



# Glory Troll (Fangs on Ice)

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**Category:** Dark Erotica

**Description:** OLIVER

Falling in love—let alone at first sight—is much more my baby brothers style than mine. True, I adore romance novels, but that doesn't mean I want to trade my fantasy world or my sanity for the real thing.

When a bus load of hunky men arrive at Lone Fox Distillery, my resolve is tested by one green skinned beefcake. Bo August Persson wastes no time to flirt with me but he can't possibly be serious when he calls me pretty and perfect, can he? I'm just me, and mixing work and love has never worked before. Why should this time be different?

BO

I never took my grandmother's tales of true mates seriously, but when we step off the bus on the first day of our training camp in Scotland, and I meet Oliver Bright for the first time, I am prepared to believe every single word she said.

He pulls me in and I want to revolve around him as if I was a planet orbiting around the centre of my universe. Yet with our lives designed to keep us apart, our love story seems doomed from the start. That all this was just a pastime for him seems ridiculous when he flies to Bavaria for a week to be with me. The question is: will we find a way to make this work, or did we get a taste of true love only for life to tear us apart again?

**Total Pages (Source):** 27

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

One

Ollie

“Is everything ready for the hockey dudes?” Maddie asked as she approached me behind the counter in the cosy entrance hall. Her large red poodle, who followed her like a shadow, trotted over to get scratches. I hadn’t been over the moon over the idea of having a dog on the estate—the dirt, barking, and poop!—but it was impossible not to fall in love with Madigan.

“We are ready, boss.” Winking at her, I bent over to pat the dog’s head.

“You know I don’t like—”

“When I call you boss, but you are, Mrs Hall.” I straightened up, winking at her as I righted my jacket. Maddie knew I was just teasing. She had taken the position at Lone Fox Distillery only a few months ago, and was doing an amazing job.

Why not call her my boss if that’s what she is?

She bit her lip to stifle a grin. “God, this will never get old.”

Before I could answer, a bus pulled up in front of our restaurant.

Let the games begin.

A man in his late forties exited it, followed by about two dozen hunky guys. They

crowded around the guy who I supposed was their coach, then marched over to the guest house.

“I’ll take Madigan to Fitz. I’ll be back soon!” Slapping a hand to her thigh, she led the dog out of the foyer to the back door. And I braced myself for the oncoming flood of beefy men.

“Hello and welcome to Lone Fox Distillery. My name is Oliver Bright. I am the manager, and here to assist you in any way possible,” I greeted them, a professional smile on my face.

“Hello, my name is Eduard Jerke.” Oh . I’d wondered how to pronounce his name properly. Yer-kay. Glad to know it wasn’t Jerky, and that I hadn’t addressed him first.

“It’s our pleasure, sir, to welcome you and the Veitsreuth Pumas at Hall estate. We hope you will enjoy your stay with us.”

“Oh, we will.” An American guy with tousled dark hair, who stood beside his coach, smiled at me. “Nate Decker, good to meet you.” He held out a broad hand for me to shake.

“And you, Mr Decker.”

“Just call me Decks, everybody does.”

“Liar. Vee calls you frat boy, doesn’t he?” They all laughed, even the good looking American before me. I turned my head to see who had spoken, and my gaze landed on...

Wow .

A green-skinned Mount Everest of a man with the thickest biceps I had ever seen, long blond hair, and a brutish but attractive face approached the counter.

“Hi, I’m Bo.” Grinning widely and exposing bright white fangs. He held out his massive hand, and I shook it automatically.

“Ollie,” I replied, completely fucking stunned.

Bo August Persson. I’d learned all their names by heart but hadn’t expected...this gorgeous specimen.

“Right.” Trying to clear my head, I reached for the list I’d printed out. This, too, I knew by heart, but I couldn’t afford to make mistakes.

I was halfway through handing out the keys when it was Decks’ turn. They all thanked me, trotted out to grab their bags the bus driver had unloaded in the meantime, then made their way upstairs.

Mister Jerky has his boys well trained.

Bo Persson was one of the last to collect his key.

“Thank you, Ollie,” he rumbled with a smile on his bloody perfect lips. It surely was illegal in at least fifty countries on the planet to be this stunning.

When he returned, everyone else had left already. Bo slowly made his way over to the counter, leaned against it, and looked out of one of the tall windows framed with green velvet curtains.

“It’s really pretty here,” he said. His English was almost perfect, with the cutest tiny Scandinavian lilt.

So rude.

In my thirty-two years, I'd never caught feelings like that before. Instantaneous. Intense. Igniting. This was much more Noah's style than mine, and yet I stared at this Scandinavian hockey god like a darned teenager.

"It is." But bloody hell if you aren't the prettiest thing around here. I gave him a hopefully professional smile.

"We have a few days off during our camp. I can't wait to explore the area."

The area? Like, my bed?

"If you need an overview of POIs, maps, or any information, I'll be delighted to help you."

"POIs?" He cocked his eyebrows at me.

"Points of interest," I explained.

"Oh yes, I'm definitely interested in detailed information on the points of interest." His eyes dragged down my body, and he had the audacity to bite his lip. "Thank you, Ollie." With a tiny wink, he pushed away from the counter, took his bag in hand, and left for the stairs.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Two

Bo

I had grown up with my grandmother's stories about our kind. Troll lore was rich, funny, occasionally brutal, and fascinating. And it was full of talk about the mate bond. Trolls mated once and for life.

The way our magic supposedly worked had never ceased to amaze me, but until this very moment I had thought they were mostly just nice stories you told children at bedtime. My grandmother had tried her best to make me believe in love, and I had. Sort of . But I didn't think it was for me.

Then I had set eyes on the pretty human man with his warm scent, full beard, and elegant hands. And I knew. It's him. My soul recognised him as my mate, as the other half of my heart, as my grandmother had called it.

And fuck if the rest of me didn't recognise him, too. I woke to him, every cell in my body aware of his presence, his nearness, and full of the urge to touch him. I wanted to learn everything there was to know about Oliver Bright.

Turning my back on him sucked, but knowing that his gaze hung on my ass as I made my way upstairs made me feel marginally better.

My room was a minimalist space with cosy touches that reminded me of my flat in Veitsreuth. Once I had unpacked my clothes, I wanted to go exploring for a bit before we headed to lunch and then had our first mental and leadership session this

afternoon.

Coach Jerke had been so stoked about the chance to train at the state-of-the-art facility Blue Kraken built near a village twenty minutes from Lone Fox Distillery. They were a Scottish hockey charity run by two former pro players.

They selected us, one of Germany's best teams, to host our training camp there. The kids the charity supported would join us for three days near the end of the month. This was an experience we were all looking forward to.

I left everything behind and just took my keys. I'd send my sister a few pictures later, or maybe call her, but I needed some vitamin S first. As soon as we arrived on the estate, I'd spotted a small forest behind the cluster of buildings...Skogen, the forest, always called my name.

I arrived back downstairs to find the guest house's hall deserted, and I felt my lips pull into a pout. Shame . I would have loved to see him again, and again, and again. Preferably as he was coming undone around me.

Damn. Since when are you just thinking with your dick, Bo?

I followed the path toward the forest, glad no one of my team was around. When I sorted through my feelings, I was best left alone.

The asphalt soon changed into a deer path that led me along a bubbling stream through the trees. They bowed over my head like old friends greeting me back in their midst.

We Forest Trolls might have adapted to modern life, but our roots lay here, covered by Milky Fairy Moss, and buried deep in the soft earth. I pulled off my smart boots and socks, depositing them on the side of the path so I could pick them up on my way

back, rolled my trousers up to my knees and waded through the stream.

Pine needles soon clung to my wet toes as I wove through the woods. This is where I belong.

Not long after that, I came to a little clearing; the ground covered in dark green moss dotted all over with tiny white flowers. I lay down, staring at the patch of sky framed by the treetops, and let everything my grandmother had ever told me come forth like the animals did. The bugs and worms I knew were there, the birds going about their business, entirely unbothered by me. They know I would never hurt them. And even a deer passing by the clearing without sparing me a glance.

With my batteries charged and feeling way more grounded, I got up after about an hour, and cut back through the trees until I reached the stream. I was about to wade back through it when I spotted something else nestled against one of the tree trunks. Tiny mushrooms with purple caps. Wood Blewits...here, of all places?

If that wasn't a good omen, then I didn't know what was. I picked a few, careful not to destroy the mycelium so they would just grow again and replace the ones I'd taken.

They would dry nicely and who knew...perhaps I'd find a use for them during my time here.

Let's hope so.

I ran into Nate, Guns, and Max on the way back up to my room. Good on them for taking our rookie under their wing. He still looked like a fledgling, but under Coach Jerke's training plan, I knew he would fill out soon enough. I'd seen him skate only once so far, but the kid had potential.

"Hey Bo, where were you? We knocked on your door. We thought you were

napping.”

Out of the corners of my eyes, I spotted Ollie at the front desk, pretending to sort papers. Does he realise I can see he isn't moving at all?

“I needed some Waldbaden,” I explained with a grin. Vee had introduced us to it recently. They had built a huge wooden bathtub in the woods right behind Nate and his cabin, where you could indulge in some forest therapy. “I kept my clothes on, though,” I added, remembering our last session. They had invited us to the grand opening of their newly added sauna. We had celebrated with beer and barbecue, and spent most of our time naked. I'd been the happiest Swede in Bavaria.

The soft choking noise from the front desk made it almost impossible for me to keep my composure and not check him out. He quickly masked it with a cough and noisily shuffled his papers around.

“Oh, I bet the animals wouldn't have minded seeing some Troll dick,” Nate added conversationally. Did he notice anything?

I said nothing, just bumped my fist to his shoulder and let them pass first so I could ascend the stairs. Before I went up, though, I turned at Ollie, who was watching me, and gave him a little smile. He blushed, but returned it.

Now I just need to figure out how I can make him mine.

My sister picked up on the second ring.

“Bo August, it's been two weeks!”

I snorted. She always called me Bo August when she was pretending to be mad. It was the Bo August Persson I needed to watch out for. That would mean she was

seething. “It’s good to hear your voice, too. How are you?”

She launched into a quick summary of her last two weeks, about the kids who had finished school for the summer, and that they hoped uncle Bo would come visit them soon, or that maybe they could come to Bavaria. “They miss you.”

“When we’re back from Scotland, I think I can visit for a bit,” I told her. I missed my niece and my nephew, too.

“How is Scotland? Rainy?”

“Surprisingly nice. Apparently, the climate has been changing over the past years. Jerke told us on the drive here,” I explained.

She took this as an excuse to rant about the changing weather and tourism. My sister was part of the Scandinavian Creature Council, where she served as the representative of the Swedish Forest Troll delegation.

“Signe?” I cut in when she was trying to catch her breath after her rant. “Do you remember what Mormor always told us? About fate and meeting your mate?”

“Yes, I do.” My sister chuckled. “She loved these old stories. Why are you asking?”

“I think I’ve met them.”

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Three

Ollie

“Good morning, Oliver.” His low, purring voice travelled through me and straight down into my balls.

Bloody hell.

“Mr Persson,” I greeted him, trying to ignore the buff guy leaning on the counter and at least keep an air of professional distance. They had just returned from their morning run and had all been dressed in unfairly tight functional gear and deliciously sweaty as they headed past me to take showers.

Persson’s blond hair was still wet and his green skin gleamed as if he had a ten-step skincare routine behind him. He had amazing skin, so soft and—

“Bo.” I paused in the middle of unclipping the stack of forms and straightening them and looked up. “It’s Bo. Please,” he added, a small smile pulling at the corner of his plush lips.

God, he’s so pretty.

“Ollie,” I muttered when I’d checked the lobby was empty except for us. “What can I do for you, Bo?”

“I would like to ask you something...personal.” When I met the man’s eyes, the small

smirk had fully formed on his mouth.

Would his fangs hurt when he kissed me?

“I don’t think that is a good idea,” I mumbled, returning to the papers and straightening them yet again.

“Why not?” He cocked his head at me.

Seriously?

“Well, this is my workplace, and it’s unprofessional to mix the two.” Like with Arden. Let him decide what other thing I’m talking about.

Expression slightly crestfallen, he stepped a little closer and brushed my arm with his fingers.

Violent goosebumps spread from the place where he touched me down my spine. The counter was still between us, but I had the urge to step further away. And I couldn’t help but notice just how bloody tall he was.

“I am sorry for making you uncomfortable, Ollie.” It was he who stepped back now, a sad purse of his lips the only sign of his disappointment.

“It’s okay, you didn’t.”

What was it you wanted to ask me?

“I... See you later.” He raised his hand in farewell and slouched towards the door, head pulled between his shoulders.

You bloody fool , I berated myself as I watched him go. He looked genuinely put out, and I...I wished I could rewind time and give him a different answer.

Not that I had no interest. God, how could I not? I didn't even think Fitz would have minded if I'd been friendly with our guests. He married our marketing manager, for Goodness' sake, but then again...

It was best to keep my distance from him. As much as that sucked. I had once crossed the border and had been burned so badly I still felt it.

After the checkout, I got some paperwork done in my office. I loved that place. Fitz had added it to the last unused barn that housed a staff room, my office, and a few rooms for workshops on the upper level.

The window looked out over the rose garden his grandmother had planted. Ilwyn Hall had opened it to the public only recently. Thanks to Maddie's marketing genius, the Breanna Hall Rose Garden already attracted visitors from all over the country and...

Oh, come on.

A huge green man trudged past the window and deeper into the garden, both hands digging into his hoodie pockets, head bowed. He settled on a bench by the pond and was in full view of my desk, elbows resting on his spread knees, and his gaze fixed on his hands.

God, he looks upset.

Making up my mind in an instant, I grabbed my jacket and went outside.

I wanted to make things right with Bo. And I knew he wasn't acting to get me to give in. Again, like Arden.

“Are you enjoying the rose garden, Mr Persson?” I asked him, looking around the walled-in small park. I had stopped three feet before the bench and kept my hands hidden in my pockets so I wouldn’t be tempted to touch him.

That shite just happened to me. Every single time I talked to someone I found interesting, I kept randomly grabbing them.

“I do. It’s lovely here. Why don’t you sit down if you have a moment? Take a break?”

I hesitated, but took a seat next to him. It won’t hurt to talk to him for a while, will it? He’s not Arden.

“And it’s Bo,” he said again, smiling over at me.

Slowly, I relaxed, knowing nobody could see us unless they came down that path.

He said nothing for a long moment, and I was content with inspecting his hand as it rested on top of his massive thigh. Broad, beautiful fingers with short nails, the one on his ring finger a little chipped.

How would they feel holding onto my hair when he—

“Sorry for earlier,” Bo murmured into his beard.

“What for?”

Our eyes met and if my life were a movie, an angels’ choir would have sung Hallelujah. The earth stopped spinning, and my world shrunk to just him and me.

Oh God, no.

Bo's smile softened as he looked me straight in the eyes. "There you are," he muttered.

Still, I stared at him like an idiot, unable to say anything.

"I just wanted to tell you I have a day off soon, and I wondered if you would like to show me around a bit."

"Just so I understand correctly what you mean by that. Are you suggesting we go on a date, or for me to be your tour guide?"

Holy moly. Since when am I this blunt?

Bo grinned, a boyish, cheerful grin that made him look way younger than usual.

"How about you take me on a tour for a date?"

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Four

Bo

We started our training sessions at the Blue Kraken Stadium the next day. The rink was a state-of-the-art facility on the outskirts of a tiny village.

“It looks like someone dropped a giant puck in the middle of nowhere.” Arne snorted as he leaned past Max to peer out at the futuristic building. Entirely made of metal and glass, it glinted in the sparse sunlight.

“We’ll meet the founders of the charity quickly. They want to welcome you to the rink.” Jerke huffed as if it was the weirdest thing he’d ever heard.

“Good morning, and welcome to Blue Kraken stadium. My name is Joe Gillespie, and this is one of our charity’s co-founders, Ian Knox. We are so delighted to have you with us as the first team to hold their training camp at our facility.” His ever weaving tentacles kind of did my head in. “You will meet quite a few of our sponsors at tonight’s get-together. For now, I want to take a moment to introduce you to Callum Castaneda. Cal is one of our volunteers who has been working with the kids in Kirkmuir for nearly a year.”

A broad-shouldered, attractive human who had his backside planted on one table pushed up against the wall, raised a hand and waved at us. I bet his dimples were cause for heartache all around.

Yet my thoughts strayed back to Oliver Bright.

Gods, I had no idea what it was about him that made my heart flutter like a frantic bird. And that made me want to strip him naked and douse him in mating hormones until he begged for my dick.

After training, we returned to the estate, where we had a few minutes to change before we got to finish our day with our first yoga class. Jerke had jumped at the opportunity, and we were all excited to see if it helped us get more flexible. I hoped he would add that to our routine back home.

We could all do with a bit more quiet time and something to balance out the time we all spent in the gym.

As we all lay on our backs, drenched in sweat yet again after a surprisingly tough class, I reflected on my first yoga experience.

I was sure it could have been exactly the relaxing hour I had expected if it hadn't been Ollie's brother who had led the class. They looked similar enough to distract me.

"All right, team!" Jerke clapped his hands once the last notes of the singing bowl had faded away. "Let's get cleaned up and I'll see you in the restaurant in thirty minutes." With a sharp nod to our instructor, he left the room.

A grinning Decks caught my eye. "Thirty minutes sharp, Persson!"

"Not a second later, Decks," I snorted as we milled through the door.

"Do we get any punishment if we are too late?" Max, our new kid, enquired.

"Yes, extra hours at the gym." Arne laughed and flung an arm around Max's shoulders to squeeze him to his side. He ruffled his feathers when our captain let go,

looking flustered. Well, as the new guy, you had to go through a bit of teasing.

“He’s just pulling your leg, Raven. No punishment unless you’re trying to be an asshole. Coach is allergic to that, as are we.”

Max turned around, throwing Nate a thankful smile. “Okay. Do we need to wear a tie?”

Arne gave him a funny look at that. “Yeah, we do.”

What the heck is his problem?

In my room I showered, getting in a quick wanking session, during which I was definitely not thinking about Ollie Bright. Nope. Not at all.

Then I got dressed in the bespoke suits we all had, the dark grey fabric whispered over my legs, making me horny again.

It was too late to get myself off. This will have to wait until after the party.

The lederhosen we had for official occasions in Veitsreuth would have been better suited to the job of keeping me contained. I wrestled my cock inside the trousers with a sigh, thankful for the jacket that somewhat obscured the bulge.

With three minutes left on the clock, I arrived in the restaurant at the same time as Decks and a curly-haired guy in a black suit that hugged his broad shoulders effortlessly.

“Callum, hi!”

He turned, his face splitting into a wide, blinding smile. “Bo, Nate,” he greeted us,

offering his hand to shake. “How’s it going?”

Wow, he remembers our names.

And he was unfairly attractive with his soft dark blond curls, green eyes lined with eyeliner, and a snug white T-shirt under his fitted suit jacket.

Decks exchanged a few words with him, and I completely spaced out when I spotted a familiar face across the room.

The world stopped in its tracks. All sound and sensation fading away as he held my gaze on his. Across the entire room, in the middle of the chaos of the party, Oliver held me.

I allowed myself the tiniest hint of a smile that he— oh Gods have mercy on me—returned with a half smirk that made me fear for these stupidly expensive trousers.

His jaw twitched as if he was trying to suppress a full on dirty grin. Does he know how hard he makes me?

Pursing his lips, he turned around to talk to his boss, who had just approached him, thankfully oblivious to our flirting.

We were still hovering in the entrance, blocking most of the door. Before I could alert Decks and Callum, who apparently had recognised each other as ‘bros’, to step aside, a car pulled up to the building.

A heavily tattooed Kraken got out of it, talking briefly with the driver, before making his way to where we stood.

Gilliatt Clark was a huge thing. His face covered billboards all over the world, and I

could see why. I smelled the rough sex oozing from him from ten metres away.

Callum next to me stiffened and turned his back resolutely on the man, who stopped briefly and introduced himself.

