



# A London Little's Penguin

**Author:** *Ellie Rose*

**Category:** Romance, Lesbian Romance

**Description:** Christmas is Rubie's favourite time of the year. As finance manager of Stuffie Hospital London, she sets up payroll early and takes two whole weeks off to hole up in a remote cottage.

Only this year the cottage has been double booked, and after a storm the trans woman discovers herself snowed in with Anna, who gives off the warmest of Mommy vibes.

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## Chapter One

Mossie was distraught.

They were so distraught that even when they tried to speak, all that came out was a wail and some more snot. They were not at their most attractive. Which was a shame because the guy they'd been wheeled in front of, clutching Giraffe and sobbing their eyes out, was incredibly attractive. In fact, had they not been about to throw a full-blown temper tantrum, they might even have hit on him.

But Giraffe was in bits.

Vaguely aware of questions being asked of them, Mossie tried to pull themselves together, but every time they caught sight of Giraffe's sorry face, tears fell unbidden down their cheeks.

The hot guy stopped trying to ask them questions, and instead held his hand out so he could take a look at Giraffe. Mossie paused for a moment, and then with an extra big sniffle, anxiously held their stuffie out.

It had been more than a little traumatic, they had to admit. One moment they'd been walking along in St James' Park, after having lunch with a friend, and then some dog had come up and savaged Giraffe before Mossie had even had a chance to snatch their cuddly toy up. By the time the owner had managed to prize him out of the dog's mouth, the damage had been done. Teeth marks, drool, and holes where there most certainly shouldn't be holes.

If it hadn't been for the fact that Mossie had been having lunch with Rubie, they didn't know what they would have done. Rubie, for all that she was the most enthusiastic Little that Mossie knew, was very practical. And as the Finance Manager at Stuffie Hospital London, she'd known exactly where to take Giraffe. She'd swept them all up into a cab, directed the driver straight to her place of work, and then deposited a tearful Mossie and bedraggled Giraffe in front of one of her coworkers.

"Hey," said the hot guy again, and this time, Mossie tried to actually pay attention to what was being said. "All of this is fixable. You've nothing to worry about; your Giraffe is in good hands."

One large snuffle as they wiped a rogue tear roughly from their face. "You promise?"

The smile he gave them was warm and kindly, and Mossie had to fit the urge to throw herself into his arms for a cuddle. "I promise. Now, why don't we go and sit down for a bit. You look like you've had a bit of a shock."

Mossie nodded shyly, and then even more shyly, took the hand he offered them, and followed him through to where there was a big comfy sofa, a table, and it looked like Rubie was making herself a mug of hot tea.

"Tea?" he asked.

Rubie laughed in the corner as Mossie made a face. "They don't like tea."

"It's like dirty water," asserted Mossie. "I like hot purple though?"

"I think I can make you a hot purple," he said, "if you'll tell me how?"

They nodded, and explained that it really was as simple as adding blackcurrant squash to boiling water. "I'm Mossie, by the way. They/them pronouns. I think in all

of..." they waved their hand back towards the restoration hub, "...I forgot to ask yours."

"I'm Daniel," hot guy said. They really had to stop thinking of him as hot guy. "He/him pronouns."

Daniel was a nice name. It sounded solid. Mossie kind of needed solid in moments of disaster like this.

He poured out the hot purple once the kettle was boiled, and then came to sit next to them on the sofa. "Here you go. So how do you know Rubie?"

That made Mossie pause for a moment; but Rubie saw their look and nodded. "It's okay Moss, I'm out at work. The whole work team gave me a post-surgery present!"

"Oh okay," they said, relieved. "We met at a post-surgery support group, after I'd had my top surgery." They shot a look at Daniel, but he didn't seem phased in the slightest. Well, that was a relief. Some people got incredibly uncomfortable when they explained that they'd gotten rid of their tits; they didn't seem to appreciate that it had just made Mossie feel wrong every time they saw a photo of themselves in a mirror. As if they were inhabiting a body that wasn't theirs. Since they'd had top surgery, that hadn't been a problem anymore, and the cute boyish shirts that they'd always loved now actually fit them properly! "And then we bonded over stuffies. Because stuffies."

Daniel looked like he wanted to ask something, but his mouth opened and closed a few times before he settled on a question. "Yeah, cos I know that Rubie likes...Little things."

Well that was adorable. He was trying to ask the question without asking the question. They grinned at him. "Are you asking if I'm a Little, Daniel?"

He sighed in relief. “Oh thank fuck. Yeah, I kind of guessed after how you reacted to Giraffe’s accident, but didn’t want to assume... And it feels a bit inappropriate to just come out and ask.”

