoken dialog confused. That is not to say that narration and prose can't be read with emphasis, if narration/prose calls for it.

Dialog tags/actions: Much of this will be cut from the final production as long as it is clear who is speaking and how the spoken dialog is pronounced. If this can be conveyed without dialog tags/dialog actions, then narrating dialog tags/actions will not be necessary. Use your judgement. If you are uncertain then go ahead and narrate and it can always be cut from final production if necessary.

Ad libbing is encouraged, in the way of grunts, groans, laughter, crying, sighing, exclaiming, etc...

Want to make this story as immersive as possible.

Cam-Ch1-Sc1

With Bree balanced on his shoulders, Cam ducked as he carried her through the threshold of Copper Creek, a restaurant he owned and managed with Maggie. He set her down in a corner booth and smiled down at her.

Less than a year ago, Bree was orphaned when Maggie's brother and his wife died in a car accident. She was family, blood ties or not, just like Jags, Doug and Gramps. And in two days, Maggie would be family too.

Sweeping Bree's chocolate quarter-size ringlets from her shoulders, he asked, "You want a hotdog?"

"I'm not hungry."

"You want a hotdog."

"Nope."

Maggie slid herself under Cam's arm. "She wants a cookie. Don't you girl?"

Ajay sat beside Bree and pushed a sugar cookie to her. He removed his army green cap, set it on top of Bree's head and tapped the rim to cover her eyes.

"Ajay!"

"I'm not allowed to spoil my niece? I haven't seen her in months." Ajay leaned down to whisper in Bree's ear. "How's school?"

Bree tipped the cap up to look at him. "It's summer break."

"Got a boyfriend yet?"

She giggled. "No." The word lingered in a sing-song tune.

Ajay took his cap back and rubbed the top of her head. "Good. Let me know when that changes.

Uncle Ajay like to have a chat with the little bugger." He winked at her. "Get me?"

"She's ten," Cam said with exasperation.

"She's a looker," Ajay said unapologetically.

Jags slid in the booth beside Bree, sandwiching her between him and Ajay. Knees bent, he balanced his black dress shoes on the side of the table. "There's nothing to worry about 'cause I'm going to lock in her bedroom from puberty 'til about . . . say . . . she turns thirty."

"I'm down with that," Ajay said.

Bree jumped in Ajay's lap. Facing him, she straddled her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck. "I'm going to marry Uncle Ajay." His thick arms closed around her tiny body. He closed his eyes and squeezed her tight.

"Honey." Cam pulled her from his brother and tapped her on the nose. "Not while I draw breath." Cam was overprotective with those close to him, a trait he openly recognized, a trait undoubtedly stemmed from years of bandaging his younger brother up after Tony finished beating him, a daily ritual.

For reasons unknown to Cam, his father beat on Ajay most often, neglecting him and his mother; although, they got their occasional run down too.

It was a life that taught Cam how to care for another while at the same time, incurred feelings of irrational hatred and rage for anyone who hurt someone he loved.

Fury and frustration at being unable to help his brother had hurled Cam into a dark place where only he and his subconscious existed. His anger festered in silence, until his mother remarried and he met his stepbrother Jags, the goofiest son of a bitch he'd ever known.

Some part of Cam still lived in that dark place and probably always would. But Jags' relentless jovial spirit and good-nature had nudged him from that darkness. And now that he had Maggie, he was closer to the light than he ever thought possible.

Jags leapt from the booth. "I got to get back to work." He shot his fist out.

Ajay slid from the booth and bumped fists. "Brothers."

Shifting Bree to one arm, Cam made a fist with the other. "Always."

Ajay nodded and began to slide back in the booth, but Jags threw his arms around his neck, trapping him in a shaky hug. When Ajay rolled his eyes, Cam coughed a laugh into his fist.

To say Ajay was homophobic was an understatement. Jags' knew this but it never slowed him down. If Cam had to guess, he'd say Jags intentionally goaded Ajay in this way.

"It's good to have you home," Jags whispered close to his ear.

Ajay pushed Jags to arm's-length, an unyielding grip on his upper arms. "Good to be home."

Jags blew out a breath. "I get off work at five. Meet back here at 5:30 for a bite?"

"Sure," Ajay said.

Jags clapped Ajay on the back. "I like Teddy bears too." A devious, knowing smile tugged at his lips.

