



Flighty Hearts & Broken Parts

Author: *Rhea Fox*

Category: Romance, M-m Romance

Description: One is all wind and whimsy. The other all scars and silence. Together, they're building something that just might last.

BERYL

Relationships? Not my thing. I like flirting, pretty things, and keeping things breezy—just like a good Sylph should. I've got a job I love, coworkers I adore, and enough sparkly highlighters to wallpaper a house. So why does Kjartan, the hulking orc carpenter with a quiet voice and a missing finger, make my heart flutter like it's been caught in a windstorm?

One failed hookup and a surprising proposal later—dating, not that other D-word—and suddenly we're buying furniture together like a couple of nesting lovebirds. But is good sex and shared home decor taste enough to bridge the gap between his countryside roots and my city life? Or am I doomed to fly solo again?

KJARTAN

After everything I've been through, I know better than to believe in second chances. But Beryl—bright, bold, unpredictable Beryl—sees through the walls I've spent years building. And somehow, he likes what he finds.

A single night with him turns into something more: weekend visits, cozy nights, and building a life one bookshelf at a time. But can I risk my heart again for someone who's made of wind, here today, gone tomorrow? Or is this the moment I finally let myself believe in love?

Flighty Hearts & Broken Parts is a cozy MM monster romance featuring a silent orc with a broken heart, a flirty Sylph who talks a mile a minute, chore play, shared home improvement projects, and a low-stakes love story filled with warmth, healing, and a guaranteed HEA.

Total Pages (Source): 35

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Chapter 1

Beryl

The little café on Finnegan Square was packed this evening. Maeve, my colleague-turned-boss, had invited the people who had been involved in the renovations for a party.

Struan Fox, the contractor, and all of his employees had come. Even Ross Graham, our new coffee supplier, was here. The hulking Minotaur stood in a corner and kept his huge melancholic eyes fixed on Autumn.

My colleague was gorgeous, but sheesh.

Let's hope he doesn't get drool on his shirt.

I heaved a little sigh.

You're just jealous, Bee.

And it's true, I thought to myself as I wiped down the shiny new counter. Nobody had looked at me like that in ages.

My bestie, Rhys, had tried to hook me up with the son of one of his lace suppliers, but the date had been so bad I'd left on a pretence after only half an hour.

Apparently he had a big cock, but I wasn't that desperate.

“Did you know that there are four hundred-sixty-five different kinds of white lace?”

My eyes flitted over to the Orc carpenter who stood only a few feet away from Ross. He talked to one of his colleagues, a beefy human guy.

I bet the he was boring, to.

“Did you know that there are four hundred and sixty-five different kinds of wood?”

Sure, babe. But I’m only interested in one kind.

As usual, I lost control over my facial features. I turned away, but not before I caught the Orc’s gaze flickering over to me.

Look your fill, big boy. I know I look great.

My boss’ mate, Taran, had connected me with his corset maker. I was so sure he was the reason I’d been able to afford getting anything from their shop, and for the first time in my life, my pride hadn’t gotten the better of me.

Taran always looked hot as sin in his corsets. His lacy black one was a personal favourite of mine. Looking didn’t hurt anyone, did it?

We Sylphs appreciated beauty; it drew our eyes. Exactly like that sexy Orc across the room drew mine.

I’d gotten Maeve to lace my corset up, strapping me in. I loved how it hugged my upper body.

It’s almost indecent.

I wanted it so much and had never felt hotter than I did in my new silver-white corset. It might have been one of the reasons for the seductive glances I kept throwing the hunk across the room.

The Orc was so solid and composed. The spot where a fox logo was stitched into his shirt was also directly where his pec bulged and his pebbled nipple pressed against the tight fabric. He also had a tortuously sinuous line of scar tissue on his neck and walked with a limp, and it all made him even more attractive.

Beauty, not perfection.

I found it so hard not to stare.

Get a grip on yourself, Bee!

I wanted to get a grip on myself. That is, I wanted to rub one out to take the edge off. The corset teasing my nipples did shit to help me keep my cool, either.

I was thankful our new work uniform came with heavy leather aprons that prevented my hard-on from taking someone's eye out.

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Maeve had taken it upon herself to introduce us to everyone who'd worked to make the cafe this new, better version of itself, and damn me if that worker of Struan Fox's didn't intrigue me. His name was Kjartan.

Bowed down with the weight of the world, he still stood tall and proud, his feet planted a little wider than his broad shoulders, as if to anchor him to the ground. Deeply rooted, unbreakable, a pillar of strength...

I was so lost in thought that I completely missed that the man crossed the room and flinched like an asshole when he suddenly appeared in front of me.

"Hello," he rasped with a faint melodic Suaitan lilt and gave me an apprehensive nod.

Shit, I bet he thinks I'm prejudiced about Orcs.

"Hi, what can I get you?" I asked him in a breathy voice.

By Zephyr, keep your head on!

"Whatever is easiest for you to prepare."

"What?" I gaped at him.

"You have a lot to do." Kjartan gestured at the jam-packed room behind him. "I'll drink whatever is the least trouble for you to make." He shrugged his shoulders, stretching his shirt out even more, and I feared for that fucking garment. I wanted to switch places with it, wanted to be plastered to his thick chest and—

Stop it!

I glanced around to see if we were by ourselves. Most people had been served and had settled around the room.

“No, I don’t think that works for me.”

“No?” His dark brown eyes narrowed on me, the long braid flopping around his shoulder as he tilted his head.

I hated how insecure he seemed. I was barely half his size. If anything, I should be unsettled by him.

“You made sure Scales & Steam looked great,” I explained. “The least I can do is make you a nice cup of coffee.”

The muscles in the planes of his face relaxed. “You want me to have a...”

“A nice cup of something you’ll enjoy, yeah. Let me walk you through the menu, okay?”

His gaze dropped to my chest for a moment and hung on my corset before he turned back to my face. His green cheeks had a dusky brown tinge.

How is he so adorable?

Kjartan nodded. I explained the different drinks we had and loved how his eyes lit up as I mentioned the Brewtiful, an iced latte with raspberry syrup. It sounded weird but was one of the best drinks we offered.

Not that I’m partial because it’s my recipe. Nope, not at all.

“That sounds good, yes,” he said in a stilted tone. “I will try this.”

“OneBrewtifulit is, gorgeous,” I said with a grin, then felt my cheeks heat as well. “Come over here to the other side, okay?”

Chapter 2

Kjartan

The delicate silver-haired man called me “gorgeous”. I bet it was just a way of selling more, but it unsettled me.

You are being stupid, Kjartan. He’s already been paid. He was just being nice.

I hated that my standard feeling towards strangers was still mistrust, even after all these years.

I moved over to the side he indicated and watched him work behind the counter. He floated so gracefully between the coffee machine and the fridge, I wasn’t sure if he was dancing or not.

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I enjoyed looking at him and how the soft lights from overhead played in his hair. It reminded me of the way the Snow Fairies danced atop the Northern Lights. I still remembered that one night when we'd been lucky enough to see them. And how the light had illuminated Stígur's face, his elegant nose, and his strong jaw.

"It's difficult to imagine why we fight each other when beauty like this exists, Kjartan." He had taken my hand and linked our fingers. "Every time they dance, I think peace must be near." My hand had still been whole again back then...

Stígur got separated from our guerrilla cell soon afterwards. We heard that the Gat killed him a few weeks later.

That was when I fled, the coward that I was. I should have sacrificed myself for my homeland. Perhaps it would have been my death that had made the difference. But I had been selfishly clinging to this flawed life.

Thor, I miss my home.

"Here you go, Brewtiful," he said with a laugh as he put a large plastic container with a mountain of whipped cream on top in front of me. "I hope I didn't mistake you as a whipped cream person." He pursed his sinful lips at me.

"No," I muttered. "No, you didn't. Thank you."

"It was my pleasure."

I took my coffee to a small table from where I could observe the barista serving a few

more people before a woman with dark ginger hair came to take over.

Perhaps he would leave now or mingle with the other guests. I hoped for the latter, because it meant I could keep watching him.

I couldn't believe it when he walked up to my table.

"Hey. May I sit down for a moment?"

"Yes, of course," I replied and cleared my throat.

"Thanks." He plopped down on the chair next to me, sliding one elegant leg over the other and tilting his body closer to me. "Did you enjoy the coffee I made for you?" His voice was conspiratorial.

"Yes, I did. Thank you..."

"Beryl," he said. Yes, how could I have forgotten? His eyes travelled slowly down my body, and he smirked as if he liked what he saw. Heat crept up my neck under his scrutiny. "You can call me Bee if you want. All my friends do." Friends? "What are you up to after the party?" His silver eyes pierced me.

I'd wait for my boss to be ready to go home, which wouldn't take too long. I glanced over to where Struan stood with his small son Tristan in his arms. The child had his arms slung around his father's neck, and his eyes were already drooping.

"Nothing," I told him truthfully.

Is he suggesting what I think he is?

"Shame." Beryl sucked on his straw, keeping my gaze locked on him the entire time.

“You look like you shouldn’t be alone tonight.”

He’s so beautiful.

“I’m going to leave in a bit and will head home, or wherever the night takes me.” His tone was casual. “I’m going right”—raising a hand he indicated turning right at the door of the cafe—“down to the bus stop at the end of the street.”

“Okay...” I stared at him like an apparition.

“And I’ll be waiting there for ten minutes before I get on the bus. See you, gorgeous.”

He got up, slipped his coat over the delicate silver corset he wore, and left. I was in half a mind to storm right after him.

What if I misunderstood?

The worst thing that can happen is that he changes his mind so I’ll have to come back here.

I told Struan that I’d go have a beer somewhere in town and take the train back home and left for the bus stop.

Are the ten minutes already over? Am I too late?

I arrived at the stop and found him sitting on one of the metal seats. An aura of disappointment surrounded him as he stared at his feet.

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I hated it. I needed him to laugh and dance again. I shuffled closer and positioned my feet in his field of vision.

“Am I too late?” I asked quietly.

Chapter 3

Beryl

“You came?” I rose from my seat and was of half a mind to fling myself into his arms before I thought better of it.

“Yes,” Kjartan replied unnecessarily.

Gods, he’s so cute.

“Would you like to come home with me?” I asked him, sounding a lot bolder than I felt.

Cute and tall.

This time he nodded. Before I could get a word out, bus number 603 arrived.

“This is ours. Come on, we have free public transport in Kirkmuir.”

Kjartan followed me onto the crowded bus, throwing out his hand to grip the overhead rail for support when the driver sped up and we fought for balance.

His other hand splayed on my hip as he pulled me against his solid chest.

“Thanks,” I gasped, unable to look at him. A grin spread over my face when the driver stepped on the gas pedal again and I ended up plastered to him—just the way I’d imagined earlier.

“I don’t want you to get hurt,” he murmured in my ear.

By all the wind gods.

I was a moment away from climbing him like a tree. Kissing Kjartan also sounded like a fantastic idea.

You can wait another twenty minutes, Bee. Relax.

Every time the bus sped up or lurched, I was pulled or pressed into his body. A long, thick ridge dug into my stomach. I shivered with anticipation.

Kjartan was huge. I wasn’t a size queen, per se, but imagining myself bouncing on his big dick wasn’t the worst fantasy with which to entertain myself.