Weird.

Clark's hand was covered in little bumps, suction cups, I realised after a moment. He was in a plain white dress shirt with half the buttons undone, which somehow worked for him.

That man could wear a potato sack and he would look like a million coppers.

"It's a pleasure to meet you," he told me in his deep, rumbling voice that sounded like waves rolling in the distance.

"Bo Persson, the pleasure is mine, Mr Clark."

"Oh please, call me Gill." He turned to Decks, before excusing himself and weaving further into the room, only to stop next to Callum.

"It's good to see you, Callum." When he didn't reply and kept his eyes resolutely averted, Gill nodded curtly and left.

Decks caught my eye briefly as if to say 'What the fuck?', but said nothing about it and followed a distracted Callum into the restaurant.

Ollie was nowhere in sight, so I trudged through the crowd to the far end of the long table where the other guys had found seats.

He came back into the restaurant though and I kept my eyes trained on him during

almost the entire speech, when Joe Gillespie introduced Blue Kraken's sponsors. APEX Predator Clothing sounded intriguing, and I made a mental note to check out their flagship store when we'd be in Kirkmuir. One of the owners was present, a magnificent Lion man with a salt-and-pepper mane and a sick body.

An Orc model, Rafe Nielsson, briefly got up and waved at the room, and Gilliatt Clark was introduced as the third co-founder of the charity.

Blue Kraken...of course...

At the mention of him, I saw Callum's head snap around to look at the man, who wore a modest mask throughout Joe's gushing speech about how Gilliatt had been donating what sounded like his entire fortune to the charity.

I didn't linger. Ollie demanded my attention. The longer I stared, the more his face flushed. I'm making him nervous.

I barely even noticed how amazing the food was, over shooting him coveted glances and hanging on his tongue wetting his lips, on his hand rasping over his neck, and on the finger he slipped under his collar to loosen his tie.

We talked a bit about this and that, but most of our team seemed distracted. What's wrong with the others? Decks and Guns, our goalie, kept looking at their phones under the table. Max seemed completely out of it despite having had nothing but water all night, and Arne spaced out the entire time.

It was a relief when we finally got up and moved around. The APEX guy, who introduced himself as Sadeeq, struck up a conversation about a possible endorsement deal for their brand, and suggested I drop by their headquarters when in Kirkmuir.

"Are you looking to replace me?" the Orc laughed from behind us.

“Rafe!” Sadeeq hugged the man, before introducing us.

“Have you met Bo? He plays for the Veitsreuth Pumas.”

“Not yet.” He smiled, a little flirty, then gave me a quick once-over and grasped my hand. “Rafe, it’s good to meet you.”

“ And you ,” I told him in my rudimentary Suitian, his native language.

“ Oh, you speak it? ” A light shone in his eyes, the kind that would turn heads wherever he went.

Sadeeq handed me his business card before excusing himself, but Rafe took little notice.

“ A bit ,” I admitted, before switching back to English. “Back in high school, I read everything I could find on Tír Suaite, and the best sources were in Suitian. I picked up a few things.”

“ That’s amazing. I left the island as a small child, but my parents made sure I learned the language .”

He was using easy vocabulary, so I could follow, but I could tell he loved having a chance to speak his native tongue.

We talked about his job and mine.

“You know, I still don’t believe anyone would pay for images of my face, but there you are.” He grinned, tusks and long, dark hair gleaming in the candlelight. “It’s super important for me to give back. We have everything we need, but not everyone is that lucky.”

I made a non-committal sound, feeling a little ashamed of myself. I tried to donate here and there, but had never looked into it properly. I would, though. As soon as we were back in Germany.

Rafe took his leave after a bit, spotting Gill, a colleague of his, and I added another business card to my little stack.

“Good turnout?” Callum appeared at my shoulder, a glass of whisky in hand and half-smiling up at me. The man wasn’t tiny, perhaps half a head taller than Ollie, but I dwarfed most of the guests.

“Can’t complain.” I grinned, grabbing a glass from a passing server’s tray and toasting him with it. “Gods, that stuff is amazing.”

“Hall surely knows how to make whisky.” He grinned in return and took another sip.

“Are you enjoying the night?”

Callum hummed. “It’s all right.” Before I could make up my mind if I had the balls to ask about what the deal was with Gill and him, my coach’s voice interrupted us from right behind me.

“All right, team.” Jerke clapped loudly, giving us all a stern look. “Let’s get back to our rooms, so we are all fit for training tomorrow.” Yes, daddy .

“Bedtime,” I told Cal with a grin, shaking his hand goodbye before I was off with the rest of the guys.

Then I spotted Ollie near the door to the barn that housed the yoga studio.

“I’ll be right behind you. I need to talk to the manager real quick. My shower head is

leaking.” I came up with an excuse on the spot.

Decks nodded. “Night, Bo. See you tomorrow.”

“Yeah, night,” the Raven added. The rest mumbled their goodnights, and I waited until they had disappeared, before I strode over to him. He hadn’t moved a muscle, but had kept watching me.

“Good evening, Ollie. Can I have a quick word?” My face spread into a wide smile that I stood no chance of stopping.

“Sure.” He fought harder. Don’t worry, ?lskling, I’ll get a smile for my collection. Give me a few minutes.

“Did you have a good evening?”

“Is that what you want to talk to me about?” he asked, raising an eyebrow, and giving me a half smile. Not good enough.

I hummed, taking half a step nearer, and enjoyed seeing his face tilt up at me and a little shiver travelling through him. “There’s nothing I don’t want to talk to you about.”

“The shower head,” he squeaked.

“It’s leaking, and it’s making it really hard for me to sleep,” I told him silkily.

He swallowed, his exposed throat bobbing. Gods, you are making this exceptionally hard, Mr Bright.

“Maybe I should have a look at it.” He swallowed. “Tomorrow.”

I pressed my lips together, but it was no good. Grinning down at him, I gave him a feral look, with my exposed fangs on display. “Oh, you can have a look at my leaking head whenever you like, Ollie.” I chuckled. This was too much fun, and the flush on his cheeks and his fluttering eyelids told me he enjoyed it, too.

“Are we still talking about your shower, Mr Persson?”

“Mm, don’t get me started on my shower and what I would like to...discuss with you in this regard.” His tongue coming out to trail over his bottom lip made my eyes zoom in on his mouth.

Gods...I needed to lean in only a little and I could...

“Not here,” he breathed. “Although if you keep talking like that, I’ll crack and will let you kiss me.”

“Well, if that’s all it takes for you to let me kiss you, I’ll start flirting even more.” Ollie gave me a tormented look that made me grin wider, and, reluctantly, it seemed, he joined in.

There we go. That’s my good boy.

Digging out my keys, I half turned. “I suggest we discuss the shower another day, but I have Sunday off. How about we explore the first point of interest together?”

His eyes met mine, something unreadable in them. “Let’s leave at ten.”

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Five

Ollie

We are the most idiotic people on the entire planet.

It was hard to see us as anything else when I picked Bo up from the bus stop down the road from Lone Fox on the following Sunday, so nobody would see us getting into a car together.

“Sorry for this,” I told him for the fifth time, still cringing with embarrassment at our stupid ruse.

“It was both our idea, Oliver. Please stop apologising,” Bo told me in a gentle voice. “Thank you for doing this,” he added. “Spending the day with me.”

“Of course. I’m sure you will like Port Cillean. It’s a beautiful seaside town.”

“I will like it,” he said, still in that gentle voice. “You could take me to a...what’s the word...dump?”

“Yeah, a dump,” I snorted.

“I would still enjoy it if you were there with me.”

I met his eyes for a heartbeat before fixing my gaze back on the road, blushing crimson, and clearing my throat.

What am I supposed to say to that, Bo?

“Any idea what you want to do?”

He laughed a soft laugh that slid down my spine like a warm shower. “Don’t ask me this, Oliver. I will make you embarrassed.”

Shit. The flush on my cheeks darkened even more. I knew exactly what he meant. His offensive flirting slightly overwhelmed me.

“I want to see what you like best about this town. And maybe the sea.”

“That we can do.”

You couldn’t escape the sea. Whenever you turned a corner in Port Cilleán, the view jumped out at you. It was wild and beautiful, just like the man next to me. There was no way I wouldn’t take him down to the sea, perhaps take a leaf out of Noah’s book and snap a picture of him on the beach.

But what did I like best about Port Cilleán? Not the harbour where you often saw rats or, if you were super unlucky, Redcaps. They were nasty creatures that bit your ankles if you got too close.

“My favourite thing to do is just looking around. There are plenty of cute little shops, cafes, and restaurants. I always go book shopping, well, browsing when I’m in town,” I explained.

I loved The Page Sage, a bookshop near the harbour where I always had to force myself not to buy everything I wanted. Not that I was struggling, but without a partner or much of a support network, I held my money together.

“You read a lot ?” Bo asked, grumbling happily under his breath as he relaxed deeper into the passenger seat. “This is fantastic. Pretty countryside, a cute date, and a day off. A great combination.”

“I try to, yeah. Whenever I have the time or money.”

He called me cute.

“I see.” I felt his eyes on me and caught a hint of his smile. “I always stole my mother’s books when I was a child, but I haven’t touched a book in a while. Maybe you can recommend one to me? Later?”

“Yeah, sure.” I parked the car in a car park near Port Cillean’s centre.

“Oh my Gods, there’s the sea!” Bo almost wrenched off my car door handle in his eagerness to get out.

Goodness, he’s so bloody adorable.

“Want to go to the beach first, and then hit all the other hot spots in this fascinating town?” I joked.

The huge green man turned around to look at me, a look of wonder etched on his face.

“Oh yes, please! Can we do this?” he added, clearly unsure if it was okay for him to dictate what to do and wondering if he was allowed to have this much fun.

“Of course. We can do whatever you want.” I’d barely gotten out all the words when he dragged me into a hug, cuddling me to his chest like a child would a stuffed animal, and gave me a resounding kiss on the cheek.

“Oh Gods, sorry!” Bo laughed a booming laugh that drenched me like a warm rain after a muggy day. “I just love the seaside.”

And fool that I am, I’m falling for you.

“Let’s go, then,” I muttered, clearing my throat loudly and gesturing down the street.

I had to hurry to keep up with him, his eyes fixed on the ocean at the end of the road.

Bo let out another joyous laugh as he dashed down the stone steps leading from the street to the beach. He bent to take off his shoes, straightened and looked back at me, a wild grin on his face. The wind whipped strands of his long blond hair around his head and my world stopped spinning as I saw him in all his glory.

Bo’s smile softened, and he took a step forward, leaning down to bring his face closer to mine. “It makes my heart happy when you look at me like this.”

“Like what?” I rasped, lids fluttering when his nearness made it difficult for me to look at him.

It’s like staring into the sun.

“Like you like me.” Bo’s charming, boyish grin made his green eyes sparkle.

Before I could tell him that was because I did like him, he gave my back a little nudge and inched his chin down to the shore. “Want to go for a walk on the beach with me?”

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Six

Bo

I was way too excited to be by the seaside again, so I ran and had trouble keeping my whooping laughter in.

Ollie followed me slowly down to the shore, a reluctant grin tugging at the corners of his sinful mouth. He watched me roll up my trousers, and chuckled under his breath when I ran through the waves, splashing water and turning on the spot, brimful of joy and feeling freer than I had done in months, maybe years.

Hockey had been my whole life for the past two decades. I started playing when I was six, got discovered at eight, and busted my ass every day since. I ate only what fuelled my body to perform at its best and stayed away from anything that even had a slight chance of hurting me. Anything that might lead to me being unable to fulfil the contract I made with the Pumas.

Today, and with Ollie nearby, I had the overwhelming urge to truly feel alive in my body.

“It’s lovely to see you smile,” I told him when, at last, I was back before him, windswept and out of breath.

“I was just thinking the same thing about you. You smile often, but I’ve never seen you so relaxed. It’s nice.” He blushed a little, and everything in me screamed to hug him and kiss him into oblivion. Perhaps Ollie saw it, too, because he spun away from

me to hide his face, but I could have sworn he bit his lip as if to stop himself from jumping my bones.

You can jump them whenever you like, ?lskling.

“Shall we go exploring a bit? I want to show you the town.”

“Yeah, let’s go.” I brushed his forearm with my fingertips, and we trudged back up the stairs.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Seven

Ollie

Bo had been moments away from kissing me on the beach, and I had no idea why I hadn't just gone along with it, but turned away.

Perhaps because he's your guest, and you said you wouldn't shag on the job?

That I was desperate for him to kiss me and finally taste his lips on mine did absolutely nothing for my morale. I linked my hands behind my back to keep myself from reaching out and grabbing his hand. Yet his presence drew me like a powerful magnet attracting a shoddy piece of metal.

When we passed an ice cream parlour, Bo stopped in his tracks.

"Ollie, look! Do you think we can have ice cream?" he asked me, a hopeful gleam in his mossy green eyes.

"Of course, yeah." For a moment, I wanted to ask him why he was asking me for permission. You're an adult, Bo. You can have anything you want. Me too, if you ask nicely.

We approached the counter, Bo ducking down a little to inspect the little signs with the flavours. "Hi, what can I get you?" the server asked him in a chipper voice.

"Uh, hi, can I have two scoops of mint chocolate chip, please?"

She nodded, shovelling two massive scoops of the green ice cream with dark chocolate chips into his cone and popping it in the little holder. Then she turned to me.

“And for you?”

“Raspberry, just one scoop, and can I get some sprinkles, please?”

“You’re gonna have whipped cream, too?” Bo gave me a cheeky side-eye glance.

“I don’t like that kind of whipped cream,” I shot back.

Oh my God, where did that come from?

Bo stared at me for a moment, before throwing his head back and laughing his ass off. “Nice one, ?lskling. Do you want me to ask what kind of whipped cream you would prefer?” he asked under his breath, still laughing as he accepted his ice cream, and handed the server a twenty crown bill, indicating that it was okay and tipping her about a hundred percent.

He didn’t flounder about the fact that he had more than enough money, but was one of the most generous people I had ever met. I liked that.

We wandered past the dozens of tiny shops lining the long high street of Port Cillean, munching our treats.

“The Page Sage is just down this street.” I pointed down one of the smaller alleys. “It’s okay if you don’t want to go there. We can just walk on.”

“What? No, that’s the book shop you told me about, right? Of course, we need to go in. You said you loved reading.”

Please stop being this bloody adorable already?!

I hadn't been in relationships with many people—and no, this totally wasn't even close to one—but not one of my previous partners had ever taken my love for reading seriously. Had they called it a dorky hobby? Yes. Had they made me feel like shit for spending so much time in fictional worlds and 'not even reading anything substantial'? You bet.

“Okay,” I mumbled, stuffing the rest of my cone into my mouth and wiping my hands on a tissue, before we entered the bookshop.

God, I loved the smell of new books paired with the lingering scent of coffee.

“Welcome to The Page Sage,” Ruby, the owner, greeted us. Her bright eyes hung briefly on Bo, then lit up even more when she recognised me. “Hi Ollie, it's good to see you again. How are you?”

“Oh, I'm good. How are you? It's good to see you, too. Bo, this is Ruby, she owns the shop.”

He gave her a little wave. Professional hockey dude Bo August Persson, looking momentarily shy and apprehensive, was the cutest thing I had ever seen.

“Hey! It's great to have you here. It's your first time, right?”

“Yes,” he rumbled, running a broad hand through his long, dirty blond tangles.

“Sorry, it makes me so happy to have new customers here. If you need anything, I'll be happy to help, yeah? But I think Ollie can show you the ropes.” Ruby winked. “Want a cup of coffee?”

“Yes, thanks!” we both blurted out together, then locked eyes and shared a grin.

The owner huffed a little under her breath and busied herself with the coffeemaker.

“Come on, let’s see what’s new.” I led Bo to the back of the shop, trailing my hands over the rows upon rows of spines, already hating that I couldn’t take all of them home. They were made to be read, and enjoyed, not to gather dust here. “One day, babies,” I whispered, as if they could hear me.

“What’s going to happen one day, Ollie?” I stopped and turned around. Bo leaned against the side of an archway I had just passed through, the one leading to the romance section.

Fitting. He’s also amazing at the boyfriend lean. And so bloody tall.

I wandered back to where he stood, my gaze lingering on my hand, brushing over the spines. “One day I’ll take not just one or two, but a whole bunch of them home.” I was right before him when I looked up. “They’re not meant to be gathering dust on a shop shelf.”

Bo straightened and gazed at me as if he’d just spotted some ice cream clinging to my face.

“Pick whatever you like. My treat.”

“What?” I almost shouted before getting my voice back under control. “What?” I repeated quietly, gaping up at him, unsure if I had heard him right.

“I want to say thank you for this wonderful day, Ollie. So pick any book you like. Ten, a hundred, thousand. However many you find. Why wait until ‘one day’?”

“You can’t be serious, Bo.” I laughed it off, ready to move on, but a firm hand gripped my forearm and pulled me close to his chest. His other hand came up to cup my cheek, thumb trailing my cheekbone.

“Dead serious,” he rasped, inhaling a deep breath, and softly brushed the pad of his thumb across my bottom lip. “I want you to be my good boy and take a good look around. And then I want you to let me buy you every single book you fancy.”

His good boy.

I had no idea why my eyelids were so hard to keep from fluttering shut. The stubborn fuckers closed over my eyes, and the next thing I knew was Bo’s mouth was on mine.

A little gasp sounded between us as he gently coaxed my lips open, and gave me the most perfect first kiss of my life.

“Hej,” Bo whispered as we backed out of each other’s faces, an adorable smile on his lips.

Stop wooing me with your Troll magic!

Then he was back, kissing me softly on the mouth and heaving a deep sigh when he retreated. “I could kiss you all day. But right now, I want you to go crazy. Buy the entire shop, the sky’s the limit. Understood?”

“Yes, I’ll be a good boy and pick a few books. I’ll get some for you, too,” I told him with all the fake bravado I could muster. Something dark and hot clouded his eyes when I called myself a good boy.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Eight

Bo

S topping wasn't an option. Despite insisting that he should start browsing, and how desperate I was to be allowed to watch him exist in this space, seeing his eyes light up, I couldn't keep my lips off him.

Ollie slung his arms around me, plastering our bodies together, and let me indulge in his mouth.

“Your coffees are ready!” The shop keeper's voice made us both flinch apart. Then our eyes met, and we both started grinning like fools. Crossing the distance between us and failing to suppress my smile, I swiftly palmed his cheeks to get just one more kiss from this beautiful man.

“I'll get the coffee, you pick out books, okay?” I murmured against his lips.

Gods, his lids fluttered open, and I sank into his warm brown eyes, ready to stay there, to love him with everything I had. “You need to stop looking at me like that now or I'll never let you go.”

It was Ollie who kissed me this time, a fierce, bone-deep, soul-crushing onslaught on my mouth. “Grab that coffee before it gets cold.” His voice was so hoarse when he finally let go of me I was in half a mind to take him against the wall of shelves next to me. “Also, I'm looking at you funny?” he asked, cocking an eyebrow at me.

“Not funny. Like you want to eat me whole.”

“I do apologise, Bo. I’m about to crack the worst joke of my life.” He bit his lip. “But I would verra much like for you to eat me hole,” he added in a broad Scottish accent. Pressing his lips together, he gave me a tiny wink and a peck on the cheek. Then he turned to browse the shelves, leaving me to wonder if I had understood him right and if he’d truly meant it.

I strolled back to the counter to get our coffee cups. Ruby had her lips pursed, and she grinned into her light scarf.

Shit. I bet ‘I kissed Oliver Bright’ was legible on my face from miles away.

“Thank you,” I muttered as I took the two cups.

“You’re welcome. I know it’s not my place to say,” she added in a whisper. “You two are so cute together. I hope it’s not weird, but seeing you so happy gives me hope.” She dragged her wool cardigan closer around herself and gave me a sad smile.

“There is always hope.” I didn’t bother whispering. “I never thought I could find someone so perfect as Oliver. I still think I will wake up one day and realise it was all just a dream. It will be the saddest day of my life, but at least I will have that one beautiful memory to live off.”

