Every Breath I Take

BONUS SCENES!

camaa pearl

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TITLES BY CAMAA PEARL

Lagos Lovin' Novels
Gaga Crazy (Zoya & Manir)
Bottom Belle (Chiluba & George)
Goody Bag (Zena & Lékan)

All of Me Trilogy **(Fifi's Story)**
Every Step I Take
Every Move I Make
Every Breathe I Take

Yoruba Demons Billionaire Club
*FEMI (Spring 2025)

Standalones
Escape (Lola & Onahi)
Call Me Jemila (Jemila & Jidenna)
** Nine Hours Till Five (Funmi)

Flawed Perfections Novels
** First Impressions
** Crossroads
** Romantic Illusions

Short Stories & Anthologies
Velvet Tamarind *(in the Hell Hath No Fury: An African Christmas Romance Anthology)*
Keeping Mima *(in the Roses Aren't Red Anthology: An African Romance Anthology)*
In Another Life: A Complete Short Story
***The Lady of the House *(in the Nights at Club Nova: An Erotic Romance Anthology)*

** - Dates are susceptible to change*
*** - writing as Margaret Adetimehin*
**** - writing as Temi Nenye*

PRAISE FOR CAMAA PEARL'S BOOK

All of Me Trilogy

"A beautiful story that introduces us to the intricacies of Fifi's life through her insecurities, naivety, determination and journey of her growth." - ***Every Step I Take***

Aminat Sanni-Kamal, Author of The Smith Women Series

"A vivid narrative of the anatomy of a long distance relationship." - ***Every Move I Make***

Adesuwa Oman Nwokedi, Author of The Marriage Class

"Sweet and intriguing!" - ***Every Breath I Take***

Rosemary Okafor, Author of Akwaugo

Gaga Crazy: A Lagos Lovin' Novel

"Get Ready for a roller coaster ride of emotions!"
Maggie Smart, Author of Beyond Now

"Flaws and all, I need a Manir in my life."
L. Leigh, Bestselling Author of The Lekki Club

"Read it in one sitting."
Glory Abah, Author and Creative Writing Coach

Bottom Belle: A Lagos Lovin' Novel

"Love this story a lot."
Grace Omojola, Goodreads Reviewer

"Just one word: mind-blowing."
Ejuh Rejoice, Bambooks Reader

"Splendid!"
Temitope Adeniran, Book Critic & Goodreads Reviewer

Goody Bag: A Lagos Lovin' Novel

"Everything you'll want in a romance novel: entertainment, romance, steam, friendship."
Rosemary Okafor, Author of Akwaugo

"A perfect end to a beautiful, beautiful series."
Nelly, Goodreads Reviewer

"Beautiful, witty, and sexy read."
Adesuwa Oman Nwokedi, Bestselling Author of The Marriage Class

Call Me Jemila

"Jemila and Jidenna's story will get you on different emotional stages."
Aderonke Olubanjo-Adestosoye, Bambooks Reader

"I loved it a 100% and will definitely recommend."
Aminat Sanni-Kamal, Author of The Smith Women Series

"Jemila and Jidenna's story is that of a love that is enduring."
Yetunde Ebosele, Goodreads Reviewer

Escape

"A breath of fresh air."
Stanley Umezulike, Author of Ties That Bind

"An awesome read."
Youcee Anaekwe, Goodreads Reviewer

"This book got me out of my reading slump."
BooksXwine, Book Reviewer & Bookstagrammer

Every Breath I Take

BONUS SCENES!

camaa pearl

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For love!



BEFORE YOU READ

If you haven't read Every Breath I Take, the main book of how Fifi and Liam found themselves and thereby found love, these bonus scenes might not make much sense to you. It might make sense… but it's going to be more satisfying if you've read Every Breath I Take.

So if you want to read the book that started tells their love story, click on this link **HERE** and have a go!

If you have read Every Breath I Take, please take a break to drop a review **HERE** and other platforms of your choice.

And now, I present to you, two bonus scenes!



Bonus Scene: One

Liam

The Irish countryside is buzzing with life even in the snow—birds are singing in harmony with the rustling leaves, a cool breeze is dancing over the hills, and the nerves are twisting in my gut. Yeah, a lot of nerves.