I’d never been with an Orc before. How would his tusks feel when we kissed?

His mouth dropped to my ear.

“Are you cold, Vindur?” he whispered.

“What did you call me?”

“It’s just a word in my language; it means ‘wind’.” He brushed the hair off my brow.

Shit, he's going to kiss me.

"Rosgrave Row," the tinny voice from the speaker over our heads announced.

"This is us." I pouted as he let go of me and followed me off the bus. Damn. A first kiss on a bus wasn't super romantic, but I wanted him to kiss me already.

Why do you want it to be romantic, Bee? It's just a hookup.

We walked in silence down the street to my house, and I let us in.

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We'd barely made it over the threshold to my flat when Kjartan took hold of my wrist and held me back.

I turned around and crowded into his body, or at least as much as I could being almost two feet shorter than him.

Chapter 4

Kjartan

Beryl's free hand skimmed down my arm, warm fingers tangling in mine.

"I've been wanting to do that all evening," he muttered, pressing his nose into the ridge between my pecs. "Can I hug you?"

I still didn't understand why that delicate, beautiful man chose me of all people, but there was no way I wouldn't jump at the opportunity he offered.

"Yes." Slender arms wrapped around my waist, and he gave me my first hug in years.

Thor help me.

For a minute or two, I wasn't sure I liked it at all. The parts of my body that hadn't been touched by another hand since I left my homeland felt weird and wrong.

As if they don't belong to me anymore.

“You feel great,” he murmured into my chest, snuggling closer without turning the hug into something more. Yet. “So solid and warm. Is this okay for you?”

Bee tilted up his face to check on me.

Maybe he realises that I’m barely breathing.

I nodded.

“Because you haven’t moved a muscle since I hugged you, and I’m over here getting kinda worried.” He huffed a self-deprecating laugh.

“It’s okay. More than okay, Vindur,” I hurried to assure him. “I...I haven’t done any of that in a very long time.”

“‘Any of that’ as in ‘hooking up with a stranger’?”

“No, having someone touch me.” My voice was so hoarse it was barely audible.

His hand on my chest stilled. “Maybe this isn’t a good idea, then, Kjartan.”

Oh.

I loved how he said my name. Almost like Stígur and the others had.

Bee backed away, but I stopped him with my hand cupping his cheek.

A soft gasp escaped him, like a little gust of wind that ruffles your hair on a spring day. It fanned over my thumb as I traced that perfect bottom lip.

“No, Vindur, please.” I took half a step forward, conscious of the tiny limp in my left

leg. I'd taken a blow to it in a fight, and it had never fully healed. "I know I suck at this, but it feels so good when you touch me."

Another gasp, another step, and a slender body bumped into mine. He hugged me again, burying his face between my pecs.

"And I apologise for the platitude of what I am about to say. But it's nothing you did. You are perfect. It's not your fault I am...the way I am."

"It's not you, it's me." Beryl huffed again. "Are you going to tell me you can't do this? Or that you don't want any kind of commitment to someone else? I mean, fine with me, but I'd like to get my bingo card first."

He lies. It's not fine. But my little gust of wind is funny.

"None of these." I leaned back and smiled down at him, smoothing out his furrowed brow with my thumb. "I am just asking for a bit of patience, if you can give me that."

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“It’s never been my strong suit,” he muttered, chasing my touch when I pulled my hand away. I palmed his nape. “But I can try.”

His lips were soft against mine. Bee groaned. He fisted handfuls of my jumper at my back and urged me closer, as if he wanted to get under my skin.

I feared I would hurt him, but my worries evaporated when a slick tongue darted over my lips. It touched my tusks, and he moaned. Then that tongue demanded to be let into my mouth. I admitted it.

Chapter 5

Beryl

Huge men being soft had always been my Achilles heel. Kjartan’s mewl as I slicked my tongue over his made me want to drop to my knees at his feet.

He asked you for patience. Maybe I shouldn’t suck him off in my hallway three minutes later.

I rested one hand on his bulging bicep and the other on his broad back.

Light touching should be in line with me being patient as fuck.

Right?

I loved how he opened for me, surrendering his mouth to mine.

That didn't make it any easier, though.

He felt so good under my hands.

I tried to remember the last time I had engaged in light petting and ran my fingernails down his back.

He purred like an overgrown cat and, because I loved being a bit of a tease, I stopped and pulled out of the kiss.

"No," he whined, that pretty mouth in a pout. "Please keep touching me." Kjartan nuzzled his face into the crook of my neck. "It feels strange, but so good."

I also hadn't been blessed with the best sense of self control.

"Why has nobody touched you in so long?" I asked him as I ran my hand down his arm. Bulging muscles stretched the thin jumper close to its breaking point.

Relatable.

My pretty Orc hesitated.

"I find people scary. I'm mostly at work or at home, and I—" He broke off.

"You?" I prompted him.

"I haven't met someone I wanted to touch me in a long time. But today I met you," Kjartan added in a low whisper.

Damn.

The big cutie had social anxiety and hadn't been with anyone in years by the sounds of it.

Patience means several dates. There is no way I'm getting laid tonight.

"Let's sit down on my couch. Come on."

I led him into my living room, still holding his hand. His thumb rubbed circles around my knuckles.

How is this so good?

I'd expected to be more upset about not getting any. I couldn't remember why as I straddled his lap and we kissed. Kjartan and I made out for so long my lips were puffy and swollen.

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“You are beautiful, Vindur,” he murmured, tracing my bottom lip with a thumb. “I need to get to the train station soon.”

“Yeah.” I kissed his fingertip.

“Just one more.” Kjartan brought my mouth back on his for a half open kiss.

Ugh.

I wanted him to strip my clothes and put me through the wringer. Yet the idea of doing things differently with him felt...right?

Maybe he wants more than a one-night stand. Or maybe that’s just wishful thinking.

“Can I have your phone number?” he asked me as he put on his boots.

“Yes, of course.”

I typed it into his smartphone and handed it back. Kjartan pocketed it, took hold of me, and had me up against the wall in a flash.

“Good night, Vindur,” he said, lips ghosting over mine with every word. Then he kissed me one last time.

I watched him limping down the street towards Kirkmuir’s central station.

No ‘See you soon’ or ‘Can I get a second date’.

I was never the one to fall in love. Rhys called me 'flighty', whatever that meant. Not that he was cut out for commitment.

Yet, I could imagine it all with Kjartan. All the domestic bliss. When I closed my eyes, I saw us cooking dinner together and dancing in the kitchen, grinning at our own cheesiness but neither stopping nor letting go. I wanted to kiss him while folding laundry and put on fresh sheets only to get them dirty straight away.

I bet we'd have fantastic, messy sex.

I will probably never see him again.

Chapter 6

Kjartan

I beat myself up for messing things up with Beryl most of the week. If my new colleague, Ragnar, noticed anything, he didn't let it on.

We were making a custom kitchen table. As we cut the wood to size, joined it, and sanded it until it was silken to the touch, I let the evening play over and over again in my head.

My favourite moment had been when Bee had ground himself on my lap. Arousal looked so good on him.

I suppressed a little sigh, then straightened up.

"I need to make a phone call," I told Ragnar in Suitian. He didn't look up and just growled to indicate he'd heard me.

My heart hammered in my chest as I left the workshop with my phone clutched in my sweaty hand.

After a few deep breaths, I dialled.

Nobody picked up.

I didn't just call him once but many times over the course of a couple of hours.

"Hello?" a grumpy voice finally answered my hundredth call.

"Hello, Vindur? It's me, Kjartan."

I missed you.

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Beryl huffed in disbelief.

“Why are you calling me a million times? You could have texted like a normal person?”

I mumbled something about preferring phone calls that made him laugh.

I wanted to hear your voice.

“You’re lucky I picked up. I usually block unknown numbers.”

“I am,” I agreed with him. His flustered little huff gave me hope.

Chapter 7

Beryl

By Zephyr!

I swooned so hard in the break room I embarrassed myself.

“I want to see you again.” I could hear how much it cost Kjartan to say these words to me.

I rested my head against the window and bit my lip hard to make the big, fat grin on my face less audible. “When? Where?” I asked him in a voice I hoped sounded calmer than I felt.

“You tell me, and I will be there.”

“Well, how about this: I could do with a little trip to the countryside,” I told him lightly.

“Yes. I don’t understand the question, but my answer is yes.”

Kjartan and I agreed I would come to see him on Saturday.

Good thing I wasn’t nervous at all about seeing him again. Not much happened between us except some over the clothes touching like a pair of teenage school boys on their first ever make-out session.

And an embarrassing amount of precum wetting your boxers.

So why did my heart rate speed up every time I thought about how it would feel to see him again?

If we were going to spend the day together, would we at least go to second base? I saw myself begging him to let me suck his dick as a parting gift.

He explained how to get to Kincardie and said that he would come pick me up and that we’d walk back because he lived fairly close to the station.

A tiny voice in my head wondered if I should be nervous about being alone with him, but he’d been an absolute gentleman. If he tried something, I also had some tricks up my sleeve. I might be way shorter and more lithe than him, but that didn’t mean I was helpless.

I spent way too long getting myself clean—all orifices—for someone whomightget to touch an Orc dick. Then I dressed carefully in a tank top with a knit jumper on top that was more holes than actual yarn, and my favourite tight jeans. To top it off I painted my fingernails black.

I took the bus to the station and hopped on the train to Kincardie at one thirty.

The connection between the two places was great with one direct train leaving every hour. So if he wanted this thing between us to be somethingmore, at least the logistics of getting me to Kincardie and vice versa wouldn't be a hassle.

I spotted Kjartan in the crowd immediately. He leaned against a wall by the ticket barrier and scanned the crowd with slightly frantic eyes.

“Hi,” I greeted him breathlessly when I'd pushed through to where he stood. He was even more attractive than I remembered, and so tall I had to tilt my head back to look at him.

“Hello, Vindur.” He hugged me in greeting. “It's good to see you again, Bee. You look great.” His eyes hung on my nails for a moment.

That's a good sign, right?

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“How about we go back to my place first so you don’t have to carry your things around? Then we can decide what you want to do.”

I’d brought the least conspicuous bag I owned with a spare set of the thinnest clothes I could find hidden under my scarf.

Just in case.

“Good idea. Lead the way.”

Kjartan pointed across the road and took my hand in his.

Oh, by the gods! He’s holding my hand.

As we walked, the charming little town of Kincardie distracted me from freaking out like a crushing teenager.

“Wow. I’ve never been here before. It’s gorgeous!”

I turned and found my Orc hunk watching me.

“It is,” he admitted. “And so are you.”

Okay. Keep cool, Bee.

I didn’t know what to say, so I followed him—my face glowing like the setting sun—to a small two-storey building near the station.

“This is it. Let’s go in?”

Gods, yes, Kjartan, let’s go all in.

“Yes. I like it.” It looked cosy and well maintained.

“It’s one of Struan’s properties,” he explained as we trudged through the small entry hall and up two flights of stairs. “He offered me the flat when I started working for him.”

I followed him through a door, into an even smaller hallway that opened into a studio apartment.

“Make yourself at home.”

I turned on the spot, taking in the space. He had a small kitchen nook, a table with two chairs, a metal shelf, a couch, and a wardrobe. One door led to the bathroom.