Ruby’s smile turned wide and soft, her ‘Aw’ almost audible.

When I returned to Ollie, he motioned to me to put the cups on the windowsill. Then he crossed the distance between us in two steps, wrapped his arms around my neck as I leaned down, and kissed me so deeply I felt it in my soul.

“Bloody hell, Bo,” he mumbled into the kiss. “If this is just a dream, I never want to

wake up.”

While scouring the shelves for books he fancied, Ollie returned to where I lounged on the floor with my back against a shelf to take frequent kissing breaks.

We left the shop with five gigantic bags full of books, and I knew he could have gotten at least as many more but held back.

Once we had deposited them in the boot of his car and he'd shut the tail-board, I pulled him into a hug. “Next time, Ollie,” I whispered, nuzzling his ear before burying my face in his hair, “I want you to not hold back.”

“Next time?” He had his face pressed into my chest and spoke into my shirt.

“Yeah. Next time.”

I held him for an age before I managed to let go. We had to make use of the time before we were back at the estate where I couldn't touch him.

Then we settled in our seats, but he didn't start the ignition.

“Can I have your number, Ollie?” I blurted out what I'd wanted to ask him ever since we'd met.

“Yes, of course.” His eyes hung on mine for a minute before he wrenched his gaze away.

“And can I use it?”

“Yeah.” Ollie huffed under his breath, palming the steering wheel with no sign that he planned to leave soon.

“What?” I asked him when he threw me a pained glance.

“I was trying not to be any more inappropriate than I already was today.”

“Inappropriate? Ouch.” I tried to make it sound like a joke but probably failed, because the next thing I knew was Ollie’s hand on my thigh. Way too high up.

“Bo, I didn’t mean that anything we did was wrong, yeah? You are a guest and I... Bloody hell, Bo, we kissed. I told you I would love it if you ate my ass.” He cringed at his own words. “And I was so close to telling you that you could use me if you wanted.”

He blushed furiously, and I needed to make use of the fact that it was just him and me one last time. Shifting in the seat, I leaned across the middle console to cup his chin.

“I want all of you, Ollie. Everything you are willing to give me, I gladly accept. I know I am a guest, but...” I ran my nose over his. “It feels like I have known you for years, not just days. You feel familiar, like—”

“Like?” he asked, inhaling a shuddering breath.

“Like home.”

Ollie stared at me for a long moment, frozen in time and space, then his lips slanted over mine in a deep kiss. He slid his hands into my hair, fingertips pressing against my scalp, and devoured my mouth. When he backed away, his cheeks were that beautiful shade of red once more. “I’ll let you do whatever you want to me, Bo.”

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Nine

Ollie

The first text arrived not even three hours after I had last seen him.

Bo: \*slides into your inbox\*

Bo: you gave me permission, I hope you meant it

Bo: or I am making a fool of myself right now

Ollie: I meant it!

Bo: I already miss you

Ollie: yes, me too

Bo: Kissing you today was amazing

Ollie: It was...

Bo: I feel stupid for wanting to tell you I can't stop thinking about you

Bo: no, not stupid. That's the wrong word

Bo: clingy? Is that a word?

Ollie: it is, but you are not clingy

Ollie: nor stupid

Ollie: I can't stop thinking about you either

Bloody hell, I was glad nobody saw me give my phone a dopey grin.

Bo: I want to...

I waited for a few minutes, but no further messages arrived.

Ollie: Yes?

Ollie: Tell me

Bo: I want to be with you, Ollie

Bo: preferably naked in a bed

I gasped into the quiet of my flat. Holy crap!

Bo: Meet me out in the grounds

Ollie: now?

Bo: Yes, do you know the clearing near the little bridge where the mushroom and the moss with the white flowers grow?

Ollie: I think so, yes

Bo: Meet me there in half an hour?

I hesitated. Being with him in Port Cillean had felt safe, but here? What if anyone saw us? But not seeing him wasn't an option. We'd spent hours together, yet it felt like I was craving the next dose of a powerful drug already.

Like an addict.

Ollie: Okay. I'll be there

He sent a heart emoji back, and I...panicked for a moment. Did I just promise to meet a Swedish hockey hunk—our guest—in the woods for...sex?

Well, I definitely wasn't opposed to getting it on with Bo Persson, but he probably just wanted to talk. Or kiss. Still...

I hastened to take my clothes off and hopped into the shower.

Nothing's going to happen, but it can't hurt to clean up. Thoroughly. Inside and out.

In fresh clothes, including one of my good pairs of boxers, I sneaked out of the side tract that housed the staff apartments. They were a little closer to the woods, thank God. It meant that I only had to cross a short distance before entering the shelter of the trees. A few mossy stone steps led down a little hill, and I followed the path next to the little burn. The water gurgled and blubbed to my left, masking my footsteps, and the frantic hammering of my pulse that felt deafening in my ears.

I had crossed the bridge when I noticed them. Fireflies blinked between the bushes, their eerie light guiding me on.

The clearing opened suddenly on my right, and I halted in my tracks, fascinated all

over again. By Bo's sheer size and beauty.

"You came," he rasped, heading across the meadow over to where I stood.

"Of course," I whispered back, still mesmerised by the scene that greeted me. At least a hundred fireflies danced in the bushes, their light illuminating the clearing and the Troll before me. Bo was barefoot, in relaxed joggers and a white shirt that hugged his muscular body almost indecently.

"Ollie, I..." My eyes left the dream-like scene to find him, and understanding passed between us. His shoulders relaxed as he took the last steps, cradled my entire head in his palms, and kissed me.

I melted into the kiss, and I knew what he'd meant earlier. He felt like home. Perhaps for the first time in my life since I had realised that my parents weren't horrible people, but also not overly interested in Noah and me, I was home.

Without overthinking it or questioning myself, I slung my arms around him. Being so much smaller than Bo, I had no hopes of moving him, so I dragged myself closer to his warmth. A low rumble travelled through his chest into me, making me vibrate in the same frequency and harden against his thighs.

With an appreciative hum, his hands left my face to roam my body. Our kiss turned sloppier when Bo's huge palms came to rest on my ass.

"Mm, Ollie," he hummed, ending on a heated little growl. "I would love to come back to the idea you had earlier."

"Which idea?" Shit, my voice sounded squeaky and slightly panicked.

"You said you would enjoy me eating you."

“I did,” I gasped, tilting my head to the side to give him access to my neck.

“Can I take your trousers off?”

I nodded. His hands left my ass to busy themselves with my flies, then my jeans dropped to the ground and I clambered out of them, toeing off my loafers too.

Bo sank to his knees at my feet, his palms coming to rest on my hips, throat bobbing as he raised his eyes to mine. “I want to look at you, ?lsking. Gods...” He drew a shuddering breath. “You are beautiful.”

I couldn’t stop myself from cupping his face, the pad of my thumb trailing his sharp cheekbone.

I gasped when Bo’s fingers slipped under my thin jumper, caressing my bare skin.

“Can I take these off, too?” he asked softly, his eyes never leaving my face as he traced the waistband of my boxers. “Please,” he whispered, pushing my jumper up a few inches and kissing the spot right over my navel.

“God, yes,” I groaned, shaking with nerves and excitement. Damn, him asking for my consent for everything he did to me was so bloody hot.

“Thank you.” Bo leaned his cheek against my stomach, watching himself take my boxers off. “Perfect,” he breathed, sliding down, but stopping just shy of my cock.

“Please, Bo. The answer is yes, please just do it.”

He smiled up at me before fisting my length and letting me slide into his mouth.

Bloody hell! My eyes rolled back in my head at the sheer beauty of his hot mouth

around me, the weight of my hard dick resting on his tongue and Bo moaning around me. His fangs pressed against my skin when he took me to the back of his throat.

It had been too long since I got any action whatsoever. Way too long judging by how close to coming I was within under five minutes of him sucking me off and letting my head hit his throat.

“Oh shit, darling, I—” I gasped, grappling with his hair. So close.

His hands gripped my hips, and he looked straight at me as he pulled off to tongue my slit and I just couldn't stop myself from coming. All over his tongue and chin, my cum dripping from his beard.

An out-of-body experience, that's what it was. I watched as if from afar Bo moaning and lapping at my cock, trying to get drunk on me.

“Your taste is my new obsession, Ollie.” He wiped his mouth with his shirt and dragging it over his head.

This was the first time I had ever seen him half naked, and goodness me...

“That little freckle there,” he murmured, rubbing his nose to my groin. “It's my favourite.”

“Sorry for not giving you a warning.” I gestured at my cock.

“Please don't apologise for finding your pleasure with me, Ollie.” Bo's pupils were blown wide, and he gave me a star struck smile. “I told you, your taste is addictive.” With a low growl, he nuzzled his face into my groin again. “As is your scent.” He hummed, then gently turned me around. “Get on your knees for me.”

His voice was hypnotic, and I followed his lead without hesitation.

“I found mushrooms in a clearing up ahead,” Bo told me in a low voice, palms caressing my ass cheeks.

“Yes, they grow here,” I muttered, distracted by his fingers giving my glutes a deep tissue massage.

“Not just any mushrooms. Wood Blewits. Do you know what they do?” He nipped my left cheek and made me jump.

“No,” I groaned, shuffling my knees around.

“They will make you so hard,” he breathed, his lips moving against the skin on my ass. “So horny, and they make the fucking so good.”

“Okay,” I whimpered, not knowing where he was going with this.

“I collected some. For you and me.”

I turned around to look at him. God, he was so bloody hot and so sexy as he kneaded my ass.

“Are they dangerous?” True, I’d never taken mushrooms before, but I was technically okay with it. They are just plants, after all.

“I would never suggest anything dangerous to you, ?lskling. Your safety is the most crucial thing to me.” He sucked my skin into his mouth, before nipping it again. “It just feels good. My kin loves mushrooms.”

Suddenly, Bo got to his feet, pulled a few tiny shrivelled nondescript mushrooms

from his pocket and pushed his slacks down to the ground.

Oh, bloody hell.

He freed his massive green cock, with ridges and a thick reddish mushroom shaped head from its fabric confinements.

Then he came up to me, prompting me to sit back on my haunches, and caressing my face for a moment.

He held one piece out to me and popped the other two into his mouth, the dark eyes fixed on mine.

“It will take a few minutes before you feel them.” Bo ran his thick thumb across my bottom lip, sighing under his breath. “You are perfect, Oliver. So pretty when you look at me like that.”

I held his gaze for a moment. Damn it, I was desperate to explore his body. To taste him and see how he looked when he came. He had asked me to come here, and not so he could show me the woods.

Fuck it. Let’s have a closer look at his wood while we wait for the shrooms to kick in.

Raising myself up to my knees, I gripped his thick, hard cock, mapping the length of it with my fingers.

“Ollie!” he moaned, swaying like a tree in high wind for a moment before he got a grip on himself again. “What are you doing?”

“Just passing the time,” I muttered, leaning forward so that my lips whispered over his sensitive head.

“I had a different plan,” Bo gasped, a fish on dry land. Or a Troll desperate for a blowjob. One of the two .

“I know. You can tell me all about it when I’m done with you.” The teasing glance I shot him from under my lashes was entirely unintentional, but, oh Gosh, seeing this enormous man coming undone by the mere idea of my mouth around him nearly ended me.

The best way to go, surely.

Bo moaned my name into the night, his cock twitching heavily and slapping my face.

“Oh Gods.” He almost doubled over, his hands curling around my cheeks to inspect for injuries.

Fuck me sideways! It was the hottest fucking thing that ever happened to me.

Sounding like a feral animal, I deep-throated him, or tried to at least, choking on his thick head with at least an inch to go. I growled with frustration and dragged my mouth off, determined to make him fit all the way inside.

My beefy Troll whimpered my name and a string of what sounded like a prayer in Swedish into the night, his head thrown back and my face still cupped gently in his hands.

Trying to relax my throat and getting the angle right, I took him deep again.

The best boy for you, darling.

“Oh Gods, ?lskling, you will make me...come...embarrassingly...fast,” he panted.

“Uh-huh.” I abandoned the idea of talking in favour of burying his head in my throat again and swallowing around him. Drool dripped from my chin, making this a sloppy, messy affair.

It’s so bloody hot.

My cock bucked, leaking rather profusely all over my thigh, and I hollowed my cheeks to suck him hard. He needed to come or I would blow before him.

With a little whimper that I recognised immediately, he lost what little control he had over himself and...

Oh fuckkk, yessss. His warm cum spilled all over my tongue and down my throat, some of it dribbling down my chin. It was so much.

“My God,” I moaned, licking first my lips, then his glistening wet cock greedily. “You taste so fucking good, darling. Blowing you will be a regular thing from now on.”

Then I realised what I was saying and felt myself flushing. “If you want that. I mean, as long as you’re here.”

Bo dropped heavily to the moss-covered ground, took my face in his hands, and gave me a delicious kiss. “I never want anyone else’s mouth anywhere near me ever again.”

With gentle hands and a sexy smile on his flushed face, Bo turned me around until I was on all fours with my ass facing him.

“And I never want my mouth on anyone but you, Ollie,” he purred, pressing a lewd kiss onto my ass. Thank God I showered.

I loved HEA as much as the next smut reader. Only this was my version of it. He Eats Ass.

He huffed a little sigh and pressed his face between my ass cheeks without warning.

“Oh shit, Bo!” My body woke to his mouth, and I urged back, trying to get more of the overwhelming feeling of his beard on my skin.

It was when he ran his tongue over my hole that my brain abandoned ship. Nobody had ever rimmed me, and I’d not known what I’d missed. No fucking idea.

It was the most vulnerable, humbling, and arousing experience of my life.

He licked and teased me open, fucked me with his ridged tongue, fangs pressing into my ass cheeks. His sloppy, slurping rim job pushed me so fucking close.

I whimpered when he retreated with me, teetering on the edge of my orgasm.

“I want to come with you,” Bo rasped. “In you, I brought condoms.”

“No, I’m tested, and haven’t been with anyone in...shit,” I huffed. “Way too long. If you want, we can...”

“Way too long sounds like we need to do something about it. We’re tested regularly. The Pumas are patrons for a lab that offers free STI testing. And I haven’t been with anyone in way too long either,” he rambled, then chuckled, before gently squeezing my ass. “Sorry, I’m a little nervous. I don’t want to disappoint you.”

“There’s no fucking scenario in which you could.”

“Oh, ?lskling,” he sighed. “Thank you for being you.”

Before I could ask him what he meant, Bo got up to his knees. “I brought lube as well.” He opened the bottle he had produced from wherever and squeezed some of it out onto his hands, I guessed, when no icy blob landed on me. Arden had always done that and I’d hated it.

I felt him lube himself up, then he got some more and after a moment, his strong fingers spread it all up and down my crack. He slipped a fingertip inside my hole, then added another. When he pulled out, I took a deep, steadying breath, not knowing what to expect. Would this monster dick hurt?

“Try to stay soft for me. I know you can take it,” he murmured, kneading my glutes and then notching his cock at my hole. “You were made to take me, Ollie.”

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Ten

Bo

Ollie shuddered under my touch, looking beautiful on his hands and knees on the springy moss covering the forest floor.

The feel of his body around my cock annihilated me. “You’re so tight, ?lskling,” I rasped, reverently stroking down his back to take hold of his hips.

“Bo!” Ollie hissed, fingers digging into the soft moss and his ass clenching around me. “You’re not helping,” he huffed, shaking his head and attempting to take deep breaths.

Planting my hand next to his on the ground, I brought my chest to his back. “Let’s switch and see how you deal with the view,” I whispered into the crook of his neck, before planting a nipping kiss on his skin. “Do you have any idea how perfect you look with my dick in your ass?”

“Do you have any idea how great it feels, Bo? And how bloody massive you are?”

“And so hard for you.” I rolled my hips cautiously against his ass. I needed to get moving, or I’d come like this. He moaned my name, again and again, as I fucked him in deep strokes, trying to get the angle right to hit his prostate.

Please come for me, ?lskling. I can’t take it anymore.

The mushrooms were starting to do their magic. I felt the familiar rush of blood down into my cock, the tingling, the frenzy.

“Oh God, fuck. Do you feel this, too? Bo?” Ollie’s voice was hoarse, low, and strained, as if he was holding on by a thread.

“I feel it. I feel everything,” I growled into his skin, rubbing my nose all over his shoulder to give him more of the mating hormones, making it easier for him to bear.

We got lost in each other, lost in time and space, bathed in the fireflies’ green glow. Sweat was dripping from our bodies, drenching the forest floor, as did our combined release as we came over and over again, grunting and snarling like wild animals. Holding each other through it.

It took over two hours for the effects to wear off. Two hours in which I lost count of how often I climaxed. It should have been physically impossible that there was any cum left in me—or him—but when had Troll magic ever abided by any law of men?

I had his back plastered to my chest, my hand wrapped around his throat, the other jerking his still hard cock.

“Give me one more. Just one more, Ollie,” I grunted, skin slapping on skin. My conscious mind knew my dick would be sore tomorrow, but the Troll did not care.

“Bo, I don’t know if I can,” he gasped, shuddering in my grasp, his animalistic moans echoing around the clearing.

“I know you can. You’ve been so good for me, baby. Just one more before we’ll get you cleaned up.” I spit into my palm, went back and jacked his dick faster.

It was a little painful, but it hurt so fucking good.

He came with a relieved sigh, knowing it was over, but—I was so sure of it—having loved every second.

I followed him over the edge, free falling until we hit the soft moss, and I curled my body around his, keeping him warm and safe in my arms.

My mate.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Eleven

Ollie

There was hardly any place on the estate Bo and I hadn't used to snog, make out, or sleep with each other. Except for my apartment.

Somehow, this last border was one I wasn't yet willing to cross. He knew where I lived, I'd told him, but letting him in? That was different.

Their stay was about halfway over, and it was surprisingly great to have guests staying for that long. We usually only got people for a couple of days, so we all hadn't been sure if it would work, but it did.

Clara, Ariaah, and SweetPea served three healthy, protein-packed meals a day, and Maddie had set up yoga lessons with my brother, while Lewis had made an entire batch of isotonic alcohol free beer so they could enjoy his art of brewing without getting wasted every night. Not that all of them objected to getting drunk.

Speaking of my brother, I had something I needed to ask him, and I knew he was probably in the yoga room setting up his lesson.

I entered the room slightly preoccupied and stopped dead, gaping at twenty-five sweaty hunks in downward dog position.

Noah's eyes turned to me, narrowing with the silent question of what the fuck I was thinking about interrupting his lesson.

“Sorry,” I mouthed, but stayed rooted to the spot, my eyes closing in on my gorgeous Troll.

Who’s the hunkiest of them all?

He was shirtless, bulging muscles covered in gleaming green skin, a sheen of wetness glinting in the morning sun. Sweat dripped from his beard and the tips of his tied up hair.

Good lord.

“Ollie!” Noah hissed from right next to me, urging me back out of the room. “What’s up? We have twenty minutes left.” My brother checked his watch, then shot me an evil grin. “I can’t wait to have them endure ten minutes of savasana.”

“It’s, uh, I...” Why on earth was I even here? All my conscious thoughts had evaporated at the sight of half-naked Bo in loose fitting shorts. “I...oh yeah. Sorry, I thought your lesson didn’t start for another half hour. Are you staying for the goodbye party? I’d like to fix the seating situation.” We still had ten days to go, but I liked to be prepared. And the more I got done now, the more time I could spend saying goodbye to Bo. As much as I dreaded it.

“Yeah, I am. That’s all?”

I nodded hastily, sneaking another glance at Bo over my brother’s shoulder and found him watching me from under his arm. “See you later. Sorry for bursting in.”

“Right, take a deep breath in,” Noah addressed the room of groaning men at large in his deep, calm yoga instructor voice and strode back to his mat, “and we transition to child pose to rest for a moment.”

His eyes landed on me again, and I finally took the hint and quietly shut the door behind me.

Oh my God. I rested my head on the wood, eyes closed as I took a deep breath and let the film of sweaty Bo replay in my mind.