Everything I have been planning for months with the dream team for this weekend getaway is about to unfold. Fifi, walking beside me, has no idea what's coming. She's completely unaware that we are heading to the garden, nestled behind the cozy bed and breakfast, where the stage is set.

She glances up at me, her dark eyes curious. "Liam, are you going to tell me where we're headed, or are you just going to keep smiling like that?" She squeezes my hand. "You've been acting suspicious all day," she teases. "What are you up to?"

I chuckle, giving her hand a reassuring squeeze. "Patience, Firefly. You'll see soon enough. Just trust me, yeah?"

She raises an eyebrow, amused but unconvinced. Ever the curious one. I steal a glance at her. The way her dress is clinging to her curves,

the sway of her hips with every step, it's driving me insane. My thoughts are drifting, imagining how it's going to feel later, when I finally have her alone. But first, I need to get through this proposal without combusting.

I guide her through a narrow path, the soft rustle of leaves accompanying our steps until we step into the clearing.

Fifi stops dead in her tracks. Her eyes go wide as they land on the gazebo, draped in candlelight and surrounded by lilies scattered across the wooden floorboards. The soft dreamy classical music is floating through the air, the vibrant flowers in winter—everything is exactly as I have imagined it. Perfect.

Her hand slips from mine, and she takes a step forward, eyes wide, lips parted. "Liam, what… what is this?"

I smile as I pull her closer, feeling her body tremble slightly against mine. "You'll see, love." My hand brushes her cheek, and for a second, the only thing I want is to press her against me, to taste her lips, to feel the heat between us flare into something uncontrollable. But I've got something to ask first.

I move in front of her, gently turning her to face me. Dropping to one knee, I pull out the velvet box. Fifi gasps, her hand flying to her mouth, her eyes wide with shock.

"Fifi," I begin, my voice low and filled with everything I feel for her, "from the moment we met and I held your hands on Grafton Street, I knew I wanted forever with you. You make me feel alive in ways I never imagined, and I want you to be my forever. Making all your wishes come true and fighting your battles with you. Fifi, my Firefly, will you marry me?"

Her lips part, but no words are coming out. The world seems to hold its breath as she stands there, motionless, her eyes shimmering with tears. But before she can respond, a soft voice breaks the silence.

"Fifi!"

We both turn. Standing at the edge of the garden are her parents, fresh off a plane from Nigeria. Her mother's eyes are sparkling with tears, while her father gives a proud, teary-eyed nod. Fifi gasps, stepping back as her hand flies to her chest. Behind them, I catch a glimpse of G-Ben, with a broad grin on his face, and Itohan with Nari, beaming from ear to ear. Ma is also here, smiling wide.

Fifi lets out a soft cry, spinning back to me, her hands trembling. "How did you…?" Her voice cracks, tears pooling in her eyes. "You… did all this?"

I nod, my throat tight, words failing me for a moment. “I wanted your family here,” I say, standing up to cup her face in my hands. “I wanted them to witness this, to be part of our story.”

Her eyes well up, tears falling freely as she laughs through the overwhelming emotion. “Yes,” she whispers, her voice cracking. “Yes, Liam, a thousand times yes.” She lets out a breathless laugh, wiping her tears but failing miserably as more stream down.

I slip the ring onto her finger, and as she gazes at it, my chest tightens. Not just from the joy, but from the way her body fits perfectly against mine, the way her breath hitches every time I touch her. It’s a high I’m never coming down from.

Our lips crash together, and the cheers from our hidden audience fade away, leaving only the two of us here. Her taste, her warmth—it’s intoxicating. My hands slide down her back, resting just above the curve of her hips, resisting the urge to take things further right here, right now. But I can feel her pulse racing under my fingers, the same wild energy coursing through her as it is through me.

Her head rests against my chest, and I hold her close, feeling the steady rhythm of her heart against mine. “You’re stuck with me now,” I murmur into her hair, my voice rough with everything I’m holding back.

She leans into me, snuggling closer, her breath hot against my neck. “That’s good because I wouldn’t have it any other way,” she whispers, her hand sliding down to my waist, teasing, promising more. “And I plan to make the most of it.”