Mossie laughed. “Yeah, it can be an awkward topic of conversation if you ask and the person has no idea what you’re talking about! Though I imagine you meet a fair number of Littles working here. Are you a Little?”

He ran his hand through dark shoulder length hair. “Nah, I lean more Caregiver.”

Their tummy felt funny then, and Mossie couldn’t help but think about that instinct that they’d had, the one where they’d wanted to throw themselves into his arms and sob. He looked like he’d be a good Caregiver. An excellent one.

A Daddy.

They had to clear their throat a few times before they could get their next question out. “Do you have a Little of your own?”

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“No I don’t.” He nodded towards the mug of hot purple. “Drink up, you don’t want it to get cold.”

Mossie obeyed without even thinking about it. It felt...right, and his answering smile made them glow.

“How long will it take for Giraffe to be repaired?”

“Probably a few days, though I will fast track him for you.”

A few days? Mossie’s pulse raced and their breathing shallowed. They tried to hide their response, but clearly did a terrible job as Daniel put his own mug down, and took their free hand in his.

“Is that a bit scary, Mossie?”

They nodded, words stolen away for a moment. They hadn’t slept without Giraffe in years. Even when they’d dated people who didn’t know that they were a Little, they’d slipped Giraffe under their pillow at night. It was the longest relationship they’d had that wasn’t marred by queerphobia. Technically their relationship with their parents, and with their school friends was longer, but those relationships were damaged beyond repair, to the point where they’d cut those people out of their life.

Giraffe was their constant. He’d been there when they’d woken up from top surgery. He’d been there when they’d been made homeless. He’d been there through everything and the idea of having to spend a night without him...

The tears were back, to their embarrassment. At least when it had first happened it was clear that they were in the middle of a panic attack. Now they were just being a little bit pathetic.

Daniel took Mossie's mug from their hands and put it on the table next to his. "Mossie, may I help you self-regulate?"

"Yes." The word whispered, but he heard.

"Okay," he wrapped each of their wrists in his fingers, and held on tight. The pressure anchored them, and Mossie felt a less lost, as if he was anchoring them. "What I want you to do is follow my instructions. Breathe in for four."

They breathed in for four.

"Hold for four."

They held their breath for four.

"Let it out for four."

They breathed out for four.

"And hold for four."

They held for four. And then repeated the process, with his words anchoring them in place as they did so.

When they finally stopped, Mossie looked up and met sea-green eyes.

Daniel smiled. "You okay there Little one?"

“Yes, Daddy,” they said.

“I am so sorry,” Mossie repeated for what must have been the sixth time. “I spoke without thinking. You were so nice and calming and I just...”

“It’s fine,” said Daniel, and he actually looked kind of touched. “Genuinely, it’s been a long time since someone called me Daddy and I’d forgotten how much I like it.” He reached up a hand to tap where his heart sat in his chest. “It kinda got me here.”

Mossie blushed. “I got all panicky and you reacted the way my Caregiver would and I—”

“Your Caregiver?”

Were they mistaken or did he look disappointed? “No no, as in if I had a Caregiver, that’s the way that they would have reacted.”

“And I did call you Little one,” Daniel pointed out.

“You did,” that was a relief. “Actually yeah, why am I apologising? This is all your fault.”

They laughed up at him and he laughed back, but his gaze dropped to their lips and they curled their toes in their shoes. Gods they wanted him to kiss them. Thought that he might have actually done so if one of the other restoration specialists hadn’t chosen precisely that moment to walk through the door.



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“Hey Daniel, you got time to look at a bear for me? I’ve fixed the internal clockwork but...” The man’s voice trailed off as he took in the scene; Mossie and Daniel sat close together on the sofa, Daniel’s hands still round Mossie’s wrists. The two of them sprung apart.

“Hey Jamie, I can come and have a look at it in half an hour, if you like?”

“Yeah, please, that’d be really helpful.” With another curious glance, Jamie backed out of the room.

“I should—” they both said simultaneously, and then laughed.

“I have to go back to work,” said Mossie.

“Me too,” said Daniel. “But if you’re really stressed about Giraffe, we could meet up after work and I could give you an update?”

“Yes please,” they said. “That would be really nice of you.”

“I’ve an ulterior motive,” said Daniel. “I would like to see you again; and I’d like it to be a date, if you’re up for that. But—” he added quickly, “—there’s no pressure. If you’re not interested in seeing me like that, it can be purely professional. Rubie will vouch for me: I’m not an asshole; I can respect boundaries.”