They'd get back to their rooms afterwards to shower. Could I wait for him? Perhaps get a chance to take a whiff of his musk. Bloody hell.

The mere idea made me hard.

I waited in the small office in our hotel building for the team's return. Nate was on his phone. Judging by his lovey-dovey attitude and his flushed cheeks, I would have bet anything he had his partner on the line.

Bo entered with their captain, a tall, attractive Viking with grey eyes, dark hair, and scruffy cheeks.

He looked up, catching my eye and giving me a fleeting smile before pulling out his phone, typing something and hanging back. He waved Bendixen on, head bowed over the display.

Mine pinged a moment later, and I knew without looking at it who had sent it.

Bo: I love how you look at me

Ollie: How am I looking at you, Mr Persson?

I gave my phone a tiny smirk.

Bo: Like you enjoy the view

Ollie: I definitely like the view

Can I...?

Ollie: and you

I sent the message before I could second guess myself.

Bo: I suppose kissing you is out of the question, is it?

He gave his phone a cute little frown, worrying his bottom lip with a fang.

Ollie: Not here

Ollie: But I could come up in a few minutes...

Ollie: To inspect your shower, didn't you say it was leaking?

Bo: My dick is. Not sure about the shower

I gasped softly before getting myself under control, but watched Bo's shoulders tighten and his broad chest expand with a deep inhale.

Bo: come after me

Bo: I'll text you when the coast is clear

Bo: don't let me wait too long

Bo: please

With one last glance in my direction, Bo ascended the stairs to his room.

His next message came in merely two minutes later.

Bo: Help! The shower is leaking, and I need a skilled pair of hands to save me! Room 17.

I shut the laptop, got up, and hurried after him, knocking on his door only a few moments later.

“Mr Persson? It’s Oliver Bright. I—”

He almost wrenched the door off the hinges in his enthusiasm.

“Thank you for coming so quickly,” he rasped.

He had taken off his hooded zipper jacket and stood before me in a pair of tiny orange shorts with the team's logo on the leg.

“Sure, let’s see, uh...the shower, yes.”

Bo stepped aside to admit me, shut the door, and dragged me close to his chest, one hand coming up to slide into my hair.

“You are so beautiful, Ollie,” he growled under his breath, arousal tinting his cheeks.

“I need to kiss you and taste you, my sweet. Please let me kiss you.”

“Of course,” I gasped, fisting his hair and guiding his mouth on mine. “I don’t have much time.” Easing his shorts over his hard cock wasn’t easy when his skin was this sweaty and wet, but God help me.

I dropped to my knees, wrestling myself free. There's no way I'm coming in my trousers.

Bo cursed when I buried my face in his groin, inhaling his musk like a junky, and licking his salty skin. "Bloody hell, you are so hot," I whined. "It's really not fair."

Before he could say anything, I gripped his cock and took as much as I could down my throat.

"?lskling!" he gasped, the broad green hands cupping my cheeks.

I pulled off again. "Come for me and don't you dare hold back."

He gave me a tiny nod, gasping for breath as he held me tightly and gently rolled his hips, sliding his hard length in and out of my mouth.

His eyebrow cocked a little as if to enquire if that was okay made my heart squeeze in my chest.

"Gud." Bo nodded and sped up. His ridges shouldn't feel this great sliding in and out of my mouth, but fuck me did they feel amazing.

It was over in a few breathless minutes of him using my mouth, of one of my hands gripping his ass cheek, the other fisting my cock. Mindless minutes culminating in Bo coming so hard I thought I'd choke on the sheer amount of cum, on me spilling all over the floor between his feet. The image of the enormous green hunk dropping in the puddle of spunk, his hands still holding onto my cheeks for dear life, would stay with me forever.

His kiss was hungry, a thick, bumpy tongue dipping between my lips to chase his own taste.

“Thank you for fixing the leak,” he whispered, and I opened my eyes to the cheekiest grin I’d ever seen on his face.

“It was my pleasure. Shit, so much pleasure. Phew. Also, you have cum on your shorts.”

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Twelve

Bo

The amount of shit breaking in my room thankfully made no one suspicious. Maybe because Ollie is the one dealing with the maintenance?

We were all up in each other's business, horny like teenagers who regarded every moment they weren't kissing, or making out, or actually in each other, a moment lost.

We tried to make the most of our limited time together, yet the end of our camp came way sooner than I had hoped. We had to be careful with our sneaking around. His colleague Clara had almost spotted us fooling around in a dark corner one day. But we managed. Twice more we met in the clearing to fuck under the stars, and to cuddle afterwards, exchanging our life stories, or as much of it as we could fit into those stolen moments.

I yearned to get lost in him and then fall asleep together without having to worry about how loud we were, or if someone would see. Is that too much to ask, universe?

The day before our departure, we had a whole day of training with the kids of Blue Kraken. Cal had paired me with twin brothers, who insisted on shadowing me so thoroughly I had to lock myself in the bathroom to pee in peace.

In the evening, our goodbye dinner brought all the sponsors and important people together one last time.

“Damn, I’m so ready to go home,” Decks huffed from right next to me as he picked at his steak and salad.

“Is the food not to your liking?” Arne grinned over the table at our centre.

“Shut up, Cap,” he snorted. “I miss my man.” With a shrug, he cut off a chunk, chewing it slowly. “The food is great, but I prefer when he cooks for me.”

Our captain met his eyes, looking slightly ashamed of himself. “Sorry, Nate.”

“It’s all right, don’t worry about it.”

Ollie had been eyeing me all evening, and I hoped he would come to find me when I excused myself for a moment and left for the terrace for some fresh air.

Making my way around the building, I waited for him to catch up on me.

Instead, I faced two men who looked close to hitting each other. Taking a step closer so I could intervene, I heard them exchange heated words.

“I am not interested in anything you have to say,” Callum hissed, pushing Gilliatt hard in the chest, before a tentacle wrapped around his wrist and pulled his arm away almost lovingly.

The Kraken did indeed make a move, but not to hit Callum. He pressed a gentle kiss on his forehead, muttering something I couldn’t understand. Then he let go, and left.

He stood stock still and gaped after the Kraken, not even moving as I came closer.

“Callum?”

He kept his eyes on the spot where Gill had disappeared.

“Hey, Cal. Are you okay?” Nothing. “Callum, can you please nod if you’re okay? Did he hurt you?”

He shook his head in slow motion. “He didn’t hurt me, no.”

I stepped nearer, reaching out to grip his shoulder, slowly to give him time to back away.

He didn’t. “Hey, wanna go for a walk?”

I steered him away from the windows, towards the forest. I craved only my man’s presence, but couldn’t just abandon Cal.

“The freaking audacity of him,” he suddenly blurted out, rubbing the wrist Gill had held with his other hand. Then he let go and touched his forehead. “He gives me nothing but radio silence for months! Months! And then he pretends he didn’t freaking ghost me? Can you believe this shit?” His drawl was difficult to understand, and I didn’t know if he wanted to vent or to have my input, so I just hummed in agreement.

“Shit.” Callum took a deep, shuddering breath. “I should hate him, but...” The rest of his sentence went unheard when I turned my head and spotted Ollie on the other side of the terrace, his eyes flickering from Cal to me and back, lingering on my hand holding his shoulder. Then he spun on the spot and almost ran away.

“Go. I’m okay,” Callum told me, pulling out of my hold.

“Are you sure? I...”

“Go.” He gave me a little smile and nodded.

I hoped he had gone back to his apartment. Not caring who saw me but quite sure I'd be all right with everyone at the party, I snuck through the tiny garden to his back door.

Nothing happened after my first gentle knock. I tried again, already making a list of places I could check next.

A pale face appeared in the space between his curtains, surveying me, and for a moment I was sure he wouldn't let me in.

“Hey,” I murmured, ready to hug him, but he stopped me with raised hands. “What is it, ?lskling?”

“Oh God,” he groaned, hiding his face in his hands. “I'm so sorry, Bo. I understand if you never want to see me again.” Ollie pushed his hands into his hair, gripping fistfuls and pulling the strands hard.

“?lskling!” With one step, I crossed the distance and captured his wrists in my hands, prompting him to stop hurting himself. “What are you doing?” I muttered, bringing his fingers to my mouth and kissing them.

“Stop being so kind to me, Bo! Bloody hell, the last thing I deserve is your love.”

His eyes flew open when his words registered with his brain, and he groaned again, struggling to get out of my hold.

“Ollie, please stop this. You deserve everything I have to give. Fuck!” Huffing, I shook my head. “No, you deserve way more than someone like me.”

“That’s nonsense, and you know it!” He started struggling again and I had no clue what to do but shut him up with a kiss.

He melted under my lips, half-heartedly protesting, but not for long. A soft moan echoed between us when his hands sneaked around my neck, our difference in height meaning he plastered his body to mine.

It took me a while to realise he was crying.

“Ollie?” I backed out of the kiss, cradling his head in my hands, thumbs brushing the sparkling tears off his face. “?lskling, what’s wrong?”

I hated to see him so upset and needed to take care of my man.

“I’m just...” he struggled for words. “So bloody angry at myself. I suck and I have no idea what you even want with me—”

“Jag ?r k?r i dig ,” I stopped him, needing to tell him in my native tongue and hoping he would understand, anyway. “I’m in love with you,” I repeated when all he did was gape at me.

“Yeah, I understood.”

“You did?”

His face blushed under my fingertips.

“I’ve been looking up some things in Swedish,” he mumbled without meeting my eyes.

“What things?” I grinned even though I knew exactly what kind of things.

The words and sentences you research when you meet someone from another country and want to impress them by telling them what you feel in their native tongue.

“Things,” he repeated. “Not a lot of them because I’m the economist in the family, and it’s Noah who has a talent for languages—”

“You learned Swedish for me?” I interrupted him in a murmur, falling more for this man by the minute.

“That’s a gross overestimate of my skill. I learned—”

Again, I stopped him with my lips.

“Say it,” I told him. “Tell me what you learned. Please, Ollie.” I kissed my way to his neck, tiny tingling licking kisses that had him moan and grip me tighter.

“I listened to a recording of this,” he whispered. “About a hundred times, so I wouldn’t embarrass myself.”

“?h, min k?ra . You don’t ever have to worry about that with me, okay? I am lying at your feet, Oliver.”

“Bo!” he groaned, making me freeze.

“Did I say that wrong?”

“No,” my love huffed. “It’s just super hot when you call me ‘Oliver’.” He shuddered happily. “Jag ?lskar dig ,” he mumbled into my hair.

His pronunciation was close to perfect. Not that I cared about it when my heart dissolved into a gooey little puddle.

I wonder what else he believes he can't do because it's a Noah thing...

“Jag ?lskar dig ocks? ,” I growled as my hands roamed his body, needing to get closer to him.

“I'm sorry. I got jealous about Callum. He's a great guy, and that was uncalled for.”

“Callum is hurting. He needed a friendly face. We are not interested in each other. And besides, I only had eyes for you all evening. “

“So did I.”

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Thirteen

Ollie

Bo went straight for my mouth, a blazing look in his eyes. Holding my entire head in his dustbin lid sized hands, he pressed his lips on mine for a deep kiss.

Anticipation made me shiver. I had been intimate with people before Bo, but he roused my body to his in a way nobody else before him had.

“I wanted to do this from the minute I saw you tonight,” he murmured as he trailed more tiny kisses over my cheeks, my chin and my nose.

“Me, too.” It was the truth.

“Show me where your bedroom is.” Bo skimmed his hand down my arm, interlacing his broad fingers with mine.

I quickly shut the door, then turned and led the way. He closed the bedroom door behind us, checked that the curtains were drawn before plundering my mouth again.

A lewd sound escaped me when he gripped my ass and dragged me up his body.

He was rock hard, pressing between my legs and sliding against my dick.

“I want to see you, Oliver,” he whispered in my ear among more tingling pecks on my skin.

“Yes,” I said stupidly, unable to think straight when he was so close and with my body and brain only just catching up.

He smelled of the forest, a sweet, earthy scent hidden under his manly aftershave.

And he felt huge and strong, new and exciting, yet already so familiar under my fingers. Corded muscles twisting and turning with every tiny movement.

A work of art, that’s what he is.

Warm hands slipped under my jumper, exploring my skin, and raising goosebumps in their wake. Then he pulled it up over my head, bending to kiss my shoulder and working his way across my collarbone to the hollow of my throat.

Cause of death: cuteness overload.

“You are beautiful,” Bo sighed, hugging me closer, stroking my back with firm pressure, lighting my nerve endings on fire.

Beautiful? I wasn’t exactly slender and delicate, but compared to him, I probably counted as a twink.

Maybe he’s into that?

Keeping a hold on me with one hand, Bo fought out of his hoodie.

His masterpiece of a chest awaited me. Bulging muscles, dips, and deep valleys, a fuzzing of coarse blond hair on his pecs and dark green nipples on miles of skin, speckled, so it looked like the sun shining through a canopy of trees in the forest.

“If you think I’m beautiful, I’ll have to create a new word for how absolutely

gorgeous you are,” I whispered reverently, sliding my palms down his pecs. I’d never get used to or tired of just how breathtaking he was.

“I’m just a green mountain of muscle.” He shrugged as if to say ‘big deal’ .

“You are so…” He paused as if to search for the right word. “I need more words for you, too, ?lskling.” Chuckling, he cupped the back of my neck to bring my mouth back on his.

God, that man can kiss.

Toes curling, I wrapped myself around him and let him devour me.

## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Fourteen

Bo

Ollie was even more gorgeous than I remembered. So warm and sweet.

Moving us over to his bed, I sat down, enjoying the feeling of him pressing down on my dick.

If nothing else happened tonight, I'd be the luckiest Troll in the forest.

"Can we relax for a bit?" he spoke into a brief pause of our kiss and I stopped immediately. "No," he whined.

Opening my eyes at him, I saw the cutest little pout on his lips. "I meant relaxing on the bed, not stopping." His furious blush dousing his face in a deep, beetroot red was the cutest thing I'd ever seen.

"Let's relax, then." I grinned, trying to make the word sound as dirty as possible.

Yes, I wanted to relax my fingers around his cock, relax his ass with my tongue. Anything he was okay with.

Ollie struggled off my lap, not meeting my eyes, and tore at his jeans buttons.

"Hey." Gently taking hold of his wrists, I stopped him from undressing further. "We don't have to do anything else, okay? Whatever you're comfortable with tonight is

perfect.” I raised his hands and kissed his palms softly.

I guessed his head was in the way. In the forest where nobody might hear us, he had been free to let himself go.

“Okay,” he repeated, touching his fingertips to my cheek. “I like you so much,” he breathed.

“So do I,” I whispered back, rubbing my nose over his palm, desperate to douse him in my scent.

“Lie down on the bed.”

I did as he asked, a low rumbling growl of pleasure sounding in my chest when he climbed on top of me and kissed me deeply.

The kiss turned scorching within seconds, despite me assuring him nothing had to happen. But by the Gods. He was rutting into me, rubbing his cock up and down my length, and I couldn’t stop my hands from gripping his ass and grinding him down on me.

More friction. That’s it.

“Take my trousers off,” he groaned into my mouth and raised himself up into a sitting position, straddling my hips the way he had when he let me inside his body.

Slowly feathering my fingertips down his chest, I took my time undressing him. My hands ghosted over his bulge, making him moan with pleasure. Then I popped the buttons on his jeans, pulling him down on my chest to take them off.

“Everything,” he gasped, and I took hold of his boxers, too.

When he sat up once more, buck naked this time, his dick half hard with nerves, I guessed, I held him by the hips and stared. I'd never exactly fucked around, but at twenty-eight had had my fair share of partners. Never had anyone taken my breath away, never had they made me want to thank Lord Thor for my good fortune, or worship at their altar for all eternity.

'The mate bond is as old as the Troll kind themselves, Bo August, ' I heard my grandmother's voice in my head. As old as Ask and Embla.

I didn't realise him deflating under my scrutiny until I somehow came back to my senses.

I should get up, get back to my room, and stay as far away as possible from him until we left. But I knew it was already too late. Had known out in the woods, perhaps even in Port Cillean.

The magic has begun its work.

"You are stunning, ?lskling," I whispered, touching every bit of naked skin I could reach except for his dick.

His skin flushed under my hands, and I watched him harden with every brush of my fingers. Ollie's hands dug hard into his thighs. I loosened their grip, kissing his fingertips.

"Show me how you please yourself," I breathed into his skin. When sceptical eyes met mine, I grinned up at him.

"Don't worry, I won't just be watching you." Taking hold of his hips, I easily lifted him up.

It was his turn to gape at my face between his thighs. “Are you serious?” he huffed, but fisted his dick anyway, giving it a slow upward stroke.

“Never been more serious in my life. Hold on to the headboard if it gets too much,” I suggested before moving my body a little lower still, rubbing my nose all over his tight nuts.

“Oh fuck,” he cursed, jerking his dick slowly, dragging his foreskin over his tip a little with every stroke and I watched hypnotised as he spread the first beads of precum over his slit with his thumb.

“That’s it, mitt hj?rta. Stroke yourself for me. What a beautiful sight you are.” I hummed, then took a firm hold of his ass, spreading his cheeks to give me access. Ollie groaned, one hand flying out to grip the headboard when I tongued his hole.

He was tense, shaking, if with nerves or from the unusual feeling, I didn’t know.

Humming into his skin, I redoubled my efforts, trying to help him enjoy it.

“Oh my God,” he groaned, sounding more desperate with every slide of my ridged tongue over his tight ass. My mating hormones flooded his bloodstream, and had done so from our first kiss. My body recognised him immediately.

My mate.

He moaned my name, moving his hips timidly.

“Gods, yes,” I growled, briefly coming up for air. “Ride my mouth, Oliver. Fuck your ass on my tongue. Come on my face. Whatever you need, I want it.”

His resolve faltered. He ground down on me, forcing my tongue deeper into his body.

Tiny mewling sobbing breaths filled the air around us, and then he threw his head back. His hand sped up, focusing on his tip before he doubled over and came all over his fingers, and my cheeks

“Bloody hell,” Ollie intoned as I spread him even wider and dove back in, licking his tight asshole as if my life depended on it. Fuck me if it didn’t feel like it was the truth.

Moaning into his body and spearing my tongue into him as far as possible, my hips bucked, and I came hand-free mere minutes after he had.

He turned around to look at the mess on my abs, putting his entire weight on my face and nearly suffocating me.

I fucking loved it. This had to be the best way to go.

Ollie hastily scrambled off when he realised I couldn’t breathe and curled up at my side.

“Wow,” he breathed, pressing a kiss on my right pec, before nuzzling his face into the muscle. His happy little grumbling noises almost made my heart explode with joy.

“We need a shower,” he told me as he dragged his index through the cum splashes on my stomach.

“Says who?”

“Says the man who just wanked on your face.” He cringed, before giggling. “Gosh, I loved that.”

“Mmm, me too, min k?ra. That was the best view.” I felt myself harden again at the

thought and noticed Ollie looking down my body at my thickening length.

Without speaking, he hopped up and collected his discarded shirt.

“Use that to clean up, darling,” he told me in a husky voice before pulling a bottle of lube from the drawer of his bedside table.

I swallowed and hastily wiped my face and stomach as clean as possible.

“I want you in me, Bo,” he whispered as he climbed back up the bed and unceremoniously straddled my hips.

With a sigh, I raised my body up to kiss him, unable to resist him for even a moment.

“I’m still amazed by your core strength,” he giggled into the kiss, before realising that I had picked up the lube.

The air in the room seemed to thicken and my beautiful human gasped when I flipped the bottle open.

“Let me do this for you.” I kissed his cheek, waiting for his approval, before bringing him down on my chest. He fit so perfectly on my body that his face snuggled in the ridge between my pecs and his mop of soft brown hair tucked under my chin.

Ollie hissed when I squeezed some of the lube straight on his round ass, already hoping I would get to see it jiggle again as I pounded—

Gods! My cock twitched violently against his, making us both groan and grip each other tighter.