If I wanted to sit, I’d either have to sit on a chair, or the couch he obviously slept on.

“Kjartan, can I ask why you don’t own a bed?” I enquired. “Is...is money an issue? Because it’s got to be money, you’re acarpenter.”

“No, the couch is okay. I just don’t know where to get a bed that would fit me. And I’m busy most of the week, and...”

“I suppose it’s like the chef that goes home and lives off beans on toast. I had other plans for the day, but do you want to go shopping with me?” I proposed. His dark eyes met mine. He looked baffled.

“You want to go furniture shopping? I assumed this was...”

“A date?” I finished his sentence with a wink. Kjartan drank me in as I sauntered across the room over to where he stood. “Let’s go shopping. I’ll buy us pop, and we can grope each other in the showroom.”

At my words, Kjartan choked on his spit and coughed to clear his airways.

“Sounds like you’re on board with the plan. I mean it,” I added in a more serious voice. “You deserve a home, not just a soulless place to exist in...without at least a proper bed, any cushions, ora single plant. Or a place for your date to curl up next to you, hoping for another kiss.”

His eyes had followed my hand as I waved it around his flat. They snapped around at my words, and he leaned in to peck me on the cheek.

Zephyr, you’re cute when you are embarrassed.

“You would do that? And go with me? But you came all the way to...” He cringed violently and went silent.

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“I didn’t come here to fuck, if that’s what you mean.” I raised an eyebrow at him. “I wanted to see you, and I can see you at Nøkken and help you pick a bed.”

Kjartan gasped when I briefly palmed his ass. “I wouldn’t say no to breaking in the new bed later, though.”

This enormous man’s cheeks turning this dusky shade of brown was a beautiful sight.

Oh, babe.

“Let’s go?”

“Yeah, okay. Just let me grab my wallet.” I followed Kjartan back down the stairs, my eyes glued to his ass. It had felt abso-fucking-lutely great, so firm and round.

I hope he lets me grope him some more.

We got in his truck and pulled up in front of the massive Nøkken branch halfway between Kincardie and Port Cilleán about fifteen minutes later.

“Are you sure this shop has what I need? It looks big and...overwhelming.”

“Yep. One hundred percent sure. Just stick close to me and you’ll be fine.”

The big guy stood so close to me on the escalator that I couldn’t help but fling my arm around his shoulders.

Need to make use of that one time when I'm taller than him.

"I suggest we look at all the furniture they have first, and then pick up what you like from the warehouse."

"Okay," he muttered, his gaze leaving my eyes and landing on my lips. I gave him a flirty smirk, but before either of us could move in, we'd arrived on the top floor.

"Come on, big guy." I took him to the restaurant that served a variety of Norwegian specialties. "What would you like to drink?" I asked him, turning back from the counter. He pointed at a bottle of pop.

"Hi, can we get one of the elderflower sodas and the blackcurrant for me?" The nice young woman at the checkout put both bottles on the counter. I swiped my card and handed Kjartan his drink.

"Thank you, Vindur, for taking me here. I didn't know this place existed."

"You're welcome. This is actually doing me a favour. I love Nøkken, perhaps a little too much." Inching my head back towards the show floor, I fell into step next to my Orc. If people found us an odd pairing, they didn't let it on. Perhaps thanks to the nice weather, it was fairly empty, anyway. Only a few pregnant people hurried past couches and beds to find the chests of drawers and nursery stuff.

"Let's check this out," I told him, stopping at one of the fake rooms they'd set up.

Chapter 8

Kjartan

Bee took hold of my hand and pulled me into a perfectly decorated room just to the

side of the main path. The area had been divided into a living room, a sleeping nook, and even a fake kitchen.

“How do you like this, big guy?” Beryl asked as he led me deeper into the space.

What I like most about this is you being here with me.

“It’s nice.”

“Okay, not the one for you, then.” He laughed so freely that I found myself staring in awe.

When was the last time you heard someone laugh like that?

“Plenty more to see.”

He didn’t let go of me when we walked on but kept his hand in mine, interlacing our fingers. It felt a bit weird at first but maybe weird was good. His warmth spreading through me felt like a ray of the purest sunlight hitting a snow-capped mountain after a long, dreary winter. And I found his black nail polish very hot. How good would it look to have his hand wrapped around my cock?

“Oh, this is one of their big guy setups, I think.” Bee dragged me onwards into another flat.

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“I like this,” I admitted, turning on the spot. Struan would probably have my head for even considering buying furniture here, but I really did like it.

The room had a plain but solid bed made from ash, a tree that held significance for my people.

It looked cosy and like the kind of bed I wanted to wake up in with my little gust of wind.

“Lie down for a moment, see if you still like it then,” Beryl suggested and I gaped at him.

“Are you serious? I can’t—”

“Yeah, you can. Look at the plastic protector. It’s meant to be tried out.”

“Only if you lie down, too.” I shrugged my shoulders defiantly. If I got in trouble for this I wouldn’t be the only one.

“You want me to test your bed with you?” His smirk turned even dirtier than before.

“You won’t have to tell me twice, babe.” He poked me in the chest, let go of my hand, and walked around to the other side.

Bee took a seat on the mattress and then reclined on the bed. The way his teeth dug into his bottom lip made my cock fill so rapidly with blood I thought I’d pass out from it.

“Vindur,” I groaned under my breath, unable to ignore the need to adjust myself through my jeans.

“Kjartan?” Beryl pursed his lips, an eyebrow raised. By Thor, I was a heartbeat away from mounting his beautiful body, pressing him into the mattress, and—

“You need to get into this bed now so we can get out of here.” His voice was breathy and aroused.

I quickly joined him and turned on the side to hide the bulge in my trousers. If anyone burst in I didn’t want them to see how turned on I was.

Chapter 9

Beryl

With Kjartan in the bed with me, the mattress suddenly seemed way smaller than it actually was. Still, I inched closer until our knees were touching.

“We should keep our hands to ourselves,” I mumbled, but my fingers sneaked across the short stretch of bed between us. They landed on the large bulge that strained against the rough denim.

He groaned almost inaudibly when I squeezed his dick, shifting his hips a little so he pressed into my palm.

“This seems like a splendid choice,” I said, trying to make my voice as inconspicuous as possible and giving him another squeeze. “Definitely big enough.” I closed my hand around him again, revelling in the soft grunting and clenching of his jaw.

“Yes, Vindur,” Kjartan rasped. He raised a hand to brush my hair off my forehead.

“Big enough. Can we buy this and go?”

“Not yet.” I gave him a sneaky stroke. “You need a few plants, some cushions, sheets, and bedding.”

“If you keep doing this—” he growled quietly, “there will be an entirely different kind of bedding. Right here.”

A violent shiver racked my body. He noticed and threw me a slight smirk back.

“When I fuck you into the mattress, we can truly see if this bed is Orc proof. Perhaps we should before I buy it.”

“Let’s go finish our shopping,” I gasped, fleeing the bed before I took him up on his offer.

Somewhat getting a grip on ourselves, we made it back to the stairs and picked up a cart for all the decorations I wanted to get for him. Kjartan surprised me by staying close to me and occasionally touching the small of my back—suspiciously close to my ass—to draw my attention to things he’d spotted.

He knew exactly what he wanted and chose brightly patterned textiles that somehow all fit together. Kjartan even picked out a woven Jute carpet. “Maybe this will make some kind of living area separate from the sleeping area,” he explained, cheeks turning rosy again.

“I love that idea! You could use lamps to tie the spaces together...” And we were off. Eventually, we picked the bed frame and the mattress from the shop’s built-in warehouse and made our way to the check-out.

The total came to over a thousand crowns, and he paid without blinking an eye.

“Wow, that was more expensive than I expected,” I groaned once we’d manoeuvred the trolleys out of the building and approached his truck.

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“I was surprised how cheap it all was,” Kjartan told me with a shy grin as he loaded the heavy furniture on the truck bed as if it weighed nothing.

Had he left his nerves in Nøkken? Would we just go back to dancing around each other, not daring to even touch?

I got my answer once we’d put all the little packets into the back seat, taken back the cart, and climbed into the cab. A heavy hand settled on my thigh as he steered the truck back towards the motorway leading back to Kincardie.

Every time he had to let go of me to change gears, his hand settled a little higher and gripped a bit tighter until he had me fidgeting in my seat, hoping and praying I wouldn’t come from his hand on my clothed thigh like a freaking fifteen-year-old.

“Do you want me to take my hand away?” he asked me in a deep, growly rumble.

“Fuck, no,” I huffed. I covered his fingers with mine and slid them up a few inches.

“Beryl.” He made a sound like a wounded deer, massaging my thigh, his pinky finger brushing over my crotch.

That we arrived at his place a moment later almost made me cry.

That’s just cruel!

“I’ll carry this upstairs... Would you help me unbox everything or do you need to leave soon?”

I checked my watch, doing a double-take when I saw how late it was. We'd spent almost three hours in Nøkken.

"I'd love to help! That's half the fun. There should be trains until ten or so. If it's okay with you, I'll stay a bit longer."

"Yeah, I'd like that."

"Have you decided on where you want the bed to go?" I asked him once we'd taken everything up to his flat on the first floor.

"Not yet, no." Kjartan planted his feet wide and surveyed the room, gaze flitting from wall to wall, corner to corner. "I'll have to take it back. I don't think it'll fit."

Oh Gods, Bee, don't fucking say it.

"Oh, I'm one hundred percent sure it will fit, gorgeous."

Damn it.

Chapter 10

Kjartan

"Are we still talking about the bed?" I asked Beryl, one eyebrow raised.

"Sorry." He blushed quite beautifully. "It was a stupid joke, I—"

"No," I interrupted him gently. "Not stupid. Funny. But also...what do you suggest?" Waving my hand around the room. I truly hoped he had a plan.

“It’s another beans on toast moment, isn’t it?”

“Beans on... Oh, the chef not cooking for himself, you mean?”

“Yep, you probably spend all your...wood sense at work and have nothing left for your own place.”

“Wood sense?” I couldn’t suppress a snort. I knew what he meant. Duncan had explained sheep sense to me when I’d been baffled by his dog’s ability to predict the sheep’s movements before they happened.

“Probably in more than one sense of the word.” He smirked, flashing his even, white teeth at me.

Do I have it, though?

I hadn’t been with anyone in years, for goodness’ sake. And even before I left Tír Suaite dating opportunities had been pretty scarce in my circles. Except for the occasional ‘thank Thor we’re still alive’ fucks, we’d kept our minds on the task at hand.

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“You want the bed on this wall, with the shelf as a separator. And then the couch goes there,” he pointed to the wall next to the glass door to my tiny balcony. “If you move your table a little closer to the kitchen, it should give you a pretty good layout.”

“Wow. You’re right. That was a beans on toast moment. Also, I don’t know about you, but I am hungry after this shopping trip. Would you like something to eat?”

“Yeah that would be great.” Bee gave me that smile again that put all his perfect teeth on display.

“Is it okay if I order food for us? I can cook but I kind of want to build the bed today.” I rasped my hand over the back of my neck, feeling embarrassed about all the weirdly loaded things we said to each other.

“Gods, you’re cute. Order something for us and we can split the bill.”