Ajay scowled. "I don't like teddy bears."

He waved and headed for the door. "You will."

Ajay slid into the booth and slammed a closed fist to the table. "I told him I didn't want to know about any more of his damn visions."

Cam put a consolatory hand on Ajay's shoulder. "You're on your own with this one. But he's never been wrong in the past." He hesitated. "Well, as long he's not trying to read his own future." Cam slid in the booth across from Ajay and situated Bree on his knee. "So what's the plan?"

"There's no plan."

"You need a job."

"I know."

Cam's eyes widened. "So where are you going to work? You can't live with me, Gramps and Maggie forever."

Ajay slid his phone from his breast pocket and checked the time. "I've been home less than two hours."

"Your point?"

"Could you at least give me three hours to make any life altering decisions?" Ajay planted his elbows on the shiny green table and squeezed his head between his hands. After a few long seconds, he looked up. "Can you get away? Catch a movie or grab a beer?"

Cam spotted Maggie with the cooks behind the line. "Give me a sec." He lowered Bree to her feet and took her by the hand. Walking her toward the double swinging doors, he headed for—what Jags referred to as—*the pad*, a room in the back of the restaurant Cam had turned into a bachelor haven. It housed a flat screen television, mini-refrigerator, cream leather recliner and matching sofa.

Bree looked up at him. "Will you make me a peanut butter and banana sandwich?"

Cam tapped her on the bridge of her nose. "Yup."

Tilly-Ch1-Sc1

Nate would refuse her invitation to lunch like he had the past seventeen times she'd asked over the past few weeks. Regardless, Tilly yanked the heavy mahogany door open and entered the spacious lobby of Chase Industries. He had been an ass, even more than usual, since the death of their infant son and she wanted to hate him. She really, really wanted to hate him.

But couldn't.

Sean Jr. was dead and she couldn't help feeling it was her fault. As someone who worked in the medical industry, someone who was married to a general practitioner and most importantly, someone who had married into a family genetically predisposed of heart defects, she should have been more diligent ... more careful. But the EKG and echocardiogram showed no defects. So then why was her three-day-old son dead? And why on the day Sean Jr's heart stopped had she decided to oversleep?

After signing in at the circular desk centered amongst the chocolate marbled walls and floors, Tilly walked to the medical clinic where her husband ran his practice from.

She knocked twice before opening the door.

"Not now," Nate said, his eyes on his laptop.

"Thought we could have lunch."

"Not today."

"Tomorrow?"

"I don't know," he said, his focus never turning from the laptop, his fingers typing rapidly.

From the other side of his desk, she glared. And in what she hoped was a dramatic display of defiance, she dropped her purse. Unfortunately the plush carpet softened the thud to a pathetic plop.

He rocked back in his executive chair. "Quit your job."

Give up the only motivation she had for dressing and showering every day? She couldn't imagine filling her days without the distraction of her coworkers and patients.

Who would make Mrs. Lyman her oatmeal with just a pinch of cinnamon and a half bottle of

pancake syrup? And George with his constant bragging about his grandson, stationed overseas. And what fun she'd had gossiping with Tommy about his soap opera, *Endless Time*. Oh how Tommy loved to hate Belinda that cheating, vulgar, and conceited witch.

Nate cupped his ear. "This is where you say *whatever you say dear*?"

Sinking into the leather chair across from him, Tilly's gaze drifted to the floor.

Nate hadn't been the same since the funeral. He'd been distant and cruel. Feeling the same pain as he, she tried to be patient and understanding, hoping the old Nate would return soon; but his temperament only grew more distant, his behavior more crass. She looked at him. "Why?"

"Your husband asked you to do something. Why is not important. All you need to say is *yes dear*." His brows arched. "I'm waiting."

She stood, slung her purse over her shoulder and grabbed the door handle. The soft click of typing continued.

"I want steak for dinner," he said.

Antics like his counting fingers were arrogant and oddly silly. But lately his behavior had crossed from arrogant and playful to hateful and condescending. Part of her wanted to scream and rant. Another part, a bigger part, wanted to hug him, lean on him when the pain burned so hot, she struggled for a breath.

With his attention on the screen of his laptop, he said, "I'll be home at six. Dinner better be on the table."

"Yes dear."