And as the sun dips beneath the horizon, casting the garden in hues of gold and orange, I know one thing for certain—this is the beginning of the rest of our lives. One filled with love, with family, and with the kind of forever we both believe in.



Bonus Scene: Two

Fifi

We've gathered family and friends to celebrate Daddy's 70th birthday in our Dublin home. It's been over a year since Liam and I got married, and somehow, life has gotten even more chaotic—and wonderful. Twins. *Twins.* Mama Gee's twin-bearing gene definitely decided to manifest in me. Now, our home is filled with the sweet madness of parenthood, the cries of Soon and Soo echoing around the house, making me wonder how I'm even surviving on three hours of sleep.

Daddy sits at the head of the dining table, looking like a proud king with his silver hair and warm smile. He's surrounded by loved ones—Mama Gee, G-Ben, the twins, Daniel and David, Nari, Liam's Ma, Itohan and Kofi, Ifedayo and his wife (who, by the way, decided to join last minute *as usual*). Daniel and David are in Ireland for their master's, so naturally, we decided that Daddy's

70th should be here in Dublin since we—*all their children*—are here.

Liam's holding Soo, rocking her gently. *The man looks dangerously good in his daddy era*, all casual yet somehow managing to melt my insides. He's been making time for family and still pulling off those weekday date nights, which, honestly, is kind of a superpower at this point. Since everyone's arrival, the house has been filled with a rotating chorus of coos and praises over the twins, and I still can't believe I popped those two out nine weeks ago. Like, *me*? Mother of twins? Mama Gee would be proud.

Then there's G-Ben, ever the center of attention. He taps his glass like he's about to give a TED Talk. I roll my eyes, fully prepared for one of his dramatic speeches. He clears his throat, and everyone falls quiet. *Here we go.*

"Excuse me, everyone," he begins, a smile tugging at his lips. "I'd like to take a moment to say something about Daddy and Mama Gee."

Daddy exchanges an amused glance with Mama Gee. "Gbenga, what do you want to say now?" he asks in that *I'm pretending to be tired, but I'm secretly enjoying this* African parent tone.

G-Ben grins wider. *Oh, boy*. "Ah, Daddy, a lot o, but I'll be brief."

Liam chuckles under his breath, and I nudge him with my elbow. *Just watch. This is how it starts.*

"I just want to express my deepest gratitude to you and Mama Gee for everything you've done for us." Mama Gee is already blushing. *See? This is how he gets them.* She waves a hand like, *'Abeg, hurry up,'* but you know she's loving it.

"Mama Gee, you deserve your own praise. You left Liberia, crossed borders, and faced hardships we can't even imagine. Then you found the right man, married him, and gave us a chance at a better life."

David, ever the troublemaker, points a finger, grinning. "Mama Gee is nodding because G-Ben said she found Daddy."

I laugh, shaking my head. *See how this boy can't stay quiet for one minute?*

Mama Gee tuts, "My friend, will you stop that nonsense?" But she's not really angry; she's used to David's antics by now. Daniel joins in, chuckling under his breath.

But G-Ben isn't fazed. "You people better stop ruining my speech," he says, rolling his eyes like he's at some fancy event. *Typical big brother energy*.

I jump in, picking up Soon, who's starting to stir in her bassinet. "Gbenga, just finish up, please," I urge, rocking Soon gently.

After a sip of his drink, G-Ben wraps it up, turning back to Daddy. "So, as I was saying. Thank you, Daddy and Mama Gee, for choosing each other every day. For teaching us what love and loyalty look like. You not only raised us, but you took in others. Daddy, you've shown us what it means to be a man, a husband, and a father. Thank you."

He pauses, looking around the room before adding, "And tonight, as we celebrate Daddy's 70th, we celebrate not just his years, but the legacy he's built, the love that holds this family together."

The room erupts in applause, and Daddy, clearly moved, speaks softly, "Gbenga, you've got a way with words, my son." Mama Gee beams like she's the one getting the praises directly, her handkerchief out, already dabbing at her eyes.