Chapter 11

Beryl

“No,” Kjartan said with a finality that made me laugh. “Sorry. I spend very little money. I don’t go out or drink or have fancy hobbies. If it’s alright with you I would like to invite you. As a thank you for shopping with me.”

“Okay.” Mm, he made it so difficult for me to keep my distance with his adorable smiles. And the clumsy flirting interspersed with him being hot as fuck and saying this shit that kept me hard half the time.

“Do you think we can build this before the food gets here?” Kjartan asked me once he’d placed our order with the only restaurant that delivered to his place.

“Let’s try.”

We first had to move his couch to the other side and hoover under it, but we managed to get the frame built before the doorbell rang.

“I’ll go get it.”

Fuck, yes. Please go and get it already!

I had no idea what I was doing here, on our first official date, building a bed for a massive scarred Orc hunk with a great ass and social anxiety.

“Wow, that smells great. What is it?” I asked, getting up from the floor with a low groan when I stretched my cramping leg muscles.

“Are you alright?” Kjartan paused, surveying me from head to toe with narrowed eyes.

“Yep, I’m just getting old.” I smirked at him but he only looked confusedly back at me. “I’m kidding. My left knee just hurts when I kneel for longer than a few minutes. Food?”

“Oh, yes. I hope you like Italian?”

“Who doesn’t?” Grinning, I climbed out of the bed frame and plopped down at the table.

“I am sorry for this,” he muttered when he’d gotten us forks and glasses of water.

“For not serving me a glass of wine?” I raised my water at him.

“No. This date...it’s not going well, is it?”

“What? This is one of the best first dates I’ve ever had.” I gave him a slightly-too-gooey smile before focusing back on my pasta.

“For me too,” Kjartan rasped, briefly squeezing my free hand.

Over our dinner he told me a bit about his job at Struan Fox’s company.

“How long have you worked for him?”

His eyes hung on my mouth for a long moment as I slurped a forkful of spaghetti before he got his face under control.

“Uh, almost five years. He gave me a job after I had been here only for a few weeks. After I came over from Tír Suaite,” he added. I loved how it sounded from his lips, “Tyr Soocha,” deep and...magical, perhaps, like the land itself.

I watched him run his fingers absently over the scar at the side of his neck, to soothe or stir the memories, I didn’t know.

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Once we'd finished eating, we got back to the task at hand. Building the slatted frame was easy with the help of the pro tools he had unearthed from a built-in cupboard in the little hallway. I found it strangely sexy to see him handling the electric screwdriver and hammer.

Eventually, we cut open the plastic wrapper on his mattress and heaved it up onto the frame. I'd prepared one of his fitted sheets that he put on while I grabbed the duvet and pillows from his couch. He had to wash the new ones first.

At long last, the rug was in its place, the new lamps were assembled and plugged in, and the plants, plaid, and throw pillows where I wanted them.

With a quick glance at the clock, I saw we had a couple more hours until I had to get on the last train back to Kirkmuir. I lit the thick dark green candle I'd added to his cart with matches he pulled from a kitchen drawer.

"What do you think?" I asked him when I'd placed it on the little dining table and turned to inspect the room. Dusk made the small lamps shine bright, and it looked comfy and relaxing.

Kjartan didn't say anything, but he crossed the room and hugged me. "Thank you, Vindur. This is wonderful," the enormous Orc said in a raspy voice, sounding genuinely touched. "It reminds me of home."

"I'm glad you like it," I murmured into his shirt.

How does he smell so good?

“Do you still want to try it out?” Kjartan whispered so quietly I had to strain my ears to understand what he was saying.

Before I could say more than “Yeah,” he walked me back a couple of steps and dropped onto the bed, taking me with him.

An embarrassing giggle escaped me when we collapsed on the mattress.

He raised himself up on his elbow, looking down at me for a moment before cradling my face in his massive palm.

“I’ve wanted to do this all afternoon,” he murmured as he ducked down and took my mouth in a gentle kiss.

That the way he kissed me made my toes curl and dick hard must’ve been a sign of my lack of action in the bedroom in the past few months.

But holy shit, I’d never been kissed like that before.

Like I mattered. Like he cared.

Chapter 12

Kjartan

“Please, Kjartan, I need you to kiss me properly,” Beryl gasped against my lips. His fingers slid into my hair and dragged me closer.

He opened his mouth, licked his tongue over my pursed lips, and gently nipped.

How can I not do as he asks?

I cupped the back of his neck, groaning into the kiss as I admitted his probing tongue.

I love the way he tastes.

For the first time in years, I felt alive again in the desperate desire for my sweet Sylph.

His free hand travelled down my back, palming my ass. Bee wasn't strong enough to pull me down on him, but I came anyway.

Thor knows I need to come so badly.

My cock pressed to my zipper, the confinement way too tight to be comfortable. He groaned when I cautiously moved my hips against his, rubbing our bulges together.

I hate the layers of fabric between us.

Any more of this and I would either turn into a feral beast or come in my underwear.

The hand groping my ass left me, as did the one in my hair. When I retreated to see what he was doing, I realised he was halfway out of his trousers.

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“What are you doing?” My turned-on moan belied my intentions.

Yes, take it off! I need you naked, Vindur!

“What does it look like?” he huffed softly, eyes on half mast as he struggled with his black jeans. I steadied his flailing legs and waited for him to relax. Then I helped him take his trousers off.

“This, too?” I rasped, tugging at the hem of his shirt.

Bee nodded and let me undress him until he laid there in only his boxers. They had a tell-tale wet spot where the first drops of his precum had seeped into the thin grey fabric.

He waited until my eyes left his cock and found his. Then, he grabbed the elastic waistband, lifted his ass off the mattress, and pulled the last piece of clothing off, baring his lithe body to me.

“You are so beautiful,” I whispered, the breath hitching in my throat as I drank him in. “So perfect. Thor help me.”

“I’m all yours,” Beryl groaned. He drew his legs up to expose his ass, presenting me his holiest.

“All mine.” Skimming my palms down his thighs, barely touching him, I framed his cock between my fingers. I hated the stump of my ring finger against his unblemished skin, a sign of the violence I had suffered so close to his most delicate parts. “All

mine,” I repeated, my voice cracking, and swallowed around my closing throat.

“Please, Kjartan.” Beryl fidgeted his hips under my palms, his length hard and bobbing, his nuts drawn tight into his body.

“Tell me what you want me to do to make you feel good, my little gust of wind.”

“Anything,” he whimpered. “Kiss me, touch me, or fuck me. Just dosomething.”

At his words a shiver racked my body.

I leaned in and pressed a soft kiss on the inside of his knee, my hands keeping his legs spread wide for me. “Let’s see how this feels for you, Vindur.”

I trailed kisses down his thigh before nuzzling my nose to the base of his hard cock. His breathing sped up and gasping moans escaped him when I inhaled deeply.

“I could stay here forever. Your scent...” I couldn’t go on, yet I also couldn’t stop myself from raising myself up and taking hold of his hard length.

Beryl gasped my name when I took him into my mouth, simply enjoying his weight on my tongue for a few moments before I started to move.

It had been years since I’d been able to take my time. In the past, a blowjob was just a rushed affair behind one of the many dilapidated buildings we used as our bases.

How long has it been since sex wasn’t just trauma relief?

My eyes burned and then tears trickled down my face.

“Hey, Kjartan?” Bee murmured, palming the top of my head, cheeks flushed with

arousal. “Are you sure this is okay for you?” He stroked my hair, my brow, panting under his breath. “We can just hold hands or cuddle a bit. It’s fine. I want you to be okay.”

I pulled off him but kept his crown right in front of my mouth. “I am,” I breathed, enjoying his full body shiver when my breath brushed over wet skin.

Without a warning, I took him deep, hollowing my cheeks and tonguing his length.

“Oh, fuck,” he grunted, hips bucking off the bed and driving his cock down my throat.

Yes, sweet one, yes. Fuck my face.

I nodded around him, encouraging him to let go, to use my mouth.

Beryl’s hips strained up again. His hands found the top of my head and gripped fistfuls of hair. A groan travelled up my body, vibrating his rock hard length as he buried it over and over again in my throat.

“Gods, I’m so fucking close. Yes!” He cursed when I moved off him, sucking hard and then laving at his tip with my tongue.

The taste of his cum was unlike anything I had ever experienced. Fresh, soft, and saline, like the sea air leaving the salt of the sea on your lips.

I swallowed everything, savouring him, and kept his cock warm and safe in my mouth. I didn’t suck or stimulate, I just wanted to keep him inside me.

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“That was so good, Kjartan,” he whispered, his limbs flopping down on the mattress and sinking into the memory foam. “I needed this.”

Beryl chuckled under his breath when I still did not pull off.

“Cock warming?” he asked, and our eyes met halfway across his outstretched body. I gave him a tiny nod. “I never saw the appeal of it, but it feels pretty great when you do it.”

His length twitched in my mouth, making us both gasp. Beryl’s warm hand reached out to stroke my cheek, a fingertip brushing against my tusks framing his cock. “That was great, thank you.”

Chapter 13

Beryl

The light had faded away from the room by the time Kjartan pulled off me.

He was marvellous in the warm lamp light. It softened his edges and made his green skin glow. His eyes fluttered shut as I cupped his cheek, the fresh beard raspy under my skin. “Please let me see you, too.”

The enormous Orc nodded but kept his eyes closed. He got up to his knees, dragged his jumper over his head and exposed a powerful torso. The bulging muscles threw deep shadows on his chest.

I sat up, wanting to be closer to the warmth he radiated.

“You are magnificent, Kjartan.” I imagined planting my words under his skin with every brush of my fingertips.

“Vindur.” His voice cracked with desperation, and he threw his head back, his long dark hair spilling over his broad shoulders and down his spine.

“Look at you. I love your body.” Scrambling up, I kissed over his heart, the highest point of him I could reach. But I wasn’t worried.

We can kiss again later.

“Thor help me,” Kjartan whimpered when I sucked his nipple into my mouth.

“No god can help you, babe.” My breath brushing over the wet skin sent violent goosebumps down his throat. “I will, though.” My hand ghosted down his thick length where it strained against his trousers.

That sexy groan he made when I freed his cock gave my ego a massive boost.

“Kjartan,” I moaned and stuck my face into his groin to get high on his musk. “You smell so good.” I wanted to steal his pants and stick my face into them while I wanked.

“Take your clothes off. All of them,” I commanded.

Heat blazed in his eyes as he obeyed me.

Oh fuck. Not so sure about the fit anymore.

I hated when dudes flexed with their size, but fucking hell. If anyone had the right to brag, it was him. Kjartan's cock was almost as long as my forearm, dark green, thick, and veiny.

Who cares if it doesn't fit. I still want him in me.

"Please tell me you have condoms and lube here," I groaned, my eyes glued to the beading drops of precum at his tip.

"I have both." Kjartan nodded, his cheeks turning slightly pink. I melted at the sight.

"Gods, please get them. I want you so much."

He lunged at me, cradling my head in his palm as he kissed me. With every teasing lick of his tongue, every sucking of his lips, every gasped breath he swallowed down, Kjartan drove me out of my mind.

"Wait for me, Vindur." He lowered me to the bed with one more gentle nip to my bottom lip.

I watched him disappear into the bathroom, my eyes hanging on his gorgeous ass once more.