Ajay-Ch1-Sc3

Ajay strode toward the drink station to pour himself a Coke.

A short girl with long brunette hair tied in a ponytail blocked his way. "Wait staff only."

"Cute," Ajay said. "Now move." He stepped toward her.

She held her hand up, palm out. "Do you work here?"

Work for Cam? He choked back a laugh. "No."

"Then you're not coming in here."

His lips twisted into a partial grin. Ajay inched forward.

She tightened her grip on the shiny steel. With her head tilted, her brown eyes squinted up at him. "Are you trying to intimidate me?"

His towering frame shadowed her whisper of a figure. And he loved it...sick bastard that he was. "If I wanted to intimidate you, you'd know it." He brought his face close to hers, boring into her, eyes unblinking. "I don't *try* to do anything. Either I accomplish what I set out to do or don't do it at all. For me, there is no *try*."

"You like Star Wars?" She gave him a small smile. "Me too. Have you seen all of them?"

What the fuck? How did they get from him intimidating her to Star Wars?

"That's what Yoda says in the fifth episode," she continued. "Do or do not. There is no try."

"Peewee?" he snarled. "Are you mocking me?"

She faked a frown. "Judge me by my size, do you?"

She couldn't have been much over five feet and probably a hundred pounds, but she confidently held him off with her tiny body and massive attitude. How fucking adorable.

"Leave her alone!" Cam bellowed from behind the cooking line.

With a wink and incline of her head, she gestured to the dining room. "Have a seat. I'll be right with you."

Ajay straddled a stool at the counter and watched her scurry past him. She walked to the wait station, poured two ice teas and delivered the beverages to a booth.

On her way back, she approached, pen and pad in hand. "Can I start you off with something to drink?"

"Coke, please."

She walked to the forbidden, exclusive, wait station, her ponytail bouncing in sync with her steps.

Damn! If she wasn't the cutest thing he'd seen in six years. *Maybe civilian life won't be so bad, after all.*

Ajay watched the cute waitress pull two plates from under the heat lamp. When she passed, he scented a powdery aroma; clean, fresh, innocent. Much better than the rancid odor of the dork with the fedora hat and oversized sunglasses that just passed. Smelled like flour gone bad. A sour, minty funk.

Jags had insisted Ajay's overactive sense of smell was a gift, but most times it felt more like a curse.

Ajay focused on the waitress, trying to relive her subtle feminine fragrance.

Her complexion was pale, luminous, almost transparent; unusual for someone who lived in Texas. She obviously needed to get out more.

She leaned on the wall beside the grill and smiled at Jake. Ajay had met Jake a few months ago, the last time he was home.

She laughed at something the punk had said before walking Ajay's way and setting his Coke down.

The all-American girl, a cliché of normalcy personified. Ajay needed to ease his way back into civilization. Getting involved with her would be like jumping out of the hot tub and into the cold pool. The temperature change would be too jarring.

Now if only his body would play along with his rational thinking. Rational thinking! What a joke. There wasn't a drop of blood in his head, not the head above his shoulders anyway. She smiled and his cock twitched.

He grimaced. The women he dated only wanted one thing and he only wanted one thing back. Instinct told him this girl wouldn't be an easy fuck. And easy fucks were all he knew. So why the hell was his cock standing at attention?

She would expect dates and gifts like flowers and jewelry. Never mind holidays like Valentine's Day and Christmas. He shuddered.

Not his style. He didn't beg, plead and whine. He simply asked a woman if she'd like to fuck. Typical responses were yes, no, a slap in the face or a knee to the groin. Regardless, he never asked twice. He had a dozen fuck buddies. Maybe more. He lost count. Getting laid was never a problem.

Maybe that *was* the problem. He'd gone too long without pussy. After all, it'd been a week since he'd been inside a woman.

Consciously he recognized her as nothing but emotional turmoil, a complication to his insanely mundane and simple life, which was exactly how he preferred it. However, he couldn't refrain from asking, "This your first day?"

"No," she said, her gaze on the cover of her purple glittery notepad.

He crooked his neck to look under her hanging head. "Why won't you look at me?"

When those big brown eyes met his, she sucked in an audible breath. Snapping her focus back to her notepad, she said, "Stop looking at me like that."

"Is this the same girl that just winked at me?"

She arched a brow. "My boyfriend is sitting in the booth behind you."