After the toasts, the speeches, the food, and all the *wahala*, Liam and I finally find a quiet moment together, watching the twins sleep peacefully in their bassinets. I lean against him, trying to take it all in. It feels surreal—having everyone here in Dublin, our babies, my parents, his Ma, our friends. My heart's so full, it might just burst.

After everyone who needs to leave finally leaves, and those staying at our place head off to bed, we close the door to our room. A sigh of relief escapes me—it's been a day. Family gatherings are great, but wrangling twins on top of it? *Exhausting.*

Liam and I are going through our usual night routine, brushing our teeth side by side. His hair is getting longer, a little unruly in a

way that's just... *ugh*—irresistible. He's rinsing his mouth, looking like someone out of a commercial, all sexy and *perfect*, while I'm over here in my bonnet, hoping there's no spit on my face.

"You know," he's saying, voice low and that dangerous kind of soothing, coming up behind me as I finish rinsing my mouth. We're standing in front of the mirror now, his hands sliding around my waist, me still in my oversized sleep shirt that hides the evidence of *just* pumping for the twins. "I've been thinking about us growing old together."

I'm smiling, my heart doing a little flip as he's cradling me, one arm right under my very *light* breasts—thank God for that pump. His touch is tender, his thumb brushing against my cheek as he's tilting my head to meet our reflections in the mirror. "Imagine us at 70," he's continuing, "sitting at the dining table, watching our kids' kids running around."

Him? At 70? I'm chuckling, holding his gaze. "All I can think of is how cute you'll be with your gray hair, still as charming as ever."

He's letting out a deep, throaty laugh, nuzzling into my neck, his lips brushing my skin. "Chei, you think I'll be cute? You'll be married to a lecherous old man."

"Only for me," I'm teasing, shivering as he's kissing a spot that's making me *very* aware of his intentions. "Because gray hair only adds character, obviously."

I'm turning around in his arms, looping mine around his neck. "I can see it, you know? Us, surrounded by our kids and grandkids, reminiscing about how we met and all the madness that followed."

His eyes are lighting up, that playful spark in them making me grin. "And telling them how a dating app brought us together? They'll roast us for years."

I'm tracing circles on his chest, feeling the steady thrum of his heartbeat. "Wouldn't change a thing about it though."

He's kissing the top of my head, his lips remaining there in that way that always makes me feel... *safe*. "You're the best swipe I ever made."

I laugh, pinching his side. He's letting out a soft *oof*, pulling me even closer. "I can't wait to grow old with you, Firefly," he's

murmuring, squeezing my ass with that casual fondness he's perfected. "Even wrinkled, you'll still be the sexiest woman in the room."

I'm tilting my head up to meet his gaze, my fingers playing with the hair at the nape of his neck. "And you, my love, will be my forever. We'll be that old couple, still holding hands, still sneaking kisses, even when we're both wrinkled and gray."

Liam's lips are finding mine. Soft. Persistent. The kiss sweet and full of promise. But then, as if on cue, he's starting to pepper kisses all over—my neck, my shoulder, even my arm. *This man.* His lips are trailing back up, playful, leaving a wake of tingles in their path.

I'm giggling, trying to push him off but not really. "Liam, darling, we already have our hands full with Soo and Soon. Let's not get carried away."

He's chuckling, eyes dark and full of that *look*. "Oh, come on, Firefly. What's one more baby in the mix?"

I'm raising an eyebrow, pretending to be shocked. "One more? Are you plotting some secret baby-making scheme?"

He's laughing heartily, arms still wrapped around me. "I just thought we'd get them all out of the way while we're still young."

I'm rolling my eyes, tapping his chest. "You're incorrigible." *Not that I'm bothered. I've got an IUD, so we're good.*

But he's not done, burying his face in the crook of my neck, planting soft, teasing kisses that are making me melt. "But you love me for it."

I'm sighing, leaning into his embrace, feeling the warmth of him, his scent, his everything. "Yes," I'm whispering, smiling. "Yes, I do."

*****

Late at night, the moonlight sneaks through the curtains, casting a soft glow over our room. We intentionally keep the room dimly lit at night because of the twins. I'm sitting on the edge of the bed,

cradling Soon in my arms. His tiny face is so peaceful, but this little guy still insists on nightly feeds, and tonight is my shift. Liam's on his "daddy off-duty," snoring softly, chest rising and falling like he's training for a sleep marathon. *Must be nice*.