"It's been so long since I had time to indulge in someone." Kjartan set his knees on the bed, next to the spot where he had dropped the bottle of lube and a few condoms. He settled between my spread knees, and then palmed my hips. "You are so delicate, Beryl." Soft lips pressed a kiss on my dick. "I love your cock." He focused on the head, his stubble scratching the sensitive underside.

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I love how needy you make me.

“Please, Kjartan,” I begged, not even knowing what I was asking for.

“Mm, yes,” he whispered, working his way down my dick and up again. “I want to take my time with you. I want to savour you until you beg for my cock.”

Oh fuck me.

I was already so needy I trembled like a leaf.

How much more do you want?

His slick tongue sucked my tip into his mouth, coating it in his saliva. Then he pulled off and breathed the next words over my wet skin.

“And then I will give it to you. I will fuck you so slow and deep you’ll feel it in your soul, Vindur.”

I gasped and shuddered as my dick leaked all over my skin. Kjartan cleaned me up. His touch brought me to the brink of climax again.

“Be a good boy for me and don’t come just yet.”

“Oh fuuuck. If you want me to hold out you need to stop calling me that.”

His eyes met mine, and the enormous green man contemplated me from between my

spread thighs.

“No,” he said with a grin.

It mesmerised me and drove my near-orgasm from my mind.

“I like you so much,” I whispered, stretching out my hand to stroke his forehead.

Kjartan looked at me for another moment, then raised himself up and took my mouth in a deep kiss. I felt him grabbing the bottle of lube and heard the lid open.

I tried to turn my head but a shake of his made me stay with him. Our mouths stayed glued together as I felt gentle fingers brush against my hole.

I moaned, thrusting my tongue into his mouth to calm some of the bone-deep hunger in me.

Kjartan teased me open until my hole clenched under his touch, trying to coax him into my body.

I’ll explode if he doesn’t get inside me soon.

“I can feel your despair, Vindur,” he hummed against my lips, before dipping his tongue back between them to steal my gasping breath.

My dick twitched when he slipped a thick fingertip into my greedy hole, waiting for a moment before adding a second finger.

“Gods, yes. Fucking finally.”

His low chuckle sent goosebumps down my body. With slow, pumping movements

Kjartan stretched me.

He kept this up for so long I was close to tears.

“Please, I can’t take it anymore,” I begged him.

“I know, my sweet Vindur.” He stroked my face. “I know, don’t worry,” he assured me as he took a condom from the bed. My ass already hated his absence.

“Do you still want me?”

“Fuck, yes. Are you tested, Kjartan?”

“I am.”

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“Me, too.” I licked my lips and raised my eyes to his face. “Leave the condom, okay? I want to to fill me up.”

Kjartan cursed and hesitated for a moment before he spread the lube all over his stiff cock. I took a deep breath when he notched his head at my hole.

He’s so big.

Only when he had my dick in one slippery fist did he enter me. The slow strokes made all discomfort disappear.

“Okay?” he asked, the tendons in his neck straining under his skin.

Chapter 14

Kjartan

“Uh-huh.” Beryl nodded, his eyes glassy under the heavy lids.

His ass was heaven.

“Thor, you are so tight,” I groaned, forcing myself to stop and give him time to adjust.

A low sob escaped him. “So good, babe. Keep going!”

I drew out an inch and carefully bucked my hips, sliding back in. He sucked in a

breath, his silver eyebrows drawn down.

“Breathe for me,” I pleaded with him, caressing his cheek. I had no words for his beauty, for how he felt around me, or the turmoil in my heart.

He pushed the breath out through tense lips, but his body relaxed under me.

“You’re being such a good boy for me,” I whispered into the crook of his neck, inhaling the scent of fresh sweat and salty air. An enticing combination. “Breathe, Vindur. I don’t want you to get hurt.”

I slanted my lips over his, and found a slow rhythm that turned his soft gasps into guttural moans. I paid close attention to what made him make those sounds, getting hooked on them, and perhaps a little eager to please this delicate man. But I forced myself to slow down.

I can’t hurt him.

“Kjartan!” Bee’s hands slid up, taking fistfuls of my hair to hold on to. “Fuck me like you mean it,” he growled, urging his ass against my groin.

I stopped him with one hand on his hip and the other wrapped around his delicate throat.

“Did I fail to show you today how much I mean it, Bee?” I asked against his mouth, nibbling on the bottom lip. It drove me wild.

He whimpered and tried to wriggle out of my grasp.

“Please tell me. Because the gods know, I mean it. It feels like I have been living in the dark for the past five years.” I slid my cock out almost all the way, then thrust it

back inside.

“Fuuuck, Kjartan.” He gasped, his hands shaking in my hair.

“And then you came and drove the dark clouds away. You made me see the stars and the moon, glittering silver in the night skies. It’s a beautiful sight, and I don’t know how I lived without it.”

Again I drew back, and slid back into his body in one slow motion.

His mouth went slack, his silver eyes hooded.

“And I don’t want to live without it again.”

Bee moaned when I took up a deep rhythm, half blind with need, and his slender legs wrapped around my hips.

“Neither do I,” he rasped. “Oh fuck, babe. You’ll make me come way too fast.”

I angled my hips, trying to do just that. He needed to come, or I would.

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“Oh gods, yes, that’s the spot. I—Kjartan!”

I felt his climax against my abs, his throbbing cock at my skin as he came all over himself.

I can’t hold back.

Realisation hit me hard and I faltered in my rhythm.

“Yes, gods yes. Fill me up, Kjartan. Make me drip with your cum.” Hearing the delicate man moan these filthy words pushed me over the edge. I fucked him through my orgasm, doing as he asked and breeding his hole.

Then I rolled us around, careful to stay inside him. Beryl rested his cheek on my hammering heart, and we cuddled until our breaths had calmed down.

“Kjartan?”

“Yes?” I whispered.

“I would have to leave in about twenty minutes...”

“Unless you wanted to stay the night?” I took the question from his lips.

“I mean I can totally make it to the station.”

“Stay, Vindur. Please. I don’t want this to end just yet ”

“Okay.”

I felt his cheek pull into a smile.

“I don’t think we’ll fit into my shower, but I like the idea of falling asleep with you in my arms.”

Beryl’s ass clenched around my cock. “Okay, real talk: I never knew I was into this romantic shit. Gods, it’s amazing. Never stop.”

I swallowed, feeling my length harden in him. “I promise I won’t.”

He rolled his hips against mine, drawing a shuddering breath as my cock slid out an inch or two and back in.

“I’m kind of starved,” he giggled, and it was like the first ray of sunlight at the end of a long night.

“Me, too,” I confessed.

My beautiful, silver-haired Sylph raised himself up, planted his hands on my pecs and held my gaze as he rode me. Soft lamp light illuminated his skin as if it was a dream—a dream that made me come embarrassingly fast.

“Bee!” I growled, raising myself up to a sitting position and dragging his mouth on mine. I needed his taste on my tongue, his gasping breaths against my lips, and his smooth cock between our bodies.

“I’m going to come, oh gods, Kjartan!” He ended on a sobbing moan, his eyes fluttering shut.

“Look at me. I need to see when you fall for me!”

His lids snapped open as his mouth went slack, and he came between our bodies yet again.

Chapter 15

Beryl

Kjartan let go and stuffed me even more.

The idea that by now my stomach bulged with his release turned me feral. Well, at least my mind. My body was all heavy limbs and slack muscles.

If I didn't have to shower and use the bathroom, I would have just gone to sleep straight away.

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“You feel so good, Bee,” my Orc said in a sexy growl, his tusks bared and lips slick with saliva.

“Yeah, same.” I clenched my ass half-heartedly, hiding my grin at his neck.

Kjartan lightly spanked my backside, then rubbed the sting away.

Oh fuck yes.

“Do that again if you want me to keep going.”

“Ugh no, I need a timeout to think about what I’ve done. And to sleep.”

“Have you been a naughty boy, Beryl?”

I straight up moaned, my cock twitching against his abs.

RIP me. Where did that dirty mouth come from?

“Gods, Kjartan. I wished I still had the stamina to go down that road with you.” I leaned closer to lick a hot strip up his throat. “Because damn, babe. I’m definitely a naughty boy and need to be put in my place.”

His dick mirrored mine and jerked inside me. Kjartan spanked me again.

“Oh yes, you do. But not right now,” he whispered, pulling my head back to kiss me.

“Let’s get you nice and clean, and then we’ll go to sleep.”

“Spanking is not off the table. Just so we’re clear. It’s so hot.”

Kjartan chuckled and kissed me again. Then he picked me up and carried me into his bathroom, his cock still inside me. A flood of his cum left my body when Kjartan pulled out of my ass and set me down in the shower.

So hot.

We cleaned up, making out lazily under the warm spray. It was a tight fit but we managed. Then, we curled up under his duvet. I barely had time to kiss him goodnight before I was out.

“Good morning, Vindur,” Kjartan whispered, caressing my face with gentle fingers. “I...”

He broke off. I cracked open an eye, swooning just a little when I saw the soft smile on his lips.

“What were you about to say?”

He shook his head to dismiss it.

“Tell me, gorgeous.” I slipped my arm over his hip and pulled myself closer to his body. “Mmm, you’re so warm.” I stroked his back.

“I wanted to say that I like waking up next to you, but I didn’t want to scare you off,” he murmured into the pillow.

“Oh, it takes more than making me swoon to drive me away.” I nuzzled my face into

his chest, trailing fluttering kisses up his throat. “In fact, I plan on staying in this bed with you until I’ve had your big, fat cock inside me and you’ve filled me up again.”

“Oh, Gods, Beryl.” With a groan, Kjartan brought us around, pushing my thighs apart and frotting his rapidly hardening length to mine. “How am I supposed to keep my hands to myself when you talk like that?”

“Not at all?” I told him sweetly. “Grab the lube and prep me, darling.”

Later in the shower, with that freshly fucked smile plastered to my face, it dawned on me that I’d never been fucked like that before. My inner voice was silent for the first time in my life. I had nothing to do, nowhere to be, no sixty tabs open with eight of them playing random songs.

I was sated, and I never wanted to feel any other way.

The question of what we would do when we were both showered and dressed hovered in the space between us.

I should probably leave.

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Kjartan took a deep breath, reached out, and linked our fingers.

“Do you want to have breakfast with me before you go home?” he asked.

“Yeah, I’d love that,” I told him, grinning at my feet.

A few minutes later, we strolled down the high street holding hands until we reached the cosiest cafe I had ever seen.

‘Hilda’s Coffee Shop’ was a bit dated but had so much potential.

“Oh my goodness, I adore this place.”

“So do I.” Kjartan gave me the cutest fucking smile ever. A bit shy and—nobody would ever hear me say it out loud—loving. It was like when you held your face in the sun after an endless winter and felt its warmth and a hope of spring bloom in your heart.

You’re pathetic, Bee.

But who the fuck cared? I was pathetically falling for this guy, had been from the evening he had met me at that bus stop. And perhaps he saw a bit of that in my eyes as we sat down at a table in the corner, our hands finding each other on the table top.

“Their sweet breakfasts are great. I’ve never tried the savoury ones, but I think they’d be good, too.”

“So you have a sweet tooth?” I had guessed he did when his face had lit up at my description of the Brewtiful.