The beautiful man on my chest exhaled a shaky breath when I dragged my index

through the lube, spreading it on his skin. His little gasp at my fingertip entering him had me say a silent prayer to the Gods.

My mate. I'd never heard a more beautiful sound. Please let him feel the same about me.

"I can't wait to be in you, ?lskling," I growled, my Trollish nature lurking right under the surface of my mind like a shark ready to strike. I needed Ollie like the air I breathed.

"Me neither," he whined, rasping his scruff over my hairy pec. Considering how strongly I reacted to him, he might as well have a gland producing mating hormones. It was what my body interpreted his gesture as.

"Gods, Ollie, do that again, and I'll forget myself."

"What?" he asked, and fuck me if I didn't hear a sly undertone in his voice. "This?"

Fifteen

Ollie

Bo had warned me I shouldn't rub my cheek on him again, but with his index gliding slowly in and out of my body, I needed to know what forgetting himself entailed.

His growl travelled through me like an earthquake, and suddenly my world was turned upside down when Bo moved us around. In one fluid motion he brought me back to the bed, his finger still in me and my body weight pressing it deep into my body.

"Oliver," he snarled my name, sounding like a big cat poised to strike its prey. His free hand had taken hold of my throat, pushing my chin up to give him access to my mouth.

I shouldn't like this as much as I do.

A tick tightened his jaw as he added a second finger. He might be close to snapping, but Bo handled me like I was breakable. It was what came next that truly surprised me. Taking a shuddering breath, he ran his nose all over my face like a cat rubbing its scent on a new piece of furniture.

It was the farthest thing from funny. On the contrary. My body went into overdrive. Groaning, I ground down on his fingers, forcing them deeper into my ass.

"Yes, ?lskling, ride my hand like a good boy," he snarled, his tongue running over his

fangs, making him look even more dangerous.

And hot.

“Bo,” I gasped, staring up at him with what I knew were glassy eyes.

“Oliver?” His raspy voice made me shudder under his heavy body, pressing me into the mattress.

“Please fuck me already,” I groaned, pressing the back of my head into the pillow and my throat against his palm.

The softness in his eyes stood in stark contrast to his dark, dangerous snarl. He pulled his fingers out and gripped his dick, rubbing the head down my crack. His eyes narrowed and apparently he was dissatisfied with the slide because he rose to his knees and slicked his length with an obscene amount of lube.

Our eyes met when I snorted and before I knew it, he was back on top of me, one hand fisting my hair, the other gripping his dick and slowly pushing the head inside me.

“Oh God, baby!” The words escaped me on a low whimper. He was still huge and so thick in me I thought there was no way he was going to fit. Did my ass shrink?

“Yes,” he growled, “yes, let me inside your body, Oliver.”

Bo was feral, a wild beast of the woods, and I revelled in it. The wilderness in him turned me into a headless animal, desperate to be conquered. Yet his deepest nature remained caring, and loving, and so tender that I could have cried.

Keeping my gaze on his, he slowly pushed inside, splitting me wide open around his

dick. His lips curled up, baring his fangs even more.

“Bo, I,” I gasped, searching for an anchor to tether me to reality. Leaning down, he slanted his mouth over mine, fangs digging into my lips. His deep kiss did little to ground me, even less when he pulled out and sank back in, taking up a slow and hard rhythm that had me holding on for dear life.

Then he pulled out of me, leaving me gasping and gaping, needing to be stuffed full of his dick again.

“Get on your hands and knees for me,” he whispered against my lips, then he retreated, kneeling on the bed and I took him in for a moment before I scrambled up and around.

His reckless gaze, the powerful body, green skin slick with sweat, and his dick so long and hard, waiting to be back in me.

Beautiful . All conscious thoughts abandoned me when he took hold of my hips and guided his cock back into my body.

“Yesss,” he hissed and snarled as he sank into me in a deep slide, his hips slapping against my ass.

“Oh fuck!” I snapped at his heavy balls colliding with mine.

“Yes,” he rasped again, pulling out and thrusting in so hard we both groaned. “I will fuck you, Oliver.”

Our skin slapped once more. “I will fuck you so hard you will forget your name, ?lskling.”

I whimpered when Bo dragged his enormous dick out and slammed it back in.

“I love your ass, Ollie. I love the way it moves,” he grunted, groping both of my cheeks and massaging them with firm hands. “Gods, the way it jiggles when I pound it.” The last words came out on a low whimper and he sped up, spreading me wide open for him.

He’s trying to screw my brain out of my skull.

I lost it entirely when I turned my head, needing to see him, and I found him staring down at the place where he thrust his cock inside me. Bo looked untamed and dangerous, the long blond hair obscuring his face with a few strands sticking to his sweaty skin, and fangs bared.

“Oh God!” With an almost inhuman groan, I half collapsed on the bed, my back arched and ass up in the air, offering myself to this Norse god.

For a moment, he faltered in his frenzy, eyes snapping up to my face. Then they softened, melted, and he sank back in so slowly I hated him for it. Just long enough until he was balls-deep in me again.

Displaying his unbelievable strength again, he lowered his body, covering mine and cocooning me in a tender embrace.

“You are perfect, Oliver,” he murmured near my ear, kissing the side of my neck, before swiftly moving to my shoulder and closing his fangs on my muscle. Then he stilled again, not in his movements in me; he rolled his hips steadily against my ass, a wave building up.

“Do it!” I moaned, head tossing from side to side. No idea how I knew what would happen next, but I was certain I wanted it. “Go on, baby, please! I need you

to....please...”

His bite pushed me over the line as the wave crashed and dragged me under.

Rope after rope of my cum drenched the sheets under me as the pleasure boiled over. His, too. One, two deep thrusts and he came in my ass, his hot release filling me up. Bo growled into my skin, then let go and I felt him lick the bite marks clean before he nosed them.

“I didn’t know you were part cat, darling,” I huffed, hugging my pillow to my chest.

“Cat?”

“Aye, you rub your nose on me like a cat. It’s cute.”

“Cute? Seriously, Ollie? I am still balls deep in you after I filled your tight little hole with so much of my cum you’ll be dripping with it. Cute?” His grumpy tone made me giggle uncontrollably. It turned into a groan when he slipped out of me, my ass suddenly empty and gaping and already missing the feel of him.

Bo lowered himself next to me, booping my nose with his thick index. “Why the pout, ?lskling?”

“Nothing.” I buried my face in the pillow. I don’t want to discuss my ass with you right now.

A strong leg and a heavy arm settled over me, and he plastered his body to my side. Just ignore his wet cock, Oliver .

“I’m sorry if I upset you,” Bo said quietly, burying his face in my neck.

“You didn’t,” I muttered back. “I just feel stupid and—”

“You are not stupid, Oliver Bright. Kind. Smart. Funny. Beautiful. And so hot, yes.” Bo chuckled and kissed the sensitive skin under my ear. “But not stupid.” He pressed another lingering, open-mouthed kiss on my neck. “I shouldn’t rub my nose on you.”

“Why not?” I grabbed the back of his head to keep his mouth where it was.

“Because it’s...not good.”

“Hey, I told you it’s cute,” I objected, but he pulled back and rolled away from me.

Needy—and cold—as I was, I followed him, icy limbs plastered to his body.

“Gods, you’re freezing. Come here.” Bo’s arm snuck around my back to bring me closer to his skin, and he fished for the duvet, dragging it up to my ears.

“Why is it not good?” I asked quietly, kissing his hairy pec and enjoying the full body shiver that went through him at my touch.

It wasn’t just how I reacted to him that fascinated me, but also the depths of feelings I stirred in Bo.

“It’s... Trolls have a thing in our nose.” He was decidedly not looking at me but kept his eyes on the ceiling.

“A thing ?”

“I don’t know the word in English. It makes hormones?”

“A gland,” I said, snuggling up to him, and trying to ignore that the change of

position made his cum leave my body.

He hummed, pulling me in, and a part of me loved our mutual need to get even closer to the other. Yes, that part of me loved it, too.

“That gland—a strange word—makes...mating hormones.”

My head snapped up so fast, I swore I cricked my neck, and just in time to see Bo blush beautifully.

“Gosh, you’re cute.” Grinning, I kissed his dark green nipple, my cock hardening even more when it tightened under my lips.

“It just makes it easier for you,” he muttered. “To take me, you know? And makes it feel better. It doesn’t make you fall—” My huge hunk broke off abruptly, his cheeks now a dark crimson colour.

“Nope, I don’t think you need a gland for that. But as far as your mating hormones go...give them all to me, darling,” I added in a low, seductive voice.

“Can I ask you something?” he mumbled into my skin when we lay in each other’s arms afterwards, and he trailed his fingertips up and down the curve of my spine.

“Sure.” I purred the word, grumbling happily and arching into my touch.

“Sometimes you are so...different. Why is that?”

“Different how?” I noticed how sober my voice sounded, all the comfortable warmth in it was gone.

“It’s hard to explain. Serious and...”

“Tight-arsed?” I asked him in a clipped tone.

Bo let his hand wander down to my ass, squeezing me gently. “Mmm, you’re certainly tight-arsed, ?lskling.”

With a giggle, I hid my face at his throat. “You’re unbelievable, Bo.”

“Unbelievably hungry,” he whispered, kissing my brow, and shivering when I pressed my lips to his Adam’s apple. “And unbelievably smitten with you.”

Can we stay here forever, Bo?

“No, but seriously. Why is that? It’s shocking, but in a good way. Like I can see you without a mask?”

I hummed, thinking about what he meant. “Well, I always had to be the responsible big brother. My parents expected me to take care of Noah from an early age.”

“They did? But that wasn’t your job. You were just a kid...” Bo trailed off.

“Yeah, I always thought that was normal, to be honest.”

“It’s not. My mother always told Signe, that’s my older sister, that she wasn’t in charge.” A chuckle rumbled in his deep chest. “Mind you, that was probably also to make sure she wouldn’t boss me around all the time. But I think she never wanted Signe to feel like she had to take care of me.”

I didn’t know what to say to this. That would have been great. Just being allowed to be a child, like Noah had been, without the weight of having to keep him safe, weighing on my shoulders.

“I’m sorry they did that. It’s so lovely when you take off your mask and the real you comes out to play. I like him, the cheeky Ollie.”

“I like him, too.”

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Sixteen

Bo

The day we left Scotland was the single shittiest day of my life so far. I'd said goodbye to Ollie the night before, only slipping into my room, bleary-eyed, at five thirty in the morning to make it look like I had slept there.

I hadn't slept. Hadn't wanted to waste a single waking moment with him, and I had held him when he had finally succumbed to sleep in the dark of the night, before the morning hit and our time ended.

With one last kiss and the promise that I would see him soon—although I had no idea how I could make that happen—I had left him behind in the bed that smelled like us, under the covers that cocooned him in my warmth, his beautiful body covered in our combined fluids.

My heart thumped sadly in my chest, almost too heavy for me to move my body at all, and so large it cut off my air supply. So I trudged back downstairs to the bus, close to tears, when Coach told us he had arranged for us to leave without being seen off.

“Let them sleep. We took care of the formalities yesterday,” he said jovially, looking fresh as day in his team hoodie, his cheeks red with the crisp Scottish morning air.

We had about two hours on the coach before we would arrive at the airport, then another two hours to check in all our gear before we would board the plane.

In about eight hours I would be back in Veitsreuth, wishing with all my heart I hadn't left that stupid little muscle back in that big bed with the white sheets and my bright star, the firefly in my dark forest, guiding me home yet tearing me apart. Two souls dwelling in my breast, the one that felt thankful and elated to be paid to do what I loved, to even have found something that made me burn so thoroughly like hockey did. And the other, forever wanting to go back to get lost in the woods with my perfect mate.

I chose a seat in the middle, not too close to Jerke, but also not too far back. The one you sat in to disappear. Popping my noise cancelling headphones on, I started some music, not caring what it was or by whom, simply hoping to disappear in my head.

We'd long since left the winding country roads behind and headed southeast to the airport, when a little blip alerted me to a new message, with more following in rapid succession.

Ollie: Oh God, Bo

Ollie: I just woke up, and you were gone

Ollie: I am so sorry I fell asleep

Ollie: fuck, I wanted to kiss you one last time

Ollie: tell you

Bo: I love you

It took almost two whole minutes for him to reply

Ollie: I love you

Ollie: I love you

Ollie: I love you

Then a voice message came through. I immediately played it and once I started, I couldn't stop.

“Screw this. Writing isn't enough. I need to tell you.” He took a deep breath. “Bo, darling, I love you with everything I am. You are the best thing that's—” He broke off, choking on his words. “The best thing that has ever happened to me. I'm so sorry I fell asleep. I love you.”

Silent tears leaked out of my eyes and trickled into my beard. I bit my lip hard and kept my gaze fixed on the scene outside the windows. Rain lashed against the glass, making my reflection blurry and indistinguishable.

Bo: I can't talk right now. Forgive me please and don't be sorry. I held you until it was time to leave, and I kissed you goodbye. You are...so good. So sweet and beautiful. I love you, Oliver Bright.

I broke down, curled up in my seat, and wept into the APEX Fitness hoodie one of Blue Kraken's main sponsors had given us as a goodbye present.

With the rain delaying our flight, the need to mask my true feelings, and the anger I felt for being cheated out of hours I could have spent with Ollie, I arrived home feeling empty and exhausted.

Night had almost fallen, the rapidly darkening air had enough bite to make me shiver as I threw open all the windows and doors to my rooftop deck.

I knew I should have taken a shower before I headed to bed, to wash the grime of

travel off me, but I couldn't bring myself to do it.

Tomorrow I would, but tonight I wanted to enjoy the lingering traces of Ollie on my body. Like a creep, and feeling just a little bit gross, I rubbed my hands all over me before sniffing them, inhaling his musk like an addict desperately licking the last molecules of his drug of choice off his own skin.

One afternoon, about three weeks after we'd left and when I had just finished training, I immediately checked for more texts from him. Every time I was away for a few hours and unable to keep the conversation going, I feared it would have been the last time I'd heard from him. That one day he simply wouldn't answer anymore.

He's still here.

Ollie: Are you free this evening?

For a moment, I thought he was going to surprise me, before I pushed my silly hopes aside.

Intense as it was, it was a holiday fling, nothing else.

Bo: Just got off the ice

Bo: so yes

Ollie: Can I call you? Later?

Ollie: I need to hear your voice.

Bo: I'll be home in about two hours. My fridge is empty.

Ollie: My big boy's got to eat

He sent a cheeky winking emoji. Could I...?

Bo: You know I love to eat

Ollie: \*don't think about the beard\*

Ollie: Okay, not working.

Ollie: Mean, Bo

Ollie: Now I'm hard in my office

Fuck .

I flung the phone back into my locker and wrestled out of my gear. When I was only wearing my compression shorts, I unlocked it, aimed it so that my lower abs, my dick, and half of my thighs were visible.

Deciding not to wait for his answer, I stripped the sweat-drenched shorts and grabbed a fresh towel. Showering with a hard-on wasn't something I needed right now. Or ever. They were nice looking, but just not...him.

When I came back, I dried off, and put on a fresh pair of boxers—there was nothing worse than putting on worn underwear after a shower. Then I allowed myself to check my phone.

Ollie: You are SO not helping, darling

Ollie: But dear Lord, your body is a work of art

Ollie: You've probably done about a thousand pushups today

In another life, I might have had a chance of stopping the grin from spreading on my face like a wildfire in dead brush. Ollie? He made me grin like the lovesick fool I was.

Bo: nine hundred ninety nine

I shot him a grinning emoji.

Ollie: But who's counting

Ollie: So... Do I get to see the rest of you later?

Bo: You want nudes?

Bo: Just say the word

Bo: you can have anything you want

Ollie: I meant to suggest a video call

Ollie: But I can definitely lock myself in the office

Ollie: Do your worst

Ollie: and by worst I mean best

Bo: I think the guys would never stop making fun of me if I snapped a dick pic for you in our locker room

Ollie: I like how much of a tease you are, baby

Ollie: Never stop, okay?

Never.

Bo: Okay

I quickly got dressed, threw my bag into the boot of my car, and rushed through the afternoon traffic to my favourite shop.

I tried to get anything I needed in record time, but all of Veitsreuth seemed to have the same idea. It was absolutely packed.

Bo: I might be a few minutes late

Bo: The shop is so full

Ollie: I'd wait all night to see you x

The world stopped in its tracks. Well, at least until an angry German lady almost ran me over with her shopping cart.

“ Entschuldigung ,” I muttered, shuffling aside to let her pass, before reading his message again.

My heart.

Bo: I would give anything to be able to kiss you right now

Ollie: me too

Once my cart was overflowing with healthy whole foods, and one bottle of alcohol-free Bavarian beer, and I had paid and loaded it all into my car, I snapped a quick picture for Ollie.

Ollie: You won't go hungry for a while

Ollie: I think you'll have to send me more photos of yourself

Ollie: makes me feel like I was there with you

Bo: the food will do shit to still my hunger

Bo: I'm starving

Bo: every minute since I left your bed

Ollie: Darling...

Ollie: Cue me crying at the office

Bo: I'm sorry

Ollie: No, don't be! God, please

Ollie: Don't be sorry.

Ollie: I'm so glad you're telling me

Ollie: I've been trying to convince myself that it was just a fling.

Ollie: but it hasn't been working

Ollie: I'm not missing you any less

Ollie: If anything, it's getting worse

Bo: For me too

Bo: And it wasn't just a fling

Bo: Gods, Ollie...

Bo: it was everything

Ollie: you are everything

Bo: cue me crying in a car park...

Bo: Let me get home

Bo: I want to see you

I put the shopping away quickly before I texted him. I was ready to talk.

Barely twenty seconds later, he called me. Seeing Ollie's face light up on my phone display made my heart rejoice.

"Bo, darling, shit, I miss you so fucking much," he blurted out by way of a greeting.

He propped up his phone against something on his kitchen counter and straightened. A soft groan escaped me when I took him in.

"Oliver, are you wearing a crop top?" Oh Gods, I didn't need to ask. My dick already

knew for a fact he was in a... “Is that Pumas merchandise?”

“Yeah.” Ollie laughed, pulling the shirt down to cover more of his body. “I saw that on the website and had to have it.” His cheeks flushed. “I’ve been just the tiniest bit obsessed with your team lately. I even watched a few interviews on their KrakenVideo channel. Been trying to pick up some hockey knowledge.”

“Okay, this is too hot, Ollie. I can’t take this. I’m serious!” I fanned myself, adoring the deep crimson tinge on his cheeks and adorably flustered grin.

“I don’t think I’m getting anywhere with it, though. Hockey doesn’t make sense. To me!” he hastened to add.

“Oh, you’re definitely getting into my pants.” I threw him a cheeky smirk and angled the phone so he could see me palming my dick. “I can give you a brief introduction to stick handling if you want. It’s not that hard.” I squeezed myself. Liar .

“Oh, I don’t know, darling. Looks awfully hard from here.” He picked up his phone, giving me a closeup of his tongue, wetting his lips.

“Oh Gods, Ollie. I would give anything to feel that mouth on me right now.”

“Yeah?” A shaky breath escaped him. “Let me get comfortable and then you can tell me what you would like me to do.”

How could I tell him I wanted everything? Anything he wanted to give, I’d take.

He took me to his bedroom, where he settled down on his duvet, and leaned his phone against a pillow.

Just a few weeks ago, we fucked like animals in there.

“My bed still smells of you,” he answered my silent question, burying his nose into his pillow.

“Gods, Ollie.” I gave myself a firm stroke through my gym shorts, groaning as my head dropped back on the cushion. Only for a moment, though. There was no chance I would miss any opportunity I had to watch him. Touch himself...

“I want to see you, Bo,” he gasped as he tore off his crop top and sweatpants until all he wore was an obscenely stretched out pair of black boxer briefs.

My beautiful mate.

I tore out of my shirt and dragged my shorts down my thighs, taking my underwear off along with them.

“Goodness... How could I not remember how stunning you are, darling?” Ollie fisted his cock, squeezing so firmly it looked close to being painful.