Soon's finally done nursing, and I'm rocking him gently, praying to the gods of sleep that he stays down. His eyelids flutter, and I hold my breath like I'm defusing a bomb. After what feels like an eternity, his breathing evens out. *Success*. Carefully—*so carefully*—I ease him into his bassinet, mentally high-fiving myself for surviving another night feed without a meltdown.

I hear a soft rustling from the bed and turn to find Liam stirring. His sleepy smile greets me, his voice thick with sleep and a touch of that low, sexy rasp. "You're an amazing mother, you know that?" He whispers, and wow, if that doesn't do something to me. "Come back to bed. Let me help you sleep."

Help me sleep, huh? I can already tell where this is going. But the way he says it, with his eyes all soft and drowsy, how can I say no?

Sliding into bed, I barely get comfortable before Liam's arms are around me, pulling me close. His scent—familiar, comforting, with that hint of something that's always *him*—wraps around me, and I'm melting into his embrace. We fit together like puzzle pieces, him spooning me from behind, his body molding perfectly against mine. I can feel every inch of him, and let's just say he's more than awake now.

His hand trails down my side, slipping under the waistband of my pjs, and—oh, hello—his fingers are already exploring. My body reacts before I do, a shiver running through me as I bite back a gasp. *Didn't I just put a baby to sleep?*

"Liam…" I whisper, half-hearted in my protest because, let's face it, part of me really *wants* this. The other part? She just wants to sleep.

"Shh," he murmurs against my ear, his lips grazing the sensitive skin. "Relax, Firefly. Let me take care of you."

Well, when he puts it like that...

I take deep breaths, letting the tightness in my body loosen as his fingers continue their slow, deliberate exploration. And *yep*, sleep is definitely not happening anytime soon. My body's already responding, wetness building as his touch goes from gentle to downright sinful. He's not rushing, though, oh no—this man has patience, working me slowly like he's storing up every moment.

I arch my back, pressing closer to him as his other arm tightens around my waist, keeping me anchored to him. Then, he shifts behind me, the unmistakable press of his body against mine as he aligns himself to—*oh God*—enter me. His movements are slow, deliberate, filling me inch by inch, and the sensation has me moaning softly, my body remembering just how much I love this.

He starts rocking into me, unhurried and steady, his rhythm maddeningly slow. Each thrust feels like a wave of pleasure rolling through me, the kind that builds and builds until you're practically buzzing with it. I'm taking deep breaths, trying to stay grounded, but my body has other plans.

I'm somewhere between begging for more and just enjoying the ride when Liam's fingers find my clit again. *Oh boy*. He's working me over now, both hands and hips moving in perfect harmony, and it's almost too much. If I had my vibrator, this would've been over by now—but no, this man is determined to take his sweet time.

"Let go, Fifi," he whispers in that thick, lust-filled voice that makes my toes curl. "I've got you. I'll come after you."

His words hit me like a command, and it's all I need. I come undone, my body trembling as the orgasm crashes over me. I'm gasping, whimpering into his arms as he holds me tight, guiding me through the waves of pleasure, never missing a beat. It's like he's tuned into every twitch, every sound I make, and knows exactly how to keep me floating in that blissful haze.

As my breathing slows, the last of the tightness eases up, replaced by a deep, bone-deep contentment. Liam's still moving inside me, his thrusts slowing down, becoming languid. Finally, he stills, his body wrapped around mine, warm and solid and everything I didn't know I needed.

He kisses the back of my neck, soft and tender, his breath warm against my skin. "I love you," he whispers.

I smile, my eyes already drooping as the afterglow and exhaustion take over. “I love you too,” I murmur, my words barely more than a breath.

With his arms around me and the steady beat of his heart against my back, I’m drifting off. The last thing I’m aware of is how perfect this moment feels—just me, him, and the quiet rhythm of love.

With Liam’s arms around me, and the comforting weight of his body against mine, I drift off to sleep. The last thing I’m aware of is the steady beat of his heart, a soothing rhythm that lulls me into a deep, restful slumber.

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