“Couldn’t you tell?” He leaned in, that smile on his face again, and kissed me.

Maybe not pathetic. Just crushing so hard.

“I had an inkling,” I whispered into the kiss.

We ordered the same breakfast, porridge with a fruit topping, cinnamon, and dark chocolate shavings. It was fucking delicious.

“I’m shocked this place is so empty,” I told Kjartan when he had paid for us and we were back outside. And after I had thanked him for inviting me.

Thoroughly.

I usually wasn’t the kind of person to show a lot of affection in public, but I needed to hide the bulge in my trousers, and Kjartan drew me in.

I was too chicken to suggest we go back to his place and do something about our mutual erections.

I doubt he wants me to stay any longer.

“Hilda is old, and I think most of the people are thrown off by the ugly outside.” Kjartan cupped my nape, stroking the sensitive skin behind my ears with his thumb and forefinger.

He’s so huge compared to me.

“She’s going to close the place at the end of the year.”

“Ugh, that’s so sad.” I hugged him around the waist.

“I know. I have breakfast here quite often, and the only other cafe is a soulless Bean Me Up over by the station.”

Kjartan gasped when my semi-hard cock brushed against his leg.

“I feel dumb for wanting to ask you to stay here for a couple more hours,” he told me in an undertone. “I’m not ready to let you go.”

Chapter 16

Kjartan

Beryl huffed and rested his forehead against my pec.

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“Let’s feel dumb together because I was just thinking the same thing. Won’t you be sick of me, though?”

He leaned back, his eyes wide and insecure.

“Oh my precious little babe,” I crooned. “Never.”

“Precious little babe?” He huffed and cocked his elegant eyebrow at me.

“I have no idea where that just came from,” I told him, feeling my cheeks heat.

“Gods, you’re cute. Come on, take me back to bed.”

Beryl and I spent most of Sunday in bed. It was the best time of my life.

After breakfast and our walk, he pulled me back to my new bed. We fell over each other like starving animals. Within minutes we were naked and hard.

I couldn’t remember ever having this much sex in a single day. If you had asked me before if I had the stamina for this, my answer would have been a firm no.

But Thor, I couldn’t get enough of this man. Over and over again, I got lost in his embrace, lost in the tight grip he had on me, and the little noises he made when he came.

“As much as it sucks to acknowledge it, I am starving,” Beryl said way past noon. We’d worked all the calories from our porridges off, and then some.

“Do you want to cook here or eat out?”

“Ugh, stop tempting me again, you sexy man,” Bee chastised me with a laugh. “Eating out is a personal favourite of mine. But I don’t know what you prefer?”

“We could drive over to the distillery. Their food is amazing.”

“A distillery? That sounds great. Yeah, let’s check it out.”

We got up, showered, and dressed.

“Lucky I brought a change of clothes.” Beryl blushed as he pulled out a grey shirt and dark slacks from his bag. It was a simple outfit but it made him look like a million coppers.

“You look great,” I muttered, struggling as always with the buttons on my shirt. Missing a crucial part of my finger made things difficult.

“You, too. Here, let me.” He gently pulled my hands away and buttoned my shirt for me. I stole a tiny kiss when he smoothed the garment out over my pecs.

Hand in hand, we went to the car, and I drove us out to Lone Fox Distillery. It was barely fifteen minutes away and well worth the drive.

We often did projects for the owners, Fitz and Maddie. It felt a bit like coming home, and with my gust of wind, too.

“Wow! That’s so pretty!” Bee gaped out of the car window as we drove up to the

cluster of houses and barns sitting in the middle of the heather-dusted hills.

I parked the car, decided to be cheesy, and pulled him close. “Just like you,” I told him in a whisper and kissed him.

“Gods, I have no self control when you say cute shit like that.” His hand dropped to my cock, rubbing me through my trousers. I plucked it off.

“Not here. Let’s eat, and then I will take you home and you can grope me as much as you like.”

“Are you asking me to stay the night again?”

I hummed, nuzzling my mouth into his palm. “I am.”

“Good.” Thank the gods I had the late shift on Monday.

We got out of the car and entered the restaurant hand in hand.

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“Kjartan, hi!” Clara, their head of service, greeted me, then beamed at Beryl, her eyes flickering down to where his hand was in mine.

“Bee, meet Clara. She runs this place.”

“Good to meet you.” We shook hands.

“Kjartan is overexaggerating. I manage the restaurant together with Allair, our chef.” Clara blushed a little and shepherded us to a cosy nook in the back with a view of the terrace and grounds.

We had barely settled down when my hunk took my hand off the table to hold it in his.

“What do you fancy?”

I glanced at him from under my lashes.

“And don’t say ‘me’.”

“The Indian curry sounds delicious. I might have that.”

We ordered two curries, one alcohol free beer for me, and an IPA for Beryl.

It was delicious. Rich and hot with fresh vegetables; it was the perfect meal for this cooler, gloomier day.

“I can pay, Kjartan,” my sweet Sylph said when I handed Clara my card. She hung back for a moment to give us space.

“Just because I’m a barista doesn’t mean I don’t have any money.”

“I know, Beryl.” I covered his agitated hand with mine. “Let me treat you while you are here with me. You can treat me when I am staying at your place.”

This shut him up.

“Are you okay?” Clara asked, holding my card up, and he nodded at her with glassy eyes. “Be right back.” She hurried away.

“You want to come and stay in Kirkmuir with me?” he asked me quietly, eyes boring into mine.

“I do. Is that okay for you?”

“Yes.” The word came out even quieter, but Bee smiled at me.

We went on a little walk in the woods behind the restaurant afterwards, along a stream and past a stone bridge until we arrived at a drop in the land. Rain clouds crowded around the hills before us like a herd of sheep huddled together. Scotland was often gloomy and dark, but living here made me... I slipped an arm around Beryl’s shoulder. A couple of weeks ago, I would have said it didn’t make me happy, but with him here that would be a lie.

It was a cautious kind of happiness bubbling in the pit of my stomach. The kind you didn’t trust at first because it might evaporate all too soon. Where before I had only existed in this land, I now had something to live for.

“It’s beautiful here, Kjartan.” Bee’s arm slid under my jacket and around my waist. When I felt him shiver, I pulled him closer into my warmth. “Thank you for taking me.”

“I’m glad you like this place. Let’s come here again, yes?”

He snuggled deeper into my body. “Great idea.”

Chapter 17

Beryl

My ass had never been as sore as it was when I returned to work on Monday.

I loved it, though. Loved what Kjartan’s massive cock had done to me. Whenever I remembered the stretch of my body around his length and his warm brown eyes hooded with lust, my dick got hard with no hope for release.

We’d found out that we were both fans of me being on top, a position that made him come in under ten minutes.

Me, too.

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“Hey, Bee. Did you have a good weekend?” my boss asked, cocking her head at me.

Damn.

Maeve could see my energy. Does it say ‘fucked into oblivion’?

“It was...” I considered lying for a moment. “It was great, actually. I spent it in Kincardie.” I blushed, probably a lovely beetroot red.

“In Kincardie? Oh my God, did you meet someone?” She bounced over, her cute nose all scrunched up.

“Yeah, I did.”

Why am I grinning?

“You remember Kjartan? The Orc who works for Struan Fox?”

“No way, Bee! You spent your weekend with that hot guy?”

“We’re sort of dating.” I bit my lip.

Don’t grin like you’re in love.

With a squeal, Maeve hugged me, her eyes all shiny with tears. “I’m so happy for you.”

“That bad, huh?”

“Aw, come on. If you could see how much you’re glowing... Don’t forget that I know that feeling.”

She sighed and fiddled with a golden band around her wrist. A gift from Taran.

“I need to show you something,” I said, interrupting her smiling soppily into the distance. “We had breakfast at a cafe in Kincardie. It’s around the corner from Kjartan’s flat.” The idea had fermented in my brain all weekend, and I just had to run it past her. Nothing might come of it but the worst thing that could happen was that Maeve said no.

I handed her my phone and showed her the sneaky pictures I had taken on our second morning there.

“That’s so cute. So much potential.” Maeve zoomed in.

“You can swipe. No dick pics around,” I told her, making her snort.

I’d put them in a separate folder. Nobody needed to see the lewd images of Kjartan I had for my spank bank. Stretched out under me, his chest covered in cum, and a feral expression on his face.

I sighed. Then I remembered Maeve.

“So, why I’m showing you this is because it closes at the end of the year. They didn’t find anyone to take over.”

And the idea that Maeve might buy it and then I could work there and be near Kjartan had taken hold of me so tightly I couldn’t let go again.

“You think it could be an addition to my portfolio? Turning Scales & Steam into a franchise?”

“Yes and no. The cafe is great. There are multiple larger businesses nearby, a metal mill, Primestone, smaller shops, and a bank is right next to it. And they get quite a bit of foot traffic.” She nodded, obviously impressed with my research. “But I don’t think we should turn this place into a franchise. Quickest way for something to lose its charm. It could be like a sister cafe for Scales.”

Maeve leaned back against the counter and swiped through the images again.

“It could be amazing. And you would be managing this place for me?” Her kind smile—and aura-reading abilities—made me blush.

“It’s probably a stupid idea, I...”

“Don’t say that, Bee. We both know you’re amazing and up for that challenge. And I get wanting to be near your person. I still feel bad for Taran having to take me to work every day.”

“I’m sure he doesn’t mind at all.”

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“That’s what he says, yeah.” She brushed a purple strand behind her ear and blushed.

“And he means it.”

“Yeah. You’re probably right. Listen, Bee, can you forward these images to me? I think you are onto something here.”

“Just like that?”

“I trust your gut feeling. And the worst that can happen is that nothing will come of it. But I learned to seize an opportunity life drops in your way.” She handed my phone back.

“Thanks, Maeve.”

“Start thinking about a name for the place, yeah? I’ll go help Stella.” We both looked over at our new hire.

She placed a cup of coffee and a slice of our red velvet cake on a tray for a customer. The attractive polar fox hybrid in a deep-neck shirt said something to make her laugh, then turned and chose a table by the rain-lashed windows.

“Stella did great today,” I told Maeve in a carrying voice and saw our colleague grin even wider as she wiped down the machine for the next customer.

“She’s a win for Scales & Steam,” Maeve agreed with me.

“Breeze & Beans.” My boss stared at me for a moment then broke out in fits of laughter.

“You and I are so alike, Beryl. Love that name. I’ll text Samuel and tell him to enquire about the property. Now go! Your shift ended twenty minutes ago.” We hugged.

“Thanks Maeve. See you tomorrow.”

I informed Kjartan as soon as I was on the bus home.

Bee: I showed Maeve the pictures

Bee: she’s enquiring about it

Bee: I don’t know if anything will come of it

Bee: I kind of hope it will

Kjartan: I want to date you

What?

Kjartan: I’ve been meaning to tell you before you left

Kjartan: I really want to date you, Bee

Bee: me too!

Bee: Let’s do this, okay?

Bee: Ignore me if it's too much but...

Bee: Do you want to see me on the weekend?

Bee: Because I really want to see you

Bee: Even though I'm still so sore

Kjartan: I'm sorry

Bee: I loved it! All of the weekend with you.

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There, I said it.