“Don’t hurt yourself, ?lskling,” I reminded him, hating that I wasn’t there to help him ground himself, to use me as an outlet, not his own body.

He relaxed his hold, drawing his strokes out and letting me see him. Gods, I would never tire of seeing him.

“Get the lube from your bedside table,” I ordered, and was rewarded with another close-up, this time of his hard dick when he scrambled to obey.

Oh. Fuck. Me.

Then he was back, and lubing up, again dragging me so close to the edge I was scared I might fall.

Spitting into my hand, I stroked myself with him.

“Shit.” Ollie shivered, thighs spreading restlessly on the bed, as if he, too, was moments away from coming. “I never thought I’d like this.” With a groan, his hand sped up until he was fucking his fist like a man possessed.

“What? Video sex?” I grunted, focusing on my crown, still only holding on by a thread.

“Spitting,” he groaned, hips snapping upwards to tunnel his dick through his fist, his head tilting back.

“Oh fuckkk, baby.” The words came out on a low sobbing whine, unrecognisable, and unlike any sound coming out of my mouth ever before.

I had no hopes of holding back as I watched him come all over his hand, his stomach, and he was still moving, using his cum as lube and drawing his orgasm out as long as he could.

The sheer amount of my release always took me by surprise, yet it had no effect on my sobriety. I was mindless. A beast of the woods, driving my ridges through my fist, cum pooling on my abs and threatening to get everywhere.

Thank fuck I’d opted for a blanket on the couch. It was too good to stop, anyway.

When I managed to peel my eyes open, I found Ollie staring at me in awe, a radiant smile spreading across his face. “What?” I asked.

“You are so beautiful, Bo. I can’t believe how lucky I am.”

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Seventeen

Ollie

First thing I did the next morning was to find Fitz in his office. He was sitting behind his gleaming mahogany desk, poring over bank statements, I thought.

Is this a bad time?

“Fitz? I need a few days off,” I blurted out when I wasn’t even halfway across the room, and before I could consider if this was the right moment. “Please,” I added when I realised how demanding I’d sounded.

He immediately put the stack of papers aside and focused his attention on me, his blood red head tilted at me. “Of course, Ollie! It’s about time you took a break. Maddie and I were getting worried about you.” His voice softened, genuine concern lacing his words.

“You were?” I asked weakly, plopping my ass down in one of the visitor’s chairs before his desk.

“Yeah, you seemed to be a little off since the hockey team left. We thought it had been too much work...” Fitz trailed off, leaning back in his wheelchair and opening space for me.

“No.” I buried my face in my hands and groaned under my breath. “The work is still great. It’s...” I broke off, heaving a deep sigh of sorrow.

“Hey, Ollie, mate.” Fitz got up, took his cane, and walked over to me. “What’s wrong?” He sat down on the edge of his desk—I knew it was difficult for him to keep standing for long—and rested his hand on my shoulder.

“I’m sorry, Fitz. I’m so stupid, I messed up.”

My boss cocked his ears at me, a benign smile on his mouth, inviting me to keep talking.

“I, oh God.” I groaned again. “One of the players and I, we...” I couldn’t go on.

“You like him?” His voice was way gentler than I deserved.

“Yes.” It was the first time I had ever allowed myself to speak my truth. I had told Bo, but revealing it to Fitz was different. I whispered it into existence, an incantation that was spreading across my body, across time and space, across sea and land to find...him. My mate. I hadn’t taken Bo entirely seriously, but he was right. We were meant to be. Not just a holiday fling.

“When is your flight?”

My eyes snapped up to find my boss’s green gaze resting on me, a smile playing at the corners of his muzzle.

“I haven’t booked yet. I don’t even know if he wants me there.”

Fitz chuckled. “Oh, he does, Ollie. Book the flight. Take as long as you need, okay?” Fitz hugged me. “And just so you know, Lone Fox, I,” he corrected himself, backing away and giving me another kind look. “I and all of us would be sad to see you go. But I know better than anyone that one’s happiness matters more than any job in the world. You’ll always have a home here at LFD, Ollie.”

“Always.” My voice broke, and I returned what I knew was a watery smile. “Thank you, Fitz.”

“Not for this. Go get your man.”

“Yeah.” I got up, took a deep breath, and stalked to the door. With my hand on the handle, I turned back. “Thank you, Fitz,” I repeated.

“Go!” he urged me, grinning widely now, and I nodded and dashed from the room.

Back in my office, I immediately typed out a message to Bo.

Ollie: I’ve been looking at flights...

It took him only seconds to reply.

Bo: Flights??

Ollie: To see you...

Ollie: If you want me to come...

Bo: If I want you? Gods, Ollie...

Bo: I want you, ?lskling.

Bo: Tell me when you land and I’ll come to pick you up

Bo: I’ll leave now x

Ollie: The next flight I can make lands at ten thirty tonight

Ollie: That's probably too late

Bo: No! Take the earliest available flight.

Bo: I need you

My heart squeezed in my chest.

Fuck, I need him, too. So bad.

Ollie: Okay, I'll see you later, I guess?

Bo: Tell me this isn't a joke, Ollie.

Ollie: I've never been more serious in my life

I shared my location with him so he could track me, then I stood before my wardrobe and stared at it.

What do I bring?

"Hey, Ollie. What can I do for you?" My brother seemed happy to hear my voice.

"I'm going to Germany for a few days and don't know what to pack. You're the travelling expert. Help me, please?"

"To Germany?" I heard Noah sit up and a little grumpy voice complaining about it. He was with Lew, of course. "What are you doing in Germany, brother dear?"

I took a deep breath. "I'm visiting my boyfriend."

Noah whooped. Even though the word didn't quite cut to the point of what Bo was to me, I couldn't help but grin at my reflection in the mirror.

My boyfriend. Today was a day of firsts. I had never called him that before.

“Okay, Ollie. You'll have to explain that to me later, about how you ended up with a German boyfriend,” he put great emphasis on the word, “but let's focus on what you should bring. I only ever went to the Oktoberfest and the Nuremberg Christmas market...” His voice trailed off. “I'll text you my list for a week and you can adjust it for however long you'll be staying.”

“Your list?”

“I have packing lists on my blog. For a week, a month,” my brother explained.

“Oh, okay.” I'd completely forgotten about Noah's blog.

You suck at being his big brother.

“Thank you, Noah.” I meant it and perhaps he knew because I could have sworn he choked a little when he bade me goodbye.

A few minutes later, I had a downloadable packing list in my messages. I wasn't a design person, but it looked great. I could even check things off as I added them to my bag.

Ollie: Awesome. Thank you again!

Ollie: That was so helpful, you rock

Noah: anytime!

He added a little heart to the message, and I felt, for the first time, truly close to him. We were so different from each other it was sometimes difficult to get on common ground with him, but maybe there was still hope.

The last thing I added to my bag was a book; one Bo had bought for me in Port Cillean.

For a moment I stopped in the doorway, looking back at my overflowing shelves, each book a token of his love.

Then I locked the door behind me and hurried to my car.

I had never enjoyed flying, another thing Noah and I didn't have in common. He would have lived on a plane if he could.

Yet today everything went smoothly. I got to the airport and through security with more than an hour to go, and sat by my gate waiting for boarding to begin.

The flight itself was on time, and I had the entire row of seats to myself.

Only when we arrived at Nuremberg airport did I get antsy at the absolute snails on my flight. My fingers impatiently drumming on my leather bag, I hunched in my row, desperate for them to move. I couldn't get off the plane fast enough.

Since I didn't have to declare anything or a suitcase to pick up, I went straight to the exit.

Gosh, please let him be there.

I spotted him immediately, my tall, handsome boyfriend, head swivelling from side to side to keep both automatic doors in sight.

When he spotted me, he pushed through the crowd that was surprisingly dense, considering the hour.

Bo didn't seem to care much about the other people, or who he had to get past to get to me.

With a wide smile on his face, he handed me the gorgeous flowers he was holding, cupped my cheeks with his huge palms and kissed me on the lips.

A few people in our vicinity cleared their throats at his blatant show of affection. I didn't give a shit about any of them. Nothing mattered to me but the man before me.

"You're here," he whispered, as he leaned his forehead against mine. "You came."

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Eighteen

Bo

The man of my dreams was right there in front of me, and I couldn't wrap my head around it. I felt his body close to mine, his taste still fresh on my tongue, but my brain tried to protect me from being hurt. Again . As if he would vanish the minute I opened my eyes, I kept a close hold on him.

"Take me home, darling." Ollie squeezed my hand encouragingly.

Home .

I took his bag, his free hand with the other, and walked him through arrivals until we reached my car.

"No idea how to get in there. I don't think I can let you go."

"I'm exhausted and I honestly can't wait to get home and go to bed with you."

I snorted and looked over at him. He'd said the words calmly, but a desperation burned in his eyes as he looked at me.

"Okay, that was all I needed to hear. Get in." I kissed him again and unlocked the doors.

When we both had settled in the seats, I backed out of the parking spot, heading back

toward the motorway.

Ollie's hand came to rest on top of my thigh, kneading my muscle.

"Mskling," I groaned, covering his fingers with mine, and fidgeting my ass on the seat. "Please," I added, not knowing what I wanted him to do. Stop or go on?

He inched closer to me in his seat and leaned his cheek against my shoulder. I slung my arm around him.

"I missed you so much," he whispered in my ear, his hand still holding my leg, but higher up now.

"Missed you too," I gasped as he travelled up to the place where my aching cock strained against my jeans. Ollie rubbed me through the fabric, his thumb unerringly pressed on my head.

"Do you think you can get us home safely tonight if I say hello to him?" He swiped his finger over my leaking dick again, and I cursed.

"Yes," I whimpered, fidgeting on the seat, legs spreading to make room for his hand.

When he popped the button and pulled the zipper down, a snarling growl of relief escaped from my chest.

"My poor baby," he crooned as he freed me from my boxers, his warm fingers wrapping around my length, squeezing me tightly.

"Do you want to come in my mouth, baby?" His voice was raspy and turned on.

"God, yes, please. I need to be inside you."

“Fuck,” Ollie cursed, gripping himself with his free hand.

“Soon, ?lskling. I missed your sweet little hole so much.”

It was he who whimpered as he ducked and let me slip between his warm, wet lips.

I slicked my fingers in my mouth and trailed my hand down his back and into his underwear. He moaned around my cock, but moved up and down on me. It took little to make me come.

Ever since I got back home, I’d been desperate for him. And no matter how much I had wanked, it was never enough to satisfy my desire.

The craving for him was a bone deep level of despair.

He swallowed and gulped around me, groaning as I fucked his hole with a finger.

Thank the Gods for self-driving cars.

Then his muscles clenched, and I heard him come with my dick still warm and safe in his mouth.

“Damn it,” he sighed softly as he raised his head up from my lap. “One pair of jeans down.”

We both broke down in fits of giggles.

“Don’t worry, I’ll wash them for you.” I tucked Ollie back under my arm.

“God, it’s so good to have you back.” He snuggled up to me, resting his arm across my chest and holding me tight.

Without looking away from the street, I kissed the top of his head. It was. The past few weeks had been rough.

“I would have come to see you soon if you hadn’t come over. I hated not being able to be with you.”

“Same,” he whispered into my shirt.

We were silent until I parked in my spot in the underground car park.

“Are you awake, ?lskling?” Careful not to shift him, I tried to get a glimpse of his face.

Raising his head up off my chest, he met my eyes with hunger burning in his gaze. His hand rose from my chest to slide into my hair, and he dragged my lips on his.

Something in me snapped. Holding onto his head with one hand, I brought my seat back as far as it could go, then lifted him onto my lap.

Ollie groaned, hands digging into my scalp and rubbing his dick to mine.

“I’m wide awake,” he moaned when we came up for air an age later.

“I love how hungry you are for me.” My lips dropped to his neck. “I feel the same way about you, ?lskling. It’s been torture to be unable to touch you and only having your pictures, the memories of your taste, and my hand to help me.”

“Bo,” he gasped, rolling his hips against mine. “Take me to bed, and I’ll take care of you.”

A needy sound escaped me as I brought my mouth back to his for a long kiss. “Let’s

go, baby.”

We climbed out of the car. I grabbed his bag and threaded his fingers that weren't holding the flowers through mine.

In the lift, Ollie nuzzled his face into my pecs. The gesture almost made me cry.

“I missed you,” I whispered, my voice cracking halfway through. “I know I've said it a dozen times already, but I did. I can't believe you're actually here.”

“You can tell me as often as you like.” He got up on tiptoes and pecked me on the lips, pushing his hips forward. “You know how much I missed you, too.”

Nineteen

Ollie

“And not just your body,” I muttered. “Everything.”

Bo bent down to rub his nose over mine. “Everything. Come on, let’s get cleaned up and ready for bed.”

He led me out of the lift, a short way down the hall.

I took a couple of steps inside the apartment and placed the flowers on a console by the door.

“Wow, I love your place.” Turning on the spot, I took it all in. The open living space, the city glinting in the night, the soft glow of a few light strips placed at strategic points of the room.

I stared at the sky outside the windows, fascinated by the sight, and momentarily forgetting my sticky boxers.

Strong arms slung around my waist, wrapping me in a warm embrace. “This place is a lot better with you in it.” Bo kissed my cheek. “Are you hungry? It’s pretty late. You’ve been on the road all evening.”

“Mmm, a snack would be great, actually.” Leaning back into his body, I sighed.

“Here is me being a good boy and not asking you if I’d suffice.” He pressed his lips on my temple. “How about I make you a sandwich while you take a shower?”

“Great idea. I really want to shower with you, but maybe we can fit that in tomorrow morning.” Bo’s wet naked body, his hair plastered to his skin and his dimples, his dick big and hard digging into my stomach... Bo on the shower floor with me bent over so he could eat my ass... Damn it, he’d kept me up at night.

“I promise you all the showers. Five times a day if you want.” He turned me around in his arms, his fingers mapping my face as he kissed me on the lips. “And you can tell me everything you want to do with me in the shower, okay? I could practically hear you thinking about it,” he added at the curious look that must have shown on my face.

“It’s been on my mind a lot lately, showering with you.” Bo sighed. “Go. The bathroom is the second on the right. I’ll take care of your food. And take whatever you need. My home is your home, ?lsking .”

Thank goodness he was still holding me up, or I’d have swooned at his words like a Victorian lady.

“See you in a few minutes.”

“Yes, you will.” A wide smile spread across his face, making him shine even brighter.

In the bathroom, I stripped my clothes, putting them directly in the washing machine, located a towel and stepped into the shower.

I took my time, rinsing the dust of the road off my body, making extra sure I was squeaky clean inside and out.

Bo waited for me at the counter of his kitchen, his vast frame draped on one of the sturdy bar stools. Ignoring the food, I made a beeline straight up to him, stepping between his knees and pulling him down for a kiss.

By the time we broke apart, both of us were thoroughly out of breath and grinning sheepishly at each other. I'd been starving; it was good to know the feeling was mutual.

He stuck his nose in my neck, inhaling deeply.

"I used your products. I hope that's okay," I huffed at his breath tickling my skin.

"Mmm, more than okay. You smell like me." A low growl rumbled in his chest. "You need to eat your food before I take you to bed. Please," he rasped, running his nose up to my ear and rubbing his cheek against my hair.

"Yeah." I nodded and climbed into the chair. We'd spent an intense time with each other, but never had we been able to just be together. Except for that one blissful day in Port Cillean, it had always been forbidden, hushed, and in secret.

As much as I preferred not having to worry about what would happen if anyone found out, stepping into his life here as if I belonged felt odd.

Bo waited until I finished the cheese and pickle sandwich he'd made for me, then took my hand in his. Bringing it to his lips, he kissed it. "Thank you for coming here."

His beard was soft under my palm when I cupped his cheek.

"I feel stupid for wanting to tell you again how much I missed you. Shouldn't there be a hundred other things I had to say?"

With a half smile, he got up from his chair to hug me. “We’ll find something else to talk about later,” he mumbled in my ear. “It’s just so surreal that we’re together right now, isn’t it? Having to leave you behind hurt so much, and... I don’t know.” He hesitated. “It’s like I have to say it out loud a few times until it doesn’t hurt anymore? Does that make sense at all?”

“God, it was the fucking worst when you left. I’m here, darling, and I’m not going anywhere tonight or tomorrow or even the day after that.”

When he cradled my head in his hands and pulled back to look at me with a wide, watery smile.

“You’re here,” he whispered as he leaned in for a kiss that didn’t end. Gripping me with one hand around my back and the other under my knees, he carried me to the bedroom.

Pure strength, that’s what he was.

I love him.

Twenty

Bo

O llie was finally here in my bed. After weeks of waiting and longing to be with him again. After all those nights spent alone.

“Do you want to go to sleep?” I asked stupidly as if I couldn’t feel his hard dick pressed to my stomach, hadn’t heard the blood pounding in his veins. As if I wasn't going mad with need.

“There’s just one single thing I want, Bo.” He groaned, his head turning restlessly on the pillow as I kissed down the column of his throat, my beard rasping against the scruff on his skin.

“And what is that, ?lskling?” I licked the hollow of his throat and wandered lower.

“You inside me. Please, darling.”

He helped me take his shirt off, our movements hurried and erratic, then pulled mine up over my head.

“How did I forget how beautiful you are?” he whispered, dragging his fingers through the hair on my chest.

“Maybe so you’d have a better time or maybe so I could impress you all over again.” I nosed down his abs, and tongued his navel before dipping even further south.

Ollie, who had sniggered at my words, moaned. “Impress me, darling,” he groaned, raising his hips to help me take his trousers off.

“You are the most beautiful man I have ever seen,” I whispered, trailing my fingertips over his pebbled skin, and making him shiver even more. “I missed your cock, Ollie.” I licked him once from the base all the way to his crown, letting him feel the ridges on my tongue.

“I’m so impressed, oh God, and so close!” He cursed, ass cheeks clenching and his hips thrusting upward.

I pulled off.

“Bo,” Ollie drawled, clearly not impressed anymore.

“Not yet,” I muttered, rubbing my nose over his happy trail.

His abs contracted against my face, then I felt his hand on my neck, soft fingertips stroking my skin.

“Are you giving me more of your mating hormones?” he asked quietly, brushing the hair away and cupping my neck to keep me from pulling back.

I nodded, not daring to look at him. We’d talked about it all after our first night together, and he had told me not to worry.

Give it all to me, darling.

And I’d taken him up on that. Because staying away from him was impossible, and dousing him with my mating hormones made for a more intimate experience. I knew I shouldn’t do it, knew it would only make it worse once we had to part ways again.

But I couldn't help it.

"I love when you do that, Bo." His fingertips whispered over the fine hairs at the top of my spine. "Do you feel that, darling? Do you feel how much I want you? How bloody hard I am for you." He spread his thighs to make room for me, hissing under his breath when I cradled his tight balls in my hand.

Gentle fingers slipped into my hair, wrapping the strands around them and holding me tightly. I groaned when I understood what he was doing. Fisting his cock in one hand, he guided my mouth where he wanted me.

Gods help me. His moan of pleasure as he dragged my mouth down his length felled me. My free hand gripped his hip, needing to hold on to him and take it, taking his deep thrusts that had me gag around his head buried in my throat.

"So perfect. Bo, you're so bloody perfect." He grunted with every sharp buck of his hips, his fingers moving restlessly across my head.

My eyes watered, and I gasped around his invading length. Never before had I experienced such pleasure as I did with Ollie. He never handled me roughly, but this small man taking from me what he wanted was super hot.

"Oh my God," he whimpered, his voice cracking and he buried his hard dick in my throat, my face pressed to his skin. He spilled his hot cum deep inside me, leaving me no option but to swallow it all. Not that I would have wasted a single drop anyway.

We both slumped back to the bed, hearts pounding and gasping for breath.

"I fucking love you so much," Ollie rasped, reaching out to take my hand.

His taste still coating my tongue, I brought our hands up to my mouth and kissed

them. “Thank you,” I whispered. “Thank you for loving me, Ollie.”

## Page 21

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Twenty-one

Ollie

“Good morning, my love.” Bo’s warm breath at my ear sent delicious goosebumps down my spine.