He was so earnest that they wanted to reach out and ruffle his hair. So sweet and kind and calming. They didn’t have to think about their answer for very long. “That would be really lovely; I’d like to go on a date with you.”

“Great,” he said. “Do you eat sushi?”

They nodded, and when he suggested a restaurant near their flat that they’d been wanting to try out, they said yes so quickly that he laughed.

When they got back to their home office, a mere bus ride later, they took some time to stop and think about his invitation before getting back to work. They’d messaged with Rubie the whole way home, making sure that she thought that Daniel was a safe person to get involved with and if the other woman had sung his praises anymore, she’d have been singing in harmony with herself!

As Mossie picked up their tablet and stylus to continue working on their latest art commission they smiled to themselves. Dinner with Daniel was going to be fun.

## Chapter Two

Daniel was already sat at the table when Mossie arrived at the restaurant that evening. They grinned and bopped on over to him, smiling as he got up to pull the chair out for them.

“Update on Giraffe first, Little one?” he asked.

“Yes please,” they replied, only slightly stumbling over the end of the sentence. They’d almost called him Daddy again, and by the twinkle in his eye, they guessed that he knew it. He also looked like he’d be okay with it, but they didn’t know how they’d feel about calling him Daddy in public. It’s not like the both of them could get the consent of everyone in the restaurant with them, so it seemed best to avoid using those words here.

“Well, I was focusing on a lot of the structural damage today,” he said. “Where seams were ripped, those are pretty easy to fix, and the same with where Giraffe’s head

looked like it might fall off. The tear in his tummy is a little bit more difficult, and he'll have a bit of a scar, but I should be able to keep it as neat and as unnoticeable as possible. Tomorrow I'll sort his stuffing, and then he should be home with you the day after."

Mossie must have pulled a face because he laughed. "You going to miss him? It's only two nights, Little one."

"I know, said Mossie, "but I never sleep without him. It's going to be really difficult. I will be okay though—" they added hurriedly. "—I know that you're doing your best."

Daniel looked at them thoughtfully. "I'll see if I can get him back to you tomorrow, but I can't promise anything."

Mossie nodded. "I know. It's okay." It wasn't really; even thinking about going to bed that evening without Giraffe to cuddle up against made them feel panicky, but there was nothing they could do about it. Best solution was to suck it up and just deal. "What do you want to order?"

Daniel didn't look entirely convinced by their changing of the conversation, but he let them continue, and then they got into a debate about futomaki versus uramaki before ordering half the menu and gorging themselves on delicious food that left them sated long before conversation ran out.

In fact, they were still chatting when they left the restaurant. There was an awkward pause for a moment when they stood outside, trying to decide what to do.

"I would like you to kiss me, please," said Mossie, as blunt as they always were. "Because you're hot and all, but I never know if there's any actual chemistry until we kiss. And I don't like wasting people's time, including my own."

Daniel laughed at that. “I can kiss you, if that’s what you’d like,” and then all of a sudden he was verythere, taking up Mossie’s space and their air and fuck that intensity in his eyes had them instantly wet. For the first time, Mossie realised that they didn’t actually have to kiss someone to see if they had chemistry. Looking into Daniel’s eyes, they knew.

They kissed him anyway.

His lips were softer than they’d expected, unencumbered by stubble, and as they lingered upon theirs, they found their hands snaking up to entangle in his hair. Gods his hair was lovely. And then something switched inside of him and the softness felt more intense, more insistent and Mossie found themself moving until they were flush against him.

There was a fuckton of chemistry.

And he felt the same, if his hard cock was anything to go by.

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They broke apart, breathing heavily.

“Wow,” said Daniel.

“Wow indeed,” said Mossie, and smiled shyly at him. “Would you like to come back to mine?”

He blinked, taken by surprise by their offer. “I mean, hell yes, but also, are you sure?”

Ossie thought about it for a moment. “Yes, I think so. I’ll do a check in with Rubie, so no turning into a serial killer please, but you’re hot and we have chemistry and...” They paused for a moment. “...and I like you. I don’t think sleeping will be very easy for me tonight without Giraffe, and I think it would be easier after some orgasms. And in your arms. If you’re up for it?”

Daniel chuckled, a deep sound that made butterflies fizz in Mossie’s stomach. “I love how direct you are, Little one. Yes, that sounds like a really good idea. We’ll see what we can do about quieting your head this evening.”

But as they walked back to Mossie’s flat together, their head was anything but quiet. Everything was running at a million miles an hour. It had been ages since they’d taken anyone home, and even longer since they’d done kink with someone—and kink was usually the only way they managed to get their head to be quiet.