Kjartan: I loved the weekend with you

Kjartan: Do you want me to come visit you? Or would you like to come here again?

Can I?

Bee: I want you in any way I can get you

Bee: It doesn't matter where

Chapter 18

Kjartan

The rest of the week crawled past. On Wednesday, we started the next phase of the new project for Lone Fox Distillery. Fitz and Maddie wanted to convert a small cottage into a farm shop for local goods.

Struan sent Ragnar and me there.

The Troubled Land was big enough that we had never met before he started working with me. He was a quiet guy but we got along. Just as well as we did when we never addressed the elephant in the room: we had both fought in the same war, if on opposite sides or the same I did not know.

Maybe one day I would ask, after a few glasses of whisky and when I was with someone to hold me through the inevitable pain that would follow that discussion.

Not just anyone. Beryl. He was all I wanted.

All day, we cleared out the house and sorted the furniture into what we might reuse, or what Maddie might need for the cottages on the grounds they planned to redo, one after the other. The rest went on a pile for the hard rubbish pickup.

In the early afternoon, the lady of Hall Estate came over with a few bottles of chilled alcohol-free beer and a basket of goodies.

“Hey, you two,” she greeted us, a wide smile on her face.

“Maddie, hello.” I washed my hands in an old stone trough turned into a fountain and shook her hand.

“Kjartan, it’s lovely to have you back here. I brought you some treats.”

“That’s so kind. This is my colleague, Ragnar. Ragnar, Madeline Hall is the manager and wife to the laird.”

He held out a hand to her. “Nice to meet you, Lady Hall.”

“Oh God, please don’t.” She giggled as heat crept up her neck. “Just call me Maddie.”

Ragnar nodded stiffly.

“Is it okay if I look through the hard rubbish pile real quick? It’s not that I don’t trust you but I love treasure hunting.”

“Feel free. It’s your stuff.” I waved her over.

“Fitz thinks it’s weird that I pick through the piles. I’ve found so much cool stuff though. I have a little hoard. I’m a bit like a magpie.” She giggled and started sorting through the rubbish.

Ragnar opened two of the beers for us, and we grabbed a snack. This was in part why I loved working here. They always fed us, and their products were delicious.

Twice more we returned to LFD that week. We drove our bus back and forth to the Den, which was what we called our company site.

“Do you have any plans?” Ragnar asked me in Suitian.

“Just because I’m almost breaking the speed limit?” I huffed. “I’m going to Kirkmuir to spend the weekend with my boyfriend.”

Ragnar said nothing to that until I parked the car.

“I’ll clean up, you go ahead.”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes.” He gave me a minuscule smile. I had never seen him smile before. “Go.”

“Takk, Ragnar.”

He shrugged me off, but his smile widened.

I hurried home, cleaned up, and headed to Kirkmuir.

Bee waited for me at the door to his house. I got out of my car, grabbed my bag, and walked up to him.

What am I supposed to do? Hug him?

He took the decision out of my hands and flew at me. I’d forgotten how soft his lips were when he kissed me and how good he tasted.

“Gods, I missed you so much. It’s a little embarrassing.” He backed away and grinned at me.

“Not embarrassing, Vindur. I missed you, too.”

“Come in. Let’s not give the neighbours a show.”

I was barely over the threshold when we were tangled in each other's arms again.

"Fuck me," Beryl gasped out between our slick kisses. "I need you so much, Kjartan. We can be cute and sweet later. But fuck me first."

Chapter 19

Beryl

Kjartan set me on his hips and marched upstairs without a word. Once he'd dropped me on my bed, he pulled my trousers and boxers off and grabbed the bottle of lube I'd strategically placed on my bedside table.

His watchful eyes never left me. They were gentle and loving and drove me out of my mind.

Nobody has ever looked at you like that, Bee.

Kjartan stretched my hole with two thick fingers, making me shudder and my cock drool precum all over my stomach.

"Ready?" he asked me and curled his fingers up against my prostate.

"Oh fuck, yes! So ready. Please!"

I panted like a dog in summer and watched him fuck his lubed up fist a few times. Then my beautiful hunk spread my knees and pulled my ass onto his lap.

His thick cock breached my hole and I forgot everything. All the worries I had about us just faded away, dissolving into the pleasure-pain of his girth stretching my body.

“Er í lagi með þig?” he asked me in a growling voice.

“Sorry?”

“Ah.” Kjartan shook his head. “Are you okay?”

“Yes, gorgeous.” I reached down to brush his hands with my fingers. “You are exactly what I need right now. Maybe always.” Damn. “I didn’t mean to say that out loud.”

His features softened even more. Kjartan held my gaze as he lowered his body on mine.

“It would be the greatest honour of my life to be exactly what you need, Beryl.”

Oh. em. gee.

“Make love to me now, okay?” I whispered, unable to put this huge jumble of feelings inside me into words. It constricted my airways and made me cry. In a good way.

“I will, my little gust of wind.” He brushed the trickle of tears from my face, and then he did as I asked.

It wasn't rough or fierce like I'd demanded at first. It was slow and gentle and life-changing. The kind of sex that spoke of forever and scared you to the core. Between breathless kisses and sweat-slicked skin, we drove each other to the edge. Even our climaxes felt different. Deeper and stronger than anything we had shared before.

I came without him touching my cock, his name on my lips, and gasped into the air between us like a prayer. He sank into my arms and stilled, his length thickening even more as he filled me up.

“That was...”

“Yeah, I know,” he sighed, making me giggle and my ass clench around him. We both hissed.

“I'll need a break before round two, my sweet.”

“Ugh, same.” I kissed him gently.

Chapter 20

Beryl - Six months later

Dating Kjartan made me wonder why I'd never dated exclusively before.

"You know, when he's half asleep and rolls over and wraps his arms around you to pull you closer." I sighed, staring into the distance for a moment as I wiped down the milk foamer. "That's the best."

"When you talk about him like that I kind of want that too," my best friend Rhys grinned over his Double Heart Latte.

He had been super busy preparing for Scotland Fabric, the most important trade fair that took place in Inverness every November. But today he snuck over from his shop in Pear Mill to grab a coffee at Scales & Steam.

"You should give it a try. Find some hunk to f— Oh, hi," I greeted a new customer. "What can I get you?"

I prepared her caramel cappuccino, and bagged a Pumpking—a pastry with a pumpkin puree and cinnamon filling, one of our bestsellers this autumn—for her before turning back to my bestie.

"As I was saying, Mr Gordon. Go find yourself a hot hunk. Seriously." I crossed my arms before my chest, surveying Rhys. People would kill for cheekbones like that, and I knew how he looked in swimming trunks. I bet they were queuing to be with him. "You are too gorgeous to die alone. Also, how is that cupcake?"

"Appreciate it, babe. But you know I don't date. And it's delicious." He pinched a piece of the moist chestnut cupcake between elegant thumb and forefinger and

popped it into his mouth.

“Did you see any more of that guy you told me about?”

“Which guy?” Rhys cocked an eyebrow, wiping his hands on a napkin.

“The one with the dog?”

My bestie choked on the sip of coffee he had just taken.

“How do you remember this? I told you about Liamonce, and that was over a year ago.”

“I have an excellent memory, Rhys. So?”

He took another long drink of coffee, setting the cup delicately back on the counter.

“I never met him again. He probably doesn’t even remember me.”

“I doubt that,” I snorted.

“And he lives somewhere in the Highlands. I think.”

“Not that you spent hours stalking him on Kraken.”

Rhys threw his head back and laughed. “Oh fuck you, Bee!”

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“It would be so cool if you found a hunk in the Highlands, too. Gods. That sounds like a bad dating show.”

“I’d watch that.” My handsome friend shrugged and popped the last bite of the cupcake into his mouth. “I’ll miss you,” he added, giving me a sad smile.

“Me, too. You know that you’ll have to visit us, right?”

“Us. Damn, I’m so happy for you, Bee.”

“I promise I’ll visit. Once that crazy trade fair is over and I’ve spent a month on my couch to recover.”

“Hi Beryl, hi Rhys. Is everything alright?” Maeve called from the back door, waving before she wrapped her leather apron around herself and tied it behind her back.

Rhys got up from his chair to kiss Maeve’s cheeks.

“Hello, beautiful. I’m just bloody exhausted and need to get back to work in a few minutes. How are you and Taran?”

“Oh we’re grand. Thank you, Rhys. He flew me here and went for a walk in the park behind the theatre.”

“Maybe I’ll run into him when I go back to the shop. I haven’t seen him in ages.”

At least he still had a friend in town when I’d be living my best life with my hunk in

the Highlands.

“Hi boss.” I hugged her. “It’s all good. It was a quiet shift. We’re almost out of Pumpkings, though. And the new chestnut cupcakes were a hit with the crowd this morning.”

“Yeah, I bet it’s the gloomy weather that keeps people in.”

“I can’t wait to get home and curl up on the couch. They delivered it this morning, want to see a picture? I already made Rhys gush about it with me.”

“Yes, show me!” Maeve bounced on her feet as she waited for me to pull up the picture Kjartan had sent earlier.

“Oh my God, Bee. I love it! That colour? It looks so cosy. And I still adore your future living room. That cottage is so beautiful.”

“I’ll miss you so much, and the cafe here. But I swear, I can’t wait to wake up next to my man every morning and see Breeze come to life.”

“Aw, gods. You make me overthink things, Bee,” Rhys said. “You make being in a relationship sound appealing. I hate you.”

“No, you don’t,” I deadpanned.

My friend smirked and waved me over for a hug.

“Think about it, babe,” I whispered in his ear as we hugged goodbye.

“I might. See you in five weeks.” He winked, waved at Maeve, and left, bundling himself up in a coat and beanie as he went.

“Do you need me for anything else, boss?”

“Nope, I’m good. You go. Enjoy the weekend with your man.” She beamed at the words. Maeve got it.

“He’s picking me up in an hour. We have another two carloads to take back to the cottage before I’m moved out of my house. We’re doing one today and one next weekend.”

“Have fun, and say hi to Kjartan for me.” She put the last two chestnut cupcakes into a paper bag. “Provisions.”

“Cheers, boss. Give my best to Taran. I’ll see you on Monday.”

Chapter 21

Kjartan

Only two more trips from Beryl’s house to Kincardie and we would officially be living together. I was a little nervous about it. True, when I’d been fighting for the Yregh, we’d lived in close quarters. But the barracks and caves had been so far from our nice cottage with the loveliest pastel green Nøkken couch. I’d thought I loved my siblings in arms, but nothing I had ever felt before came close to what I felt when I was with Beryl, not even Stígur.

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I would die for him.

“Hey.” A warm body pressed against my side, arms sliding around my waist. “Are you okay?”

“I am,” I choked out, sounding everything but.

“Babe.” Bee moved around to hug me properly. Whenever he called me that, I felt so warm and fuzzy inside. “Is there anything I can do for you?”

I hated myself for turning him into a coping mechanism.

“I just thought about something,” I told him, kissing his brow. A few weeks ago I’d started telling him bits and pieces about my life back in Tír Suaite. Beryl never asked questions, he just let me talk. I loved him all the more for it.

“We’ll be okay, babe. I promise.” He tugged my shirt down and kissed the hollow of my throat. “I can’t wait to wake up next to you every morning.”