He smirked. "Bullshit."

Her thin lips pressed into a line, eyes widened. He glanced over his shoulder.

A family of five was seated in one booth and two elderly ladies sat in another. He glowered at the shit-eating grin on her face.

She made a gun with her finger and thumb and shot him. "Gotcha."

He crooked his finger, motioning her closer. She bent down.

He said, "I don't play games."

She straightened, her expression solemn. "That's a shame. I can't imagine life is very fun without games." Her shoulders shrugged emphatically. "Maybe you just haven't found the right game yet."

"Maybe." She was flirting and just when he thought she couldn't get any damn cuter. Ajay let out a clipped laugh. "You might be right. You have a suggestion?"

She placed her finger on her chin. "I'll give it some thought."

Her chest rose and fell deeper than a person's should, like she struggled for a breath, a feeling he was familiar with, having struggled with panic attacks most of his life.

She blinked. "Stop looking at me like that." Her attention returned to her notebook.

"How am I looking at you?"

"You know."

"If I knew I wouldn't have asked," he bit out.

Her jaw dropped, mouth slightly ajar, but she said nothing.

"How am I looking at you?" he repeated.

"You're going to make me say it."

Silence lingered and he shook his head. Frustration and confusion fueled his temper. One minute

she flirted and the next minute she cowered.

But her aversion to look at him hadn't stemmed from timidity or shyness. He dared to think it but she seemed naive.

Way.

Too.

Naive.

Not looking up, she asked, "Are you waiting for someone or did you want to go ahead and order?"

"How old are you?" His voice pitched, prompted by the growing ache in his groin.

Like a pathetic, hormonal teenager, his penis was deciding his next lay, calling the shots. Pretty fucking inconvenient, seeing he wanted nothing to do with this girl who looked of barely legal age.

With blushed cheeks, she turned the question back on him. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

Her posture stiffened, blush deepened. "Nineteen."

Holy fuck! She *was* barely legal.

She tapped her pen on the back of her hand, smiling coyly.

He could smell her virginity.

"Nothing to eat," he snapped. "I'm good with the Coke."

She nodded, a clear expression of disappointment.

To hell with her. She could keep her teeny bopper, emotional drama, bullshit.

His cock twitched again. Groaning, he muttered, "Fuck."

If he could just bend her over the counter, penetrate that forbidden passage between her thighs, he could blow his load and get this vixen out of his head. He'd bet a month's salary, her path was traveled by few, maybe even none. Despite his intellectual objections to her virtuous self, visions of her fragile, soft, mouth wrapped around his cock had him squirming on the stool.

Her pussy might play hard-to-get, but he was more than ready to blaze a trail and explore with great precision, first with his tongue then with his cock.

Cam approached and straddled the stool beside him. "Emily, this is Ajay, my brother."

"Oh." She covered her mouth. "I'm sorry. I didn't know."

"You're cut," Cam said, letting Emily know she was cut from the floor and could clock out and head home. "Cash out with Maggie."

Emily untied her apron and poured herself a glass of milk. She slid in a nearby booth and started dividing her cash and credit card slips into neat stacks.

Cam slapped his palm on the green shellacked counter. "Let's go."

"I'm hungry," Ajay said. "Let's eat here first."

Cam nodded. "I'll have the cooks whip something up. What do you want?"

Ajay thought for a moment, his gaze zeroing in on the cute brunette with big brown eyes, a heart-shaped ass and thin lips that ached be chewed on.

But she probably wasn't on the menu.

Looking over his shoulder, Cam followed Ajay's gaze. "Forget it."

"What?" Ajay asked.

"She's not your type."

"And what type is that?" Ajay's sharp tone gave way to his obvious disgruntlement.

"She's too short." Before Ajay could respond, Cam continued. "She's too smart. She's too friendly. She has ten toes. She breathes air. She laughs." He slid from the booth and counted on his fingers as he continued.

"Alright. Alright." Ajay rolled his eyes.

Cam took him by the elbow. "Let's go."

Ajay stopped just shy of the door and turned for one more look, but Cam dragged him through the doorway. Once outside, Cam slapped a heavy hand on Ajay's shoulder. "She is off limits. Get me?"

"I just want to talk to her."

Cam smirked. "And I'm going to win the Nobel Peace Prize."