Their flat, however, was super quiet when they walked in, just the hum of the fridge-freezer and the boiler breaking the silence.

Mossie felt like talking all of a sudden, releasing the tension, running around, anything but quiet that felt oppressive, and Daniel could tell that something was wrong.

“Talk to me,” he said. “What do you need to feel comfortable? To make your head go quiet?”

“Rope.”

“Where’s your rope then?” he asked. They took his hand, and drew him into their bedroom, shyly fetching two lengths of dark green rope. He took it in his hands, and they watched as he got the measure of it, trying a knot against his own skin, testing the flexibility and the give of the rope. Then he patted a spot on the bed, and they clambered up and turn to face him, legs crossed.

“Right,” he said. “Neither of us have had anything to drink, so we don’t need to worry about that. Do you have a safeword that you use?”

“I usually use traffic lights,” Mossie said. “I can tell you what I mean by them, if you like?”

“Yes please,” said Daniel, “because they often have slightly different meanings in rope.”

That was so true, especially as rope placed across a nerve could cause serious damage, and bloody quickly. “Green is standard: all good, keep going, more please. Yellow means pause and check in with me please; I might just need a breather, or I might need some rope moved slightly. And red is end scene—but again, check in with me. It doesn’t automatically mean that I need to be cut out of rope.” They handed him some safety shears. “What about your safewords?”

“Traffic lights work well for me as well,” he said. “And how would...” He stopped and Mossie was curious to see that he was blushing. “...how would you feel about calling me Daddy during the scene?”

“Just during the scene?” Their smile was cheeky, and he met it with a quirked eyebrow.

“Definitely during the scene, but I feel like I need to earn the title Daddy a bit more; you need to know you can trust me fully before saying you want me to be your Caregiver.”

That made Mossie pause for a moment; they were so used to people all being up for whatever, that having someone look out for them like this, even in such a small way, made them feel safe.

“Okay, that makes sense to me.”

“Now, call Rubie and let her know what’s happening, please. And set a check in time.”

But even as Mossie called their friend and explained the situation, they were hyperaware of the sound of the rope moving between Daniel’s fingers as he prepped it behind them. Damn if this wasn’t the most alive they’d felt in a long time.

### Chapter Three

Rope made Mossie’s brain quiet, they hadn’t been exaggerating when they’d said that to Daniel.

It wasn’t even the touch of it—though that was awesome too—it was everything about it, from the sound it made, to the way it made them feel like they were being

held together when everything inside them felt like they were breaking apart.

Giraffe had a similar impact on them, made them calm when the world felt too big and hostile and scary, and without Giraffe they'd been panicking about how they were going to find peace before sleep.

Not anymore.

Daniel had asked if they'd like to be tied with their top on or off, and they'd said off immediately, going to strip before he put a hand out and stopped them.

He'd already taken his shoes off, sliding each sock into its corresponding shoe, folding his clothes until he sat in just his boxer briefs on their bed. The rope was slung round his neck, and Mossie wanted to reach out and tug at it, but when they lifted their hand to do just that, he'd looked at them with such amusement that they'd stopped and giggled.



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“Right then, Little one, do you know why I like rope?”

“No, Daddy,” they replied. “Why do you like rope?”

“I like rope because for the duration of the scene, you’re lending your body to me. I get to explore and see what happens when I bend you one way or move you another. Now, what are your physical limitations? How long ago was your top surgery?”

“About two years ago,” they said. “So most of the immediate side effects have worn off by now, but I’d prefer not to be suspended with lots of pressure on my arms for too long.”

“That makes sense. Are you okay with rope across your scars?”

Mossie nodded, “Yeah, that’s absolutely fine. Rope across my chest feels a little bit like a chest binder, and though I’m glad I don’t have to wear them anymore, sometimes it can feel comforting.”

“And yes or no to sexual play?”

They dipped their head as they smiled. “Yes please; forced orgasms whilst I’m tied up is heaven.”

He leaned forward and started undoing the buttons on their shirt. “Excellent. Anything else?”

“I like my feet being tightly bound; it’s weird, I hate impact play on my feet, but that

feels particularly anchoring.”

When he’d discarded their shirt, they’d started on the buttons to their trousers, so he could slip those off also, tapping their hands so that he could do it himself.

Daniel slipped behind them then, and braced their body with his own, moving slowly until they began to follow his movements. Leaning back, they gave over control of their movements, and let him move their arms, sprawling them open and then pulling them back in. It was almost drugging, slowing Mossie’s thought processes down until all they could focus on was the feel of Daniel’s hands, his breath against their cheek, his chest hair brushing against their back.