“How do you know exactly what I need to hear, my love?”

Bee leaned back and grinned up at me. “Magic.” He bit his lip, then got up on tiptoes and pressed his lips on mine. “Pure magic,” he whispered into the kiss.

I got lost in him, trying to let the sadness ebb away.

“Let’s get the rest of the boxes into my car and go home, okay?”

“Ugh, babe. It’s so hot when you’re being all domestic and shit.” Beryl’s hands slid down to palm my ass, squeezing it gently.” Yeah, let’s go.”

We drove in near silence, listening to Conall White’s last album. Bee loved his music. He held my hand or had his on my thigh the entire time.

Good thing I’m not the only one being all domestic and shit.

Smiling to myself, I parked my car in our yard.

He yawned and stretched when he got out. “Let’s have dinner before we unload the car, okay? I feel like cooking something for us.”

“Good idea. I have a surprise for you first though.”

“What?” Beryl sobered up in an instant. “A surprise? Gods, babe, you know I love surprises.”

“Come on.” I linked our fingers and led him around the house. “You said you wanted chickens at some point so I thought...”

“No way!” He rushed to the newly built chicken coop at the far end of our backyard and pulled me with him. “It’s so pretty,” he whispered, then inhaled deeply. “And it smells so good.”

I’d only finished it yesterday, so the scent of freshly cut wood still hung in the air around it.

“I love it, Kjartan. Thank you. I can’t wait to get Agatha and Bluebell and Cheryl and Dot.”

“I love that you have their names picked out already. We can go to Hunter McBride’s farm to buy some chicks. Duncan told me that’s where he gets his chickens from.”

“You’re wonderful, did you know?”

Scrunching up his nose, Bee raised his face to me.

“You might have mentioned it once or twice,” I muttered as I leaned in to peck him on the lips.

Never stop.

“Right, dinner! Gods, I love you.”

Chapter 22

Beryl

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Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 8:40 am

“Let’s go unpack the car. I want a quiet weekend with you,” I told Kjartan after the delicious dinner he made for us.

“A quiet weekend...in bed?” he asked, pulling me into a hug.

“Yes. Although it might not be so quiet after all.”

We both snorted like an old married couple.

When I checked my phone, I had a new message from my best friend.

“Just a second, okay? Rhys texted me.”

Kjartan steered me to the couch and covered my feet with a blanket. Then he bent down to kiss my forehead. “Love you,” he whispered, before he left to grab the first boxes from the car.

“Love you, too.” I swooned after him for a moment, then picked up my phone.

Rhys: I met the dog guy at the fair!

Rhys: Liam

Rhys: I took your advice

He’d sent a grimacing emoji after that.

Bee: OH GODS

Bee: You fucked him?!

Rhys: Yup

Rhys: Well, he fucked me

Bee: tmi much?

Rhys: Just for the sake of accuracy

Rhys: Did you know Brownies have ridges?

Bee: On their candy canes?

Rhys: He's not a Christmas elf, Bee!

Rhys: But yes

Rhys: You have no idea *sighs*

Bee: I'm so happy for you

Bee: You got a good fucking to help ease the stress

I snorted to myself and snuggled up in my fluffy plaid. I love this couch. It was a little embarrassing how happy a piece of furniture made me.

Rhys: And cuddles

Rhys: I had no idea how great cuddling is

Rhys: Did I mention that Brownies also have hair?

Rhys: LOTS of hair?

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Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 8:40 am

Bee: Jeez, Rhys lol I didn't need to know that

Bee: I am a fan of cuddling, though

Bee: Especially with a big boy

Rhys: He's enormous

Bee: RHYS!

Rhys: I couldn't help myself

Bee: Will you see him again?

Rhys: We exchanged numbers...

Rhys: But I don't think so

Rhys: You know I don't date

Bee: Babe, come on

Bee: Give him a chance

“Is everything alright, Vindur?” Kjartan put the box down by the bookshelf, sat down, and invited me into his arms.

“Yes, my love.” I kissed his cheek, snuggling into his side.

Yep, cuddling is the best.

“Sorry, I’ll help you with the boxes in a minute.”

“Don’t worry about it. You had an exciting day and made that lovely dinner for us. I don’t mind carrying a bit of our things inside.”

“Rhys met a guy at the trade fair up in Inverness. They knew each other from a wedding they’d both worked on, and I know he’s had a crush on the man since then.”

“Did it not go well when they saw each other again?” he asked, rubbing my upper arm.

How does he always know when I’m upset?

“I think it went quite well, but Rhys... you’ve met him, he’s—”

“Lonely,” Kjartan finished my sentence.

“Yes, and he is such a good person. He deserves happiness, and it makes me sad that he doesn’t believe that.”

“I didn’t believe it until I met you. Maybe it’s the same for him.”

Help, I’m melting!

“I hope so,” I said, scrambling to straddle my man’s lap and kiss him. “Gods, I love doing life with you.”

“So do I. You are mine, Vindur.”

“Yeah.” I nibbled on his bottom lip. “I’m yours.”

We fooled around on the couch for a while before we emptied the truck together and unpacked the boxes. Just one more trip left.

I still couldn’t believe that I got to share this beautiful house with my hunk in the Highlands. Waking up next to him was the best thing in the world. And then there would be Breeze & Beans. The cafe I would manage in the space I had discovered all those months ago.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 8:40 am

“I didn’t believe it until I met you.” That was what Kjartan had said earlier, and it had been the same for me. I had never believed that I would have all this: a loving man, a beautiful home, and a job I adored.

Life is good.

“What are you smiling about?” Kjartan asked, his voice as soft and warm as his hug.

“You,” I said without missing a beat. “You, this place, and the cafe. How much I love my life.”

“I never thought I would ever agree with you about that. It is so good, isn’t it?”

I believed every word. He’d started opening up about his time in the guerrilla army in his homeland recently. He had felt safe enough to tell me at last.

“It is, my love. With you, it is.”

Epilogue

Beryl

“Doing chores with you is fantastic. Phew.” I grinned up at the ceiling then turned to look at Kjartan.

My post-orgasmic bliss was mirrored on his face. He grinned at me, both tusks on display.

Oh, my beautiful man.

I rolled around on the sheets we had put on the bed before we got...sidetracked. I groaned like an eighty-year-old and snuggled into his sweaty chest.

“Are you alright, Vindur?” Kjartan asked, cuddling me closer and resting his hand on my naked hip. “Did I fuck you too hard?”

“Never.”

He kissed the top of my head.

“Good, because that was so hot I want to repeat it before we have lunch.”

My ass is going to be so sore.

“Where do you get your stamina from, my love?”

“I don’t know,” he purred, pulling his hands free, and nudging me on my front. “You are just so beautiful and feel so good around my cock...” His voice trailed off as he kissed and licked down my spine. “I can never get enough of how good you look with my cock in that pretty pink hole.”

Gods!

I moaned when my ass clenched and a gush of warm liquid seeped out of me.

“Mmm, remind me who this hole belongs to?”

I whimpered into the duvet.

“You.” His cockhead nudged my tender flesh when I pushed my hips back.

“That’s right. It’s mine to do with as I please. And do you know what that is?”

“No.” The breath got stuck in my throat when he slid his dick back into me.

“I want to spread those cheeks”—he did just that—“and fuck you into the mattress until you scream my name.” Kjartan sank into my cum-slicked hole in one deep slide.

He buried his face in my neck and let out a low whine.

“Not if you scream mine first,” I gasped.

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Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 8:40 am

I loved that my brat came out when he was balls deep in me.

He moaned my name and gripped a fistful of my hair so he could tilt my head back to suck on my neck.

My sweet Orc never let me goad him. I loved that about him, too.

With a murmured ‘gladly’ he pulled almost all the way out before sinking back into me.

Nope, me first.

“K—”

He clamped his hand over my mouth.

“Let me give you a reason to scream it.”

With a gentle kiss on my temple, he drew out and began to fuck me so deep I felt it in my bones.

His thighs slapped my cheeks, his strained grunts fanning over my skin.

So fucking full.

“Yes, Vindur?” he asked, pumping his cock and tilting his hips until he bumped into my spot. Pleasure zapped my body, and he withdrew his hand.

I gulped a few mouthfuls of fresh air. He hit my prostate again. And again. And again.

“Oh fuck! Kjartan!”

He maintained the angle and drove me out of my fucking mind.

My cum drenched the fresh sheets under me as I sobbed on his length.

“Breed me, come on, Kjartan!”

It took him only a few more thrusts before he stilled in me, tusks grazing my shoulder as he filled my hole.

A warm body draped over me like a blanket, lips peppering my face with kisses.

“I love you, Bee.”

“I love you, but I’ll be so sore when I meet Struan to discuss the renovations.”

“You can soak in the tub after lunch.” He gave me a pouty, apologetic smile. “And maybe after dinner, too.” The pout turned into that lip biting thing he did with his left tusk. The one that always drove me feral.

“Vindur,” Kjartan gasped when I clenched around him. “You are insatiable, my sweet Sylph.” He bucked his hips against my ass, his invading length hardening and stretching me. “But you know I am ravenous when it comes to you, don’t you?”

Where did you pick up all that gravel, sweetheart?

“Fuck, yes, I do. But damn it, I will be so sore on Monday.” I giggled, hissing when

my muscles tightened around him.

“You take me so well, Vindur. We’ll deal with that matter together.”

“Are you going to carry me around for the meeting?” I quipped. See? It’s his balls slapping my cheeks that turns me into a brat.

“Mmm, you know how much I enjoy that. Especially when I have you against a wall.” He took up the slow pumping, the one that felt like he was making love to my soul, not just my body.

Damn. I pushed aside the discomfort I would be in and focused on what that man did to me.

Let that be future Bee’s problem.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 8:40 am

Present Bee revelled in the sweet little nothings he whispered in my ear, the deep slide of his thick cock, and the sweat slicking the skin between our bodies.

“You make me lose my mind, Vindur.” He whispered something in Suitian I didn’t quite understand, then sped up.

“Get up on your knees,” Kjartan growled, dragging my ass up. He held onto my shoulders as he fucking pounded my ass, coming in under five minutes and sinking his tusks into my shoulder.

“Oh my God,” I whimpered through the mate bite. It triggered another climax, ruining the fresh sheets even more.

“You know lunch sounds like a great idea, babe,” I sighed as we lay in the puddle of our combined releases, the sweat drying on our bodies, and holding hands. The one with the missing finger joint had stopped being a point of insecurity for him several weeks ago. “But you might have to bring it back to bed.”

“Oh no. You have a shower, and I’ll snuggle you up on the couch with your favourite blanket. You can eat there. And afterwards I can eat you.”

I snorted. “You have a lot of trust in my ability to stay awake after being marathon fucked and getting a home cooked meal from my hot boyfriend.”

“I’ll wait until you are awake again.”

“Or we’ll finally try somnophilia.”

“Didn’t you just tell me you would be too sore and tired?” Kjartan got up, his soft dick slapping the top of his thigh.

I licked my lips. “I lied.”

Kjartan winked at me as he swaggered into the bathroom to clean up.

So freaking sore.

But I’d be fine discussing the layout of Breeze & Beans with Struan. Maybe I could bring a pillow and sit down somewhere. I’d be fine. As long as he kept loving me like that I certainly would.

THE END