“What time is it?” I sighed, snuggling deeper under the duvet. I never wanted to wake up anywhere but in his bed.

“Nearly seven. I need to be at the rink at eight, but I didn’t want to go without letting you know.” A warm hand skimmed down my spine to palm my ass. “Waking up next to you is the best thing in the world.” Bo grunted, bucking his hips so his cock slid against mine.

“Best thing ever,” I muttered, still so sleepy, but forever turned on like crazy by him.

“Go back to sleep. There’s food in the fridge, and a key for you on the hook by the door. The rink is close, in case you want to pick me up later.” He ran his nose up my neck, letting me feel his fangs on my skin. “And I left you a credit card on the table in the kitchen. Use that for anything you need today.” He nipped my skin.

I probably wouldn’t do that.

“Oliver?”

“Mm?” I hummed, squinting at him in the way too bright morning light streaming in

through the glass double doors.

“I want you to use the card. Understood?”

Okay, stern Troll daddy Bo is my weakness.

“Understood, you hot thing.”

With a smirk, he leaned in to kiss me. “This hot thing can’t wait to be back in bed with you after the game tonight. Winning always makes me so horny.”

“How do you know you’ll win?” I asked, only to immediately give myself a mental smack around the head.

Bo didn’t seem to take offence. His smirk widened, and he ground his hard cock against mine. “I will make sure we win. For you.”

He extracted himself from the bed with one last kiss on my lips.

I watched him swagger out of the room, naked, with his long blond hair mussed from sleep, and admiring the play of his muscles as he walked.

Especially in his glorious arse.

I drifted in and out of sleep, only faintly aware of Bo having a shower and then making himself a protein shake for breakfast.

“I’m leaving,” he whispered, appearing suddenly next to the bed, leaning down and kissing me again. I felt him straighten up and look at me for a long moment. “Gods, I love you in my bed, Ollie.”

The next thing I knew was that I heard the front door snap shut and sleep took me under again.

Hours later, I was finally back among the living. My sweet Troll was right. Waking up in his bed was the best fucking thing. Waking up sweaty and covered in dried cum? Not so much.

Chortling to myself like an elderly gentleman, I swung my legs out of bed and made my way into Bo's enormous shower. With my head tilted up into the warm spray and letting the water wash away the evidence of last night's intense fucking, I remembered what he'd told me.

He'd left a key for me. Ugh, my traitorous little heart squeezed so hard it made me gasp and promptly inhale a mouthful of water.

Fuck! But Bo has a key for me.

My beautiful man... God, I couldn't wait to shower with him. All the showers, that's what he had promised me.

I closed my eyes, and images from last night popped up in my head as if they'd been waiting for a moment of respite.

My fingers tangled in his hair. Bo choking as I fucked his mouth. Tears glinting. The groans. Whimpers. And pleasure. Mind numbing pleasure.

Without opening my eyes, I got his shampoo from the tiled ledge and squeezed some into my palm. The water pounded on the back of my neck, running down my nose and chin in rivulets.

Bo on his back on the bed. His heavily hooded eyes watching my every move. That

thick cock jutting up, ready for me. Bo's hands gripping my thighs. His growl as he pounded up into me. I will never stop wanting you .

My cum all over his abs. Oh fuck.

My cum all over my hand, warmer than the water. Washed away within moments and leaving just me behind, heart hammering against my ribs.

I will never stop wanting you. Fucking same.

Once I'd dried off, I picked out fresh clothes, and wandered around the flat to the drawer where my phone was still charging, my grin widening even more when I saw a string of messages from Bo, and one from Noah.

I read that one first.

Noah: I hope you arrived in Germany safely! Have a wonderful time with your man  
BBB x

Baby Brother Bright. Gosh, it'd been years since I'd called him that. Big and Baby Brother Bright.

Ollie: Good morning! I got here alright. I'm at Bo's place and about to go hunting for breakfast. BBB x

He texted back almost immediately.

Noah: BO? That hockey hunk?!

Noah: Holy fuck, Ollie. You need to tell me everything when you're back!

Ollie: There isn't much to tell

Ollie: I love him

I felt my face heat, not with embarrassment. With nerves. This was the first time I'd ever told anybody but Bo himself.

Noah: That's so romantic

He'd added a sobbing emoji and one with little hearts instead of eyes.

Noah: I'm so happy for you, Ollie. You deserve the best.

I stared at my phone for a long moment.

Ollie: So do you x

He added a small heart reaction to my message.

Noah: I already have everything I need.

Noah: Right, go breakfast hunting! I have a yoga class to get to!

I clicked over to Bo's messages.

Bo: Good morning, sleeping beauty

Bo: What are you doing? Are you up already?

Bo: I have a quick break and wanted to tell you I love you

Bo: There's a great little cafe/bakery halfway between home and the rink. I'll send you the link.

A message with an attachment to Kraken Maps followed

Home.

Bo: Don't forget the credit card on the table

Bo: let me know when you get there. I have a few hours off before the game starts and I want to spend them with you

Bo: the guys say hi btw

Was his break over already?

Ollie: Good morning, gorgeous

Ollie: I'm definitely up

Ollie: and I missed you, so I had a little wank in your shower

Bo: Ollie...

Bo: you can't tell me this when I'm getting ready for a game

Bo: I'm in the middle of one of Jerke's talks...

Bo: Gods, I wish I had a camera in my shower

The message made me snort out loud, and also weirdly horny.

Ollie: I don't know what it says about me, but the idea is pretty hot to me

Bo: Can we talk about it later?

Bo: Mm, that would be so good for when I'm away for games

He talked as if I was staying indefinitely and...fuck...I wanted to. I wanted him to tell me he couldn't bear being apart from me and beg me to stay.

Ollie: You want to watch me in the shower, darling?

Bo: My hard dick and I say yes

Ollie: God, you're cute

Ollie: I'm heading out in a bit

Ollie: meet me there?

Bo: I can't wait.

Bo: it might make me sound stupid but I love that you are in the same city as me

Ollie: Then we're stupid together, because I bloody love knowing that you're only a few miles away, and that I get to see you soon

Ollie: Right, now be a good Troll, and listen to Coach Jerky

Ollie: Love you

Bo: I love you

Bo: So much

Veitsreuth greeted me with a gloomy autumn morning, but no amount of fog and drizzle could dim the happy grin plastered to my face.

I followed the directions on Kraken Maps, passing mismatched houses, none of them higher than three storeys, little square villas perching in the middle of spacious gardens, dispersed by the occasional multiplex.

Traffic was dense for such a small town, and I was glad when I reached a quieter part near a park and found the coffee shop Bo had recommended.

“Good morning,” I greeted the woman behind the counter, whose eyes flared with fear, and the next thing I knew was that she fled and grabbed the arm of her younger colleague, whispering urgently in German.

The young woman approached me, as her colleague took over her own gruff looking customer.

“Good morning. What can I get you?” she asked, a small, branded paper bag already in hand. So efficient .

“Hi, can I get a uh...” My eyes travelled to the sign above her head. Everything was in German, but I knew just enough to do this. “ Eine gro?e Milchkafee, bitte. ”

Her lips pressed together in a kind smile. “ Ein gro?er Milchkafee, sure. Anything to eat?”

With a thankful look, I dropped my eyes on the mountains of fresh German baked goods. “One of each?” I huffed. “It all looks amazing, and I have no clue what everything is...”

“I’ll be with you in a moment,” she said over the grinding noise of the coffee machine.

“ Kakao? Sorry, uh, chocolate powder?” She seemed to fish around for the right word.

“Yeah, I’d love some cocoa on my coffee, thanks.”

“Cocoa, well, that was too easy.” Grinning, she placed my enormous cup on a tiny tray, and dove into explaining what everything was.

I ended up going with a simple nougat filled croissant and “cut rabbits”, even though I feared the translation had gotten lost halfway between her and me. I was at least certain it was sweet and contained no actual rabbits.

I paid and followed her directions to the seating area. Once I’d squeezed past the counter, I found myself in a cosy sort of sunroom.

A pair of older gents sat in a corner, and a mother and her small child next to the little play area so she could have breakfast in peace.

They all nodded at me and I awkwardly nodded back before choosing a table beside the glass walls.

I took off my coat, pulled out the book I’d brought, and dug in. Oh. My. God. This croissant thing was the best. Making a mental note to have Bo take me here every day, I buried my nose in Allegra Fawn’s latest book, a steaming hot romance with a Lupinian MC.

As usual when I was reading, I forgot everything around me. Time and space—and my coffee—ceased to exist when I was stuck nose deep between the pages. Judging

by my stone cold coffee, a substantial amount of time had passed by the time I resurfaced. Horace, the MMC in Allegra's book, had just knotted his partner, and cold coffee was exactly what I needed to cool my heated cheeks.

Maybe I should bathe in it.

My thoughts strayed back to the shower and, subsequently, Bo's idea about having a camera in there.

As if he'd read my mind, or my brain had conjured him from thin air, thick green arms slid around me, pulled me into a broad chest, the same scent that clung to me enveloping me.

"?lskling ," he grumbled happily next to my ear before he kissed it. "Did I tell you I love you?"

Soppy in a book, bloody outstanding in real life.

"Not in the past"—I consulted my watch—"two hours. So it's about time, I'd say."

His low rumble travelled through me, heating me from the inside. "I love you."

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the mum giving us a doe-eyed smile before she busied herself with her child.

Gosh, I know we're so cute together.

"Jag ?lskar dig. " I rubbed my cheek against his. "How was your morning?"

"Full." Bo released me with a grin. "The team asked if we wanted to meet them for lunch. That's what we usually do on game day, but it's okay if you don't want to."

“Oh, no. It’d be lovely to meet them again. Is it okay if I tag along?” I asked him as I got up and wrestled with my coat.

Strong green hands plucked the garment from my shoulders, shook it out, and held it up for me. Once he’d pulled it up to my shoulders, he turned me over, leaned down, and kissed me.

“You don’t ‘tag along’, Oliver. You belong with me.”

Twenty-two

Ollie

Lunch with the team was an amazing affair. They took me to their favourite place near the rink where they indulged in healthy, protein packed meals and entertained me with funny stories.

Decks, Bo, and I were the first ones to leave because Nate was going back home for a bit before the game, and my big boy seemed eager to spend some quality time with me.

In his apartment, he dragged me into his bed, wrapped me in a hug, and told me to pick a movie for us.

“I need to save my strength for the game, but cuddles with you are the next best thing,” he murmured into the crook of my neck before falling asleep.

I had never napped with anyone before, well, unless you counted my mum or baby brother, but never in the last twenty-five years. And for the first time, I realised what I might have missed out on.

I bloody love this.

But really, I only loved it because of him, and how beautiful he smelled, and how he cradled me in his bulk. As if I was breakable and he'd been charged with protecting me at all cost.

I would do the same for him. Protect this precious man with all I have.

For an hour or two I hovered between sleeping and waking, in the shelter of Bo's warm body, until his alarm woke us.

"I wish I could stay here forever," he said, his lips moving over the back of my neck. "With you in my arms."

"Me, too, darling, but I'm also so excited to see you play. It was cute to see you with the kids, but I bet you're going to absolutely blow my mind in an actual game."

Bo pulled me over, bringing our faces together. "I can't wait to play, knowing you are watching me. And I'll gladly blow anything you want me to blow." A cheeky grin sneaked over his face before he leaned in to kiss me. "Do you want to come with me now or hang out here?"

"I think I'll stay here if that's all right with you. I don't want to distract you."

"You're never not distracting me, ?lskling. No matter where you are. In a good way," he added at the look on my face. "Always in a good way."

"I'll leave your ticket at the door. You'll be sitting behind the bench and I'll see you after the game. Just follow the green chicken."

"The what?" I snorted.

"Nate's fiancé is a giant chicken guy. Just tell him you are mine, and he will take you to meet us."

Just tell him you're mine.

Bo's eyes darkened, and I found myself pressed to the bed, staring up at him, his thick thigh wedged between my legs.

“You like it when I call you this? Mine? ”

I exhaled a shaking breath. “I do. So fucking much.”

“Good. Get used to it because you are. Mine. My mate. And I would love to show you exactly how much you own me, Ollie.” With a little sigh, he gave me a soft kiss.

“Later. And every day for the rest of my life.”

Bo pecked me on the forehead and smoothly got up off the bed. “Quarter to seven is the best time to leave here. I'll see you after the game.”

To my surprise, I found everything on the first attempt, and Bo had arranged for a young German guy to come and pick me up from the box office.

Bouncing on the soles of his boots, the mohawk-like fur between his cute ears flopping over his high brow, he waved at me. He reminded me of an eager puppy about to play fetch with his human. “Hi, you must be Ollie. I'm Finn, the team's new PR guy. Bo asked me to help you find your seat.”

“Wow, thanks. Now I feel special.”

He considered me for a moment, as if wondering if he dared to say what was on his mind. “Judging by the way Bo looks when he talks about you, you are special to him.”

It was rare that I was lost for words. Small Talk King Oliver Bright was usually all professional charm and in control of the moment.

Yet I blushed beetroot red at Finn's words, lost for anything to reply with.

"Come, I'll take you to the family seats."

Am I considered Bo's family?

It was cold in the rink, naturally, but a warm, fuzzy feeling spread through my body. And I had stolen one of Bo's Pumas hoodies to keep me warm.

"I'll introduce you real quick. Vee?"

With my thoughts still on my family, I hadn't noticed the green. Oh my God, he was a chicken. Exactly how Bo had said.

"This is Ollie, Bo's partner. Ollie, meet Vee, Nate Decker's fiancé." The young man's smile grew wider at the word, exposing his sharp fangs. Gosh, I had never met anyone as happy about other people in love as this guy. Adorable.

The enormous chicken in a blue and yellow jersey with the number seven got up, and offered me a four-fingered hand to shake.

That guy is even taller than Bo.

"It's lovely to meet you." I shook hands with him.

"And you. Welcome to Veitsreuth."

"Cheers, mate." Damn, my grin widened even further.

"Vee, can you take Ollie down to the back door after the game? He doesn't know his way around yet."

Yet. Family. Everyone behaves like I'm here to stay.

Are they wrong?

A second, smaller voice in my head dared to ask the question I had no answer to yet.

After I'd been stupid enough to get myself fired over my feelings, I hadn't thought I'd ever be in a position where I considered risking everything again.

With Bo, it differed from what Arden and I'd had. We'd been colleagues at a fancy hotel in the south of England, we'd been attracted to each other, sure. But I knew now that I had never loved him. We hadn't even had much to say to each other apart from all the bickering at work.

Bo took up every single ounce of space in my head, my heart, my soul. If I was being truly honest with myself, I wouldn't have come here if it had only been a physical thing.

I would have let that little seedling of mutual attraction wither and die, because Lone Fox was more to me than a mere job. For the first time in years, I had felt like I belonged somewhere.

And then I met him. And everything had changed. When he called me his, I didn't cringe or want to run. I wanted the world to know he was mine. I wanted to nap with him, and watch him play, wanted him in me, wanted him to own all of me.

You need to tell him before you fly back.

Coming back to the present day made me realise what felt like an eternity in my head must have been barely a few seconds in real life.

“Sorry, I spaced out for a moment.”

“No worries. We’re good here, Finn. I’ll take Ollie under my wing. You get back to your command centre.” Vee gave the young man a small wink. He returned it with a grateful smile and bounded away down the stairs. “He’s in charge of the social media coverage. Sit. Is this your first time at a game?”

I liked the chicken man. “Yeah, unless you’re counting that time when the guys played against the kids in Scotland.”

He snorted. “I daresay you might find this a bit more intense.”

“Who are they playing? I forgot to ask Bo earlier.” I was too busy snogging him.

Vee looked like he knew exactly what I’d been thinking. “The Osterfeld Gators. They’re pretty good, well their right winger is, but they are no match for our guys.”

“Right winger? Gosh, sorry, outing myself here. I don’t speak hockey...yet.” You know you will obsess over this game.

“You’re in the right place, Ollie. I used to play hockey. I’ll be your translator. The right winger is the guy flanking their centre. I’ll show you who that is when they’re out. Our centre is Nate.” His face glowed with pride. Then he got up again. “I’ll go grab us beers before the game starts. I’ll be right back.”

“Hang on, I—”

“Nah, don’t be daft. I got you.” He clapped his hand to my shoulder and sidled out of our row, climbing the steps to the bar. As he walked away from me, I noticed it said DECKER across his shoulders. Oh goodness, how cute are they?

He returned a couple of minutes later carrying two plastic cups of Bavarian beer, just in time for the hype music and deafening applause to pick up.

“Here they come.”

He was right, of course. Arne, followed by the rest of the guys, dashed out of the tunnel leading to the locker room. I saw Nate, and recognised a few players I knew from their training camp, and the new kid Max, his helmet perched on the glossy black curls.

Watching Bo enter the ice was weirdly arousing. He set one skate on the smooth surface, then the other, and took off as if he'd been born with blades under his feet. My eyes followed him hungrily around the rink, watching him readjust his chin strap before his gaze lifted.

My beautiful boyfriend, his dark green eyes searching the ranks behind their bench until he found me and his face splitting into a warm smile, was everything . I raised a hand to wave at him, earning myself a little wink and a wave with his gloved hand.

Like bloody teenagers in love. My grin was so wide by now it hurt my cheeks.

The opposing team huddled together, and the Pumas followed suit. I saw Decks talk intently with Arne, and Bo clapping a peaky looking Max on the shoulder and gifting him with some encouragement, I thought, when the rookie perked up.

He's so good.

Just how good he was became even clear to an utter hockey noob like me when the game began.

Vee hadn't been lying. It was intense. The Gator's right winger was a head shorter

than Bo, but nearly as broad-shouldered. Even from my seat I saw his eyes sparkle with sheer pleasure and he gave Bo and Arne, the other defenceman, a hard time.

“Oh God,” I groaned, slapping a hand over my eyes when they slammed into the boards— yet again .

“That Chase Harper is something else,” Vee muttered, sounding impressed against his will. I hated Chase Harper’s guts. Even more when he scored what even I could admit was an elegant goal, loping the puck easily over Martin’s leg.

Brandishing his stick, he took off to huddle with his team before the game took up again. By the time I remembered my beer, the first period was almost over.

Bo shot me a quick smile as they disappeared into the locker rooms.

“Is it normal that they are this sweaty?” I asked Vee without taking my eyes off the spot where my hunk had vanished.

“Yep. Hockey is hard work.” He met me with a grin when I turned around to face him.

“Want another beer?”

“Yeah, but I’ll get this round.” I took his cup and made my way up the stairs, barely making it back to my seat when the intermission was over.

Nate and Max got one goal each in the second period. It was the cutest thing ever to see the rookie being celebrated by his team. His captain hugged him tightly and then let go again, looking a little flustered.

Bo was benched for about half of the second period and was involved in an incident

of high sticking in the third period. The Gators were getting desperate, and that Chase Harper asshole butted him in the face with his stick.

God, I wanted him to go all Troll on Harper, rip off his head or whatever he needed to do to drive the point home.

Vee growled next to me, hands curled into fists, as if he, too, was ready to end Harper. “That fucking asshole.”

“Is he okay?” I asked, craning my neck to get a look at Bo’s face.

“I know it sucks to see them like this,” he huffed. “He is okay, I promise. Bo is tough.”

I knew he was, but bloody hell. Seeing him getting hurt sucked big time.

With under ten minutes on the clock, things got more heated now. The Gators’ centre got another goal past Martin, but Nate scored a second time with a minute fifteen seconds to go.

Vee yelled so loudly that Nate noticed even over the absolute raucous the crowd made. He threw his fiancé a dazzling smile. Goodness, he’s stunning. No wonder Vee was head over heels for him.

Nate had nothing on my glorious Troll, though. When the buzzer sounded and Bo took off his helmet, his long hair dark with sweat, all I wanted to do was get on my knees for that beautiful man. Bathe in his sweat and let him do anything to me...

He skated over to the exit and met my eyes. The look he gave me said he knew exactly what was on my mind. I saw him swallow hard, before one corner of his mouth lifted in a smile that had me fidget in my seat.