Taking their wrist, with some deft movements, he tied a column tie, tugging until it was secure, and then used it to puppet their arm about. Mossie giggled, even that sound sending them deeper. And then when he pulled their arm tight around their body, using it to anchor the winding rope as it snaked around them, pulling tighter and tighter until they were caught in its coils.

That was when their head emptied of everything that wasn’t rope and Daddy and “Daddy,” Mossie breathed out.

“Yes, Little one?” His breath was hot against their ear and they almost moaned at the feel of it.

“You’ve got me?”

“I’ve got you, Little one. Float away; I’ll bring you back at the end.”

Rope bit into their skin and they leaned into it, gasping out “more” when the pressure wasn’t enough, and “please” when his eyes said that demands should be rephrased as requests. But most of the time they didn’t have to say anything at all, joy waterfalling

out as laughter over and over again. The slightest touch of his hand had them yearning for more.

“Hey there Little one,” his hand brushed their hair away from their face, and his fingers lingered against their skin. “What do you need? Is it this?” and he ran his fingers across their chest, avoiding their nipples.

“Fuck, please,Daddy.”

The touch of his hand against their nipples, tugging and teasing and pulling had them swearing, and trying to move away but he’d tied them just so and they couldn’t go anywhere.

“Where you at? Traffic lights?”

“Oh this is so so green,” they bit out. “So stop fucking teasing me already.”

He laughed then, and leaned forward to kiss their neck, his teeth kissing their skin, marking it in a way that made them actually moan this time. “You seemed to be enjoying my teasing before.”

“I do. I just want more.”

“more? More? Youaregreedy, aren’t you Little one. Well how about we sate that appetite for you.”

He pushed Mossie forward until they were on their side, and he was able to wrap the second length of rope about their foot, the pressure intensifying until it was so tight that they could have sworn that even twitching their littlest toe would be difficult.

It was fucking perfect.

A column tie around one ankle and then snaking up their thighs, knees bound and tied into the chest harness until they could no longer lower their legs.

He sat up then, and looked down at them. “How does it feel, being all tied up for me?”

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“Perfect, Daddy,” they breathed, and at the sound of that honorific his eyes glowed and for a moment they thought he might cry. “Daddy? Are you okay?”

“Oh my darling,” he said, gently cupping their face with his hands, “I just can’t quite believe how lucky I am to get to help you to a quiet space. Can I...?” His hand hovered above their thigh. “Please, Little one, can I make you feel good?”

“Yes please, Daddy,” they said, and his fingers danced across their skin, drawing patterns of desire up their inner thighs until they hit underwear.

“Don’t stop,” Mossie whispered, “I need to feel your fingers against my clit Daddy, please.”

Daniel obliged, slipping his fingers beneath the elastic, and then delving through their curls until he found their clit.

When his fingers touched it, Mossie thought they might shatter. Everything felt so much when they were tied up, as if taking away their ability to move intensified everything else they felt. Overwhelming in the good way that overwhelming pleasure could be. They mewled then, a tiny sound that had Daniel leaning forward to steal the sounds from their mouth with his own.

And as he kissed them, Mossie came, shuddering and gasping beneath him.

He didn’t stop though, he kept going, stroking their clit over and over, coaxing another orgasm from them so that they came so hard that they almost cried.

When he whispered, “You did so good, darling Little one; I’m so proud of you,” they did cry then. Sobs that wracked a body that could barely move, and he held them in his arms, kissing the tears from their cheeks.

“Red,” they whispered, and when he reached out for the shears, added, “Not cut, just off me so I can hold onto you, Daddy.”

“I can do that,” he said, and he acted so swiftly that the rope fell from their body quicker than they thought was possible.

They buried themselves against him, when they were free, and he pulled them tight against him, arms sheltering them from the outside world. “I got you Little one. I got you.”

“Thank you, Daddy,” Mossie said, and then before he could protest, “You’ve looked after me so well. I would like to call you Daddy, please.”

Daniel leaned in and kissed them. “I would be honoured, Little one.”

When they stopped clinging quite so hard, Daniel went and got Mossie some water, and pulled up the covers so they were all nestled up in the warm, but when he paused by the pile of his clothes, Mossie made a little noise of protest.

“No?” he asked.

“No,” they said decisively. “Please stay, Daddy. I don’t need Giraffe if I have you.”

He kissed Mossie deeply, and ruffled their hair. “But you get to have us both, doesn’t that sound nice?”

“Yes,” they murmured, curling up in his arms as he got under the covers with them. “It sounds perfect, Daddy.”

Daniel kissed their forehead tenderly. “My perfect Little one.”

The End