

Baby Edward was three months old now and had finally slipped into a routine of sleeping mostly through the night, giving Megan and Tobias a fairly decent rest. Megan had refused point blank to employ a nanny, although had almost succumbed after constantly dragging herself out of the warmth of their four-poster bed to the relentless cries of her son. Bobbing him up and down on her lap now and watching his cheeky face chuckle in delight made it all worthwhile. He was just adorable, with his twinkling green eyes and dark curls, just like his father. Megan kissed his cheek and received a playful slap in the face from his chubby, little hands.

‘Aah, you munchkin!’ Megan laughed, tickling him under his dribbling chin. She was interrupted by Henry, the butler.

‘Madam, Sir is asking you to join us all in his study.’

‘OK, thanks, Henry.’ On seeing Henry, Edward gurgled with joy, making the butler’s stiff upper lip curve into a smile. Even Henry, who was renowned for his rather pompous manner, couldn’t help but melt when it came to Master Edward. Hardly surprising, given that he had practically assisted in his arrival on finding Megan lying on the drawing room floor in agony. A bond had been made and Henry’s allegiance knew no bounds. ‘Come on, Edward, let’s see what Daddy wants.’ She scooped Edward up and followed Henry to Tobias’ study. On entering, she was greeted by a smiling team of estate workers sat round her husband’s desk. Tobias immediately rose to take his son who was reaching out for him.

‘Come here, you.’ He laughed as Edward snuggled into him. Megan took a seat next to him. ‘We’re discussing the opening times of the Hall,’ Tobias informed her, whilst clutching a wriggling Edward.

‘Right.’ Megan nodded. As a tour guide her opinion would matter.

‘Would you like a later start, bearing in mind you’ve this one to attend to?’ asked Tobias grinning.

‘Hmm, maybe, just on the two days I cover.’

‘Ten-thirty OK with you?’

‘Yes, that’s fine. It should give me enough time to hand him over to your mum.’

Lady Beatrice was more than happy to babysit her only grandchild, and would take over a lot more, given half the chance. Megan was pleased to act as a tour guide. It gave her a break and an opportunity to socialise with the rest of the staff. She still missed her best friend Finula terribly though, which made her all the more excited for her pending wedding. It would be great to have Finula back in Treweham for a short while.

‘Right. That’s settled then. Opening times ten o’clock Monday to Wednesday, ten-thirty

Thursday and Fridays.’ He turned to a middle-aged lady sitting at the end of his desk. ‘All set to open next week, Mrs P?’

‘Yes, Lord Cavendish-Blake, all the catering’s been ordered and the tea shop rota’s been drawn up.’

‘Good.’ Tobias then looked towards the two men sat opposite him. ‘Security and car park at the ready?’

‘Yes, Sir, all the CCTV equipment has been serviced and the security and car park staff fully trained and updated.’ Tobias nodded his head in approval. ‘Henry, you will as always be extra diligent during opening hours, particularly to the South Wing.’ He was referring to the set of private rooms allocated to himself and Megan. Now his son and heir would be there too, which meant upping safety measures.

Megan took in the efficient, business-like way Tobias conducted himself. He was well

respected, yet still approachable, making him popular amongst all the staff at Treweham Hall. Not to mention easy on the eye, with his long, dark hair, piercing green eyes and muscular build. Any wonder he'd been the subject of many a tabloid with his rakish good looks and devil-may-care past.

‘Right then, let’s do it,’ he said, cheerfully glancing round the room. Edward started to gurgle again, making everyone laugh.