“They won’t be out in under half an hour. They have to do some PR stuff, shower, change,” Vee explained. He clearly hadn’t noticed Bo and me eye-fucking each other. “We can stay here for a bit longer, let the crowd mill out, then we’ll meet them by the back door.”

“Okay.”

I eventually followed him down some stairs and into the tunnel the team had taken. A handful of people were hanging around, and Arne came over to meet us. With his dark stubble and the dark blue eyes, a dark grey functional shirt plastered to his bulging muscles, the team captain looked like a model.

Damn, I had forgotten how unfairly attractive so many of them were.

He clasped my hand in both of his, wringing it. “Oliver, it’s great to see you again.”

“And you, Arne. How are you?”

“Great!” He grinned widely. “I’m so proud of my team.” What a daddy...

“Ah, here they come.”

I looked around in time to see an enormous green man stride in my direction, before I was enveloped in a tight hug. He smelled like shower gel, wet hair, and...the way the forest smelled after a warm rain shower. I would have recognised his scent anywhere.

“I promised we would win this game,” he whispered in my ear.

“You were amazing.” I bumped my nose into his cheek. “Is your lip okay?”

Bo hummed, searching for my mouth so he could kiss me. “You can inspect it later,

“Isklng .”

“Damn, aren’t you two the cutest?” I didn’t even need to see Nate’s face to know he was grinning widely at us from where Vee had him tucked to his side.

“Oh, I don’t know about me, Decks. Ollie is, though,” Bo murmured without backing away.

My face heated, and I hid it in Bo’s neck. “Stop it, you’re making me blush.”

“Never.” Bo slipped his arm around my shoulders. “Are we ready?”

“Yeah, Martin isn’t coming. He has a date,” Arne informed us, trying his hardest not to show any sign of amusement.

“Well, let’s go. I need a beer,” Nikolai huffed. “That was a tough game. Chase fucking Harper.”

Twenty-three

Ollie

It was a short walk to what Bo told me was their favourite bar. Vee tried to explain what the bar's name meant but failed rather spectacularly.

Not that it mattered. Bo pulled up a chair for me, settled his bulk in the one next to me, and draped his arm across the back of mine. Everything was better than I could ever have imagined.

“You're wearing my hoodie?” he rumbled when I'd taken off my jacket, a hot smirk pulling at his mouth.

“Yeah, I hope that's okay. I thought it might be cold at the rink and I didn't bring a lot of layers.” Not that Noah hadn't had them on his list.

“Keep it, ?lskling.”

The guys treated us to a bit of a rundown of the game, which gave Nate ample opportunity to collect praise from his adoring fiancé, and me to enquire about my love's face again.

“It's nothing, Ollie, I promise,” he assured me in a soothing voice, then shrugged.

“You should get used to me getting hurt. It happens.”

“I hate it,” I told him honestly, knowing that even if I learned how to deal, I would

never be okay with it.

“You are so cute.” Bo scrunched his face and pecked me on the nose.

“The two of you are.” Arne grinned from next to us. “And apparently great at hiding shit. None of us noticed anything. I take it this between you started when we were at training camp?”

My sweet Troll blushed rather beautifully at this.

As great as it was to hang out with the guys, I was getting a little restless. This was our second night together, and we had spent more than half the day apart from each other.

“Is everything all right, ?lskling?” Bo asked, as if he’d read my mind.

“Yes, it’s just been a long and exciting day.”

“Is it okay if we stay, or would you like to leave now?”

“No, let’s stay for a while. Just stay close to me,” I mumbled, resting my head briefly against his shoulder. God, he was so solid and warm and smelled so fucking great.

He turned his head and nuzzled his nose into my cheek. “I’ll stay for as long as you let me, Oliver,” he whispered, then brushed a kiss on my skin.

Forever then, that’s fine with me.

I didn’t quite catch what Nate said next, but looking up, I noticed Bo was turning pink in the face. It looked so bloody cute with his green skin, but maybe it was a trick of the light, but he looked a little out of it. Slightly glassy eyed and...odd.

“What’s wrong, darling?” I muttered. “You look like you’re running a bit of a temp.” Pressing my palm on his red cheeks, I checked for any signs of a fever. Is he getting sick?

I was already making emergency plans in my head. I’d let Fitz know I couldn’t get back, but would stay with Bo. There was no way I’d let him alone when he was ill.

“It’s all good. I feel great, Ollie. Really fucking great.” Bo brought his mouth to my ear. “I’m so horny right now, I could devour you right here.” Under the table, his hand found my thigh. Way too high up, considering the fact that we were in public.

“Bo!” I gasped, squirming on my chair when he gave me a firm squeeze.

He hummed, massaging my leg for a moment before he let go again. “Would you like another drink, or shall we get going?”

“Oh, I could do with one more shandy.”

Bo seized the opportunity and waved at the server who had just walked past our table closer. “Ein Radler, bitte. Und ein Bier für mich. ”

“I didn’t know you spoke German.”

“I can order my man a drink. That’s pretty much all I know.” He waved me off modestly, but now it was me who leaned in to whisper in his ear. “Call me that again and I’ll take you up on that offer.”

Bo barely waited until I had emptied my glass.

“Let’s go home. Now.” His face was set, eyes burning with lust dropping heavily to my lips when I licked them.

We both got up at the same time and with the same thing on our minds.

“We’re heading home,” Bo informed them, helping me into my jacket before throwing his arm around my shoulders.

We didn’t bother calling a cab but walked through the crisp late autumn night, meeting nobody, and occasionally stopping to snog.

By the time we arrived in his apartment, we were both riled up and so hungry we barely made it into the bedroom.

“I have a surprise for you,” he rasped, moving into the middle of the room.

“Oh Gosh, I hope it’s sex,” I groaned, loving to see him grin at my dumb joke.

Then Bo dropped his trousers, smirking at me, and suddenly all his blushing made sense.

“Do you like it?” His cheeks flushed beautifully.

Fuck me.

I walked across the bedroom to where he stood, drinking him in and desperate to see all of him in that bloody black jockstrap.

“Oh God, Bo.” I let my fingers whisper over his skin as I slowly rounded my gorgeous man. The sight of him made my mouth water. “Do I like it?” I murmured against his spine, flicking a vertebra with my tongue. “I don’t think ‘like’ is even remotely adequate to describe how I feel about you in this.”

He exhaled a shuddering breath and groaned when my hand slid around his waist to

grip his cock. “Did you think I was going to hate it? Poor baby,” I crooned, giving him a slow stroke before freeing him from the fabric cup.

“I was hoping you’d—fuck!” Bo shook like a tree in high wind.

“Yes?” Swiping my thumb over his head again, I prompted him to go on.

“Ollie, please.” He panted and shook in his foundations, his cock jerking in my grip.

“What do you need, darling? Tell me.”

“Please fuck me. Please.”

Twenty-four

Bo

He froze, his fingers momentarily squeezing my dick so tightly it was bordering on painful.

“I have never topped,” Ollie breathed against my back, making goosebumps erupt all over my skin. His apprehension was tangible in the sliver of air between our bodies. “For all I know, I suck at it. Don’t say it,” he giggled, pressing his face between the strands of muscle running down on either side of my spine.

“What was I about to say?” I gasped when he gave me another slow stroke, his thumb teasing my head in a way that made my knees go weak.

“Something about my ability to suck on it.”

“Mmm,” I hummed, remembering how good he was with his tongue and how beautiful it felt when I was buried in his wet, hot mouth. “You are great at it. And it’s okay, ?lskling. You don’t have to—”

“I know I don’t.” Ollie’s other arm came around and he hugged himself to me. “But I want to.”

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*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Twenty-five

Ollie

The moment Bo got on his hands and knees for me, all my doubts evaporated.

“Ollie, please,” he begged, as if I’d needed any more encouragement and wasn’t bloody desperate to be in him.

“Kneel on the bed for me, darling.”

I dropped my trousers and took off the thin jumper until I stood there in only my boxer-briefs, with my cock tenting the soft jersey fabric and drenching a spot in my precum.

It rubbed over my cockhead with every tiny movement, making me even hornier. Grabbing the lube from the bedside table was so familiar by now I could have cried with happiness. The slide of the drawer made Bo shiver with anticipation.

Fuck yes. My beautiful man.

I prepared him, slowly, perhaps a little teasingly for me, loving every second of the enormous man trembling under my touch, of his hands fisting the sheets, his strong back arching to give me better access to his hole.

I had felt a little apprehensive when he’d suggested it, but bloody hell .

The moment I took off my underwear, I was one hundred percent there with him, prepared to give him whatever he needed from me.

“You are glorious, Bo,” I whispered, and I leaned in to press a kiss to the small of his back. “I should call you my glory Troll.”

He snorted, the sound morphing into a soft snarling growl when I rubbed my lubed cock up and down his crack, teasing his slick hole.

Then I slipped inside. Barely an inch to give him time to adjust.

The broad expanse of shaded green skin on his back stretched out before me, and I’d realised after a minute that I couldn’t watch my cock tunnelling between the hard globes of his ass, or I would come way too soon.

“Please never leave me, ?lskling,” he moaned, throwing his head back and giving his cock a slow, tantalising upward stroke. Sweat soaked his dark blonde hair, sticking it to his glistening body.

Gripping them, I pulled him up, hissing when his ass tightened around me.

“Oh Gods, Ollie. That angle, that’s—” He broke off, cupping a pec and rolling his nipple between thumb and forefinger.

I had no more words, fucking him in deep, hard strokes like my life depended on it.

“Kiss me, please,” Bo moaned, his head coming around, blindly searching for my mouth. With more self-control than I ever knew I had, I guided his lips on mine, thrusting my tongue inside to taste him. A low whine sounded in his throat and I looked down just in time to see him come all over his fingers, way too much to be contained.

Abandoning the kiss, I gripped his hand and brought it up to mine, sucking his cum-covered fingers into my mouth.

“? gud,” he whimpered, drawing out the words as I tightened my grip on his hair and came with one last deep thrust, the sound of skin slapping on skin an accelerant for my orgasm. If my brain had been in any conscious state, his feverish groan might have terrified me, but all it did was make me feel like the fucking king of the universe.

Like a falling tree, he sank on the bed, landing in the puddle of cum, but seemingly not giving two shits about it.

Timber!

Barely keeping myself from collapsing on top of him, I pulled out and flung my body next to his, throwing an arm over his back, a leg over his thigh and plastering my limp dick to his hip.

With the greatest effort, it seemed, Bo threaded his fingers through my hair and pulled me close so he could kiss me.

“Thank you, mitt hj?rta.” My heart. Yes, yes, I am, and you are mine.

“Thank you , my love,” I whispered back, bumping my nose to his to get him to open his eyes and look at me. Bo did, heavy lids fluttering open, the mossy eyes clouded with post-orgasmic bliss. “God, Bo,” I huffed, urging my hips against his side, “you are so bloody gorgeous, it’s really not fair.”

A slow smile lifted a corner of his mouth, exposing a fang and that to-die-for dimple. “I feel the same way when I look at you, ?lskling.” His hand skimmed down my back, palming my ass and giving it a hearty squeeze. “I wish your time here would

never end. The idea of waking up without you next to me is the worst.”

He had whispered the last words, all cockiness gone from his face.

“Yeah,” I breathed, not knowing what to say or what I wanted. We were both stuck in our situations. Just a few months ago, Bo had signed a five-year extension with the Pumas, and I needed to be on site for my job.

An idea had been hovering around my head for the past few weeks, but I hadn’t had the guts to discuss it with Fitz yet. Or with Bo.

Is being naked and covered in sweat and cum the right time?

“Bo...there is something I want to ask you.”

“Yes?”

“If I were to...to move to Bavaria, I mean, hypothetically speaking, of course... Would you even want me here with you?”

He stopped stroking my ass, eyes boring into mine. “Are you seriously asking me this?”

“Yeah, I don’t want to assume—”

Bo brought our foreheads together, gently booping my nose with his.

“I thought it was blindingly obvious that I love you. I want to be with you, Oliver Bright. Tell me you move in today and I’ll be the happiest man on earth.”

For a long moment, I got lost in his eyes, unable to find words to say.

“I can’t. Not yet. But...”

“Maybe soon,” he murmured, a sad smile on his face as he leaned in and kissed me gently.

He doesn’t believe me .

“Soon,” I affirmed, hoping he would hear that I was serious.

Twenty-six

Bo Careful hope started growing in my chest, and once it had taken roots in my chest, it was impossible to get rid of it.

Eventually, we got up and took a shower together, making out under the warm water until it turned cold. Then we stripped the bed so we wouldn't have to sleep in a dried puddle of cum all night.

“Sleep tight, darling,” Ollie whispered into my neck when I finally cradled him in my arms.

“Godnatt, mitt hj?rta. Sweet dreams.” With one last kiss on his brow, we drifted off to sleep.

Jerke had a surprise in store for us when I arrived at the rink the next morning.

“Good morning, men. I hope you didn't forget about the autumn fair. I'll meet you at the rear entrance to the tent at ten to seven.”

“Sharp,” Decks mouthed.

Fuck . I'd completely forgotten about the Veitsreuth autumn fair. The brewery that organised the annual feast was one of our biggest sponsors, so taking part in the opening celebrations was mandatory for all team members. I knew this, and yet, with Ollie here, it had slipped my mind.

Knowing that Ollie would still be there when I returned from training, was the only thing that kept me going through my drills and the time at the gym. Back at home, Ollie stood up as soon as he set eyes on me. “Darling? What’s wrong?” He slipped his arms around my waist and got up on tiptoes to kiss me.

“We’re having an official function,” I blurted out. “Tonight. I fucking forgot and I’m sorry, ?lsking. It’s our last day, and I know you wanted to spend that with me.”  
Rambling again, Bo?

I hung my head, so fucking disappointed in myself for deleting this from my brain.

My perfect mate squeezed me tighter. “It’s okay, darling. Don’t beat yourself up. I’ll be right here waiting for you to get back,” he muttered into my pecs. “It’s all good, as long as I can fall asleep in your arms.”

Oh.

“There’s no way I’m leaving you here alone. I plan on showing off my hot mate.”  
Bringing my hands to his ass, I started massaging him.

Gods, his moans.

Unable to hold back, always restless and so hungry for him, I hastily slicked my fingers in my mouth, then slid inside his trousers and underwear.

Ollie gave a high-pitched squeak when I brushed his hole, tensing under my touch, but only for a heartbeat. I loved how he said my name when I had two fingers in his tight body; breathy, desperate, lost.

“I’ll make you cream your little knickers,” I rasped in his ear, delving deeper until he bucked under my touch, uttering a sound like an animal.

“Oh God, Bo, stop talking like that.” He shuddered when I kept my fingers glued to his prostate, urging him to higher heights.

“Or what?”

“Or, fuck! I’m so close, baby.” Ollie buried his face in my neck, breathing me in and giving me access to his bare neck. I ran my nose over his skin, before I sank my teeth into his soft flesh. Let me see you fall, my love.

He whimpered my name again, his muscles already clenching around my fingers, and I knew he’d just come in his boxer briefs.

“I hope you know I’ll be spending the evening so fucking hard and starving for you, ?lskling,” I whispered into his shoulder before kissing the place I’d bitten. “Gods, you look perfect wearing my mark.”

Shivers still racked Ollie’s body, and his legs seemed to fail him.

“Come on, let’s get you cleaned up.” Hooking my arms under his knees, I lifted him up easily. “We need to be at the fall fair in half an hour, and you know how much Jerke loves punctuality.”

“How very German of him,” he muttered, grinning lazily before he kissed my cheek.

“Don’t let him hear that. He’s pretty particular about being Franconian. Just like Nikolai isn’t German, he’s Bavarian . I suggest you don’t ask him to explain. I did, and I had to endure a twenty-minute rant about the ‘rest of Germany’.”

Ollie snorted. “I’ll try to remember. I might fall asleep at the table, or just spend the evening teasing you.”

Just wait until you see that I have to wear Lederhosen to the fair, ?lsking.

“Sounds like a plan, my love.”

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

Bo — four weeks later

My doorbell rang late on Friday evening. With a groan, I got up from the couch. Max, the new kid on our team, had tried to deflect a shot, and hit first my thigh, then my face with his stick. Both parts of me now sported deep blue bruises and hurt like a bitch.

When I limped to the front door and balanced on one leg to open for the pizza delivery guy, it was with the greatest difficulty that I didn't topple over and landed on my ass.

“Good evening, Mr Persson. I hope this isn't a bad time,” he said with a cheeky smirk before he took in my appearance and the seductive smile died on his face. “Oh my God, darling, what happened to you?”

“?lskling?” I asked in a feeble voice, unsure if he was an apparition or not. Do I have a concussion? Or am I haemorrhaging?

“Surprise.” Ollie took a step nearer, wincing when he saw me in the hallway's light lamp. Soft hands came up to my cheeks, palming them, and I suppressed a sigh when he got on tiptoes to be even closer.

“I love you,” I blurted out. If this was indeed a sign of my brain giving out on me, the last thing I wanted to do was tell him how I felt about him.

He stopped his scrutiny, huffed, before pressing a soft kiss on my lips. “I love you, too. Let's get you back inside. You need rest, and a nurse. Good thing I'm here.”

“Why are you here?” I asked once I was half stretched out on the couch with him hovering over me, surprised when he blushed.

“Were you hungry for me, ?lskling?” It wasn’t as if I could do anything about it right now. Well, I supposed I could lie down and let him use me to quell his hunger. Gods . The mere idea made my cock thicken in my pants.

“Always.” Leaning down, he pecked me again on the lips, an adoring smile on his face. “But I didn’t come here just to sleep with you, darling. I—” He broke off, took a deep breath, and went on. “I’ve come to stay. If you want me to, I mean, I can always go back...”

The rest of his sentence came out as a muffled mumbling, because I dragged him down on my body and devoured his mouth.

“Are you serious?” Unable to keep the tears at bay, I stared up at him.

Please don’t let this be a joke.

“Yeah, I am. Noah took over my job at LFD. I don’t know what I’m going to do, but I thought I’d probably find a job here. If not, I’ll just be your trophy husband. Bo!” Ollie gasped when I turned us around on the couch, ignoring my aching body.

“Did you mean that?”

“What?” He looked flushed and flustered, hips subtly bucking up to rub himself on my hard cock.

“That you will be my husband,” I rasped, so close to losing my shit.

“Well, yeah. Unless you don’t want to—”

He broke off again, looking up at me with concern as I burst into tears. Hiding my face at his neck, I cried until I got a grip on myself.

“Darling, it’s okay if you don’t want...”

Pushing up off his body, I gripped his throat, my subconscious brain marvelling for a moment at how gorgeous he looked with a hand necklace, and a deep, dangerous snarl rumbled in my chest.

“I. Want. You. Oliver Bright. All of you, forever,” I told him, feeling surprisingly calm after my little breakdown. “I make enough money for both of us. You can exist and look great and go out to buy more books all day. Perhaps get a dog to keep you company when I’m not there? Whatever makes you happy, I want you to have it.”

His mouth had fallen open while I spoke.

Not an easy feat lying on your back.

“Marry me, Oliver.”

The first cautious nod almost made my heart burst in my chest.

“Oh my God, yes. Yes, of course.” He was crying, too, slinging his arms around my neck and pulling me in for a kiss. “Oh no, I forgot you’re hurt, darling.”

“Me, too. It’s not too bad. Well, my thigh aches a lot,” I whispered against his mouth. “Maybe you can kiss it better?”

Ollie snorted and shook his head at me. “You’re unbelievable.” And yet he pressed a small peck on my bruised cheekbone, then one more, a little closer to my eye, barely touching my skin so he wouldn’t hurt me. “Poor baby,” he crooned, kissing down my cheek and slanting his mouth over mine again. “Let’s get you into bed so I can have a

closer look at your thigh. I'll take care of you, my love.”

And I knew he would, as would I, of my future husband. As much as I loved my sport and how great winning felt, he was the only trophy I ever truly cared about.

THE END